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PRICE FIVE CENTS

Who Will Try Maxwell?

There has not been much news of startling importance in or about St. John of late. The newspapers have been without sensations except those that came over the wire from other places. This agreeable or disagreeable monotony was broken last Sunday morning when the word came from a little place down the Bay, Beaver Harbor, that murder and piracy had taken place in the Bay. The first report is usually the worst and so it was in this case. The piracy it was found amounted to nothing but the murder; report was too true. Capt. Baisley, a resident of the North End and a popular sea going man was lying in a fish house at Dipper Harbor stabbed to death by a sailor on his vessel the Van Dusen which had come to anchor at Beaver Harbor with the murderer on board.

How the deed was done, the row between the captain and Maxwell, who had sailed with him as mate before, the knifeing of the master and his falling overboard and bravely rescued by his mate Campbell and a sailor, who rowed some miles to shore; all this has been printed before and need not be referred to here.

When Maxwell was arrested and brought to the city he was lodged in the police station and the charge made against him. He remained in the police station that night (Tuesday) and up to the time of this writing (Friday) was in the same place.

Why he was not taken to jail is a story that has many sides to it. The chief put his name down on the sheet Wednesday morning and handed it in the usual way to the police magistrate. Then when the prisoners were brought up from the cells Maxwell was among them and sat with the drunks on the long bench. And there he remained for the magistrate took no notice of him or of the report on the sheet. When he had heard the city cases and disposed of the drunks he passed out of the court room and went about his business.

What was to become of Maxwell under these circumstances? Clearly nothing but to take him back to the cell. This was what was done and the prisoner remained in the basement of the police building until he was brought out to be present at the inquest Wednesday evening in the probate court room. Dr. Berryman held the inquest. Whether he had a right to do so seems to be a question with some people who are disposed to quibble over the matter but there is no doubt that an inquest had to be held by somebody and it seemed right that it should be in St. John as the ship sailed from this port and the captain belonged here.

So rightly or wrongly the inquest was held. Whether an inquest was even necessary or not is questioned by some. A high authority said in his opinion it was not necessary as there was no doubt of the man's guilt. There was no question who the murderer was and the preliminary examination should have gone on instead of the inquest.

The coroner committed Maxwell to jail but when the prisoner was presented to the sheriff, that official refused to accept the man. He wanted to know if the police magistrate had committed him. No, it was the coroner. Well this brought up another nice question and while it was being considered Maxwell remained in the police station. The police magistrate wanted nothing to do with him and the sheriff would not take him without he was committed by him.

It is stated that there was no intention of interfering with anybody in all this. The sheriff told PROGRESS it made no difference to him but as the case was likely to be a difficult one involving many nice questions between the United States and Canada he did not feel like keeping a man in custody without he had in his judgment the best authority for doing so. The coroner said later to this paper's representative that he had full power to commit the prisoner, according to his idea.

All this was due to the fact that the crime was committed on the sea. How far the vessel was from land is the question. The jury's verdict says the schooner was upon the high seas and that would mean that the prisoner should be tried in the United States.

The Van Dusen was an American vessel and should have been captained by an American captain. The fact that Baisley was a British subject may not make any

difference in the case but it will likely open the eyes of the authorities to some things that have been overlooked in the American schooner trade.

Magistrate Ritchie must have had some good reason for his lack of action, and Sheriff Sturges is not free from doubt but the coroner has gone ahead and the jury has given the verdict of "wilful murder." Now the prisoner will be committed to jail and whether the sheriff takes him or not the coroner says he will present his papers to the magistrate in proper form. It is believed that he will file them with the county secretary and that will end the matter so far as he is concerned.

There seems to be plenty of chances here for a good lawyer to make it pleasant for the authorities and if, as it is stated, Maxwell or his friends have retained Mr. H. A. Powell, then there is likely to be a second Bram case on the hands of justice. Maxwell is a native of Sackville and this, probably, is the reason why Mr. Powell, who belongs to the same place, has been mentioned as defending him.

Those who know the prisoner speak well of him. A prominent stevedore told PROGRESS that two finer or more agreeable men than Baisley and Maxwell would be hard to find. Both of them had worked for him and he was intimate with them. Ram probably accounts for the whole wretched business. Maxwell looks bad over it and no doubt feels worse. He realizes his position, and even the technicalities of the law will not be of much service to him.

When Mr. Dricoll, the agent of the schooner Vandusen, notified the chief of police of the fracas on board that vessel, it seemed to be necessary to take prompt action and this is what the chief did.

But according to the idea of many he did not give the matter that consideration it deserved. In the first place, he knew quite well that some time ago the government of the province appointed several provincial constables whose duty it was to look after just such crimes as this appeared to be. There are two of these here, Capt. Rawlings and Detective Ring either or both of them were ready to do their duty.

In spite of this fact the chief decided to go himself and look for the criminal. According to the resolution passed by the common council it was necessary for him to notify the director or the chairman of public safety and obtain leave of absence. This however he did not do but he sent Sergeant Kilpatrick to the mayor to get authority to hire a team and ask for permission to go. Now the mayor of St. John is not a man with authority as PROGRESS has explained before. He can do certain things, sign checks, give licenses and so forth but he has no more authority over officials than any one else and the chief knew this as well as any one. Why he did not telephone the chairman, Ald. McGoldrick, is difficult to explain. The fact remains that he did not and it has taken a good many omissions of this sort to impress the chairman with the fact that the chief deliberately ignores the orders of the council that makes it necessary, not only for him, but for all heads of departments to get leave of absence from the different chairmen before leaving the city.

The chief of the fire department does not fail to observe the regulations but the chief of police has sought to evade it in every possible way. His Spruce Lake excursions, every week, were constant reminders to the director and the chairman that he could go and come as he pleased.

But there is something behind all this that does not appear upon the surface. The antagonism of the chief and Detective Ring is well understood. The work that the detective is supposed to do has been transferred to Capt. Jenkins or acting detective Killen and the truth is that since John Ring has been appointed a provincial constable he has simply been a figure head and does not know what is going on in the department which he is supposed to control. The force, which the chief has always been saying is so small, has been weakened by the appointment of an acting detective while Mr. Ring goes around with practically nothing to do.

The telegram that came from Charlotte

county Sunday was sent to him and contained the first information that the vessel was in Beaver Harbor and Maxwell in custody. What did Ring do? He wired the chief at Miramichi or Lepreau the contents of the message. He intended to take the Shore Line train to the spot the next morning but the order came back from the chief to Capt. Jenkins to let no man go out as he was on his way to Beaver Harbor to arrest the prisoner! One would have thought that courtesy would have suggested a different course, but "official courtesy" seems to play but little part in matters that have anything to do with the police court.

No one in the city desires to deprive the chief of police of a particle of credit that might possibly be due him on account of the arrest of Maxwell but in any event he has no right to ignore the regulations of the Common Council.

MR. MILLER AND HIS SUIT.
He Wants a Divorce From His Erring and Wayward Wife.

James Miller keeps a boarding house and is the owner of considerable real estate in this city. When ships were plenty in St. John and before seaman's home were thought of Miller was quite a figure on the water front, and in connection with the sailors, their business, quarrels etc. his name was in the newspapers quite often.

It appeared again the other day and to the surprise of many the fact was stated that Mr. Miller was seeking a divorce from his wife. This is his second venture upon the sea of matrimony and the voyage seems to be nearly ended. This cruise has lasted five years and now Miller is seeking his discharge.

His wife is a good looking woman and has, generally speaking, made a good wife for the boarding master; but she had a habit of once in a while taking too much gin and this is what made all the trouble. On these occasions Miller would keep a sharp watch over her and in a few days she was free from the temptation and was a good helpmate again.

In the latter part of September she took a notion that the time had come around again when she should have a spree and this time she gave her husband the slip and he could not find her. It is a hard case when a man cannot find his wife, and harder still when he has to apply to the police to locate her, but this is what Miller had to do, and on the morning of the 25th of the same month the erring wife was found in the residence of Al. X. Diggs, a colored man of police court renown on Duke street.

Both of them were what is known as "glorious" and the manner in which the police found them justified them on arresting them and preferring charges that resulted in long sentences in jail. Mrs. Miller is there yet and this is why her husband seeks release from his marriage vows.

THEY HAVE NO SERVANT NOW.
A North End Family's Experience With a Young and Guileless Girl.

A North End family have come to the conclusion that it isn't a bad plan to insist upon references when employing a domestic. A few days ago a young and guileless looking girl, Alice Coates by name, presented herself at the home in question and as the lady was looking for a servant she employed her for a few days. Things ran smoothly for nearly a week and the lady congratulated herself upon having secured a jewel. One afternoon this week she came over to the East end to spend a few hours with a friend and was persuaded to remain to tea. Just after her arrival at her friend's house, about half past two, she telephoned her servant that she would not be back to supper and that her husband would also be absent, so the usual preparations for the evening meal were not necessary.

When the lady and her husband returned late that night, the bird had flown. A search next morning revealed that sundry other things had vanished also among them four yards of silk that had been sent home that morning, a gold bracelet, two house dresses and many other things of lesser value but quite as necessary to a housekeeper. Enquiry from the girl's particular friend, a servant in a family a few doors away, elicited the fact that the girl had taken the afternoon train for her home in Maine and was beyond the reach of her late employers wrath.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired.
Fossil, 17 Waterline.

Mrs. Worden's Woes.

A most peculiar case came up before Magistrate Ritchie on Wednesday last; peculiar because the complainant Mrs. Worden of Indian town, was assaulted by the husband of her husband's lady friend, who happened to be no one other than the defendant's own better half. The evidence adduced brought out the fact that Mrs. Worden had been hovering about the McBeath household in quest of her alienated Captain, who had, it is said, long since fallen into the net of Mrs. McBeath's charms and who was a frequent visitor to the house of his enchantress. Relations other than that of a mere neighbor were suspected by the complainant, who made her visits with unfailing regularity as soon as she suspected her husband was basking in the smiles and good graces of the "woman in the case."

Only about a twelvemonth ago the two wives came into conflict and, as the dailies at the time stated, they tumbled one another in an adjoining back yard to such an extent that thought and consideration for one another's coiffure and apparel were buried deep in a flood of ill-feeling. Off and on there little outbursts of allegiance to the stout little captain of the steam yacht "Dream," occurred between the navigator's real wife and Mr. McBeath's life partner, and this last occasion which was aired in the courts this week was only another.

While the mistress of the Worden household was holding the McBeath home in a state of siege under the impression that her erring husband was within, the lord of the manor appeared on the scene and asked the reason for her prowling around his place. Mrs. W. said she had every reason to believe her husband was in the house with his (McBeath's) wife, and here is where the strange part of the affair comes in. Enraged, at what he termed meddling in his domestic affairs, McBeath actually kicked the Captain's wife, and his appearance before the local judge, was the next act. He paid \$20 for his little amusement and is said to be still sharing his wife's affections with another. The whole case is unique, especially the attitude of Mr. McBeath who not only refused the help of his rival's wife to bring about a reconciliation of the two households, but sought to chastise her for seeking out the perfections of her husband.

HIS LATEST PERFORMANCE.
Postmaster Hanington Cruelly Strikes a Little New-boy.

Little Willie Dodge has a grievance against Postmaster Hanington, not so great perhaps as others have had at various times but still sufficiently serious to make Willie feel that he was unjustly, not to say cruelly, treated by the postmaster.

A few days ago a number of newboys congregated around the post office, always a busy spot in the late afternoon, and one where newboys often reap a harvest. It is almost utterly impossible to keep the youngsters quiet and they were having an especially lively time of it, and ear splitting cries of "Globe! Gazette! Latest from the war," resounded on every side. It was only harmless fun though on the part of the boys, and nobody thought of interfering or trying to stop the racket until the postmaster happened along and decided that it must be stopped. He ordered the boys away and most of them moved on. Little Willie Dodge, however, saw no reason to leave for he had been silent through it all; standing a little apart he had said nothing, but sold a paper whenever he could. He therefore did not think he was included in Mr. Hanington's gruff invite, so remained where he was.

The postmaster was evidently anxious to get at somebody for he made a dive at Master Dodge and gave him a good sound slap across the face. Those who saw the affair say the assault was cruel and wholly unwarranted, and, later, the lad's father was advised to take legal proceedings against Mr. Hanington. He did not wish to do this, however, and decided to let the matter drop.

A Regrettable Difference.
The residences on Chipman hill which have been recently selected as a boarding house conducted on the plan laid down by the Kings Daughters, has been the scene of a disagreement which is somewhat dis-

couraging to those who wish the new venture the success that it deserves. The housekeeper, Mrs. Hall, finding that she could not agree with the managing committee, or at least some members of it sent in her resignation, but for some reason or other reconsidered her decision and withdrew the same, it is said, before any action was taken. Now the committee desire that the resignation shall take effect and Mrs. Hall objects. The end of the difficulty is not yet. Legal advice has been sought and unless wise council is taken the matter may come into court.

A SERIES OF MISFORTUNES.
The Mishaps That Have Felled the Blackball Business This Summer.

One of the oldest and best known businesses in St. John met with a disaster Thursday night that will probably mean the end of it. Few people in the province who travelled at all were not familiar with the name of Blackball.

"Blackball's livery" and "Blackball's stable" were familiar phrases in the city while old travellers when they arrived at the station, or wharf thought of nobody else but Blackball to drive them to their hotel or residence.

Changes have taken place in recent years. The head of the concern, Mr. Michael Blackball, who was always a vigorous man, became a feeble one, hardly able to move about. He had the same spirit and energy as before but lacked the physical strength necessary to carry out his ideas. Still his stable was well conducted and when he journeyed to Queens County early this summer on a business trip he had no idea that he had seen his stable for the last time. He came home in his coffin, having been found dead in bed in the house where he stopped.

Misfortunes they say do not come singly. This was true in again for only a short time ago Robert Blackball, who was the principal man about the place after Michael's death, was kicked in the face by a horse. One eye was taken out by the doctor and now PROGRESS understands the other will have to go as well.

The last misfortune was the destruction of the stable by fire. Six horses perished in the flames two of which belonged to Dr. McLaren and T. L. Bourke. Most of the carriages and sleighs were saved but the old stand is gone and it is not probable that the travelling public will ever hear again the well known name of Blackball when they reach station or wharf.

FAULT FINDERS AFTER A FIRE.
People who Criticize the Firemen and Salvage Corps at Recent Fires.

There have been three big fires in St. John since Friday week—one at the Peter's tannery which destroyed that industry and several small houses, the second at Blackball's stable and the third in the North End when the Carpenter house was burned.

It will naturally be supposed that the firemen had plenty to do and the Salvage corps was not idle. Still in spite of their efforts one has only to listen to hear a lot of complaints—the most of them without reason, but some of them just.

One man growled because the firemen refused to wander through the tannery ruins and risk falling into the vats when in their opinion there was need of it; another could not see why the fire was not fought from the side where his house was and so on and so on.

There seems to have been some confusion when the furniture was moved from the houses on Union street and some of that which was taken out has not been recovered. One man said that a bed room set which he had paid a good deal of money for had gone from one of his rooms and he could not find it.

Mr. John Peters was a heavy loser. Even the jewelry of his wife and a valuable fur saccie or cape were lost. He had no insurance on his furniture but there was \$800 on the piano which was saved.

There will always be fault finders with the Salvage corps and the firemen, but those who talk about them would not do as well in their places. It is true that more care might be exercised by the Salvage corps at times. There were too many strangers in the houses at that fire and insufficient guards upon the furniture after it was taken out of the houses.

The Phantom Yacht.

Written by Charles McIntyre.

An August day in the year 1796. In a cove a few miles from the mouth of the Ste. Jean River is an Indian village, consisting of a dozen or more wigwams scattered irregularly over a sloping hillside. In the door of the largest wigwam stands its owner, dressed in the warpaint of his kind, shading his eyes with his hand and looking away down river.

Boom! A cannon shot sounds o'er the quiet waters and reverberates among the hills, frightening the birds from their nests and the foxes from their lairs. A crowd of Indians tumble hastily from their dwellings and form in little knots, discussing in their guttural dialect the spectacle before them. Up the river come two vessels. One, the smaller, schooner rigged, is evidently being chased, as she comes flying on with every stitch of canvas set and barely half a mile between her and her pursuer. At her masthead flies the white flag of France, while at that of her pursuer a black flag flutters, threatening and sullen.

Nearer and nearer comes the pirate, till at last her broadside sweeps the schooner's deck. The mainmast totters, swerves wildly then falls with a terrible crash. The wheel is evidently rendered useless, as she seems to be unmanageable and drifts to leeward entirely at the mercy of the foe. On comes the pirate till close aboard the schooner when she is holed and a boat lowered, filled with a crew of swarthy looking men, who pull quickly toward the schooner. They are met by a volley of musketry from the crew of men who compose the schooner's crew. A man or two is seen to drop from his seat but the rest still press on and swarm up the bow chains. Here the crew have gathered and armed with cutlasses and pistols seem determined to sell their lives dearly. Again and again a pirate gains a footing on the deck only to fall by the sword or a shot from one of its brave defenders. One by one the pirates fall with wildly staring eyes and hands madly clutching the air, into the water below, or cling disabled to the chains. But Alas! It is all in vain, the deck of the pirate swarms with scores more of these murderers, and others seeing the first boatloads discomfited, are already rowing quickly toward the stern; over the sides, from all quarters they come, and one by one the noble handful, fighting in despair till the last, are surrounded, and with a few long drawn death cries of rage and agony, all is over.

Night is fast falling and already the stars are beginning to appear, when the pirates after hastily looting the vessel, sail away back whence they came. In the gathering darkness a group of Indians sit stoically watching the ill fated schooner and the fast disappearing pirate, and when the latter is safely out of sight launch their canoes to paddle off to the scene of tragedy, when suddenly a loud explosion retards the air, an angry red flush and a cloud of thick black smoke rolls up from the schooner. The remaining mast falls, and she settles slowly, bow first, beneath the waves, leaving the waters of the river rippling over the spot as peacefully as before.

A century has passed. Again the same river but how changed the surroundings. White men now tread where the Indian once hunted the red deer to its leafy lair, and the spot where the Indian village had stood, is now occupied by prosperous looking cottages. On the exact spot where the Indian had stood on that eventful night a century ago, a man clad in a white duck yachting suit now stands hailing his yacht, which is one of a score or more of trim little yachts rising and falling gently at their buoys a few hundred yards from the shore. O some of them their crews are busy preparing the evening meal while on shore the snug little club house is gay with bunting and white suits. Tomorrow is the club anniversary, the gala day of the season and among other things the final race in a cup series will be sailed. All day the yachtsmen have been busy getting their respective yachts in racing trim and many a jest is exchanged by the rival crews as they rest after the days work.

But a sudden interest is manifested in the appearance of a sail away down river. The yachtsmen scan her closely as she comes flying toward them. "A big boat that!" says Murray the owner of the "Mavourneen." Then suddenly Winston leaned forward and touched him on the shoulder. Murray looked at him in

amazement, as he gazed at the opening sail with white face and protruding eyes. "What is it Win, old man, are you ill?" he said, putting his hand on Winston's shoulder. "No," said the other, in a changed hollow voice, "she's sailing fair in the winds eye."

She was. The wind blew as it had blown all day, a good breeze down river. She sailed straight up as if she had half a gale behind her. The other yachtsmen had by this time noticed the miracle as could easily be seen by their excited looks and gestures. On came the strange sail till at last she was in plain view. A long rakish looking craft painted pure white, schooner rigged and of a last century model. Then suddenly there is the roar of a single cannon shot, then the crash of a broadside, the mainmast totters and falls with a crash and the schooner drifts an unmanageable wreck. The spectators almost hold their breath, as after the interval of a few seemingly neverending minutes there is a volley then a scattered fire of musketry and pistols. Then the crew rush forward, but horror of horrors, where their faces should, have been only the bleached bones showed, glistening and horrible. Then follows the clashing of arms. The crew scatter and fight invisible enemies in different parts of the schooner. Then one by one they fall, and with a few blood curdling yells all is still. Then a flash of red fire, a cloud of thick black smoke followed by a loud explosion, the remaining spar falls, and the vessel settles slowly, bow first, beneath the waves. Each yachtsman looks at his neighbor his face pale with terror. "A phantom" muttered some. "The flying Dutchman" whispered others, and then a silence more eloquent than any words could have been, settled throughout the little fleet. From time to time someone would get up from where he sat, look all around in a dazed fashion as if awaking from a terrible dream, press his hand to his forehead as if doubtful of his sanity, then sit down again with

a look of dumb dread in his eyes.

Night was fast settling down, and with it came the strains of the orchestra from the club house, now brilliantly illuminated. "They couldn't have seen it," was the general remark. And quickly the word was passed along the yachts. "Say nothing of the phantom," then all went slowly ashore to the reception arranged for the evening at the club house to dance all evening and far into the night with heavy hearts and forebodings of evil.

The morning broke sultry and calm, but before the hour of starting a fresh breeze had sprung up and when the signal gun rang out ten yachts crossed the line very close together, shaking out their spinnakers in great white clouds as they flew. The water gurgled and hissed at their bows, their smooth white sides glistened in the sun as they flew over the sunlit waves, and in the excitement of the moment their crews forgot the ghastly occurrence of the night before. Slowly the yachts strung out with the "Mavourneen" in the lead drawing away from the others, until within a half mile of the turning buoy the wind suddenly died out leaving the yachts bobbing up and down on the glassy swell with their crews lying idly on the deck gazing hopefully in every direction for the long black line which tells a rising breeze. The turning point was marked by a white flag placed a few hundred yards from the shore where a cliff towers straight up for a distance of five hundred feet, casting a black shadow on the water. The yachts had already entered this shadow, when without a moments warning a terrific squall came tearing over the mountain roughing the water as it came, and striking the yachts with tremendous force. But quick as was the squall still quicker were the yachtsmen and before the squall reached them their sheets were eased and spinnakers taken. Away they flew before the gale with their light sails already torn to ribbons, their masts bending like bows, and every strand of rigging strained to its utmost. "Lower away the mainsail!" was the general order, but the wind baffled in every direction and it was impossible to execute the order. Most of the yachts had lowered their sails but being unable to get them on deck they were quickly tearing to pieces.

The "Mavourneen's" crew had evidently got their balyards tangled as their sails were still at full hoist, until when flying at race horse speed over the spot where the

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phantom had disappeared the night before another and heavier squall broke over the yachts with terrible fury. The "Mavourneen's" mast already bending like a fishing rod, cracked then fell bringing a cloud of canvas with it and completely covering the three men comprising her crew. The mast held by the rigging, the yacht plunged forward like a wounded deer driving the mast through her starboard bow and tearing a hole through which the water rushed like a cataract. The little yacht filled rapidly. Murray, the steersman, rushed forward trying frantically to disentangle his comrades from the pile of canvas. The wind lifted one end of the mainsail, flung it over Murray, who was stooping on the deck, and he too was caught in its death dealing meshes, and in this way these four, who had weathered so many squalls, had sailed so oft together through numberless storms and calms, went down together in the yacht they loved to a watery grave, while from the shore those they watched them go to their doom unable to do anything but gaze in speechless horror. Meanwhile the other yachts, unable to help save by throwing life belts, sped away ashore making straight for the beach as their only salvation as all knew it would be useless to try to anchor in the teeth of that terrible gale. One by one they struck, driving their keels far into the mud, and rolling over on their sides. Quickly the crews waded ashore to find the party so gay but an hour before stupefied at the enormity of the terrible calamity which had befallen them. Here and there a sister or mother, sweetheart or wife, wrung her hands and moaned in her grief. Some of the more hopeful ones launched a boat and rowed as quickly as possible against the heavy sea and the furious gale, to the scene of the accident, thinking to rescue any who might still be afloat, but long before that time the hearts of their comrades on board the little "Mavourneen" had ceased to beat.

Then followed an hour of weary waiting and at the end of that time the wind having abated, the grappling party rowed

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silently forth on their gloomy errand. One by one the boats rowed back each bearing its ghastly burden. In the stern of the last boat lay Murray, who had stood only a short hour ago steering his boat to victory. Silent and still he lay now, his white suit dripping and muddy, his eyes staring and wild and his hair hanging bedraggled over his face. And by his side lay a grim memento of the awful death which had overtaken the "Mavourneen" and her crew. A section of a vessel's stern, rotten and covered with seaweed, which had been brought up by one of the grapples, and which is still fastened to the wall of the club house hung with black crepe and surmounted with the "Mavourneen's" pennant.

On this section is carved in deep mud encrusted letters, "Bon Ami Boulogne."



THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

Music and The Dr.

FOXES AND UMBRELLAS

Harry Graboff, a boy of creditable recital on Oct. 10th Hall.

Mark Homburg, the pianist, made his American debut on Nov. 3, under the direction of Victor Thrane.

Clara Butt, the English organist, a highly successful American Mendelssohn Hall on Oct. 10th.

Lotta Mills and Leo Stern. Mills Terina, Susan St. Mantali, Ernest Van Dyck, Muhlmann arrived from Europe to join the Maurice Grau Opera.

Emma Calve's voice failing Carmen in St. Louis. She continued in the opera.

Madame Baermeister singing notes for her. Suzanne Adher in Faust on Friday. She expects to reappear this week, after a few days of rest.

Mathilde Marchesi in her lectures refers occasionally to distinguished singers who were as a rule these are only the names who figure in her interest.

Emma Nevada's story is interesting by her former teacher, who her and another pupil named Boutchoff, who has fallen into the same fate as the lot of most whose names are mentioned and Music.

