

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 648.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY DECEMBER 15 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

DIRT.

Surette's Island, Nov. 27, by Rev. J. B. C. Dupuis, Troves Surette to Emma Saulteau.
Surette's Island, Nov. 27, by Rev. J. B. C. Dupuis, Andrew Surette to Hortense Surette.
Waltham, Mass., by Rev. Frederick Greul, Bowman N. Ricker, to Daisy A. Chapman.
Brule, Nov. 21, by Rev. G. Lawton Gorday, Kenneth McKay Hammond to Emma Sutherland.
Banc River, N. S., Nov. 28, by Rev. George Howcroft, Edward Macdonald to Catherine E. Miller.

Tusket, Nov. 20, Sarah Moody, 60.
Fort Joli, Nov. 10, Sarah McKay, 97.
Macias, Me, Capt Jacob Wilson, 68.
Moncton, Nov. 27, Abram Stevens, 75.
Amherst, Nov. 27, Samuel F. Horton, 69.
Boston, Nov. 26, Francis P. Connelly, 22.
Hammond, Nov. 20th, Salley Matticks, 82.
Sydney, Nov. 26, Alexander McInnis, 87.
Annapolis, Nov. 22, Mrs. A. E. Munroe, 85.
Caledonia, Nov. 30, James A. Rathbun, 48.
Bedford Row, Nov. 30, Bridget Cloney, 59.
Montreal, Nov. 28, Warwick E. Ryland, 45.
Woodstock, Nov. 21, William H. Morton, 79.
Woodstock, N. B., Nov. 24, Patrick Gillin, 65.
Boston, Nov. 17, Mrs. Margaret McNamara.
Belmont, Mass., Nov. 8, Sheldon Goodwin, 21.
Dever, Col., Nov. 19, Mrs. Alms Crosby, 77.
Park, Creek, Nov. 22, Frederick Walters, 80.
Bridgewater, Nov. 25, Marzaret McDonnell, 80.
Valley Station, N. S., Nov. 27, Mrs. Ann King, 95.
Boston, Wm. Formely, son of James Gremley, 50.
Hastings, Nov. 26, Emma, wife of John Fay, 116.
Gull Cove, Gaharna, Nov. 8, Stephen Armstrong.
Meduxnakee Creek, Nov. 14, Frank D. McLean, 43.
Sussex, Nov. 28, Annie M., wife of A. McPherson, 83.
Clark's Harbor, Addie, wife of Eliezer Crowell, 64.
Digby, Nov. 11, Hannah, wife of James Robbins, 87.
Windsor, Nov. 24, Annie L., wife of A. P. Jones, 60.
Halifax, Nov. 13, Mary, widow of the late T. A. Smith, 95.
McLellan's Brook, Nov. 28, Hugh W. McGillivray, 45.
West Somerville, Mass., Nov. 26, Capt. Chas. W. Burns.
Moncton, Nov. 30, Jane, widow of the late George Duke, 70.
Halifax, Nov. 24, Marzaret, wife of Nicholas Brennan, 65.
Windsor, Nov. 23, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Coon.
Ferguson's Cove, Nov. 27, Margaret, wife of James Conway, 63.
Brookline, Mass., Nov. 23, Elizabeth, wife of John McMahon, 62.
Ephraim, N. S., Nov. 13, Adelaide J., wife of Mr. King Ferry, 55.
Westville, N. S., Nov. 25, Jessie Barclay, wife of Daniel Fraser, 60.
Fruwsh, Cumberland, Nov. 7, Grace, widow of James Ackles, 51.
Roxbury, Mass., Nov. 30, Sarah J., beloved wife of J. Leonard Brown, 62.
Babine, Nov. 18, Albert Corneilus, infant son of Capt. Albert Bagster to Corneilus and regular.
North Sydney, Nov. 24, Florence Lily, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Strickland.
Amherst, Nov. 28, Ruth Beatrice, daughter of Michael J. and Mary Walsh, 14.

POLICE PROTECTION.

Magistrate Ritchie Wants to Know why Certain Houses Are Never Reported.

In the words of Magistrate Ritchie "There is too much of this police protection business in this city."

This remark was the outcome of a trial of one of the Sheffield street unfortunate who figured in the police court on Monday. She was charged with selling "beer" without a license.

That doughty and officious sergeant, Campbell, had laid the complaint against the proprietor of the premises. He told his story in his own inimitable manner. After he had gotten through his little speech, Magistrate Ritchie, gave Sergeant Campbell a little inside information.

His Honor, the magistrate, remarked that it seemed more than passing strange, that some certain houses in the vicinity of British street, were never reported in their many violations of the law. The judge even asked Campbell how it was that a certain Kate Brown, resident at the corner of British and Pitt streets, was never reported for a violation of the liquor law. The magistrate went even further and asserted that this particular woman was under "police protection" and invited Sergeant Campbell to hand him in the names of any policemen who were in the habit of visiting that domicile.

His Honor claimed that he was in the receipt of a letter from a resident of that locality. Said letter contained some very damaging information, and further the missive stated that a policeman of the St. John force was seen entering the house kept by the woman in question. The magistrate particularly impressed upon Campbell the necessity of reporting any such misdemeanors by the police of St. John. Of course it was not even hinted that Campbell himself would be guilty of such a transgression of duty. He is supposed to be the model policeman.

In New York and other cities a crusade against vice has been inaugurated. The citizens of St. John were not aware that in our own quiet and peaceful city, certain houses presided over by women of doubtful reputation, were in the words of Police Magistrate Ritchie, "under police protection."

Yet such is the case. Many irreproachable citizens and tax-payers living in the South End know that it is a common occurrence to see policemen in plain clothes entering the precincts occupied by these females and making a stay that seemed to such citizens as if the city was paying pretty dearly for the services of such policemen when they could thus afford to waste their time. This remark does not refer to any special one "cop" but could be applied to a half a dozen of our present force.

Why the Magistrate should select Campbell as the man to report the other policemen seems a mystery to the uninitiated public. It may be because Campbell is never derelict in his duties, or, perhaps, it is possible that Campbell knows more about this matter than the public imagines. Anyway, there is one thing sure, some of the policemen are in bad odor up around the police court at present, and the coldness of the court room is not the only frigid article in that vicinity.

PROGRESS referred, some time ago, to the squabbles and internal troubles of that family on King street East. It was remarked at that writing, that they were not a happy family. Facts, have since proven that PROGRESS was right in the statement then made.

The statement made by the magistrate in the court on Monday morning came like a bombshell to "the lower five" on the outside of the rails. Some of the policemen were astonished too, but not in the same sense as the spectators. Some of the brass-button brigade knew very well that they were guilty, others were waiting patiently to hear the names of their brother-officers who were thus so revivified in their functions as guardians of the peace.

The word "police-protection" in itself, means more than is applied in this case. It means the bringing into our city the corrupt ways and practices of the New York police force. It means that some of our policemen—arc receiving pay from the city under false pretences. It means that policemen instead of patrolling their

beats infest the haunts of these abandoned women. In accepting money from these people the policemen of St. John are laying themselves open to a grave charge, and, if such a charge was once laid against them through the proper channel, they would find themselves placed in the dock as criminals, rather than testifying to the law-breaking qualities of citizens who are less culpable than they are.

A short time since, the police had a petition presented to the Common Council praying for an increase in their wages. According to Magistrate Ritchie, they are not worth the stipend they already receive. In fact, instead of getting a new overcoat, some members of the police force should lose the coat, which now covers a multitude of sins.

Leaving all comment aside. The magistrate's statement is a sweeping charge against the police force. If "police protection" is in vogue in St. John we are in a sorry plight. The policemen have it in their power to disapprove the remarks made by His Honor. If they fail to do this they must and should consider themselves peace-breakers, instead of peace-makers. In the meantime the police await with interest the sequel of the Police Magistrate—Kate Brown—Sergeant Campbell episode.

In this happy season of Yuletide the whole world rejoices, but it is less than probable that there will be any festivities in that King street east establishment—hardly in this century. If the "police protection" charge is true some of the policemen do not need an increase of pay; why should they when they can afford to drive just horses, build houses, etc., from out of their present monthly earning?

Happy on the Stage.

There is more than musical ability in the make up of Gwynn Miles, as those who attended Tuesday night's concert will agree. There is a streak of humor in the well known vocalist, and quite a large one too. The Opera House was very cold on the evening mentioned, as it has been a number of times lately, and just as the singer came out to render a classical selection, a strong draught blew from the wings on the stage and could be felt in the audience, causing a few of the nearer ones to draw their wraps closer about them. Mr. Miles perceiving this and no doubt feeling the breeze himself, turned his head slowly around and upward, to see whence it came, then bringing his face back to the stage front he gently sated his neck, giving the audience at the same time one of his genial and irresistibly funny smiles. He almost said, he certainly acted, and to perfection the slang word of the day! First a smile went all around the room and then a thunderous applause and the witty little singer was made more popular than ever.

Gave It His Personal Attention.

The Honorable Minister of Railways indeed for him to obtain an hour to himself because of the demands upon his time for a hearing. There were many matters in connection with the Intercolonial that called for his attention and one of them at least was the erection of a new station at Torryburn. At the present time there is no telegraphic station between Coldbrook and Rothesay, and the winter port business has made it at times imperative that this should be remedied at the earliest possible moment. A very long and new siding has been put in at Torryburn and the necessity of a telegraphic station at that place has been impressed upon the management of the road. All the trainmen, however, agree in saying that there is a very heavy grade at this point and the locating of a new station where the siding is now and has been for many years would not be in the interests of the railway. So when Mr. Blair got ready to leave St. John he did not go to the central station but took

a coach to Coldbrook and, evidently with the idea of enquiring closely into the different statements that had been made to him, boarded the engine and got his information first hand from the driver. He rode to Torryburn getting off there and took his own time in inspecting the different sites that no doubt had been recommended to him. This is the explanation of a somewhat curious story that has been going the rounds to the effect that the minister left the city by this route in order to get away quietly. But it is sufficient at any rate to say that the demands of the department over which he presides are at all times uppermost in his mind and that such a trifling matter, comparatively speaking, as a station at Torryburn receives the same careful attention as the larger projects do.

SHE WANTED AN EXCHANGE.

A Crockery Store Man Who Discovered Who Was Lifting the Goods.

The Christmas season to many a family proves a difficult problem to solve, especially in the matter of a choice of a gift to a son, or a daughter or some loved one. To the newspaper man this particular season has its gloomy side, because he generally knows what to choose as a Christmas box. There is one person at least that has found nerve as good as cash any day. The person referred to resides in the North End and is well known in social circles in that part of the city. Just a week ago a certain member of this family visited a North End crockery store and after pricing several articles, departed without having made a purchase. Shortly after the lady's departure the proprietor of the store missed a china toy, not very expensive, but odd, because there happened to be but three of the kind in the shop. None of the clerks had sold the article and the proprietor of the establishment concluded at once that the toy had been stolen. On Monday morning the proprietor got a severe nervous shock when a lit girl entered the store and handed him a parcel with the remark that "marry" wanted it changed for a cup and saucer." When the parcel was opened and the stolen toy revealed, the proprietor sent back word to the child's mama to come herself and select a cup and saucer. It is needless to say, the woman has not as yet complied with the crockery man's request, and furthermore, she is not likely to call either to claim the toy or make the exchange.

Harrington Turned Up.
PROGRESS some weeks ago referred to the mysterious disappearance of John Harrington, from his North End home on Sheriff street. Last week he surprised his relatives and friends by walking into his former home. The young fellow had been in Massachusetts, and having tired of his trip, presented himself at his old home, making a very substantial Xmas gift.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

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- PAGE 15.—Sandvig and St. Xavier—a tale of frontier life. Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

KING'S COUNTY RECOUNT.

Facts Brought Out Showing That the Deputy Returning Officers Did Not Know Their Duty.

The Kings county recount which is to be resumed this morning at Hampton, has assumed a phase that is interesting as well as important. So many things have come up in connection with the recount of the ballots, that those who have been watching the operations of the court, are amazed at the different interpretations placed upon the law by the deputy returning officers. It looks almost as though quite a large number of them either did not understand the duties of their position or did not wish to understand them. Things were permitted to be done, which for example in the city of St. John, would never have been thought of. Ballots were marked in almost every possible way and now because the friends of Col. Domville or Mr. Fowler did not object to them at the time, the judge who is recounting the ballots says that he has nothing whatever to do with those that were not objected to on the polling day. There is no doubt that Judge Wedderburn thinks he is perfectly right in his decision and all right thinking people are contented to leave it to his judgment. Still there is no use in denying the fact that the friends of Col. Domville and of the administration are very much annoyed at the turn events have taken in Kings county, because there was undoubtedly methods used which did not conform with the law. The paper that was sent from Ottawa and upon which the ballots were to be printed was only used in part and the evidence that very many of the ballots were printed upon other paper than that sent by the clerk of the court in chancery is indisputable. For example the following list taken from the returns from the recount officer, Judge Wedderburn, speaks for itself. PROGRESS takes it from the Sun report which surely will not do Mr. Fowler an injustice.

Non-residents, A to G—One Domville ballot reserved, and one taken from the Fowler envelope, left the status; Domville 47; Fowler, 40. Not one ballot showed a water mark.
Go. 17, Sussex—One Domville ballot reserved; result, Domville, 27; Fowler, 28. Not one water marked.
Go. 7, Rothesay—No change; Domville, 145; Fowler, 63. Twelve water marked ballots were cast for Domville and four for Fowler.
No. 4, Kers, showed the greatest care in the order and neatness with which the returns were made, and the marks on the ballots were creditable throughout. No change was possible; Domville, 36; Fowler, 69. One of the former and three of the latter water marked.

No. 18, Sussex, A to F, produced no change; Domville, 93; Fowler, 93. This poll fared better in the way of the water mark, 45 of those cast for Domville and 55 for Fowler having the talismanic sign.
No. 12, Havelock, A. to K. passed without alteration, although only 5 of Domville's and 13 of Fowler's ballots showed the water line; Domville, 77; Fowler, 140.
No. 2, Cardwell, also passed scatheless; Domville, 128 (water marked, 25); Fowler, 187 (water marked, 22).
No. 1, Hampton, A to K, had no water marked supplies, and the count stands; Domville, 128; Fowler, 95.
In the corresponding booth, L to Y Domville stands 94, with 39 water marks; Fowler, 128, with 61 water marks.
No. 5, Upham, made no change; Domville, 95 (52 water marks); Fowler, 126 (67 water marks).

The final poll was No. 3, Waterford, which gave Domville 97 and Fowler 112, with 57 and 56 water marks respectively.
To give some idea of how the ballots were marked it may be stated that one of them at least which came out had a cross opposite Col. Domville's name and through that cross were perhaps eight or ten parallel lines. Opposite the name of Mr. Fowler there was also a cross. The deputy returning officer allowed that ballot. Comment seems unnecessary and yet, because the representative of Col. Domville in that polling booth did not object to the ballot, the officer of the recount now says that he has nothing to

do with it.
This may be the law but it does not seem to be a law that can prevent fraud and illegal practices at elections. Another ballot was marked for Fowler and the initials of the man who voted were placed over the cross and underneath the figure 5 with a dollar mark beside it. That ballot was allowed. Perhaps, however the most remarkable thing in connection with the water line ballots and those printed upon other paper was the imperfect letter on the ballots not printed on the official paper, and the clearly defined letter on those printed on the water line paper. This would seem to show either that the ballots were printed in different offices, or that there had been two sets of ballots printed. In one district the returning officer did not initial any of the ballots, and in another district it seems as though a dozen had been initialing the ballots.

The hand writing of the returning officer was rather of a cramped nature and yet the initials on the ballots was in a flowing hand which showed that another person had certainly written it. This is perhaps the first time, under the new law, that any rigid investigation in the marking of ballots has taken place, and it will be for the interests of justice that it should be as thorough as possible. The friends of the government do not want any favors at the hands of the opposition.

The Returning Soldiers.

By the time PROGRESS is before the public, it will no doubt have been decided whether Colonel Otter and his men are to come directly to St. John. Should they do so, and should they come by the steamship people think on the eve of, or perhaps on Christmas day, what a novel Christmas, old St. John will have! Snow clad streets, windows decked with bunting, floating flags, smiling faces, cheering throats, and voices echoing everywhere a Christmas wish, and a Canadian welcome. Every heart will be overflowing with Yule-tide cheer and pure and unrestrained patriotism. What a living picture for the returning lads, as they tramp through the snow dressed in the khaki uniforms that have felt the heat of battle and the scorch of Africa's sun. Christmas fashion has been kept in a truly Christmas way in our dear old Loyalist town. Homes are bright and happy, parents and children, friends and relatives are drawn nearer together by the expressions of love and Yule-tide cheer, and the hearts of all beat an echo to the angels' "goodwill" song. What a day on which to receive our soldier boys! What a happy blending of national love and Christmas sentiment there will be! Toured, feted, and honored in the motherland, how it will fill their hearts with pride to receive such a royal Christmas welcome as we will surely give them, in their own Canadian home.

He Got Seventy Cents.

There's an old saying that when "some people fall out, honest people get their dues." The saying might fit many men although it is generally applied to those who follow the "horse swapping" business. It might be applied to many classes of tradesmen, and is sometimes spoken of when lawyers start to wrangle with each other. However it would not be amiss to speak of them as the somebody's who fall out. The police magistrate was engaged last week in dealing out judgment in a suit brought by one of the city constables against a west side lawyer who failed to pay up for little service rendered by the constable. The amount sued for was in the vicinity of \$3 and the constable who came out on top got seventy cents on account for the disciple of Blackstone.

Vacation Excursions.

The Intercolonial railway has made arrangements for Christmas and New Year's vacation excursion return tickets to teachers and scholars returning to their homes. These tickets will be issued from the 8th to the 31st of December, good to return until January 31st, at first class one way fare between stations on its system, on presentation of standard form railway certificate.

SUFFERING WOMEN

My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, displacements, inflammations, ulcerations & secretion of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and addresses of prominent physicians sent on application.
Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

RAILROADS.

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—10—
PACIFIC COAST,
EVERY THURSDAY.
For full particulars as to

Passage Rates and Train Service

Canadian Northwest, British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California. Also for maps and pamphlets descriptive of journey, etc., write to
D. P. A. C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway!

On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton and Halifax.....7.50
Express for Halifax, N. S. du Chene and Pictou.....12.15
Express for Sussex.....15.40
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.05
Commodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.15
Through sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.
Sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.30 o'clock for Halifax, Pictou, and sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....8.00
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.40
Commodation from Moncton.....14.15
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....16.00
Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....19.15
Commodation from Halifax and Sydney.....24.45
Sundays, except Monday.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time and forty-four hours notation.

D. P. FORTINER,
Gen. Manager
St. John, N. B., Nov. 28, 1900.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.

The Green Goods Men Are Busy.

The United States post office inspectors are busy men. Fourteen of them do the detective work of the postal system in the state of New York, though five times that number could not satisfactorily handle all the business that legitimately belongs to the inspectors' department. Occasionally outside detectives are called in to assist the regular force, but such cases are rare, and, as a rule, the inspectors attend to the more glaring cases of fraud practiced through the mails and let the others slide.

The green goods business alone would occupy the time of double the number of inspectors on the force, if all the cases, in regard to which evidence is handed in, were followed up. Probably no one outside the post office department realizes to what proportions this swindling business has grown, and certainly the postal authorities are the only persons making a determined fight against the evil.

"This green goods octopus is really colossal," said Chief Inspector King to a Sun reporter, "and it is worked with practically no opposition save from us. I wish this campaign against vice could extend to the swindling business; but the trouble is that, in a green goods case, the man swindled isn't above reproach himself, and the public hasn't any sympathy with him. There is something in that view of the question; but as a matter of fact, a very large number of the hayseed victims are simple minded and ignorant rather than actually dishonest. They are worked upon cleverly, and they are in straits for money, and they are told that the passing of 'duplicates'—never 'counterfeits' you know—cannot hurt their family or neighbors or friends. The bills can be passed anywhere, they are told, and no one is the worse for them. Except the government; and, anyway, the whole thing is no worse than the greenbacks or silver schemes which political parties want to establish by law. That's the way the green goods men talk to the old duffer until they persuade him that black is white, and he actually doesn't realize that he is going into a swindling game. One can't help feeling sorry for some of the victims. Others go into the thing in deliberate dishonesty.

About 85 per cent of the men who receive the green goods letters either put them in the fire or turn them over to the postal authorities. Hardly a day goes by that we do not get a big pouchful of such literature from Washington. It is sent to the postmaster general and then forwarded to us. The letters are mailed from points all over the country, but every one knows that all the big green goods deals are worked from New York. The city is a perfect hot bed for the business. Men with big money are behind the gangs, and the amount of cleverness, money and work put into the business is tremendous.

"No corporation in the country runs its affairs more shrewdly. We know the headquarters of various gangs, and are hot upon the tracks of many of the swindlers, but it takes time and patience to get evidence against them. Of course, we can attack only a small number of cases out of the thousands that come up, and the workers cover their tracks so skillfully that it is wonderfully difficult to run them down. Then, unless they are caught red handed, where is the evidence to convict them?"

"The man who has been duped isn't ordinarily willing to appear, because it is equivalent to confessing himself a fool or a rascal. If he does appear the opposing attorney has a fine opportunity to protest against his competency as a witness, because on his own testimony, he is a would-be thief. There you are.

"We thought we had the worst gang, a few months ago, when that Pelham case came up. All the circumstances were in our favor. The victim didn't complain, you know, but a sturdy, nervy friend of his came down to get that money back. He was immense—a great big fellow with iron nerve and pluck. This friend who had been flattered believed that he could remember exactly the course over which he had been taken to meet the retired 'Treasury Official' who buried the 'government plates' and acted as banker. He drew the diagram, starting from the Astor House, and we figured out that the meeting place was a road house in New Rochelle. There was a possibility of its being Mount Vernon. So we divided up forces and went to the two places. The man from up country met the green goods steersmen and allowed himself to be taken to the banker's. There he met the fine old gentleman. There were only two other men in the room. Things went along all right until the critical point came. Then there

was a scrap. That man of ours was great. He could have done the three fellows up without help, if he had begun shooting right away, but he grabbed the money and lost time. Two other green goods men burst in through the shell door. He made sure they were our men come to help him out, but we were fooling around over at New Rochelle, and he was at Pelham. So he was up against five, and they did him. I tell you we were sore about that failure. I don't know when we will get another such chance. There aren't many men with that chap's nerve.

"Still we have sent a number of green goods men to the penitentiary, and we will send a great many more. The government is in dead earnest. It can't stand for a party to wholesale swindling; but the municipal officials do not bother their heads about it. A sucker goes to police headquarters and tells his story, leads the police to the place where he met the gang, and there's no gang there, no tables, no money. That's the end of it. All the same, the town is full of green goods gangs, carrying on immense operations and we will clean them out before we are through. I'm not popular with the fraternity myself. They really say most impolite things about me and make inconsiderate threats, but it doesn't bother me particularly.

"We can't give all our time to the green goods business. There is a good deal of petty thieving always going on in the postal service. Sometimes it is the clerk or carrier who steals; and when complaints come in, it is a comparatively easy matter to place the thief. We give gilt-edged opportunities to the suspects, and they are likely to take them. There isn't much chance of postal thefts in a city like this, everything is so systematized and work is so thoroughly subdivided; but in smaller places postal clerks have more leeway. Money order stealing is for instance, really impossible in this office, because the application is presented to one clerk, passed on by him to another and goes through several hands before it is complete. But, in the ordinary office, there are frequently cases in which a money order clerk fills out a lot of blank orders, with vouchers payable to himself, at different places through the country, collects the money and then takes a sudden and unlimited vacation. The scheme isn't often successful, but occasionally a man gets away with the money and we have to go to California or Texas or some other out of the way place after him.

"Bogus investment schemes give us trouble, and there seem to be more of them each year. It is positively astonishing how many men make money out of the gullibility of the public. One of the swindles about which we have the most complaints just now, is the 'light work at home' deal. You can see the advertisements anywhere, but when the mails are used for the fraud, becomes a criminal offence, so most of the cases come our way. There may be some 'light work at home' schemes that are all square and above board, but the usual thing is an offer of a liberal income for very easy work that can be done at home. Answers come in by thousands. The first requisite is that the applicant shall buy a small outfit for the work, sold of course by the promoter. When the money is paid in the next thing is to freeze out the worker. She cannot meet the requirements, transgresses rules, is dropped, with the outfit on her hands and her money gone. Sometimes the swindle is even more brazen the deal is carried on by correspondence and the firm is altogether a bogus one, so there is no one from whom to seek redress. The scheme has been exposed often enough, yet hundreds upon hundreds of men and women keep on biting at it.

"As I said before, we have plenty to do. I only wish we could attend to half the complaints that come our way."

GETTING A WIFE ON TIEK.

A Former Telegraph Operator's Story of His Courtship in Chicago.

"I found my wife in an odd way," said an ex-telegraph operator, who is now a prominent officer of a Western railroad. "It was my third year in the railroad business, but I had not forgotten the tick language, and I had a room in a hotel in Chicago which had a party wall with a boarding house adjoining. In this boarding house lived a mighty pretty girl who was attending a commercial college in the next block, where there was also a course of telegraphy taught, and I guessed by seeing the books and papers she carried that she was taking that course. You see,

I was watching her rather closely, for I was interested from the first time I ever saw her on the street.

"She was a stranger in town and of course, there wasn't any chance for my being introduced to her, and as for flirting, she showed no more signs of it than a sister of charity would, though I gave her every opportunity. I found out by a careful study of windows that her room in the boarding house was next to mine in the hotel, and that only made me feel worse—so near and yet so far, you understand. I knew she would not be in the school more than three months, and as half that time had gone by and I still had made no progress I began to grow desperate, for I couldn't bear the thought of losing her. You know a romance like that makes a deal more impression on a fellow than the real thing.

One Sunday afternoon I was in my room and she was in here, and I could hear her driving a nail in the wall and a great thought came to me suddenly. The next minute I had caught up one of my shoes and was pounding it heel on my wall, but I wasn't driving nails. Not much I was making a telegraph call. It wasn't anything in particular, only an 'attention' call, and after repeating it till I was about to give up in despair it was answered from the other side. Then I telegraphed, 'How do you do?' and that was answered, a little bit slow, perhaps, but answered all right, and the conversation continued.

"She was not the most skilled operator I had ever taken but certainly the most interesting one, and we talked through the wall till supper time. That evening I began again, but she was not at home, and when I got in at midnight I wisely forbore sending a 'good night' to her. Next morning I hailed her with 'good morning' and got an answer, and then I asked her if I couldn't meet her after breakfast and walk to school with her, but she would not have it. You see she was shy without a brick wall between us. I was three or four days pleading with my shoe heel on that wall before she agreed to meet me, and by that time I had told her everything, and she just couldn't refuse to give me some kind of a show. After my first walk to school with her I was utterly gone, and though she staid on and was graduated in telegraphy she never had a chance to practice what she learned, for before she got a job I had made her promise to marry me and give up telegraphy.

OUT OF A PRISON PRISON.

How a Party of Englishmen Made a Daring Escape.

During one of the wars between France and England, Mr. Midshipman Boys, R. N., placed in command of a merchant prize, with orders to proceed immediately to Catalonia and join Lord Nelson in the Victory, fell into the hands of the enemy instead, and was committed to the prison of Valenciennes.

There he remained four years. Then the time came when a scheme to get away in which he was joined by three companions, seemed practicable. They must scale a wall, ascend the parapet unobserved, escape the observation of three or four sentinels and the patrols, descend two ramparts, force two locks and get over two drawbridges; but by the grace of God they effected it.

In one way and another they procured ropes and picklocks, and when the night came it was dark and cloudy, while the wind blew and the leaves kept up a rustling favorable to the enterprise.

At half past eight boys and hunter, with woolen stockings over their shoes, each having a rope, a small poker, a stake and a anaspack, went into the back yard, climbed over the wall, passed through the garden and palisades, crossed the road and climbed on their hands and knees until they reached the parapet over the gateway leading to the upper citadel.

