

PROGRESS.

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VOL. XL, NO. 556.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WHO'S TO BELL THE CAT?

A SUGGESTION FOR A SUPERANNUATION FUND.

The Present Fund Might Form a Nucleus and the Council Could Extend Some Assistance as They do in Halifax.—The Men Would no Doubt be Willing.

The long illness of Sergeant John Owens of the police force and the consequent resignation and the still later illness of another veteran in the service, Sergeant Higgin, has caused the younger members of the force to debate with some curiosity for what purpose it is proposed to use the money that is now generally known as the police fund.

The impression they were under that the fund was started for the aged and sick policemen does not appear to have been a correct one because in no one instance has any aid been extended to any aged or sick policeman on the force. Men have been disabled for months and though far from able to bear the strain of the loss of half pay they have been forced to get along upon that and without any assistance from the fund which was supposed to be founded to assist them under such circumstances.

Progress has asked many times what the trustees of this fund propose to do with it; why they don't make some report to the whole force and come to some conclusion regarding it. The trustees are the chief, Capt. Jenkins and Detective John King. It may be presumed that the two latter are waiting for their superior officer to take the initiative and this is no doubt the courteous course in regard to him but he has been for years now without attempting to give any account to the men and at the rate of the present changes on the force there will not be many of the men interested in the fund or the force when the report is made.

According to the statement made by the chief to the safety board there are five old men on the force, men who in his opinion are not fitted to bear the strain of the duties of policemen. That it was shown that two of them had been asked to resign and then refused will no doubt be borne in mind. But if the chief succeeds in his policy the departure of these five men will make so many less claimants for the fund. The policy of the council however was plainly stated and it is so: the aldermen's intention to disturb them so long as they are able to attend to inside or outside day duty.

Now while the men have got the curious idea into their head that it would be dangerous for any one of them to approach the chief and ask him about the funds, they do not hesitate to express their opinions among themselves. They have talked the matter over from every standpoint and many of them have plans regarding the money which are feasible and for the interest of all parties.

But "who will bell the cat?" In other words who will speak to the chief about the matter and suggest that a meeting of the men be called and some decision arrived at concerning the disposition of the fund.

One of the suggestions put forward is that the amount in hand be held as the nucleus of a superannuation fund and that the city be asked to contribute so much a year, say \$800 as in Halifax and that another small percentage be taken each month from the policemen's pay, the same to be held by the council for the purpose of superannuating policemen who have reached a certain age and who have spent a certain number of years in the city service. There are many aldermen who are in favor of some such plan and who have talked it over informally. No move has been made however, though it seems as if this would be an excellent time to make this proposition.

Halifax, Progress understands, has found the scheme to work well. The old men of their force do not look forward to want and penny when off the force, but to allowance enough to provide for them in their old age.

The same or a similar plan is commended to the attention of the police force and the council.

Remember old Acquaintances.
Mr. Oliver Briggs of the firm of Briggs Brothers, Cambridge Mass., was at the Duffin this week on his return home from a visit to his old home in Mass. He is now a successful building contractor in Cambridge and every few years manages to visit the maritime provinces. Many of his friends in the city were made three

Few men who were in St. John so seldom could retain the same warm friendships as Senator Adams who died at his home on the North Shore this week.

His illness had been frequent and this time was of great severity and length, yet his vitality was so great that the news of his death came as a great shock to his friends on the first day of the New Year. The brightest personality of the North had gone to his rest and the man who had more friends than he knew of was unable to remain in this world and enjoy the quiet and pleasanter ways into which his life had fallen.

Ever since he was a man among men "Mike" Adams (as he was familiarly known) was in politics. He was in the government and out of the government of his native province; he was defeated and victorious as a candidate for the larger area

years ago when with Messrs Heron and Harris he spent some days here. Mr. Briggs says that both of these gentlemen are in their usual excellent health. This will be pleasant information to their many friends here who have received so many courtesies at their hands while visiting Boston.

HE FIGURED IT OUT.

Some Interesting Facts About Future Leap Years.

A correspondent sends the following interesting item to PROGRESS regarding some of the leap years to come. That it will be read with interest by the ladies goes without saying. "The familiar rule that leap year is every calendar year with a number divisible by 4 will be broken in 1900, which fact need not be regarded as an indication that even then it will time for a change. This rule of the almanac may account for the proverbial activity of the new woman at the close of every century. Then there is no leap year for eight years. February 1900 will have but 28 days, the extra day not appearing from 1896 to 1904. Centenary years are not leap years. That year will be broken the leap year 2000 when the interruption may be regarded as an indication that it is time for a change. Centenary years divisible by 400 are leap years, consequently there were 29 days in February 1600, and the same number of days will be given to February 2000 and again to 2400. The object of this rule is to make the calendar year coincide with solar year."

George Smith Passes Away.

The news of the death of Geo. Smith of the Wilmot Spa Spring Company did not come as a surprise to any of his friends who knew of his serious condition. Brain trouble was the cause of his death which took place at his mother's residence. Only a few weeks ago his brother Robert L. Smith passed away and it is thought that this may have had something to do with the worry of mind that seemed to hasten George's end. He was well known in Halifax where for some time he took some part in the settlement of the affairs of the

of federal politics and then when failing health demanded less physical effort he became a senator but at all times he was true to the principles he enunciated and honest in carrying them out. There was no stain of jobbery in this politician's career. He helped his friends when by doing so he did not conflict with the public interest but the people were first with him. He was not a party slave but supported what he thought to be right and criticized or opposed what he could not approve of.

Still it was as a friend, that the late senator was best known. His was an attractive personality and once a friend was always a friend with him. His generosity was proverbial: what he possessed did not appear to belong to him, but to his friends—if they wanted it. Such a man may well be regretted.

Queen hotel. He was the owner of the annex building at the time of his death. For many years he took a keen interest in boat racing and was instrumental in making many matches between crews from St. John and Halifax. The tidings of his death will be heard with much regret through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

ENJOYED THE SKATE.

They had a Good Time With the Ice and First Snow.

Two sailors from one of the ships in the harbor enjoyed themselves immensely during the recent icy spell. They were not used to ice; evidently they made the most of their opportunities. They slid around until they got a clear space running from Germain street to a little distance below the Royal hotel and there they stayed for the amusement of many, for some time. They were great overgrown men but they enjoyed the, to them, novel pastime with all the zest of childhood. Their first little experience in the nature of a mishap was when two colored girls came along. The sailors thought they had the right of way for they kept right along and the result was disastrous to the girls. There was a general mix-up on the sidewalk and some dishes which the latter were carrying were smashed into atoms. The sailors picked themselves up quickly and disappeared around the corner, with the cry of "polite" follow them. They haven't returned since to the scene of their pastime.

Annual Meeting.

From the meagre reports which have been given the public there is not much chance of judging what the Opera House has done in the way of business, during the past year; it does not however appear to be very satisfactory notwithstanding the fact that there is a small balance to credit. A city of the size of St. John should be able to support one well managed playhouse, but the fact remains that it does not do so, and the natural query is, what's the trouble and who's to blame?

Undertaker's Work, No-covered, Repaired, Doves, 27 Waterloo Street.

MR. R. RITCHIE OBJECTS.

TO THE COUNCIL FIXING HIS FEE AS AN ARBITRATOR.

And he Brings a Suit Against the City in the County Court—Now There Will be a Chance to Try Out the Whole Matter and Fix the Fees.

There must have been some mistake in the statement made by an alderman at the Treasury board last week when he intimated to those present that the arbitrators in the McCarthy and O'Regan claims were desirous of having their bills passed and would accept payment on the same basis as the Jewett arbitration bill had been made up by Judge Barker.

For since the account passed the Treasury board Mr. R. R. Ritchie one of the arbitrators has refused to accept the amount awarded him for his services in the Francis McCarthy claim and has issued a writ against the city for the full amount.

Mr. Ritchie's action will give satisfaction to Alderman Millidge and Purdy who will now have a chance to prove that they were right in their contention that the bills of the arbitrators were too large altogether. Mr. Millidge was so earnest in his protest against paying such a large amount that he offered to take the matter before Judge Barker and do the work thus saving the city \$60. But the majority of the board was against him and the account was ordered to be passed. He was assured however that the matter would have to come before council and so the whole aldermanic body may now refuse to ratify the action of the Treasury board and the accounts of all the arbitrators may have to be taxed by a judge. This would seem to be the fairest way. There are a large number of small claims to be made yet and if the bill of the arbitrators are in the same proportion as they have been there is no telling where the city may land. PROGRESS understands that one lawyer alone has four more claims that have never been presented. There was an impression that under the notice that was given claimants at the start, all those who failed to put in a claim within a certain time were barred out but it seems that is not so. A judge may permit any claimant whom he thinks has a good claim for damages to come in at any time and ask for damages. So it the city made any calculations as to what the damages would be it was probably very much out of the way.

The matter of costs seems to have been conducted very loosely and there is good reason to believe that many of the aldermen are not blind to the fact. But if the fees are going in the direction that suits influential men at the board, who cares? So far Alderman Millidge and Purdy are the only kickers.

TO BE MARRIED SOON.

A St. John Man Soon to Join the Army of Benedict.

The friends of "Jack" McBraithy who left St. John more than a year ago to accept a position as steward in the service of the Merchants and Miners Transportation company of Baltimore have heard of his success from time to time with great pleasure. He now holds the important position of Port Steward and as there are a large number of ships in the company's fleet his position is an arduous and responsible one. Now, however, he is about to increase his responsibilities and take a wife. The young lady in question is Miss Barbara M. Bell, a sister of Rev. Father Bell, who it will be remembered was stationed in Millford some years ago. Those who have seen the young lady describe her as a charming personality. The ceremony will take place next Tuesday morning at nine o'clock in St. Alphonsus church, Baltimore. The invitations for the event are very handsome. The many friends of Mr. McBraithy will wish him and his bride all possible happiness and give them a ready welcome should they come in this direction on their wedding tour.

Progress' Carrier Abroad.