Verdi, who completed his year on Oct. 10, is to receive the Order of the Annunziata King, and will thus become a King, as that order confers title on all its members. Verdi, who described as tall, thin and with long curls falling over his first two operas were almost

he had to give music and singing to keep himself alive. He would never write another note he read the libretto of Mabo manager thrust into his unwilling music rushed into his head like

He was driven by inspiration again, and in Mabooco there is finest music he ever wrote. It is never given. It would be present generation. To show operas will take sometimes, R had Don Pasquale and L'Elisir at the Costanzi Theatre, and it crowded every night.

Mark Homburg, who made his first appearance in New York Boston Symphony Orchestra Russian and is said to be old, although he looks nearer his awkward, rather boyish traces of his youth are still

is short, broad shouldered and the possession of great physical strength. Says the Sun after he had his first appearance, he walked without ease or grace to the stage, bowed abruptly to the audience then disappeared at a gain near as some of his tempi. His straight hair falls over his brow

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Music and The Drama

Harry Graboff, a boy pianist, gave a creditable recital on Oct. 27 at Mendelssohn Hall.

Mark Homberg, the young Russian pianist, made his American debut in Boston on Nov. 3, under the management of Victor Thraue.

Clara Butt, the English contralto, made a highly successful American debut at Mendelssohn Hall on Oct. 25, assisted by Lotta Mills and Leo Stern.

Milka Ternina, Susan Strong, Eugenia Mantelli, Ernest Van Dyck, and Adolph Muhlmann arrived from Europe last week to join the Maurice Grau Opera company.

Emma Calve's voice failed while singing Carmen in St. Louis on Wednesday. She continued in the part however, Madame Bauermeister singing the high notes for her. Susanne Adams replaced her in Faust on Friday. Madame Calve expects to reappear this week in Louisville, after a few days of rest.

Mathilde Marchesi in her book of recollections refers occasionally to the few distinguished singers who were her pupils, as a rule these are only the mediocrities who figure in her interesting chatter.

Verdi, who completed his eighty sixth year on Oct. 10, is to receive the collar of the Order of the Annunziata from the King, and will thus become a cousin of the King, as that order confers that honor on all its members.

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FOR GOLF RASH Hot Rash, indigestion, itching, irritations and chafings, undue or offensive perspiration, and many other sensitive uses, nothing so cooling, purifying, and refreshing as a bath with CUTICURA SOAP, followed in the severer forms by gentle anointings with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and preserver of emollients.

Honors. The teacher's method of indicating great interest in him was curious. Pupils are accustomed to pay after every lecture by dropping the money in a plate set out to receive it. Lechititzky is said to have accepted payment from him during the period of his tuition and to have returned the money afterward.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Real Widow Brown was one of the brightest things that has visited St. John for a long time and the four performances were very well attended and much enjoyed. The male members of the organization were particularly good in their various roles, and there was a wealth of specialties in the way of really excellent dancing and singing.

Today the great attraction at the theatre will be Lewis Morrison's Faust, which will be given a matinee and evening performance. The prices for the former are lower than any to which Faust has ever been played here by Morrison and the admission fee of 25 cents makes it possible for almost any one to see the magnificent scenic and electrical production. It is more than likely the evening performance will be largely attended.

Miss Anglin is meeting with much success as Mimi with Henry Miller in The Only Way and shares the laurels of the star according to the dramatic critics. She recently met with a most serious accident during a performance, but in the most courageous way went on with her part. She was unable to play for a day or two but has quite recovered.

Beginning on Monday evening the Robinson Opera company will play a two weeks engagement here. Today they finish a three weeks sojourn in Halifax where in all that time they played to large and enthusiastic audiences. The company is well balanced and the work of the principals above the average. It is to be hoped that their stay here will be as profitable to them, as it will no doubt be pleasant for their patrons.

Watkin Mills recital which took place on Thursday evening was too late for any notice in this department. At the time of writing the prospects for a good audience are very encouraging.

James Young will begin his tour in Lord Byron, January 1.

Juliette de Grignan has resigned from The Ladder of Life.

Minnie Seligman has resigned from the cast of 'In Paradise,' and has returned to New York.

H. S. Taylor filed a petition in bankruptcy last Thursday, with liabilities of \$19,648.98.

Walker Whiteside will star again this season in Shakespearean plays, having resigned from Ben Hur.

Joseph Haworth has been engaged by Fred C. Whitney to originate the role of Marcus in Quo Vadis.

Richard Mansfield has announced that he will revive Yorick's Love during his forthcoming engagement in New York.

Emma Nevada will be the principal feature of the inaugural programme at the new Odeon Theatre, St. Louis, on Nov. 24.

Joseph Jefferson's annual engagement in New York will occur at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in April, for three weeks.

Augustus Pitou, Jr., resigned his position as business manager of Zorah last week, to assume a like position with The Gunner's Mate.

Henry E. Dixey has been secured to play David Garrick in Stuart Robson's production of Augustus Thomas's new comedy, Oliver Goldsmith.

Adele Ritchie has signed to play in Three Little Lambs the role for which she was originally engaged long since but which she had resigned.

Florence Rockwell has been engaged by Stuart Robson as leading woman, succeeding Maria Burroughs, who will retire from the stage upon her marriage.

Net C. Goodwin was taken ill on Thursday in Cincinnati and was unable to play. The Grand Opera House was closed. Mr. Goodwin reappeared on Friday.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, arrived from Europe last week. His new story, 'In Old Madrid,' will be dramatized for Viola Allen by Lorimer Stoddard.

Cicis Lupus has been obliged to contradict the rumor which has been current for several days that she is to marry Laurence Irving, a son of Sir Henry Irving.

Edward J. Morgan has been engaged to play the title-role in the production of Ben

THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN Millinery



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Hur, a role for which it was announced originally that Walker Whiteside has been cast.

Loie Arnold, who retired from the stage several years ago, making Denver, Col., her home, has returned to New York and will again take up a professional career.

Della Fox, who has been seriously ill, steadily improved in health last week, and is now reported to be convalescent. Her mother, Mrs. Harriet A. Fox, is very ill at her home in St. Louis.

Adelaida Bernardini is one of the very female playwrights of Italy. Her one-act drama, Fulvia Tei, is being played with great success by the talented young Italian actress, Teresina Franchini.

Guy F. Steely's new farce, Hunting for Hawkins, was tried at a special midnight performance at the Columbia Theatre, Chicago, on Nov. 3, Eddie Girard and Edward Garvie heading the cast.

May Irwin and W. A. Brady peacefully settled last week certain difficulties alleged to have arisen over a song that Miss Irwin sings, but which Mr. Brady claimed as his property. The song is called 'What Did Mary Do?'

S. E. Gross, the Chicago man who thinks that Cyrano de Bergerac intrudes on a play copyrighted by him, has brought a second suit against Richard Mansfield, alleging now that \$50,000 are due to him for royalties.

The Earl of Yarmouth has adopted the stage name Eric Hope, and will appear in the farce Make Way for the Ladies, to be presented at the Madison Square Theatre on Nov. 20. He was made a member of the Lambs' Club on Thursday.

Kudyard Kipling, it has been discovered, once appeared as an actor, playing Sir Anthony Absolute in the Rivals at a performance given at the United College, Westward Ho, on Dec. 20, 1881. The present story writer and versifier was then seventeen years of age.

General Sir Redvers Buller, now in command of the English forces in South Africa is said to be quite a clever amateur actor. His talent in this direction may come in handy, in case he should be forced to make a quick exit, while Oom Paul takes the centre of the stage.

Oscar Hammerstein announces that when he has completed his newest theatre, ground for which was broken last week, he will begin the construction of an immense house, to be devoted to grand opera, which will be a more costly and magnificent structure than anything of the kind now in this country.

Sarah Truax is preparing to star next season in a repertoire of standard and classic plays, in which she will appear as Juliet, Parthenia, Rosalind, and possibly as Magda. An English actor, whose name is kept secret, has been engaged for leading man. The company will open in New York in the Autumn.

The trustees of the Shakespeare Birthplace at Stratford have appointed William Baker, the only son of the late Mrs. Mary Baker, to succeed her as custodian of Anne Hathaway's cottage. Mr. Baker is said to be a descendant of Anne Hathaway, and the cottage has been continuous-

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ly occupied by that family since its original occupant's time.

Norman Hapgood, dramatic critic of the Commercial Advertiser, is writing his view of the new productions for The Bookman.

'The most pleasant gathering I ever remember,' writes the New York Mirror's correspondent in London, 'was the farewell to Sir Henry Irving and company on their embarking from London for your hospitable shores. Of course I do not mean to say that we were pleased to part with Irving, for where is the man, past or present, who has done more—if so much—to achieve honor and renown for that art which he loves so ardently and follows so enthusiastically? What I mean to say is that everybody concerned with this gathering was most cordially and sympathetically in unison with one another. We all knew from past experience that our leading actor-manager was sure of a warm welcome and of a big success on your side, but naturally we were all disinclined to part with him, not only as an actor, but as friend, even for so short a period. The final leave taking when we parted from the Marquette, after steaming down with it as far as Tilburg Fort, will not readily be forgotten among those concerned. As our tender left the huge liner both Irving's party, sixty strong, and ours, which numbered perhaps a hundred, burst forth into the strains of 'Auld Lang Syne,' running anon into 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' and culminating in our national anthem, sandwiched with certain matches of national airs of your own. Forwent cries on both sides of 'God bless you' rose upon the air as Marquette steamed off, Irving, Ellen Terry, and the staff and company waving their adieux as each party finally lost sight of the other.

Companion Stories for 1900.

The stories published in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION portray the manly and womanly virtues with no sacrifice of interest or vitality, and they appeal to the sympathies of old and young alike. During 1900 THE COMPANION will offer special series of stories—among them being stories of Former Political Campaigns and Adventures of Linemen.

Besides these there will be a score of stories for girls by such writers as Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, Margaret Deland, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edith Wharton, Kate Chopin and Margaret Sangster. There will be four serial stories—'A Prairie Infanta,' by Eva Wilder Brodhead; 'Running a Merry-Go Round' by Charles Adams; 'The Schoolhouse Farthest West,' by C. A. Stephens; and 'Cushing Brothers,' by Ray Stannard Baker. In addition there will be two hundred other short stories by the most gifted of American writers of fiction.

All new subscribers will receive THE COMPANION for the remaining weeks of 1899 free from the time of subscription, and then for a full year, fifty-two weeks, to January 1, 1901; also the COMPANION'S new Calendar for 1900, suitable as an ornament for the prettiest room in the house.

Illustrated Announcement Number containing a full prospectus of the volume for 1900 will be sent free to any address. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION 203 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Thanksgiving Number.

The Thanksgiving Number of the Saturday Evening Post, in its stories, poems, pictures and general articles, will be the most attractive number of the magazine yet issued.

In this number Robert W. Chambers has a seasonable out-of-door story, entitled 'The Hunter'—the romance of a poacher's pretty daughter. Other features are: Edwin Markham's latest poem, 'The Lyric Seer'; 'An Electrical Transaction'—a tale of the Transvaal War by Robert Barr; 'At Dawn' by Octave Thanet, and 'The Minister's Henhouse,' a droll story by C. B. Loomis.

Two notable articles in this number are 'Lincoln as Candidate and President,' by his old friend and political ally, Colonel A. K. McClure, and 'Our New Prosperity,' by Frank A. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

The Thanksgiving Number of the Saturday Evening Post will be on all newsstands November 23.

Brave Horsemanship.

Monsieur De Pages, in his 'Travels Round the World' relates an extraordinary instance of courage and endurance on the part of a man and his horse. It occurred at the Cape of Good Hope. The writer would have found the story hard of belief, he says, only that he arrived there on the day after the event occurred, and saw the vehement emotions of sympathy, blended with admiration, which it had excited in the mind of every person at the Cape. During a violent gale, a vessel in the roads dragged her anchors and was driven on the rocks. Most of the crew were seen washed overboard and drowned, but some were

Advertisement for Baby's Own Soap. He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert". Baby's Own Soap. It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing. Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

described from the shore, clinging to the wreck. The sea ran high, and the waves broke with such fury on the doomed vessel that no boat could venture out to the work of rescue. Meanwhile a farmer considerably advanced in years, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the tragedy. His heart melted at the sight, and knowing the spirit of his horse and its wonderful strength and endurance as a swimmer, he determined to attempt a rescue. He blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, and pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both man and beast disappeared, but they came in sight again and were seen swimming near the wreck. Then, after a period of great anxiety, they reappeared near the shore, struggling with the breakers. Shouts of joy went up when it was found that two sailors were clinging to the rider's boots and had been safely landed. Seven times the perilous trip to the wreck was made, and fourteen lives were saved. On the eight trip, horse and rider being well nigh spent, a formidable wave broke over them, and the farmer lost his balance, fell, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The gallant horse swam safely to land, but his brave rider was no more.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. Unparalleled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Itches, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Ulcers, Eczema, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s 1/4d. each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application.

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the outdoor sport in which ages may engage and find children, with sets of clubs toys, can potter about with their elders. They sards merely, over which sends the ball soaring far man readily acquire a fair men who play with the best daily match on the links. game for all that is in it, report, the golfer must be. To win a golf cham-muscular powers as severe succos on the cinder path field, while as a proof of self concentration of the led to tax the nerves as a steecplechase or to gallop enough a melee at polo.

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Stock Pictures.

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In Your Books? on sent them to us. d, neckbands replaced, B-st laundry in town. Dyeing and Carpets to 34 Waterloo street.

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sb't' is the title of Ed- est poem. A dose of at have prevented it.



The latter part of last week Mrs. Henry Rankins gave a most charming tea which was largely attended; the brightly decorated cosy rooms was an attractive place for the ladies, and they lingered, many of them, beyond the conventional time, enjoying the graceful hospitality of the hostess who was assisted in her duties by Mrs. Harding and Mrs. Haskin who dispensed tea while Mrs. King presided over the coffee urn. Mrs. R. K. Jones, Mrs. Magee, Mrs. Puddington, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. F. Peters also assisted the hostess in various ways in entertaining and looking after the guests, among whom were the following:

Mrs. D. P. Chisholm who has been confined to her residence through severe illness is slightly better though still unable to be out.

Miss Gilbert and Miss Pugsley went to Bathurst this week to be present at the marriage of Miss Bishop of that town to Mr. Evans of Montreal which took place this week.

Miss Frances Travers left Monday evening for New York where she will spend a few days before beginning her tour under the management of Mr. Young. The numerous friends of the talented young vocalist will watch her career with much interest.

Mrs. James Stratton, formerly of this city but now of Ottawa, is spending a month at Clifton Springs for the benefit of her health, which her friends here will regret to learn is not as good as could be desired.

Dr. R. F. Quigley returned Tuesday from Ottawa.

Mr. Wallace Caver of Lower Grandville, N. S. arrived here this week and will spend the winter with friends.

Col. Tucker, M. P. returned Tuesday from a brief visit to St. Martins.

Miss May Bourke left this week for a visit to Miss Sharpe of Halifax.

The ladies of St. John the Baptist church held a most successful sale and tea in McLachlan's hall this week, the attendance nightly being very large.

There was a short musical programme each evening; and supper was served from five o'clock. The hall was prettily decorated the various tables looked bright and attractive. The ladies in charge were as follows:

Casine—Mrs. M. Coady, Mrs. Thos. Johnston, Mrs. Horsley and Miss Burke.

Supper tables—Mrs. Sarah O'Connor and Mrs. Katie Ritchie, assisted by Misses Kate Sullivan, Nellie Tuxter, Nellie Ritchie, Josie Blie, Maggie Ritchie, Florrie McManis, Katie Lowe, Francis Coady, Alice Kirk, Emma Kirk, Teresa McParland, Kate McParland, Minnie McCarthy, and Forrie Pyne.

Ice cream parlor—Mrs. James Ryan, Miss Minnie Smyth, Nellie Ryan, Annie McManus and Grace Collins.

National table—Mrs. James H. Doody, Mrs. W. J. Colston, Miss Teresa Doody, Annie McDermott and Lillie McCarty.

The Klunkye—Miss Ada Baxter and Nora Ritchie.

Weights and measures—Misses Nellie Rodriguez and Nellie Reed.

Candy table—Misses Annie and Aggie Burns.

On Monday a number of ladies assembled at the Customs house to prepare the boxes that were sent to the New Brunswick boys in the Transvaal and which will give them a pleasant surprise on Christmas day. The boxes contained many delicacies which will be greatly appreciated by the soldier boys. The ladies who gave their time in making up the boxes were:

Lady T. Healy, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mrs. Joseph Allison, Mrs. R. K. Lie Jones, Mrs. C. deForest, Miss Dora, Mrs. H. H. McLean, Miss Markham, Miss Furlong, Mrs. E. Sears, Mrs. Racine, Mrs. Chas. F. Harrison, Mrs. George West Jones, Miss H. Walker, Mrs. S. D. Scott, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, Mrs. O. H. Warwick, Miss Toller.

Miss Puddington, Mrs. Graham. Mr. A. P. Cripp M. P. for Diaby was in St. John the first of the week on his way from Ottawa.

Miss Alice McGregor of German Street left the beginning of the week for Nova Scotia where she will spend the winter.

Miss Nellie Gordon of Quebec is the guest of city friends for a few weeks after which she will go to Fredericton for the winter.

Mrs. Fred F. Graham and her sister Miss Willie of Providence R. I. spent a day or two here this week en route to Halifax where they will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Graham, of Paradise Row, were surprised on Monday evening by a number of friends calling to congratulate them upon the tenth anniversary of their marriage. The evening was pleasantly spent and before the departure of the guest Mr. and Mrs. Graham were presented with a handsome mirror.

During the week the ladies have had sufficient to take up their time; and this, beginning with the work on the soldiers Christmas gifts at the Custom House on Monday. Later an entirely new project claimed their attention, which has for its object the formation of a branch of the Soldiers League of which Miss Hutton, wife of General Hutton, is president. For this end a meeting was held Wednesday morning at the residence of Mrs. George W. Jones, German street. There were present, Mrs. H. E. McLean, Mrs. W. W. White, Mrs. Thomas Walker, Mrs. J. W. Daniel and Mrs. S. T. Sturdee.

Last evening a public meeting of ladies interested in the club was held in the rooms of the Facillier club, Charlotte street, for the purpose of organization.

Miss Nellie Williams of Annapolis is here on a visit to relatives.

C. B. Lockhart, ex M. P. P. and Mrs. Lockhart of the west end returned from a visit to New York last Saturday.

An enjoyable little party was given by Miss Coleman of Metcal street, last Monday evening to about thirty of her friends. The guests were entertained in a very hospitable manner and the amusement of the evening consisted of cards, music and dancing.

The City Cornet Band celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by a smoker last Wednesday evening at their rooms on King street east. The evening was spent in the way usual at such gatherings, and the gentlemen present, say a particularly pleasant time was enjoyed.

A very select and representative audience attended the Wainik Mills concert at the opera house on Thursday evening and listened with delight to the work of the famous English basso. His various numbers received the most enthusiastic applause and from the beginning of the programme until the end the most intense enjoyment was visible. The programme was as follows:

PART I. Cello solo—Hungarian Dance.....Fischer Healy S. Saunders.

Song—Deign Apollo (Ruin of Athens).....Handel and Al—O. Riddler than the Cherry (Aeolus and Galatea).....Schumann

Song—The Two Grandchildren.....Schumann

Song—I'm a Roamer (Son and Stranger).....Mendelssohn

Song—The Carlew.....Watkin Mills.

Cello solo—Romance.....Carl Bohn Henry S. Saunders.

PART II. Song—(a) The Sailor's Grave.....Sullivan (b) The Windmill.....H. H. Nelson (c) Three Jacobite Bards.....

(1) There'll be Peace..... (2) Here's to the King..... (3) He's Owe the Hills.....

(4) The Bachee.....Mouk Gould Watkin Mills.

Cello Solo—(a) Barcarole.....Godard (b) Spinning Song.....Popper Henry S. Saunders.

Song—(e) False Phillis (old English melody) arranged by.....H. Lane Wilson (f) Richard of Tonnton Dere (Somersetshire folk song) arranged by.....Molloy (g) The Old Field Shawl.....Battison Haynes (h) The March of the Cameron Men.....

Watkin Mills. Mrs. Percy Gilmore of St. Stephen recently visited friends here.

Mrs. George J. Clarke and Mrs. W. B. Ganong, of the St. Croix are spending a few days here.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Pa. guess is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. E. Wall, T. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at G. P. Treat's.]

Nov. 16—J. Edwin Ganong returned on Monday from a trip to the Pacific coast.

from an attack of bronchitis. Mrs. Geo. J. Chalk and Mrs. W. B. Ganong have gone to St. John for a few days.

Miss Jean Sprague is visiting Miss Gretchen Vroom.

The announcement has been received here of the marriage of Miss Ellen Chipman Begg and Ralph J. Messinger, New York, October the 31st. Mrs. Messinger is the eldest daughter of Rev. Dr. Begg a former pastor of St. Stephen's presbyterian church in this town.

The engagement is announced of Rev. S. A. Bender, pastor of the meth dist church, Calais and Miss Minnie Taito of Calais.

Miss Agnes Aljar of St. Andrews has been the guest during the week of Mrs. J. Dustin.

Miss Phillips and Miss Sealey of Fredericton are guests of Miss Manner of St. Andrews is the guest of Mrs. Helen Grimmer.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Carran are visiting Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Beard and Miss Berta Smith expect to leave today for Boston, to remain until after Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd and their daughter Mildred went to Boston on Tuesday to remain several days.

Frank Tucker of New Bedford, Mass., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Horton recently.

Miss Maude Bonness is in Providence, Rhode Island, visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Earle of Banzor have been registered at the St. Croix Exchange for several days during the past week.

Mrs. C. H. Clarke is recovering from an illness. Miss Jessie Wall expects to visit Boston at an early date.

G. Durrell Glimmer of St. Andrews was in town last Friday.

David Maxwell, C. E., is in Sydney, C. B., and expects to remain until December.

Miss Ethel Waterbury returned from Fredericton this week.

Mrs. C. O. Barker returned on Saturday from a pleasant trip to Boston.

The Harmony club had a most enjoyable meeting at the residence of John Black on Monday evening. The next meeting of the club will be with Mrs. W. B. Ganong at the Windsor hotel.

Jas. Vroom left on Tuesday for Montreal for a few days visit.

Mrs. John Tucker has been confined to her residence for several days with severe cold and sore throat.

Miss Mollie Maloney has arrived in town and has already begun to organize music classes for the winter.

YARMOU. Nov. 16—Captain and Mrs. David Saunders of Hebron returned from Boston on the Prince Arthur this week.

Capt. Robert K. Kelly of Liverpool, England, arrived this week and is the guest of his brother Mr. Charles R. Kelley.

Miss Alice Johnson of Stanwood's Point, returned from a trip to Boston on the Prince Arthur this week.

Mr. R. G. Hervey arrived from Halifax and went to Shelburne on the Coast railway on Monday night.

Capt. J. A. Farquhar of Halifax, arrived from Boston this morning.

Mrs. F. H. Wilson of Milton returned from Boston Monday morning.

Mrs. Arvine A. Lovitt went to New York Monday week.

GAGETOWN. Nov. 16—Mr. Wm. Hamilton and Master Fred Burpee spent Sunday in Fredericton.

Mrs. Wm. McAllister of Fredericton returned home on Monday.

Advertised by Good Housekeepers.

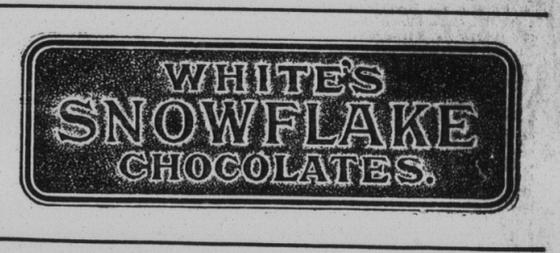
"I find your Soap invaluable for all household purposes."—Mrs. M. A. Bridges, Maryville, N. B.

"We use your Soap altogether and think very highly of it."—Evelyn C. Stuart, Black Brook, N. B.

"I think We'ome Soap is better than any we have ever used; it does not injure my hands like most soaps do."—Mrs. Ernest Williams, Yarmouth Co., N. S.

Can show you hundreds of letters of similar import to above.

CONSEQUENTLY USE Welcome Soap.



Calcium-Nickel Fluoride

FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS

is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry. Manufactured under Mexican patent by THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.

Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Ferro-Nickel Manganese

For Cupola, Crucible or Ladle use is the only low priced but high-grade Alloy that does not convert hard white iron into soft ductile steel castings. A sample keg, 100 pounds, shipped for trial to any responsible foundryman. From the Durango Iron Mountain high-grade Nickel and Manganese under Mexican patents by

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When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE'

(Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

E. G. Scovill, GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

"Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic."

JOHN C. CLOWES.

E. G. SOOVI, 62 Union Street.

Fry's Cocoa advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product's quality and availability.

FOR ADDITIONAL SHORT NEWS, SEE PAGES AND FRONT PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Problems for sale in Halifax by the newsboys... Mrs. (Capt) Taylor, 18 Tobin street, left on the boat on Wednesday to spend the winter in Jamaica...

There was a big audience at the opera Saturday night to see "Billie Taylor"; the Dalhousie students and the Wanders were present in force, and cheered each other between the acts; the performers were red and black and yellow and black ribbons, and the comedians cracked jokes on football...

The marriage of L. J. Heselin and Miss Oland takes place at Dartmouth today. Mrs. Joshua B. Smith, Windsor, is a guest at Mrs. E. D. Blackadar's, Brunswick street. Rev. Alex. Macdonald, well known in this city and the provinces, died recently at Winnipeg; he organized the Book and Tract Society here.

Mr. J. E. Sheehan and A. M. Harrison were married in St. Mary's Cathedral on Thursday morning at 6.30 o'clock. TRURO. [Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Filson, J. M. O'Brien and at Crow's Store.]