With the utmost precaution they crept upon the summit, and down the breastwork toward the outer edge of the rampart.

Both the poker and stake were then driven into the ground—by rising and falling with his full weight—Boys hammered them in with his chest—and the rope made fast.

This done, they let the rope down through a groove in the ramparts, and Boys descended. About two thirds of the

way down, part of a brick fell, but he caught it between his knees, and carried it down without noise.

When Hunter had also gone down, they crossed the drawbridge and found themselves in an arched passage, ending in the door which separated them from the upper citadel. This was the moment for the picklocks to be proved, and they were tried in vain! The bolt was of cast iron; filing was useless; and the stone in which the bolt was fastened was so fortified with bars of cast iron that it could not be cut out.

"Checkmate!" murmured Hunter.

"We must undermine the gate," said Boys. "We have our pocket-knives."

They had worked about a quarter of an hour making little headway, for the paving stones under the gate were about ten inches square and closely bound together, when they were alarmed by a noise like the distant report of a gun. As the sound became fainter, it resembled the cautious opening of the great gate.

For a moment all seemed lost. Stories, only too true, of the barbarous treatment of fugitives had often reached Valenciennes; to be overtaken meant a horrible death. There was a faint sound of foot steps in the passage, and the two men rose to their feet and stood back to back.

"Boys!" It was Whitehurst's whisper, and instantly all was hope again! The noise had been caused by Mansell dropping his knapsack on the echoing bridge. Whitehurst had remained perfectly still while he heard the sentinel walk up and examine the inner side and then walk away. It was a narrow escape; the fugitive and the soldier were scarcely more than a yard apart.

They all began work now, and at half past ten the first stone was raised, and half an hour later there was a hole large enough to creep through. The first and second drawbridges they crossed on the iron hand-rails, and thus gained the upper citadel. They then proceeded to the northeast corner, fixed a stake and fastened a rope upon the breastwork of the fourth and last descent, feeling as if they were already embarked for England.

As Boys was getting down, with his chest against the edge of the parapet, the stake way. Whitehurst, who was sitting by it, snatched the rope, Mansell seized Whitehurst by the coat and Boys laid hold of the grass, and by all these means together he was saved from a fall of about fifty feet.

They all came down at last with their knapsacks, and his fourth descent had landed them fairly outside the fortress; in excess of joy, like true Britons, they all shook hands.

Getting out of a citadel like that of Valenciennes was one thing, and to leave the enemy's country was another, but at last, after many adventures, the young midshipmen were able to offer up their humble thanksgiving for deliverance on English soil.

A Tame Hawk.

Lady Broome possessed a novel and interesting pet, and she tells in the Cornhill Magazine how she came by it. She was staying on the little island of Rotneest, opposite the port of Freemantle, in Western Australia, a place where everything had to be brought across a stormy channel, and the carriage of birds or pets was out of the question. She therefore hailed with pleasure the offer of a little island boy to bring her a half-fledged hawk, as tame as it was in the nature of a hawk to be.

There was no question of a cage, and "Alonso" was established on a perch in a sheltered corner of the upper veranda. He was fed at short intervals on raw meat, and proved very voracious. All day long he sat motionless on his perch, only coming on his owner's hand for his meals.

For two or three weeks Alonso enjoyed the attentions of his mistress. Then one morning at early daylight, she heard an unusual noise on the veranda, and came out just in time to see the little hawk spread his wings and sail off into space. He had been wise enough to devour all the meat left in readiness for his breakfast.

Deeming that a bird of so wild a nature, when once free, would remember his friends no more, she concluded him lost to her; but a few hours later, as she was standing on the veranda, she stretched out her arm beyond it as far as she could reach, when the hawk dropped like a stone out of the cloudless blue and sat on her arm as composedly as if he had never left the shelter of his home. He was ready for his dinner and received a good one.

After that it became an established custom to put every evening a saucer of chopped raw meat on a table in the veranda, together with a pan of water, that the hawk might have an early breakfast. He fasted for himself all day, coming back at night to roost in the veranda. It was curious to watch his return. He generally made many attempts before he

could accommodate himself to the slope of the roof, so as to get beneath it. After each failure he would soar away out of sight, only to come back and circle round the house till he had determined how low to stoop. Then like a flash, he would dart beneath the projecting eaves.

Apparently it was necessary to make but one effort, for there was no popping in and out, no uncertainty, but when he came it was with one majestic swoop, and the next moment he would be on his perch as rigid and unflinching as if he had never left it.

Haunted Miss.

Miss Sup Perditions—Do you take any stock in dreams, Mr. Ledger?

Mr. Ledger—Do I? Why, sometimes after we've been taking stock at the store I don't dream of anything else for weeks.

Paris.

'See Paris and die!' as the saying is.

'One might as well. He'll have nothing left to live on after seeing Paris this year.'

'Do you consider her a woman of intelligence?'

'Well, she certainly is a woman of good understanding.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'She has shapely feet.'



PROGRESS.

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

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

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

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Peppermint Cure as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international.

It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, or the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

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

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

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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GRIP

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

The two concerts given at the opera house this week under the management of Fred G. Spencer, drew large and well pleased audiences. The programme was well arranged, and the numbers were most attractive. The chief feature of interest was the appearance of Gwilym Miles, the baritone, whose magnificent voice, when heard here previously, won for him a high place in the esteem of musical people and lovers of all that is best and most perfect in the divine art.

The concert on Tuesday evening was a most delightful one and each number of the singer of the evening was given the most flattering applause. His singing of "The Two Grenadiers" by Schumann was truly a triumph of the singer's art, as was indeed every one of his numbers.

Every number was encoored, and the latter was characteristic of the singer, bright, happy and well chosen.

The appearance of Mr. Leo Altman of the Halifax Conservatory of Music was a triumph for that gentleman and from the first note he was recognized as a player of more than ordinary ability. His selections, seven including encores, were all enthusiastically received and Mr. Altman was very generally conceded to be without exception the best violinist ever heard in this city.

Mrs. Shephard Grigsby was a name unknown heretofore at least here and there was much speculation as to her work. She sang two solos, but what would have been acceptable work was marred by her extreme nervousness.

On Wednesday evening another excellent audience listened to the following programme rendered in a manner that was even more highly appreciated than was that of the preceding evening, if that were possible:

- Why do the Nations.....Haniel Mr. Miles.
Concerto (Part I).....Mendelssohn Mr. Altman.
To Love; to Suffer.....Tirindelli Mr. Miles.
Heart's Delight.....Gilchrist Mrs. Grigsby.
The Lost Chord.....Sir Arthur Sullivan Mr. Miles.
(a) Nocturne.....Chopin Sarate Mr. Miles.
(b) Scenes de la Gard.....Hubay Mr. Altman.
It is Enough.....Mendelssohn Mr. Miles.
Magnetic Walk.....Arditi Mrs. Grigsby.
Airs Hucorolis.....Ernst Mr. Altman.
Good Bye.....Tosti Mr. Miles.

Helene Mora, the female barytone, is making a sensation in Chicago by singing The Holy City.

Helen Lord is having songs written for her by Harry T. McConnell and Robert B. Smith, preparatory to going into vaudeville.

Says the Chicago Times Herald of last Monday: Mr. Henry Russell, composer of over eight hundred songs, including "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," died in London yesterday at the age of eighty-seven. He was born in Sheerness, Kent, Dec. 24, 1813. He appeared on the stage when a boy, and was educated in music in Milan, and was an outdoor scholar at the Bologna Conservatoire. He returned to England in 1840, and gave entertainments in London and in all parts of the country until about forty years ago, when he retired from public life. He was best known in this country as the author of "The old Armchair," "To the West, to the West," and "The Ship on Fire." He also wrote a treatise on singing and a volume of reminiscences.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Now that the Truss Stock company has folded its tent and stolen away, to let us hope, more favorable scenes of action; we must manage to exist on anticipation for the next week, when the Valentine Stock will return for a long engagement. There has been a change in the personnel of the company since last year, but those who have seen it in Halifax say they are very excellent, and possess a jewel in Miss Nora O'Brien the leading lady, who is not only a clever actress but wonderfully beautiful in person. She is the daughter of the mayor of Baltimore and was a favorite in that city's most exclusive social circles.

The patronage given the Truss Stock leads one to think that this is a queer town theatrically. Always clamoring for something good, and yet when we get it we sometimes do not give it the attention our howlings after it would lead almost anyone to suppose we intended bestowing upon "a good theatrical company." What are our individual and collective ideas of a "good company" any-

way? I'm afraid we are all just a trifle hazy in that respect and could hardly give a definite explanation as to just what constitutes one. At least that is the most natural inference to be drawn from our own actions. A few years ago we fought tooth and nail against those companies which gave specialties and grew so unutterably tired of the vaudeville features that it gave us an excellent excuse for remaining away from the theatre.

But the passing of the specialty did not change the prevailing state of affairs and good companies, minus specialty people, still play to row after row of empty seats. Now there is no possible chance for us to imitate Whitcomb Riley's citizen of Terre Haute who used to "sit down in calm content And cuss the shows where I have went," because there is nothing to "cuss" in the shows we have been getting lately.

The great big public is a fraud between you and me, and it doesn't care a rap for the theatre as a temple of art and it is not willing to interest itself enough in the stage to encourage really good companies.

We never commend, we only criticize and find fault with everybody generally, for not bringing "good companies," and then with a beautiful disregard of consistency of speech and action when one does stray this way, we find something else to take up our time and it is only at the farewell performance we awaken to the fact that it was worth patronizing.

In this case as in every other, the blessing brightens as it takes its flight—and then we promptly proceed to use the next "good" company in the same shabby way.

W. S. Harkins, so it is rumored, will bring a company to St. John for the holidays. Miss Bonstelle is spoken of as the leading lady of the aggregation.

May Irwin's new play "Madge Smith, Atty" did not prove very successful at its recent trial in New York.

Clyde Fitch's new play of "Life in a Country Village" which he is writing for W. A. Brady is rapidly nearing completion.

Charles Richman, who is supporting Annie Russel in "A Royal Family" will be the leading man of the New York Empire theatre stock next season.

Maude Odell who will embark in opera on Christmas week in opera in "Rob Roy" at the Auditorium, Chicago, will, if successful, remain in lyric work.

William Faversham's condition is slightly improved, and it is thought that if the actor meets with no set back he will recover. Charles Frohman is preparing to star Mr. Faversham next season.

Says the Boston Post:—There is a possible change in managerial circles in this city before next season. The lease of the Park Theatre held by Eugene Tompkins will expire next May, and it is very doubtful if it is renewed by him. Rumor has it that the building will be made over for business purposes.

Miss Ada Rehan has received a cable message from London informing her that the courts of England had rendered a decision favorable to the Augustin Daly estate in the controversy between the executors of the estate and George Edwards over the Daly theatre property in London. Miss Rehan was very much pleased with the news.

Of the four American plays produced in New York this autumn—"Arizona," "Sag Harbor," "David Harum" and "Lost River"—"Arizona" is the first to achieve a one hundred nights' run. What Chicago said about "Arizona" at its initial production has been echoed and re-echoed by the critics of New York. It is a source of regret that Augustus Thomas' play cannot remain in New York the entire present season. The financial returns more than justify its continuance in the metropolis, but after the holidays "Arizona" must vacate its quarters to make room for one of the nondescript musical extravaganzas so dear to the heart of a certain portion of the New York play going community.

Reduced to Absurdity. To be sure, there are newspaper correspondents who express themselves clearly and keep track of their commas; but these burlesque "Society Squibs," from the Worcester Spy, are little more ridiculous than the "personals" one may find in any paper that makes a specialty of gossip.

Mrs. Mary Woods' sidewalk, which was shovelled off last winter, is now being relaid.

Nathan Price who was shot in the suburbs last Wednesday is now able to get around.

Thomas Merrill's property is for sale. It consists of a cottage containing seven rooms and an acre of land.

Edward Jones has opened a shoe store on Front street. Mr. Jones guarantees that any one can have a fit in his store.

The firm of Smith & Thorndyke is once more carrying on business at the old stand.

The concern now wants a man to sell on commission. Mrs. Walter Darrell would like to hear of a good nurse for her child, about thirty years of age and with good references. None other need apply.

John Bangs who will sail for Europe Saturday would like to find a purchaser for his valuable bulldog. The animal is no care as it will eat anything and is very fond of children.

A touching incident was noticed at the Union Station yesterday when an aged couple bade each other good-by. The old lady kissed her husband fervently several times and he kissed her back.

The two prominent young medical students who have been stealing souls from the Wachuset Boat are warned that unless amends are made trouble will ensue, as the names of the thieves are known.

Dr. Frankin White has returned from a trip to Switzerland. Speaking of the robust health of its peasantry, the doctor says, "The strength of the Swiss woman is remarkable. It is nothing unusual for her to wash and iron and milk several cows in one day."

Parental Firmness. Collier's weekly tells of a father who has learned the value of experience in dealing with children. At least it is to be supposed that he has learned it unless he is a very dull scholar.

"You look worried, my dear," said Smithers, when he came home from the office the other day. "What is the matter?" "The children have been very tiresome to day," replied Mrs. Smithers, wearily. "It seemed as if they would drive me distracted."

"Don't let 'em!" said Smithers, with considerable energy. "Don't let 'em ride over you. Just—Willie, don't talk when papa's talking—just deal with them gently, but firm—did you hear me, Willie?—firmly, and you'll get along all—silence, Willie, this instant!—all right."

"As for letting 'em worry—Dick, don't pull my pockets—letting 'em worry—don't pull my pockets, I said. Will you take your hands out or no? Now keep them out. You've broken a couple of cigars for me now, you—what is Willie making such a noise about, Annie? My stars, he's got my silk hat! Take it; hang it up high."

"Now, Dick, if you cry, you'll have—now they're both commenced. It does seem, Annie, 'sit the minute I come into the house, I can't think—Won't you take 'em off to bed? I bet if I was at home, I'd—"

But as the boys clattered away up-stairs with their tired mamma, Smithers sat down and gazed gloomily into space, without saying just exactly what he would do if he were at home.

"Two Little Snobs." Titles seem not to make men large of stature or in any way distinguishable in appearance from ordinary men. An amusing example of this lack of visible nobility is cited by an English exchange.

The Duke of Argyll was once travelling in a railway carriage with the Duke of Northumberland. At one of the stations a little commercial drummer entered. The three chatted familiarly until the train stopped at Alnwick Junction.

Here the Duke of Northumberland went out and was met by a train of flunkies and servants.

"That must be some great swell," remarked the drummer to his unknown companion.

"Yes," said the Duke of Argyll, "he is the Duke of Northumberland."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the drummer. "And to think he should have been so affable to two little snobs like us!"

Chinch-Bugs For Sale. A man who kept a little store in a Western town was one morning approached by a farmer who owed him a small amount, with a plea for an extension of time, as the chinch-bugs were eating up all the crops.

"Chinch-bugs! Nonsense!" said the store-keeper, roughly. "I don't believe there's a chinch-bug within a mile or you."

"The chinch-bugs are there by millions." "Millions! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a dollar and a half a gallon for every gallon of the bugs you'll bring me."

"Done!" said the farmer. A day or two after he drove back to the village with a ten-gallon can tightly covered. This he unloaded from his wagon and rolled carefully into the general store.

"What have you got there?" asked the merchant, suspiciously. "Something for you."

"What is it?" "Chinch-bugs," said the farmer. He lifted

the lid, and disclosed a mass of the hideous insects, wriggling and squirming. "There's ten gallons of them," he continued. "I take it you owe me fifteen dollars. That will just about square my little bill, and I'll thank you to give me a receipt."

"Cover it up, for goodness' sake, before any of 'em get away!" roared the unhappy dealer.

But he wrote the receipt so justly fortified.

The story came out in the papers, and for months thereafter the storekeeper received letters asking for the latest quotations on the price of chinch-bugs, and inquiring how many he was prepared to take.

However, he had nothing to regret, for, as he said, the experience was worth a thousand dollars to him in advertising.

MRS. KLUMPKA'S DAUGHTERS.

The Remarkable Success of Four Enterprising Young Ladies. In these days, when nearly every one longs for a professional training, there arises a new kind of story which might be said to constitute the romance of acquisition. We are too highly civilized to meet with adventures of the old sort; but young men and women are still coming on the most exciting experiences while in pursuit of an education. One would like, some time, to read the recollections of the Klumpke sisters, who have had rich, varied and exacting lives such as are accorded to very few.

These four young women, says the Critic, are the daughters of Mrs. Klumpke, an American, who, in pursuance of the belief that boys and girls should have the same advantages, took her young family to Germany and then to Paris, to complete their chosen studies.

The eldest determined to be an artist, the second a physician, the third an astronomer, and the fourth a violinist. Each has attained distinction, not through native brilliancy alone, but as the result of determined hard work.

When Miss Augusta Klumpke went to Paris, women had studied medicine there, but none had served as interns in any hospital, and the doctors said frankly to the new aspirant, "We shall do all we can to prevent your entering."

Her preparatory work was wonderful in its accuracy and completeness, and as the time approached for the final examinations, the faculty attended her recitations in a body, in order to note her weak points and equip themselves for her defeat. In consequence, they made their questions so difficult that the competing young men fell far below the standard, and failed to fill vacancies which are usually overrun. Miss Klumpke, to the chagrin of her adversaries, received the highest mark.

She finished her four years' pioneer work at the hospital, and then married a physician, an authority on nervous diseases, with whom, in the intervals of her practice, she collaborates in theoretic laboratory work.

Anna, the eldest sister, not only built up a solid reputation as an artist, but also acted as guardian to the younger girls. About two years ago she formed a most delightful friendship with Rosa Bonheur, then an old woman living alone at her country house, the Chateau de By.

Miss Klumpke took up her residence at the chateau, and immediately became desirous of cataloguing Rosa Bonheur's studies, and so preserving them for the world. Thus far few had seen them, and the lonely old artist was so jealous of them that she refused to let them go into the hands of her relatives at her death.

"I could part with any of the pictures I have ever painted," she said, "but with my studies, never. They are the experience of a lifetime. They are all I know and think and feel."

But such was the sympathy between her and the new friend that she gladly welcomed her to this inner circle of her life, and now she is dead, Miss Klumpke is proving her faithfulness. She is living at the chateau a part of the year, interested

ing herself in the people and schools of the neighborhood, and keeping her friend's studio open to the pilgrims who come there from all quarters. She is also preparing the studies for exhibition, and, as she says:

"No one who has not seen these sketches can fully understand the artist's greatness."

Mrs. Klumpke's youngest daughter, Julia, is a very promising violinist; but to Dorothea belongs the prettiest story of all. She is an astronomer, and made early application for admission to the Paris observatory. The directors consulted the statutes. No woman had ever offered herself as a colleague, but there was no rule to say a woman nay. So they gave her a telescope, to make her own observations, and later, on the strength of the remarkable work she had done, made her Doctor of Science, gave her a decoration, and created her an Officer de l'Academie.

As soon as the International Astronomical Congress began cataloguing the stars as far as the fourteenth magnitude, a new department was created at Paris for the French share of the great undertaking. Dorothea Klumpke was placed at the head of it, with four assistants.

She has lived for thirteen years in the gardens of the observatory, revered by the employees there, and highly esteemed by the Astronomical Society of France, of which she is the only female member. She is a slender, delicate girl, and her blue eyes have a look of wonder and mystery caught perhaps, from searching among the stars.

Marie—I'm afraid! Jean is going to blow his brains out. Clarisse—Why so? Marie—He has bought a cornet.



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

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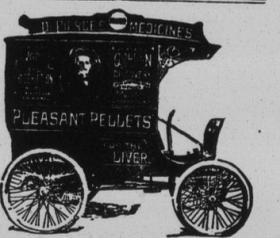
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PROGRESS.

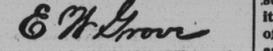
Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that at the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association,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

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in front on their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and tritric systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs. Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the union of the medical profession or of an intelligent public. The "Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this premiss. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose cases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, in respect to its modern appliances, or in respect to its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of the great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

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

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering lead him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper form), 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of 3c one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. The remedy that cures, a cold in one day.

Cuticura REMEDIES THE SET

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to heal the skin, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool the blood, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itching, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians, and all other remedies fail.

Sold by all Colonial Chemists. Foreign Dispensaries. Cuticura Soap, 50c. Cuticura Ointment, 1/2 1/2 1/2.

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 15.

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

“MR. SPEAKER.”

There are few public offices so august and so comfortable as that of Speaker of the British House of Commons. To begin with the emoluments: The Speaker's salary is twenty-five thousand dollars a year; there are miscellaneous allowances which amount to almost as much more, and to these is added a handsome official residence such as a prince might envy. Moreover, while the Speaker listens to the speeches of dull member or restrains the language of the impetuous, he is sustained by the reflection that, whenever he is inclined to give up the office, he can retire with a peerage and the assurance of receiving a check for a thousand pounds every three months for the rest of his days. Such a reflection might well beguile the most tedious debate.

The Speaker has great power. No member of the house can speak in debate except with his consent. He can stop any member whom he regards as using unparliamentary language, and can suspend him if he chooses. He can close any debate; he decides finally nice points of parliamentary law, for his rulings are never disputed.

These powers might be abused by a partisan; but the Speaker never is a partisan. One of the considerations which determines his selection is that he shall be satisfactory to both parties. He is nominated by the leader of the government party, and the nomination is seconded by the leader of the opposition. When the office becomes vacant the government chooses for Speaker a member of the party in power; but if there is a change of government he is not displaced, even after an election at which his party is defeated.

Under the American system, it is not possible that the Speaker of the House of Representatives should be so colorless a person as the speaker of the house of Commons is expected to be. The British ministers have seats in Parliament, and are leaders of the house. In this country the separation of executive and legislative functions deprives the House of official leaders, and the dominant party needs the office of Speaker as an aid in impressing its policy upon legislation. Nevertheless, within these recognized limitations, Speakers who were robust partisans have shown themselves capable of great fairness toward political opponents.

WOMEN'S WORK.

A recent study of the industrial position women now occupy in New York State discloses some facts of interest to women everywhere.

The first thing which attracts attention is the increase in the number of women who support themselves and the greatly increased list of occupations open to them. Fifty years ago there were only twenty callings in which women were engaged. Today they compete with men in almost every known occupation. In the middle of the century only one woman worked for every ten men. The ratio at present is one to four, and ten years later it will probably be lower still.

Moreover, women are changing from unskilled to skilled laborers, thereby increasing their own earnings and adding to the wealth of the community. Only thirty years ago two-thirds of all the self-supporting women in New York state were domestic servants; that is to say, unskilled laborers. The relative number has gradually decreased, until now the “domestic” represents only one-third of those who work.

In diversity of calling the men have lit-

tle advantage over their sisters. Among New York women there are more than five hundred janitors, one thousand journalists, one hundred and fifty preachers, and one hundred each of lawyers, dentists, inventors, designers and physicians. Even occupations heretofore regarded as exclusively masculine have their representatives. There are women, black-smiths, brickmakers, butchers, glass-workers, gunsmiths, tanners, machinists, marble-cutters, saw-mill hands, steam-boiler-makers, engineers and wood workers.

Feminine ingenuity has also created new occupations. One woman has established what she calls ‘cattery,’ where she breeds high-class Angoras. Another is a physician for parrots, mocking-birds, and canaries, and still another a dolls’ boot-maker.

Much of women's industrial progress is attributed to the repeal of the law under which a husband was entitled to his wife's earnings. Let us hope that the women, when they obtain full political power, will refrain from passing any law under which a wife will be entitled to all of her husband's earnings.

Not the Bathurst Man.

Rev. Mr. Sellars called upon PROGRESS this week to rectify a statement that did him an injustice, inasmuch as it connected him with the Rev. Joseph Sellars, who took part in the Bathurst school enquiry a few years ago. The gentleman who now has the honor of being the pastor of the Carmarthen street Methodist church very properly did not feel that he was called upon to answer for the notoriety achieved by his namesake and PROGRESS is only too willing to make the correction. Mr. Sellars has another letter on the influences of the theatre on the people, in the Sun this week, and while many readers may not agree with him, there are few who will not give him credit for honesty of opinion and purpose.

Receptions to Soldiers.

Recent home-comings to England and Canada of the Transvaal soldiers emphasize the fact that nations ought to welcome their heroes in some worthy way than by rowdiness, promiscuous kissing and the shrieks of people trampled by the mob. Several deaths and fifteen hundred serious injuries were the statistics of one recent night in London. Many of the officers muffled themselves in their overcoats and escaped from the spies. For a brighter picture, turn to Japan, only half a century in close contact with what we presumptuously call civilization. When the victorious troops returned from China, marching through the triumphal arches erected to welcome them, not a syllable came from the dense crowds in the streets. Mr. Latacadio Hearn, who was present, asked the reason. ‘We Japanese,’ came the reply, ‘think we can better express our feelings by silence.’ Who shall say the Occident has nothing to learn from the contrary-mindedness of a people called Yellow?

Turkey and the United States.

The battle-ship Kentucky was ordered to stop at Smyrna on her way through the Mediterranean to the Philippines. The port lies out of the regular course, and it was assumed that the order might be connected with the obstinate refusal of the Turkish government to pay an indemnity for the destruction of American mission property at Kharput and elsewhere in Asia Minor, at the time of the Armenian massacres. It appears that the United States has a new grievance against Turkey because, in violation of treaty provisions, she has refused to give an exequatur to Dr. Thomas H. Norton, who was appointed United States consul at Kharput. It is conjectured, but without official authority, that the visit of the Kentucky to Smyrna may be connected with this action by the Turkish government.

An Isthmian Canal.

The canal commission, which was appointed to consider routes across the isthmus, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, has reported in favor of the route across Nicaragua. It recommends the construction of a canal 30 feet in depth at an estimated cost of \$120,000,000. The total distance is 190 miles, and the route adopted closely follows that which was recommended by the Walker commission two years ago. The commission believes that the canal could be built in ten years.

Neck Bands Replaced.

Hosiery darned, repairs made all free, why do you go elsewhere with your laundry, when we do the best work and do so many things free. Try us now, Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and carpet cleaning work. Telephone 58.

One Result.

‘Our clergymen plays golf.’ ‘Has it done him good?’ ‘Well, it has cured him of preaching so often against profanity.’

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Soldier's Letter.

The balmy southern light is slowly falling O'er vale and mountain's brow, And wrapping in its solemn, dusky mantle Our lone encampment now. Within his tent your soldier boy is seated, Writing these lines to thee; And this shall be the burden of my letter, Dear mother, pray for me!

I know, in my old home, the lamps are lighted, And friends are gathered here; But one is missing from that happy circle— There is one vacant chair. And when you gaze upon the dear one round you, From care and sorrow free, Think of your boy far off 'mid strife and danger. And, mother, pray for me!

Pray that our God, your help in times of trouble, To me His aid will lend, While you bright flag, the emblem of our nation, I'm striving to defend. And safely from these fearful scenes of carnage Will guide me back to thee— Back to home for which my heart yearns sadly; O mother, pray for me!

But should it be my fate to fall in battle, And this bright youthful head, Which on thy breast so often hath been pillowed, Be kind to bury here, O pray that to the land of rest and glory, My unchained soul may flee, Where one day we will meet, no more to sever— This, mother, ask for me!

The Confession.

Where Peter guarded heaven's gate A woman came, one day, And meekly knocked and meekly said: ‘Oh, let me in, I pray!’ And many a fairer one than she The good old saint had heeded to see Forever turned away.

‘And why,’ he asked, ‘should I unbar The gate to let you in? Is there upon your heart no scar, And did you never sin?’ Nay, look me fairly in the face And hurry up and plead your case— ‘I'm waiting—come—begin!’

‘Ah, yes! I must confess I sinned,’ The one without replied; ‘To tell from talking others I— Well, often, Sir—I lied! But pray do not condemn me yet, I have some virtues I would set Upon the other side!’

‘I didn't hate my husband's folks, Nor run them down,’ said she; ‘I let him love his mother, and be kind to her, and he Could talk to other women who Were young and blithe and comely, too Without offending me.’