Just at this time of the year when the news boys and news carriers, for there is a distinction, are gladdened beyond words by the pecuniary greetings they receive from their all-the-year-round friends, it would not be amiss to tell of one of its last year's carriers who is now aboard Messrs Troop's barque "Lancaster" in South American waters. Ernest Morehouse writes home that he is in love with the roving, rollicking life of a sailor lad and has fallen in with one of the best captains and pleasant

under officers it could be possible to have. Ernest says he is a regular "old tar" and mentions among his accomplishments that of going aloft in his bare feet. He is not the trout of New Brunswick brook, but dolphins, sea urchins, porpoises and all sizes of sharks, but does not venture to compare the river Platte spot with that of his homeland. Wishing the PROGRESS boys lots of good luck on their New Year's "addresses" the ex-carrier draws his lengthy and interesting communication to a close. The letter was written from Rosario, Argentine Republic on Nov. 29th 1898.

AN INTERESTING VISITOR.

A Wealthy Young Cuban Talks of his far off Island Home.

A bright intelligent lad is Gustavo Gisbere, a young Cuban; son of a wealthy sugar planter, who has been spending his college vacation with his classmate Stanley E'kin, on Princess street for over two weeks. During that time he and his host have been attending no end of pleasant social gatherings, a ball or two and various other social functions. While young Mr. Gisbere has been attending Mount Allison University for over two and a half years, yet this length of time in English company and usage has failed to obliterate traces of his Spanish accent. Nevertheless the young native of Cuba is quite able to converse intelligently and with deep thought upon most matters of immediate interest. The fact of his being the son of a Cuban aristocrat, a family friend of the famous Garcia family, so recently bereaved by death of father and daughter, and a youth who has a peculiarly bright future in his native land, made him a pleasant companion and to friends he talked of his far off home, the exploits of his fathers friend the late General Garcia, and other matters personal and otherwise. He is glad the tyrannical rule of Spain is ended, but would not like to make any radical statement as to what we thought of Uncle Sam's sovereignty over his home.

This point seemed to touch a tender spot which brought to the surface, race, feeling and kinship. However after returning to Cuba in the summer he will be better able to form his opinion of what kind of people the Yankees are. Cuba, he says, is a great country with wonderful resources. On his father's sugar plantation, which is only one of the very many, there are two hundred and more men employed. Now that the long-oppressed slave is free she will doubtless show to the world what wealth lies within her bounds.

When Mr. Gisbere returns to Cuban soil he will have, as above stated, the great advantage of a thorough education in English, thus being able to converse with the American and will have a knowledge of their social customs as well. He has chosen no particular line of occupation for his life's work, but Cuba will doubtless be his home. His parents are thoroughly Cuban and have very little knowledge of the English tongue.

Captain Douglas' Dog "Jack."

Capt. Douglas R. N. the veteran marine examiner who is in this city a good deal has a very favorite spud-dog called "Jack" and while his master is here Jack is almost his inseparable companion. From Monday to Saturday Jack is always ready waiting in the office of the Dufferin hotel for the Captain to come down stairs, and nothing except being tied up would keep him from being with him. That is never resorted to however for the Captain likes to have Jack as well as he likes to go. Sunday morning, however, the case is different. A few minutes before 11 o'clock when the Captain comes down stairs with his prayer book in one hand, his favorite never greets him except from the off-corner by a wag of his tail. He knows the meaning of the word "I'm going to church, Jack" and he never attempts to follow his master. All the time the service is going on the dog does not move, but when it is over, he stands ready to meet and gambol about the captain. Sometimes when the latter goes to certain cities, he takes "Jack" here to be caretaker and the canine is a picture of loneliness without his master.

This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Mithey magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address.

INDIA'S CONVICT BRIDES

QUEER MARRIAGES IN THE PENAL SETTLEMENT AT ANDAMAN.

Punishments Inflicted on the Women in the Prison—Receptions Where the Brides are Chosen—The Courtship—Their married life on a Prison Island.

I have known of some queer marriages in the twenty years I have knocked about the world, said a sea Captain the other day to a New York Sun man, 'but I think the pairing off of the jailbirds at Andaman was the strangest thing of them all. For a couple of years I commanded the steamer that runs down monthly from Calcutta to the penal colony for British India on the Andaman and Nicobar islands. I was a youngster then and interested in all sorts of things and it didn't take me long to strike up an acquaintance with the Chief Commissioner or President of the colony, who used to let me go all over the place. The female prison was an object of special interest to me, and I must have been an object of special interest to the prisoners, for, except the gray-haired superintendent, they didn't see a man from one year's end to the other. I had a smattering of the language, and enjoyed several harmless flirtations with dusky beauties whose eccentricities even India had been unable to put up with.

The prison is as inaccessible as any sultan's harem. It is built on a promontory and protected on the side toward the sea by a sheer cliff 200 feet high, while on the land side the grounds are surrounded by a fifteen foot wall. There are several guards stationed at the entrance, and in order to get by the first of these a man has to give a certain password. In return this guard gives him another password, which takes him past the second, and so on, past half a dozen, maybe. The oldest police, as they are called, are the oldest and the most hideous women in the jail. To be eligible a woman must have gray hair and a face that would stop a clock, besides a record for sobriety and obedience.

All the convicts went down from Calcutta in my boat, and when I saw them afterward in the prison they always remembered me, and some of them would have fallen on my neck if they hadn't been afraid of the Superintendent, who was generally along-side of me. All the prisoners have to work, and in the female prison they weave all the cloth for the men's clothes and their own, and make them up, too, I believe. If any of the women refuse to do their stint of work they are punished. The first punishment is to cut off their hair. This they don't like very much, and the threat of it will generally bring them to terms, for they are just as vain as other women, and don't want their long hair cut off. If this doesn't convince them that it's better to work in the shop, they are made to wear men's clothes and work in the grounds, which are beautifully kept, entirely by the women prisoners. The trousers and jackets given to those who are punished in this way are of the coarsest material and are very unbecoming, and the women have to trundle wheelbarrows and dig in the dirt, just like men. If even this fails, they are further punished by being put to sleep in a cell with the floor covered by branches laid in rows, and then in cross rows, grill fashion. The branches are full of sharp thorns, which makes it impossible to stand sit or lie down in comfort. Generally one night of this is enough to make the worst case ready for the workroom, but there was one girl who stood the extreme penalty of three nights in this room, and still refused to do a lick of work.

When they have maybe a dozen tickets-of-leave men and woman, they have a sort of matrimonial reception. If any matches are made, the couples are allowed to go up to the Nicobar group some distance away and settle on the Government land. There they get a certain number of acres, a hut and some commissary stores, and are left to themselves. The tickets-of-leave don't take them anywhere except to the Nicobars, for they nearly all have life sentences. These matrimonial receptions are the funniest things I ever saw. The men are brought one by one into a sort of reception room, where the women are standing in a long row. There are generally several breaks in the line, to separate those of different castes and religions, for they are particular about that in India. Some of these men haven't seen a woman for ten years, maybe, and they look very curiously at them. When a man is brought into this room a statement is made of his name, his history, his religion, his age, the crime he is there for, and so on. There are maybe, half a dozen women of his religion on the eligible list, and he is taken to the first one in one row. If, after talking with her a few minutes, he doesn't think he would like her, he goes on to the next one. He is always covertly casting his eyes along the line to see if there are any further down that he likes better than those near the top. Sometimes he sees one near the end of the line that takes his fancy, and he will walk straight by all the others and go

to her. If she likes him, too, they go up to the table and her history is read to him. He may possibly object to the crime she was sent up for and if so the affair is declared off; but usually there is no trouble about that, for if a man likes the looks of a woman he doesn't care how she came to be there. It would generally be a case of the pot calling the kettle black, anyway.

LETTERS FROM MANILA. It Disposes of a Popular Idea of the Discomforts of a Trip to That Place.

The following, which is an abstract of a letter received by the wife of an army officer from the wife of a flag officer connected with Rear-Admiral Dewey's fleet, is so interesting as to be worthy of reproduction:

MANILA, Nov. 5, 1898. 'My Dear Emalie—Well, I have arrived in glorious health and delightful humor. The trip was the greatest surprise of my life. You know how I hate to travel, how dreadfully unhappy I was when I had to follow—y ship up the Mediterranean and around to Lisbon and Gravesend several years ago. When I left New York I told every body that I knew the trip would kill me. I had read so much of the fearful heat of the Pacific, and the articles were so profuse in detail that I really believed them. 'It will be the death of me, I said as I reluctantly got aboard the train. I didn't tell you this, dear, because you were away on one of your jaunts at the time. I'm telling you now instead. Several times on the trip up to Montreal I felt like turning back, but I thought of my poor hubby out here and finally determined to make what I supposed would be a human sacrifice of myself. Judge of my surprise then. It was the loveliest trip in my whole experience, and the newspaper yarns are dreadfully untrue.

At Montreal I made a connection with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and right here I went to say this: You doubtless will have to come out here in a few months when your husband is ordered to Manila, and for goodness' sake do not let anybody persuade you to travel over any line but the Canadian Pacific. It beat the others all hollow. I was as comfortable and happy in the run between Montreal and Vancouver as a well fed child at Christmas time. The conductors and porters simply conspired to make me enjoy the trip, though they hadn't the remotest idea who I was. I recall my trip on the—across the continent last fall, and my, what a difference between that and the Canadian Pacific!

But it did not end there, either. I found the scenery even finer than in Switzerland. I said to one of the conductors on the train; 'I suppose one must travel on a nasty, tiny ship on the Pacific to get to Hong Kong? He laughed at my fears, and said; 'Madame, you will be surprised when you see the Empress of India or the Empress of China. Surprised, why I should say I was! With the exception of a few boats on the Atlantic, there is nothing to compare with them. The most exquisite furnishings, staterooms nearly twice as large as those on the transatlantic boats, and a table that has no equal at the best hotel in New York or Paris.

The Empress of India, a great big giant took me from Vancouver to Hong Kong. We left Vancouver October 10, so you see we came through from New York via Montreal in less than six days. We reached Hong Kong November 1, and Manila November 4—less than a month the whole thing. Get out your atlas, look over the compass and wonder, as I did and have ever since. We were only twenty two days in traveling from Vancouver to Hong Kong, and in



Mrs. Ellen Butler, of Constance St., Toronto, suffered from indigestion in a severe form for several years, was unable to eat meat or vegetables, was threatened with nervous prostration as a result of chronic dyspepsia. After many remedies had been tried and failed, she began using the South American Nervine. When she had taken three bottles, to use her own words, 'I can eat anything set before me, and enjoy it without any bad after effects. I think it a wonderful remedy for dyspepsia and nervous prostration.'