Nov. 15.—Mrs. J. J. Snook and the Misses Snook entertained quite a large party for what last night, among whom were—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. McKay, Dr. and Mrs. Y. K. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Goulet, Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, Mathew, Mrs. Yarnon, Miss McKay, Miss Henley, Misses Bligh, Misses Bligh, Miss M. Archibald, Miss Robbins, Miss McLeod, Messrs U. A. Hornsby, A. McDonald, Dr. Muir, G. D. Boss, W. Crowe, W. C. Dincock, H. V. Bigelow, C. R. Coleman, F. C. Cotten, R. Hanson, S. Crowe. Supper, which was very elaborate, was served about twelve.

Mrs. Howard Wetmore, who has been making a prolonged visit with some friends in Woodstock, N. B., returned to town last week, and is a guest at the "Leamont." Mrs. A. K. Archibald, has an afternoon tea, today, and Mrs. Arthur Fleming, has cards out for Friday, for a like function. PSE. DIGBY. Nov. 15.—Mrs. Mumford formerly of Digby, who now resides in Halifax was in Digby this week. Mrs. Thos. Waters left yesterday for Augusta, Me., where she will reside during the winter. Mr. C. DeW. Smith, of the shipping firm of Bennett Smith & Sons, Windsor, N. S., was in town on Wednesday. Mr. Arthur McNabb of England, arrived here this week and left on a shooting trip with his cousin Sheriff Smith. Mr. T. F. Burke of Weymouth, was in town on Wednesday. We understand that Mr. Burke will do business in town the coming summer. Rev. W. L. Parker of Hill Grove, who has been visiting his son, Mr. Albert Parker, and family at Quincy, Mass., returned home on Friday. Mr. Lloyd Gaultier left at the Bank of N. S. Halifax, formerly of Digby has been sent to the West Indies, where he will hold a similar position at the Jamaica branch. Two young gentlemen from Fredericton, Messrs. Randolph and Chestnut were here last week on a shooting trip. They returned home on Saturday with about 25 brace of woodcock. Mrs. Addie Burton accompanied by her daughter Miss Maud, were passengers to Lyra, on Wednesday where they will remain during the winter. Mr. George Adams son of Mr. John Adams, Broad Cove road, returned home this week, accompanied by his sister. Mr. Adams is quite ill, and was obliged to resign his position with the West End Street Railway Co. Mr. Eber Turnbull of the firm of Turnbull & Co., TOUENGA OILED IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Sec. S. W. Grove's signature on each box.

They are noisy but they are nice. Who would exchange the merry noise of children at play, for the childless home where the clock tick can be heard hour after hour in the dull silence? But there are a great many who would like to people the silent home with the children that fate has refused them. Fate is often in this case only another word for ignorance. Many a glad mother dates her happiness from the day she first began the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It often happens that with the cure of female weakness and the establishing of the delicate womanly organs in sound health, the way is opened for the joy of motherhood. "Favorite Prescription" is a specific for the chronic ailments peculiar to women. It cures them perfectly and permanently. No other medicine can do for women so much as "Favorite Prescription." Do not therefore let any other medicine be palmed off on you as "just as good."

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, opium, cocaine or other narcotic. It is strictly a temperance medicine. "I had been a sufferer from uterine trouble for about three years, and the doctors that I consulted said I would have to give birth to children. When about to give up in despair I saw the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's medicine and bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and after taking it felt better than I had for years. It improved before I had taken out-half of the bottle. After taking four and a half bottles I gave birth to a bright baby girl who is now four months old and has not had a day of sickness. She is as bright as can be."

A woman's complexion often suffers because of poisonous accumulations in the system. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets remove these accumulations and cleanse the complexion. They regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. grocers, is very ill at his home on Water street. His son Mr. Percy Turnbull, who has been visiting at Hampton, N. B., was telegraphed for and is now assisting at the store, during the former's illness. Mr. L. H. Snyder who for a number of years has resided at Somerville, Mass., returned to Marshville town last week. Mr. E. W. McBride, editor and manager of the Annapolis Spectator, passed through town on Tuesday en route for Yarmouth, where he and Mrs. McBride had been spending a few days. Mrs. McBride will arrive by the express today and remain at Digby until this evening's train for Annapolis.

WOODSTOCK. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Doane & Co.] Nov. 15.—Mrs. George E. Street, Freque Isle, is on a visit to her old home here. St. Croix Courier—Miss Helena Craig is visiting her parents at Bath, N. B. John Connor is home from his trip to Chicago and other American cities. Miss Mary Melaney arrived from Bangor Wednesday evening on a visit to her home. Rankin Brown was for several days recently the guest of Hon. Judge Stevens, St. Stephen. Gleaner—Mrs. Harry Saunders of Woodstock, is visiting her sister here Mrs. Charles McElbibbon. Herald—Alonso Boyer, of Castleton county, arrived in the city yesterday to attend the University. L. R. McLaren representing St. John's business house spent Sunday in Woodstock. Rev. J. K. Fraser who was the guest of Rev. G. D. Ireland, for several weeks past, returned to St. John on Saturday. The family of Howard Jackson, Campbell, are being congratulated upon the arrival of a seventh son in their home. Mrs. L. R. Hetherington, of Moncton, was called to Hartland, Carleton county, Tuesday, on account of the serious illness of her mother. Rev. D. Fluke, Florenceville, who is taking a post graduate course in Montreal, occupied the pulpit at St. John's Presbyterian church in that city at last services on Sunday last. Rev. Dean Sills formerly of St. Andrews, N. B., and son-in-law of Rev. Canon Ketchum is spoken of as likely to succeed the late Bishop Neely of Maine. Canon Sills has been attached for some years to St. Luke's cathedral Portland. The marriage of James A. Gibson, of the popular jewelry firm of Carr & Gibson, and Miss Lila J. Angherton was celebrated at the residence of the mother of the bride, Mrs. James K. Angherton on Queen street, south, on Wednesday evening, the eight inst., by Ven. Archbishop Neales. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present. Their residence is on Elm street, but Mrs. Gibson will receive at her mother's residence Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Mr. James Chester Lombard of Hamilton and Miss Jennie Vanora McIntyre were married in St. John's church at Richmond Corner, on Thursday, the ninth. The marriage service was celebrated by the pastor of the church, Rev. Henry Montgomery, M. A., rector of Kingsclear, assisted by the Rev. A. W. Todd, M. A., rector of Richmond. After refreshments, served at the residence of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. William McIntyre, the bride and groom started on a tour of the maritime provinces. The bride was the recipient of many very valuable presents. Rev. Henry Montgomery rector of Kingsclear spent a few days at Richmond last week, he returned home Friday. Geo. A. Murchie of Calais, was at the Carlisle, Wednesday. Mrs. G. B. Manser is visiting her parents in Providence, E. I. Mrs. F. McLean and daughter Lucy, arrived home from Boston, Thursday. Miss Mabel Law of Canterbury was the guest of Mrs. Johnson on Tuesday. J. M. Parker, Boston, was at the Aberdeen last week. F. J. Kelly and Geo. B. Niles Houlton, registered at the Carlisle Wednesday. Almon L. Teed, Esq., of St. Stephen was here Friday, at the Carlisle. GRAND FALLS. We notice that Mrs. Osborn Balford has returned from the "Land of the Free" where she has been paying her daughters an extended visit. Her many friends were much pleased to see her on her return. Mr. Charles E. Beckwith a former resident of this place now of Montana is visiting old acquaintances. On Sunday last All Saints church celebrated the

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MAYPOLE SOAP DYES ANY MATERIAL ANY SHADE A PERFECT HOME DYE For sale everywhere FREE book on Home Dyeing by applying to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

few days during the first week in November at Mill. Mrs. A. Shorge has arrived at her home at Avondale from Allston Mass., where she had been visiting her daughter Mrs. Harvey during the summer. Mrs. James G. Chandler and his son Ray, are on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. James E. Thompson, Mrs. Chandler's parents, and will remain all winter. Mrs. Frederick Thompson who had been visiting Mrs. Chandler in Boston returned with them. Mr. Hanson Miller of Avondale, returned home from Los Anos, Cal., last week. During his absence of three years he was much missed by his many friends, who heartily welcome him home. Miss Erika, daughter of Judge Eker, U. S. Consul, left for Farnboro on Saturday to spend a few days with her brother. From thence she will proceed to Boston, and after visiting friends in that city will leave for West Point. It is Miss Eker's intention to visit many friends at Washington in the spring. On Wednesday of last week Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sprott formerly of Oakland, Hants county left for their home in Princeton, Mass., after enjoying a short vacation with their relatives and many friends who were sorry to have them depart so soon. We hope to have them come again when they take a vacation. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Mosher, Avondale, left for St. John on Monday, remaining there until Tuesday night with their son, W. E. Mosher, and then left for Boston to remain there for a week. From thence they will proceed to San Francisco, where they will spend the winter with their son J. A. Mosher. Miss Josie Mosher accompanies her parents on this trip.

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THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. November, 1899.

WRITE FOR IT! New Winter Catalogue

For Season 1899-1900, Just published containing 180 pages fully illustrated. SENT POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS IN CANADA. Drop us a post-card and we will mail you a Catalogue or give you any information you wish. Suppose you write us for samples, just give such hints of your wants as you'd give to a salesperson at the counter and tell us about how much you want to pay. Remember our guarantee is broad. Your MONEY refunded if we FAIL to please you. The Company's system of dealing with Mail Orders is probably the most elaborate in Canada, possessing immense facilities and a perfect organization, that has gained for us the reputation of having The Quickest Mail Order Service in Canada.

Every Lady in the land should know the conveniences and advantages of our mail order system, no matter where you live. Thousands already know its great money saving benefits. Why not you?

Send a Trial Order and you'll be convinced. Illustrated Winter Catalogue mailed Free to any address in Canada. THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St James Street, Montreal.

FREE

But "Worth its Weight in Gold." Free samples of "Victorine" have been distributed from house to house in St. John city. Have you tried yours? If so you know now that

"VICTORINE"

makes clothes white as snow without rubbing. Boiling and rinsing only are required. It cannot hurt either clothes or hands. Contains no strong lye substances, as mostly every other compound.

You can now buy "Victorine," 2 cakes for 5 cents, which will wash four boilers of clothes, at almost any leading store in St. John, Moncton or Fredericton, but if you want to try it do so

At Our Expense.

Send us your name and address on a postal and we will send, postpaid, a working sample of the greatest boon offered to the housewife of late years. W. CRAWFORD GADEN & CO., 257 St. Paul, MONTREAL. P. S.—When writing mention this paper.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. Butoche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butoche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch! At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Agod Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE

PUTTNER'S EMULSION Has special virtue in healing diseased Lungs and restoring flesh and strength to those reduced by wasting disease. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

BEFORE THE D... The use of Tarina is a specific against the disagreeable effects of perspiration. TARINA is thus not only a shampoo soap, making the hair sweet, and allaying scalp irritation, but is an invaluable toilet article every lady should have a cake. 25 cents, at your druggist, or sent on receipt of price. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., P. O. Box 2410, MONTREAL.

MONCTON. [Progress is for sale in Moncton Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones' Nov. 15.—Mr. Oliver Jones, whose life by a very slender thread, for the past passed peacefully away at 8.30 Wednesday, will occasion little surprise, which it was feared would have been of a nature, and only his remarkable constitutionality has kept him alive for the last. Previous to his last illness he had enjoyed health and he felt particularly well in the month. On the day he was stricken with he was around as usual, taking a walk and being out for a drive. For the last hours previous to his death Mr. Jones unconscious state but previously he had had of consciousness and recognized and with old friends who visited him. Mr. H. C. Tait, of Shediac, was in town Tuesday. Officer Barney Dunn, of Halifax, was Wednesday. Mr. H. E. Bray, train dispatcher at St. John is in the city on a few days leave of absence. Mr. C. W. McLean, barrister, of K. who has been spending a month at the Fredericton, left on the Maritime Express night on his return to the west. Mr. very much pleased with the west and with prospects.

FREDERICTON. [Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Fenley and J. H. Hawthorne.] Nov. 14.—The musical club held its first evening of the season last night under a able auspices for a delightful winter's. Several new members were added and sent, among whom were, Mrs. C. H. E. E. Mrs. A. F. Randolph. The hostesses of the evening were, Miss Carman, Miss Clowes Rink, the programme opened with Piano Duet—"In Remembrance"..... Miss Carman and Prof. Bristowe. Song—"A Prayer"..... Mrs. C. H. E. E. Mrs. A. F. Randolph. The hostesses of the evening were, Miss Carman, Miss Clowes Rink, the programme opened with Piano Solo—"Hexentanz"..... D. Song—"The Resurrection Morn"..... Mrs. W. T. H. Fenley. Dharma Ridge..... Theod re Rev. Canon Roberts. Song—"By your Side"..... Miss Gertrude Fenley. Song—"This is My Dream"..... Miss Essie Clowes. Quartette—"Sweet and Low"..... Mrs. Lemont, Mrs. Bristowe, R Canon Roberts, Prof. Bristowe. Piano Solo—"Etude Chopin"..... Prof. Bristowe.

At the finish of the programme a delicious dinner was served. The visitors evening were Mrs. Archie McDonald, Mr. and H. Simonds and Mr. Allen Wilnot. Miss Crosskill of Boston, is the guest Woodbridge and will visit here all winter. Miss Laura Snowball of Chatham, who has here several weeks visiting Mrs. Robert, will go to Ottawa, the guest of Miss Blair. Mrs. E. Byron Wilson was one of the of the week and on Friday gave a very afternoon at home. [Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bishop of New York have, in season their wedding journey through larger parts of Canada, spent a few days at "The Cote" the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Tibbits. The "Lang Syne Whist club" held a very meeting with Mrs. Clifton Taber on Wednesday evening. The prizes were won, ladies T. G. Loggie first, Mrs. Hazen second, Dr. Mrs. Ball and Miss Smith of Woodstock visiting Mrs. Geo. Clark. Mrs. Kingston gave one of her very party luncheons at Botetux House the other day. Mr. A. S. Murray is receiving hearty congratulations on a happy domestic event—a son. Mrs. McKeown is here visiting her daughter

Y CO. LIMITED. November, 1899. R IT! catalogue pages fully illustrated. CANADA. will mail you a Catalogue you wish. samples, just give such give to a salesperson at how much you want to see is broad. ed if we FAIL you. dealing with Mail Orders in Canada, possessing foot organization, that in Canada. niences and advantages Thousands already nvinced. address in Canada. CO. LIMITED. James Street, Montreal.

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MONCTON. [Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweed's Bookstore, M. B. Jones' Bookstore. Nov 16—Mr. Oliver Jones, whose life has hung by a very slender thread for the past two weeks passed peacefully away at 4.30 Wednesday morning, and the news while being heard with general regret, will occasion little surprise. Mr. Jones suffered a severe stroke of paralysis on October 28th which it was feared would have been a termination, and only his remarkable constitution and vitality kept him alive for the last two weeks. Previous to his last illness he had enjoyed the best of health and he felt particularly well the last six months. On the day he was stricken with paralysis he was around as usual, taking a walk down town and being out for a drive. For the last forty-eight hours previous to his death Mr. Jones lay in an unconscious state but previously he had brief periods of consciousness and recognized and conversed with old friends who visited him. Mr. E. C. Tait, of Shediac, was in town this week. Mr. H. C. Barnes, of Salisbury, was in town on Tuesday. Officer Barney Dunn, of Halifax, was in the city Wednesday. Mr. H. H. Bray, train despatcher at Campbellton is in the city on a few days leave of absence. Mr. C. W. McAnn, barrister, of Kaslo, B. C., who has been spending a month at his home in Redwood, left on the Maritime express Tuesday night on his return to the west. Mr. McAnn is very much pleased with the west and with its mining prospects.

FREDERICTON. [Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne. Nov. 14.—The musical club held its first musical evening of the season last night under most favorable auspices for a delightful winter's enjoyment. Several new members were added and were present, among whom were, Mrs. C. H. B. Fisher and Mrs. A. F. Randolph. The hostesses of the evening were, Miss Carman, Miss Clowes and Mrs. Risk. The programme opened with Overture, Piano Duet—"Le Felsenmühle".....Reisiger Miss Carman and Prof. Bristowe. Song—"When the land was white with moonlight".....Nevin Mrs. Lemont. Reading—"Glencoe".....Drummond Miss Violet Sewell. Song—"A Prayer".....Starr Mrs. C. H. B. Fisher. Song—"The Soldiers of the Queen".....L. Stuart Mr. Martin Lemont. Song—"The Promise of Life".....F. H. Cowen Mrs. Bristowe. Paper—"Musical Anecdotes".....Mrs. Risk. Songs—"Gondoliers Serenade".....Barnes Mrs. Lemont, Mrs. Bristowe, Mendelssohn Professor Bristowe. Piano Solo—"Hexentanz".....McDowell Miss Carman. Song—"The Resurrection Morn'".....Rodney Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety. Dargal Ridge.....Theod re Roberts Rev. Canon Roberts. Song—"By your side".....Kutin r Miss Gertrude Fenety. Song—"This is my Dream".....Willings Miss Besale Clowes. Quartette—"Sweet and Low".....Willings Mrs. Lemont, Mrs. Bristowe, Rev. Canon Roberts, Prof. Bristowe. Piano Solo—"Etude Chopin".....Prof. Bristowe. At the finish of the programme a delightful and dainty supper was served. The visitors of the evening were Mrs. Archie McDonald, Messrs. A. and H. Simonds and Mr. Allen Wilnot. Miss Crosskill of Boston, is the guest of Miss Woodbridge and will visit here all winter. Miss Laura Snowball of Chatham, who has been here several weeks visiting Mrs. Robt. F. Randolph, has gone to Ottawa, the guest of her friend Miss Blair. Mrs. E. Byron Whinlow was one of the guests of the week and on Friday gave a very pleasant afternoon at home. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bishop of New York, who have been on their wedding journey through the larger cities of Canada, spent a few days here last week at "Vine Cote" the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Tibbits. The "Lang Syne Whist club" held a very pleasant meeting with Mrs. Clifton Tabor on Wednesday evening. The prizes were won, ladies, Mrs. T. G. Loggie first, Mrs. Eason second, Dr. Bailey first. Miss Ball and Miss Smith of Woodstock, are visiting Mrs. Geo. Clark. Mrs. Kingston gave one of her very pleasant luncheons at Bouteaux House the other day. Mr. A. S. Murray is receiving hearty congratulations on a happy domestic event—a son. Mrs. McKeown is here visiting her daughter Mrs.

Campbell, and will leave in a short time for Fort St. G., where she will visit another daughter. Mr. W. D. Mansell is enjoying over a like Miss Margaret Johnston has invitations out for a card party at Red Top for Friday evening. Mr. James Lomest is spending a pleasant vacation in the city. Mrs. Arthur Johnston has returned to her home in Charlottetown after a few weeks visit at her former home here. Mr. D. Kennedy of St. John's is in the city. Mrs. Daltry gave a little tea on Tuesday. Everything is in readiness for the entertainment on Wednesday evening, at the Opera House when "The Hospital Aid" will again appear before the public in one of their performances. Miss Beaman of Digby, N. S. has returned home after a short visit with friends here. Miss Jean Neil gave a very enjoyable card party at her home on Friday evening for the pleasure of her guest Miss Armstrong. The prize winners were ladies first, Mrs. Carrie Tibbits, consolation, Miss Flossie Wilson, gentlemen first was won by Mr. A. A. Skute, consolation, Mr. Fred Dever. Miss Violet Sewell left this morning for Boston where she will enter a hospital in training for a nurse. Mr. F. Dickinson one of Boston's prominent lawyers is in the city a guest at the Queen. Friends of Mrs. Robt. Winton will be grieved to learn that she is very ill at her home here. Miss Eva Booth, daughter of General Booth, of the Salvation Army received a most hearty reception from all classes of citizens on the occasion of her visit here last week, during her stay in the city she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chesnut. Mr. Louis Long was the fortunate winner of the \$15 prize for a map on the ground floor of the premises of the Bank of Nova Scotia. This is the third of a series of prizes. CHICKER.

KIRKLAND. David Slater who has been ill with fever for five weeks is gaining very slowly. Lavina Kennedy was visiting friends in Monument st., the 3rd inst. Mrs. Samuel McIntyre was visiting Mrs. James Bustard yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Frank De Merchant have moved to Red River Lake. Mrs. Adam Dickson is ill with pneumonia. Miss I. B. Carter is visiting friends in Amity, Me. ST. ANDREWS. Mrs. J. Fred Seelye, of St. John, who is visiting at Justice's Simpson's; residence, Oak Bay, was in town on Thursday last, accompanied by Miss Simpson and her father. Mr. Stasie McLeod, of P. E. Island, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. A. Mahon, prior to going south for the benefit of her health. Miss Morvatt and Miss Campbell have removed to the Lorimer house for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. E. McCor, who have been sojourning at Mr. E. Odell's, started for their home in Boston on Monday. Mr. Marshall Maxwell, principal of the intermediate schools, went up to Old Ridge on Saturday to attend the funeral of uncle, Mr. Levi Maxwell. He was unable to return in time to open his school on Monday morning, owing to the blizzard. Miss Lottie Bleakney has gone to Letete to take the school there for the balance of the term. Miss Josie Ashley, youngest daughter of the late Daniel McLaughlin, of Grand Manan, is visiting on the island. Miss Richardson, of the intermediate school, was unable to take charge of her school during the early part of the week, owing to a severe sore throat. Mr. J. F. Tilton, the energetic traveler for W.

E. Thorne & Co., hardware merchants, St. John, was in town last week calling upon his customers. Capt. Harry Stinson, Mrs. Stinson, and Miss J. Stinson have gone to Lynn to spend the winter. The Life Ways. Take counsel, heart! A thousand thrives ways Cry unto you for respite. The white rose Of love may wither in the wistful days, Enter thought—'tis dead leaves. A thousand duties make their meek demands, Hurrying to cry too loud to you. Oh, sweet, Fair, famished lips have kisses for your hands— Hearts at your touch will beat! If God by God, then in your life it is plain As the sure stars fall fade in heavens above. 'Tis you upon the meager's brow to raise The riches of God's love. And, if no God by God, still is earth A field where red thorns in the roses gleam. So may you find it, dear, to make it worth The heaven of your dream. And if it will not matter if I go With empty hands into my grave unsharpened. Thankful at last that I have loved you so, I should not that love with heaven! —Frank L. Stanton. On An Old Baitle Ground. Valley and farmland meet the west, Purple and gold and green; Orchard and vineyard, song and rest, Where their old world ways have been. Over the gleasers lightly singe The lark to the falling sun, Over that grave of far off things And old wars lost and won. And over the hills where long ago Strange old world warriors met, How sweet the purple vineyards grow, How well the fields forget! —Arthur J. Stringer in Atlantic's Magazine. THINGS OF VALUE. Hicks—There is one thing you can say with truth about Pinchker. He always keeps his word. Wicks—And anything else he gets hold of. There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which flesh is liable; the very nature of every cure being such that the very nature of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—that would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undiluted state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailties of the system are relieved and strength, by the infallible substance—resulting from Nature's own restoration. It relieves the drooping spirits of those who are in a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life. It is also of great value in tranquilizing the nerves, disposing to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the system, being stimulant, courses through the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making activity necessary result. It relieves the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased strength. Improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, in the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearer perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it. The Baby—Goo, goo, oo, oo! Mother—Just hear that child talk! What must people think of him? Father (very modestly)—Perhaps he sees a pedagogue to others. Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If neglected do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Cholera Remedy, and giving life to the system, before it is too late to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly, subdues the pain and disease. 'How did you make out with that effort to break your uncle's will?' 'Fine! After it was all settled up and the lawyer had the estate I don't owe them a cent.' Still Another Triumph—Mr. Thomas B. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to get on my feet, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Inman's Quinine Wine. I have also been subjected to Quinsy for over forty years but cured in both cases, as neither the piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since." There is only one story that can always bring tears to my eyes. "What's that?" "The story I was just getting ready to tell myself."