‘I never, never made him wait A dismal hour or two; When he and I agreed to meet I got there—And I threw No stone nor ever tried to blight The names of pure—’ ‘Ah,’ said the saint, ‘Come in, you angel, you!’

Longing.

The green road! the clean road; it is so broad and high; It stretches from the happy sea to touch the happy sky. Oh, I longed once to forsake it, but I'm longing now To take it— The green road, and the clean road, that is so broad and high.

The gray street, the gay street; how solemnly it shines! The sun imprints his pleasures, but there's pain between the lines. Oh, I smiled at first to see it, but I'm eager now to see it— The gray street, the gay street; how solemnly it shines!

The pure love, the sure love comes over me like rain; The throb of my heartless love is turning poor and plain. It's my life I have been giving just to make a dead man live; It's my all I have been losing just to get a little gain.

The nest song, the best song is crying sweet and sweet; The tangle within my bosom, but the time's not in my feet. Ah! they only sing for pity, do the voices in the city. Did they ever hear a homely song sound happy in the street?

The gray street, the gay street; for me it holds no rest, Not even when the summer sun is sailing down the west; And I cannot find my pleasure in a road my sight can measure. From the little room I dwell in with a memory for my guest.

The green road; the clean road; it is so broad and high, It stretches from the happy sea to touch the happy sky. Oh, to rise and part with sadness! Oh, to move and meet with gladness, On the green road, the clean road, that is so broad and high!

J. J. Bell.

The Silpralls and the Spurs.

The colors of the setting sun, Withdrew across the Western land— He raised the silpralls one by one, And shot them home with trembling hand; Her brown hands clung—her face grew pale— One quick, fierce kiss across the rail, And, ‘Good-by, Mary!’ ‘Good-by, Jim!’

Oh, he rides hard to race the pain Who rides from love, who rides from home; But he rides slowly home again, Whose heart has learned to love and roam.

A hand upon the horse's mane, And one foot in the stirrup set, And, stooping back to kiss again, With ‘Good-by, Mary, don't you fret!’ When I come back—he laughed for joy— ‘We do not know how soon 'twill be; I'll be as I round the spur— You let the silpralls down for me.’

She gasped for sudden loss of hope, As, with a backward wave to her, He centered down the darkening spur, And swiftly round the darkening spur, Black-pencilled panels standing high, And darkness fading into stars, And hurrying fast against the sky, A faint white form beside the bars.

And often at the sea of sun, In winter bleak and summer brown, She'd steal across the little run, And swiftly let the silpralls down, And listen there when darkness shut The nearer spur in silence deep; And when they call her from the hut Steal home and cry herself to sleep.

Awakened.

Beside the cradle of her little child Late twilight had the kept, But when it ceased to moan at her, and smiled, Both babe and mother slept.

Without, a storm hung like a bird of prey Above the silent sea, Watching him that flew upon her way. Fast the black ledges throb, Down, down it swooped, its cruel talons rent, That lapses, quivering length, The waters churned beneath them ere she spent The utmost of her strength.

The groans of grief was on the purple air, Mixed with the wind's wild breath, And piercing shrill the shrieks of sheer despair Rose from the gates of death. But not one sound of this mad uproar— The sleeping mother heard, She slept till night was gray, then slept no more— Her little one had stirred.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

SLATIN PASHA. His Life of Adventure and His Many Narrow Escapes.

Very few men can look back upon lives that have been as crowded with adventures and narrow escapes from death as that of Sir Rudolph Slatin, better known as Slatin Pasha, who has just been appointed inspector general of the British forces in the Sudan. He is certainly the most remarkable adventurer living today, and history presents very few instances of men who have gone through so many battles or met with so many hairbreadth escapes.

Slatin Pasha is still a young man, about 40 years of age. He is an Austrian by birth, and entered the English Egyptian army when a mere boy. His ability and mental quickness soon attracted attention, and the command of a Sudan province was given him. This was in the seventies, a time of great unrest in Egypt and the Sudan. Slatin, like his great commander General Gordon, was left to his fate by his government, and the uprising of the Mahdi overwhelmed his little province and made him a prisoner. To save his life he professed the faith of his captors, but he was treated as a slave.

When Gordon fell at Khartoum, they found among his papers information of the strength of the Mahdi's forces. Slatin was suspected of furnishing this, and his life was made a burden to him. For 12 years he endured captivity, torture and misery, and only his indomitable will kept him alive. In 1895 the civilized world was thrilled to learn that Slatin was alive and had escaped from the Khalifa, the successor of the Mahdi. His escape was filled with hair raising adventure, and is most ably told, with the rest of his experiences in the Sudan, in his book, ‘Fire and Sword in the Sudan.’ If ever a man was qualified to write on his subject and adhere faithfully to the title of his books, Slatin Pasha is that man. He gained the title of pasha, which means chief, while serving in the Egyptian army. He was with Kitchener when that general completed the British subjugation of the Sudan.

Translating Himself.

Sometimes a crude colloquial expression tells a story better than the most elaborate English. Rev. C. T. Brady, a missionary in the West says that he once baptized a little girl in a small town on the border of Indian Territory. Her father was a cattleman, the owner of enormous herds. Each cattle-owner there has a brand of his own for marking his animals, and the mavericks, or young cattle born on the range, belong to the man who can get his branding-iron on them first.

This little girl had to remain away from one session of the public school for her baptism. When she returned, the children set upon her with hard questions, and inquired skeptically how she was in any way different from what she had been before. She told them that she had been made ‘a member of Christ, a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.’

Still they gathered about her, and with the unconscious cruelty of children, baited her with puzzling queries. Finally, when she had exhausted all other means, she turned upon them, her eyes flashing through their tears.

‘Well,’ said she, lapsing into the vernacular, ‘I will tell you. I was a little maverick before, and the man put Jesus' brand on my forehead. So when He sees me running wild on the prairie, He will know that I am His little girl.’

That conveyed the idea. The children understood, and were respectfully hushed.

Andrew Laug at Fault.

The present generation of novel readers says the Saturday Evening Post, probably know the novels of Miss Violet Hunt much better than they do those of Margaret Hunt, who is her mother. For it is some years now since Mrs. Hunt published her novels, and nowadays only master-pieces live much beyond the second or third season of their existence. But the Londoner who has read their books and whose privilege it is, as he comes down a leafy lane on Cambden Hill, to stop for a cup of tea with Mrs. and Miss Hunt at an attractive small house on his left, has double reason to believe that literary gifts are hereditary or at least contagious.

Translating is usually called hard work, but Mrs Hunt finds it almost the most amusing thing she can do. And this is not to be wondered at when one learns that she acquires languages almost by instinct.

Once she was translating various German fairy tales and folklore stories for a volume. They were not all in pure High German, but seemed to be in various local dialects. Mrs. Hunt, however, said that she bothered very little about that; they all seemed near enough German to be comprehensible. After the book was done she met her publisher one day.

‘By the way,’ said he, ‘I didn't know you knew Danish.’ ‘I don't,’ was the somewhat surprised reply.

‘But you translate from it,’ persisted the publisher; ‘one of the stories in that book was Danish.’

‘Was it all right?’ asked the translator. ‘Yes, entirely.’ ‘Then,’ said Mrs. Hunt, ‘I suppose I know Danish.’

Some time later Mr. Andrew Lang, who was editing a volume of fairy and folklore, was complaining that the time he couldn't put his hand on any one to translate a Norwegian story for him. ‘Let me do it,’ said Mrs. Hunt, who was present.

‘Do you know Norwegian?’ asked Mr. Lang. ‘No,’ was the answer; and Mr. Lang, who prides himself on getting out scholarly volumes, thought a joke must be meant. But ultimately he was persuaded to make the experiment, and then submitted the result to a competent Norwegian scholar. Mrs. Hunt does not know Norwegian, but somewhere in Mr. Lang's book can be found that Norwegian story as she translated it.

Know Thyself.

A teacher in one of Boston's public schools had instructed her pupils in hygiene, and toward the end of the term, wishing to see how well they could remember, told them to each write out a little story of the human body. The following is copied from the ‘story’ one small boy handed her, with the confident assurance that he knew it was all right, for he had studied very hard over it.

‘The human body is divided into three parts; the head, the throat and the abdomen.’

‘The head contains the brains, if there are any; the throat contains the heart and the vital organs; and the abdomen the vowels of which there are five, a, e, i, o, and u, and sometimes w and y.’

Comforts of Life in Kalamazoo.

‘Yes,’ said the man who was sitting out in front of a long house, ‘there is some malaria around here.’

‘Do you suffer much from it?’ ‘I don't suffer as much as I used to. I'm having a chill. I think about how good an' warm I'll be when the fever comes, an' when I have the fever I think about how cool the chill will be, an' that way I manage to git right smart o' comfort.’

Justifiable Assault.

‘The complainant,’ said the judge, ‘says you attempted to knock his head off.’

‘Your honor,’ said the defendant, ‘he stood out in front of my house singing. ‘All I Want is a Little Bit Off the Top’ as loud as he could yell, and I thought I ought to accommodate him.’

The Filipino Junta.

Representations have been made to the British government looking to the breaking up of the Filipino Junta at Hongkong, whose machinations have caused much annoyance to the American authorities in the Philippines. The British foreign office is investigating the matter.

English as She is Wrote.

‘Miss Spelt,’ said the business man to his new typewriter, ‘you are certainly wasting your talents here.’

‘Really?’ gasped the young lady. ‘Yes, you should go in for humorous writing. You have the making of a female Josh Billings.’

Its Color.

She—Did you tell Mr. Luggs my hair was red?

He—I did not.

She—He says you did.

He—I did nothing of the kind. He asked me, and I told him it was the color of a popular novel.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road.

‘What are you going to do with that dog?’ asked a kindly gentleman.

‘I can't make up my mind,’ was the answer; ‘not till I find out what the dog thinks o' doin' with me!’

Ontario Boasted Once, Spent Forty-four, and Drowned, 27 Waterloo.

AL BAKING POWDER

is delicious and wholesome

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Charles De-voated Ome, Spirit, Perfected, ed, Duval, 27 Waterloo.



Large and fashionable audiences filled the opera house on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and listened with rapt attention to the popular baritone Mr. G. W. Miles. The Mr. Miles, Mr. Almas and Mrs. Grigby equaled, and in fact exceeded, the expectations of the music loving people of St. John's who was shown by the hearty reception accorded them and by the deafening applause which greeted their every number.

Miss Alice Plimmer of Carman street, left here on Monday for Denver, Col., where she intends remaining for a year with relatives.

The Neptune Rowing Club at Home given in the club rooms on Charlotte street last Saturday afternoon passed off as successfully as affairs of this sort usually do. The majority of those invited were in attendance and the hours from 4 to 8.30 passed most pleasantly. Dainty refreshments were served and solo rendered by Miss Clara Brennan and Messrs. Seely, Ritchie and Lindsay.

On Monday evening of this week the pretty home of Mr. C. W. Bell, 24 Wellington Row was the scene of a grand demonstration of welcome. Their son Walker arriving home on that day after an absence of a year in South Africa. The house was prettily decorated with flags, bunting etc., and a great many friends and comrades of the returned hero were present. A number of ladies also called and congratulated Mr. Walker Bell on his safe return.

Dainty refreshments were served, Mrs. Bell being assisted in this duty by Miss Louise Gerwin, Miss Olive Lawton and Miss Minnie Stewart.

Mr. Walter Taylor has severed his connections with Messrs. C Flood & Sons and has accepted a position with A T Chapman & Co., dealers in fancy goods and stationary at Montreal. He left here on Monday to take up his new duties.

Mr. Averill, the manager of Zephra, was in town this week. He was returning from Halifax where he completed arrangements for the production of Zephra during the early spring. A local club in our sister city have the affair in hand, the proceeds of which will be for the benefit of the School for the Blind in that city.

The annual tea and sale given by the Ladies' Alliance in connection with the Unitarian church was held on Friday afternoon and evening at the home of the pastor, Rev Stanley Hunter, 80 Sydney street. The spacious parlors were tastefully decorated and the different tables were liberally patronized. A number of young ladies of the Sunday School acted as waitresses.

On Wednesday the Rev Bentley Ray united in marriage Miss Helen Johnston, daughter of Mr. Robert A. Johnston and Mr. Wm. S. Wyman of Roseland, B. C. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, No 40 Spring street. Miss Johnston wore a costume of white cloth and carried a bouquet of bride roses. She was attended by Miss Annie Edwards who was attired in pink and little Miss Lillie Turner as maid of honor wearing pale blue. Mr. and Mrs. Wyman left by the C. P. R. to visit Montreal, Toronto and New York enroute to Philadelphia where they intend residing. The bride received many valuable presents from friends in the city and elsewhere.

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Mr. Frank Lovitt and Mr. Lovitt of Yarmouth have been guests at the Royal during the week. The former who has been a resident of California for the past fifteen years has just returned home being summoned to look after his interests in his father's large estate, his father having died at Yarmouth a few weeks ago.

Mr. Everett Spinaey who has been a student at Kerr's Business College for the last three months returned on Thursday to his home in Nova Scotia.

Miss Sarah Pickett of Pittsburg and Miss Pickett of Kingston who have been visiting Mrs. H. H. Pickett, Pleasant, leave today for Andover to visit relatives.

Miss McMillan gave a very much enjoyed tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Dunbar.

Mrs. George West Jones gave a small but very social dinner party on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Kellie Jones gave a large and most pleasant at the Home Cavalry Hall on Thursday afternoon, despite the inclemency of the weather.

Mr. Charlie Metts of Queen street who has been ill for some time is now able to go out.

Mr. Albert Henderson of Menzes Manor, Musquash was in the city this week.

Just at this season when everyone is looking up or making something dainty for a gift, sales are very much in order. Two particular dainty sales were held this week. Mrs. Fenwick Fraser of Hazen street sent out cards to her calling acquaintances announcing her sale of china painting and fancy articles. Mrs. Fraser served afternoon tea to the ladies, making everything very social. The rooms looked very dainty and Mrs. Fraser deserves congratulations for the nice manner in which everything was arranged.

Another sale of dainty Christmas articles was held by Mrs. George Dishart, Golding street. Mrs. Dishart has held sales for three successive years and this one has if possible exceeded the other in its pretentious get-up.

The snow has made its appearance in large quantities so early this year that those who love a tramp on snow shoes are able to have pleasure to their hearts content. Last Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Vroom gave a snow shoeing party. Over fifty young people participated. The party left Adelaide street at 7.30 for the Cliff club house, Fallow, where a sumptuous supper was served. Dancing was indulged in for a short while, the party leaving about midnight and arriving in the city in the wee small hours. The tramp was the first or second of the season, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Much sympathy is felt for the Sheriff and the Misses Rankine at the loss of daughter and sister, Miss Mary Rankine. Miss Rankine was well known and well liked among the town's people.

a year ago to study nursing at the Boston City Hospital. Her death was due to typhoid fever, and her illness was so brief that her family knew nothing of it until the news of her death was telegraphed them. The remains were brought home on Thursday and the funeral held on Friday from the family residence on Harrison street. Great sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Mowry and her daughters in their sad bereavement.

Miss Stella McO'Brien who has been studying at the training school for nurses in connection with St. John's Hospital, Lowell, Mass., arrived home this week to pay a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. McCafferty, Dorchester street.

Miss Blanche Draper, daughter of Dr. Draper, has returned from a very pleasant visit to relatives in Boston.

Mrs. F. W. Weather of Dorchester was in the city during the early part of the week.

Misses Chapman of Dorchester, spent a few days in town and while here were guests at the Royal.

Miss Jeanie Fowler of this city has just graduated from the Victoria Hospital at Fredericton.

Miss O'Connor daughter of Mr. H. O'Connor, 100 Queen street has been quite ill for some days with 'grippe' but her many friends will be pleased to hear that she is now improving.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dearborn left on Monday of this week on their way to Mexico and Southern California, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. F. W. Weather formerly of this city but now of Durango, Col., are paying a visit to their old home and are staying with relatives in the north end.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Leavitt are visiting in Boston and New York.

Mrs. M. Morris and Miss Ella Morris of Paris are enjoying a short vacation in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Murphy came down from Moncton this week and will spend Xmas with relatives in the west end.

Mr. W. B. Snowball, Miss Lily Snowball and Mr. Dyke of Chatham leave this week for England, where they will remain for a couple of months. Miss Snowball will not return with her husband until she proceeds to Germany, where she will continue her musical studies.

Mrs. Magnus Sabiston (see Miss Potts) was receiving her bridal calls on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Miss Eva McGoony is visiting in Moncton. The guest of Mrs. Wm. Coffey.

Mrs. W. E. Fry and Miss Aileen Fry went to Moncton this week, and will spend Xmas with Mrs. Fry's parents.

On Wednesday evening there was a very pleasant gathering at the residence of Mr. T. Fred Powers, Princess street. The occasion was the fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mrs. Powers, Stephen E. Stevens and Mrs. Powers.

The company present included their children, grandchildren, and several great grandchildren. A most enjoyable evening was spent and congratulations were showered upon Mr. and Mrs. Stevens. They were also presented with a purse containing a snug sum of gold.

Mr. Frank Lovitt and Mr. Lovitt of Yarmouth have been guests at the Royal during the week. The former who has been a resident of California for the past fifteen years has just returned home being summoned to look after his interests in his father's large estate, his father having died at Yarmouth a few weeks ago.

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Much sympathy is felt for the Sheriff and the Misses Rankine at the loss of daughter and sister, Miss Mary Rankine. Miss Rankine was well known and well liked among the town's people.

Mr. W. B. Rankine left Wednesday for his home in Halifax after attending his sister's funeral.

Mr. Ernest B. Williams gave a very artistic and much enjoyed concert at the W. H. Johnson piano room, Wednesday afternoon in connection with Mrs. Everett's fancy sale. Miss Mary Church accompanied Mr. Williams on the piano, and the large number present listened attentively to the pleasant programme which was as follows:

Cavatina.....Ernestly
Sons.....For All Eternity
Sons.....Dresslike
Sons.....Asthose
Frohllags Erwachen.....Bach
Sons.....Morbert Burgmuller

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Reed, Castle street, on Thursday of this week. The occasion being the sixteenth anniversary of their marriage. The hours were all too quickly spent with games of all sorts and music.

The guests dispersed about midnight, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Reed their best wishes and numerous other and more tangible expressions of the regard in which they are held. There were about fifty guests. A few of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. John Baner, and Mrs. John Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. M. Grass, Mr. and Mrs. D. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Macintosh, Miss G. Smith, Miss Louise Gray, Miss Sadie Gray, Miss Anderson, Miss Alice DeMille, Miss Julia Elliott, Mr. George Gray, Mr. Blake Eloy, Mr. George Frost, Mr. Malcolm Armstrong and many others.

Miss Branscombe, who has been the guest of Mrs. Duval, City Road, for some three months past, left on Wednesday for her home in Salmondale.

Mrs. Emory Tins of St. Malise, is in the city this week for the Christmas shopping.

Miss Bessie Marsh of Elliot Row, has been confined to her home for three weeks with 'grippe.'

Mr. H. C. Brown was in town this week for a few days on his way to Moncton.

Mrs. Heney and Master Willie Heney of Bermuda who are visiting Mrs. Kenney's sister Mrs. C. F. Milligan 'Bessie' Torryburn, have decided to remain for the winter. Mrs. Heney expects to leave for England about April.

The very sad and sudden death of Mrs. Francis Burpee occasioned the deepest sorrow and sincere regret of her numerous friends and acquaintances. Sincere sympathy is felt by all for the husband in this sad hour of trial, also for both the families.

Mrs. Leschlar arrived Tuesday night from Boston.

Mrs. Catherine Mount gave a much enjoyed company at her home on Peter street last Friday evening. There were about twenty present and the time was pleasantly spent by all.

'The Sun Society' is the unique name of a whist club formed for the mutual enjoyment of its twenty eight members, for the winter months. The indoor amusement, constitutes so large a part of the season's enjoyment. The club meets every Friday evening at the home of the lady members, when a social time is spent. Whist, the chief attraction, is indulged in, usually until about eleven, when a dainty supper is served and after a little informal talk, the delightful entertainment is brought to a close. Mrs. J. S. Currie entertained the club at her home on Duke street last evening. The members are:

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Currie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Potts, Misses Lizzie White, Pearl Clarke, Evelyn Clarke, Esle White, George Kolla, Susan Kolla, Beatrice Foley, Doris Sharpe, Lou Wetmore, Nellie Potts, Lottie Lamb, Messrs Horace Brown, Will Brown, Walter Peters Will Wetmore, Will Kennedy, Ned Kennedy, Robert Watson, Ernest White, Guy Tapley, George Dickson, L. Monroe.

The turkey supper at Waterloo street church Tuesday evening was very successful. The affair was in every way an acknowledged success.

The people of St. John are very proud and justly so, over the reception given to Corporal Beverley Armstrong, son of Lieut. Col. Armstrong and the other Canadian boys by our Most Gracious Sovereign.

The friends of Mr. Herb Crockett will be glad to know that he is well enough to be out again after a two weeks attack of grippe.

Mrs. George Shaw of Charles street expects to spend Christmas at her home in Halifax.

A very pleasant company was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miller Victoria St., on Tuesday evening. There were about thirty invited guests, and the evening was pleasantly spent with cards and other games. Supper was served, about midnight after which the party dispersed.

Mr. Sandy Horncastle's friends were very sorry to hear of his sudden ill attack, and hope he will soon be in usual health again.

Little Miss Willa Stammers of King St East, has been ill for the past two weeks, but is now able to go out.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Dec. 13.—Mrs R. L. Sloggett of Houlton was in town on Tuesday for a brief visit with Mrs. Bolton. C. H. Clark and Mrs. Frank Y. Lee leave early in the new year for Denver, Colorado, where they will make an extended visit. Mr. Lee has been in Denver for some weeks.

Mrs. Josephine Sullivan has returned from a pleasant visit at Red Beach with Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Lyout.

Mrs. W. E. Boardman observes the eighty first anniversary of her birthday on Friday.

Mrs. Carrie Porter and Mr. Adam Gillespie were united in marriage at the Congregational parsonage of Milltown on Wednesday afternoon, by Rev T. D. McLean.

Miss Katherine McDermott has returned from a visit to Boston.

The St. Croix whist club was entertained this week by Miss Mabel Marchie at her home in Calais.

Mrs. C. H. Newton of Red Beach has been spending a few days in Calais.

Mrs. A. E. Neill, who is suffering from a severe cold, has been obliged to postpone her journey south until a later date.

Mrs. Duncan Stewart has recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. A. D. Taylor has returned from New York where she left her son, Newton for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Young are visiting Boston.

Mrs. Thomas Marchie has returned to her home in Fredericton after a pleasant visit in Calais.

Charles Briggs Lowell of Boston was recently visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eswell Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bridges of Pembroke are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Henry B. Ross in Calais.

Miss Margaret Maxwell has been visiting friends in town for several days. On Monday evening she entertained the whist club of which she is a member at her home at Old Ridge.

Miss Ada Hanson and Miss Maud Birney left for Boston on Monday last.

Nehemiah Marks after an illness of several weeks (Continued on Page Five.)

Undertaken Made, Re-covered, Repaired
Dress 17 Waterloo.

JOHN NOBLE

BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.
Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World.

From all parts of the Globe ladies do their 'shopping by post' with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.—Canadian Magazine.

ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST.
SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 256.
Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Costing, consisting of—
Blouse Bodice with tily trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35; carriage, 45c. extra.

Model 1492.
Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

JOHN NOBLE
KNOCKABOUT FROCKS
FOR GIRLS.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in iron, and Prices:

24 27 inches. 40c. 51 cents.
30 33 inches. 75c. 86 cents.
36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10
42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34
Postage 45 cents.

Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to—

JOHN NOBLE, LTD.

BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

WHITE'S

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery.

Caramel Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

Snowflakes

CORTICELLI SEWING SILK is a perfect silk on account of the perfectness of its parts.

Each thread is made up of one hundred strands of "neat" or "cacoon" silk.

Each strand is tested by an infallible machine which stops automatically for the slightest flaw, knot or irregularity—a mistake the eye can't see this machine detects.

Every yard of Corticelli Sewing Silk must be perfectly smooth, strong, full letter A before it can get on a spool with our label.

That label is your guarantee of perfection in Sewing Silk.

For Sale Everywhere.

Ask for it and see you get it.

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL—'Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic.'

JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SCOVIL, 162 Union Street

Buc-touche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buc-touche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Undersawed saw logs, such as setting or splitting. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY.

FRY'S PURE COCOA

CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA

Its Color.

She—Did you tell Mr. Luggs my hair was red?
He—I did not.
She—He says you did.
He—I did nothing of the kind. He asked me, and I told him it was the color of a popular novel.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road.

'What are you going to do with that dog?' asked a kindly gentleman.

'I can't make up my mind,' was the answer; 'not till I find out what the dog thinks o' doin' with me!'

Charles De-voated Ome, Spirit, Perfected, ed, Duval, 27 Waterloo.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- Monroe & Co. ... Harrington street
Campion & Co. ... Cor. George & Granville Sts
Canada News Co. ... Railway Depot
J. R. FIDELL ... Brunswick street
J. W. ALLEN ... Dartmouth St. St. John's
Green ... 106 Hollis St.
Mrs. D. P. ... 181 Brunswick St.

Dec. 12 - Mr M B Daly, Lady Daly and daughter, will spend Christmas at Rome.

D Morrison, Sydney, and Miss H H King and Mrs Pucan, Halifax, registered at the High Commissioners office, London, during the week ending Nov 20.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Barrell are receiving their friends this week at No 23 Church street.

Miss Violet Redpath is paying a visit to Boston. Mr and Mrs C L Kenny left on Monday for a short trip to Boston.

A pleasant function on last week's social programme was the one given by Mrs Walter Donil at her residence on Pleasant street, despite the snow storm the attendance was excellent.

On the following afternoon Miss Nellie Doull entertained her young friends with a thoroughly successful tea.

Miss Nora O'Brien has become quite a social favorite during her stay in this city. She will be the guest of honor at two or three functions this week.

Mrs Crowe who sails for England by this week's mail steamer, will be absent until spring, during which time she will be the guest of her daughters.

Mr Geoffrey Morrow, who has been quite ill is recovering.

Dr Farrell is suffering from an attack of slow fever and pneumonia, contracted while diving from Ellershouse to Windsor.

The engagement is announced of Harry King and Miss Sadie Caldwell, daughter of Mrs Caldwell, Boston. The family spent the summer at Jubilee.

Miss Caldwell is the niece of Mrs Walter Lawson, Windsor.

Miss May Patch is visiting Miss Ethel Stayner. Miss Patch has just returned from visiting friends in England.

Mrs Wylie Smith leaves for England this week, where she intends to spend the winter months.

Mrs Wickwire who has been spending some time in Europe, returned by the Tunisian on Friday. She was accompanied by Mrs Elliot, who will remain in Halifax until her husband, Captain Elliott, returns from China.

Mrs E J Quirk left yesterday for Roxbury, Mass on a visit to her daughter, Mrs W B Chisholm, and will return on or about Xmas, eve.

Mrs Arch Mitchell has returned from a six months trip to Europe.

St Mary's Dramatic class intend producing the new drama, Ticket 86.318 in the near future, which judging from the rehearsal, promises to be most successful.

Mr and Mrs James Egan have returned from their wedding trip and have taken up their residence on Tower road.

The marriage takes place today of W M Goudge to Miss Mary E Keating, daughter of Mr Michael Keating, 54 Veth Street. Rev N LeMoine will perform the ceremony.

The marriage was celebrated on Wednesday Dec 6th, at 64 Young street of Hermann Stuart, of Port Matoon, and Miss Stella Smith, of Liscomb. Miss Mand Smith, cousin of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Fulton McPhee was best man. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev F D Hills, the happy couple was driven to the Carleton House. They left by the D A R for a wedding trip.

The St George's Tennis Club intend giving a ball in honor of the returned Dartmouth soldiers. St. Peter's Hall will be used for the function. About 800 invitations will be issued and no doubt the ball will be a grand success.