No Help Wanted. An East End fruiter, having suffered very much from deprivations of street-arab and others who desire to taste his wares (Simple Simon like) without paying, is exhibiting an amusing placard over his shop. Besides acting as a deterrent, the witty warning has also the effect of a splendid advertisement. The notice represents a sturdy individual crushing his

Advertisement for BIAS VELVETEEN H. & M. Binding Wear and Art-Quality. The text describes the quality of the fabric and offers to send a catalog.

Our Work Our Departments characterized by a greater degree of variety, more interesting features and less monotonous schoolroom drudgery, than ordinary courses of study, and these qualities invariably inspire interest and often enthusiasm in young men and women who have become completely discouraged as to their education. It is useless to compare a boy or girl in a school that seems more to her like prison life than a course of preparation for the future. Send for Catalogue.

McGraw-Hill Business University, Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 90.

REGISTERED BY DOCTOR. Dr. Angew's Cure for the Heart Blistered in Fifteen Minutes.

Mrs. O. Ward, of Magog, Que., was a great sufferer for years from heart disease. Physicians blistered her and gave her other treatments without relief. She read in the papers of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Angew's Cure for the Heart. She procured a bottle of it. Fifteen minutes after the first dose she had relief. Before taking the remedy she had constant spells of suffocation and fluttering and severe pains about the heart, and was so weak that the act of sweeping the floor caused her to faint. She continued using the remedy until she had taken six bottles, any to-day she is as well as ever she was.

So Suitable. 'I've decided to give my husband a nice book for a Christmas present this year,' remarked Mrs. Darley to her friend Mrs. McBride.

'Has he expressed a wish for any particular book?' 'No; but I saw a lovely one with binding that just matches my new centre-table cover.'

Question for Question. 'What are your intentions regarding my daughter?' 'What are yours?'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cent extra for every additional line.

AGENTS AND OTHERS EITHER 'Dew of Eden' Something new just out. Do you want money to burn? Send 25 cents in silver for sample 'Dew of Eden.' THE EDEN PARFUMS CO., Box 19, Parrboro, N. S.

\$3.50 SHOES FOR 15c. Send 75c. for a book of five tickets. Sell the five tickets at 15c. each, to five people who will return each ticket to us with 75c. for a book of five tickets as you have done. When the tickets are so returned to us we will send a pair of Ladies' or Gents' \$3.50 shoes. THE CO-OPERATIVE MERCHANTILE CO., 141 Union Street, St. John, N. S.

AN HONEST ENTERPRISING MAN or woman wanted in every locality in Canada to represent our line of goods sell in every home; we give larger commission than any other firm; particulars and sample free. THE F. E. KARR COMPANY, 125 Wellington Street, Toronto.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS WE will start you in business in your own home at once. You can make \$25 a week. Money will be coming in every day. First answer will get this free start. EDWIN FRANKLIN CO., Box 19, Parrboro, N. S.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size and collection or send list. For particulars address Box 248 St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Bothany for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Tims property abutting on and a half mile from Bothany Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennelcove. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Pusey, Barrister-at-Law, Pegasus Building. St. J. N. B.

ST. JOHN Business College Opens TUESDAY, JAN 3rd. Our graduates hold 90 per cent. of the responsible and lucrative positions not only in St. John, but in every town in the province. They are employed in many of the banks and business houses in the city and have always given entire satisfaction. These are references to which we point with pride as to what our school can do for young men and women. Do you intend to take a business, shorthand or other Special Course during the next future? If so, why not attend the school which has stood the test of over thirty years. We want you if you are sure-ones to learn. We do not want you only with to fill time; there are other places for such people. A postal card will bring a circular, or, if convenient, call and see us.

Advertisement for Munsey, McClure Cosmopolitan Magazines. Text: 'We Will Make You This Offer for a Short Time Only.' 'Munsey, McClure' '.....AND THE.....' 'Cosmopolitan Magazines' 'TOGETHER WITH' 'PROGRESS' 'All for one year at the low price of \$4.00—There is one condition only, viz—the three magazines must be sent to one address.' 'Progress Printing and Publishing Co., Limited.' 'P. S. This privilege is extended to old subscribers also on the payment of 50 cents extra.'

and his company give good per-
I understand the bill is to be
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Augustus Picton's coming pro-
Romance of Athelone, with
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win and Maxine Elliott pro-
Fitch's 'Nathan Hale' at the
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l performance of the season of
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Schoenhan's farce 'Where is
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w York, for the first three
week. On Thursday evening
y, 'Dias Erbe,' was presented.

ctors of the New Century
London, in which W. H.
William Archer and Miss
bins are interested, have been
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this month present a piece
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is is of serious interest, al-
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takes place in a room in a
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The Jest." Mr. Wyndham's
nent at the Criterion.

Dog in the Manger" with
Joseph Coyne, William De Vere
and Louise Gunning in the cast, will
be produced at the Park Theatre, Boston, on
March 20.

Edgar Davenport, Edwin Holt, Horace
Lewis, Thomas Wise, Harrison Armstrong
Harry McArdle, F. Newton-Lindo, Kath-
erine Grey, Ellie Wilton, Beryl Hope
and Clara Emory are the people selected by
Mr. George H. Broadhurst for the presen-
tation of his new play, "The Last Chap-
ter." With one exception the characters
are all American, and the action of the
piece takes place in Southern California.

The partnership between Forbes Robert-
son and Mrs. Patrick Campbell is termi-
nated. Mrs. Campbell will organize a
company of her own in the spring, and
will start with an Irish political play by
Mrs. P. O'Connor, which is said to deal
with the career of the late Charles Stewart
Parnell, though the leading role is for a
woman.

Gerhart Hauptmann is at work on a
"Florion Geyer-Trilogy," presumably with
the play he has already written on that
subject as one part; a drama, founded on
the Silesian "Kynast-Sage," and another
with Wieland the Smith as hero.

Gabriele d'Annunzio's novel, "Il Fuoco"
(Fire) is to be published at once in
Milan, and at the same time his dramatic
sketches will appear in book form under
the title of "Sogni delle Stagioni." A
feature in the novel will be a conversation
between the hero, Stella Effrena, and
Richard Wagner a few days before the
master's death in Venice. In this conver-
sation d'Annunzio's ideas on the ideal
form of drama, in so far as they coincide
or disagree with Wagner's, will be fully
set forth. D'Annunzio has also written a
four-act play, called "La Gioconda," for
his proposed Florentine theatre. The
heroine is said by him to be "nearer the
sources of nature" than any of his previous
creations. By "nature" d'Annunzio means
"beasthood."

Augustin Daly's coming production of
Three Little Lambs, R. A. Barret's mu-
sical comedy, will be one of the important
novelties of the present theatrical season.
The will be a specially selected cast from
the Daly company and elaborate outfit of
picturesque scenery and costumes. The
piece will be put on for a run.

Says the New York Sunday Sun in dis-
cussing the city's amusements: "Annie
Russell will end her engagement at the
Garrick with the hundredth performance
of "Catherine" on Saturday night; but she

—SPECIAL—
Cheap Sale
.....OF.....
**Trimmed and Untrimmed
Millinery.**

We are offering great bargains in
**Trimmed and Untrimmed
Hats, Toques and Bonnets**

—ALSO—
Sailor Hats and Walking Hats at great-
ly reduced prices.

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77 King Street.
—OPEN EVERY EVENING.

will resume in March, after spending the
interim in Boston. That she does not
stay longer now at the Garrick is due to
the fact Mrs. Leslie Carter and "Zaza"
cannot be kept from coming next week.
Accounts from Washington are extrava-
gant in praise of the play and the actresses.
It is said that "Zaza" as adapted from the
French, is a new and very much stronger
"Camille," and that the role provided for
Mrs. Carter enables her to prove her-
self a great artist.

"Della Fox passes into the second week
of the three allotted to "The Little Host"
at the Herald Square. This is a farce of
Tenderloin revelry, and its wit and humor
relate to Tenderloin life, but there is no-
thing indecent in it at all, and much that is
amusing. Its costumes and scenery are
are pretty and tasteful. Several of its com-
edians are very comic. 'The Man' will
be seen here next, and after that the new
Horne play.

May Irwin will stay at the Bijou until
late in February, filling out three months
there with "Kate Kip, Boyer." This
farce is regarded as next to the best that
she has had. Only "The widow Jones"
has exceeded it in practical value as a
medium for her personal humor. Her
company is quite as capable as ever in
comedians and as attractive in finely gowned
young women. Negro ditties are still
demanded of Miss Irwin.

Olga Nethersole will come to Wallack's
a week from to-morrow with "The Ter-
magnet," a new play by Louis N. Parker.
She is to remain four weeks, and will ap-
pear also in "Camille" and "The Second
Mrs. Tanqueray." Owing to Julia
Arthur's withdrawal, the theatre will be
closed in the meantime.

Viola Allen's intention is to remain at
the Garden with "The Christian" the
winter through, and she may spend the
spring there, too. She says that she will
make a tour of only seven cities next
season, and after that bring out a drama
which is being written for her by an Eng-
lish author, presumably not Hall Caine, as
she does not name the man. "The
Christian" will then be sent out with some-
body else in the heroine's part.

STOP IT NOW.

Don't Let It Run on Until Your Condition
Causes You to be Ostracized as if You
Were a Leper.

Before it is too late stop that succession
of colds that means nothing more nor less
than catarrh. Stop the suffering. Stop
the disagreeable discharges that are so
humiliating to you and offensive to your
friends. Don't let it run on until your con-
dition causes you to be ostracized as if you
were a leper. Don't neglect yourself until
consumption makes its fatal appearance.
You can be cured. Not merely relieved,
but absolutely and perfectly cured. Dr.
Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will restore you
to complete, perfect health. It gives relief
at once. It cures in an incredibly short
time.

Feeling the Earth's Pulse.