Sure Regulators.—Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert powerful influence upon the kidneys, restoring them to healthy action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Farmette's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them palatable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action. 'The war department is buying balloons.' 'What do they cost?' 'I think they get 'em for ascent.' They Wake The Torpid Energies.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows signs of its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw off the whole system out of gear. Farmette's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring it to order all parts of the mechanism. Good-Bye. We say for an hour, perhaps for years; We say it smiling, say it conked with tears; We say it could say it with a kiss, And yet we have no other word for this— Good-bye. We have no deaver word for our heart's friend, For him who journeys to the world's far end, And says to us, as he goes, 'I say— As unto him who steps but o'er the way— Good-bye. Alike to those we love and those we hate, We say no more in parting. At life's gate, To him who passes on beyond our care tonight, We cry as to the wanderer for a night— Good-bye. IMMENSE INCREASE in the sale of the D. & L. Menthol Plaster evidences the fact that it is useful for all rheumatic pains, lumbago and lame back, pain in the sides, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers. Feeling the Parson. Clergymen are seldom overpaid, and to most of them the occasional fees bestowed by generous and happy bridegrooms are items of considerable moment. It is easy to sympathize with a certain Yorkshire clergyman who, after pronouncing a couple man and wife, was asked by the groom what the charge was. The parson, according to Spare Moments, told him that there were no fixed charges in such matters, but that he might give what he thought proper. 'Parson,' said the young man, 'I have five greyhound pups at home. I ask a sovereign apiece for them, but I'll let you have one for half a sovereign.' The clergyman protested that he could not accept a fee of such a character. It would be quite impossible. The bride and groom went home, and the marriage must have turned out very happily, for

A Plain Talk TO SUFFERING WOMEN And Suggestions for Acquiring Health and Beauty by the Use of DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. Almost all the suffering that women endure can be traced to irregularities of the delicate and sensitive feminine organism, which is intimately connected with every part of the system. If the monthly flow is not perfectly healthy it shows itself by pains and aches in the limbs and back, distressing, bearing down feelings, headaches and tired dependent feelings. A healthy woman is never irregular. She escapes the suffering at the monthly periods, and is not exhausted by the natural action. The symptoms mentioned above, and which so many women endure, tell of exhausted nerves. When the nerves are weak the whole system suffers the strain of the monthly action which should be easy and natural. Set the nerves right, and the pains and aches will disappear. There will be no more irregularities when the whole body is under the control of healthy nerves. The most successful restorative that science has ever devised for exhausted nerves is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has proven so wonderfully beneficial to women that it is now considered specific for ailments peculiar to women. Besides restoring and vitalizing the nerves, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food makes new, red corpuscles in the blood. With the blood thus pure and rich, women scarcely notice the effect of the monthly action which is at other times so weakening. Under this treatment the form rounds out, pale cheeks become plump and rosy, and there is new vitality and elasticity in every movement. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food 50 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Mothers can save their little ones from croup, bronchitis, coughs, and colds by using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linaeed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, Dr. Chase's Oatseah Cure, 25 cents a bottle, blower free.

before the month was over the person received a crate containing a fine greyhound pup, accompanied by a note from John, saying that Maria had proved such a treasure that he was glad to give the dog for nothing. CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Agents wanted for a genuine money-making position; no risk, insurance or loss; every home a customer; particulars for 10 days. The F. R. Kerr Co., 123 Victoria street, Toronto. RESIDENCE at Rothney for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property and within two minutes walk of the Kemptville station. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Fagley Building. \$4 4-1/2.

More Than One Generation can enjoy the use of silver-plated knives, forks and spoons that bear this trade mark. W. W. ROGERS. It's the kind that lasts. It's the kind that lasts. It's the kind to insist on getting from your dealer if you want the best. SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada. A. J. WHIMBEY, Mgr. for Canada.

ESTATE NOTICE. Letters Testamentary of the Estate of George E. Fenety, late of the city of Fredericton in the County of York, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned Executors and Executrix named in his will. All persons having claims against the Estate are requested to file the same with W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton, forthwith, duly proven by affidavits as by law required; and all persons indebted to the Estate are requested to make immediate payment to either W. T. H. Fenety at Fredericton, or F. S. Sharpe at St. John. Dated at the City of Fredericton this 20th day of October, 1899. W. T. H. FENETY, GEORGENA C. FENETY, FREDERICK S. SHARPE, Executors and Executrix. H. G. FENETY, Solicitor.

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New York Millionaires. Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest men in America have commenced life in a humble way and have made their fortune through stock exchange speculations. Men like Jay Gould who worked as a dry goods clerk in a small town at \$10.00 a week up to his twentieth year, and commenced to operate with his small savings of \$200.00 in Wall Street at his death 70 millions of dollars; Russell Sage who worked as a grocery boy at \$4.00 per week and whose present wealth is estimated at 100 millions of dollars is still operating the market, although 80 years of age, and so are thousands of others who are enjoying all the luxuries life can offer, which is due to their success in speculations. To the shrewd speculator the same opportunities are open today as to others in the past. The smallest lot which can be bought and sold is 10 shares on \$7 margin, making \$50 dollars. Anybody interested as to how speculations are conducted can get information and market letter free of charge upon application by letter to, GEORGE SKALLER & CO., BANKERS & BROKERS, CORNER BRIDGE STREET, MONTREAL, BLDG. 60 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899. GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings. ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (never before published), edited by STOKELY CROFT. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles. RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories. GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, "The Esomologist"—Illustrated by Harter. SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated. MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Misery Ann." Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars." ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays. SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions. C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists. THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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

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

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have been John city. now that NE "rubbing. tired. and, as mostly cakes for 5 clothes, at Moncton it do so address on parking sam-housewife Paul, MONTREAL. on th Powder. all Druggists. Oysters. day, 10 Barrel Ocho Bar Oysters, the Spring oster, King Square. RNER. RBON. LAND lle of Anderson) ntucky. BURKE

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

GLIMPSSES OF ENGLAND.

It is not every day that one is invited to call upon a Countess, and when this Countess happens to be the most beautiful woman in England and lives in the handsomest castle in this land of palaces and castles, any one would accept with a good deal of pleasure. A note to the Countess of Warwick, asking for information, had brought a cordial invitation to come and see her. On the day appointed the Leamington morning paper said that she was seriously ill, but I decided the proper thing would be to call and leave a card. Going up through a wonderful long and ivy-grown avenue cut out of the solid rock, into the great inner court of Warwick Castle, encircled by magnificent towers and walls, I rang the bell at the main entrance, and to my surprise the footman announced that her Ladyship was expecting me. While waiting, I went out on the stone veranda which overhangs the Avon, flowing many feet below, and gazed on a scene which hardly could be surpassed. The weir with its rushing waters, the moss-covered arches of a ruined stone bridge, a wooded island, the fine park stretching miles away, and, overlooking all, the massive walls of Warwick Castle which have stood unshaken for six hundred years.

Soon a white-capped maid appeared and leading the way up the veritable 'winding stairs,' which one always associates with old castles, ushered me into her Ladyship's bedroom, a lofty and spacious apartment filled with all that is beautiful, artistic and luxurious. I had seen the Countess in full evening costume and in a most becoming gown at a garden party, but never did she seem so lovely as lying among the white pillows under the tall silken canopy. Her rich auburn hair was a mass of soft little puffs and curls, her complexion perfectly dazzling and the faint shadows under her eyes deepened their violet tint. Feminine readers will like to hear about the exquisite negligee of pink silk, the full puff sleeve coming only to the elbow, all overlaid with fine lace caught up with innumerable bows of narrow pink velvet ribbon. The wide lace fell over her arms, one encircled by a bracelet of small diamonds and sapphires, the other by several delicate gold 'bangles.' The picture was completed by a bedspread of pale green silk covered with lace. I am compelled to say that Aphrodite was not 'in it.'

There were books everywhere, by the bed a little table with portfolio and writing materials, and on the seafoam counterpane a big basket filled with the days mail which she was trying to read, for the Countess is by no means a woman of leisure. In addition to the great pressure of social duties, she is interested in a number of enterprises, chiefly for the benefit of women and indirectly for that of the agricultural classes. She is in a broad sense, a Socialist and believes thoroughly in the education of the masses, and in the training of women to be self-supporting. It was extremely interesting to listen and watch her as, half-reclining with her pretty elbow in the pillow, she expounded, in her soft musical voice, the exact theories I had so often heard advocated from the platform in the most uncompromising of republicans, women whose faces bore the marks of sad experience of the evils they denounced, whose claim to nobility rested solely upon personal character and not on inheritance. From several points of view it was a pleasant hour. The Countess is most desirous of going to the United States and asked many questions as to the places of interest and the best season of the year. 'Do you mean for social festivities or for sight-seeing?' I asked. 'O, to see the country,' she said. 'Society is much the same everywhere.' We spoke of the novel just written by the beautiful young Duchess of Sutherland. 'It never can be popular among the masses,' she said, 'for it is purely socialistic.' 'Not in England, perhaps,' I answered, 'but in America the socialistic question is vital and all-prevailing.' 'It ought to be everywhere,' she replied earnestly.

As I went down the winding stairs I thought if 'walls have ears,' how strange must those sentiments sound to those of Warwick Castle, one of the great feudal strongholds of the ages, for whose posses-

sion many a bloody battle had been fought and in whose mouldy dungeons many a prisoner had lingered and died, innocent of all but political offences. A few days later, when the countess had gone to London, I went over to see the castle, and found that according to promise an order had been left that the private, or 'living' rooms of the family were to be shown, which are never open to the public. They are very handsome and luxurious, with their rich velvet carpets, the walls of each room hung with brocade silk to match the rare furniture, and a wealth of books, pictures and costly articles of bric-a-brac, a perfect type of an old ancestral home.

Warwick is perhaps the most interesting of the historic towns of England, holding fast to its ancient buildings and antique customs, but these can be enjoyed in a much greater degree of comfort if the traveller make his headquarters at Leamington, two miles distant. It is the Saratoga of England, or one of the Saratogas, for the country is rich in mineral springs. Hawthorns lived here for a long time and described it as 'the coziest nook in the world,' and always in flower.' Charles Dickens in 'Dombey & Son' has Mr. Carter and Edith Granger meet first in Holy Walk, Leamington. It is green all winter with charming parks and public gardens, clean and healthful, purely a residence city of perhaps 25,000 inhabitants. Although its springs have been visited by invalids for 400 years, it has a modern and up-to-date appearance. When you start out for your first drive the coachman pauses before a great oak tree encircled by an iron fence and says solemnly, 'The axact centre of England.' And so it is, with the sweetest drives this side of Paradise to Stratford, Rugby, Coventry, Guys Cliff and to that grandest of all ruins, Kenilworth Castle. In half an hour's time you can go from a new world into an old, from the present into the past, and that past, too, which contains most of historical interest to English speaking people.

There is however, no spot in all England so full of living, breathing, human attraction as Oxford. We see here, indeed the work of hands and brains which passed out of life nearly a thousand years ago, but upon the foundations which they laid are builded the vital institutions of today. Oxford University is one of the greatest educational centres in the world. How different the feeling with which we regard the black and time-stained walls of Merton, Magdalen, St. John's and the other colleges from those inspired by ancient castles and cathedrals. It is true that these college foundations were laid in sectarianism, that within these walls were waged the fiercest of religious wars, but here has been also the foundation of English intellectual life and the source of a revolution in religious thought. The transforming force is still at work. Some one has said that the present age in Oxford is one of collapsed opinions. There have been periods of action and of reaction, but each has resulted in bringing the University into a broader existence. Its huge collection of schools of science, history, philosophy, theology are an immense reservoir from which thousands of students drink daily draughts of learning, and eventually go forth to lighten society.

No one can visit this great University and not feel profoundly stirred by the sight of the fresh vigorous young life coursing in and out its college walls. There is no finer sight than the vast University Park filled with hundreds of students engaged in various athletic games and other hundreds cheering and shouting their appreciation. Nothing can be more interesting than stroll down the 'Broad Walk,' bordered by great elm trees, to the River Isis, where the long rows of college barges are moored and scores of sturdy young fellows are skimming the water in their swift boats. There is something in the very atmosphere which quickens the pulse and drives away pessimistic thoughts. Whatever must be omitted in a trip to England, let it not be Oxford University.

Wherever the traveller goes she returns ultimately to London, for all other places are within such little radius. It hardly seems the same city which a few months ago was so full of warmth and sunshine.

The black smoke rises from countless thousands of chimneys and drops down to meet the fog which rolls up the Thames and finds its way into every narrow crooked street. The English do not know what it is to have a fire which warms the farthest corners of the room. Like the natives of our own Florida and California they know there is no danger of freezing to death, and so they huddle over their little handfuls of coal and shiver through the winter while counting the days till spring. Halls are never heated, and not always the bedrooms of well-to-do families. Coal of 'the coals' as they say here, is no more expensive than in the United States, and it would not require nearly so much, or so many, to produce abundant warmth, as the cold here is not so intense, but the English are very 'close' in more ways than one. They have a funny custom, after poking the fire, of standing the poker against the grate with the end pointing up the chimney, which they insist makes the fire 'draw.' Another belief, which you cannot shake, is that the sun puts out the fire, and whenever the blaze gets low they pull down the curtain.

It is never the least use to rise early in order to get in a good day's work. The streets of London at 9 o'clock resemble those of America at 7. Streets are being opened, traffic barely commencing, lines of employees going to their business, the city just beginning to stir. Banks and various offices do not open until 10 o'clock, and the heads of firms do not go down until that time. They move slowly everywhere and for all purposes. Nobody ever hurries. I often have taken a bundle away from a salesman and carried it home without being tied, not because of any special haste, but lest I should lose my balance if I watched his movements any longer. One really ought to carry a book to improve her mind as she rides up and down in the elevators. One day, when I had waited in the upper story of a large dry goods store till patience was worn out, I asked the elevator man what made him so long coming. 'I was just waiting for the lift to fill up,' he said. Invariably they will tell you, 'We have tried the high pressure lifts and our people won't have them.' Everywhere you see two or three persons doing what one does easily in the United States. If we had been as slow as they are here, New York would still be a frontier trading post.

In America the people want the latest and best. Here they resent an innovation of any kind. There is a great outcry whenever an ancient building is pulled down. They would much rather see an old block patched and propped up than replaced by a new one, no matter how elegant. The streets of London are lighted by flickering gas because the people prefer it to electricity. You see a rumor occasionally that some American company is going to put in an electric street railway here. It will—when the New Zealanders sit on London Bridge. There was a statement to the effect a short time ago, and the Pall Mall Gazette came out at once with a leading editorial in opposition, saying, 'We are perfectly satisfied with the omnibus system which has served us so well so many years.' It then goes on to show how in case of a fire the street cars could not get out of the way, while the 'busses,' running on more flexible lines could easily do so! They will continue to run for many years yet but not for this reason. There are about one thousand three hundred of these vehicles, slow, shabby, lumbering affairs, unventilated inside and difficult to mount outside, improved but little in the last century. The recent semi-annual meeting of the company owning them showed that during the past six months they had carried 97,000,000 passengers. Fares range from two cents to twelve cents, and, outside the city, twenty-five cents, a distance for which New Yorkers pay a nickel. A yearly dividend of 10% per cent is paid. The company will hardly move to abolish the system and it will never occur to the people to demand anything better. There is, however, a measure of salvation in the 'hansom,' or two-wheelers, of which there are about twenty thousand. They make a trip of two miles for a shilling, and it goes decidedly against the grain when one returns to

the United States to pay the carriage hire demanded there.

An ancient idea, which has no foundation now, whatever it might have had in the past, is that the English people are stiff, unsocial and difficult to become acquainted with. They are quite as approachable as well-bred Americans. In traveling they are always ready to begin a conversation, and in hotels and boarding houses they meet one full half-way and are even more cordial than people of the United States in offering their addresses and urging that you visit them in their locality. Among the lower stratum there is no such general intelligence as among a similar class in America. They cannot convey information because they do not possess it and they seem stupid, reticent and disagreeable, but most likely this is because one does not understand them. The educated and cultured English people are delightful to know. The men, I think, mean to be irreproachable in manners, but they have not that quick, responsive courtesy which characterizes an American man in their acquaintance with women. There is not so much comradeship and sympathy between the sexes. In self-reliance and independence the English woman is about where her sister across the sea was thirty years ago. I may say, sub-rosa, that I think she would not be very attractive to the American man. He would miss something—indivisible perhaps—which appeals to him in his own country woman. Her voice is lower pitched and fuller, but not by any means so soft and sweet as we have been led to believe. The loudest voices I ever have heard have been those of English women, and there is also a certain type of them more aggressive and determined than can be found anywhere else. As a rule, however, they are extremely subtle and to men, and, since the latter are rather a scarce commodity, they place a remarkable high estimate upon themselves, which the women accept. The young English girl is very pretty, especially as to complexion, and has many charming little ways, but she is utterly without the poise and cleverness and piquancy which render the American girl so attractive. And yet, it must be confessed, that the latter has some things to learn from her dignified reserve and courteous regard for older persons.

No one can meet and talk with the English people and not be thoroughly convinced of their admiration and friendship for Americans. They have really an exaggerated idea of their capabilities and achievements, and of the wealth and power of the country. Uncle Sam has proved an proved an equal match in what John Bull considers the greatest objects of life—making money and winning battles. Her relation regards America as one does a poor relation who has come into a fortune. The ties of kinship have suddenly become strong. England fears but one danger—a coalition of European powers, France and Germany, or Russia and France, might threaten her supremacy. 'In that case'—I have heard this said again and again—'of course we should expect the United States to come to our assistance and fight by our side.'

BRITISH ARMY BEARSKINS.

The Imposing Headgear That Could be Obtained Only in America.

For more than 130 years a tall hat of fur has been a conspicuous article of headgear in the British army, and it was with something of a shock that people read in the papers the other day that a committee was going to sit to consider the growing scarcity of the bearskins from which are made the imposing full-dress hat of the foot guards.

War Office committees on clothing are dreadful things, but those who sit on hats are unutterable. Everybody remembers with horror the alleged helmet which such a committee produced a few years ago. It was to be the universal head-covering of the British Army, and must be serviceable and useful. The committee decided, as a first principle, that an article possessing these two qualities must be ugly. Proceeding from this premise, they gave full expression to their ideas of utility, and produced a head-covering, the like of which was never seen before on earth, and it is to be hoped never will be again. There are members of the headquarters staff, who to this day have not quite got over the sight of the experimental helmet devised by the committee. Fortunately, only one was made, or instead of only having to lament the scarcity of recruits, the nation would have found itself without any army whatever. No regular soldier or well-respecting militiaman—a volunteer will

wear anything—would have put it on, and its adoption into the service would have left no service to wear it.

This much is necessary to explain the alarm felt the other day when it was announced that a War Office headgear committee was about to tamper with the guardsmen's bearskins. Fortunately the committee has only limited powers. Its only function this time is, so to speak, to haggle with tradesmen. The plain fact is that bearskins are growing scarce, and the cost of providing the guards with their magnificent 'tall hat of fur' is increasing yearly in a remarkable manner. Only one kind of fur is used for this purpose. It is that produced by the American black bear and as *Ursus Americanus* despite the extraordinary cordiality subsisting between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, refuses to produce well-furred integument in sufficient quantities to cover the heads of our guardsmen at a reasonable rate, the never failing resource of a committee has been called into operation.

It costs, on an average, £1 a head per annum to maintain the imposing appearance impaired by the bushy. The great caps cost the government about £8 each. Those worn by the cold streams are a little less, but those for the Grenadiers and the Scots Guards cost more than that sum. According to the regulations, a bushy must last for eight years, but there are several reasons why the regulation 'life' of a bushy, like the regulation life of a whole lot of other equipment, falls considerably short of the war office span. One of the principal reasons is that the cap is only a home service equipment. When a guards battalion is ordered on foreign service the big bushes—stirring battle pictures to the contrary notwithstanding—are returned to the store at the Picnic clothing factory. They are not kept there waiting the return of their former owners, but are reassigned to newly joined recruits or to battalions returning home, so that men get what is called 'part worn equipment.'

JOUBERT TO BRITISH GENERAL.

A Story of Majuba Hill He Told While Here as Henry George's Guest.

Those who met Gen. Joubert when he was in this city a few years ago as the guest of Henry George recall him as a plain-faced old man with a mass of black hair streaked with gray and a full, grizzled beard. He spoke English, but his wife, a woman prematurely aged with domestic toil, spoke nothing save Dutch, and sat patient, though unmistakably bored at the affairs to which she and her husband were invited. With the father and the mother was a strapping son of sixteen or thereabouts, who strongly resembled Joubert. The old General told with modesty of his negotiations with the British at Majuba Hill, and his eyes sparkled as he recited his reply to the British commander-in-chief.

'It does not comport with these,' said the British General, pointing to the decorations on his breast, 'to accede to your terms.'

To which said Joubert, pointing to his rifleman, 'And it does not comport with those to offer any others.'

Joubert's best story, as illustrating the perils of South African life was concerning the loss of a somewhat savage but valued cook, who was bodily carried off from the kitchen by a lion.

Over the Falls.

A Wisconsin paper reports an Indian's remarkable escape from death. He was one of a driving crew that broke a big jam above Sturgeon Falls. He attempted to cross the river on a log, and to the horror of the spectators, was carried over the falls. The falls are forty feet high, and consist of two pitches and the rapids. Of course the man was given up for dead, and the driving crew thought it useless to search the river for his body, as the logs were piling over the falls at a rapid rate. The next morning, however, the Indian walked into camp for breakfast. He had been swept down the river and up against the bank, where he managed to crawl out. Finding only a few scratches and bruises, but being as he remarked, 'rather tired,' he lay down and slept until daylight, and was none the worse for his adventure.

ing.

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tomatoes in the front; it is a tumor on the stomach; it is the lungs with a completely congestion of the lungs.

and blunders of his life were bright enough that they could describe could not always name

Dog.

of story is printed by a parrot story that story for the dog. A dog at his sister's house, journey. On his return he was so much excited that he was in the night. The persistent, however, his dressing-gown and Rover on the head. He was no sooner noise began afresh, expedition below, to with some asperity, the offence would be consequences. He had and was just falling the barking began it was more furious used till the man made stairs, accompanied. Even this did not end the gentleman was gain, and at last he was to sell it the next name, however, his sister-remark that she hoped urged by the barking it was always imitated she said.

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Dreams

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

...in May, of the spot and handsome Cousin Maude's in her hair has at least been combed by Lady Maude to show her a head well, the delight of an amiable and kind friend of the family, and I had in my hand a letter from the sister, while the moonlight shone on the water, and on the hills of the lovely lake-land.

And I do not know why, but it makes me think of Oskadee—my father's parish; and then I remember Roger Elston, the young doctor to whom I am engaged and whom I love passionately, and I fall to wondering what he would think of me could he but see me now, arrayed in all my pretty array of pale pink silk.

"I wish he would see me!" I tell myself, with a little pardonable vanity, for the long cheval glass in my room reflected a very pretty, flushed face and charming petite figure as I passed before it several times this evening before submitting my self to my Cousin Maude's inspection.

The latter is so severe respecting one's appearance, and she has determined, she tells me, that I shall make an early conquest of some one of the many aristocratic men who attend her receptions, balls, and so forth.

And I have listened to her ambitious views for myself, and I laughed softly and secretly as I remembered Roger—my own true love—whom I have left in dear Oskadee, and from whom I am hoping to receive a letter by the next post.

"I wonder what Roger is doing now? I wonder if he is thinking of me?" I continue, unconsciously half aloud this time.

"Why, Elsie, whom are you addressing?" breaks in Cousin Maude's voice, and then her hand is laid on mine as she adds: "Come away from the open window at once, child. The nights are still chilly, and I mustn't allow you to run the risk of taking cold now, just when Sir Hugh is expected—and you know what he thinks of my little country cousin's singing!"

And the clear tones are followed by a well-satisfied laugh, as my cousin draws one of my hands within hers, and turns to lead me away.

At that instant a breeze springs up, and the fresh air stealing in brings with it the scent of the fragrant flowers now lying at my feet, and waits it upwards.

"Elsie, take care! Do you not see you have dropped your flowers? What would Sir Hugh think if he were to arrive at this moment, and find his gift so neglected?"

"I am very sorry, Cousin Maude; I had quite forgotten them, I believe, poor things! They are not much hurt, though," I returned, laughingly, as I stooped and picked up the bouquet I dropped in my fit of abstraction when dwelling upon my absent lover.

"Elsie, I can't understand you!" exclaims my cousin, as she follows me across the room, and seats herself at my side on one of the satin-covered couches.

"In what particular respect, cousin Maude?" I laughingly ask.

"Why, you are so seemingly, perfectly indifferent to Sir Hugh Staunton's attentions, while most girls of your age would be nearly wild with pride and delight to think that they had secured the notice of the best part of the season!"

"But I have not yet secured him, Cousin Maude," I replied, mischievously.

"Not quite yet, certainly Elsie; but the chance is yours, just as though the actual words had been spoken. And it will be so nice for both of us, Elsie dear, Sir Hugh's country seat is a splendid old place, and I shall be so glad to join you there for a little spell of quiet and repose; for really, Elsie, I find a season now quite tiring enough. It was so different when dear Merton was alive. He managed so many things for me but now I am quite alone."

As my cousin concludes, she draws forth a delicate lace handkerchief, and wipes carefully and cautiously, her fine eyes.

I am spared an answer to this speech, which I deem rather premature, considering Sir Hugh Staunton has not spoken a word to me that all the world might not hear.

But then of course, I argue, I am young and having been so country-bred what can I possibly know of the manner in which such as Sir Hugo, and his aristocratic and town-seasoned colleagues conduct their wooing of the fair Belgravian maidens?

Again Roger and I are so unsophisticated

and I am not, evidently, for we—

But we seem to be embracing, or rather the other phrases that we employ? They appeared to us.

To return.

I scarcely paused how to reply, when the door opens. Sir Hugh himself is announced by the tall footman in crimson livery.

Cousin Maude is addicted to bright and showy colours, and is herself this evening resplendent in old gold and crimson.

It is her reception, and Sir Hugh had hardly paid his homage to the handsome hostess ere others are announced.

The rooms fill fast, and I am soon the centre of a smiling and admiring group; still, Sir Hugh always contrives to place himself at my side.

Cousin Maude's eyes fairly blaze with triumph and delight as she notes his presence in such continual proximity to myself, as he from time to time passes in and out among her guests.

"The conservatory has but few occupants," she murmurs once.

Simple enough words, but I think I understand their deeper meaning.

A crimson flush of annoyance and shame floods my face for an instant, and then I remember Roger.

All the hot and hasty anger dies away as I recollect that I have brought all this upon myself by not speaking of my engagement to him.

But, then, I would rather bear anything than see her scornful looks.

I am so young, and inexperienced.

"You find this room too warm, I fancy, Miss Travers?"

"I believe I do, Sir Hugh," I reply.

"I know of a delightfully cool spot, if you will allow me to conduct you to it," my companion continues.

"I shall, indeed, be grateful for a little cool air," I return.

Placing my gloved hand within his arm, I let him lead me to an open window, and thence to a seat on the covered balcony.

"How deliciously cool and fresh it is here, Sir Hugh!" I exclaim, seating myself in one of the low chairs.

"I am very glad you approve of the change, Miss Travers," he replies, gravely.