Miss Florence Beamish, of Waltham, Mass., formerly of Halifax, is in the city, the guest of her aunt, Mrs Brush, Arta lane.

The resident pupils of the Ladies' college were entertained at tea on Friday afternoon last by Mrs. Mackean at Maplewood. A pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by those present.

Mrs Kirkpatrick entertained a large number of friends at afternoon tea last week. Many very handsome gowns were worn by the ladies' present and the affair was one of the successes of the season.

The Guitars and Mandolin Club which was so popular last season is being reorganized for this winter.

WINDSOR. Dec. 12 - Mr and Mrs Collislaw arrived in town Monday evening.

The Misses Haley were at the Halifax Hotel on Monday last.

Mrs Noble Crandall, Wollville, was in town last week, the guest of Mrs F Harris.

Miss L McCullough, Hantsport was in town recently.

Miss Jettie Kilcup went to Long Island, Grand Fre, last week to visit relatives.

Mrs J L Crossley and daughter went to Cheverie to attend the funeral of Mrs Mahala Crossley.

Dr Frank Cochran has moved from Burlington, where he has been practicing for the past year.

The Rev Joseph Murray, formerly of Falmouth but now of Shelburne, is visiting friends in the place.

united in marriage to Mr Caleb Burns, formerly of Matland.

The wedding took place at 9 o'clock, in the presence of about forty guests. The Rev Mr Whitman officiating. The bride looked very pretty in a cream colored dress.

Mrs Wm Youid, spent part of last week in town visiting her daughter Mrs Geo Wilson, returning to her home in Kentville on Saturday.

Mrs Joseph Scott, who has been in Falmouth for the past week, at the term of Mr John Poyant, returned to the home in Matifax on Saturday evening.

Mr Andrew Atiz, who has been working at Boat Island, Kings Co, since last summer, was in town on Saturday and remained over Sunday with friends.

The many friends of Mrs Redden regret that the health of her daughter makes it necessary for her to leave Wollville and go to a warmer climate for the winter. We understand she expects to leave this month for California. Her school, which has been very popular, will be continued by a sister, Mrs Gourley.

Mrs J A Harvie, Avondale, has closed up the house for the winter. She has been visiting Mrs Joseph Kilcup in town, and on Tuesday left for Montreal for a three weeks visit to her son, Mr S K Harvie. Mrs Harvie will then proceed to Denver, where she will spend the remainder of the winter with her son Stothard.

Miss Abbott, Wollville, is in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs Cooper.

Miss Madge O'Brien, Halifax, arrived in town last week and is the guest of Mr and Mrs Paulin.

Mr John M Smith and daughter, Miss Evelyn went to St John last Wednesday and returned on Monday.

Mr Anand Montell and brother were in town last week, visiting friends and renewing old acquaintances.

Mrs Vera Frizell, Ellershouse, has gone to Halifax and will spend the winter with her aunt and attend school.

Dr Willard Reid and family, Berwick, have taken up their residence at Newport, N I, where the doctor will practice his profession.

Miss Edith Ferguson, Dartmouth, arrived in town Saturday and remained until Monday the guest of Mr and Mrs James E Graham.

Mr E F McKeown will take charge of Dr F N Burgess' practice during his absence from the province.

Rev Harry How, Annapolis, who has been in poor health, has been recommended by his physicians to spend the winter in a southern climate.

Mrs Riley Hantsport, is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs Stanley Wilcox, Pembroke, who is very ill, but her many friends trust that there will be a change for the better very soon.

Miss Saxon, sister of Mr Avon Saxon, passed through Windsor last week on her way home to Berwick. Miss Saxon was employed as bookkeeper at the Hat Factory, Truro, recently destroyed by fire.

The engagement is announced of Harry King and Miss Sadie Caldwell, daughter of Mrs Caldwell, Boston. The family spent the summer at Jubilee. Miss Caldwell is the niece of Mrs Walter Lawson, Windsor.

Dr F N Burgess, Cheverie, was in town last Friday and expects to leave early in the New Year for the south, where he will remain during the winter months for the benefit of his health. Dr and Mrs Burgess are planning on spending Xmas in Parrsboro.

Mr W M Goudge, of the Recorder staff, and Miss Mary E Keating, daughter of Michael Keating, 54 Veth Street, are to be married today, Dec 12th. The ceremony will be performed by Rev Mr LeMoine, rector of St George.

The marriage of Mr Harris S Smith, eldest son of de Wolfe Smith, of the firm of Bennett Smith & Sons, Windsor, to Miss Anslow, second daughter of J J Anslow, the editor of Hants Journal, formerly of Newcastle, will take place at the Methodist church, Windsor, the 2nd week in January.

TRURO. [Pa. cases is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.]

Dec 12 - Mrs (Rev) Daniel is here from Pugwash visiting her friend, Mrs Geo Leames.

Mrs Jas Moorham entertained, most pleasantly, a few tables of whist, in honor of Mr F J Murray last Thursday evening.

Mr Ernest Gregory is here from Antigonish visiting her friends at "Elmhurst."

Mr Geo Snook is home from the West, and will remain with home friends until the early spring.

The whist club was most pleasantly and hospitably entertained last evening by Mr and Mrs E Phillips.

Miss Annie C Jones, enroute to New York from Windsor, was a guest of Mrs W E Bligh, Monday.

Devotees of skating anticipate with pleasure the opening of the Metropolitan rink, which occurs this evening with the Truro band in attendance.

Mr C M Coleman with Gordon & Keith, Halifax, spent a few days in town during the past week.

The funeral of the late Mrs D G McDonald was unusually large and representative. The bereaved relatives have the sincere sympathy of the whole community in their loss.

Pas. Dec 12 - Dr W A Morgan has returned home from his trip to Brier and Long Islands.

Mr Andrew Brown has returned home from a trip to Canning, Kings county.

Mrs Thomas Waters has returned to Augusta, Me, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs Charles E Burnham was a passenger to Yarmouth Tuesday. She is visiting her daughter Mrs Haley.

Mrs A J S Copp was a passenger to St John on Thursday of last week, returning Saturday.

The Misses Harris and Josephine Dunn, of Bear River were in town recently.

Mr Avard Campbell and his sister have arrived here from Boston.

Messrs Jas Handspiker C C Munroe, who have been at Newburyport, Mass for several months, returned home yesterday and will spend the winter at Culloden.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL. Dec. 11 - Mrs Norman Dimock of Windsor spent a few days with her sister, Mrs Bradford.

Mrs Lombard and her little son Jack are in Yarmouth this week and Master Farish Owen is also visiting there.

Miss Carrie Peters of Gagetown, N. E., who has been visiting Mrs Bayfield has gone to Digby.

Mrs Charles Godfrey of Yarmouth is in town.

Mrs Robert Harris, who has been quite ill is able to come down stairs again.

was married to Thomas A Spurr of Perote. The ceremony was performed by Rev Henry deBlots, A M Rural Dean and rector of the parish. If the number, usefulness and beauty of the presents testified to the popularity of the bride, then must she have been popular indeed, since her friends fairly showered them upon her.

Mrs Katharine Wood of Perote who has been on an extended visit to her daughter in Boston returned home Saturday.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print. PARRSBORO.

PROGRESS is for sale at Parrsboro Books etc. At an early hour on Wednesday morning a quiet wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr George Wotton, Miss Blanche Wotton being united in marriage to Mr Harry B Gough of Summerside P E I. The bride wore a pretty and most becoming suit of purple cloth with hat to match. The knot was tied by Rev Wm Ryan. There were no attendants also no invited guests but at the train was an assemblage of friends of the bride who were always most popular and who will be greatly missed in the community, to see the young couple on board the train and to wish them happiness.

A 'Columbian Tea' and sale of fancy articles by the ladies of St George's church on Tuesday evening realized \$30 and was a pleasant social affair besides.

Mr and Mrs Holford Tucker are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs Robert Aikman has returned from a visit of two months or longer in Montreal.

The free use of the old town hall lighted has been given by the town to the Athletic Club lately reorganized with Mayor Day, president and Mr Clifford McMurray, treasurer.

Miss Isabel Aikman is visiting friends at Truro. Miss Reid of Avonport is the guest of her sister Mrs McQuarrie.

Mr Walter Lawson, Windsor, is paying an official visit to the Commercial Bank.

Mr Wm Neve has gone to reside in Sydney, much to the regret of his acquaintances and friends here.

Mr Douglas of Halifax has been at hotel Alpha, since Friday.

Mr and Mrs CR Smith have been in St John for a few days and expect next week to remove to their new home at Amherst.

YARMOUTH. J. C. 12 - Mrs L B Wyma returned from a trip to Boston per S Boston Wednesday.

Mr Charles Cooper was a passenger from Boston per S Boston Wednesday.

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Sunrise. Now in the Day's blue porch Look and behold Dawn's newly kindled torch, - A flame of gold.

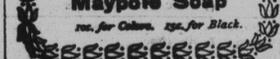
Over the sea and land It shines so fair As when at first his hand Lighted it there.

Free! Here and there you'll find a dealer who does not sell that English Home Dye of highest quality, Maypole Soap, but such cases are rare. If a woman can't get Maypole let her write to the Canadian Depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal, and receive by return mail a free book on successful home dyeing. We'll also tell you where you can get

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"Silver Plate that Wears." The Identifying Stamp

of the original and genuine "Rogers" Cutlery, Forks, Spoons, etc., is "1847" the year this brand was first made. Full trade mark.

"1847 Rogers Bros."

One of the latest designs in this brand is the "Berkshire." The Ice Cream set is only one of many combinations we sell in this popular design.

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS. WATER COLORS. CANVAS etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colorists to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean."

100 Cts. Vireland XXX Quarts or Pints

120 " Tobin & Co. 100 " Most French. 10 " Octaves "

For sale low in bond or duty paid.

THOS. L. BURKE 25 WATER STREET.

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Eugene Field's Poems, A \$7.00 Book.

THE Book of the century. It is a d... some illustrations by thirty-two of the World's greatest Artists.

It is ready for delivery. But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet-childhood. Address

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you so wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

BEAUTIFUL, USEFUL and HANDSOME

Christmas Gifts.

I am daily opening direct importations of BEAUTIFUL GIFT PERFUMES at all prices in Special Packages

MILITARY BRUSHES in Ebony, Rose and Cherry Woods. Handsome designs in Ladies' Hair, Cloth and HAT BRUSHES, and a large variety of HOLIDAY GIFTS. Everything marked at lowest prices. Call and inspect my stock.

W. C. Rudman Allan, 87 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Telephone 298. Mail orders promptly filled. Remember the Store: ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY.

Scribner's FOR 1900

(INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

is now much better and his physician has every hope of his recovery. Mrs. Arthur Ridgwell has returned to Plaster Beach, Victoria county, after a short visit in town. Miss Martha Harris opens her dancing class for children, December 20. Mr. and Mrs. Gilmor Brown and family will spend the winter in Boston. They have resided for several years in Virginia. The ladies of the Union church, Calais, are preparing for a rummage sale which is now thefad for raising money for various purposes. Mrs. Nelson Clarke of St. Andrews intends to spend the winter in town with Mrs. George J. Clarke. Miss Alberta Teed has been engaged to sing at the Christmas services in Congregational church in Milltown. A telegram telling of the illness of Mrs. Chaplain Greene summoned Mrs. Robert Webber to Eastport on Tuesday evening. Miss Ryerson of Leduc is a guest of Mrs. A. T. Clarke in Calais. Mrs. W. H. Copillard has returned from a short visit in Eastport. The Harmon club met at the residence of Mrs. Franklin Easton on Monday evening. Stephen Payne of St. John was a guest of Mrs. V. A. Waterbury on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd have returned from Boston. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ganong have gone to Kings county to attend the funeral of Jas. Smith who was married a few years ago, to Miss Eliza Hatfield. Miss Pauline Melden, who has been visiting friends on the islands, has returned to her home in Calais. Mrs. Celia Brown is spending the winter with Mrs. G. N. Vroom.

ST. GEORGE.

Dec. 13.—Miss Ida Craig left last week for British Columbia, on her arrival in Vancouver her marriage with Mr. John Johnson takes place. Mrs. Craig was a favorite with all who knew her. She received a large number of handsome presents. The new rector Rev. Mr. Lynde, of Hampton for St. Marks and Penfield congregations is expected for Christmas. Dr. and Mrs. Nase are rejoicing on the advent of a young son. Mr. and Mrs. Nase of Indian town visited their son last week. The Baptist Sunday school intend holding a Christmas concert and tree in Boutts hall on Christmas evening. The Methodists on Wednesday evening and the Episcopalians on Thursday evening. Mrs. Eldorado Gilmor left on Monday for Chipewee Falls, Wis., on account of the serious illness of her brother, Mr. George Gilmor. Mrs. R. McCallum is spending the week with Mrs. A. G. Gilmor. MAX.

ST. ANDREWS.

Dec. 12.—Miss Flossie Hibbard has returned from a visit to Eastport. Mr. Albert Shaw, injured by a fall from the roof of his house, has been able to get about lately. Miss Lillian Morris has returned from her European tour and will spend the Christmas holidays with her parents in St. Andrews. Mrs. Nelson Clark is spending the winter in St. Stephen. Miss Ferris is visiting St. Stephen friends. Mrs. Thomas Kendrick and Miss May Kendrick have returned home, after a pleasant visit at Grand Mannan. Miss Abigail Irene Carlisle, of Minneapolis, is a guest of Mrs. Thomas Kendrick. Mrs. F. F. Parnard has returned from a delightful visit among Digby and St. John friends. Miss Florence Howard has gone to Boston to spend the winter.

More Kind Than Cruel.

The Christian Intelligences records this incident of a stage-coach trip in western Montana, twenty-five years ago. A mother and her infant child were the only passengers. A sudden change of weather subjected the woman to more exposure than she was provided for, and before the journey was half over, the freezing cold had begun to creep into her blood. She could protect her babe, but her own life was in danger.

As soon as the driver knew how severely she was suffering he gave her all his extra wraps, and quickened the pace of his team as much as possible, hoping to reach warmth and refuge before her condition became serious. His passenger's welfare was now his only thought, and by frequent inquiries he sought to assure himself of her safety.

But the fatal drowsiness had stolen over her, and when no answers were returned to his questions he stopped, and tore open the coach door. The woman's head was swaying from side to side.

Instantly he took the babe from her, and bestowed it as comfortably as he could in a furry bundle under the shelter of the seat; then, seizing the mother roughly by the arm, he dragged her out upon the frozen ground. His violence partly awakened her, but when he banged the door together and sprang to his box and drove on, leaving her in the road, she came fully to her senses and began to scream. The driver looked back and saw her running madly after him.

"My baby! my baby! O my baby!" The horror of her loss made her forget the cold. By and by, when certain that she had warmed her blood into healthy circulation, the driver slackened the speed of his horses, and allowed her to overtake him and resume her place in the coach with her living and unharmed child.

Was the man cruel? That mother did not say so when she knew—knew that he had roused her and brought her back to life. He had done as God does sometimes to shake us out of soul-letargy and moral sleep.

When sordid cares and selfish success

"To Be or Not to Be."

That is the question that concerns every mortal: whether it is better to be half ill, nervous, worn out, or to be well, strong, cheerful and useful. The latter condition will be yours if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine,—there is nothing equal to it.

After a Cold—"I was completely run down by a cold. My son persuaded me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and after the use of two bottles I found I was getting an appetite. When I had taken three bottles I was cured." L. P. Verrot, 117 Champlain Street, Montreal, Can.



are deadening every spiritual sense, fill our loyalty to Him, and even our consciousness of right and wrong, are being chilled to death, a sudden terror is often the surest as well as the quickest rescue. A warning incident or a shock of misfortune may be the salvation of a character, the restoration of a life worth living. Such discipline is not God's cruelty. It is his kindness.

suspicion Confirmed.

An old gentleman, evidently a gatherer of statistics, but with a kindly face shaded off to something like philanthropy about the edges, was gazing abstractedly down a London street. Suddenly he stepped up to a gentleman who was waiting for a bus, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said "Excuse me, but did you just drop a sovereign?" holding out in his hand the coin mentioned.

The gentleman questioned made a hasty search of his pockets and said: "Why, so I did! And I hadn't missed it!" holding out an eager hand.

The old man drew forth a note book and took his name and address, and then said: "I thought so," turning away.

"Well," said the other, "do you want it all as a reward?"

"I did not find one," said the old man, "but it struck me that in a large city like this there must be a lot of money lost, and upon inquiry I find you are the thirty-first man who has lost a sovereign this very morning."

Two Different Points of View.

"We heard you whipping your boy in the woodshed last night," said the spokesman of the party.

"Yes," replied the indignant parent, "the youngster played hockey from school, ate up two jars of his mother's jam, tumbled his little sister out of her high chair and tried to build a bonfire in the barn."

"No matter," returned the spokesman; "it is government without the consent of the governed, and we cannot permit it."

"Besides that," went on the indignant parent, "he broke three windows in your basement."

"What!" cried the spokesman; "is he the boy who did that? Why, he ought to be licked within an inch of his life! I'd like to have the handling of him for a day or so and I'd teach him to behave himself."

"But government without the consent—" "Is a theory, nothing but a theory—a measly little impossible theory!"

Frankly Expressed.

"I am a man of few words," said the busy citizen.

"I am glad to hear it," answered the caller with a superabundance of assurance. "I've got a whole lot to say to you and the fewer times you interrupt me the better I'll be pleased."

Art's Happy Discovery.

"Dauber has hit it at last; he's making fame and money."

"How?" "People have begun to notice that he paints smaller hands and feet than any other portrait artist in town."

A Test.

Edith (to Ethel, who has just returned from Europe)—Oh, Ethel, were you seasick?

Ethel—Seasick! Why, Edith, I went into the stateroom and sat down on my best hat, and I didn't care!

Accounted For.

"What seems to be the matter with him?" asked the doctor, approaching the bedside of the man who lay swathed in bandages. "He found the gas book," briefly explained the nurse.

"David and I were delighted with Uncle Ebenezer's will." "He didn't leave you anything." "No; but he didn't leave Jacob and Caroline anything, either."

First bachelor—I have a mind to get married.

Second bachelor—Pshaw! If you had a mind you wouldn't think of such a thing.



Watches. Clocks.

Sterling Silver and Plated Ware. Opera and Eye Glasses. Walking Canes. Cameras, Photo Frames. Bronze Ornaments. Gold Pens and Pencils. And an endless variety of the most FASHIONABLE and RELIABLE GOODS suitable for

HOLIDAY GIFTS

to be found in the city and offered at very low prices to cash customers.

W. Tremaine Gard, 48 KING ST. Goldsmith and Jeweller

JAPAN'S NEW MOUNTAIN.

The Emperor Gives a Japanese Name to Mount Morrison in Formosa.

The highest point in the large island of Formosa is Mu Kang-Shan or Wooded Mountain. For many years it has been known to the world by the name of Mount Morrison, after an English captain of one of the early vessels trading to the island. Up to quite recently it was thought that Mount Sylvia, further north in the same range, was the highest mountain of Formosa, but it is now known to be over-topped by Mount Morrison.

Since the Japanese took possession of the island as one result of their war with China they have engaged in explorations of the little-known eastern half of it as far as the troubles in which the hostile population have involved them permitted. Among the Japanese explorers who have been busy in the unknown mountains are Lieut. Salto and Dr. Honda, who are believed to be the first persons who have succeeded in reaching the heavily forested summit of Morrison.

It is only a few years ago that a geographer wrote of the mountain: "It is said to be 12,850 feet in height, but it is not improbable that this estimate is too high and that the real summit of the range culminates in some other mountain." But these Japanese explorers have determined the height of Mount Morrison to be 13,785 feet and have established the fact that it is the culminating point of the island.

These interesting facts attracted the attention of the Emperor of Japan, who recently expressed the opinion that the highest point of the Japanese Empire should no longer bear an English name. The Emperor accordingly decreed that the mountain shall not be officially known in Japan by its English name, but shall hereafter be called Nwitaka-wama, which means New High Mountain.

The mountain is not of volcanic origin, as formerly supposed, but is formed of sedimentary rocks, with granite at the top.

Mr. Kruger in France.

Former President Kruger of the Transvaal reached Marseilles on the Dutch cruiser Gelderland November 22nd. Extensive preparations had been made for welcoming him. He made his way to his hotel amid cheering throngs of people, whom he addressed from the balcony. Official addresses were presented to him and a banquet was given in his honor. Mr. Kruger in his speech declared that the Boers never would surrender, and that if the two republics lost their independence it would be because all the people had been destroyed. Mr. Kruger reached Paris November 24th, and enthusiastic crowds gathered to welcome him.

The Same Way Here.

Into a city street-car, crowded to the platforms, entered the other day a handsomely dressed young lady. A man, who from his corner seat had been insolently regarding the tired-looking shop-girls as they swayed in the aisle, jumped up to give her his place. It was taken without a look or word of thanks. An elderly gentleman standing near bent over the girl, "Beg pardon," he inquired, did you speak?"

"No," she responded coldly.

"Ah," he returned, "I thought you said 'Thank you!' Oblivious of her icy stare, he continued:

"Of course you will not pardon my

frankness, madam, but it is just such discourtesy as you have shown and just such caddishness as this young man has exhibited that destroy public good-feeling."

The girl, blazing with indignation, jerked the bell-rope and left the car. Neither did the young man stand upon the order of his going. Oddly enough, a half dozen standing women found seats forthwith. One man, with a fine blush, took off his hat to the old gentleman. "More than two of us," he said simply, "needed your reminder."—Youth's Companion.

MORMON ELDER ATTACKED.

They Are Roughly Used in Hungary, Where They Were Seeking Converts.

A despatch from Vienna says that two Mormon elders sent from Salt Lake City to Hungary to secure proselytes to their faith were attacked by an audience late last month, who drove them from the hall in which they were speaking, ducked one in a pond and severely beat the other. The Minister of the Interior has prohibited further Mormon attempts to engage in proselytism in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, as the Government regards it as a danger to the wellbeing of the State.

It will be remembered that about twenty years ago our secretary of state sent a letter to all the diplomatic representatives of this government in Europe protesting against their permitting Mormon missionaries to make converts in those countries and to send them to Utah, where they were liable to penalties of the criminal law for embracing the polygamous practices of the Mormon religion.

This circular had the effect for some years to restrain the ardor of the Mormons in their missionary work, particularly Great Britain, Germany and Scandinavia. The work had been attended with great success. It was estimated in 1880 that there were 30,000 Mormons in the Protestant lands of Europe. A great many of the younger and more active disciples of the faith emigrated to America and added strength to the Utah church.

Mormon missionary work abroad was practically suspended during the years of conflict with the authorities in our country. Since, however, the church as a whole has yielded to the inevitable and ceased to practice polygamy, a large number of Mormon missionaries have again been sent to Europe. Their labors have been fruitful in adding thousands of converts to their church not a few of whom came to this country to join the Mormon settlements in the West. With polygamy eliminated, European Governments have not seen fit to interfere with the proselyting zeal of the missionaries until this late day, when Austria-Hungary has at last taken steps to stop the Mormon teachers who have been energetically preaching their faith in that empire.

The Mormons have made a deep impression upon the minds of a considerable number of peasantry of Europe. They have never been able, however, to make important progress among the Catholics, who are so firmly grounded in their faith and trust so implicitly in the priests that the persuasive talent of the Mormon emissaries has had little effect upon them.

Useful Snow.

If all the condensed moisture of the atmosphere were to fall as rain, and none of it as snow, hundreds of thousands of square miles of the earth's surface now yielding bountiful crops would be little better than a desert. The tremendous economic gain for the world at large which results from the difference between snow and rain is seldom realized by the inhabitants of fertile and well-watered lowlands.

It is in the extensive regions where irrigation is a prime necessity in agriculture that the special uses of the snow come chiefly into view. All through the winter the snow is falling upon the high mountains, and packing itself firmly into the ravines. Thus in nature's great ice-house a supply of moisture is stored up for the following summer.

All through the warm months the hardened snow-banks are melting gradually. In trickling streams they steadily feed the rivers, which as they flow through the valleys are utilized for irrigation. If this moisture fell as rain it would almost immediately wash down through the rivers, which would hardly be fed at all in the summer, when the crops most needed water.

These facts are so well known as to be commonplace in the Salt Lake valley and in the sub-arid regions of the West generally. They are not so well understood in New Jersey or Ohio, where snow is sometimes a picturesque, sometimes a disagreeable, feature of winter.

In all parts of the country the notion prevails that the snow is of great value as a fertilizer. Scientists, however, are inclined to attach less importance to its service in soil nutrition—for some regions which have no snow are exceedingly fertile



YOUR BEST FRIEND

On wash day and every other day is SURPRISE SOAP

It will give the best service; is always uniform in quality, always satisfactory. You cannot do better than have Surprise Soap always in your home.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.



It's All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part of our laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—button holes are left intact when we do your work. Why re-shell we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. RODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing," Montreal.

—than to its worth as a blanket during the months of high winds. It prevents the blowing off of the finely pulverized richness of the top soil. This, although little perceived, would often be a very great loss.

In Nature's every form there is meaning.

He Yearned to be Helped!

The thoughtful young man went out to Glen Echo one evening last week; and there wasn't a thing that he could see to do for anybody's comfort that he didn't, at once proceed to make an accomplished fact. He was fairly bubbling over with a desire to help his fellowmen. One of his fellow men, who happened to be a woman, and a young one at that, sat directly in front of him. His eye caught sight of a large spider on her fluffy black hair. He leaned forward.

"Pardon me," he said quickly, "don't move; I have him. There!"

And with the triumphant "there" a shriek from the girl startled all the car. The helpful young man sank back in his seat, and an auction flag wsn't a circumstance to his face for color. A wire and enamel spider dangled from the girl's dishevelled hair.

The artistic merits of the two beautiful pictures given to Family Herald and Weekly Star subscribers this year are receiving no end of praise from the best people in the land. The Family Herald and Weekly Star pictures improve year after year, and this year's effort has been the greatest advancement. "Christ in the Temple" is simply beautiful and well worthy of the magnificent reception it is receiving. Some, and good judges, too, seem to favor "Home from the War," but when it is understood that each subscriber gets both pictures, then it is no surprise to see the thousands of complimentary letters appearing in the columns of that great paper. There should be an enormous number of dollar bills floating into the Family Herald this year. It is the biggest dollar's worth in the market to day.

"Oh Aint They Cute!"

At the last day there will probably be some women who will gaze on the pearl gates and say they are "Just grand!"

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1900.

Plenty of Gold in the Nome Fields.

In the rush to get out, which has almost exceeded the rush of miners to get in last spring, there are a number of men of ability and judgment who will do much to enlighten people in the United States and Canada this winter regarding the true value and prospects of the gold fields of western Alaska.

rich strikes not only next year, but for the next decade. 'Up to the very last of July of this year, the prospects in this region was discouraging in some respects. The dry weather, stopping the water supply on several creeks where mining operations had been begun, caused a rather blue feeling in the camp.

In discussing the prospects in western Alaska just before leaving for Washington Dr. Whitehead said:

"I have had four months and a half in which to examine this subject by my own satisfaction, and I have come to the conclusion that the mining region of the Seward Peninsula, which includes all of western Alaska north of Norton Sound, contains the richest placer deposits of gold of any that have been discovered since the days of '49 in California.

With the coming of rain, the gold output increased, until it was apparent toward the last of September that the total production in this part of Alaska for the season would reach not less than \$5,000,000. Now this seems small to persons who cannot think of a rich gold mining region without expecting to see every miner and prospector and merchant make an independent fortune in one year.

"For convenience of discussion we may divide the gold mining operations in this district into four particular classes—beach, sea-dredging, creek and tundra. Everybody knows what a failure beach mining was here this year; it was the inevitable result of the operations that were carried on last year by thousands of men who, while working with rockers, used, after all, the most suitable apparatus for that kind of mining, and succeeded in exhausting the supply of gold in that area.