The fanciful notion which men used
sometimes to entertain that the earth is, in
some sense, a living thing would probably
have derived support from the recent ob-
servations of Professor John Milne and
others on the shivers and quivers that fre-
quently run through its rocky frame, but
escape notice except when watched for with
specially constructed and exceedingly deli-
cate apparatus. Professor Milne reports
that apparatus of this kind has now been
mounted in Canada, British Columbia, the
United States, South Africa, New Zealand,
Java, India and Argentina, as well as in
England and at various places on the con-
tinent of Europe.

HAVE YOU EVER USED
B 14498
THE GREAT
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

DOSE—A teaspoonful in half a wine-
glassful of water before breakfast and
dinner, and at bedtime.
For sale by all druggists.
Price 50 cents a bottle.

Prepared only by
W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,
Chemist and Druggist,
35 King Street. Telephone 239
If you suffer from Dyspepsia try a
bottle and be convinced.

for it is a golden one, and married it.
Long life to husband No. 3; joy be with
them both, and glory to massage.

Don Lorenzo Perosi, the priest-com-
poser whose sacred music has made a sen-
sation in Italy, is only 26 years of age and
for four years past has been director of the
choir at St. Mark's, in Venice. His ora-
torio, "The Resurrection of Christ," has
just been performed in the Church Dei
Santi Apostoli at Rome under his own di-
rection, with a large choir and orchestra
with brilliant success. Most of the Cardi-
nals and Ambassadors to the Vatican were
present. Another oratorio, "The Resur-
rection of Lazarus," has been performed
at the Costanzi Theatre. The Pope gave
special dispensations to priest and monks
to attend the performance, as it took place
in a theatre.

Five new operas brought out so far this
season in Italy have achieved at least local
success. They are Giordano's "Fedora,"
Mascagni's "Iris," Giannetti's "Violino di
Cremona," De Nardis's "Stella," and
Anselotti's "La Morte di Mozart."

The following article descriptive of the

A Guaranteed Asthma Cure.

Clarke's Kola Compound Cures.
Some years ago this would have been considered
an impossibility, but Dr. Clarke has solved the
problem since completing his experiments with the
wonderful Kola plant in Brazil. In December,
1895, he found, that by combining extracts from the
Kola with other extracts made from the Grendona
plant which grows in California, that the compound
would cure the severest cases of asthma. Upon ex-
perimenting in one of the leading London hospitals
he found that 95 per cent. of the cases were cured
in from 60 to 90 days' treatment. Since the intro-
duction of this remedy into Canada in 1895 there
have been over 800 cases cured in Canada, alone.
Mr. R. N. Hume, C. P. R. engineer, Western
Division, writes: "I have been a great sufferer from
asthma in its worst form for over twelve years, and
never succeeded in getting anything to help me
permanently until the C. P. R. doctor prescribed
Clarke's Kola Compound for me in December, 1895,
when two bottles entirely cured me; at least, I
have not since had any return of the asthma. I am
personally acquainted with at least six persons who
have been cured from asthma by Clarke's Kola
Compound, and feel it my duty to recommend it to
all who may be troubled with this disease."
Three bottles are absolutely guaranteed to cure.
A free sample bottle will be sent to any person
troubled with asthma.
Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., sole
Canadian agents, 131 Church street, Toronto,
Ontario. Sold by all druggists.

Others may relieve, but Clarke's Kola Compound
for asthma permanently cures.

meat of any kind at any time. Her diet is
confined wholly to vegetables, fruits and
bread occasionally. She drinks alcohol in
no form and takes no other stimulants.
She says that she came to the conclusion
some years ago that everybody ate too
much for health. Consequently she has
reduced her diet to a minimum. After the
laborious performance of such an opera
as "Die Walkure" she takes for her
supper only a piece of bread and an apple.
She drinks only water. This year she has
declined all social engagements of every
kind and is keeping herself in splendid
condition for her work.

As if this regimen were not enough,
Mme. Lehmann takes other precautions to
keep herself in good condition. She goes
to bed every night at 8 o'clock when she
does not sing. On the days that she
appears she stays in bed all day, and when
she arises it is only to eat a little dinner
and go to the theatre. On those days she
omits the physical exercises which has been
for the past five years a part of her regu-
lar routine. This consists of some gym-
nastic manoeuvres of the kind customarily
recommended by athletes for developing
the muscles and keeping the figure good.

This is certainly not a life that is all
pleasure, honor and profit. It is a hard
career. Mme. Lehmann is older than her
other associates in the opera by at least
ten years. All the other prima donnas ex-
cept Mme. James hover about 40. So
their course of life is not so difficult as
Mme. Lehmann's, although they are de-
prived of almost as many pleasures. They
must not talk too much for fear of tiring
their voices; nor may they eat too much
for fear of getting stout; they must not
walk too much for fear of fatiguing them-
selves. Illness is to them a very serious
matter even if it is only temporary, and
any permanent illness is something which
has more consequences for them than for
the rest of the world.

Mme. Sembrich confides most of her
hygienic efforts to pedestrianism. When-
ever the weather permits she walks daily
for two hours. Her customary circuit is
around Central Park. She starts from her
hotel at Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue
and completes the circuit in about two
hours. When she first came to New York
she used to be accompanied by her maid,
but the maid began to show the effects of
such vigorous exercise, and now Mme.
Sembrich takes the walk alone. So far
she has missed only the days on which it
has rained or snowed. Even when she
sings, if the weather is clear, Mme. Sem-
brich never misses the circuit of the Park.
In diet she avoids sweets and pastry, all

engagement at the Opera House on Mon-
day evening opening with The Strategists,
one of the funniest of comedies. The en-
gagement promises to be an unusually at-
tractive and pleasant one, and it is to be
hoped the Company—and the Opera House
management in their effort to provide a
superior class of amusement—will receive
the hearty support of the citizens.

Managers of good companies look ask-
ance at St John these days and that is not
to be wondered at when one thinks of the
patronage extended to really superior or-
ganizations which have come here in the
last two or three years. Good
people are apt to fight shy of such
receptions as St John gives, and usually
one or two experiences is quite enough for
them. In summer the oft heard explana-
tion of poor attendance is that no one
cares to stay indoors on pleasant evenings.
That assuredly will not apply now and thus
there will be an opportunity of judging
whether the people really appreciate good
dramatic performances or not—for Mr.

"77"
Is Dr. Humphreys' Specific for
Coughs, Colds, Influenza and
GRIP
Prevents Pneumonia.

The use of "Seventy-Seven" for Grip prevents
Pneumonia by "breaking up" the Cold, while its
tonic powers sustain the vitality during the attack.
The doctors and officers of Boards of Health say
that this epidemic of Grip is not so severe or fatal
as former ones, but the danger of Pneumonia or
other complications is just as great.
If you will carry a vial of "77" in your pocket
and take frequently you will escape the Grip.

At druggists or sent prepaid; 25c. 50c. and \$1.00.
Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts.,
New York. Be sure to get

HUMPHREYS'

INDIA'S CONVICT BRIDES

QUEER MARRIAGES IN THE PENAL SETTLEMENT AT ANDAMAN.

Punishments inflicted on the women in the Prison—Receptions Where the Brides are Obscured—The Courtship—Their married life on a Prison Island.

I have known of some queer marriages in the twenty years I have knocked about the world, said a sea Captain the other day to a New York Sun man, 'but I think the pairing off of the jailbirds at Andaman was the strangest thing of them all. For a couple of years I commanded the steamer that runs down monthly from Calcutta to the penal colony for British India on the Andaman and Nicobar islands. I was a youngster then and interested in all sorts of things and it didn't take me long to strike up an acquaintance with the Chief Commissioner or President of the colony, who used to let me go all over the place. The female prison was an object of special interest to me, and I must have been an object of special interest to the prisoners, for, except the gray-haired superintendent, they didn't see a man from one year's end to the other. I had a smattering of the language, and enjoyed several harmless flirtations with dusky beauties whose eccentricities even India had been unable to put up with.

'The prison is as inaccessible as any sultan's harem. It is built on a promontory and protected on the side toward the sea by a sheer cliff 200 feet high, while on the land side the grounds are surrounded by a fifteen foot wall. There are several guards stationed at the entrance, and in order to get by the first of these a man has to give a certain password. In return this guard gives him another password, which takes him past the second, and so on, past half a dozen, maybe. These police, as they are called, are the oldest and the most hideous women in the jail. To be eligible a woman must have gray hair and a face that would stop a clock, besides a record for sobriety and obedience.

'All the convicts went down from Calcutta in my boat, and when I saw them afterward in the prison they always remembered me, and some of them would have fallen on my neck if they hadn't been afraid of the Superintendent, who was generally long-side of me. All the prisoners have to work, and in the female prison they weave all the cloth for the men's clothes and their own, and make them up, too, I believe. If any of the women refuse to do their stint of work they are punished. The first punishment is to cut off their hair. This they don't like very much, and the threat of it will generally bring them to terms, for they are just as vain as other women, and don't want their long hair cut off. If this doesn't convince them that it's better to work in the shop, they are made to wear men's clothes and work in the grounds, which are beautifully kept, entirely by the women prisoners. The trousers and jackets given to those who are punished in this way are of the coarsest material and are very unbecoming, and the women have to trundle wheelbarrows and dig in the dirt, just like men. If even this fails, they are further punished by being put to sleep in a cell with the floor covered by branches laid in rows, and then in cross rows, grill fashion. The branches are full of sharp thorns, which makes it impossible to stand sit or lie down in comfort. Generally one night of this is enough to make the worst case ready for the workroom, but there was one girl who stood the extreme penalty of three nights in this room, and still refused to do a lick of work.