And then, glancing up at the fine, tall figure of my escort, as he leans against the iron balustrade of the balcony, and noting the expression on his face, became aware of what I have done in thus allowing him to lead me away from the crowded rooms.

What shall I answer him when he—

But he is speaking, even while I am ruminating as to a suitable reply.

"Miss Travers, I cannot be sufficiently grateful to you for thus giving me the opportunity which I have sought in vain for the past week."

I glance up again at the face bent towards me, and read in the dark eyes what is to follow.

"Oh! Sir Hugh!" I exclaim, hastily, and letting his flowers, which I still hold, fall again to the ground. "I have been very wrong! I know it now! But I did not think."

"Your flowers, Miss Travers. Allow me," he replies, stooping low to pick them up as he speaks.

I bow, and receive them back, but I shiver perceptibly as I do so.

"Miss Travers, continue my companion. "I should not have dared to take you away from the others had it not been for these," touching with one hand the fair white blossoms lying in my lap.

I am silent.

I feel how more than wrongly I have acted.

"But I must speak now, Miss Travers, and tell you how I admired you from the very first moment that I met you, now nearly six weeks ago. Dear Miss Travers will you not give me some little hope that you will accept me some day as your husband?"

My husband!

Do I hear the words aright?

I, who am already the affianced bride of another!

But it is all my own doing that this man now stands before me, declaring his love for me—all my own fault.

"Miss Travers, you are silent. I trust I have not offended you?"

What must I reply?

Shall I tell him the whole truth? I am sadly puzzled.

But my companion's next words aid me a little.

"Don't give me an answer now if you do not wish to. I can wait for your decision. Only tell me that I have not offended you, Miss Travers, by speaking of my admiration of my love for you."

There is such humility in the tone—in the manner—that it stings me to the quick to think how I have deceived this man.

And yet I have told myself that he could not care for me so much as cousin Maude declares, simply because his actions and speech are so different from—Roger's.

I am inexperienced, truly, and he is a man of forty five!

"Offended, Sir Hugh?" I say. "How can I be, when it is all—"

And then I hesitate, and blush deeply.

"Thank you, Miss Elsie. I will not press you for an answer now, but will give you time for reflection. Should you not like to join the others again? I shall get scolded if I monopolize thus the belle of Lady Merton's rooms."

I simply bow in response, and, rising, take his proffered arm in silence.

Just as my companion draws aside the curtain at the entrance to the gay and crowded rooms, I whisper, as I look

at fluttering, then, from your town bred acquaintances!" laughingly retorts my lover. Then he adds: "I want you to come out with me to our favorite seat in the orchard, and then I must hear all particulars respecting this wonderful visit. Will you come, Elsie?"

Before he has fairly concluded his request, I spring away and fetch hat and wrap.

A few minutes later, and we are treading the small gravel path which leads to the orchard.

"How sweet the roses are!" I exclaim, as side by side, we pass the small roseray—my father's hobby—and the fragrance of the crimson, pink, and white petals is wafted to us by the gentle evening breeze.

The sun is setting, and leaving in his wake gorgeous streaks of crimson and gold.

"You do not get such roses as these in London, I expect," replies Roger.

"I have had no roses this summer," I reply.

"Then let me bear the blame of plucking one of Mr. Travers' especial 'beauties.'" So saying Roger bends forward, and gathers a lovely deep-headed crimson bud from a neighboring bush.

"What a beauty!" I exclaim. "And how I shall treasure it, it being the first I have received this season, and also because it was given me by you."

"Keep it, darling, till our wedding day, and I will replace it by others feebler and fairer," whispers my lover, as he holds open the wicket gate leading into the orchard.

On through the long grass 'neath the trees, we stroll till our favorite spot is reached.

Here is the "patriarch" of the orchard—an old gnarled, and hoary trunk, with branches bent and twisted so as to form a species of bower.

"Now for a nice quiet talk, Elsie," Roger says, as we seat ourselves on the lowest branch.

"For all reply I lean back against the hoary trunk, and sigh—a sigh of perfect content and happiness.

For, oh! it is so grand to be once again at dear Oskadee, and in the presence of my lover!

"What a sigh, Elsie! For which of your late admirers is that intended?"

"Roger!" in surprised and indignant tones, but a blush suffuses my face as I remember Sir Hugh Staunton.

"My darling, I was only jesting. But I want you to tell me that you still love me as much as ever. I have never doubted you, Elsie, for one single moment, not even though your letters have been few and far between."

"Oh, Roger! I meant to have written much oftener; but Cousin Maude—"

"Never mind that now, darling. I am not going to find fault with my dear little Elsie! Only, I shall like to hear once again from her lips that she still loves me," Roger continues, drawing me still nearer to him.

"Roger, I do love you, and more than ever, if that is possible," I reply, in low earnest tones, glancing up meanwhile into my dear one's face. "Are you satisfied now?"

But he is silent, and looks fixedly down the green and leafy perspective.

"Roger, what is it?" I question, over a dream I had lately. Nay, do not laugh, Elsie," he protests gravely, noting the smile breaking over my face. "Do not laugh, please. For, oh! it seemed so real—so terribly real! And I had so longed to hear from your lips that you really and truly love me still. Will you repeat your words once again, dear?"

I glance in surprise at my lover's face, but obediently repeat—

"Roger, I do love you—and, if possible, more than ever."

"Thank Heaven, it is only a dream!" issues from his lips, and he breathes a sigh of relief.

"What was your dream, Roger?"

"It is not worth relating now, my darling," he replies.

"But I do so want to know."

"And I so want to know how my darling has enjoyed her visit, and what she has seen and done during the time," retorts my lover.

The words are lightly spoken, but the manner is decided and earnest.

And so I press my questioning no further, but comply with his wish, and answer cheerfully—

"Oh Cousin Maude was so kind to me and took me everywhere with her. That is why you got so few letters from me, because there seemed something for every hour—nay, every moment of the day. And then in the evening, came theatres, balls, concerts. I never enjoyed my self so much in all my life before. But I always wished you were with me, dear."

"To have one more admirer of you as you appeared in your sweet dresses, eh, Elsie?" my lover laughingly asks.

"How can you sir?" I retort. "Of course I missed you terribly."

"I know you did Elsie; and now one more kiss from your dear lips and then I will take you back to the house."

One more long passionate embrace and then Roger and I retrace our steps beneath the star-spangled sky, through the wicket-gate, up the gravel path, till the hall door is reached.

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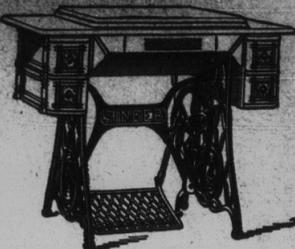
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"You will come in, Roger?"

"N: to-night Elsie. My mother will be expecting me, and I promised her I would not be late."

"I have been so thoughtless and selfish, Roger! I have never once inquired for your mother."

"I will excuse you to her dear, since I have so engrossed your attention," Roger laughingly replies; then continues: "My mother sent her kindest love, and she will be so glad to see you when you find time to call. She is very anxious to hear of your doings among the gay set you have been visiting in Belgravia."

"Please give her my love, Roger, and I will certainly come and see her as soon as possible."

"Thank you, Elsie. Now one more sweet good-night, and then we must part for the present."

"Good night, dear, dear, Roger!" I answer, standing on tip toe to kiss him.

One fond and lingering embrace, and then we part. I listen to his firm tread till it dies away in the distance.

Then the hall door closes on me.

"I will write to Cousin Maude tomorrow," I tell myself, as I walk along towards the quaint old churh.

It is a lovely morning, and I do not hurry myself, even though the bell is giving notice by its slower and more fitful tones that it will soon stop and the service commence.

My father is already in the small vestry putting on his white robes, for I can see the same fluttering in the summer breeze through the partially open door.

Still, I do not hurry; the spell of a perfect summer morn is on me, and I feel it is good to be sauntering slowly along in the sweet, pure sunshine.

Aut the bell ceases presently and then I reflect how much averse my father is to my being late, so I quicken my steps and am soon within the cool church porch.

One moment, to re-adjust and pull the ribbon which has gone fluttering astray, and then my hand is on the latch.

"Allow me," says a voice close by, while a hand, cased in a delicate and well-fitting glove, is stretched forth from behind me.

I drop my fingers, the door opens, and, without turning my head, but merely bowing in recognition of the service rendered me, I pass on into the church, and with heightened colour and downcast look, take my seat in the vicarage pew.

As I do so, I become conscious that the owner of the delicate, kid-gloved hand is being ushered by the old clerk into the Ellerton pew.

Colonel Ellerton is the lord of the manor, and is looked up to with considerable awe and reverence by all my father's parishioners.

"Some friend of the colonel's," I mentally reflect, as I catch just one glimpse of the bowed head, as I rise from my knees and prepare to join in the singing of the first psalm.

And then my thoughts wander, and for the time, forgetful of everything, I give full compass to my voice, and, as I do so, I glance unconsciously in the direction of the colonel's pew.

One glance! Then, with crimsoning face, I break off abruptly, and drop my eyes quickly on my prayer-book, for the form standing so upright in old Colonel Ellerton's pew is that of Sir Hugh Staunton! And he has recognised me!

Roger is sitting with his mother not many seats back, and he must have seen the exchanged glances.

Quick as lightning these thoughts flash through my brain.

Still more and more crimson becomes my face as I wonder how I shall explain all satisfactorily to my two lovers.

How can I confess to the one that I have acted wrongly in allowing him to suppose for an instant that my decision might be in his favor, when all the time I am the promised bride of the other?

Ah, me! Why did I not openly confess to cousin Maude my secret, and thus have secured freedom from the attention of others—of such attentions as Sir Hugh Staunton showered upon me on every possible occasion?

But all this time the service is proceeding, and, finally, we rise from our knees and sing the hymn before the sermon.

And then there is a slight rustle from behind, a faint and subdued murmur of voices, followed by steps going down the aisle in the direction of the church door.

I turn my head just in time to see one of my father's oldest parishioners being carried out, and Roger following in the wake of the bearers.

For a few seconds everyone's attention is taken up by this sudden illness of poor old Farmer George, then the door closes upon the small procession, and quiet being

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

MAKE HENS LAY

No matter what kind of foods you use, mix with SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. It will increase your profits this fall and winter. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to form eggs.

A Nestful of Eggs

May be obtained in winter if you do as many successful poultrymen do, namely, mix daily with the mash food Sheridan's Powder. Has been used and endorsed over thirty years.

If you can't get the Powder send to us. One book 25 cts.; five, \$1.00; ten, \$1.75. Book free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Mrs. Alonzo H. Thurber, Freeport, N.S., says: "I had a severe attack of Grippe and a bad cough, with great difficulty in breathing. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was completely cured."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

Work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation, and make you feel better in the morning.

CANCER

And Tumors cured to any extent, at home; no knife, plaster, or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 250-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE CO., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

Sunday Reason

Every youthful or less of the sciences which "does not pre-think," but does tell us what comes to the end, and the science, have engaged class-room, and, it comes to look upon a pertinent faculty.

Reason is something faculty which differs from dumb animals (the truth). "God like called.

Who is not filled with striking incident in Hamilton, when, at he earned the title "Congress" by his argument of the president in favor of the crown about himself: "My genius. All the get this: When I have study it profoundly, before me. I explore. My mind becomes p the effort that I made ed to call the fruit of labor and thought modest this profession known as "The Most It was chiefly Hamilton closely and well that countrymen and bi fame.

In his "Architecture Marden gives this Lincoln was once as his wonderful logical "It was my terrible did that for me. When I went into an office that a lawyer's bus prove things. I said when is a thing p poser. What cons evidence; that was may be evidence c consists the proof? story of the German some crime, and dozen respectable s saw the prisoner com he replied, "vat of d dat dey saw me. When two dozen good men not see me do it." proof? I groaned c finally said to myself can't tell!" Then I it for me to be in a l when a thing is prove and went back home. Soon afterward I ret cabin I fell in with had not the slightest was, and I thought found out; but it looked into the book about lines, angles, but I could not under fore began at the be spring I had gone Euclid's geometry, at every proposition like the saying, when I ha I said to myself on know now when a th I answered, "Yes, th may go back to the went." Here, again, dispensable factor in man was his mastery Reason, logical inf step in the progress of conclusions of scienc umphs of Reason— quest this God-given

But, let us never something higher, inf than reason, and that God's good gifts to precious thing is faith that the unlearned ed a life; and it is wor is so full and satisfy logic. "Blessed are th and yet have believe, tion that awaits the Philip Sidney spoke "Reason cannot show able than to leave a above reason." Reser lectual eye, and like needs light—to see cle the light of heaven. N who pretend to belie others believe, that cepted by us that on or logically demonstr pe rooms pride themse



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Sunday Reading

Reason and Faith.

Every youthful scholar has learned more or less of the science of logic, that science which 'does not pretend to tell us how to think,' but does tell us how we think when we think correctly. Induction and deduction, and the lesser divisions of the science, have engaged his attention in the class-room, and, rightly enough, he has come to look upon the reason as a very important faculty.

Reason is sometimes spoken of as that faculty which differentiates us from the dumb animals (though this is only a half truth). "God like reason," it has been called.

Who is not filled with admiration at that striking incident in the life of Alexander Hamilton, when, at the age of seventeen, he earned the title of "Vindicator of the Congress" by his masterly reply to the argument of the president of King's College in favor of the crown? Hamilton said this about himself: "Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pre-occupied with it. Then the effort that I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius; it is the fruit of labor and thought." How candid and modest this profession from him who was known as "The Moses of Colonial Finance"! It was chiefly Hamilton's ability to reason closely and well that made him useful to his countrymen and brought him enduring fame.

In his "Architects of Fate," Mr. O. S. Marden gives this anecdote: Abraham Lincoln was once asked how he acquired his wonderful logical powers. He replied: "It was my terrible discouragement which did that for me. When I was a young man I went into an office to study law. I saw that a lawyer's business was largely to prove things. I said to myself, 'Lincoln, when is a thing proved?' That was a poser. What constitutes proof? Not evidence; that was not the point. There may be evidence enough, but wherein consists the proof? You remember the old story of the German who was tried for some crime, and they brought half a dozen respectable men who swore they saw the prisoner commit the deed. 'Vell,' he replied, 'vat of dat? Six men schwaers dat dey saw me do it. I bring, more nor two dozen goat men who schwaers dey did not see me do it.' So, wherein is the proof? I groaned over the question, and finally said to myself, 'Ah, Lincoln, you can't tell!' Then I thought, 'What use is it for me to be in a law office if I can't tell when a thing is proved? So I gave it up and went back home, over in Kentucky. Soon afterward I returned to the old log cabin I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had not the slightest notion what Euclid was, and I thought I would find out. I found out; but it was no easy job. I looked into the book, and found it was all about lines, angles, surfaces and solids; but I could not understand it all. I there-fore began at the beginning, and before spring I had gone through that old Euclid's geometry, and could demonstrate every proposition like a book. Then in the spring, when I had got through with it, I said to myself one day, 'Ah, do you know now when a thing is proved?' And I answered, 'Yes, sir, I do.' 'Then you may go back to the law shop?' And I went." Here, again, we see what an indispensable factor in the making of a great man was his mastery of logic.

Reason, logical inference, governs every step in the progress of science, so that the conclusions of science are so many triumphs of Reason—triumphs of her conquest this God-given faculty.

But, let us never forget that there is something higher, infinitely more precious, than reason, and that this, also, is one of God's good gifts to man. This infinitely precious thing is faith. Faith is something that the unlearned can have in as much fullness as the educated. It has been called a life; and it is worthy of the name, it is so full and satisfying. Life is more than logic. 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed,' is the commendation that awaits them that have faith. Sir Philip Sidney spoke wisely when he said, 'Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason.' Reason is only our intellectual eye, and like the eye, to see, it needs light—to see clearly and far, it needs the light of heaven. Now, there are some who pretend to believe, and try to have others believe, that nothing should be accepted by us that cannot be scientifically or logically demonstrated as fact. Such persons pride themselves on their scientific

Better put the cough out.

That is, better go deeper and smother the fires of inflammation. Troches cannot do this. Neither can plain cod-liver oil.

But Scott's Emulsion can. The glycerine soothes and makes comfortable; the hypophosphites give power and stability to the nerves; and the oil feeds and strengthens the weakened tissues.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

turn of mind. Now, every educated person will readily admit that we owe to the scientific method our deepest gratitude for its splendid contribution to the world's progress; we ought to prize it according to its great value—but we ought not to make a fetish of it. Science is not perfect; she is constantly finding that some of her conclusions have been erroneous, and, to her credit be it said, she is prompt to acknowledge her shortcomings. We are never certain how many of her conclusions may be merely provisional. We have the complaint to make against logic and science that they fail to satisfy our longings for tight and comfort.

Faith in the invisible, therefore, is necessary to our welfare and happiness. The vision of faith is worth more than all the pleasures of the intellect. Now, faith is a very different thing from reason. Entire-ness is indispensable to faith. What we believe we must believe wholly and without reserve; hence the only perfect and satisfying object of faith is God. A faith that sets bounds to itself, that will believe so much and no more, that will trust thus far and no farther, is no faith at all. We must 'trust in the Lord' with all our hearts, and 'lean not unto our own understanding.' This it is to have faith.

Abraham Lincoln early in life had severe mental contests regarding the genuineness of the revealed Word. A few months before he died the President asked a friend, Mr. Speed, to spend a night with him at the Soldiers' Home. The guest arrived just after sunset, and, as was his wont, ran up to the President's rooms. As he came near he was surprised to see his friend reading the Bible. With the freedom which only a long intimacy could give, Mr. Speed said: 'I am glad to see you so profitably engaged.' 'Yes,' answered Lincoln, 'looking up seriously, 'I am profitably engaged.' 'Well,' said Speed, sadly, 'if you have recovered from your skepticism, I am sorry to say I have not.' The President for a moment looked him earnestly in the face, then 'placing his hand on the doubter's shoulder, said with unusual solemnity, 'You are wrong, Speed; take all of this Book upon reason that you can, and the rest upon faith, and you will, I am sure, live and die a happier and a better man.'

Max Muller, the famous scholar, who has long been considered a skeptic, has been made to apprehend the truth by the close study of the New Testament. 'If this religion is not divine,' he says, 'I understand nothing at all.'

'The Bible and the Book of Nature, alike speak to us of the existence and goodness of God. To the believing heart
'Every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every breath the radiant summer brings,
Is a word of God.'
—Wm. M. Crane.

Cry From Darkest London.

Some years ago, it will be remembered, a little pamphlet with the title, "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," set a feeling of horror rolling over the world, and resulted in various efforts being made by the authorities, the churches and the philanthropic societies of England to heal the hideous sores thus revealed. Somewhat later General Booth's "Darkest London" opened the windows still wider upon the awful vice and immorality of the English metropolis, accompanying the revelations with numerous practical schemes and suggestions for the betterment of existing conditions. But it would appear from a statement recently sent out by the clergy of South London that, after all these appeals and the work which has followed them, a state of affairs exists in the English capital which may well appal the hearts of the charitable and the philanthropic. The present number of the South London population is about 2,000,000, and these belong mostly to the working classes and are mostly desperately poor. Speaking of this district, Sir Walter Besant wrote not long ago: "South Lon-

is a city without a center, without a definite university. It has no college medicine. Its residents have no religion or enthusiasm. It has no public buildings. It has no West End." The newly issued appeal says that the overcrowding of the families, in one or two rooms, is monstrous in its proportions and incalculably cruel in its results of disease and death, while the terrible havoc wrought by drink, in which the victims of existing conditions seek some alleviation of their miseries, is inexpressibly awful, and a disgrace to both Church and State. So great is the bulk of distress that it seems almost hopeless for individual effort to make any attempt to cope with it. The population of one single parish is often from 15,000 to 30,000, and the clergy are overwhelmed. Whole armies of district visitors, teachers and helpers are needed to make any impression upon the ignorance, the vice and the heathenism which seem to be more prevalent there than in central Africa.

Opposition to the Work.

God's temple cannot be built without Satan raging against and opposing it. So, too, the Gospel kingdom was set up with much struggle and contention. But the second temple was built notwithstanding all opposition, in the removing and conquering of which, and the bringing of the work to perfection at last, the wisdom, power and goodness to God were glorified, and all engaged therein led the more implicitly to trust in him. The opposers of the undertaking are here said to be 'the adversaries of Judah and Benjamin,' not the Chaldeans or Persians, they made no disturbance, but the relics of the ten tribes and the foreigners who had joined themselves to them, and patched up the mongrel religion.

The opposition that arose had in it much of the subtlety of the old serpent. When they heard that the temple was in course of building, they saw at once that it would be a fatal blow to their superstition, and they set themselves to oppose it. They had not power to do it forcibly, but they tried all the ways they could do it effectually. They offered their services to cooperate with them, but only that they might seize the opportunity to retard the work while pretending to further it. Their offer was plausible enough, and looked very kind on the face of it. 'We will build with you,' we will help you in planning and contributing, 'for we seek your God as you do.' Now this was false, for sought the same God, they did not seek him only, nor seek him in the way he appointed, and therefore did not seek him as they did.

HE SAVED THE BABY.

The Cool Way in Which the Old Dog Did a Brave Deed.

An old resident of a Nova Scotia town is the proud owner of a Newfoundland dog for which he has been offered large sums. The dog's intelligence has always been rated high, but two years ago he added to his reputation by an act which seemed to indicate a power of rapid reasoning equal to that possessed by many human beings. His master lives on the side of a hill, the street sloping rather abruptly down to the water's edge. One day a little girl, left in charge of her baby sister sleeping in its small carriage, turned away to talk with a schoolmate, and forgot the baby for a moment.

In that moment a sudden gust of wind took the little carriage, and bore it rapidly along down the hill toward the water.

Carpenters' Kidneys.

Carpentering is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaimed, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

now on the first sign of Backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit. "I have had kidney and urinary troubles for more than three years with severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I could not stoop without great difficulty, and I had severe neuralgic pain in both temples. Seeing the advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. They have given me quick relief, removing the pain from the back and sides, and banishing the neuralgic pains from my head. The urinary difficulty is now entirely gone. I feel fresh and vigorous in the mornings, and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CHARLES E. SZEDS, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Okla.

Procrastination.

Steals time, and everything that time ought to be good for.

Possibly it keeps you from using Pearline. You know from others of its ease and economy—but "putting it off."

Begin the use of Pearline with your face cleaned—your face and hands—cleans everything.

Pearline

The two children ran down the hill, but the wind was too fleet for them. The big Newfoundland, lying at the foot of his master's walk, usually raised his head when he heard the cries, and sprang carriage skimming by him. Unlike the children, he made no attempt to overtake it by a direct chase, but dashing across three or four lanes, he came out at a curve of the road ahead of the little vehicle, and planting himself firmly in its track stopped it and held it safely until some of the neighbors, who had been roused by the cries, hurried to the spot.

Then he walked up the hill again, apparently unmoved by the praise and petting which was surely his due, and resumed his nap with the air of a dog that had done his duty as best he knew how and was content.

A Dreaded Disease In November.

THOUSANDS ARE SUFFERING. Paine's Celery Compound. Gives Prompt Relief and Cures Permanently.

Thousands of people die in November of rheumatism. In the vast majority of cases carelessness, ignorance and a lack of medical skill send the sufferers to the grave. It can be honestly and fearlessly asserted that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred Paine's Celery Compound would have banished the disease and saved life. The original cause of rheumatism, as of so many other diseases, is a lack of nerve force. With this weakness of the nervous system there is a derangement of the digestive organs, the food stays too long in the stomach, it turns sour, and the resulting acid enters the blood. The victim then takes colds, and the acid cannot be expelled from the system by ordinary means. Soon the joints swell, and then there is inflammation and great suffering.

Paine's Celery Compound used promptly and regularly quickly expels all the deadly acid from the body; the pains are banished, muscles and joints that have become contracted and stiffened soon become limber and regain their power, and the patient walks with comfort and ease. No other medicine can do such marvelous work for those afflicted with rheumatism and sciatica. Paine's Celery Compound is truly your friend and life renewer; it is the medicine recommended by the ablest physicians for the banishment and cure of a disease that has such fatal results in the variable autumn months.

Persuading the Big Boy.

Seldom in any age have small boys been fully persuaded of the beauties of 'moral suasion,' and it is natural that visitors to the New York headquarters of 'Our Animal Protective League' should follow the majority. We quote the Times: 'What should I do,' asked one small boy, 'if I should see a boy who was beating a dog?' 'Couldn't you persuade him not to?' he was asked. 'I might if he was my size,' he answered, 'but what should I do if he was bigger than I am?'

Little Clarence (with rising infection)—Pa!

Mr. Clippers—Uh? Little Clarence—Pa, if a man 50 years old married a girl 17, and his son aged 25, marries the girl's mother, don't that make the old man the son-in-law of his own son, and the father-in-law of himself; and—and, pa, can I go fishin' all this afternoon with Johnny Jumpup if I won't ask you any more questions? Mr. Clippers (hastily)—Great guns! Yes!

CHILDREN WILL GO SLEIGHING.

They return covered with snow. Half a teaspoon of Pain-Killer in hot water will prevent ill effects. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

'Oh, Henry, don't cut your pie with a knife.' 'Elias, you ought to be thankful I don't call for a can opener.'

THERE IS NO UNCERTAINTY about Elix-Pectoral. It cures your cough quickly. All bronchial affections give way to it. 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietor of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, please. Circulars & 150-page MASON MEDICINE Toronto, Ontario.

AN AFTER DINNER RUN.

HARD LUCK CAUSED IT AND IT KILLED A POLICEMAN.

The Officer Was in Full Pursuit of Two Men of the Keys Who Beat a Chicago Boatman Out of a Dinner After a Terrible Experience of Misfortune.