"I do not feel justified in making any prediction as to the gold output here next year, but no one who has examined mining properties in this region and who has become acquainted with the plans of many responsible men who have not yet begun to operate, need hesitate to say that the production will be far greater next season than it has been this season.

"It is not necessary to discuss the absurd schemes that were conceived for getting gold off the sea bottom by means of dredges. So far as I can learn no one has ever shown that there is any gold in the sands which lie under the Behring sea, and if the gold were really there the task of saving it would be a difficult one.

"The attempts that have been made to get gold out of the tundra, the thick, heavy marsh which extends from the seashore to the foothills four or five miles back in the interior, have failed for a good reason. There is not, so far as any one has been able to discover, enough gold in the tundra to pay the expenses of operating machinery.

"The artistic merits of the two beautiful pictures given to Family Herald and Weekly Star subscribers this year are receiving no end of praise from the best people in the land. The Family Herald and Weekly Star pictures improve year after year, and this year's effort has been the greatest advancement. 'Christ in the Temple' is simply beautiful and well worthy of the magnificent reception it is receiving. Some, and good judges, too, seem to favor 'Home from the War,' but when it is understood that each subscriber gets both pictures, then it is no surprise to see the thousands of complimentary letters appearing in the columns of that great paper.

"When you think of the great geographical extent of this western part of Alaska, you can easily imagine marvellous developments in gold mining for the next few years. After all, there has been very little prospecting, when you consider the size of the territory to be examined. We are in the habit of speaking of localities here as if they were nearby, when in reality they are a hundred miles apart, and the means of communication slow and laborious. Gold has been discovered all over the whole territory of Alaska and during the last season strikes of more or less importance have been made as far south as Golovin Bay and farther, and as far north almost as Point Barrow. It must necessarily be a long time before all the intermediate territory in this vast region is prospected. It is sometimes easy to prove that there is gold in a certain locality, but it sometimes

involves a large amount of prospecting to show beyond dispute that a certain other locality does not contain gold. The history of some of the richest claims in the Klondike shows that it is never safe to give up a promising looking piece of ground until prospect holes have been sunk in at least a dozen places. Men have made large sums of money in the Klondike in more than one instance by pluckily prospecting a claim that had been given up by others and was being made the laughing stock of the camp.

"I have been asked many times as to the chances for investments in the Nome region. As I have nothing to sell I can answer this question freely. Investors who will place their money in ventures known to be safe, and who are willing next year to take the chances of some serious disputes over properties can make large profits on their investments. No one can say how numerous these opportunities will be; the number will depend on the development of the unexplored region. I do not believe very large single investments are warranted. Investors who have lost money in this region this year (I mean those who have lost it by investment in creek mining claims) probably have themselves to blame in nine cases out of every ten. Probably they bought claims that were described to them by persons who might or might not be responsible—bought them at long distance so to speak, that is without examining the properties themselves either personally or through a trusted agent. The basis of confidence was credit and the hope of large returns for their money rested on general descriptions which they had heard regarding the country's richness.

"There has been a great deal of discussion as to the original source of the gold deposits in western Alaska. Of course, I have ideas on this subject, although I have not made the exclusive study of it that some members of the Geological Survey have been doing. It is absurd to suppose that the gold was washed up from the sea, as some would have us believe. On the other hand, I do not believe that there is any gold quartz in this whole region worth speaking of. But these placer deposits of gold certainly came from the quartz originally, and they have accumulated in the beds of streams—some of them now active and some of them extinct or flowing in new channels. We know that some of the present creeks are rich in gold, and we know that some of the old creek beds are rich also. It is a question whether a large number of the old creek beds have been so eroded as to have removed the deposits of gold to other localities. The next season will explain this and other things, but I have no doubts whatever that the explanation will be satisfactory to persons who hope to realize large profits next year in creek and bench claims."

"Mark All Your Baggage." "Mark all your baggage," that is the injunction of every man in any way connected with the baggage department of railroads. It means so little to the passenger and yet its fulfillment would relieve much care on the part of the little army of men who toil hard from one end of the day to the other, and in hundreds of instances assist very materially in facilitating matters when it comes to making close connections, as is often the case in these days of railroad.

A man who has made the handling of baggage a study, said: "Why is it so many people do not have some initial, name or other identifying mark put on their trunks and valises? Simply because they have the greatest of faith in the railway baggage men. That is a compliment, but if they had any idea how greatly this would assist us in preventing baggage going astray they might all possibly be induced to have some mark on their baggage. 'Telescopes, dress suit cases and trunks in these days nearly all look alike to the baggage clerks and handlers, and, it may be said, also to the owners. Hundreds of instances could be cited of where two and often as many as five persons claimed the same piece of baggage before the checks were put on. This generally results in a search through the boxes, which is an annoying procedure to the men as well as to the passenger. My advice is: Mark your baggage."

The Story of a White Slave.

According to the story of John Milton Clarke, who was formerly a messenger in the United States Sub-Treasury in Boston and is now critically ill at his home in Cambridge, he and his brother and sister were the originals of characters in Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Mr. Clarke sent last week to all the Boston newspapers by a constable the following singular document:

"I know all men by these presents that I, J. Milton Clarke of Cambridge, in the county of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, late messenger in the United States Sub-Treasury at Boston feeling that certain matters, stories and so called anecdotes, supposed to be connected with the early history of my life, may be published after my death and thereby cause annoyance and embarrassment to my children and relatives, do hereby prohibit the printing and publishing of any such stories, so-called anecdotes, of anything relating to my life, except such facts as may be given out by my family after my death.

This is done in justice to my relatives and family because such stories and anecdotes are overdrawn and misleading. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal.

Witnesses: Margaret Leamy, Isabel Clarke, Cambridge, Nov. 27, 1900. Middlesex, ss.: Then personally appeared the above-named J. Milton Clarke and made oath that the above is his free act and deed.

Before me, HERMAN BIRD, Justice of the Peace. About five years ago Mr. Clarke was interviewed by a reporter, to whom he told the story of his life. According to this story he was held as a slave long before the civil war, but had not the slightest trace of negro blood in his veins. Clarke's story is set down as follows:

"If my brother and I had not been born 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' would never have been written. I'll tell you why that is so, because we told the story to Mrs. Stowe. It is the story of our own lives. 'My brother, Lewis Clarke, is the Geo. Harris of the novel, and his sister, who was sold in the public slave market of New Orleans, was our own sister. Uncle Tom was a slave named Sam Pete that my brother saw whipped to death down in Madison county, Ky., and my brother buried him. My own mistress, who helped me get my freedom, was Eva, so you see Mrs. Stowe's characters were given her.

"What did she know about slavery? She wrote down what we told her and first sent it to the National Era, which was published in Washington. They asked her to have the story continued, but she could not do it until she got me and my brother again. My brother was the one she pumped usually because he lived most of the time at the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Sanford in Cambridge. Mrs. Stowe gave us nothing, not a dollar. She was very close with money. The only thing I ever received from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was an illustrated copy of the book which Mr. Miffin, the publisher, gave me a few years ago. But we did not want anything for the help we gave her; we were glad that it was to be put into a book that would help to free slaves.

"I believe that I was born for a purpose to work out some good for humanity and so I am satisfied. I was a runaway slave; so was my brother." "But aren't you a white man?" was asked of him, for the old man's complexion though sallow, had no tinge of African color, and the fringe of his hair protruding from under his cap was brown where it had not turned to white.

"There is not one drop of negro blood in me so far as I can ascertain," was the reply, "but that's where the story comes in; I was a white slave. I wasn't born a slave, and I said when I was a boy that I would never be a slave if I could help it. I was born to enjoy the freedom that my father bought for us as a soldier in the Revolutionary War." Mr. Clarke said that his grandfather was Samuel Campbell, who emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky when that territory was first settled. Then he married his second wife, a wealthy plantation owner, whose estate he went to superintend. Mr. Clarke's father was a Scotch Irishman who was a soldier in the American Revolution, was mustered out at Yorktown

at the end of the war and then made his way to Kentucky. The elder Clarke was an old man when he married the daughter of Samuel Campbell.

Mr. Clarke was born in 1820. A year after Grandfather Campbell died. Mr. Clarke's mother, his brother and sister and he himself were declared slaves by the Campbell relatives, who, he says, set up as a pretext that his mother was born a slave in Virginia. The family was then paroled out and sold as slaves. Mr. Clarke was then 5 years old. He at first lived with Joseph Logan, an uncle of Gen. Logan. But when the latter died, he was first mortgaged and then sold with his brother and sister. His sister was taken to New Orleans and sold in the public slave market of that city, just as narrated in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Mr. Clarke says he owes his escape to his pretty young mistress, who was 18 years of age and who was the Eva of the novel.

His mistress had just returned from Cincinnati, where she was attending school and where she imbibed abolition ideas. She took pity on the white boy, who was her slave servant. She sent the young man to Cincinnati with a letter to Salmon P. Chase, who was a judge in that city at that time. Mr. Chase assisted Clark in many ways, and through his influence Clarke got a chance to speak in public and tell his life's story. Mr. Clarke says that people flocked to the city from all over Ohio to see the white slave, as he was called. They told him he should never go back to slavery.

Judge Chase sent the young man to school at Oberlin. On the way he stopped at Springfield and was entertained at the house of the father of the late John Sherman. Clarke was in the company of some delegates on their way to a convention to nominate a Whig Governor at Columbus. Young John Sherman asked his father who "that young fellow" was, referring to Clarke. The father did not want to tell his son that the boy was a slave, so he said that he was one of the Kentucky delegates. John Sherman said he was willing to sit at the table with the delegate from Kentucky.

From Oberlin, Clarke went to Buffalo, where he met Mr. Fillmore, afterward President of the United States. The latter gave him a letter to William H. Seward, then governor of New York. Everywhere he went he told his story and great interest was manifested in his case. He was well received in New York city and met John Jacob Astor, and when he went to Utica he met Roscoe Conkling, who was then a young college student. As it was thought slave hunters were upon his track, Clarke was advised to go to Boston. This he did in 1843, accompanied by his brother Lewis. The latter went to live with Mr. Sanford in Cambridge. Mr. Sanford had married a daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher and in that way Mrs. Stowe became acquainted with the history of these remarkable men.

Mr. Clarke and his brother dictated a book of their own, which the Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, a brother of the martyr of Alton, Ill., wrote in the 40s. Some 150,000 copies of this book were disposed of and the young men made some money out of it. Mr. Clarke has a copy of it still. When he arrived in Boston, he lectured on slavery and once spoke before the Massachusetts legislature. Mr. Clarke's brother Lewis, the George Harris of the book, died recently at Lexington, Ky. The latter was supported mainly in his old age by his brother, John Milton Clarke.

Mr. Clarke has a war record. He enlisted in the Fourth Massachusetts in 1862 and went to the front in Burnside's brigade and was in the battle of the Roanoke. Only Fetters Left. 'You sent a collector to me this morning,' said the burly visitor. 'Ah, yes! That little bill you owe, replied the installment man. 'Well?' 'Well, you'd better send another up to my house. 'What for?' 'To collect the first one.'

The number of ladies who buy Magnetic Dyes all over Canada surprises even ourselves,—of course they give splendid results.



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than to its worth as a blanket during the months of high winds. It prevents the blowing off of the finely pulverized richness of the top soil. This, although little perceived, would often be a very great loss. In Nature's every form there is meaning. He Yearned to be Helped.

The thoughtful young man went out to Glen Echo one evening last week; and there wasn't a thing that he could see to do for anybody's comfort that he didn't at once proceed to make an accomplished fact. He was fairly bubbling over with a desire to help his fellowmen. One of his fellow men, who happened to be a woman, and a young one at that, sat directly in front of him. His eye caught sight of a large spider on her fluffy black hair. He leaned forward.

"Pardon me," he said quickly, "don't move; I have him. There!" And with the triumphant "there" a shriek from the girl startled all the car. The helpful young man sank back in his seat, and an auction flag was a circumstance to his face for color. A wire and enamel spider dangled from the girl's dishevelled hair.

The artistic merits of the two beautiful pictures given to Family Herald and Weekly Star subscribers this year are receiving no end of praise from the best people in the land. The Family Herald and Weekly Star pictures improve year after year, and this year's effort has been the greatest advancement. 'Christ in the Temple' is simply beautiful and well worthy of the magnificent reception it is receiving. Some, and good judges, too, seem to favor 'Home from the War,' but when it is understood that each subscriber gets both pictures, then it is no surprise to see the thousands of complimentary letters appearing in the columns of that great paper. There should be an enormous number of dollar bills floating into the Family Herald this year. It is the biggest dollar's worth in the market to day.

"Oh Ain't They Cute!" At the last day there will probably be some woman who will gaze on the peary gates and say they are 'Just grand!'

By Right of Love.

IN THREE INSTALMENTS—PART I.

PRELUDE.

Two men stood in the porch of a tiny chapel on one of the smallest of the Balearic Isles.

They looked at the blue Mediterranean, which heaved and rolled lazily almost at their feet, and occasionally raised their eyes to the sky overhead—a glorious spread of dark southern blue, unbroken by clouds, save for one threatening patch of vapoury gloom which rose out of the sea on the eastern side of the island and crept up and up until it rested above the cross on the tiny spire of the little chapel.

One of the men noticed the cloud, and wondered what it might mean. A little rain would be welcome; but a big storm always proved disastrous to the unsheltered islet.

This man wore the garb of a priest. He was tall, and dark, and stately, and inscrutable-looking.

The other looked what he was—an Englishman abroad on a yachting trip.

He was of noble birth and handsome presence, and his fortune matched his birth. He was dressed in flannels—white from head to foot, except for the pale blue silk sash round his waist, and a band of the same colour round his straw sailor hat.

His height was about six feet; he had the fine black-lashed grey eyes of his race, a good nose and mouth—the latter partly concealed by a brown moustache, carefully waxed—and a tolerable chin.

His yacht—White Witch—was anchored in the little bay below.

The owner could, had he chosen, have watched the preparations for departure going on aboard of her; but if his gaze wandered at all from the rolling sea beyond the bay, it was to the narrow path on his left, up which his bride had come.

For it was the man's marriage morn, and he felt light of heart when he thought of his approaching loss of freedom, though, until one short month ago, he had not known of the existence of the girl he was about to make his wife.

'They are late!' he said in Spanish; and there was impatience in his tone.

'Probably the fault of Manuel,' suggested the priest, his eye wandering, perhaps by accident, to the smoke coming from the funnel of some kind of steamer, which, after touching at a neighboring island, was putting swiftly out to sea again.

From this steamer the priest glanced at a boat being rapidly rowed towards the little island from the larger one.

His glance took in the fact that a job and a manial were being run up.

'Manuel Calzado is not famed for his punctuality; but he would not for worlds disappoint his sister. They are sincerely attached. I venture to prognosticate that you will be married within the hour my lord.'

Father Fernando had travelled once to England, and stayed there long enough to pick up one or two useful phrases.

He flattered himself that he knew how to address all sorts and conditions of Englishmen.

It was a fact, he had indeed made excellent use of his time.

'Should your prognostication prove true, I will trouble any fee you like to ask for marrying us, father. I shall know no real peace of mind until Mercedes is mine beyond the power of man to take away. We go straight to England to be re-married by the Anglican clergyman who baptized me.'

'There is no law in your land forbidding the marriage of those under age?'

'Only when legal guardians are opposed to the match. I am my own master, thank Heaven, and Mercedes' friends are willing that she should be my wife.'

'That is so. See, my lord, here comes your bride. My triple fee is safe.'

The young Englishman made no reply. He strode away to meet the beautiful girl who greeted him with love-laden eyes.

'You are late, my queen, but I forgive, since you are here.'

'It was my fault,' laughingly explained the handsome Spaniard who headed the procession with his sister. 'Has your excellency forgiveness for me also?'

'Yes, when you learn to address me properly. My wife's brother must not forget that he is now on the point of becoming my brother also. But come, we will delay no longer. Father Fernando awaits us at the altar.'

No doubt Father Fernando wished he could have such a marriage to officiate at every day, when he opened the envelope handed to him, at the close of the ceremony, by the newly-made husband.

'It is generous of you to say so to yourself, as he watched the bride being hurried on board the yacht by her enamoured bridegroom. 'I wish him well from the bottom of my heart. Mercedes loves him, I think, but she is a Calzado! She cannot help being a Calzado; therefore, I say, Heaven help him unless her love prove stronger than instinct—stronger than training—stronger than destiny itself!'

CHAPTER I.

Lady Fortescue's only daughter was about to marry a wealthy American who had taken a fancy to Mona Fortescue's pretty face.

Mona rather fancied the idea of handling dollars as though they were mere pebbles that could be picked up on any beach.

Tony Hanlan had promised she should do so if she married him.

Sir Simon Fortescue was a life-baronet of very limited means.

He and his wife had come together owing to a mutual misunderstanding. Each had believed the other to be the possessor of a large fortune, whereas they both were as poor as rooks and had extravagant tastes.

Consequently, Mona's youth was spent in an atmosphere of continual struggle—how to make both ends meet, that had never been possible in the Fortescue household—but how to live as smartly as their neighbors.

Mona was tired of it before she left school, and that was how, during her first season, she gratefully accepted Tony Hanlan's invitation to help him spend the dollars his father had made in Pennsylvania, mostly by a lucky find of oil, and partly by the plucky way in which he had stuck to work.

Hanlan, junior, was content to leave the management of things to his overseer while he 'did Europe,' a portion of his education which had been overlooked by his indulgent but unenlightened parent.

Having got as far as London, he decided to stay there awhile.

The season was at its height, and, thanks to one or two useful introductions, and his dollars, he found himself welcomed everywhere.

He might have looked far higher than Mona Fortescue; but he had been accustomed to gratify every passing whim as it arose, and when the whim seized him to make Mona's pretty face his own legal property, he lost no time in telling her so.

Their marriage was fixed for midsummer Day, and it took place, of course, at two p. m.

Hanlan had a suit of rooms at the Cecil. The wedding was to be at St. George's Hanover Square.

He and his best man arrived at the church at ten minutes to two.

The most punctual of men always, Tony was determined not to risk keeping his bride waiting.

At the same moment that he and his friend got out of theiransom at St. George's, a telegraph messenger entered the Cecil, with a cablegram for Tony Hanlan, Esq.

Now, Tony had paid his bill, and ordered his numerous belongings to be forwarded to Liverpool street, and his bride proposing to honeymoon in Holland.

It was known at the Cecil that he was going to be married that afternoon, and the telegraph boy was despatched in a hansom to St. George's.

The Cecil management felt itself justified in being generous to the extent of permitting one of their cabs to carry what might be an important message for a customer who had just settled a bill of abnormal length without a murmur.

When the boy reached the church, the bride was just arriving—late of course; her mother had insisted on that, in order to increase the expectation of the waiting multitude and the impatience of the bridegroom.

It seemed a pity to interrupt a wedding with anything so prosaic as a telegram.

The boy decided to wait until it was all over, considering he would be more likely to get a tip then.

He did wait, worming his way into the church by means of his golden key, represented by the yellow envelope, which he was careful to carry conspicuously.

Three beneficial clergymen—Lady Fortescue came of a clerical family—helped to tie the knot; a bishop sealed it with his blessing, and the wedding party filed off to the vestry, the bridegroom joyfully triumphant, the bride assured that she had done the best thing possible for herself, Lady Fortescue openly radiant, and Sir Simon as openly relieved.

The signatures were in the register before the telegraph messenger worked his way in, and delivered himself of his charge. 'Went to the Cecil, sir, and sent me on here.'

'Quite right; go and drink my health at the nearest ginger beer shop.'

A sovereign changed hands, to the boy's wild delight.

He vanished in the crowd, and Tony turned to his wife.

'I don't suppose its of any consequence,' he said, 'but one never knows. You will excuse me if I open it?'

'Why, of course!' said Mona, smiling brightly.

The smile froze on her lips when she heard a startled exclamation from her husband, followed by the words—

'It is true, I am a ruined man!'

'What?'

The exclamation came, in a shrill tone from Lady Fortescue; it was echoed, an octave or so lower, by her husband, whose face blanched pitiously.

'I would give half I am worth to have had this sooner,' said Tony. 'You'll believe that, won't you, Mona? It's true I mean.'

But what is the message, Tony? I don't understand.'

'It's from my overseer's clerk. He says the oil supply has given out, and that the overseer has bolted with all that he could lay hands on. As I put him in charge of everything, it means that he has gone off with all my papers; realized my investments most likely, and feathered his nest

pretty warmly. I would have staked my life on that man's honesty.'

'Perhaps it is a mistake, or a practical joke,' suggested the bride, with an inward shiver at the thought of her future, should it prove neither.

'I must go and find out,' said the bridegroom grimly. 'I'm awfully sorry, Mona, more sorry than I can say, that this message did not reach me half an hour ago. If I have brought ruin on you, I shall never forgive myself. But let us get out of this; we can't talk things over here.'

Mona accustomed to set a part ever since she could walk, found it comparatively easy to face the crowds who waited in the church to witness the departure of the wedding-party; but Tony was less accomplished, and comments were uttered very freely on the change in his appearance since he went into the vestry.

'Looks as if he'd just discovered he's married the wrong woman.'

'Should say he's seen a ghost. She looks pale, too. She was blooming as a rose just now.'

'Something awful happened, that's certain! Look at the old folks! If they were utterly ruined they couldn't look worse.'

This last remark met the case in a way the utterer of it little guessed at the time, though he took credit to himself for having said as much, in the light of after events.

It was not long before society in general learnt that threatened monetary ruin had temporarily separated the Hanlans.

Tony travelled with the mails to Queens-town in order to go on board the Etruria, which had dropped down the Mersey a couple of hours after his unlucky marriage had become a legal fact.

Mona remained with her parents, fully sharing their anxiety concerning what might be in store for them all.

Not only had Lady Fortescue plunged wildly into debt to make her daughter's marriage one of the season's great events, but Sir Simon had borrowed money freely on the surety of his wealthy son-in-law that was to be.

More than a week of wrary waiting and sickening suspense, and then the thunder-bolt fell.

Tony cabled to his wife—'Report true. Am writing.'

His letter, when it came, told a miserable story of a man's trust and a villain's treachery.

The overseer had taken advantage of the power placed in his hands. Every investment that could be realized he had turned into money.

By a luckless coincidence the oil supply came to an end on the same day as that on which the overseer's clerk learned that his superior officer had decamped.

Tony's letter was manly throughout. An older woman than Mona would have read heartbreak in the bravely written words; but though she pitied him more, if anything, than herself, she fell in with his suggestion that the Atlantic should divide them until he had made a fortune equal to that which he had lost by his own blind folly.

But social position was over for the Fortescues.

Sir Simon died of heart-failure almost immediately after the arrival of that fatal letter, and it was found that he owed very nearly thirty thousand pounds.

Lady Fortescue was in despair. She had no choice but to accept the home offered by one of her brothers, who had married into an episcopal family.

Mona, declining to live on charity, determined to earn her own living.

She accepted a post as companion-chaperon to a grand-daughter of Countess Darkhaven, who resided at an old castle almost surrounded by the sea, situated on a little peninsula far down in the West of England.

The necessary correspondence for the settlement of the companion-chaperon question was carried on, on Lady Darkhaven's side, by her son, the Honourable Serge was heir to the Earldom of Darkhaven, the man in present possession thereof being his elder brother, who, though married, did not appear to have a son.

Yet, although his death had very recently been announced in the Times, as Mona now remembered, his heir—according to Debreit—still signed himself Serge Beaudesert. There was surely some mystery in that.

CHAPTER II.

It was growing dusk as the carriage which had been sent to the station to meet the Lady Zebra Beaudesert's undesired chaperon, dashed round the curve which ended at the entrance to the Darkhaven grounds, and permitted Mrs. Tony Hanlan a comprehensive view of the English Channel.

In the western sky there lingered a suggestion of a recent glorious sunset; and against this ruddy glow the dark sails of fishing-boats, making for night-work, stood out in sombre relief.

In the foreground, facing south and west, stood the old castle at the end of a long drive sloping upwards through a park, the finest trees of which appeared to have climbed by degrees to form a background to the battlemented, grey-stoned building.

If the Beaudeserts match their home and their horses, I shall not have anything to complain of, thought Mona. But her thought went so far just then, for the hooting of an owl almost close to her, as it seemed, made her turn her head suddenly in the direction whence it had come.

Then, for the first time, she noticed a church on her right, close to the park gates; its silent graveyard sloping up behind it nearly to the top of the little hill on which it stood.

On the summit of this hill was a cottage, and just outside the doorway stood a woman looking down at the carriage and its occupant, or was it at the owl which had perched itself on the low, square tower of the church?

Mona only caught a glimpse of the

woman, for the coachman sent his horses through the park gates at that moment, and the trees hid both cottage and graveyard from view.

A second hoot from the owl reached Mona's ears as the carriage was brought to a standstill inside a huge court-yard, the massive gate of which stood hospitably open.

She was assisted to alight by a somewhat grave-looking man with refined features, who made himself known to her in the first words he spoke—

'Welcome to Darkhaven, Mrs. Hanlan. You must not judge us by the seeming discourtesy we have shown in permitting you to come from the station alone. I was under the impression that my niece had driven to meet you, or I should have gone myself. It is of no use mincing matters, even at this early stage of our acquaintance; so I may as well prepare you to expect a very difficult character to deal with in Zebra—my niece. She openly defies my mother and myself, and will, most certainly, subject you to the same annoyance.'

'Oh, well, it will be part of my duty to endeavour to counteract anything that may be objectionable in your niece's manner. Mr. Beaudesert! I sincerely hope she will take to me.'

'She will be very hard to please if she does not! The smile, answering Mona's which accompanied these words, altered the man's face entirely; it made sunshine where all had been shadow. 'You are younger—much younger—than I expected, Mrs. Hanlan,' he added, as he opened a door and stood aside for her to enter the large oak-panelled room revealed to view.

She paused an instant on the threshold and answered deprecatingly over her shoulder—

'You did not ask my age. I feared it might be against me, and so I did not mention it.'

'You cannot have been married long?'

He murmured questioningly, following her into the room.

'No, not long.' Then, noticing that the room was tenanted by a white-haired, handsome old lady in deep mourning, she lowered her voice as she added: 'Some day, if you wish, I will tell you all about it. I could not write full details; besides, I thought you might possibly know them.'

'We go but seldom into society, he replied. We are utterly out of the fashionable world here. Permit me—raising his voice considerably—to introduce you to my mother, Lady Darkhaven. This is Mrs. Hanlan, mother, who has kindly undertaken to relieve you of the responsibility of looking after Zebra.'

The old lady held out a wrinkled hand, and looked at Mona through her gold-rimmed spectacles.

'I am very grateful to you, Mrs. Hanlan, and very glad to see you, though I fear whether you are old enough to have much influence over so untamed a nature as that of my grand daughter. My son prepared me for a much older lady.'

Again the magic smile played over Beaudesert's face.

'I must plead guilty, mother dear, to having totally forgotten the important question of age; though, for my own part, I am inclined to think my carelessness may lead to good results. Zebra is more likely to listen to counsel from a companion of her own age. She may possibly be led, but never driven.'

'But where is she?' asked the countess, peering round the room after the manner of the semi-blind. 'I thought she went to meet Mrs. Hanlan.'

'I thought so, too,' replied Beaudesert 'but it seems she did nothing of the sort, as I found out when it was too late even to cycle to the station, or I should certainly have gone myself.'

'But really it was not necessary,' exclaimed Mona. 'I did not anticipate seeing Lady Beaudesert at the station. Indeed, I thought myself highly fortunate to be brought here by such magnificent horses. My experience of companions made me determined to cultivate a becoming spirit of humility.'

Her merry laugh contradicted the slight tinge of bitterness underlying her words.

It is hard to be compelled to work for one's living when one is young enough to enjoy life, said the countess; and it must make it harder when the necessity for making money separates married lovers.'

'But perhaps we were not lovers—in the sense you mean, Lady Darkhaven. I should like to tell you all about it some day, if I may. It makes me feel like a hypocrite when you pity me for having to earn my living. And I don't in the least deserve to be happy here, as I fancy I shall be.'