'When they have maybe a dozen tickets-of-leave men and woman, they have a sort of matrimonial reception. If any matches are made, the couples are allowed to go up to the Nicobar group some distance away and settle on the Government land. There they get a certain number of acres, a hut and some commissary stores, and are left to themselves. The tickets-of-leave don't take them anywhere except to the Nicobars, for they nearly all have life sentences. These matrimonial receptions are the funniest things I ever saw. The men are brought one by one into a sort of reception room, where the women are standing in a long row. There are generally several breaks in the line, to separate those of different castes and religions, for they are particular about that in India. Some of these men haven't seen a woman for ten years, maybe, and they look very curiously at them. When a man is brought into this room a statement is made of his name, his history, his religion, his age, the crime he is there for, and so on. There are maybe, half a dozen women of his religion on the eligible list, and he is taken to the first one in one row. If, after talking with her a few minutes, he doesn't think he would like her, he goes on to the next one. He is always covertly casting his eyes along the line to see if there are any further down that he likes better than those near the top. Sometimes he sees one near the end of the line that takes his fancy, and he will walk straight by all the others and go

to her. If she likes him, too, they go up to the table and her history is read to him. He may possibly object to the crime she was sent up for and if so the affair is declared off; but usually there is no trouble about that, for if a man likes the looks of a woman he doesn't care how she came to be there. It would generally be a case of the pot calling the kettle black, anyway.'

A LETTER FROM MANILA

It Disposes of a Popular Idea of the Discomforts of a Trip to That Place.

The following, which is an abstract of a letter received by the wife of an army officer from the wife of a flag officer connected with Rear-Admiral Dewey's fleet, is so interesting as to be worthy of reproduction: MANILA, Nov. 5, 1898. 'My Dear Emeline—Well, I have arrived in glorious health and delightful humor. The trip was the greatest surprise of my life. You know how I hate to travel, how dreadfully unhappy I was when I had to follow—'s ship up the Mediterranean and around to Lisbon and Gravesend several years ago. When I left New York I told every body that I knew the trip would kill me. I had read so much of the fearful tales of the Pacific, and the articles were so profuse in detail that I really believed them. 'It will be the death of me, I said as I reluctantly got aboard the train. I didn't tell you this, dear, because you were away on one of your jaunts at the time. I'm telling you now instead. Several times on the trip up to Montreal I felt like turning back, but I thought of my poor hubby out here and finally determined to make what I supposed would be a human sacrifice of myself. Judge of my surprise then. It was the loveliest trip in my whole experience, and the newspaper yarns are dreadfully untrue.

'At Montreal I made a connection with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and right here I went to say this: You doubtless will have to come out here in a few months when your husband is ordered to Manila, and for goodness' sake do not let anybody persuade you to travel over any line but the Canadian Pacific. It beat the others all hollow. I was as comfortable and happy in the run between Montreal and Vancouver as a well fed child at Christmas time. The conductors and porters simply conspired to make me enjoy the trip, though they hadn't the remotest idea who I was. I recall my trip on the—across the continent last fall, and my, what a difference between that and the Canadian Pacific!

'But it did not end there, either. I found the scenery even finer than in Switzerland. I said to one of the conductors on the train; 'I suppose one must travel on a nasty, tiny ship on the Pacific to get to Hong Kong? He laughed at my fears, and said; Madame, you will be surprised when you see the Empress of India or the Empress of China. Surprised, why I should say I was! With the exception of a few boats on the Atlantic, there is nothing to compare with them. The most exquisite furnishings, staterooms nearly twice as large as those on the transatlantic boats, and a table that has no equal at the best hotel in New York or Paris.

'The Empress of India, a great big giant took me from Vancouver to Hong Kong. We left Vancouver October 10, so you see we came through from New York via Montreal in less than six days. We reached Hong Kong November 1, and Manila November 4—less than a month the whole thing. Get out your atlas, look over the course and wonder, as I did and have ever since. We were only twenty two days in crossing from Vancouver to Hong Kong, and in...

Mrs. Ellen Butler, of Columbia St., Toronto, suffered from indigestion in a severe form for several years, was unable to eat meat or vegetables, was threatened with nervous prostration as a result of chronic dyspepsia. After many remedies had been tried and failed, she began using the South American Nervine. When she had taken three bottles, to use her own words, "I can eat anything set before me, and enjoy it without any bad after effects. I think it a wonderful remedy for dyspepsia and nervous prostration."

No Help Wanted. An East-End fruiter, having suffered very much from deprivations of street-vendors and others who desire to taste his wares (Simple Simon like) without paying, is exhibiting an amusing placard over his shop. Besides acting as a deterrent, the witty warning has also the effect of a splendid advertisement. The notice represents a sturdy individual crushing his

BIAS VELVETEEN H. & M. Binding Wear and Art-Quality

Our Work Our Departments characterized by a greater degree of variety, more interesting features and less monotonous schoolroom drudgery, than ordinary courses of study, and those qualities invariably inspire interest and often enthusiasm in young men and women who have become completely discouraged as to their education. It is useless to compare a boy or girl in a school that seems more to be a prison life than a course of preparation for the future. Send for Catalogue.

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...a pass for two to her performance that evening. Maybe the compliment and the fact were rare, but the cost was the ruin of one of the finest sets of books in the book of the man so highly favored.

BLISTERED BY DOCTORS. For Heart Disease Without Help—Dr. Angnew's Cure for the Heart Kneels in Fifteen Minutes.

Mrs. O. Ward, of Magog, Que., was a great sufferer for years from heart disease. Physicians blistered her and gave her other treatments without relief. She read in the papers of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Angnew's Cure for the Heart. She procured a bottle of it. Fifteen minutes after the first dose she had relief. Before taking the remedy she had constant spells of suffocation and fluttering and severe pains about the heart, and was so weak that the act of sweeping the floor caused her to faint. She continued using the remedy until she had taken six bottles, any to-day she is as well as ever she was.

Costly Generosity. Sarah Bernhardt dropped into a bookseller's shop in America one morning, and so liberal was she in the matter of purchases that the proprietor forgot his dignity and waited on the famous artiste himself. Said the bookseller: 'I sold her quite a pile of books, showed her every attention, and she seemed pleased. As she was going out she took hold of my pencil and asked me something in French, which I did not understand. Seeing that I failed to catch her meaning, she looked about on the counters. Then, quick as a flash, she took up a volume of one of the very best sets of Scott, bound in beautiful calf, opened it at the centre, wrote something quickly, calmly tore out the leaf, handed it to me, smiled, and went out.'

The bookseller looked at the leaf and discovered that the great actress had written: 'I've decided to give my husband a nice book for a Christmas present this year,' remarked Mrs. Darley to her friend Mrs. McBride.

'Has he expressed a wish for any particular book?' 'No; but I saw a lovely one with binding that just matches my new centretable cover.'

Question for Question. 'What are your intentions regarding my daughter?' 'What are yours?'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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\$3.50 SHOES FOR 15c. Send 75c. for a book of five tickets. Sell the five tickets at 15c. each, to five people who will return each ticket to us with 15c. for a book of five tickets as you have done. When the tickets are so returned to us we will send a pair of Ladies' or Gents' \$3.50 shoes. THE CO-OPERATIVE MANUFACTURING CO., 131 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

AN HONEST ENTERPRISING MAN or woman wanted in every locality in Canada to represent us; our line of goods sell in every house; we give larger commission than any other firm; particulars and sample free. THE F. E. KANE COMPANY, 125 Wellington Street, Toronto.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS WE will start you in business in your own home at once. You can make \$25 a week. Money will be coming in every day. First answer will get this free start. EDWIN PARFUMS CO., BOX 79, PARROBORO, N. B.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 324 St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Tilson property abounds and a half mile from Bathurst Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennedycott. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fensy, Barrister-at-Law, Fugleby Building. 24-4-4

ST. JOHN Business College Opens TUESDAY, JAN 3rd.

Our graduates hold 99 per cent. of the responsible and lucrative positions not only in St. John, but in every town in the province. They are employed in many of the banks and business houses in the city and have always given entire satisfaction. These are references to which we point with pride as to what our school can do for young men and women. Do you intend to take a business, shorthand or other Special Course during the next future? If so, why not attend the school which has stood the test of over thirty years. We want you if you are serious to learn. We do not want you if you only wish to kill time; there are other places for such people. A postal card will bring a circular, or, if convenient, call and see us.

We Will Make You This Offer for a Short Time Only.

Munsey, McClure

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"Progress" Printing and Publishing Co., Limited.

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Partial view of text from the right edge of the page, including words like 'Patient', 'Metrop', 'Tuesday', 'John', 'year', 'march', 'The f', 'ian Op', 'evening', 'of 'Dae', 'be Wob', 'Loge:', 'ert, Min', 'Fringle', 'Freis;', 'Pevy, a', 'ters. E', 'A ne', 'Enrique', 'cess at', 'number', 'A new', 'New Yo', 'sic of 'T', 'the sam', 'The l', 'Fanchou', 'but as C', 'Metro', 'cludes:', 'dies. S', 'and Sal', 'me A', 'Le', 'Camp', 'Queen', 'terview', 'tracted', 'next op', 'be prod', 'Mass', 'at the', 'which M', 'de Brit', 'Nothing', 'romenb', 'will cr', 'city.', 'The r', 'storm', 'wicked', 'the con', 'union', 'the nam', 'able aut', 'Vancan', 'sang ver', 'them the', 'them ex', 'At the', 'buy a b', 'soon go', 'with a t', 'The ten', 'Even th', 'heals a', 'will be', 'tear. M', 'A mass', 'and kne', 'springs', 'nighting', 'Fygmal', 'for it is', 'Long lit', 'them bot', 'Don I', 'poser w', 'ation in', 'for four', 'choir at', 'torio. ...', 'just bee', 'Santi A', 'section', 'with bri', 'male and', 'present', 'reaction', 'at the C', 'special d', 'to attend', 'in a thea', 'Five m', 'season in', 'success.', 'Mascagn', 'di Cremo', 'Anolett', 'The f', 'A Gu', 'Gle', 'Some ye', 'an impos', 'problem st', 'wonderful', '1893, he fo', 'Kola with', 'plant whic', 'would cure', 'permanen', 'he found th', 'in from 90', 'duction of', 'have been', 'Mr. R. B', 'Division, w', 'asthma in', 'never succ', 'permanen', 'Clark's K', 'when two', 'have not et', 'personally', 'are beset', 'Compound', 'all who ma', 'troubled w', 'Address', 'Canadian', 'Ontario.', 'Others m', 'for asthma'

PROGRESS.

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Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 25 to 11 Waterloo street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, W. T. FRASER, Managing Director. Subscription price is two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JAN. 7th

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

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SEASON.