'Did I ever tell you how I killed a policeman in Chicago?' asked a member of a group of telegraphers who were talking shop during a temporary interruption to communication in a large Western 'relay' office one winter evening. 'Well, it was the culmination of a hard-luck story extending from Texas to Illinois. My partner and I went to Texas in the fall of 1890 to spend the winter, and were assigned to adjacent stations as night operators. We were just beginning to get fairly well acquainted with the inhabitants of our respective cities, and the outlook for receiving proper social recognition appeared most promising. In fact we vied with one another on the wire as to the particular accomplishments and beauty of our would-be Southern sweethearts. But alas! The ecstasy was short-lived. The chief dispatcher called us both up one evening with the statement that he was in a decided quandary as to which was the most profitable sleeper while on duty, and to be impartial and equitable, he had decided to discharge us both.

In those days operators were thicker than ducks in the winter time in the south, and seek as we would, employment we could not secure. We accepted with due trepidation the alternative of coming north in search of work. My partner was one of the best clog dancers I had ever seen, and but for this we must have suffered the pangs of hunger several times on our journey. Down south during the cotton season the colored folk generally have an old-fashioned 'rag' each Saturday night, and while spending a few hours compulsorily at an Arkansas village we went over to the cotton platform to witness their exhibition in the hope that an enlivening scene like that might distract our minds from the pangs of hunger then existing, as well as to pass the time until the arrival of the next freight. We witnessed the harsh imitations of the standard jig steps until 'Mac' weak as he was, could stand it no longer, and, defying his coat, he entered the contest himself. While the object is supposed to be to determine which of the dancers keeps the best time and is the most graceful, the contest generally develops into one in which the dancer exhibiting the best staying qualities is declared the champion dancer.

'Mac did not warm up to his work quickly but as the contestants, one by one began to drop out, his latest fangles attracted attention, and finally he was alone. One old colored woman grew excited and said: 'Look at dat white man wid de nigger feet.'

Thereupon Mac worked over toward me and said: 'That means a fine dinner, Willy, and so it did. Mac was easily the champion and was so declared by the judges, whereupon we explained our predicament and were told that the best the land afforded would soon be at our disposal, the woman whose enthusiasm had been so thoroughly aroused being the host and a most welcome repeat did she prepare.

'Of all the communities in the United States, the operators of Arkansas are the 'chillest,' and had Mac's dancing not helped us to food on several occasions we would doubtless have had to seek assistance from those charitably inclined outside our profession. Reaching St. Louis, and finding places as scarce as in Texas, we decided to go on to Chicago, where we felt that if employment could not be secured we both had friendships that would alleviate our embarrassment. Well do I remember the day we alighted from our palce car at the Union Stock Yards and the hope with which we were inspired as we wended our way toward the uptown telegraph offices, hungry but with a feeling that it would soon be relieved. But fate was against us; no vacancies existed and our supposed friends were not to be seen. Inquiry showed that most of them had either died or removed to other cities. Hoping against hope we remained around the office looking for friendly faces, but they did not appear.

'The situation was growing desperate indeed. Food we must have. Mac suggested that we put some boards in our trousers, seek a restaurant where a small sized man presided, eat a hearty meal and

APIOL & STEEL
PILLS
A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.

Superior Bitter Apple, P. H. Cochrane, Pennsylvania, etc.
Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from
EVANS & SONS, L.D., Montreal and
Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C. or
Marine, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

till him to kick us out. I gladly accepted the plan and going over to the lake shore among the floats, we found shingles, carefully adjusted them, and choosing our victim, entered his establishment and proceeded to devour a dinner. While waiting for a last course we got to discussing the contemptible nature of our scheme, but forgave ourselves on the ground that just because we had not had a single 'square' for some time, we could not be expected to do without one forever. The waiter must have overheard enough of the conversation to obtain an inkling of its nature, as he hurriedly exchanged a few remarks with the proprietor, whom, as we correctly surmised, started for a policeman, the waiter taking up a position at the cashier's desk.

'While I do not know it to be a fact, as is alleged by the newspapers on innumerable occasions, that the women of Chicago have abnormally large feet, I can attest the fact from personal experience that the waiters of that city are endowed with monstrosities in their lower extremities. Do not think I am wandering from my subject as to killing the policeman: the mere thought of the occurrence brings sad thoughts to my mind, and I hate to approach the climax. Finishing the meal, we advanced to our fate:

'Partner, we are broke, and as we could not starve,' began Mac. The waiter at the same time emerged from behind the counter, the sight of whom caused Mac to lose his voice, and I felt compelled to take up the tale.

'And you will have to take your pay by kicking us,' I murmured.

'Just then I noticed the proprietor returning with a policeman, to whom the caterer was pointing us out, but before I had time to realize anything further I received an impetus from behind that must have been wonderful, with a remark by the waiter that, 'I'll just go you ones for fun.'

'Talk about chariot horses getting a quick start; they could have made no comparison to the one I received. Looking back I saw the policeman in hot pursuit, but it was a procession from the word 'go.' He was a plucky fellow, however, evidently a new man on the force, and while the Coroner's jury declared his death due to heart failure, I felt that to another cause must be ascribed his death.

'And what is your idea?' asked one of the listeners.

'Well, I think that he ran so fast in vainly trying to overtake me that he died from sunstroke, while the boost the waiter so kindly gave me required no effort at all on my part to sprint along at a two minute clip. In the excitement Mac got away unnoticed—and then the wires were restored, compelling the men to resume their places at the keys and sounders, and '30' was pronounced on the tale.

THREE BRITISH GENERALS.

Sketches of Officers on Their Way to the Scene of War in South Africa.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP MOOR, Madeira, Oct. 24.—With a saloon passenger list four fifths military, and deck accommodation wholly given up to uniformed men, this Cape liner comes as near as possible to being a war transport. As she lay in Southampton Water on Saturday evening waiting for the London mail for South Africa, the Nubis, the Gascon, and another, huge hired transports twice the size of the Moor, steamed out laden with infantry battalions for the command that the three divisional Generals on the Moor are to take up in the Transvaal campaign. For Lieut.-Gen. Lord Methuen, commanding the First Division, Major Gen. Sir William Gatacre of the Second, and Major-Gen. Sir Francis Clery, of the Third, are here with their picked field staff. The smoking room talk is that the men in charge of this business have been unusually well chosen by the War Office which for once, is not reviled by its own service. It is to Gen. Gatacre that service men tacitly defer to most as their strong man. A spare wiry man in his early fifties serious and courteous without much to say, Gatacre is probably not a hero with Tommy Atkins, even among his immediate subordinates. The admiration expressed for him is severely professional. He is a hard man physically and keeps himself so by work. His officers are enthusiastic over his willingness to sleep in a ditch full of water as soon as in a camp bed, but there is a note of regret in their voices as they recall that he expects those about him to be as scornfully indifferent to personal comfort; yet it was semi-civil work that first brought him into prominence. He organized and directed the plague relief fund, two years ago in Bombay. Last year he was again master of his opportunities when he received command of a brigade in the Sudan campaign. This is his first responsible work in South Africa and he is chosen for it because the heads of the army have found that he is vigorous, thorough and not a self-advertiser.

His service senior, Lord Methuen, is of another stamp altogether. Tall, pleasant-faced, it is not easy to reconcile his frankly amiable looks with the systematized self-hardening that is the characteristic of Gen.

Gatacre. In his younger days Lord Methuen saw varied service in South Africa, where he organized Methuen's Horse, a body of irregular cavalry, who did police duty on the outskirts of Cape civilization. The third commander of division, Gen. Clery, is an Irishman, and looks it. Tall, grizzly black, with florid aquiline features and thick whiskers growing high on his cheek bones, he suggests at once a fighting general out of one of Levee's war stories. His military appearance slightly belies a quiet, reserved manner. So far he has spent most of his time on a deck chair reading a substantial volume—"The Transvaal From Within."

The staffs of these commands are keen working soldiers who have been active in most fighting since they were youngsters. Their question 'Do you think we will be in time?' is a hope that they will. An officer who has suggested that the British force will split up its brigades when it arrives and be sent in smaller bodies to disarm the already defeated Boers is told that he does not see the situation accurately. At any rate his fellow officers do not wish to see it that way. The prevalent belief is that Sir Redvers Buller will enter Pretoria early in February. His part of the plan of campaign, they say, is to inflict one signal, overwhelming defeat on the enemy before the final smaller operations. All this of course, is the judging of a situation as it was last Saturday, which may be considerably changed by now and completely altered in twelve days.

The Generals aide-de-camps give a welcome air of mirth to the grim side of the military staffs. They are a cheery lot themselves, and vow that they can't stand people who take life seriously. They include Lieuts. Loch, Roberts, Cavendish and McNeill, all sons of families prominent in the British service. The rank and file on deck are about six hundred men of the army service corps—the men who do the butchering, carpentry and immediate necessary work for the troops in the field. Their zeal for serving immediate necessities is such that the large case they brought on board marked "stationery" for the corps on the field was found when opened to consist of sixty pounds of Linseed meal. Their usual dark-blue uniform [with white facings is set aside for the all-prevalent khaki suits. The hospital staff is numerous in all divisions. Officers say they are being far better considered this time than on the Nile last year. They have some plain names for Kitchener, who insisted that men, arms and food were the only three things he wanted at the front, and that transport was wasted in bringing up field hospitals.

Already on the Moor there is a strong foreboding of the heat that is due the day after Madeira. So far the voyage has been singularly calm. Heavy rain with some wind roused about the ship last night, but she pushes along in a capable, steady style. The rankers of the army service corps mostly prefer already to sleep on deck under the sky to the crowded wells of holds that have been turned into troop decks.

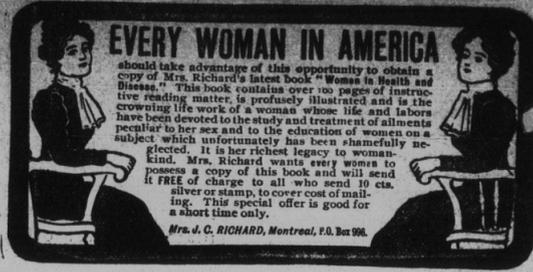
The notable thing about the military demeanor here is preparedness for the work in hand. Much of the talk turns on past campaigns in India, Egypt, sometimes the Transvaal in 1881. But there is no polemical excitement about the present business. Two young Boers who have just taken medical degrees in Europe and are returning home if they can get there, are being jealously coaxed to take 'the Queen's shilling before they land. Both Boers defend their country's side temperately and tenaciously. Some of the older civilians on board are engaged in banking, commerce, or farming in Cape Colony and Natal, and are hurrying back because of the war. They are much more angry with the Boers than are the soldiers who are to fight them. An old gentleman who has been forty years in Africa says he prays that there may be 10,000 Boers killed before the British listen to talk of peace.

Spectacled Cows and Shod Geese.

In Bohemia when geese are to be driven long distances to market, they are shod for the journey. The method of shoeing is as simple as it is effective. The geese are made to walk repeatedly over the patches of tar mixed with sand. This forms

A Lucky Millionaire.

When Menier, the Millionaire Chocolate King, bought the island of Anticosti, it is improbable that he had any thought of advertising Chocolate Menier by his action. But an enterprising press has devoted so much attention to Menier and his supposed doings that he must have received thousands of dollars worth of indirect advertising entirely free. The sale of Chocolate Menier is already so enormous—over thirty-three million pounds per annum—that it may not appear to need much booming. However, it is always to those that have much that much is given.



EVERY WOMAN IN AMERICA

should take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a copy of Mrs. Richard's latest book "Women in Health and Disease." This book contains over 100 pages of instructive reading matter, is profusely illustrated and is the crowning life work of a woman whose life and labors have been devoted to the study and treatment of ailments peculiar to her sex and to the education of women on a subject which unfortunately has been shamefully neglected. It is her richest legacy to woman-kind. Mrs. Richard wants every woman to possess a copy of this book and will send it FREE of charge to all who send 10 cts. silver or stamp to cover cost of mailing. This special offer is good for a short time only.

Mrs. J. C. RICHARD, Montreal, P. Q., Can. 1899.

a hard crust on their feet, which enables them to travel great distances without becoming sore-footed. Even more useful than shoes to geese are the spectacles worn by the cows that feed on the Russian steppes. Forty thousand spectacled cattle, so says the Family Herald, are now to be found in that region, where the snow lies white for six months in the year. The cattle pick up a living from the tufts of grass which crop up above the snow. The sun shines so dazzlingly upon the white surface that many of the animals formerly suffered from snow blindness. Then it occurred to some humane person to manufacture smoke-colored spectacles for the cattle. He tried the experiment, and it was successful. The animals are saved much suffering.

MISS FRANCOIS WILLARD'S CAT.

Two Thousands Dollars' Worth of his Photographs Have Been Sold.

The most distinguished cat of his day, 'Toots,' or, as he was more familiarly known, 'Tootsie Willard,' goes about apparently unmoved by the blushing honors thick upon him. No doubt any dumb thing that had been owned and loved by Francis Willard would be sure of a life-long tender regard from her devoted friends; but 'Toots' is really entitled to at least a portion of his tremendous following quite on his own account. He is a magnificent white Angora, weighing twenty-four pounds, with the long silky hair, the frill or Lord Mayor's chain, the superb curving tail and the large full eyes of the thoroughbred. Then he has proved himself of aristocratic tendencies, has beautiful manners, is endowed with the human qualities of memory and discrimination, and is aesthetic in his tastes.

'Toots,' by the way, seems somewhat of a mimner as applied to this dignified creature, and, sad to say, it marks the decline of a woman's hero-worship; for 'Tootsie's name was originally Gladstone—Gladstone Willard. One memorable day news came across the wires that the celebrated statesman repudiated principles vital to the heart of the American temperance leader, and, on the moment, Gladstone Willard was renamed 'Toots.' This, however, has in no way affected his popularity, as two thousand dollars' worth of 'Toots' photographs have been sold within the last few years.

'Tootsie went to Rest Cottage, the home of Francis Willard, when only a kitten, and there he lived the pet of the household and its guests until several years ago, when Miss Willard prepared to go abroad. Then she took 'Tootsie in her arms, carried him to the Draxel Kennels and asked their owner, Mrs. Leland Norton, to admit him as a member of her large cat family. To his praise be it spoken, he has never forgotten his old friends of Rest Cottage. To this day, whenever any of them call upon him, he honors them with an instant and hearty recognition. Miss Willard was sometimes forced to be separated from him more than a year at a time, but neither time nor change had any effect upon 'Tootsie. At the first sound of her voice, he would spring to her side.

Among 'Tootsie's characteristics are his sense of color and his love for flowers. English violets he is fond of. It is to be feared that is not wholly an aesthetic joy for though apparently enamored of their odor and beauty, no sooner does he get them than he snaps the tender stems and eats the delicate blossoms. For carnations he has a tender but a more controlled passion, being content merely to smell and play with them. Aside from the blue violets, rose color is 'Tootsie's favorite tint and when he seeks a place to bask in the sun he must needs have a cushion of some deep pink color dragged to the spot; of course he is provided with a rose blanket.

Being the privileged character that he is, 'Tootsie has his own chair and bib, and his manners are said to be exquisite.

Pretty Heavy.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on their visit to Egypt, met with several humorous experiences. One of them shows that even the Egyptians are not free from an unhappy weakness for saying just the wrong thing at a critical moment. After an inspection of the troops by the duke outside of Omdurman, to which the duchess had accompanied him on horseback, the girths of her saddle suddenly gave way. There was no way of repairing them, and to enable her royal highness to get back

with the least possible inconvenience a sort of sedan-chair was improvised from a gun-carriage. On this she was carried by Egyptian gunners, who were in charge of a native officer.

On the way the duchess said: 'I hope your men will not be tired after carrying me,' and was surprised and amused to receive the ungallant reply:

'Indeed, no, madam; you are no heavier than the gun they are accustomed to carry!'

A Trying Experience.

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Consulted Four Doctors, But the Only Relief They Gave Him was Through the Medication of Morphine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Activity.

From the News, Toronto, N. S.

Mr. Robert Wright, of Altou, Cochester Co., N. S., is now one of the hardest working farmers in this section. But Mr. Wright was not always blessed with perfect health; as a matter of fact for some fifteen years he was a martyr to what appeared to be an incurable trouble. In conversation lately with a News reporter, Mr. Wright said: 'I am indeed grateful that the trouble which bothered me for so many years is gone, and I am quite willing to give you the particulars for publication. It is a good many years since my trouble first began, slight at first, but later intensifying severe pains in the back. Usually the pains attacked me when working or lifting, but often when not at work at all. With every attack the pains seemed to grow worse, until finally I was confined to the house, and there for five long months was bed-ridden, and much of this time could not move without help. My wife required to stay with me constantly, and became nearly exhausted.

During the time I was suffering thus I was attended by four different doctors. Some of them pronounced my trouble lumbago, others sciatica, but they did not cure me, nor did they give me any relief, save by the injection of morphine. For years I suffered thus, sometimes confined to bed, at other times able to go about and work, but always suffering from the pain, until about three years ago when I received a new lease of life, and a freedom from the pains that had so long tortured me. It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to my attention and I got two boxes. The effect seemed marvellous and I got six boxes more, and before they were all used I was again a healthy man and free from pain. It is about three years since I was cured, and during that time I have never had an attack of the old trouble, and I can therefore strongly testify to the sterling quality of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since they did such good work for me I have recommended them to several people for various ailments, and the pills have always been successful.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

He Feared to Presume.

The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence.

'What is the price of this pin?' asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship.

'Twenty francs, monsieur,' said the clerk.

'That's altogether too much,' said the young American. 'It's for a present to my sister; I'll give you five francs for it.'

'Zen it would be I zar gave so present to your sister,' said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, 'and I do not know so young mademoiselle!'

'Eggsauce.'

A teacher in a Boston suburban public school received the following 'eggsauce' from the mother of a boy who had failed to be present on a certain day:

Dear teacher: Please excuse Andrew James for not having went to school yesterday. He started all right, but he and another boy stopped for a little swim in the river, and a dog came along and carried off Andrew James's pants and shirt and he had to stay in the water until the other boy come home and got more pants and shirts for him, and then it was too late. Under the circumstances you could not expect him to be there so kindly eggsauce.

Frills of

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specify the particular of fashion which are to as well as to herald the models; but there is mountains high this sea to giving any definite the special style of skin during the coming seas would be very little of dominion of the model not for the continued of proposed change in ek gowns do not differ very from those worn in the

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Quite the smartest of all and the one which is mended by our first-class the one with wedgedshaped tucks, since they are stit entire length after the m They begin in a fine point low the waist, and nearly and widen out to an inch hem. This skirt is cut so plan of the sun-plaited sk time ago, which means th with very little extra fulne out enough to admit of a flare prettily at the hem. skirts are still another n drapery is manipulated in that the curves of the figur its folds. Whatever the may advise later, they still fact that the contour of th the first consideration.

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AMERICA to obtain a... in Health and... of instruction... and is the... and labors... of ailments... women on a... merrily ne... comes to... send... to... for... the

possible inconvenience a chair was improvised from... On this she was carried... gunners, who were in charge... her.

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ing Experience.

OTIAN FARMER SUF- FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Doctors, But the Only Re- sult was Through I. Jacob- son's Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Health and Activity. Turo, N. S.

Wright, of Alto, Coches- ete, is now one of the hardest workers in this section. But Mr. Wright is always blessed with per- sistent matter of fact for some- thing was a martyr to what ap- pears an incurable trouble. In- stead of a News reporter, I did - 'I am indeed grateful to you which bothered me... you are gone, and I am quite... you the particulars for pub- lishing a good many years since... began, slight at first, but... severe pairs in the back... attacks me when work- ing, but often when not at work... very attack the pains seem- ingly, until finally I was con- valesced, and there for five long... months, and much of this... move without help. My... stay with me constantly, very exhausted.

time I was suffering thus I... by four different doctors, pronounced my trouble lumbago, but they did not... they gave me any relief, the injection of morphine. For... times, sometimes confined... times able to go about and... suffering from the pain, six years ago when I received... life, and a freedom from the... long tortured me. It was... Dr. Williams' Pink Pills... were brought to my atten- tion in two boxes. The effect... and I got six boxes... they were all used. I was... man and free from pain, six years since I was cured, time I have never had any... trouble, and I can testify... to the sterling quality of the Pink Pills. Since they... work for me I have recom- mended several people for various... pills have always been

Pink Pills cure by going... the disease. They renew... blood, and strengthen the... living disease from the sys- tem by insisting that the... purchase is enclosed in a... the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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eggsoused." Boston suburban public the following 'eggsouse' of a boy who had failed... a certain day: Please eggsouse Andrew... going went to school yes- terday all right, but he and... ped for a little swim in... dog came along and car- ried James's pants and shirt... y in the water until the... some and got more pants... im, and then it was too... circumstances you kindly... to be there so quickly

Frills of Fashion.

It is the province of the fashion writer to specify the particular mode and varied fads of fashion which are to head the procession as well as to herald the coming of new models; but there is a stumbling block mountains high this season when it comes to giving any definite information about the special style of skirt which will prevail during the coming season. In fact there would be very little of interest from the dominion of the model makers if it were not for the continued controversy over the proposed change in skirts, since the new gowns do not differ very materially in style from those worn in the summer.

Between the varied assurances of the New York dressmakers and that the skirt with plaits is the coming mode, and the conflicting rumors as the popular skirt in Paris, the solution of the problem is not a easy one. However, there are several different models from which to choose, and meanwhile the coming display of dress at the Horse Show will doubtless settle the question from a time here. Some of the skirts have box plaits all around, except across the front breast; others are in side plaits something like the old fashioned kilt only the plaits are not so close together, and in either case the plaits are stitched down almost to the knees to give the flat effect around the hips. The bonne femme skirt, which is gathered or finely plaited from each side of the front all around, attracts the most attention in the discussion, as it has the greatest number of unattractive features, and it is evident that women will protest against this particular style on account of the weight which so much extra material involves, if for no other reason.

There is a style which has come back from the past through the medium of old pictures that suggests it, and whether it obtains or not, it has excited more argu- ment and criticism than any other one model. That it is a clumsy, ungraceful skirt goes without saying, since anything which conceals the graceful lines of the figure and accentuates the ugly features, must be wanting in all the merits of grace. A model which is a pretty compromise between the plaits and the plain skirt shows one double box plait at the back and very tiny tucks around the hips to the front, which is quite plain. These are fully five inches long at either side of the plait and gradually shorten to three inches. Another model, with a group of fine tucks directly at the back, extending five inches down from the waist line, being quite plain otherwise, is extremely pretty, and both models give a graceful outline to the figure.

Quite the smartest of all the plaited skirts and the one which is most highly recom- mended by our first-class dressmaker, is the one with wedged-shaped plaits, or better tucks, since they are stitched in nearly the entire length after the manner of tucks. They begin in a fine point three inches below the waist, and nearly two inches apart and widen out to an inch and a half at the hem. This skirt is cut something on the plan of the sun-plaited skirts worn some time ago, which means that it fits the hips with very little extra fulness, and widens out enough to admit of the tucks and still flare prettily at the hem. Modified drap- skirts are still another novelty, but the drapery is manipulated in such a manner that the curves of the figure are not lost in its folds. Whatever the fashion makers may devise later, they still recognize the fact that the contour of the figure must be the first consideration. Closely fitting skirts with a Watteau plait in the back, are seen among the French gowns, and are worn in some degree by Parisian women, but who will wear all these eccentricities in skirts which have been brought out by fashion is not manifested to any great extent. They continue the uncertainty, how- ever, and that is a great factor in the fashion business.

For the bodice of the fashionable gown there are not many distinctly new ideas except in the variations and dainty touches of color and contrasting effect brought out by the taste and ingenuity of the dressmakers. There are the same yokes collar effects, boleros and vests which have been in sight so long, yet all sorts of pretty changes have been rung on these until it seems necessary to go through the fashionable gowns with a fine tooth comb to find any novelty at all.

The fichu draped around the shoulders of both evening and dressy afternoon gowns is perhaps the latest variation. It is made of tulle, lace, net or chiffon, caught down very closely to give the sloping effect to the shoulders, and finish- ed with a little frill, the whole drawn in narrowly in front with a bow, or rowette of velvet which may have a gold or rhin-

Headache Hood's Pills While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, 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.

stone buckle in the centre. It is the dinner dress cut medium low in the neck which is the best exponent of the charms of fashion. The soft drapery covers the neck just enough so give the desired effect, and makes a pretty, soft finish as well, while for crepe de chine, silk and velvet gowns nothing can be much prettier.

In trimmings, anything and everything, that is, or ever was, known to the dress- maker's art, is in evidence this season. Embroideries in colored silks with gold and silver threads are applied very elegantly to velvet, silk and cloth. Applique lace is everywhere on the handsome gowns of cloth crepe de chine and velvet, and as for stitched bands, so much has been written about them already that it would not seem possible to find any new use for them. Cloth bands on silk are one of the season's fancies, but here they are again on corduroy velvets and spotted velvet gowns with very odd effects. Heavy lace, too, such as is used for an entire bodice, is decorated with these same stitched bands of cloth, silk and panne velvet. Fringe as a finish for the scarf ends, sashes and smaller bows so much the vogue, is very much in evidence on the latest gowns. The Tom Thumb fringes too are very popular for edging the net and chiffon trills on the evening gowns, and for the finish of cloth folds as well. Black and colored silk and velvet neckties have the deep netted fringe on the ends, and any place where it can be used in small bits with good effect for ornament, it is good style. A cream silk fringe tied into the edges of cream lace forms a very fashion- able trimming for the light cloth gowns.

One row each of black silk and gold braid sewn on almost close together just above a narrow band of fur forms the pretty finish on a soft green cloth gown, and again white braid is substituted for the black.