'Don't be too sure of that until you have made the acquaintance of my grand-daughter and her brother, the present Earl of Darkhaven,' was the somewhat mystifying reply.

'Who want' me?'

A boy of sixteen or so lounged up the long-room with his hands in his pockets.

He looked more like a Spanish gipsy than an English earl, and his accent was doubtful.

His grandmother and uncle watched to see how he would behave in the presence of his sister's companion.

He whistled a tune half under his breath as he came closer, still keeping his hands in his pockets.

When he was near enough to have taken in Mona's appearance, he said—

'Are you Zebra's keeper? She means to hate you like poison. And so shall I, if you interfere with us in any way.'

'You will be good enough to remember, Emilio, that you occupy the position of a gentleman in this house. English gentlemen are never discourteous to ladies,' said Beaudesert quietly.

'Mrs. Hanlan is not a lady!' the boy retorted. 'She will be paid, as the servants are.'

Beaudesert flushed at this insulting speech, which did not reach Lady Darkhaven's deaf ears.

Mona signed to him to be silent, or he would have taken his nephew by the

One Hen One Day One Mill

It costs a mill a day—one cent every ten days—to make a hen a lively layer when eggs are high, with SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. Calculate the profit it helps young pullets to laying maturity; makes the plumage glossy; makes combs bright red.

Sheridan's CONDITION POWDER

Feed to fowls once daily, in a hot mash, will make all their food doubly effective and make the flock doubly profitable. (You can't try it we send one pack, 25 cts.; five, \$1. A two pound pack, \$1.25. Sample poultry paper free.) I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

shoulders, and turned him out of the room.

'According to your idea, then, Lord Darkhaven,' she said, 'even Queen Victoria is not a lady? Her subjects allow her a certain income for governing them to the best of her truly regal ability. And as the money you receive, or will some day receive, from your property is, in reality, payment to you for looking after it, why, it is evident that you are not a gentleman.'

'I don't need to be a gentleman; I'm a nobleman!' said the boy insolently.

'You are by no means the first "milord" I have met who is neither,' responded Mona quietly.

'Well, I must say you're a pretty cool one!' exclaimed the astonished young earl.

'I must, in common honesty, return the compliment,' replied Mrs. Tony Hanlan. 'So now that we have already found one thing in which we can meet on equal ground, suppose we shake hands and begin to be friends?'

She smiled so invitingly that nothing human could have resisted her.

Emilio's brown hand was in hers before he had time to think of resisting.

Beaudesert crossed the room to where his mother sat looking on at the little scene, and wondering what it was all about.

'Bending until his lips were close to her ear, he said—

'Mrs. Hanlan will not have a high opinion of our hospitality unless we give her some refreshment after her journey. Shall I ring for a maid to show her to her room?'

Without waiting for the countess's assent he touched the nearest bell, and continued, speaking to Mona this time—

'My mother dare not dine later than seven, or we should have waited for you this evening. Would you prefer to have some supper in your own room, or will you have it downstairs, with Emilio and myself—and possibly Zebra for company?'

'I dislike eating alone—it is so unaccountable; and I am not at all tired so I will join you, if I may. I will not be many minutes changing my dress.'

As Mona passed the young earl on her way to the door, she said, smilingly—

'I am sure you know where your sister is. Do find her by the time I come down. I want to see if she is at all like what I expect.'

'All right, if you tell me what you do expect her to be like.'

'Just such another as yourself!'

She laughed as she looked at him in the eyes, and passed on leaving him half inclined to send some impudent speech after her.

But before he had made up his mind what to say she was out of hearing, so he thought better of it, and went in search of his sister.

The Lady Zebra Beaudesert did not resemble her brother in the least, so far as manner went.

He was what our American cousins would describe as an out-and-out young 'tough,' whereas it was by no means difficult to credit the fact that Zebra Beaudesert has some gentle blood in her veins.

It might have been altogether gentle, even though her father had taken to wife a Spanish gipsy; for Spanish gipsies can, some of them, trace their descent from royal ancestors.

But the Calzados had no pride of birth about them.

They did not even claim to be undiluted gipsies.

The late Earl of Darkhaven had been married nearly three years before he learnt the truth about them—a truth which brought about an immediate separation from his wife, for which her family never forgave him, and which turned what-ever love she had had for him into active hate.

When Mona entered the dining-room, she found Zebra standing by her uncle's side, looking very handsome in a black mousseline de laine dinner dress.

She came forward in an easy assured way, holding out her hand.

'Have forbidden Uncle Serge to introduce us, Mrs. Hanlan. It was his fault that I was not at the station to meet you.'

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

CANCER

For Canadian testimonials & 25-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason Friskars Co., 57 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Canada.

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"I don't remember seeing that, but I do about forgiving seventy times seven, and overcoming evil with good."

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"You are by no means the first," mused I. "I have met who is neither," responded Mona quietly.

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"I dislike eating alone—it is so unaccommodating, and I am not at all tired so I will join you, if I may. I will not be many minutes changing my dress."

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"I am sure you know where your sister is. Do find her by the time I come down. I want to see if she is at all like what I expect her to be like."

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Sunday Reading.

A Worker's Prayer. If there be good in that I wrought, Thy hand compelled it, Master, thine; Where I have failed to meet Thy thought, I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toll to Thee denied Stands all eternity's offense; Of that I did with Thee, to guide, To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade, Brings Eden to the craftsmen's brain, God-like to muse o'er his own trade And man-like stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire, The bitter paths wherein I stray, Thou knowest who has made the fire, Thou knowest who has made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place In that dread temple of Thy work; It is enough that through Thy grace I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken; Oh, whoso'er may spoil or speed, Help me to need no aid from men That I may help such men as need.

Rob's Revenge. 'I'll thrash him for this; see if I don't, muttered Rob, as he paced the kitchen floor in his rage.

"Is there?" she said, in her gentle way. "I don't remember seeing that, but I do about forgiving seventy times seven, and overcoming evil with good."

"I think it's pretty hard," went on Rob, if a boy has to put up with all I do at school because I'm trying to be a Christian.

"You do need new every-day clothes," his mother said sadly.

"Nonsense! mamma. These are good enough. It's enough for you to keep 'em in school, the same as if father were living."

"Overcome evil with good," kept ringing in Rob's ears. He was wondering what it meant, when he stopped in the hall to leave his old overcoat and cap.

"No need to take the saint's book away. Of course he won't peep," came from Ralph as Rob passed. But before the laugh that followed this remark had died away, Ralph began in a distressed tone: "O boys! what will I do?"

"All right, if you tell me what you do expect her to be like?"

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"She came forward in an easy assured way, holding out her hand."

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(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

to the professor and explained the unusual appearance of Rob's papers, and begged the standing be changed, and he given the first place.

Professor White said it was too late for such a change, but he gave an account of Rob's generous action that day before the boys, and they gave a rousing cheer for Rob Wheatley at the close.

"Rob, I don't believe you'll hear anything more about your religion," Ralph said, as they walked home together; "unless," he added, "we come for the receipt."

"Well, Robbie, so you've conquered your enemy and had your revenge his mother said, when she heard the story. 'And there's a way to do that without blows—is there, my son?'"

"Yes, mamma," he answered; "I guess in that kind of revenge I overcame as much evil in Rob Wheatley as in Ralph Moore."

BISHOP POTTER ON WHEATLEY. The Creed of Gals, He Says Is an American Madness—Its Effect on Our Life.

Bishop Potter of New York, spoke on 'Wealth and Commonweal' at the annual banquet of the Episcopal church club of the diocese of Connecticut. He said in his address:

The subject of this evening is my own choice. I choose it because of its permanent importance. Divorce, drunkenness, crime, corruption in cities all have one root—the lust of money.

"For what is the [one] eager dominant hunger which in one form or another, is expressing itself through combination, conspiracy or other ways from end to end of this broad land?"

"In England a man of science discovers an antiseptic dressing for gunshot wounds and he is lifted presently to be a peer of the realm. With us the men of science who enrich their age we too only distinguish by disputing their achievement or appropriating them without rewarding them for the products of their genius."

"Is it any wonder under such circumstances that the average man in America turns to the business of accumulation and makes wealth the final standard of achievement since he finds that everybody else does?"

"Not caring to wait for her answer, he snatched up his things, gave her a hasty kiss, and hurried away."

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(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

When the children received gifts and when they were allowed to be "heard as well as seen."

The practice of making presents on that day undoubtedly owes its origin to a general idea to carry into practice the Biblical mandate, "Peace on earth; good will to men."

At first the great lords made presents to their retainers, and the season was marked by universal charity. By degrees the practice of Christmas giving spread until now everybody gives his friends presents.

A Week-a-Day Hero. The newspaper item did not even give his name. It simply spoke of the accident, of how the molten metal, by the carelessness of another workman, splashed over and fell, whitehot and hissing, upon the young man who was standing near by.

He had the modesty that often goes with the highest courage. The act itself showed how noble his courage was. No bullet or shell on the battlefield could compare with a splash of whitehot iron, dashed unexpectedly upon the flesh, and eating into it.

Not all our heroes are developed in war. Such a story as this shows that America can count upon many an unknown man to do his duty in the most splendid sense of the phrase.

It is only within the last few years that railroads began handling circus outfits. The country road and wagon once afforded a cheap method of transportation between small towns where nickles, dimes and quarters rarely ever failed to be taken in by the haul.

These not on country roads were found on the large rivers, shifting their dates to suit the seasons all the way from St. Paul and Cincinnati to Cairo, Ill., and New Orleans.

The late Col. Dan Rice, who probably pleased more people as a clown than any other sawdust king, was a striking figure among the performing river craft, and one of the first to put his show on the rails.

"This was back in '73, when a panic swept over the country and river towns had hit the sky, right and left, for the show business. Rice and his animals were tied up at St. Louis, waiting for times to grow better, when a trading firm offered a good lump sum for his boats.

He figured it was go broke in almost a year event, so he sold, and then began to tour eastward with a train of borrowed cars. It was a big undertaking, even for Rice, who was about the richest in the business in those days, but everything went reasonably well until he started to enter Indiana.

The last Illinois town was 'rotten.' The show had hardly made 'animal meat,' to say nothing of the money to get to another stand. As a last resort, Col. Rice 'soaked' the show to the railroad company to put him into Vincennes, just over the state line, agreeing that the company's agent there should play doorkeeper and hold out what was coming.

Vincennes did not look a whit good. The town was dead and the inhabitants wouldn't entertain a bit over the bum band and bright-colored wagons. An hour before the afternoon performance was to begin for'd Col. Rice pacing in front of the m'n entrance, figuring with himself for dear life, when a party of ladies approached.

"Col. Rice," they began, "we have always heard of you as a very charitable gentleman and, unfortunately our church has been damaged and needs a new roof. We thought you might be willing to subscribe toward it."

"There was a man who had just stood up a railroad asked to give money away, but he was equal to the occasion when he pulled from his pocket a nickel and poising it on his finger replied:

"Ladies, I am now balancing a cash account. It appears small to you, no doubt, but in such represents all the money I possess. If this show does any business here I'll not only contribute toward repairing your church, but I'll put a new roof on it."

The two performances that day netted the old man \$750, paid for the next jump, and out of it was donated \$100 to the church."

The D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are "all run down."

Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

The island was built up in the neighborhood of the Tonga group about thirty-five miles from the island of Tofooa. A submarine volcano had reared from the bottom of the ocean a mighty mass of objects and on this foundation rested the outpourings which rose above the water.

The island consisted of two distinct parts. One of them was a hill of gentle slope and wide base, whose height was 158 1/2 feet.

On one side the hill ended abruptly in a cliff, whose base was washed by the sea at high water. The other part of the island was a flat, extending away from the base of the hill in a northerly direction and only ten to twelve feet above the high tide level.

The whole bit of land was just a bare brown heap of ashes around which the great rollers broke and swept up the black shores in sheets of foam. The island was entirely destitute of any vegetation save for half a dozen seedling plants that had found lodgement there.

It will not be strange if the island is torn to pieces and again disappears from view within a very few years. Its reappearance now is doubtless due to another volcanic eruption. Volcanic islands seldom endure many years unless they are so large or so well protected against the sea that there is time for them to become covered with dense masses of vegetation before ocean storms have an opportunity to tear them to pieces.

DAN RICE'S LAST NICKEL. It Was Soon Increased so That He Could Spare \$100 for a Church.

"Circus people, as a rule, are the best travelling class railroads have to deal with," said George B. Kretzinger of the Kansas City Southern, who had much to do with such combinations.

"They are always found to be close figures, presenting a million and one contentions, asking as many, if not more courtesies, but in the end the results are generally satisfactory to both parties."

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FIGURES AND BYES. An Indication of Advancing Age That Admits of No Comparison.

"As we grow older," remarked the man who was doing that at the rate of a week every seven days, "we begin to observe that we seem to need more light when we read or that the print of the newspaper that we have been reading with ease for ever so many years is not quite as good as it used to be, or that we can distinguish the letters a little better if we hold them farther away than usual, but we are very slow indeed to observe that the real cause of it is that we are growing old, and we rather resent the suggestion of some kindly friend that we need glasses."

"We resent glasses especially because they are the visible sign of our weakness, and all the world may know by what we fondly think they have not discovered—to wit, that our eyesight is falling. I am that way myself, or was, and I stood the glass-ess off as long as I could, and really I could get along very well reading any type. Of course, I could get enough to complete the word, and oftentimes I could supply whole words that were indistinct by the sense of what I was reading."

"But it was the figures that got me down at last. Ah, those figures! There is no context there, and when I saw dates or numerals of any kind the blur of the years shut out all their outlines, and to save me I could not tell what was before me. I made mistakes so often in reading aloud to my wife that she would laugh at me, though she never caught me on the letters, notwithstanding many was the time I guessed at about half I was reading. But figures would not stand any fooling like that, and at last I acknowledged that it wasn't the type or the paper or the light or anything of that sort and got myself a pair of glasses. Now I can tell a figure as well as a letter, and I discover they are printed quite as plainly as ever, though I was sure they were blurred before."

Shop Talk. The man stood in the dressmaking shop waiting for a bundle his wife had told him to get.

The telephone bell rang and the dear young person that answered it turned to the manager and said: "It is Mrs. Jones. She says you didn't cut her little girl's throat right at all, and she wants to know what you are going to do about it."

WHAT IS DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Is the question on the lips of many who are hearing of the wonderful cures brought about by this great Restorative.

For a comprehensive answer to this question you must ask the scores of thousands of cured ones in Canada and the United States who have tested and proven the merits of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—the famous blood builder and nerve restorer.

Ask the pale, weak, nervous, irritable and despondent women who have found new health, new hope and new vitality by its use.

Ask the overworked and worried man, sufferers from brain-fag, nervous dyspepsia and nervous headache, who have felt new energy and vigor return to their bodies while using this famous treatment.

Ask the piny, sickly children who have been made healthy and robust by using this price of restoratives.

Ask people of all ages how they were rescued from nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy. They may tell you of doctors failing, of medicines taken in vain, but one and all will point to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the only hope of persons with thin, watery blood and exhausted nerves.

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes: "Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. My hands trembled so that I could not carry a pint of water. I was too nervous to sleep, and unable to do work of any kind."

"Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me."

In appearance Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an oval, chocolate coated pill. It is easy to carry and easy to take. In the condensed form it contains all of nature's most strengthening and invigorating tonics and restoratives, and for this reason it is unsurpassed as a blood builder for spring.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures naturally and permanently by the building up process. It need regularly and persistently is cannot fail to make the blood rich and life sustaining, and to reconstruct the tissues of the body wasted by disease, overwork or worry. Fifty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CANCER or pain, For Canadian testimonials & 27-page book—free, write Dept. 21, MASON MEDICINE Co., 277 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

COALING WARSHIPS WHILE AT SEA.

Experiments in coaling American warships at sea were continued last summer and fall and there is no longer doubt that the scheme is feasible. The chief experiments were made with the battleship Massachusetts and the collier Marcellus. The apparatus used was that invented by Spencer Miller and the experiments were practically a continuation of the crude attempts at coaling at sea that was made in 1899. Commander A. B. H. Lillie, Lieut. John B. Bernadou, Lieut. W. R. Rush and Warrant Machinist Biggs made up the trial board to pass upon the efficacy of the machinery involved and to superintend the trials.

Five tests were made of the apparatus, according to Mr. Miller, who reported on them recently to the annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers. The Massachusetts was towing the Marcellus at the rate of six knots an hour. Coal in bags was run from the mast of the collier to the top of two sheer poles on the after deck of the warship. On the first day of the experiments the adjustments of the apparatus were made and only nine loads of coal were sent from one ship to the other. On the second day there was an attempt to make speed in the delivery of coal. Thirty-eight loads, each weighing 840 pounds, were sent from the Marcellus to the Massachusetts in 38 minutes and 40 seconds. This test of speed and utility was stopped because a workman allowed the steel cable on which the coal was sent from one ship to the other to be coiled all on one drum and the end of the rope slipped into the sea. It required an hour's work to get the cable into position again.

On the third day twenty-two tons of coal was sent over to the Massachusetts from the Marcellus in an hour and the work was discontinued because there was not sufficient men available to fill the bags promptly. An endurance test of four hours followed and that in turn was followed by a rough weather trial. The four hours' trial was conducted when the water was smooth, with only a ground swell on. In three hours and forty-three minutes seventy-five tons of coal was delivered to the Massachusetts from the Marcellus, the warship all the while towing the collier at the rate of six knots an hour and consuming three and a half tons of coal an hour in doing it. The rough weather trial lasted eighty minutes, and in that time exactly eighty loads of coal were delivered. The delivery of coal could have been continued indefinitely, but the board saw that nothing was to be gained thereby and it was discontinued.

In the rough weather trial it required an hour and a half to get the operation up. The cables and the low-line had to be pulled aboard the Massachusetts from the Marcellus, and the sheers on the stern of the warship had to be set up. The water was so rough that the bow of the warship plunged under the waves constantly. The two boats were steered head on against the waves at first and about twenty tons of coal were delivered in an hour, showing that there was very little difference in the action of the apparatus in heavy or light weather. A course quartering on the sea was then run with precisely similar results and then the vessels were steered into the trough of the sea. They rolled about seven degrees but the rolling had no more effect upon the prompt delivery of coal than the pitching. A speed of about five knots an hour was maintained during this test.

The naval officers, according to Mr. Miller, were greatly pleased and Mr. Miller, quotes Capt. Train of the Massachusetts as saying:

"There was no time during the Cuban blockade when this system could not have been used. It proves the system capable of supplying coal in almost any weather that is fit to coal ship."

What Capt. Train meant by "almost any weather fit to coal ship," Mr. Miller intimates is any weather except that when the sea would be so rough as to wet the bags of coal in transit from one ship to another. Mr. Miller insists that "the motion of the ship in a heavy seaway does not effect the working of the device."

The device for sending the coal from one vessel to another is quite simple. Practically two cables are used, but really only one is in operation for hauling the coal. A three quarter inch steel rope is run from a drum on the collier up through a pulley at the masthead and thence to a pulley at the top of sheer poles on the warship. Thence it runs back to another pulley at the collier's masthead and from that

down to a second drum on the deck of the collier. It is simply a continuous rope from the collier to the warship and back, although it looks at first as if there were two ropes employed. These drums upon which the cable is coiled are of the tension slipping variety. When the ships are plunging and there is strain on the cables, one of the drums gives away, and when the ships rise and the cables become slack the other drum takes up the slack at once.

Over the top of the coal delivering cable that looks like two cables in another, giving the appearance of three cable strung from the masthead of the collier to the sheers on the warship. It runs from a coil spring on the warship over the sheers, back to the masthead of the collier, back still to the mainmast and thence down into the water to a sea anchor, pulled several hundred feet astern. This sea anchor is made of canvas in the form of a cone, like all sea anchors, and in the trials that were made one seven feet in diameter at the base was used. Of course, there was a towing line and conveying lines, and arranging all these lines, as well as setting up the apparatus on each ship, required considerable work.

The sea anchor's use is to steady the ships. It is to act as a compensator and to keep the lines of the conveyer taut and firm. The towing ship tows the sea anchor as well as the collier and as the towing ship rises or falls the strain on the sea anchor is not uniform. The coil spring on the warship is needed to overcome this unevenness of strain. The one tried on the Massachusetts, although six feet long, was too weak and the line between the ships and out to the anchor at the stern of the collier rose and fell too much. Recovering the sea anchor and putting it out occupied so much time that Mr. Miller has recommended that a special drum with a slipping tension be placed on the colliers to be used instead of the sea anchor. He argues that this apparatus could take the place of some of the deck engines now in use for operating winches, and that it would really occupy no more space than is now given to deck machinery on such craft. He also urges that the sea anchor apparatus be taken along for use in case of necessity.

The process of delivering coal is simple. Stout canvas bags are filled with coal on the collier and then are hauled by an elevator to the masthead. There the bags are hooked to a conveyer which runs on the conveying line. A wheel on the top of the conveyer also runs along the sea anchor cable. An operator at one of the drums on the collier pays out the cable and an operator at the other drum takes up the slack. The loaded conveyer is slipped over to the warship at the rate of about 1,200 feet a minute. The bags are slackened in speed when they reach the sheers on the warship. Two seamen take them off the conveyer and dump their contents into a chute and then return to the empty bags on the conveyer to the collier's masthead. There the bags are sent down to the hold of the collier by the elevator and then they are filled again for another trip. A load of coal is thus delivered once a minute on the deck of the warship, the vessels proceeding at the rate of six knots an hour. It was found that to keep the conveying lines in proper compensation the speed for the delivery of the coal should be at least twice that at which the rear ship is being towed.

A force of about forty men was employed on the collier in sending the bags over. Twenty men were engaged in filling the bags and sixteen men carried them to the elevator that ran to the masthead. Two men were employed at the masthead in sending off the full bags and in receiving the empty ones. Then there were the men at the drums and the elevator. On the warship's side two men were employed at the top of the sheers to release the bags and their contents and then the regular crew of the warship took care of the coal in the usual way of stowing it.

Mr. Miller says that a prominent Vice-admiral of the Royal Navy said to him that this device of coaling at sea would be adopted generally if coaling could be carried on at the rate of forty tons an hour, the ships going at ten knots' speed. Mr. Miller asserts that this can be done by carrying loads weighing 1,500 pounds instead of 840. He says there is no difficulty in carrying the increased load. He also says that if a ten-knot speed is maintained, a smaller sea anchor will be necessary, that is all. Of course, if 400 tons of coal can be delivered to a warship going at the rate of ten knots an hour between

daylight and dark, a great problem in modern naval warfare will have been solved. Few of the moderate sized ships carry more than 400 tons of coal, Mr. Miller quotes Admiral Bradford's article recently in the Forum, saying of a warship:

"By far the most serious problem is to obtain an adequate supply of coal. It should be borne in mind that our warships now have no sail power. Without coal they are as helpless as a dimasted sailing vessel in mid-ocean."

Admiral Bradford recounts the difficulties of coaling during the Santiago blockade, and recalls the fact that the Massachusetts, Nashville and Marblehead were away at Guantanamo, forty miles, when the Spaniards came out. The Admiral then adds:

"Our ships can barely cross the ocean without coaling, not to speak of their return. Some of them even cannot do this. At present our ships in time of war can only cruise up and down our coast and advance to the eastward a limited distance, not exceeding half of their steaming radius, and must always keep a sufficient coal supply to run to a port where their bunkers can be replenished. Had Spain possessed sufficient moral courage to have kept her fleet at home and abandoned her West Indian possessions, which were lost to her the moment war was declared, as every strategical reason dictated, the problem would have been vastly more difficult than it was after the destruction of Cervera's fleet."

At present no naval power is any stronger in warfare upon the seas than the strength of its coaling stations. An efficient method of coaling warships at sea simplifies naval warfare very much and frees every warship from the necessity of keeping within coaling distances of a given place on land. Coaling stations, if this method is a success, will hereafter become simply general supply stations, which is what originally they were really intended to be.

READY TO INSURE ROYAL LINES

No Discrimination in American Companies Against Believing Potentates.

In a cable despatch printed here recently it was stated that some insurance companies in Europe were refusing to accept risks on the lives of reigning potentates of the Old World, owing particularly to the menace of Anarchist violence, which had been brought pointedly before the view of insurance company officers by the tragic death of King Humbert of Italy. According to cable advices, one company which found itself compelled to pay \$600,000, the value of a policy on Humbert's life, recently refused to accept a risk on the life of Alexander of Servia, who sought a policy for 10,000,000 francs. The cable despatch intimated that insurance companies doing business abroad had no more use for royal patrons who might desire to insure their own lives.

Inquiry among officers of some of the insurance companies of the United States which do a large foreign business developed the fact that there is no discrimination against royal applicants for insurance in American companies. Each application for a policy of insurance in American companies is received and acted upon on its own merits, without regard for the accidental fact that the applicant is a royal personage.

"There is no discrimination against kings, a high officer of one of the largest of the New York companies said. "We do not boycott those seated upon a throne."

He said that the danger from Anarchists might be considered in connection with an application for insurance, but that it would be considered exactly in the light of certain qualifications of various applicants in classes familiar in this country; that it would be considered among the moral hazards, but that merely in itself it would not operate to bring about the rejection of the applicants for insurance companies. The moral risks of certain kingships would probably be reflected in the premiums exacted in the case of accepted kingly applicants, but the accident of royal birth or legal place would not. American insurance men say, deprive a potentate of the privileges of insurance which he would enjoy if a private citizen of any of several walks of life.

Seemingly Too Prosperous.

"We'll have to try and induce Dr. Goodthing to move away from here," said the burgess of lovely Agueville.

"My goodness! Why?" asked the prominent citizen. "He understands us so well that—"

"I know, but he looks so prosperous he's scaring prospective settlers away."

Lord Bute's Beavers.

It is not often that an indifferent frontispiece of a volume of travel influences a man's ambitions, yet that was precisely what the view of a beaver village in a book about Canada did in the case of Lord Bute. He at once aspired to be the

owner of beavers; he sent for a little colony of them from Canada, and he enclosed for their habitation the shore of a lake in one of his own woods. The success of the experiment was complete, and other large landowners, seeing Lord Bute's beavers decided to do as he had done—the Duke of Portland among the number.

BLIND MAN BOARDS A CAR.

Unusual Attention Shown Him by the Gripman and the Conductor.

Standing on a crosswalk in Columbus avenue the other night, waiting for an up-bound cable car to come along and take him home after his day's work, was a blind man, who carried by a strap over his shoulder a small hand organ, while in his right hand he held a cane. Standing at his other hand was a young girl of 12 or 14 years, who evidently accompanied and looked after him on his travels through the day.

The gripman saw them and held up for them all right, showing what he could really do in the way of stopping a car when he tried by halting this one with the rear step square in front of the blind man. All the blind man would have had to do if he could have seen, would have been to step up on the step, but being blind he didn't know that. He did know, though, that the car had stopped for him, and now he began feeling for it with his cane.

He felt to the left of him and then to the right. At the first try to the left he didn't happen to hit anything, but on the try to the right the tip of his cane landed on the body of the car, and he moved himself in that direction and went too far, going beyond the step.

"This way," said the girl.

The blind man let the end of his cane fall then and reached forward with the hand and touched the side of the car. The rest was clear and simple. He ran his hand along back until it fell upon the hand rail at the end of the car body, and then he stepped confidently up. At the next step he stood secure upon the platform with the young girl beside him.

It had happened when the blind man hailed the car that the conductor was inside collecting fares, but he had faced to the rear when the car stopped, and now, when the blind man stepped aboard he reached up and pulled the strap, and then as the blind man came forward in the car he stepped backward himself to meet him and led him forward to where there was room for him and the girl to sit together. And so the blind man went home at the end of his day's work.

Missed the Third Word.

The other day a Londoner said to a countryman:

"I'll bet you anything you like you cannot spell three simple words that I shall give you within forty seconds."

"I'll take that on. Now, then, what are they?" said the countryman.

"Well, here goes," said the Londoner, as he pulled out his watch: "London."