The first days of 1899! The new year is well upon us and we are face to face with the new duties and responsibilities that come with it. Much will depend upon the way we face them and start out to fulfil the obligations which they will impose upon us as men and citizens.

New resolutions are always associated with a new year and it is just as well that they are. No doubt many—very many of them—are broken, no doubt many of them are made idly with no intention of endeavoring even to carry them out but some of them are made and kept; and right and wrong are more heavily balanced than they would be if no resolutions had been made.

As the old year approaches its end men and women begin to look backward; to take a retrospective glance over their lives, the way they have spent the hours of each day and they are dissatisfied. They have not done what they could. The opportunities for their own good, for the good of their fellow beings, that were presented to them they did not take advantage of. The more they reflect the greater their regret and they resolve to open the new year by "turning over a new leaf." Is not the mental effort connected with such a resolution of great benefit in itself? Anything that suggests reflection and self-examination must leave its impression upon ones character and may effect a change of living that will be of infinite advantage.

There are so many kinds of "new resolutions" that it would be impossible to enumerate them here. Some of them are of a most serious character and others so frivolous as not to be worth mentioning. The man or woman who resolves upon making home life brighter, more congenial, happier for those in the family circle makes one of the highest of all resolves. The keeping or breaking of such a resolution may mean the happiness or unhappiness of many people and therefore the responsibility is the greater.

Some men, who have been used to his social glass and enjoyed it concludes that there must be other ways of passing his leisure moments quite as enjoyably as gossiping with his fellows over a glass of liquor. So he resolves to go "on a keg"—to drink no more, at least in the manner in which he has done—and for a month or two he declines all the cordial invitations of his friends to be social in the way he used to be. He is in constant danger however of breaking this resolve because it may be a dozen times each day he meets a different friend who asks him "to join him". It is hard to resist this sort of informal sociability but that is nothing compared to the restlessness of an unemployed evening and the endeavour to resist the desire to see old associates and cordial companions once again. But the man who resists long enough will find that as the weeks pass the tempting invitations will become fewer and the memories of the pleasant hours he used to spend fainter, and less attractive. Other avenues of recreation will open themselves and ere another year begins he will wonder at the difference in his life and in his circumstances. This it must be said is a partial picture of one of the few resolutions of long life. But the owners of those of short life must not be discouraged—the man who can abstain from smoking, drinking, swearing or any other habit for any length of time has won a victory—a small one it may be true but still a victory.

It is said that the man who looks back upon his past life and says "I have nothing to regret" has lived in vain. The life without regret is a life without gain. Regret is but the light of fuller wisdom, from our past illumining our future. It means that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday. This new wisdom means new responsibility new privileges; it is a chance for a better life. But if regret remains merely "regret" it is useless, it must become the revelation of new possibilities and the inspiration and source of strength to realize them. Even omnipotence could not change the past but each man to a degree far beyond his knowing holds his future in his own hands.

If man were sincere in his longing to live his life over he would get more help from his failures. If he realized that he was wasting golden hours of opportunity let him not waste other hours in useless regret but seek to forget his folly and to keep before him only the lesson of it. His past extravagance of time should lead him to minimize his loss by marvelous economy of present moments.

Their are many people in this world who want to live life over because they take such pride in their past. They resemble the baggards in the street who tell you they "have seen better days." It is not what man was that shows character; it is what he progressively is. Let man think less of his past virtue and more of his future.

The Belgian government is following out a scheme of technical education which has some admirable features. In many rural centres of the country gratuitous instruction in dairy work is provided throughout the summer to the peasant population. The course usually lasts three months, and is open to all girls over fifteen years old. For girls of a somewhat higher social position, for the daughters of tenant farmers and small proprietors—for the very class, in fact, for which neither in England nor in this country has any practical provision whatever yet been made—a system of agricultural colleges has been organized, which cannot fail to exert a far reaching influence on the future prosperity of Belgium. The daily life in these colleges is singularly healthy and attractive, alternating as it does between theoretic work in the class rooms and practical work in the farm or garden. Dairy work, poultry raising, bee-keeping, fruit and flower growing are thus all brought within the sphere of a woman's activities.

A witness in the United States district Court at Covington, Ky., fell asleep and snored while he was waiting to be called to the stand. When roused from his slumbers he protested, and was sent to jail for twenty-four hours. In future he will no doubt be careful to decry in public only when in church. There is no punishment for that.

"It is not often," says The Springfield Republican, "that we have a chance to reply Greece for the debt we owe to Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, but 'Charley's Aunt' has just been translated for the benefit of the Athenian public which is getting a little tired of 'Prometheus Bound' and 'Antigone.'"

The French population has not shown the usual falling off for 1898, not because the births have increased, but because the death rate has been lower than ordinarily. It is well that the anticipated revolution did not occur before the census was taken. Otherwise the results might have been different.

Bellamy Storer, counsel at Brussels, believes that the rate of progress in the Congo Free State is faster than that in any other part of the world. Its commerce has increased more than 800 per cent in three years, and railways now under construction will give a much larger growth.

The Holiday.—There was no dearth of the beautiful to greet the New Year, and though Sunday was very disagreeable Monday was all that could be desired as an ideal holiday. It was a little too cold for pleasant driving however and the heavy stables did not reap much of a harvest. Everybody went round muffled to the ears, and the greetings which didn't freeze on the lips had to be pretty warm indeed.

THE CAT SHOW.

Hear the purring of the cats— Hear the purring of the cats— Hear the purring of the cats—

What a gorgeous aggregation of Maltese aristocrats! How they purr—purr—purr—purr—purr— As you stony stare their fur Like a practiced flatterer And you're not at their age— Keep it close, close, close, In a sort of false rhyme, To the purring from those pampered pets that pine for Persian mates—

From the cats, cats, cats, cats, Cats, cats, cats— To the purr—purr—purr—purr—purr— of the cats!

Hear the howling of the cats— Howling cats! What a wailing of rage and longing lingers in their shaggy manes!

In the arched air of night How they scratch and screech and fight! How their fire eyes glare!

How they howl! How they hiss and growl and swear And their wailing tails in air, And caterwaul!

Oh, 'tis the surrounding fate What a pouring of blasphemy, washbowl, old shoes, old hats!

Aid bed slats, Aid bed slats, Aid bed slats! That cat's a dodger! See the cat, That smirks an slither to our cats!

Are the good for catching and d' spatching Any rat's, rat's, rat's? Oh, rat! rat! rat! rat! Rat's! rat's! rat's!

What's their record when it comes to catching rats? When you're away from home.

When you're feeling blue as indigo, when you're away from home

Especially don't loiter on the new streets that you roam, You'll find them all a-tidder on they'll disappear from view.

When you run across a feller from the same old town as you.

If you hadn't been the best of friends it softens up your heart, You feel a wailin' to him that'll kinder give a start.

To a long an lastin' friendship that you'll allus care to own, With a good word for the feller from the same old lottie town.

You'll find his voice soon's a wailer ex he mentions some ol' name Then it waver when you'd meet him airy mention's in the lane;

Es when you say good by in part, as somehow folks must do, You hate to leave the feller from the same ol' town as you.

At the Turn of the Road.—Where the rough road turns and the valley's sweet smiles bright with its balm and bloom,

We'll forget the hours that have pierced the foot And the night with their cruel and go-on, And the sky will smile, and the stars will beam, And we'll lay us down in the light to dream.

We shall lay us down in the bloom and light With a prayer and a tear for rest, The light that shall banish our grief and pain, To the love of a mother's breast.

And for all the grief of the stormy past It shall be sweeter at last—at last!

Sweeter because of the way we've gone, And the loneliness that we've known, While the darkness draws to its perfect day With its gentle glow of light and song.

The light that shall banish our grief and pain, And sprinkle the roses of heaven above us!

A Scottish Lullaby.—Oh, sweet my maid! in morning air, When buds and dewy flowers awake;

With lip and cheek so very fair, And eyes as clear as Kilmorie's lake!

But wide and deep the waste between Fair Scotland's lochs and me; Her grand old hills stand bare and green, But nevermore those hills I see.

I fondly dream of Helen Mar, And Flora, of her rosy face; For she, my love, in life and death, Has all the worth and all their grace.

But never can she be my bride; No more we meet as day sees do; Or evermore by up rising tide, And never 'neath sea Lomona's crown!

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Conjugal Attention.—"Did he be either a-beavin', Mrs. O'Sullivan, how Mrs. Ahearn and her husband wuz always at shrivie one wid another?"

"Quarrelin', be they, the creathures! Me and me Parsy, now look! I never had a word of throuble since marriage. Oi shruk him a good stroke today, but 'twor the safe part av' he broom I gave him, the darlin'!"—Jud. c.

Just a Hint.—He: "There is a hint to everything, you know."

She (looking at the clock): "Yes, even this night can't last for ever."

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A FOOT BALL STORY.

The Flyer Performed a Great Feat, but Didn't Know It.

Harper's Round Table contains a capital football story, in which the following vivid description of the sensations of a contestant in a game between the Harvard and Yale teams is given by one of the Harvard players.

"As the ply was started I was shot forward, tipping the opposing guard completely over, and we all went down together. I can only remember scrambling savagely over two men, jumping wildly from one man to another, with the ball just ahead of me under the legs of what seemed to be a thousand people. 'Then I heard a yell, unearthly; yell. Nothing like it had ever come to my ears before, and I remembered wondering what it could be. It welled and grew with each moment. Now it died away; now it spread out stronger than ever. I had a queer feeling of wonder if I were still playing the game. Nobody seemed to be near. Then a black-faced fierce-looking figure rose up in front of me. I must get out of his way at any cost. I moved aside and thrust my open hand straight into his face, caught his hair and ear, and scrambled all over him. He seemed to be the only one out of the game except myself, and the maddening feeling that I had made some mistake lent me the strength to throw him rolling away on the ground.

"There was that same wild, occultant yell again. It swept over the field as I have seen a cloud of dust sweep a street. And then all in a moment I knew the cocaine had given out and my strength was gone. I got a swinging blow on the head and lay quietly down with the feeling that I was tired out.

"Still there seemed to be no explanation for my being alone, and I started to get up, saying between my teeth, 'Get 'em low!'