Among other effects in trimming is the use of cloth in a contrasting color for yokes and vests of the new serge and tweed gowns made up for half dressy morning wear. Overlapping stitched bands of the cloth, cut round or square to fit the shape of the yoke, are extremely effective with the decoration of a few small gold buttons. Chamois colored cloth is the yoke in a dark blue cloth gown, trimmed on the skirt with a fancy black silk braid sewn on in straight around rows beginning at the heart of the circular flounce and turning at either side of the front where it extends to the waist.

A novel idea developed recently in the art of dressmaking is the gown made on a corset, or a stiffly boned waist, which resembles one and answers all the purposes of a corset so that none is required underneath. The dress material is draped or fitted to this corset to which it is sewn as if it were a lining, and the effect is sylph- like indeed, proving the wearer has a slender figure. This is especially advis- able for evening gowns and in any case it gives the clinging molded-to-the-figure sort of look which is still so much sought after.

Another luxurious and striking feature of fashion is the redingote, which seems to have established itself in favor as a carriage wrap if nothing more. It is made in black, and pale shades of tan cloth and stitched with undulating bands of the same material. A wide shaped flounce of heavy lace, matching the color of the cloth, forms the lower portion of one red- ingote in the palest tan, and the lining is of white satin. The wide flaring collar and revers are covered with lace over white satin, and the whole garment, ex- cept around the bottom is edged with brown fox. Plainer and yet very elegant redingotes dispense with the lace flounce and are made entirely of cloth trimmed with wide stitched bands set on around at wide intervals for the entire length. Cream colored cloth, with shaped flounce, revers and collar embroidered in dull gold and silver makes an especially fine coat, but more elegant than all others are the redingote of baby lamb with circular flounce, headed with bows of black velvet which conceal the seam. The lining is white satin and the high collar of chin- chilla fastens with a bow and long scarf ends of cream lace.

Cloth gowns of the Directoire style are made with a redingote, which in a pale

gray model has double revers, one of stitched cloth under the white revers of panne embroidered with soft pink, gray and black silks.

Cloth certainly embodies every elegance of dress this season, and there is every tint and color from which to choose, between black and cream white, the latter trimmed with chinchilla being especially smart. One very elegant costume in pale mauve cloth is made with a long tunic finished with a band of sable on the edge, and a design in silk and chenille embroidery above. A deep flounce of cream lace over a plaiting of mauve chiffon forms the lower skirt at- tached to the mauve silk lining. The rest is of cream lace crossed by bands of fur. The edges of the bodice are finished with the embroidery, the special feature of which is the hydrangea flower petals cut out of the cloth and mixed in with it, arranged in the form of the flower as nearly as possible.

Cloth in beaver and castor colors is the special favorite of fashion for street gowns, and here is a novelty illustrated which is carried out in the pretty beaver color, with a bodice of cream colored Cluny lace deco- rated with stitched scroll bands of the cloth. Stitching is the only decoration on the skirt. Another gown in automobile red cloth shows pipings of brown velvet down the edges of bodice and skirt, matching the sable on the lace collar.

Stitching is the finish wherever it can be applied and narrow stitched bands cross the lace panels down either side, the lace being finished at the edge with a tiny band of fur. A gown of blue-faced cloth, stitched strappings, shows a vest of tuck- ed cream satin, an outer vest and partial yoke of blue velvet, and a cream lace jibbed necktie falling over both. Beaver colored cloth stitched with violet silk is another novelty in stitched effects in trimming and the necktie is violet velvet with silk fringe. Black panne, with a stitched band of white satin on the edge, in turn edged with sable forms the little revers of a stylish bolero finished with small gold buttons. The belt is of black panne. Stitching and fur trim the skirt, and the material is gray blue cloth in a pale tint.

A costume of pastel green cloth shows a velvet underkirt of the same color, covered with vertical lines of stitching and edged like the tunic with baby lamb and one row each of gold and black silk braid just above. The vest, below the yoke of lace, is of stitched velvet, and the sleeves also of velvet are stitched. The box plait- ed skirt is shown in the next model, with four groups of stitching confining the plaits around the hips. Stitched folds comprise the main portion of another gown, with a stitched band of panne velvet of the same color down either side of the skirt and around the edges of the bodice.

A pretty blouse waist in glace silk shows the pretty effect of hand embroidered silk knots. The vest is of cream satin, and a pretty touch is given with black velvet ribbon run through small gold buttons. French knots are also the decoration on the second bodice.

FACTS ABOUT METEORS.

A Fragment of a Comet's Tail—The Intense Cold of Space Felt by Man.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meteors that are constantly pelting the earth. Most of the x-rays are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat, and sets them ablaze. Sometimes part of them may reach the earth; but as a rule they are consumed and the dust alone, cosmic dust drops upon the surface. One of the earliest known meteors fell in 204 B. C. in Phrygia where for a long time it was worshipped. It was carried to Rome and was supposed to be a messenger sent from the gods. Livy de- scribes a shower of meteoric stones. The people were greatly alarmed and the Sen- ators were demoralized and declared a nine days' festival to propitiate the gods. There is at Mecca a meteorite which fell in 600 A. D. and is still worshipped by the faith- ful. In Chinese literature there is mention of meteors which fell in 644 B. C. The oldest known meteorite which was seen to fall is now on exhibition at Egnishelm, Alsace, Germany. In 1492 it came crash- ing down through the air with a roar that prostrated the peasantry with fright. It buried itself deeply in the earth. It

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF TOILET & BATH REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

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weighed 260 pounds and hangs today in the parish church.

The Chupadeno meteorite, which weighed twenty five tons, fell in Chiouabua, Mexico. The largest meteorite known is the Peary stone which weighs approximately one hundred tons. The stone of Canon Diablo weighs at least ten tons and exploded high in air, the pieces found all over the surrounding country. In Italy several instances are known of the loss of life from meteorites. A peasant was sitting in his cabin and was killed by an iron mass that crashed through the roof; the act was regarded as a visitation of divine anger. The city of Milan is perhaps the only one that has been struck by a meteorite. A meteorite of several pounds' weight fell in the heart of that city in the year 1660. on the authority of Paolo Maria Tzazayo, and struck a Franciscan monk.

More remarkable are the falls at sea. That a ship should be struck would seem an extraordinary chance, yet a Swedish ship was so struck, the stone killing two of the crew. On Dec. 1, 1896, the ship Wal- komming was sailing from New York to Bremen when her officers noticed a brilliant meteor that appeared to be bearing down on the vessel from southeast to north- west. It passed with a loud roar and his- sing sound and plunged into the sea ahead of the ship. That it was a meteor of large size was evident, for a few minutes later the ship was struck by a tidal wave. Even more remarkable was the experience of the British ship Cawdor, which reached San Francisco Nov. 20, 1897. During a severe storm, a large and brilliant meteor was observed rushing down upon the ship, and with a roar and filling the air with fumes of sulphur it passed between the masts of the ship and fell into the sea not fifty feet from the rail.

One of the greatest curiosities possessed by man to-day is a supposed fragment of a comet in Mazapil, Mexico. The fragment is believed to be a part of the tail of Biela's comet. In 1846 something happened in space; a wreck occurred; Biela's comet may have collided with another comet; in any case, the comet divided and many living observers remember seeing the two parts gradually separating. Some fatality pursued one part of the comet and it met its fate in infinite space, literally went to pieces and became a wreck upon the shore- less sea of space. Astronomers predicted that if the comet itself did appear in 1872 its wreckage would become visible as shooting stars, and this prediction was realized apparently as on Nov. 27, 1872, there burst from the heavens a cloud of shooting stars. During the display one piece dropped upon the earth and was se- cured at Mazapil Mexico, and was declared to be a part of the great comet.

The average meteorite immediately after its fall is intensely hot; but at least one, which was handled immediately after fall- ing still held the intense cold of space. A few men can say that they have experienced this. A meteorite exploded above Dhurmsala, Kangra, Punjab, India, in 1860, and a section was picked up immediately by some natives who dropped it with expres- sions of pain. The explosion had exposed the interior of the meteorite which had been chilled by the intense cold of space and was so cold that its effect was like a burn. This fragment is now to be seen in the

Field Museum. Of it, Dr. Farington, the curator said: 'This is perhaps the only in- stance known where the cold of space has become perceptible to human senses.'

The Claim is a False One.

Crude Materials Can Never Produce Perfect Work.

The claim is made by the manufacturers of crudely prepared package dyes composed of soap grease mixed with a small amount of coloring matter that these dyes will color cotton and wool goods with the same dye. Such a claim is false and de- ceiving. Animal and vegetable fibres, such as wool and cotton, must each have a special coloring agent. In order to meet this dif- ficulty the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes have prepared special dyes for all wool goods and special dyes for all cotton and cotton and wool or mixed materials. Each of these Diamond Dyes gives hand- some and artistic colors suitable for the various seasons.

Diamond Dyes are the only dyes in the world that fully meet the demands of home dyeing. They color all kinds of materials and give colors and shades equal to those produced by European professional dyers, and in the majority of cases the Diamond Dyes are faster and more lasting. Chem- ical experts who have made repeated tests are of opinion that one package of Diamond Dyes will equal in coloring power three any of other make.

Avoid imitation package dyes and soap grease mixtures; they ruin good materials and are dangerous to handle.

Still at Large.

A former governor of New York was noted for the quickness of his wit, which seldom left a chance for repartee unap- propriated. An Englishman who had been visiting different parts of this country spoke with special fervor of a sight he had seen in a Western state.

'I attended a Sunday service for the inmates of the state pris- oner,' said he, 'and I learned that of the one hundred and seventy persons now confined there, all but four volun- tarily attend religious service held in the prison chapel twice on each Sunday. That is a wonderful thing!'

'It is,' said the governor thoughtfully, 'I am sorry to say it is not so with us; but then,' he added soberly, 'in New York you see, most of the respectable people do not come to prison.'

GENERAL DEBILITY AND A "RUN DOWN" STATE calls for a general tonic to the system. Such is The D. & C. Em- ulsion. Builds you up, increases your weight, gives health. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

'The British reverse at Ladysmith,' re- marked the Observant Boarder, 'was pre- cipitated by the stamped of some mules. I suppose,' the Credulous Boarder said, 'that the Boers will point to the cir- cumstances that even the mules kick at England's policy in the Transvaal.'

Lipsing Lover—Thaliss, if you don't love me, thy tho; but if you do love me, and don't like to thy tho, thyqueste my handth!

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nathan- son's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to a Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700, Eighth Avenue, New York.

Leslie's New Year's Bride.

Leslie Dane had lost his sweet young wife...

But for the tiny, helpless, wailing babe she had left behind...

It was the sentiment towards his pure fragile bride more pity than love...

New Year bells were ringing, when Stuller by name...

Two-thirds of the year succeeding his wife's death passed...

'Yes. Here's the letter. You are the one to manage the business...

'I suppose so,' Dane responded, in a rather bewildered fashion still.

Within an hour the flying train was conveying him on the journey.

In the ordinary course, he should have reached his destination...

The accident, when it was over, was found to be not serious...

Dane, who was partially stunned, heard amid a succession of terrified shrieks...

It seemed to him in that emergency, the voice of an angel.

As his sight returned, he discovered it to proceed from a lady whom he recollected...

'Are you hurt, madam?' he inquired making his way to this lady...

'I don't know,' she answered, slightly smiling.

He succeeded in exclaiming her. No sooner was it done than she fainted in his arms.

Help came at length; the passengers mostly found themselves able to walk to the village in eight.

Restoratives, however, speedily availed, and the stranger opened her eyes.

'Ah!' she whispered, struggling to raise her head while the faintest touch of rose returned to her cheek.

The lady must have been very young, yet a certain maturity of expression...

So, at least, thought Leslie Dane, and he imagined himself caught up into the third heaven.

A most unwelcome descent to earth it was, when, with a few formal words...

The lady, Miss Adela Fielding, had been taken in charge by some friends...

During the next hour Leslie Dane was far more abstracted even than at the beginning of the journey.

Was this, he continually asked himself, all he could ever know of the lovely stranger?

He could not bear to think so, and fell to dreaming of various methods for re-awakening the acquaintance...

Nothing was further from the thoughts of Leslie Dane, when he reached Belleville...

The gentleman was not in, and Dane was shown into a parlor to wait for him.

At the upper end of the large room sat two young ladies, occupied with apparently some interesting chat...

'I shall be the belle, not a doubt of it! See, you have given me the pinkest bud,' one exclaimed.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

'And fall in love with you, of course. Oh, Anna Fairfax!'

Till that name fell on his ear, Leslie Dane had paid no attention...

The exclamation took him so much by surprise, that he turned almost abruptly from looking out of the window...

She seemed slight of figure, and her face was one of those doll-like, pink-and-white faces called pretty by persons of her own calibre...

The latter was Leslie Dane's opinion of the young lady, but he had not the opportunity of considering her long...

When the interview was ended, the former in showing the visitor out, remarked—

'You will necessarily be detained in Belleville for a few days; my daughter gives a party to-morrow evening...

Dane returned his most cordial acknowledgments, and departed really well pleased at the prospect of so fully satisfying himself with the sight of Miss Fairfax while himself passing for a mere chance guest.

Next morning, as her father had intimated, Dane received from Miss Smith a card of invitation to the party.

Throughout the day, and during the early hours of the evening, he was much engrossed by business...

Dane's first look at Miss Fairfax's face, on the evening of his arrival, had been as good as a year's acquaintance...

It was quite easy to imagine her a merry good-natured school-girl, whom one such as his own Stella had been could take to her warm heart...

She was not so young as she at first had looked; happy for her, could she always remain a child in years, as she was in mind.

Had the "gentleman from London" possessed an ambition for being the lion of the evening, he might have felt slightly dashed at finding the party graced by a "gentleman from Sheffield."

This latter wore a diamond ring and pin and evidently was altogether a brilliant of the first water.

Had Dane been smitten with Miss Fairfax—which he wasn't—there is no telling what might have ensued in the way of rivalry.

As it was, he suffered no mortification when, immediately after supper, he saw the prize appropriated by the hero from Sheffield, who rejoiced in the name of Bale.

Mr. Bale and Miss Fairfax promenaded, and laughed, and waltzed together, appearing to blend divinely.

Whoever had known Leslie Dane's secret errand to Belleville must have thought him severely left out in the cold.

The latter returned to town without seeing Anna again, without intimating to her the relationship he had born to one who had once called her her dear friend.

A month passed. Anna Fairfax was scarce remembered; not so with Adela Fielding. Her image was ever before him.

At length he resolved to write to her. The resolution was formed in the evening, when he locked himself in his chamber for the work before him...

It was written at last—a mere note, inquiring after Miss Fielding's health since the railway accident, which was all he dared to venture at present.

The character of her reply—should she deign to reply at all—must decide his course for the future.

The fateful missive sealed, for the next

half-hour he walked his chamber, with alternate hope and fear for the result.

Then he went to bed. The last thing he remembered was thinking it would have been far better to have stayed up all night...

After this he was conscious of no lapse of time, till he saw his wife standing by the bedside.

She spoke not, and a guilty feeling crept over him as he saw her eyes, full of mournful reproach...

The apparition motioned him to raise his hand. He obeyed with difficulty...

He read there a name—Anna Fairfax. Then, so sudden was his awaking, while so real seemed the vision...

The beaded perspiration stood cold on his forehead. The light in the chamber appeared supernatural still...

Whether he was yet fully master of his senses is not certain, when, stepping out to his bed, his first act was to take the note addressed to Miss Fielding...

'I will go to Belleville to-morrow,' he added, 'and will offer myself to Anna Fairfax, so help me Heaven!'

The oath was uttered; there was not the smallest danger that he would recede; but to say he was most miserable in view of it, weakly expresses the fact.

He repaired to his counting room, and worked mechanically. Towards evening a visitor entered—Mr. Smith, of Belleville.

'By the way,' said that gentleman, after some conversation, 'I cannot forbear giving you a hint that you will be sure to have a summons to Belleville for New Year's Day; we are to have two brides—my daughter's and Miss Fairfax's. Hasty match, the latter—Mr. Bale, from Sheffield, you remember.'

'Ha, indeed! Why, yes, yet—ha, ha, ha!—one certainly might have suspected,' and Dane leaped half way across the counting-room, upsetting a high stool, and nearly measuring his length over it.

'Poor fellow!' thought Mr. Smith; 'he was smitten, then, among the rest. But what a fool, that he did not hurry up, a d try his chances. My own opinion is, that he is worth a dozen Bales.'

He tried to look careless, as if inferring nothing at all from these violent demonstrations.

Presently he departed, and Dane rushed home to dinner, but did not dine.

He went to his library, seized his pen, and rapidly filled a good sized letter sheet.

No timid wooer now, he poured out his soul's passion, willing to risk everything for the smallest chance of success where, but an hour before, all had been utterly hopeless.

Circumstances, he reasoned, had released him from all obligation in the direction of Belleville, and he had now a right to think of Adela Fielding.

The sheet he folded, and thrust into its envelope. Here he paused, suddenly tore the whole through and through, and flinging it in a hundred fragments into his waste-basket, sprang from his chair, with a new determination.

Next morning, the senior partner received the following laconic letter—

'I'm off for Birmingham.—DANE.' Arriving at his destination, Dane had no difficulty in finding the lady he sought.

He had their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart.

If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.

As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, vitalizing, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxy, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold.

There is weakness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When those suffering from thin or watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure.

Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of tiredness and lassitude.

Miss M. Skullion, 50 Turner Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: "I was greatly troubled with my heart, together with extreme nervousness for many years. These complaints brought about great weakness and feeling of tiredness. My blood was of poor quality, so much so that I became pale and languid. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."

She was the preceptress of a school for young ladies. His ardour, so far from having cooled, had grown by what it fed on all the way, and he declared to Adela Fielding his love in the same earnest, straightforward language as the letter he had destroyed had contained.

'Sudden—unexpected,' Miss Fielding certainly felt the declaration to be; she blushed, and sat mute and breathless in most genuine bewilderment.

At length she found voice to reply, that before she could consider the proposal, there was something in her own history to be revealed—something which might essentially alter the other's sentiment towards her.

Dane looked emphatically an unbeliever, but resigned himself to listen. In the first place, Miss Fielding proceeded to say, she was passing under an assumed name—her real name was Anna Fairfax!

Two years previously, the young lady's father died suddenly. A stranger of prepossessing appearance was very devoted to her in her distress; albeit he offered himself in marriage, and she, without due consideration, promised to become his wife.

She soon had cause to regret the precipitancy into which her gratitude had hurried her; the man showing himself to be a reckless profligate, utterly unworthy of esteem.

But when she insisted on breaking off the engagement, he clung to it with pertinacity, and finally with threats of violence in case of refusal.

She knew of near friend under whose protection she could place herself, and she had chosen to fly, and hide from her persecutor under another name.

'This, briefly, was her story. There is no need to say it in no degree diminished the regard Dane had left for her.

Of this he earnestly assured her, and their engagement was sealed. Dane's voice was very tender as he inquired—

'Do you remember Stella May, Anna?' 'My dearest schoolmate!' she exclaimed, 'my sister! But we lost sight of each other on quitting Belleville, and I have never heard of her since. Can you tell me anything concerning her?'

'She was my wife—the mother of my babe.'

precious gold for a consideration and will turn out as many perfected bricks as their rogue of a patron may desire.

These shops are very small, each and employ no more than two or three men. There is still much money in the manufacture of the bricks, I am told, and therefore the sale by the confidence men must still continue.

Occasionally we read of a gold brick having been sold in the East and even in wide-awake New York, but there is not enough to be made in the traffic here by enterprising swindlers who aim to become rich.

Most of the output goes to the west and southwest. Very little of it sells for real gold east of the Mississippi Ohio.

'Gold bricks are made of one kind of metal or an other and are never simply gilded clay brick as some persons suppose. It is quite possible, yes to gild compressed fire brick, but it will not withstand the handling or yield the weight required of the article by the crooks. It is said that the first gold brick made was merely a gilded firebrick, hence the name.

'The finest gold bricks disposed of to the concerns in the East and the unscrupulous miners, ranchers and farmers in the West and Southwest are prepared from copper alloyed with a small percentage of zinc, for expert manufacturers have discovered that this alloy retains the lustre and tone better than any other metal, and furnishes immunity from the chemicals used in the gilding. Pure copper, too, I have heard it said, makes an exceptionally fine gold brick, and lead, iron and steel are often used. Silver is still more desirable and has frequently been employed by swindlers. Its principal recommendation is that gold and silver fuse and unite naturally, but then silver is costly and few makers of gold bricks can afford to use it.

'Gold leaf is never used in gilding metals in these days. Metallic ornaments and weapons have been gilded by an application of gold powder, but even this method has been discontinued. Nearly all of the metallic gilding is done by processes requiring liquid or semi-solid materials. Far more care is taken in gilding a gold brick than any other article, so one who knows all about the business told me. He made gold bricks himself until a wave of reformation overwhelmed him. The piece of metal preferred by him as brick was a bar of ingot with no resemblance to the building brick, being longer and about one half of a real brick's diameter.

'The value of the standard brick turned out for the trade would be something less than \$600 if made of pure gold. When the article is first prepared for market its cost to the purchaser varies from \$10 to \$50, according to the value of the materials used. The purchaser from the factory, of course, endeavors to secure better terms from his victims. Amateurs or gliders not yet out of their apprenticeship sometimes make gold bricks for less than half of the prices I have quoted, but we are talking now only of the professionals.

'This returned glider told me that when he was engaged in supplying the demand for gold bricks, the article most likely to accomplish its purpose of deception was made from a mixture of copper and zinc, which was not the most expensive, but which would stand the wear and tear of four or five years without losing tone or lustre. It required just fifty cents' worth of gold for him to complete the brick. The process commonly used by the manufacturer is known as water gilding, because the last touch given to the brick is to chill it in cold water. The gold is brought in leaves from the beaters and placed in a crucible with mercury, the proportions being six or seven parts of mercury to one of gold. The mercury is first heated and the mixture is made red hot under the action of the furnace. Next the fused metals are permitted to cool off. Then the amalgam is squeezed through a piece of chamois leather, in order to eject the superfluous mercury, and the gold, with twice its weight of mercury, remains behind in a yellow mass of the consistency of lard. With this the crude brick is coated, the amalgam being applied with a brush. This is the initial step in the metamorphosis.

'Having received its first coat, the brick is subjected to a strong heat for the purpose of evaporating the remaining mercury and is then in good form, although far from perfect. Minute irregularities appear and must be removed by delicate brass brushes. After brushing, a lack of true golden tone will be apparent, but that is easily remedied by coating the brick over with a gilding wax, which is a preparation of alum, verdigris, red ochre and borax. The brick is again exposed to the action of fire until the wax is entirely dissolved. Then it is the real gold brick, but in order to give the swindlers who purchase them honest value for the money the conscientious manufacturer makes it a few carats finer. This he does by covering it with a saline composition and again exposing it to a high temperature. It is at last chilled in water and the perfect gold brick is ready for its part in some swindling game. The best gold bricks are proof against moisture and all climatic variations. Some will last for years without losing lustre or tone and stand all sorts of handling. Most manufacturers guarantee their bricks for five years.'

It Requires Skill and the Demand for Them is Brisk.

'That,' said the veteran glider, indicating a yellow oblong block upon his work-bench, 'is a gold brick common to the commerce of those who are generally known as confidence men. It was made in this shop by a young man who only recently became a full-fledged glider, and the chances are that it will eventually find its way into the hands of some swindler or transmission to an agricultural district where all is guilelessness and trust in human nature, for the young man in question is a foreigner whose honesty is not above suspicion or reproach.'

'I should think the fellow would get himself into serious difficulty with the police,' suggested the visitor who had brought an old-fashioned picture frame to be rehabilitated.

'No, there is no danger of that,' replied the veteran glider, 'for it is not considered a misdemeanor as the laws now stand to make a gold brick. When the con man tries to dispose of it, then the crime comes in. The glider never does that, you know. It isn't part of his business.'

'Most of the so-called gold brick used by swindlers are made in New York,' continued the veteran glider, 'and the work is done by skilled mechanics. There are many more foreigners than Americans engaged in this questionable pursuit, but the capital which backs the enterprise, I understand, comes from American pockets. It is the Austrians and Italians who are readiest to become makers of gold bricks. Any skilled worker can turn out the article if he has the requisite delicate machinery and material; still a glider who has a good trade or steady employment could not be persuaded to embark in an undertaking which would ruin his reputation irretrievably and strip him of his legitimate patronage. Although as I said, the making of gold bricks does not appear in the laws as a felony, nevertheless it is conducted with absolute secrecy. To my certain knowledge there are three concerns in this city which will accept contracts to transform comparatively valueless metal into

once more established, we p the singing of the hymn.

'Will my fathers sermon even and?'

'I ask myself repeatedly, as in the village, how will my changing countenance, and the ardent awaiting me.'

'If only I can meet him who not present! and then perhaps never know aught of the affair! Able man as I believe him to be, sure he will disappear from my eyes as he has heard the truth!'

And I vowed—oh, so much truth would be told before R plicians be awakened.

'Thirdly, my dear brethren, my father in his clear tones. But how slow are these to bear it no longer.

Rising hastily, I gather up and retrace my steps down the and regardless of the astonished faces.

On till once more the awbress is fanning my hot cheeks. 'I only Sir Hugh were I would tell him all before—'

'Miss Travers! Can I render assistance?'

Even before I have well finished my wish, Sir Hugh is at my anxious face and extended arm.

'Thank you, Sir Hugh,' I am allowing my fingers to rest on his arm.

'Do not think me very foolish, but I believe I found the great, and then my father's sermon or than usual this morning. I am too long a sermon; do you Sir? I question with a forced lightness and quickly changing countenance.