"L-o-n-d-o-n."

"Watching."

"W-a-t-c-h-i-n-g."

"Wrong," said the Londoner.

"What?" exclaimed the countryman, in surprised tones: "I've spelled the words you gave me correctly. I'm certain I'm not—"

"Time's up!" the Londoner said, triumphantly. "Why didn't you spell the third word—w-r-o-n-g?"

A Catastrophe.

"Oh, Percy, your present was so beautiful! And you unintentionally left the price-tag on—forty dollars."

Percy—"Oh, how careless of me!"

Edith—"And I see you bought it at Dacey's. And I know you wouldn't mind taking it back and exchanging it for one of those lovely forty dollar brooches they have there, would you?"

Percy—"Oh, not at all! With pleasure!"

Percy (an hour later, in his room)—

"That is what comes of buying a three dollar and ninety cent ring and sticking a forty dollar tag on it! Oh, Lord! won't somebody please kick me!"

Pardonable.

"See here! I'm not going to pay any such rates as you charge. Do you think I'm a fool?"

Cabman (apologetically)—"What else could I think, sir, when you took a cab instead of a street car?"

THE EMPHATIC STATEMENT that The D. & L. Menthol Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate neuralgia and rheumatism is based upon facts. The D. & L. Plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Her Reassuring Answer.

"I suppose," said Willie Washington in a tone of apology, "that some of my stories remind you of Joe Miller's joke book."

"Not at all," answered Miss Cayenne. "If Joe Miller hadn't written better ones

than they are, he would never have become famous."

A Sure Thing.

He—"Wasn't that you on the piazza last night?"

She—"No."

"Then I wonder who in the world it was I kissed?"

"You can probably tell by going there tonight at the same time."

The President a Slave to Catarrh.—D. T. Sample, president of Sample's Instalment Company, Washington, Pa., writes: "For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief, 50 cents.—49

They were talking about the hereafter, and when it was suggested that the next world might be similar to this, the young woman whose husband is a travelling man ejaculated: "Well, I hope the next world won't be like this. It wouldn't be much of a heaven to have your husband on the road all the time."

"Regular Practitioner—No Result."—Mrs. Annie C. Chestnut, of Whitby, was for months a rheumatic victim, but South American Rheumatic Cure changed the song from "despair" to "joy." She says: "I suffered untold misery from rheumatism—doctors' medicine did me no good—two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure cured me—relief two hours after the first dose."—50

"I believe in being kind to the birds and all that," said Miss Hankypank, "but I do think Clara Deager carries it too far." "What has she been doing now?" asked the other girl. "She refused Harry Single-shell because somebody told her that when he went out rowing he always feathered his oars."

"My Heart was Thumping my Life out." is the way Mrs. R. H. Wright, of Brockville, Ont., describes her sufferings from smothering, fluttering and palpitation. After trying many remedies without benefit, six bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart restored her to perfect health. The first dose gave almost instant relief, and in a day suffering ceased altogether.—51

Grandpa, I wish you'd buy me a pony. Grandpa (a philanthropist)—My son, think of the poor boys who can't even get bread to eat.

Boy—I was thinking of them—the poor little boys whose papas have ponies to sell that nobody will buy.

The Stomach's "Weal or Woe!"

The stomach is the centre from which, from the standpoint of health, flows "weal or woe." A healthy stomach means perfect digestion—perfect digestion means strong and steady nerve centres—strong nerve centres mean good circulation, rich blood and good health. South American Nerve makes and keeps the stomach right.—52

"He is not a man of very polished diction," said the member of congress. "But he has some very pronounced ideas." "I am compelled to disagree with you, answered the colleague. His ideas are almost invariably mispronounced."

Pill-Doed with nauseous, big purgers, prejudice people against pills generally. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are revolutionizing the pill demand—they're so pleasant and easy to take—the doses are small and so is the price, 10 cents for 40 doses. Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation dispelled. Works like a charm.—53

He (despondently)—Our marriage will have to be postponed. I have lost my situation and haven't any income at all.

She (hopefully)—That doesn't matter now, my dear. We won't need any. I've learned how to trim my own hair.

Bright's Disease—Insidious! Deceptive! Relentless! has foiled hundreds of trials by medical science to stem the tide of its ravages—and not until South American Kidney Cure proved beyond a doubt its power to turn back the tide, was there a gleam of anything but despair for the victim of this dread form of kidney disease.—54

Bachelor—Women use such meaningless expressions sometimes. For instance, aren't they idiotic when they rave about 'a duck of a bonnet'?"

Benedick—Oh! there's some fitness in that. A duck has a pretty big bill attached to it, you know.

Baby Humors.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment soothes, quiets, and effects quick and effective cures in all skin eruptions common to baby during teething time. It is harmless to the hair in cases of Scald Head, and cures Eczema, Salt Rheum and all Skin Diseases of older people. 35 cents.—55

De only trouble 'bout de los' sheep—is it takes too many people ter hunt 'em. Dey say dat hell is paved wid good intentions; but hit's my belief dat hell's too hot for even good intentions ter locate dar.

Little but Searching.—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are not big nauseous doses that contain injurious drugs or narcotics—they are the pure vegetable pepsin—the medicinal extract from this luscious fruit, and the tablets are prepared in as palatable form as the fruit itself. They cure indigestion. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—56

Husband—I can't get the casters under the bookcase to work at all, and I've oiled them twice.

Wife (with conscious superiority)—But you didn't use castor oil.

She—If you had no idea when we could get married, why did you propose to me?

"To tell you the truth, darling, I had no idea you would accept me."

Chat of the Boudoir.

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softens the effect at the same time. These short sleeves are made of lace with double frills of tulle much wider on the outside of the arm than at the seam, and they are also made of gold lace with the same tulle frills.

The evening gown for other than full-dress occasions is usually supplied with a transparent neck, and long transparent sleeves, yet the elbow length is also worn. The former are very pretty when made of lace from shoulder to elbow and with a full under-sleeve of dainty net with an embroidered wristband below. Some of these sleeves show a full puff at the elbow, others a puff at the shoulder, with a band of lace below which ends at the elbow. A deep, straight flounce of lace or chiffon, opens up the inside seam, falls from this over a tight-fitting undersleeve. For those to whom the full puffy undersleeve is not becoming, this tight-fitting lace undersleeve pointing down over the hand is especially commended.

Sleeves cut flowing at the wrist over a flowing undersleeve are another style which may be added to the numerous revivals among the details of dress. This sort of sleeve is usually slashed up directly at the back about four inches and strapped across with cords and buttons or tiny bands, if the material is not transparent. Evening bodices show the one-sided effect in decoration as they have for some time. A bunch of flowers with a bit of drapery may form the sleeve and embellishment on one side, while the other has straps of velvet, dotted in the centre with imitation jewels.

Tiny ruffles of either pink or blue taffeta glaze edge the flounces on some of the girlish gowns of white mousseline. Fancy ribbons are also used for this purpose, and again we see tiny silk fringes edging the ruffles. Sashes to match the taffeta ruffles are another feature of the mousseline gown, and you may trim the ends with any little drop ornaments of gold which suit your fancy. Very pretty simple dinner gowns are made of fine nun's veiling and the inexpensive crepe de chine, the skirts inset with insertions of lace or simply tucked around above three accordion plaited flounces. The bodice in either case must be trimmed with lace.

Flowered crepe de chine is the material of one very striking evening gown and the trimming is lace, sable and chiffon, which forms plaitings in front where the skirt opens. Another mode shows a little bolero of tacked panne trimmed with lace, and pipings of panne with lace trimming the skirt above a chiffon flounce. One of the many, pretty evening sleeves is shown in another gown of flounced crepe de chine, and the skirt has fans of lace set in front. A pretty white chiffon gown shows a sash and belt of pale blue panne, the former finished on the ends with applique lace. The sleeves have an elbow puff of chiffon below the upper part of lace.

A simple white satin gown is finely tucked around the skirt, and the simple tucked bodice has a bertha collar and vest of lace, strapped across at the neck with velvet, which also forms the belt. Mechlin net is the material of the next gown tucked in inch-wide tucks with wide spaces between from neck to the flounces. These are plaited and edged with a ruche. A pretty model for a bodice in embroidered chiffon is trimmed with gold lace; another shows a beaded net bolero.

One of the latest models in evening coats is made of black taffeta, or satin if preferred, and trimmed with black velvet and gold run lace. Dots of black chenille are scattered over the lace on the collar, extending down each side of the front.

BELLS OF FASHION.

Variations in children's gowns blossom out from time to time, even though they are very slight, and small girls rival their mothers in their ambition to keep up to date.

The long-waisted mode, in which the waist line rounds down low in front, is conspicuously evident among the gowns for girls over ten years of age, and the small gowns for dainty little girls of six imitate this fashion as much as possible by having the long waist all around. Guimpe dresses, which never seem to go out of style, are suitable for all ages, from six to the more mature years of middle age.

Bolero jackets are very popular in the kingdom of small costumes, and the attempt to produce the effect of stole ends is seen in one little gown, where narrow lace revers are carried down the entire length of the front. Another pretty effect is made by two box plaits in front, one at either side from the yoke to the hem, and two in the back, giving a long effect to the waist, which is defined with a narrow velvet belt ending in small velvet ruffles at either side of the front on the plaits.

The skirt gathers on to the waist between the plaits, which apparently are a continuation of those in the waist. A sailor collar of lace covers the shoulders in the back

and opens in front over a yoke of tucked white silk or batiste.

Soft wool materials make up very prettily in this way. In figured French flannel the collar may be made of the same and trimmed with rows of narrow braid or velvet ribbon. Skirts of the small gowns are usually plain, but the older girls have some sort of trimming, either tucks, stitched bands, ruffles, or velvet folds, stitched on.

Thin gowns of point d'esprit for party wear are variously trimmed with ruches, ruffles, lace insertion and rows of colored satin ribbon. A pretty feature of the small girl's costume is the coat and hat to match, making each little figure a distinctive bit of color. All the modes in coats are reproduced in the small editions, the Empire, box and Princess coats, besides a great variety in reefer jackets, with plain and fancy collars of velvet and lace. Some of the long coats are trimmed with fur, even to the extravagant extent of a fur collar and revers; and the white and blue bengaline coats trimmed with beaver for the little tots are the prettiest of all. These are plaited into a yoke, which is covered by a collar edged with fur and trimmed with lace.

Louis XV jackets cut out in turret shape all around the waist, the squares falling below the belt in basque effect, are one of the latest modes. This sort of coat has an embroidered waistcoat.

White broadcloth is one of the popular materials for bridesmaids' gowns, which are made with a vest of yellow silk embroidered with gold.

Pink in all the prettiest shades, from the palest to a deep rose-tint, is a popular color for evening gowns.

Blouses of white silk mull, with the fine tucks stitched in with gold thread, are worn with the coat and skirt tailor gowns.

Myalgia.

This is a term used in a very general indefinite way to denote muscular pain, especially pain for which no evident cause can be found in the muscles themselves. There are no signs of inflammation, no redness or heat of the skin, no swelling, and little or no local tenderness on pressure over the painful part. The trouble may be acute or chronic, sudden in its invasion, or of gradually increasing intensity. The pain varies much in character also, being sometimes sharp, sometimes dull, sometimes throbbing, sometimes cramp like. Usually there is a constant dull ache, which increases to acute pain when the affected muscle contracts; but in some cases no trouble is experienced while the muscle is at rest, the sufferer being reminded of his malady only when he makes a motion involving the painful part.

Sometimes the myalgia is more or less diffused over a certain region, as the back or the chest; or it may be limited to one special muscle, such as the deltoid, which covers the shoulder-joint.

In children the most common seat of myalgia seems to be the neck—"wry-neck;" in older persons the back is perhaps the most commonly affected—"lumbago."

An acute stiff neck or lumbago or other form of myalgia lasts usually for two or three days or a week, but the chronic form may continue indefinitely, the constant dull pain being interrupted from time to time by acute suffering.

Although myalgia is often called muscular rheumatism, it has no symptoms of rheumatism except the pain. In the causation however, there seems often to be a rheumatic or gouty element, and measures which are useful in preventing the formation or in promoting the excretion of uric acid usually act beneficially upon myalgia. The affection is apt to be worse in cold or damp, and better in hot weather.

Heat applied locally by means of a hot water bag or a hot sand-bag, gentle rubbing over the affected muscles with the dry hand or with camphorated oil, or tapping with a small rubber hammer may give relief. Sponging the part with very hot water, then with cold water, followed by a brisk rubbing, is often a good form of local treatment. Electricity is sometimes of great benefit.

If the general health permits, the sufferer from chronic myalgia should be much in the open air, especially in the sunlight. Tonics are usually called for in chronic cases.

Her Charge.

A recent book, entitled 'Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West,' gives a pathetic story of a little schoolmistress who was faithful beyond the end.

She had been 'boarding round,' and with a dozen or more people, was caught by a tremendous cyclone. They were in a house which stood on the edge of a high bluff. The house was wrecked, and every

inmate but one was killed. This survivor said that the family was at supper when the storm struck the house, and the schoolmistress happened to sit next the baby, crowing in its arm chair.

When they found the poor girl that night she was still alive, although she died almost instantly. The wind had torn off her clothes, even her two rings, and left her but one shoe. Her hair was whipped in rags. She had been driven through several barbed wire fences, and every bone in her body was broken.

In her arms, however, and clasped tightly to her breast, was the dead body of the child. Womanlike, she had seized the baby when she felt the shock of the storm, and not even the cyclone itself had been able to tear it from her arms.

ALFONSO XIII.

The Young King of Spain Receiving a Careful Education.

The young King of Spain has been admirably brought up, and is a charming little fellow, says a writer, in Good Words. He is bright, full of natural kindness, impulsive like his father, but with all his mother's sense of duty and discipline. He gets into trouble like other boys, but bears his punishment with extreme good-will and suffers like a little gentleman.

The life of a king, even a young king, has as much labor as of pleasure in it. With a sigh this small representative of royalty complains that there is not much fun in being a king, that he has to obey everyone and people only pretend to obey him.

Even as a child he was never afflicted with shyness. He began to chatter in foreign tongues to the ambassadors as soon as he knew a few words of their language. If Alfonso XIII. does not turn out a sage and a saint, it will not be the fault of his mother. She is bringing him up to be a model king and a thorough gentleman, and all without a touch of priggishness or self-consciousness. He has no idea what a surprisingly good little fellow he is.

Last the flattery of the people should spoil him, his mother keeps him away from public view as much as possible. He is obliged to study hard, so that when he comes to reign he may be able to converse intelligently with all classes of his subjects. He rises, winter and summer, at half past seven, but, thanks to his own impulsiveness and love of play, in spite of the study he remains a child, with none of the Spanish precocity.

Last summer he might often have been seen romping with the children of his tutor the commandante Castrejon. One amusing description of him shows the young king on all fours, with three babies on his back shouting to him as he tears round the room with a string in his mouth, while they violently tug at the reins and one little girl beats a wild tattoo on his head.

The game over, his majesty espied through a door some sweet things on the dining-room table, and with all a boy's love of mischief whispered to the eldest child, "Take me in where the sweets are."

Still more amusing was an earlier episode in the life of the little Alfonso. It was on the occasion of a splendid court ceremony, and all the ambassadors were there to kiss the infant king's hand as he sat on his big throne, with the regent on his right hand. On the steps of the throne sat the little princesses, Mercedes and Maria Teresa.

Maria Teresa was then her brother's favorite playmate, but she excited his wrath on that occasion by repeatedly knocking her head against his leg. The temper of his majesty gave way, and forgetful of ambassadors and courtiers, of his royal mother's presence and of the solemnity of the great hall, he bent down, caught his sister's hair in both hands, and began to tug at it violently.

Thus assaulted, Maria Teresa lifted up her arms and seized her brother's head in a vengeful grasp, and before any one could come to the rescue both angry children rolled ignominiously down the steps of the throne. It took some minutes to restore the party to its earlier dignity.

Borrowing Powder.

A lieutenant of the United States navy tells, in the Boston Herald, a story about the etiquette of naval salutes.

A ship was on dropped anchor in a little Haytian port known to have a battery in its forts. We gave the national salute, but waited in vain for an answer. I was sent ashore to demand an explanation, and was told, with many apologies, that no powder was on hand, but that people had been sent to a neighboring town for it, and the salute would be returned as soon as it arrived.

This did not please our captain, who sent back word that if the salute were not fired by sunset, he would consider it an insult to the United States. In answer to this a dusky Haytian officer, covered with gilt and trailing a huge sword, came on

Headache Hood's Pills. It is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take Hood's Pills. While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

board and said that if we would kindly lend him some powder the salute would be returned at once. Our captain relented, gave him the powder, and the booming of twenty-one guns was soon heard.

Useful Mrs. Biggus.

A travelling preacher says that, during his stay in a certain little town, he had rather a curious experience while boarding or rather visiting 'round.'

On my first visit I explained that I did not drink coffee. The next time my hostess remarked, 'You don't drink coffee, I believe?'

'No,' said I, 'I do not.'

On my third visit, this time to another house, there came the same question and answer. Again and again it happened, on fire or six different sojourns. Then I grew curious, and when my hostess remarked that I did not drink coffee, I said:

'No, I do not; but may I ask who told you?'

'Mrs. Biggus,' was the reply. 'Who is Mrs. Biggus?'

'Well, she is the only woman in this town whom we can secure for domestic service. Everybody who has entertained you has had her while you were there. She knows what you like and has told us all.'

Smart Lunatic.

Although this anecdote from Short Stories is so good as to suggest a hard writing which makes easy reading, we all know that for unexpected and splendid intervals of lucidity the unbalanced mind cannot be surprised.

Horace Mann, the famous educator, was sitting one evening in his study when an insane man rushed into the room and challenged him to fight.

'My dear fellow,' replied Mr. Mann, 'it would give me great pleasure to accommodate you, but I can't do it, the odds are so unfair. I am a Mann by name and a man by nature, two against one! It would never do to fight.'

'Oh, come ahead!' the insane man answered. 'I am a man and a man beside myself. Let us four have a fight.'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of Deafness and Noise in the Head, by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

The Retort Irritable.

Boggs smoked "on the sly," as some men do. On emerging from the smoking-car of a suburban train one morning he was surprised at meeting Noggs, a business associate in his down-town office, and an inveterate smoker.

Noggs was still more surprised.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed, jokingly.

"You reek of it worse than I do!" retorted Boggs, irritated at being found out, and not quite understanding the allusion.

THOUSANDS OF CANADIANS can vouch for the efficacy of that peerless cough remedy, Flyn-Balm. It cures a cold very quickly, 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

'This,' said the chromo pedlar, 'represents an Oriental dance.'

'What does Oriental mean?' asked the head of the house.

'Belonging to the east.'

'You get out! They don't stand for no dances like that in the east. I'm from Connecticut, an' I know.'

APIOL & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superceding Bitter Apple, Pfl Cocha, Kemptroyal, &c. Order of all Chemists, or Post free for \$1.50 from: EVANS & BONS, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto, Canada; Victoria, B. C. or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

USE THE GENUINE... MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water. "THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME" For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

Back from the South Seas.

Two English Travellers on Their Way Home—Amusing Features of a War Scare.

Among the passengers who arrived at Victoria, B. C., on the R. M. S. Warimoo last week were Lord Albert Osborne and Mr. Douglas Hall, two Britishers who are returning to London from an extended tour through the Polynesian group. They are spending a few days in Vancouver, shooting, and will then start home by way of New York. They came out to San Francisco ten months ago and sailed thence for the southern Pacific in the barkentine Tropic Bird, which took thirty days on the voyage to the paradise of the Pacific.

Lord Albert Osborne and Mr. Hall bring back a tale of a war scare from Tahiti. It dates back to the Fashoda episode and the consequent murmuring of war between France and Britain. Great preparations were made by the British at Esquimalt about that time. The warships were hurriedly put in shape, provisioned and equipped for a cruise somewhere, and Frenchmen immediately suggested that it was to Tahiti that the Phœnix, Leander and Phaeton and perhaps the flagship Warspite were to go. The news was telegraphed to the San Francisco papers and to Sydney in Australia, and sailing vessels in due course carried the dread news of prospective invasion to Tahiti.

There was consternation on the island, but the "honneur de la belle France" was not to be allowed to suffer. The Frenchmen, there were but two companies, and the gendarmes who police the islands of the group sharpened their swords and made ready for defence "as long as life should last," they declared. They marched about the streets, crying: "Vive March and!" and "A bas l'Anglais." The tricolor was flung to the breeze, and the band was prepared to be martyred for France in their defence of the Southern isle. A fort was built in the highest altitudes of the mountains in the centre of the island, which rises 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was a natural fort, with a picturesque medieval appearance with drawbridge, etc. To this all the guns that could be obtained were carried and mounted. Buggies and traps carried ammunition, and preparations were made to fight to the finish when the warships came from Esquimalt or Sydney. The French transport Aube, which was lying in the harbor, was brought to the wharf, and the guns were taken out of her and carried to the fort of the Forlorn Hope. Then preparations were made to sink the Aube and the soldiery gathered in the fort.

When the first day or two of the terror passed business began to be resumed, and the drawbridge was let down, ready for the sons of France to make their retreat when the warships came. It was not until the day following the departure of the Australian mail steamer which brought the news of prospective fighting that the preparations were begun, in order that no word should be carried away by the steamer of the plans of defence. But day after day passed, and the warships did not come. The tricolor was still waving and things were normal. Then came the day of the big scare. Out in the dimness of the night the sentries espied the coming of the warships. The enemy had come at last. It was war.

Out on the horizon the excited group which surrounded the sentry saw four twinkling lights. By the logic born of expectation these became warships to the everish minds of the French and there was a *saute qui peul* for the fort. It was a curious picture as described by those who saw it. Frenchmen rushed pellmell to the mountain fort with bundles of their belongings. Carriages and carts carried the household goods out of the reach of perfidious Albion, and when at last the drawbridge was crossed and breath regained they cried "Vive la France," and took their posts. The night dragged on and the lights came no nearer. But surely the enemy was waiting daylight for the landing of troops to invade France's Pacific island. The sentries peered out into the night, and scarcely a soul slept. At last morning came and with it the supposed warship. They were four native boats, each holding a native fisherman who had been fishing by the light of a torch—the first scare was over.

There was however, a second scare. The Australian mail steamer was late. Several days passed beyond her usual date and still there was no sign. Never before had she been late. Surely this means that at last there was war. Again French Tahiti migrated with its wife and belongings to the fort, but hardly had they taken the

coverings from their guns and posted the natives when in came the steamer and the final scare was over. The martial sons of France received advices of the backdown of their country and the days of terror were over in Tahiti. The fort, however, still remains, and is an object of interest to travellers who visit the southern islands. It is called Fashoda Fort, and the name brings back memories to all Tahiti.

Lord Albert Osborne and Mr. Hall spent two months at Tahiti, and they say the encroachment of the Chinese there struck them forcibly. There is no exclusion law in Tahiti the Chinese are satia monopolizing the small trade. All the small traders are Chinese. The Tahitian is lazy and closes his store daily between 12 and 2 P. M. Not only does the Chinese keep open then but he keeps open at night. Mr. Hall met at Tahiti an Italian, who gains his living by the romantic profession of smuggling. His name is Mich elo, and it is he who is credited with bringing the Chinese to the island. He had a small sailing vessel running between China and Peru some years ago and secured 500 prisoners of war, whom he intended to take to Peru to work. Storms drove him toward Tahiti and he put in there. His Chinese below deck fell ill and a number died. He put their bodies overboard in the harbor but the authorities objected. He did not know what to do with his prisoners, so a planter, just starting, took them off his hands to work the plantation. These were the first Chinese in the group. It was supposed that they wrote to their friends in the homeland and more came.

Tahiti is very fertile, but little cultivated. The land is mostly held by native owners who do not till it. There is much vanilla produced there and in the Dangerous group the natives dive for pearls with great success. After their stay at Tahiti Lord Albert Osborne and Mr. Hall chartered a schooner, the Gaulois, and sailed for the Marquesas group, which is sparsely inhabited and seldom visited. These islands are controlled by the French through a few gendarmes, each of whom is in charge of big valleys in which are many hundred natives. They practically carry their lives in their hands. The islanders, however, have not practised cannibalism for some time.

The tourists landed from their schooner at Tai-o-hae, the capital of Nukahavi, the principal island of the group. This was in charge of a French brigadier. The coast was high and rocky and there were no reefs there. Many natives, it was found, had died off as a result of smallpox and measles. They were nearly all tattooed, the men having their faces striped.

Among the limited number of whites at this place was a tattooed white man, an American who had deserted from one of the whaling vessels. An interesting reason was given by this man for his being tattooed.

He wanted to marry one of the landed and wealthy Marquesas Princesses, but she spurned him because he was not tattooed. How could she marry a man who was not tattooed? she said. The deserted whaler went to a tattooer and went through the painful process of having stripes pricked across his body and face. That done, he returned to his bride who was to be, but she fled from him with shrieks of laughter. She said that a tattooed white man looked too absurd to marry—and, rather than face civilization with his tattooed face, the American whaler has remained there. It was said on the island that on one occasion when an American cruiser appeared the tattooed American went on board and proudly declared his nationality.

"What, you an American?" said the commander. "Boatswain, give him five dozen and chuck him overboard."

Whether he got the five dozen is not said, but it is told on all sides that he got the chucking overboard.

The travellers visited Vita-hu, the queen of the Marquesans, who is beautifully tattooed. She has the record of having freed herself in a unique manner from a husband of whom she had tired. She ate him. The fights of the tribes one with another are now, the returned travellers say, opera bouffe affairs. In the last great fight the only man hurt broke his leg in running away. The natives shoot a great deal, but mostly at each others' pigs. They are great pig eaters. On this island the travellers were troubled by big sand flies. They say that this is the only island of the group on which the flies are seen, and the natives have a tradition that they were

thrown on to the island, in a big coconut shell, by a revengeful goddess. Some fine photos of dancing girls and many curios were brought away by the two travellers.

While the Gaulois was anchored in Tawata Bay at another island of the group a Portuguese was spoken with who had been present at one of the last internecine fights. He said that he was in a canoe of one of the belligerent tribes and the boatmen saw a native of the other tribe who had been wounded. They called him to come to the canoe and on the native coming chopped off his head and ate him.

After their tour of the Marquesas islands the travellers went to the Fiji group, and after short visits at Samoa and Cook's Island proceeded to New Zealand, where some time was spent among the Maoris. Sentiment at Fiji, they say, was against annexation to New Zealand.

PLANNING A BIG HUNT.

Large Game to be Driven Into a Corral and Captured for Sale or Slaughtered.

Some of the greatest wild game hunts in the history of Colorado, or of the entire West, are being planned by ranchmen in Rio Blanco and Routt counties, on the other side of the Great Divide. A novel feature of these hunts will be the fact that most of the big game will be taken alive and sold to keepers of menageries. The hunts are planned to get rid of the bears and mountain lions that are driving stockmen to distraction. Incidentally, other game will not be overlooked.

In Rio Blanco county, work is now progressing on a big corral on the ranch of Jacob Withington. The corral is built with a wide funnel-shaped entrance. When it is all in readiness the butemen will meet at Withington's range and then scatter out with their hounds, and surround one of the flat top peaks. The bears have been making these peaks their rendezvous. The animals will be driven to the big corral and the most agile of them will not be able to climb over the rough timbers and boulders. Only the bears that attempt to escape on the march to the corral will be shot. The gates will be closed on the captives, and then if there are no purchasers, the animals will be slaughtered.

Circus men and keepers of zoological gardens, however claim that there will be ample demand for all the good specimens of that can be captured. They say that all kinds of American wild game is growing scarce and it will only be a question of a few years when it will be impossible to keep the menageries well supplied. The ranchmen of Colorado say that they will be able to supply the menagerie men with all the mountain lions and bears that the amusement business demands. The bears in particular have been numerous and desperate this season. They are mostly big, black fellows, though occasionally a cinnamon comes sniffing his way up from New Mexico, or a grizzly slouches down from Wyoming's sulphur spring baths to try his claws on the Colorado cottonwoods and gather in a few specimens of Colorado live stock.