"Oh, Jimmy, my boy! Jimmy! Jimmy! cried a voice, and an arm went round my neck and lifted me up. 'Low, Jack, low!' 'Oh, Jimmy,' said Jack himself, holding me up. 'It's over, and—look at the crowd!'

I could scarcely see, but over to the right somewhere there was a wave of red color that swung back and forth. Then I looked up at the faces about me, and they wavered, too. 'Peter,' I cried, with tears rolling down my cheeks—for the life of me I couldn't help it—'Peter, get me up! I'm all right. We'll stop 'em yet. They can't get over that line.'

'He's gone,' said somebody; 'he's mixed. Take him over to the house.' But I couldn't let them take me off now. It was too critical a time. 'Why don't they go on with the game I'm all right, I tell you! 'Go on, man, go on! Why, don't you know where you are?' I looked up and saw goal posts over my head, and the next instant there was another wild, wavering cheer and a ball went sailing over the cross-bar.

'What is in, Farrago?' I asked. 'Good heavens,' said some one near by, 'he doesn't know! Why, man, you've run the 180 yards of the field through the whole team, and that's a goal from the touch-down.'

All That Fun.—A newly-married husband gave his wife a bicycle for Christmas, and occupied his

holiday teaching her its mysteries in the large empty garden. She was not a light bride. He, like all the uninitiated, held both her weight and the wheel in his straining hand on the saddle. She didn't fall, and she appreciated the gift, as she rode at intervals nearly all day. The next night, when her husband was bathing his aching hand and arm with arnica, she inquired tenderly if he had hurt himself anywhere. He answered evasively. Then she kissed him in the jolliest holiday spirit and asked if he had a merry Christmas. The inaudible reply was not in the normal bridegroom's vocabulary. 'Lent it queer' said the bride sweetly; 'from the way you happen to be looking, I should think you couldn't have enjoyed yourself a bit if we hadn't had all that fun with the bicycle.'

Another Pleasant Evening.

Another pleasant evening given by Mrs. G. evening for her was home from day. The room music was provided through delicious appetizers. Francis Steed, Constantine Smith, Elsie Holden, Nan Baraby, Lou McMillan, May Ingham, Olive Lawton, K. Robe, Gladys Campbell, B. Hegn, Sidney Zimmerman, Sandy Fowler, Ned Sears, Pollard Lewis, Willie B. or, David Likely, Lee Allison, C. Gaudy, M. Holloway, V. Lance Campbell, A. Schfield, Harry Clrie, Welton McLean, L. Vroom, B. Sturdee, D. Seely, Walter Harrison, Wm. Rodgers, Mrs. T. A. B. large at home near the Misses M. a large party of evening of this was a charming group of Washington young people all met, the hostess deftly for their Col. Armstrong very pleasantly his residence on V. Mr. George A. talked by him in a of invitations to of the young people in the Assembly evening of last year every brilliant the Institute has opportunity than the lighted strains of merrily away un. They were locked up in the lockers. Miss Armstrong's young ladies at a and pretty. The Harrison, George Sayre performed and assisted the one had a good time. Party were am. Cap't'd to stand at y had.

A delicious supper the guests among Misses Lou Roberts, Miss May Farley, Miss L. Kimball, Miss L. Sherry, Miss Berdie Hagan, Miss L. F. tton, Miss M. Likely, Miss Amy Adams, Miss F. DeForest, Miss E. McAvity, Miss E. McDunn, Miss Emma Thru, Miss E. McAvity, Miss Berdie Hagan, Miss M. Likely, Miss L. Kimball.

The dweller in large towns, accustomed to the conveniences and enjoyments of modern metropolitan life, is apt to forget that his friends in the country are of necessity somewhat more primitive in their ways of living. A busy merchant in London, after spending several consecutive minutes in severe cogitation, finally decided to send to his sister residing in a very small and remote country village a Christmas present that should possess for her not only the merit of novelty, but should be of practical value. He carried out his intention, and in due time received the following note of thanks:—'Dear Charles—Your gift of a dozen incandescent lamps, with necessary fixtures, has been received, and we tender our sincerest thanks for the kindly spirit that prompted it. We shall be very careful to follow directions, and will remove the mantles from the cases with great care.' In fact, we shall not have occasion to remove them at all for the purpose of 'attaching the lamps to the chandeliers,' until we have the chandeliers, and we shall not likely to have these until there are gas works here which improvement, at our present rate of village growth, will come along some time in the year 2898.—Yours gratefully, MARIA.'

As to Lord Kitchener.

The following is a perfectly genuine "essay" on Lord Kitchener, written for by a clergyman, who states that it is the production of one of his pupils:—"Lord Kitchener of Sarder is a Irish man but his parents lived in Suffolk when he was born, altho he is Irish he is brave and has no shams. he went to Egypt to find Gordons corpse. Vengens, vengens he cried and he had so much vengens that he killed all the karkrooms and made a trenchman go home very quickly, a war of terrible blood will now come with France and pretty soon there will be no french maps in schools as no country will be left. the ladies all love Kitchener and my mother says she wishes she could get hold of him it is nice to be brave as you can go to feasts and eat awful like Kitchener.'

Reason Enough.

Even a lawyer, who is generally supposed to know exactly what to do with his tongue, may have a slip occasionally. In a certain court, not long ago, one of the counsel demanded permission to introduce the testimony of two witnesses who had not been duly cited. 'Do you suppose,' said the judge, 'that they will voluntarily assist us in getting at the facts of the case?'

'I think so,' answered the lawyer. 'I have not had an opportunity to communicate with them.'

An audible smile ran round the court room. 'Let them be called at once,' said the judge, and the smile considerably increased in volume.



The young girls are having a very good time during the holiday and several large parties have been given for their pleasure and entertainment. Prominent among these was the dance given by Mrs. W. H. Barnaby a few evenings ago, and at which it is needless to say the young guests had a delightful time. The hostess was assisted by her daughter, the Misses Winkle and Miss Barnaby and several lady friends. Mrs. Barnaby played for the dancers, and the house was beautifully decorated with flowers. Supper was served at midnight and dancing was resumed till 2.30, when the guests among whom were the following, departed:

- May Harrison, Constance Smith, Winkle Allen, Nellie Thomas, Bertha Schofield, May Farley, Lou Kimball, Emma Titus, Ella Payne, Alice Lockhart, Marion Smith, Nellie McAvity, Louise Girvan, A. Clarke, Maurice Parry, Ned Sears, Roy Thomson, Harry Peters, Walter Harrison, George Hillyard, Ken Inche, Ken Bostwick, Sidney Emerson, Sandy Fowler, Lance Campbell, O. Rodgers, B. Studee, G. Robinson, Douglas McLaughlin, W. Baird, Frank Robinson, Mr. McDonald, and many others.

Another pleasant function of a similar nature was given by Mrs. George A. Schofield on Wednesday evening for her young daughter Miss Bertha, who was home from her school at Edgell for the holidays. The rooms were bright with flowers, good music was provided for the dancers, tea was served throughout the evening, and at midnight a delicious supper was served. Among the guests were: Amy Smith, Marion Bailey, Winkle Barnaby, Nellie McAvity, Marie Matthews, Lou Girvan, Lou Kimball, Grace Dick, Edith Hagan, A. Christie, Harold Sears, Douglas McAvity, Maurice Parry, William Rodgers, Willie Varick, C. Matthews, John Kimball, R. Kerr, Art. Dick, Charlie McDonald, M. Bowman, H. Forbes, H. Robinson, A. Frith, Lou Barker, Kenneth Inche, Horace Forter, Wm. Rodgers.

Mrs. T. A. Rankine has invitations out for a large party at home next week. The Misses Mize and Emma Titus entertained a large party of their young friends on Tuesday evening of this week. A charming little party was given by Mrs. Kaye of Wellington row on Wednesday evening to the young people all of whom enjoyed themselves very much, the hostess and her attendants working indefatigably for their amusement. Col. Armstrong entertained a party of friends very pleasantly one evening during the week at his residence on Wellington row. Mr. George A. Blyard's friends will be entertained by him at a dance on January 12th. The list of invitations is quite large. The young people's annual ball which took place in the assembly rooms of the Institute on Friday evening of last week, was like those of preceding years, very brilliant and very enjoyable. In fact the Institute has seldom held a more lustrous opportunity than the young people who to the delightful strains of Harri on's orchestra danced merrily away until well into New Year's Eve. The evening looked exceedingly attractive, and the spirit of the party was made most attractive. Many extremely pretty gowns were worn and the young ladies as a rule looked charmingly dainty and pretty. The chaperones Mesdames Charles Harrison, George Jones, Mrs. Holden and Mrs. Sayre performed their duties in an ideal manner, and assisted the committee in seeing that every one had a good time. Misses Tibbitts and Gertrude Fenety were among those who came from the Capital to attend the dance, and a delightful time they had. A delicious supper was served about midnight to the guests among whom were: Miss Lou Robertson, Miss May Farley, Miss L. Kimball, Miss L. Sharr, Miss Bertie Hagan, Miss L. Patton, Miss Amy Adams, Miss F. DeFrow, Miss E. McAvity, Miss Nona McDonald, Miss Emma Titus, Miss E. MacAvity, Miss Mary Inche, Miss L. Markham, Miss L. McMillan, Miss M. Fraser, Miss Rachel Farley, Miss B. Sch. field, Miss M. Belyea, Miss Edith Hagan, Miss Lily Adams, Miss Mollie Peters, Miss R. McAvity, Miss A. Rodgers, Miss G. Dick, Miss M. Titus, Miss G. Fenety, F. Tom, Miss Tibbitts, F. Tom, Miss E. Allison.