'My companion regards me with astonishment on his face, then a smile of satisfaction.

'I am glad your indisposition than may be attributed to the church, and then that poor den illness may have—'

'Yes that and the heat combined me feel that I could sit still no I came out.'

'And now, since I am so forth have this opportunity of rendering slight service, you will allow me to your home, Miss Travers?'

'Ah! I had not considered even had not considered that even the might not meet us on the road, arge, yet we must pass his house may have returned from Farmer Still, I cannot well refuse Sir Hugh's escort, be the consequences what?'

So I murmur forth a few words of pliance with his request, and we together down the hot and dusty road.

No sign of Roger at window, of smooth green lawn.

I sigh a low sigh of relief, and return in full force Lady Merton's Sir Hugh! I remark, as I note we are to the vicarage.

'Indeed? How charming the country after the hot London! I am perfectly revelling in the and rival scenes.'

'Are you making a long stay in neighborhood, Sir Hugh?' I ask.

'My companion starts slightly, a second, then, bending his face me, replies, very quietly—'

'My stay depends on one thing, Miss Travers.'

'What is that?' is the question naturally occurs to me, but I dare it—cannot summon up sufficient courage to ask the question, when I knew from tone, words, and manner, an answer will be—know so well that depends solely upon me! No, ask it! And yet, he seems to expect I shall.

'Yes,' Sir Hugh continues, after a pause, 'I shall hope that the one stance which will decide whether or remain, may prove favorable.'

Then, turning to me, he puts quicker, but lower and more tones—'

'Miss Travers, will you not be me, that I may have the chance of all the special bits of Oakdene see?'

'This time I must give an answer of kind or another. Too well I know an affirmative reply would be con into, and so I am nonplussed.'

'Give me your answer quickly, Miss Travers. I see others are asking, and I want a reply before overtaken by them.'

REIGN AND SHINE

PACKARD'S SHOE DRESSING

IS REIGNING AS THE KING OF LEATHER PRESERVATIVES

GIVES THE BEST SHINE

Try a Bottle.

PACKARD MARKED BY PACKARD OF BOSTON (L. H. PACKARD & CO.)

(Continued from Page 14.)

once more established, we proceed with the singing of the hymn.

Will my father's sermon ever come to an end?

I ask myself repeatedly, as I sit alone in the vicarage, how with continually changing countenance, and think of the ordeal awaiting me.

If only I can meet him when Roger is not present! and then perhaps he would never know aught of the affair; for honorable man as I believe him to be, I feel sure he will disappear from my path as soon as he has heard the truth from my lips.

And I vowed—oh, so much!—that the truth should be told before Roger's suspicions are awakened.

'Thirdly, my dear brethren,' remarks my father in his clear tones.

But how slow are these tones! I can hear it no longer.

Rising hastily, I gather up my sunshade and retrace my steps down the aisle, regardless of the astonished faces around me.

On till once more the sweet summer breeze is fanning my hot cheeks.

'If only Sir Hugh were here now, I would tell him all before—'

'Miss Travers! Can I render you any assistance?'

Even before I have well finished my mental wish, Sir Hugh is at my side with anxious face and extended arm.

'Thank you, Sir Hugh,' I murmur, allowing my fingers to rest on his proffered arm.

'Do not think me very foolish, I continue, 'but I believe I found the heat too great, and then my father's sermon is longer than usual this morning. I do not like too long a sermon; do you Sir Hugh?'

I question with a forced lightness of tone and quickly changing countenance.

My companion regards me with a slight astonishment on his face, then replies—

'I am glad your indisposition is no more than may be attributed to the heat, Miss Travers. It was certainly very warm in the church, and then that poor man's sudden illness may have—'

'Yes that and the heat combined made me feel that I could sit still no longer, so I came out.'

'And now, since I am so fortunate as to have this opportunity of rendering you a slight service, you will allow me to see you to your home, Miss Travers?'

Ah! I had not considered everything—had not considered that even though Roger might not meet us on the road to the vicarage, yet we must pass his house, and he may have returned from Farmer George's still, I cannot well refuse Sir Hugh as an escort, be the consequences what it may.

So I murmur forth a few words in compliance with his request, and we turn off together down the hot and dusty road.

No sign of Roger at window, or on the smooth green lawn.

I sigh a low sigh of relief, and my spirits return in full force.

'I am expecting Lady Merton very soon, Sir Hugh,' I remark, as I note how near we are to the vicarage.

'Indeed? How charming she will find the country after the hot London streets! I am perfectly revelling in the fresh air and rival scenes.'

'Are you making a long stay in the neighborhood, Sir Hugh?'

My companion starts slightly, hesitates a second, then, bending his face towards me, replies, very quietly—

'My stay depends on one thing alone, Miss Travers.'

'What is that?'

'That is the question that naturally occurs to me, but I dare not put it—cannot summon up sufficient courage to ask the question, when I know so well from tone, words, and manner, what the answer will be—know so well that his stay depends solely upon—No, I cannot ask it! And yet, he seems to expect that I shall.'

'Yes, Sir Hugh continues, after a brief pause, 'I shall hope that the one circumstance which will decide whether I depart or remain, may prove favorable.'

Then, turning to me, he pursues in quicker, but lower and more earnest tones—

'Miss Travers, will you not hope with me, that I may have the chance of visiting all the special bits of Oakdene scenery?'

This time I must give an answer of some kind or another. Too well I know what an affirmative reply would be construed into, and so I am nonplussed.

'Give me your answer quickly, please Miss Travers. I see others are approaching, and I want a reply before we are overtaken by them.'

'I cannot give it now, Sir Hugh; but you have heard all, you will no longer care for me?'

'Thank you, Miss Travers, latter on will do. After service this evening perhaps I shall attend it and will meet you in the churchyard, and then you give it me. Now—as the vicarage gates are reached—I will say good bye, for the present only.'

Bowing courteously, Sir Hugh opens the gate for me, and then turns away.

And I—I scarcely know how to compose myself sufficiently to go forward and greet Roger, who just at this moment emerges from the dining room window.

'Roger, you here?'

'Yes, dear. I could not be of much service to poor old Farmer George. I have prescribed for him, and his friends will see that my orders are carried out. But, Elsie, I am very sorry that I shall not see anything more of you to day; for on my return I found a note awaiting me saying that Mrs. Milton's eldest child is much worse, and so I must go at once. But I could not set off without seeing and telling my dear little Elsie how disappointed I am not to be able to spend Sunday afternoon with her.'

'I am very sorry, too, Roger,' I reply. 'But even as I utter the words, my face gradually clears, and I am afraid I show my sudden sense of relief—relief for what?—too plainly, for Roger replies, very gravely—'

'I hope you are, dear I shall think of you all the while, and perhaps, I may be able to get back in time to spend an hour or so with you in our favorite spot.'

'I hope you will Roger.'

The words are not heartily spoken for I remember Sir Hugo Staunton's question and my promised answer.

'Ah, well! Este is deciding for me. Good-bye, my darling!'

And, with an earnest farewell kiss, Roger turns away to his own home.

Dinner is partaken of.

The long afternoon hours pass by all too quickly to me, and then once again the old familiar church bell strikes out, and warns me that I must prepare to meet Sir Hugh, and that the moment is drawing nearer when I must explain all.

With trembling fingers and anxious heart I array myself in my outdoor apparel, and then set forth down the dusty road.

I am very early, and when I enter the church there is no sign of Sir Hugh in the Ellerton pew.

The bell ceases, the building fills, and the service proceeds—but still no sign of Sir Hugh.

I breathe more freely, and begin to regain confidence, and almost flatter myself that he has altered his mind, and that our church will not number him as one of its worshippers this evening, when, just as the first hymn is given out, his tall form appears down the aisle and enters the Ellerton pew.

Alas for me!

I am only dimly conscious of what is being sung.

I cannot see the words, and their sense is borne to me from afar, so it seems.

So confused I become as I reflect on the ordeal awaiting me.

But the service ends at length.

And then to my great relief, just as my father is about to leave the pulpit, I see the clerk approach him, and in a loud whisper, inform him that he is wanted in the village.

Roger away at Mrs. Milton's, my father astely within some cottage, what a chance is mine!

I rise, and, with one swift glance at Sir Hugh, I mix with the outgoing congregation, and so pass out in the evening air.

Sir Hugh joins me presently, and then, silently, we turn off down a narrow lane, leading to my home just below the church gate.

Half-way down there is a stile, giving entrance to a field, and just across the field is the residence of Farmer George, whose illness so disturbed us all earlier in the day.

I think of this as I walk silently along by Sir Hugh Staunton's side, and mentally determine that there—at the stile—shall the explanation take place.

We are fast approaching it, when suddenly the silence that had fallen betwixt us is broken by my companion.

'Miss Travers—Miss Elsie! What a contrast these two interviews will present.'

'What do you mean, Sir Hugh?'

'He draws nearer to my side, and lowers his head.

'Do you not remember that night in May, when you and I were alone together on the balcony?'

'Oh, Sir Hugh! I have brought you here purposely to tell you how wrongly I then acted. I am very sorry, indeed I am!'

I rush impetuously into my explanation, for I am dreading a renewal of his protestations of love for me—for me, the affianced of Roger Elston!

'Why should you thus blame yourself, Miss Elsie? I was anxious, of course, to hear your decision, but I could not but expect that you would require a little time; and I am here now to repeat all I then said, and to receive my sentence. I put it in your memory, in another form this morning. Do you recollect, Miss Elsie?'

'Oh! if you please, let me tell you how wrongly I have acted, and then—then you—'

'I can get no further my agitation is too great.'

The friendly stile is reached, and leaning on its topmost bar, I lower my face to hide my fast falling tears.

'Miss Elsie, what is it? Ah, I see this has been too much for you. I should have remembered your indisposition of this morn. Forgive me, please; I will not expect your answer tonight. To-morrow, perhaps, or another time when you—'

'No, no, Sir Hugh! You must hear all tonight, now—this very minute; and when you have heard all, you will no longer care for me?'

'I hurriedly exclaim, lifting my tear-stained face to him.

But the tender look in my companion's eyes renders my task more arduous than I at first imagined it.

Of course, I knew he would be sorry, but I did not dream him capable of such love for me—for me, a little country-bred maiden, and he an habitue of, and dweller amid, the fairest and most aristocratic of the Belgravian mounds!

I deemed him cold, and indifferent, and callous to love's imagines, because he had not poured into my ears such speeches as the generality of Cousin Maude's men guests had been wont to treat me to; and now the face bending down to mine is radiant with the light that love alone can produce and that love is for me!

'Miss Elsie,' he replies, slowly, but so earnestly, 'the moment when I shall cease to care for you will never arrive. The moment when I may no longer love you may come—if I am fated to be too late, but that I earnestly hope is not the case. I have been behind the scenes a little, and Lady Merton led me to believe that I need fear no—'

'But she knew nothing of it, for I never told her! I wish I had done so, and then we should not be here now, Sir Hugh!'

I see, at a glance, that my meaning is understood by my listener.

The bright look on his face fades quickly, and a pained and troubled expression replaces it.

'Miss Elsie,' he whispers hoarsely, 'you do not mean I am too late? You can't mean that.'

'Sir Hugh, I am already engaged to another, and I have acted very, very wrongly in not telling you so at once, that night when you first spoke to me—when we were on the balcony. Oh, Sir Hugh, please forgive me, for I am very sorry!'

'Again my face falls forward on my clasped hands—again the tears course down my cheeks.

No answer comes from the man at my side.

The seconds pass swiftly by, but nothing disturbs the silence save the deep sigh that wells up from the heart of my companion.

His silence is more terrible than any reproachful words.

I can bear it no longer, so once again lifting my head, I turn and confront the man whom I led to believe I—

'Do tell me you will forgive me, please—do tell me you will forgive me; for I have been so foolish!'

'She has been so foolish! I hear him murmur, as his eyes glance upward at the pale stars, just beginning to appear in the blue vault overhead.

'So very foolish,' I repeat, 'and I am so sorry!'

'And I am sorry, too, Miss Elsie!' he replies. 'So very sorry, that I shall not care to stay another hour in the neighborhood, but shall now take you home, and at once return to town.'

The words are bitterly spoken, and a hard and set look crosses his face.

I am thoroughly frightened at what I have done, and stand like a chidden child, with bent head.

'Come, Miss Travers,' he continues, 'it is getting late and I am afraid your friends will miss you.'

His coldness and apparent indifference are too much for me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHEN BABY HAD SOLED HEAD—WHEN MOTHER HAD SALT RHEUM—WHEN FATHER HAD PILLS.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment gave the quickest relief and surest cure. These are some of truth picked from testimony which is given every day to this greatest of healers. It has never been matched in curative qualities in any and every kind of skin disease—eczema, tetter, skin eruptions, blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerating piles, scalds, burns, old sores, etc., and—its 35 cents a box. Sold by E. C. Brown.

His Chief Concern.

A party of excursionists visiting a large city on one of the Great Lakes during the summer went out one fine morning for a sail. There were several enthusiastic amateur photographers on board, and in their zeal for taking 'snap-shots' of the shore scenery as they sailed along they did not notice that the wind was freshening and the lake becoming rough.

At last, however, an unusually high wave rocked the boat, and one of the

Agony of Eczema.

Couldn't sleep at night with the torture.

Eczema, or Salt Rheum as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases, nothing but torture during the day and two-fold torture at night.

Seal Brand Coffee IS PICKED PURITY Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength. IMITATORS ARE MANIFOLD. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

young men standing near the gunwale lost his balance and pitched headlong into the water.

He was a good swimmer, but it was several minutes before the boat could be rounded to, and when he was finally reached with the aid of a line and dragged on board he was almost exhausted.

'That was a narrow escape, Charley,' said one of his friends, after the young man had partially recovered his breath, and was able to speak.

'Yes!' he gasped. Another lurch like that, and my camera would have gone overboard!'

THANKS THE BRIDGE

Carried Safely Across the Chasm of Death by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Robert Moore of Indiantown, St. John, N. B. Lives to tell the tale—Suffered for Seven Years with Kidney Disease—Cured by a Few Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B., Nov. 13 Robert Moore of this place is famous as the man who escaped death from chronic Kidney Disease by means of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He likens Dodd's Pills to a bridge which has carried him safely over the chasm of death.

He was travelling on a road still traversed by far too many people in this country—the road to the grave from one of the forms of Kidney Disease, including Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Bladder and Urinary Affections, Women's Weakness, and Blood Poisons. There is only one way of crossing this dark gulf and Mr. Moore speaks of it in the following letter written in answer to a correspondent:—

'For seven years I have been a victim of Kidney Disease, at times suffering the most excruciating pain. I had almost considered my case hopeless and had given up medical treatment. One day while I had been to get a plaster to apply to my back, a boy handed me a paper about Dodd's Kidney Pills. I came home. My wife undressed me, for I could not undress myself and went to bed. Then my wife got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills at Mr. Hoben's the druggist on Main St. I used them and two more, when I was able to go to work.

'If any man misdeeds me let him come to me or any of my neighbors and they or I will soon convince him. I thank Dodd's Kidney Pills, the bridge that carried me over and lots of others to whom I have recommended them do the same. I wish all Kidney Disease victims could find the relief I have.'

PUBLIC SIGNS UNHEEDED.

Cautions and Warnings that are Disregarded as Mere Bluffs.

'Anybody who makes a study of the various phases of metropolitan life,' said the wide-awake man, 'can testify that while all the rules regulations pasted up in well known places for the guidance of the public are supposed to be vested with the sanctity of genuine laws, many of them are in reality nothing more or less than gigantic bluffs. The uninitiated, as a rule, are unable to detect the gold from the dross and unwittingly putting all on the same basis, but the man with experience can tell at a glance which means business and which does not.

'Perhaps the sign with which the public is most familiar is the one seen in restaurants warning patrons that the management will not be responsible for hats, wraps and umbrellas. This notice is all very well in a way and really does good service, inasmuch as it predisposes people to be more careful of their belongings than they would be were there nothing in sight to remind them of the penalty lack of vigilance frequently exacts. But if you should be so luckless as to suffer the loss of either of the above mentioned articles, and cared to push the matter, the proprietor would probably make good the loss, nine times out of ten, notwithstanding the placard to the contrary.

'Hotels are equally prodigal of assertions which are not founded on the solid rock of truth, as you will find out if you ever attempt to test them. In the set of rules found in each room of these big hostleries many houses insert a clause to the effect that the host will be in nowise responsible for a guest's mail. Yet in spite of this declaration, I know for a fact

the proprietor of a Broadway hotel recently paid one woman a neat little sum of money which she said had been sent her in a letter which had been lost through the carelessness of the clerk. The man, did this, too, without any positive proof that the woman had lost the money. He settled rather than run the risk of having trouble.

'Another bluff is found in the elevators of many big buildings. A goodly number of these lifts are decorated with a notice informing passengers that if they do not call their floor before reaching it, the elevator positively will not return to the landing after having passed it, to let the dilatory offender off. 'Every elevator boy, every janitor and every real estate agent firmly believes he means what he says when the notice is put up, yet the man is a sorry tactician, indeed, who cannot get whisked up or down the height of a half story and put off on the desired floor.

'Passengers on street cars and elevated railroads encounter a variety of bluffs. They are positively forbidden to stand on front platforms, yet they calmly ignore the order. They are forbidden to expel on the floors, yet to the regret of every fair-minded person, they do that too. On some of the lines the cars are fitted out with a sign half a yard long informing passengers that if they do not get their transfers when paying their fare, or at certain designated places, the conductor will not furnish them with passes. But this also is a bluff, and the conductor who adheres to that rule is a hardened villain.

'There are many places, such as libraries and museums, where it is announced in glaring letters that 'silence must be preserved here,' yet scores of inconsiderate, thoughtless people come into these places daily, who not only talk, but raise their voices to a shriek when so doing. It isn't right of course, but they do it because the sign is a bluff

'Scarcely a day passes that a man in business does not get into stores and factories and offices where the notice, 'No admittance' stares him in the face. If he is a timid man he will stay out, but many people who have not a particle of business there work their way in behind those closed doors for that is only another bluff.

'I am a regular caller at a select book and art store up town where the visitor is told in polite, but forcible language that there are books in certain parts of the store which he must not handle, yet those same books are turned inside out daily. This 'Don't Touch' sign is quite common—and likewise quite useless. Florists display it and jewelers, and the custodians of all treasure houses, but if I went into those places with the feeling that I wanted to 'touch' I should do so with the assurance that even though detected in the transgression I would be pretty sure to be granted immunity from punishment.

'Then there is another bluff that we all know about. This is the notice seen in office buildings forbidding beggars, peddlars and even book agents from pursuing their calling within. In spite of that order there are few downtown buildings where agents of all sorts and even beggars do not ply their vocation undisturbed. The theatres put up a big bluff too, against those who buy standing room. The ushers bluntly and decidedly forbid these devotees of artistic drama to rest their weary bones on the steps in the aisles, yet if these devotees produce bluff for bluff they are pretty sure to sit through the greater part of the performance and no power known to the theatre usher is going to dialogue them from their lowly but impregnable position.

'Then there is the 'No smoking' bluff. The places where men are forbidden to indulge in this pleasure are legion, yet the places where they really do refrain from smoking are very few. This list of apparent limitations to the public's powers and privileges might be continued indefinitely. There are a thousand and one things we are told in emphatic and even threatening terms we must or we must not do, but the majority of those instructions are found to be nothing but good big bluffs with which can be counterbalanced by equal aggressiveness. Why, if you have a mind to and go about it in the right way, you can even walk on the grass and nobody will stop you, for under certain circumstances the familiar 'Keep off sign is also a bluff.

You'd be surprised if you used Magnet-Dyes to see what splendid results can be obtained, with slight effort and at a cost of ten cents.

REIGN AND SHINE? PACKARD'S SHOE DRESSING SHINE. GIVES THE BEST SHINE. PACKARD'S SHOE DRESSING. LEATHER PRESERVATIVES. PACKARD OF MONTREAL. (L. H. PACKARD & Co.)

Character in the Hair.

'Why don't you sleep flat on your back?' asked the little barber of the man in the chair. 'It's much healthier than sleeping on your side as you do. It's queer that people don't pay more attention to such things.'

good natured, but they are fighters, too, and when one is thoroughly aroused look out for trouble. You know the Germans think that red-haired Jews are of the tribe of Reuben, and they are all fighters of the fiercest stamp.

to see it displayed. I suppose having a mirror in front of one all the time is a way responsible, but whatever the cause may be the effect is remarkable. Scarcely a man comes in here but betrays some traces of it when it comes to fixing his hair. Either the parting is not to his liking or it's too smooth or something of that sort, and after we have made half a dozen changes he can't make up his mind and leaves it to us. It's the same with his mustache. First he wants it curled then brushed out and ends up by twirling it with his fingers and undoing all the work of a barber. But the worst of all is the man growing bald and anxious to conceal that fact.

BORN.

- King, Nov. 4, to the wife of H. Morris a daughter. Dartmouth, Nov. 8, to the wife of John Muir a son. Guysboro, Nov. 2, to the wife of Frank Sweet a son. Parboro, Nov. 6, to the wife of J. W. Kearney a son.

MARRIED.

- Boston, Mass., Nov. 2, Geo. Walter Olds to Amelia Bolt. Boston, Nov. 1, George N. Vaughan to Eva Sterling.

DIED.

- Turket, Oct. 21, James Shupe. Pictou, Nov. 8, Emyr Farnas, 72. Truro, Nov. 8, W. E. Gourley, 35.

The Prejudice Against Prepared Paint THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. Yes, prejudice is the right word; that is, an opinion before trial. When one investigates fairly he is simply forced to the conviction that a paint composed of the best possible ingredients, selected by those who have special knowledge of their nature and their use, and then thoroughly ground and mixed by special machinery, is better than any one man and one stick can supply. Such paints are THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS. Canadian Dept., 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. F. A. YOUNG, 736 Main St., North.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC Travel in Comfort - ON THE - PACIFIC EXPRESS. Lv. Halifax 7:00 a.m. Mo To W Th Fr Sa. Lv. St. John 4:10 p.m. Mo To W Th Fr Sa. Ar. Montreal 8:55 a.m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su. Ar. Vancouver 12:20 p.m. Mo To W Th Fr Sa. A TOURIST SLEEPER. On above train every Thursday from MONTREAL and runs to SEATTLE, without change.

THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO., LIMITED. For Boston and Halifax VIA Yarmouth. Shortest and Most Direct Route. Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston. Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

EXPRESS TRAINS. Lve. Halifax 6:30 a.m., ar. in Digby 12:30 p.m. Lve. Digby 12:45 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 2:20 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a.m., ar. Digby 11:45 a.m. Lve. Digby 11:55 a.m., ar. Halifax 5:50 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 1:50 a.m., ar. Digby 5:00 a.m. Lve. Digby 8:20 p.m., ar. Annapolis 4:40 p.m.

STAR Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. For the finest and latest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston, early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p.m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Change of Sailing. On and after Monday, Nov. 6th, STEAMER Clifton will leave her wharf, Hampton, Monday and Wednesday mornings, at 7 a.m. for Indianown. Returning will leave Indianown on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock (local). On Saturdays she will make round trip as at present.

Rivals. These stirring times in paper fields. St. John is to have journals and both of them will be W. K. Reynolds will be the one of them and the other will be a hand new to journalism, T. O'Brien. To say that Mr. Reynolds' frugality when he sent in his report as chief of the press department of the Intercolonial railway is to put it in the possibilities of journalism and not so bright to them that a man warranted in leaving a good pay a good salary in order to enter paper field again. The Sun has appeared to about Mr. Reynolds' venture these journals that supported him as a candidate for the local any rate it has given more space matter and has either been better or disposed to be more generous in the same venture. At the same time failed to point out some of the Mr. Reynolds was unwilling in the service of the government. body knows he was selected as government ticket in the last local and as representing the catholic party. Three of the ticket were but Mr. Reynolds failed by a vote. The circumstances attend defeat were unusual and a great sympathy went out to the defeat date because for some days the prevailed that he was elected and was not corrected until declaration. At any rate Mr. Reynolds was for as they say in politics. An created on the Intercolonial after Mr. Reynolds was made agent of the road. If it was not have such an office the government good choice of the man to fill it. Mr. Reynolds had been doing expert work of the I. C. R. and almost ever had a roving commission to go charming spots along the line and them in a readable fashion for guse. But, about the same time that appointed to this position Mr. Carville was made city ticket agent road and then politicians began to these two appointments should be to satisfy the catholic liberals. said rightly or wrongly that the organizer, Mr. C. J. Milligan, was some remark to that effect and the taken promptly to Mr. R. This was some time ago ever since he understood that stood in the way, as it were, of catholic appointments he has been forward to the venture that he had ed to embark upon before he entered political field. That was the pub of a weekly newspaper. Mr. R says in the "Sun" that his paper non partisan in politics "under the neither of political party nor in politician" but at the same time that he confidently expects those who by him in the fight last February him their support in his present taking. The announcement of Mr. Reynolds and some disclosure plans it seems were almost co-incidental the bow that Mr. T. O'Brien made public as the future editor of the "Star," a weekly paper, to be published the interests of the catholic party in this city and province. The made this announcement and same time pointed out that Mr. O was well fitted to undertake such work had been the correspondent of a catholic papers in other cities. A same time the idea was given that the paper had been promised generous and that some persons "with a able ambition of entering public life on" were behind the publication. In his letter to the Sun Mr. Reynolds quotes this phrase and says that no with any such idea will be interested in undertaking. The opposition has already and there are promises of times in this particular field of journalism. For a long time—since the death Freeman—the catholics of St. John had no newspapers that could be said present their views. Now there are two of them and the prospects are th