As a general rule the black bear is the most harmless of animals to everything but a fat sheep or calf. He has no desire to look for trouble in which men are concerned, though when he is concerned he puts up a pretty fight. This season, however, a lad was killed and partly eaten by a black bear in Utah, near the Colorado line, and settlers have decided that their children must be protected against similar occurrences. Accordingly the war of extermination has been planned in the counties where the bears are thickest.

The ranchmen who live under the shadow of the Flat Tops have no set rules about killing bears. As a general rule they will not waste a shell on a black bear, preferring to save the charge for a deer. But when it is decided to kill a bear, the usual way is for two ranchmen to chase the animal into a clearing and then rope it with lariats. By this means the bear is quickly choked to death and there is a great saving of powder and bullets. The roping game is never tried however when the bear happens to be a mother with several cubs trotting along in her wake. On such occasions the ranchman is happy to have a pack of hounds along with him and a good rifle in his hand. Even the most toolhardy ranchers, who occasionally rope a catamount "just for excitement," will waste precious shells on a mother bear, rather than run any risk of coming to close quarters. For the natural instinct makes the black bear a fighter second only to the grizzly. The "yaller streak" which the ranchman always counts on coming to his aid in the case of an ordinary black bear, is totally absent in the case of the mother bear, and there is nothing but fight from the drop of the hat and no craven yielding at the touch of the nose or the sting of the bullet.

Up in Routt county, where no railroad has yet disturbed a region that is bigger

than many Eastern States, the stage drivers occasionally have to put on the brakes, while the horses dance in terror, and shoot a curious bear that blocks the road and delays Uncle Sam's mails. The drivers make nothing of such experiences, which to them are no more thrilling than the commonplace, everyday experience of plunging at a breakneck pace down a steep canon, where the least slip or swerve would convert the heavily-loaded stage coach to matchwood on the boulders below. It is only the terrifying vision of an electric street car that will send the blood to the hearts of these men.

THE MIDDLE AGED MAN.

A Brief Discourse Upon the Subject of Squeaky Shoes.

"This matter may not seem to you," said the middle-aged man, "one of grave importance, but it appears, nevertheless, to be a fact that there are, nowadays, not nearly so many squeaky shoes worn as there were years ago; there used to be many; now there are comparatively few. Time and again, for instance, I have seen walking up a church aisle, a little late perhaps, and so alone and all the more conspicuous, a man whose boots squeaked so that the sound of them filled all the church, and the thoughts of every worshipper besides. But he would move noiselessly now."

"There was a time when people didn't object to squeaky boots, when, in fact, they rather liked them. The squeak proclaimed their degree of newness, for the newest squeaked most and people didn't object to your knowing that their shoes were not old and worn out, but new shoes. They used to put into some shoes in those days between the inner and the outer sole, a piece of what was called squeak leather, to make the shoes squeak the more; but commonly the squeaking was caused simply by the chafing of one sole against the other as the wearer walked. Some of these, though, were mighty good squeakers."

"Later there came a time when squeaky shoes found less favor; when, in fact, there were many people who preferred that their shoes should not squeak. This sort of middle period is marked by the appearance in contemporaneous prints of recipes for stopping or preventing the squeaking of shoes. One way suggested was to soak the soles in water; this was said to be effective, at least as long as the shoes remained damp; another way was to drive a tack or two or a few pegs through the two soles so that they could not rub one against the other. And from that, in due course, we rose to the comparatively squeakless dignity of the present day."

"How this has been accomplished, whether the squeaking is now specially guarded against in some manner, or whether it has been largely eliminated as one of the results of the vastly different modern methods of manufacture, or what I do not know; but certain it is that in these days you don't hear anything like so many squeaky shoes as you once did."

SAD NEWS FROM ST. GALL.

Wide Use of Adulterants in Food and Drink Reported in Switzerland.

Some weeks ago an American Consul in Germany conveyed the suggestion to the state department that the annexation of the Republic of Switzerland to the United States would be a very desirable thing for the former, and that there were many persons in Switzerland who were not adverse to a change of allegiance from the Helvetic to the American republic. Very little attention of a serious kind was given at the time to the suggestion, but it found some supporters among those who have come to regard the little Alpine republic as an idyllic constituency, in which jails are few, acts of violence infrequent, and the expenditures of the government nominal.

This encouraging view of the case is, however, rudely overturned in a communication sent to the state department by the American Consul, Mr. De Boise, at St. Gall, Switzerland, who, while extolling the purity and excellence of American meats and fruits, cereals and canned goods, declares that the adulteration of food is general in Europe, and that in Switzerland laws against it have had to be adopted. He points out that the slot machines in creased the consumption of chocolate, and that accompanying it there has been a corresponding increase in mutton tallow, sawdust and potato meal, three adulterants.

Honey, of which the Swiss have long been proud, is deprived of some of its fame through manufactory for the making of artificial honey, the chief ingredients of which are syrup, meat and corn starch. Swiss cheese is mixed with potatoes ground to a powder, butter is adulterated with carrot juice. Bread, which furnishes 70 per cent of the nourishment of the people of the Swiss republic, is mixed with potato meal and the dough is soaked heavily with water to add to the weight of each loaf. With coffee, tanbark, sawdust, stove

rust and chloiry are mixed; and as adulterants for tea, linden, sage and strawberry leaves are used to the great profit of the retailer and to the detriment of the consumer.

The chemical analysis of the beer sold in Switzerland proves it is asserted, that the following ingredients are added as substitutes for malt and hops. Potash, vitriol of iron, alum, licorice, linseed, solution of tartar, peppy heads, guinea grains, camomile, pine sprouts, chicory, henbane and wild cherries. It has often seemed to many persons in the United States that the notions as to the adulterants used in beverages and food preparations must be exaggerated, for the cost of the articles used, generally expensive chemicals is known to be greater than that of the harmless ingredients which they replace, and if the beer of Switzerland contains all the ingredients named by the Consul, it would seem that a like reason for incredulity would exist there. The Consul explains the apparent paradox as follows:

"These substances enable the manufacturers to produce beer cheaper, and some of them help make it heavier and more stimulating. From the large quantity consumed it would seem that this is what some people demand consequently the supply."

Wine is freely drunk in Switzerland and there is a large demand for alcoholic beverages there. The American consul in St. Gall declares that "some of the wine that is consumed has never contained a drop of grape juice and many of the liquors, he adds contain hardly a drop of the genuine article, Potato syrup dissolved in rain water makes, he says, a salable beverage and the desired color and bouquet are obtained by mixing wine acids with cream of tartar."

Child Cured of Catarrh by Catarrhoxone

Perth, Ont.—"I cannot withhold my testimony as to the great value of Catarrhoxone as a remedy for Catarrh, one bottle having cured my daughter of that trouble. I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering with Catarrh. No house should be without it." Mrs. J. A. Morris.

So pleasant, babies use it, so safe, grandmothers employ it, so certain to cure, doctors, lawyers, merchants, public speakers, rely upon Catarrhoxone for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever. Catarrhoxone is so cheap, because it lasts so long and because it is so sure to cure that even the poorest can afford to buy it. The only remedy sold with a guarantee—your money back if not benefited. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. Trial size ten cents. N. C. Folsom & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

A Fortune Offered.

It is so easy to make money! For instance, a New Yorker advertises 'a business proposition thus:

"I have \$50,000 tied up which I am about to lose, but can take up at once if I had \$2500 more to help myself with; to any one who will expend this for me, with out any risk, I will give \$12,500 in 10 days."

Anybody who wouldn't be satisfied with a sure profit of 400 per cent in 10 days must be a plumber, or otherwise grasping.

As to Gold.

"We are an intensely practical people," said the Briton. "We waste no time trying to gild the gold refined, as the saying is."

"No, you simply copper it!" said we sarcastically.

Even if the fellow did not understand our American provincialism he must have gathered from our manner that we were rebuking his sordid materialism.

Cramps, Like Burglars.

come just when they are not expected and are least welcome. One minute cure for Cramps is what you want. Nervine simply acts instantaneously. Its anodyne power is unique—for its composition expresses the highest medical progress of the age. Nervine is a true comfort in the family for in all derangements of the stomach and bowels it is an absolute specific. Five times greater medicinal value than any other preparation sold, is Nervine. Your druggist sells it or can get it.

A Clear Case.

First Quick Lunch Waitress—"Say! but that dinky dude is gone on Molly!"

Second Quick Lunch Waitress (enviously)—"Aint he? When he orders 'beans and, drew one and sinkers' from her, he puts such love in it that it sounds like 'Paddy defoy grass, coffee o lay and Parker House rolls!'"

STOP THAT HEAD COLD

In 10 Minutes.

Or it will develop into Chronic Catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder stops cold in the head in 10 minutes, and relieves most acute and deep seated Catarrh after one application. Cures quickly and permanently. "I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder with best results. It is a great remedy, and I never cease recommending it."—John E. Dell, Paulding, O.

rust and chicory are mixed; and as adulterants for tea, linden, sage and strawberry leaves are used to the great profit of the retailer and to the detriment of the consumer.

The chemical analysis of the beer sold in Switzerland proves it is asserted, that the following ingredients are added as substitutes for malt and hops. Petash, vitriol of iron, alum, bicorice, linseed, solution of tartar, peppy heads, guinea grains, camomile, pine sprouts, chicory, henbane and wild cherries. It has often seemed to many persons in the United States that the notions as to the adulterants used in beverages and food preparations must be exaggerated, for the cost of the articles used, generally expensive chemicals is known to be greater than that of the harmless ingredients which they replace, and if the beer of Switzerland contains all the ingredients named by the Consul, it would seem that a like reason for incredulity would exist there. The Consul explains the apparent paradox as follows:

These substances enable the manufacturers to produce beer cheaper, and some of them help make it heavier and more stimulating. From the large quantity consumed it would seem that this is what some people demand consequently the supply.

Wine is freely drunk in Switzerland and there is a large demand for alcoholic beverages there. The American consul in St. Gall declares that "some of the wine that is consumed has never contained a drop of grape juice and many of the liquors, he adds contain hardly a drop of the genuine article. Potato syrup dissolved in rain water makes, he says, a palatable beverage and the desired color and bouquet are obtained by mixing wine acids with cream of tartar."

Ubid Cured of Catarrh by Catarhizone

Perth, Ont.,—"I cannot withhold my testimony as to the great value of Catarhizone as a remedy for Catarrh, one bottle having cured my daughter of that trouble. I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering with Catarrh. No house should be without it." Mrs. J. A. Morris.

So pleasant, babies use it, so safe, grandmothers employ it, so certain to cure, doctors, lawyers, merchants, public speakers, rely upon Catarhizone for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever. Catarhizone is so cheap, because it lasts so long and because it is so sure to cure that even the poorest can afford to buy it. The only remedy sold with a guarantee—your money back if not benefited. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. Trial size ten cents. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

A Fortune Offered.

It is so easy to make money! For instance, a New Yorker advertises "a business proposition thus:

"I have \$50,000 tied up which I am about to lose, but can take up at once if I had \$2500 more to help myself with; to any one who will expend this for me, with out any risk, I will give \$12,500 in 10 days."

Anybody who wouldn't be satisfied with a sure profit of 400 per cent in 10 days must be a plumber, or otherwise grasping.

As to Gold.

"We are an intensely practical people," said the Briton. "We waste no time trying to gild the gold refined, as the saying is."

"No, you simply copper it!" said we sarcastically.

Even if the fellow did not understand our American provincialism he must have gathered from our manner that we were rebuking his sordid materialism.

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(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

"He told me to go, so of course I did not."
"Thank you for your frank warning, Lady Beadesert. When I want you to walk with me I shall suggest that a quiet afternoon at home might be beneficial to your general health."

"I don't think I ever spent an afternoon in any house in my life—not even in this detestable England, so you need not always expect me to do what you don't want. Do you know, I don't dislike you half as much as I expected to. I was prepared for a horrid, middle-aged woman; but, directly Emilio told me you were young, and had been cheeky to him, I knew I should like you: anyone capable of getting a rise out of Emilio is distinctly worthy of respect."

"Uncle Serge makes the mistake of ignoring him until he feels too wrathful to be silent any longer, and then he turns him out of the room and threatens him with a thrashing. You can no more ignore Emilio than you can ignore a hailstorm if you happen to be out in it, and as for thrashing him, why, it would end in his murdering you. I keep on telling Uncle Serge this, but he will not believe me."

When Lady Zebra was silenced by having a generous allowance of cold chicken placed before her, her uncle availed himself of the opportunity to say a few words, to which Mrs. Tony Hanlan listened the more patiently for the fact that she herself diligently endeavoring to satisfy a very healthful appetite.

"Emilio only arrived here three days ago. Mrs. Hanlan's sister has been nearly a month with us. The boy is so innumerable that we cannot possibly keep him here. I am already arranging for him to go to Eton, where all that is most objectionable about him will receive prompt treatment. In time we may be able to judge whether there is the making of a gentleman."

Zebra bolted a mouthful of chick in order to interrupt her uncle, neither of them noticing that Emilio himself stood framed in the doorway.

"I hate you when you speak of Emilio in that horrid way!" exclaimed the girl passionately.

"Oh, let him be, Ze, let him be!" Emilio exclaimed, coming leisurely into the room. "It must be hard lines to be out of a title—to say nothing of the cash—that he had made so sure of; it really is deucedly hard when you come to think of it."

What Beadesert might have replied to this highly-refined speech was prevented by Mrs. Hanlan rising from the table and saying, "You will excuse me, Lady Zebra. I have not been accustomed to hear a uncle spoken of in such a strain by his nephew."

Serge Beadesert watched her from under his long lashes, admiration darkening his fine eyes.

He knew she meant to win the respect as well as the liking of both his troublesome charges; so he remained silent to see how they would act in this unlooked for emergency.

Zebra flushed crimson, and gave a half-nervous laugh as she glanced at her brother, who stared at Mona as though she were some sort of natural curiosity.

Overtaking her before she could reach the door, he put his back against it, saying hastily—

"I had no idea you were so particular. Zebra never minds—do you, Ze? But I'll try and do it again when you are about Mrs. Hanlan, if you only go and sit down and finish your supper."

"Please say no more about it, Lord Darkhaven. I was, perhaps, at fault in expecting you to know the ways of society before you are old enough to enter it."

And so, before she had been more than an hour in the old castle, Mona appeared to have established a slight ascendancy over the young Lord Darkhaven; and had succeeded in laying the foundation of a friendship with his sister.

CHAPTER III.

A variety of things combined to prevent Mona from sleeping until the bright sun men dawn flooded her room.

To begin with, she was excited for once. The excitement of her presentation at Buckingham Palace and of her first ball had been as nothing compared with what she felt at this her voluntary plunge into the working world.

She had gone through her marriage farce with greater coolness than she had experienced during her momentary venture at supper.

She looked on Serge Beadesert as the real master of the fine old castle—as he undoubtedly was, according to the terms of his brother's will, until his nephew came of age. Would he have understood her motive in acting as she had done?

She thought so, little as he had seen of her.

She fancied—it was only her fancy—that there existed already a sort of sympathy between them, a kind of understanding of comprehension between his mind and hers, which would enable him to understand her even on so very short an acquaintance.

Her husband-of-an-hour was totally forgotten as she lay thinking of a man who had in some as yet unknown manner been robbed of his heritage.

Then a mysterious sound added to her disinclination to sleep.

She heard steps on the gravelled terrace under her window—and voices.

The night was so warm that she had left her window wide open.

Dialing a dark room she always drew up her blind before getting into bed; so she easily heard what was being said by the two persons who had met on the terrace beneath.

A woman's voice asked softly—
"How do you like her?"
The accent reminded Mona of the young earl's, but the voice was certainly not his, it was he who replied—
"I don't like—I adore her! She began by bullying me; she went on bullying me, and yet I would gladly lick the dust from her shoes. I have never met a woman like her."

"That is well. I feared you might not

take my advice. You will now find it easy to try and win her favour. It takes a friend of her Emilio, and she will be the less likely to be on her guard. Hark! Did you hear that sound? Let us speak our native tongue."

The sound heard by the woman's keen ears had been caused by the accident of Mona's hand touching the latch of her window, as she leant out cautiously, in her desire to see the two who stood below.

She drew back quickly, and felt satisfied that she had not been noticed, though the speakers walked slowly along the terrace until she must have lost the remainder of their conversation, even had she understood Spanish.

But she had heard enough to set her thinking.

Why should it be necessary for the young Lord Darkhaven to win her confidence? And why should he be conversing at midnight with a woman apparently an inferior in station?

Somehow this woman had brought to Mona's mind the one she had seen standing in the cottage doorway above the little churchyard.

Should she tell Beadesert what had occurred? Or should she watch for further developments?

She felt so keenly interested in what promised to be a mystery, that she unconsciously continued to stand just within the open window; and she had reason to be glad that she had done so, for presently she caught sight of the earl and his companion crossing a patch of lawn which led to the orchard doorway shutting off the outer court-yard.

The two figures vanished under the arch. But she was determined to wait—an hour if necessary—for the boy's return, when he had locked the gates behind the woman.

Her patience was, however, not to be so severely tried.

In less than ten minutes her quick eyes caught sight of an agile form rapidly recrossing the lawn.

Keeping well out of sight, she watched until she felt sure that it was none other than the young earl himself; and then, when, as she concluded, he had entered the castle, she returned to her bed, and set her wits to work to ascertain where the necessity came in for a woman, presumably of Spanish birth, to obtain a midnight interview with Lord Darkhaven, in order, as it undoubtedly seemed, to find out how he had been impressed by the person engaged by Serge Beadesert to chaperon his sister.

"I give it up," she yawned, when at length drowsiness crept over her busy brain.

The morning's post brought her a letter from Tony, forwarded by Lady Fortescue. The very sight of his handwriting made her feel guilty, for he had scarcely been in her thoughts since she had become an inmate of Darkhaven Castle.

The flush which crept into her cheeks as she broke the seal was noticed by Serge Beadesert.

"That letter is from her husband," he thought. "Evidently she is much attached to him. How could he bring himself to part with so charming a possession? I hope she will soon give us her promised story; she is the kind of girl it is easy to get interested in."

Beadesert compelled himself to withdraw his eyes from the tempting study and give his attention to his own letters.

Zebra, who had quickly skimmed an epistle written on foreign paper, which had been the only missive addressed to her, began to talk to her grandmother.

"Shall you drive this morning, grand-ma?"

"I think not, dear, it is too warm. I did not sleep very well, and I feel tired, in consequence."

"Why did you not breakfast in bed, as Emilio seems to be doing? I often wonder at the marvellous energy which brings you down stairs so early every morning."

"I always make a point of getting up to breakfast, my dear, unless I feel really ill. To you I doubtless appear a very old woman; but you will find when you are nearly seventy, that you do not feel so very old, after all. Had I good hearing and eyesight, I should seem younger; but the fact of both being very defective compels me to live pretty well in a world of my own."

"It must seem very hard."

Zebra spoke feelingly.

When she liked she could be very nice indeed.

As a matter of fact, it was more often her actions than her heart that were at fault.

Beadesert was the next to be at liberty to join in conversation.

His letters had been three in number, and one of them was important.

Mona was still poring over her husband's handwriting with a curious expression on her face.

To the man who could not help watching her furtively she looked, half startled and half relieved.

"No bad news, I trust, Mrs. Hanlan?" inquired the countess, whose sight was sufficiently good to let her see how fully Mona's correspondent absorbed her attention.

The young wife started slightly.

go. He hints at some risk he must run. I do not understand his meaning."

Zebra had to repeat the greater part of this speech for her grandmother's benefit.

Mona had spoken with some agitation, and her voice had dropped unconsciously.

She was glad when breakfast was over and she could escape to her own room to think over Tony's news.

He had got on the track of the rascally overseer who had robbed him so completely.

He wrote to say that he should follow it until he ran the fellow to earth.

Of course, this would mean danger to himself, but he was prepared to risk that for so high a stake as he was playing for.

He bade Mona keep up her courage and write to him frequently at the address given in this letter.

He would arrange for her dear letters to follow him wherever he might have to go, and he would reply to each as it came, when possible, in addition to sending her brief hopes of the progress he was making between whites.

There was not a word of the direction in which he was going.

Where he might be at that particular moment Mona had not the slightest idea.

She stood at her window just as she had stood when watched by the boy earl and his midnight visitor; and she tried toathom the mixture of feelings which had assailed her on reading Tony's news.

Had her relief been on account of the prospect of his early return with the wealth for which she had sold herself? And was her anxiety caused by the hint of danger for her husband?

No, she said, half aloud, "I was startled to think he may return, no matter how rich. The relief I felt was at the possibility of failure in his quest. What an ungrateful wretch I am! I liked him well enough to marry him; what has worked this sudden change in me?"

Though apparently absorbed in her enforced self-analysis, all her faculties were not given to the task; for, in a very few moments her attention wandered to her midnight exorcism.

This was watched by a discovery her keen eyes had made—no less a one than the fact that some of the upper graves in the little churchyard, and also the cottage above, were visible, from where she stood, through a gap in the trees.

"Had I noticed this last evening, I would have waited to see if that woman really belonged there," she thought. "Shall I get another chance, I wonder?"

She little foresaw what was to happen in the near future.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUN SPOTS AND RAINFALL.

Sir Norman Lockyer Hopes to be Able to Give Warning of Famine Times in India.

A remarkable scientific paper was read to the Royal Society in London this week by Sir Norman Lockyer upon the connection between spots on the sun and rainfall on the earth. It is based on a vast number of observations taken in India and the Mauritius, and the practical service aimed at was to enable the Indian government to forecast, and therefore to prepare for famines, depending upon irregularities of rainfall.

Sir Norman Lockyer's line of reasoning can in great part be followed even by people who are not trained astronomers.

Spectroscopy shows changes in the lines yielded by the image of a sun spot, from which we may deduce very remarkable changes of temperature. At periods when sun spots are numerous, Sir Norman Lockyer finds that lines belonging to unknown substances also become numerous, whereas at periods when there are few sun spots these lines give place to lines indicating substances with which we are familiar.

But these unknown lines may be lines belonging to known substances raised to a temperature far higher than that of the electric arc. In that case it would follow that when sun spots are numerous they are also abnormally hot, and that when they are few in number they are comparatively cool; thus showing changes in the radiant energy of the sun such as may reasonably be supposed to produce considerable effects on this planet. It is an obvious objection that the area of sun spots is so small in comparison with the whole area of the sun that their superheating can make none but an infinitesimal addition to his radiant energy. But Sir Norman Lockyer meets this objection by maintaining that the sun spots indicate the existence of zones of eruptive protuberances from the sun's surface, which may cover one-sixth of the whole area, and therefore supply by their rise of temperature that substantial addition to solar heating power which is required to account for great meteorological changes on the earth.

The Times, which devotes a leading article to the paper, observes that "the rain fall required by theory appears to follow the solar cause at an interval which may be one year or two. It is not apparent why even the shorter interval should exist, but that the interval is not constant is a more serious practical objection. Indeed, some experience of statistics dispense us to doubt whether the period reviewed is nearly long enough to establish a rule of any kind in a case where the sequence of events is by no means determinate."

"But," as it says, "an approximation is often extremely useful to succeeding observers; it only by showing them upon what points thought and ob-

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Its Purity is its Strength Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

ervation must be concentrated."

These observations have been in progress since 1876. Several years ago Mr. Eliot surmised that the rainfall in India largely depended on the Indian Ocean—the great 'pumping station' for the thirty lands of Hindostan—especially on the region of the Southeast trades. Abnormal conditions of atmospheric pressure, and effect its circulation by strengthening or weakening the air currents—especially the southwest monsoon—with the result of turning on or cutting off the water in the parts of India where the one means plenty the other famine. The rule holds good with other regions. Mauritius has been already mentioned Batavia, the Cape, Cordoba in the Argentine Republic, mark a similar relation between rainfall pulses and sun spots. High and low Nile floods at any rate since 1870, have shown the same.

The Standard remarks on Sir Norman Lockyer's paper that the 'details in the theory now expounded may be modified by more extended investigation, for hints of another disturbing cause are afforded by an abnormality in the last phase of the sun spot period which is commented with the latest famine; but the evidence already obtained appears to be enough to confirm the main conclusions. In the future, then, apart from abnormality in the phases of solar temperature, we may entertain an expectation of being able to predict Indian famines as the 'lean years' in Egypt of old were prophesied and provided against."

Be Restored Castles.

In the death of the Marquis of Bute science has sustained a considerable loss. The late Marquis was an ardent antiquarian, upon which subject he expended a great deal of money. One of his specialties was the restoration of old castles and other historic buildings, although not always agreeing with others in regard to the lines to be followed. A subject upon which he lavished much time and money was the study and restoration of Cardiff Castle, in the south of Wales. From the current Gardener's Chronicle we learn that Lord Bute ascertained by the investigation of the old records that the works in ancient days used to cultivate the grape, and make famous wine of them in the Cardiff district. As this practice had long died out in this section Lord Bute sent a well-known horticulturist to France to study the French vineyards. The result of this investigation has led to a finely developed vine industry in and around the Marquis' castle of Cardiff.

The early death of the Marquis, at 58, has left much of his work of restoration in Wales unfinished, but it is hoped that his son will continue it.

The King of Corn Cures.

Is Putman's Painless Corn Extractor, crowned by years of success, regal because unapproached and unapproachable, holding sway in this continent owing to its superiority, Putman's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., on receipt of 25 cents.

British Black Fighters

A striking tribute is paid to the troops who relieved Coomassie a few months ago by Dr. Douglas Gray, who accompanied the force as medical officer. They were all black soldiers of the Queen except the officers, who were British. A few years ago many of them were naked, slave-trading savages, living near Lake Nyassa. Today they are as well disciplined as any troops in the world.

Many of them had never seen the sea before they travelled from Central Africa to West Africa to fight for the Queen. But they are great fighters. They worked their 7-pounders and Maxims like handy men, and were dead shots with the Martini. They eat rice and marched like the C. I. V. They plunged into the jungle and frightened the Ashantees out of their stockades by getting round at the back, where they were not expected.

They ran sometimes—straight at the enemy. When the fire was hottest, or

when they were soaked in rivers. It never occurred to them to flinch. They just laughed joyously and followed their officers. One of the black heroes got a bullet in his skull, and thought it waste of time to have it extracted before he had finished fighting.

Dr. Gray says that the black soldiers—the Yaos, Atongas, Angouis, Yorubas and Hausas—have proved in the Ashantee campaign that they can do anything led by British officers. The Central African rifles, to which the first three tribes contribute, number about 2000 men. The black force effected the relief of Coomassie in less time than white troops could have done it—at a tenth cost.—London Daily Mail.

"Some Devil."

Is inside of me tickling my throat with a feather," said a good deacon with a sad cough. "Well, this is the holy water that will cast the devil out," said his wife, as she produced a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all druggists.

Bravo James.

A few days ago, we saw in a daily paper that while a tenement house in Jersey City was burning, a boy, James Curtis, appeared on the scene. He was in great distress and cried that a kitten he had left in the shop would be burned to death. He said it could not get out because he had wrapped it in a coat and put it in a desk. Despite the warnings of the firemen he plunged into the building, which then was filled with smoke, though not burning. Five minutes later he reappeared with the kitten in his arms. The crowd cheered him heartily as he ran home with his kitten, careless as to whether the building burned or not.

That boy is all right. Later on he will do a similar thing for his mother or his best girl, if necessary.

Success for Sixty Years.

This is the record of Pealy Davis' Pain-Killer. A sure cure for dizziness, dysentery and all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Pealy Davis', 25c. and 50c.

Very Probable.

"I wonder how Elder and Miss Sage came to marry. Neither one of them is under seventy." Fogg—"Perhaps it was because they did not believe in long engagements."

A Rod in Fickle.

Jaggles—"His wife suspects that he leads a double life."

Waggles—"So she is naturally anxious to find out how the other half lives?"

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Pealy Davis. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BRUISES, FOR COLIC, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