Reference was made last week to Mrs. Leonard Jarvis private theatricals which took place on Monday, and by a happy coincidence a society people to write a work of a number of young amateurs, who by their exceedingly clever acting both pleased and surprised their friends. Indeed there were several whose histrionic efforts were so very good that it seems a pity they should be limited to a private performance, though perhaps the avowed intention of producing the plays again for the benefit of some charitable organization may bring them before a larger, though assuredly not more appreciative, audience. The pieces produced were bright little farces written by John Kendrick Bangs and as mentioned last week were 'A Proposal Under Difficulties' and 'The Hiccupers.' The two, who according to very general opinion carried off honors of the evening—and the bonanzas—were Miss Matthew and Mr. Jack Robinson; the former's farce tribute was a basket of flowers, while the latter was the recipient of a good sized bunch of spruce—perhaps a shower bouquet would be a nicer name—artistically tied with long pink ribbons. Mr. Jarvis residence was beautifully decorated with Christmas wreaths; and the colors in the dining room were pink and green. At the close of the performance supper was served, and then followed a programme of ten dances. The other guests who did not participate in this last amusement enjoyed cards in the library. The theatrical programmes were dainty little affairs with the date of the entertainment and the usual New Year's greetings. Among the invited guests were: Mr. R. H. Arnold, Mrs. Arnold, Archdeacon Brigtstocke, Mrs. Brigtstocke, Mr. L. A. Currey, Mrs. Currey, Mr. W. F. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. L. B. Harrison, Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Mrs. E. H. M. Morrison, Mr. G. F. Matthews, Mrs. Matthews, Mr. J. M. Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. N. Sutherland, Dr. Walker, Mr. H. Talley, Mrs. Talley, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. R. McLe d, Miss Allison Jones, Mr. Robt. Brigtstocke, Mr. Jim Harrison, Miss Jarvis, Mr. Robin Matthew, Miss Elsie Robinson, Miss Sutherland, Dr. T. D. Walker, Mr. T. H. Talley, Mr. Harry Hall, Mr. Rob. McLeod, Mr. H. Allison, Miss M. Fairweather, Miss Thorne, Mr. W. Hazen, Miss Eleanor Robinson, Miss McKean, Miss Zwickler, Miss May Robinson, Miss Stead, Mr. Roland Frith, Mr. Arthur Partridge, Mr. N. Cornwall, Mr. Fred McKel, Miss Hamlin Crookbank of Fredericton is the guest of the Misses Earl, Union street. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Prince spent New Year's in Springhill, N.S., with the latter's aunt, Mrs. Byers, widow of Dr. J. A. Byers. Last Thursday evening Mr. Stephen P. Gerow very pleasantly entertained the 'annual club' at his residence, Garden street. Miss Gertrude Fenety who came from Fredericton to attend the young peoples ball last week was the guest of Miss Blossom Baird during her stay in the city. Miss Baird also entertained Miss Tibbitts for a few days. Miss Emily McAvity returned to Harvard the first of the week to resume her studies. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Smith of Boston were among recent visitors to the city. Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Jones spent the holidays with Boston and New York friends. The condition of Mrs. McClellan wife of the Lieutenant-governor is much improved, though she is still very weak after her recent severe illness. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Kinser spent Sunday and Monday in Fredericton. Mrs. and Mrs. Healdy Barbour returned from a visit to the Capital on Tuesday. A very pleasant card party was given on Wednesday evening by Dr. and Mrs. W. W. White in honor of Mrs. Sessions, who is having a delightful time among her old friends and being extensively entertained by them. At Mrs. White's charming little party, cards were the principal amusement in the earlier part of the evening, and the various games created no end of interest. The winners of the first prizes were: Miss Holden and Mr. Stanley Ritchie, and as some little consolation was absolutely necessary in the case of Miss Dever and Mr. Boyer Smith they were awarded pretty little trifles—known usually as baby prizes. After cards and a dainty supper, dancing to the music of Harrison's orchestra, was energetically indulged in for an hour or two. Among the guests were: Mr. R. K. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. F. E. J. Reel, Mrs. Reel, Mr. Geo. W. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mr. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Sayre, Mrs. Conner, Mrs. Dever, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Troop, Mrs. Burpee, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Smith, Miss Annie Smith, Miss Thomas, Miss Holden, Miss Keator, Miss Fanny Domville, Mr. Fairweather, Mr. McMillan, Mr. Botwick, Mr. E. T. Sturdee, Mr. Keator, Mr. Thomas, Mr. R. R. Ritchie, Mr. Cluck, Dr. Skinner, Mr. Bassard, Mr. J. Harrison, Mr. G. B. air, Mr. Troop, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Hamilton. Dr. and Mrs. E. C. F. ab of Melrose, Mass., spent part of the week in the city. Among the residents at the Hotel Metropole London on Dec. 29th, were Mr. and Mrs. George K. McLeod. Mr. D. R. Jack returned this week from a trip abroad and reports a most delightful and interesting time during his absence. The marriage of Miss Bessie Myles and Mr. J. Newton Harvey of Moncton took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Mr. Andrew Myles, High street, N. E. Rev. George Steele performed the ceremony which suited the pair to life. The bride looked very fair and charming in her bridal gown of white silk with pearl trimmings, and a lovely shower bouquet. Her attendants, Miss Mollie Williams was daintily gowned in pink and white and carried a basket of flowers. After a luncheon served to the guests Mr. and Mrs. Harvey left for their future home in Moncton. The many elegant gifts sent by friends was a pleasing testimony of the esteem in which the newly married pair are held. From Miss Myles' co-workers in the Edgartown school building a beautiful cardelabra and a mirror was received, and from Portland street Methodist Sunday school a costly brass lamp. The music band of the Sunday school also tendered their best respects in a pretty present. Three cheques one from the bride's father, were included among the collection of remembrances. Mr. Harvey presented his bride with a valuable set of sable furs and the tiny maid of honor, Miss Williams with a pearl set ring. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Harrow Murchie of the west side and their child on spent the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Murchie of Colfax. Mrs. John Wade of this city is the guest of Mrs. T. E. Wharf of Colfax for a few weeks. Miss Furlong and Miss Marie Furlong returned Thursday from a pleasant visit of several weeks to friends in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Peter MacMichael and child returned Wednesday in a visit to Toronto. Mr. Edward Clayton of Clayton & Sons, Halifax came to St. John this week to be present at Miss Bessie Myles' wedding. Mr. C. A. Palmer who has been quite ill at Hampton is slightly improved. Mr. and Mrs. S. Owens of Fredericton spent a day or two lately with their daughter Mrs. Branscombe of this city.

Sing a Song. If you'll sing a song as you go along, In the face of the rain or the sleet or the snow; And show a heart that is brave and stout; If you'll sing the song I've written for you, You'll force the ever-rainy clouds to part, 'Tis the world deals with a coward's art, To give to the man who braves the rain; And you'll win success with a little song— If you'll sing the song as you go along! If you'll sing a song as you plod along, You'll find the rain, the sleet, the snow; You'll catch the strain of the glad refrain; That the sun will follow the blinding rain; That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky; That the stars will come out by and by; And you'll make new friends, till hope descends From where the heart has never bended; And all because of a little song— If you'll sing the song as you plod along! Come, Down in that lone quiet valley, Where the shining waters flow, Once there lived an angel-maiden, In the years of long ago. Where the starlight over the water Shines with pale and trembling rays; Where the jewelled dewdrops sparkled On each rose and leafy spray; There when purple twilight mantled All the distant hills afar, Watched we in the creamy twilight, For the silvery evening star. Like the mist-wreaths o'er the river, Fading at the early day; So from all who fondly loved her, This pure spirit fled away. Sad and lonely now I wander, Where together once we strayed; Grieving that my gentle Alice In the country's cold is laid. Still the starlight o'er the water Shines with pale and trembling rays; Still the roses bloom and wither, But the rose-bud nevermore! The Maiden's Aim. He pelted her nastily, from head to feet, With snowballs soft and with snowballs fleet. And seemed to think it no end of fun, While she was busy preparing one, Rolling, pouncing it hard and sound, With snow scooped up from the frozen ground. Then aimed she her missile fair and clear; But he did not dodge, for he did not fear; But calmly waited to see it fly, And far from its target wildly shy. When, whack! on the side of his smiling face He caught it right in the very place She had meant to pelt it. By Jove, and Mars, And Jupiter Ammon, but he saw stars! For her brother, a baseball pitcher tall, He'd taught and trained her to throw a ball. And this gay young fellow, who laughed with her, Was bravely awaiting her onslaught; he walked softly home, and went later when He'd a smile to his mouth again. —Madeline S. Bridger. Chat's Re-acted, Came, Spirit, Perfora t, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

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Every business man who expects to make a permanent success of his vocation in life, must have the confidence of the people who trade with him. This is sound natural law that is applicable to every legitimate trade that we know of, and no matter what the disposition of the individual may be, if he has ordinary common sense he must realize that IT PAYS TO BE HONEST with his customers. We have built up a very large business in various kinds of musical instruments throughout the Maritime Provinces during the past twenty-five years, and we owe it, not to the fact that we are more energetic than our competitors, nor that we have a monopoly of the best PIANOS and ORGANS made in the world, but simply by doing the very best we could for our clients under all circumstances. This is an absolute fact and one that we can furnish you ample proof of, if you ask us.

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E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. Gagetown, July 26, 1897. Dear Sir—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your Pelee Wines, which I am delighted to say, has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age, I think no such cannot be had in its price and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from la grippe debility, with the best results. I am, yours gratefully, JOHN C. CLOWAN.

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ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, T. E. Alchison and J. Vroom & Co. In Calais at O. F. Tremblay.]

Jan. 4—Since Christmas there have been a number of parties for the pleasure of the young people who are at home for their Christmas holidays from their respective schools and colleges.

The ladies of the Grattan Club opened the gaiety of the week with a delightful ball in the Grand Army Hall. There was a large attendance of the young society element and the ball was one of rare enjoyment.

On Friday evening Mrs. C. W. Young gave a card and dance party at her handsome home, for the pleasure of her daughter Miss Vera Young and their guests Miss Fairweather. There was about twenty five or thirty guests. Miss Young and Miss Fairweather left on Monday for Providence Rhode Island to resume their studies at Miss Wheeler's Art School.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Edwin B. Todd, invited a large party of young people to spend the evening with her daughter Miss Sarah Todd; music, cards and dancing, made up a delightful evening, and many pleasant comments are made on the happy way Mrs. Todd has of entertaining.

Miss Alice Graham gave a very delightful white party on Wednesday evening of last week. After the game of whist was finished, waiting was indulged in until a late hour, supper was served at midnight. The invited guests were, Miss Ma bel Marchie, Miss Sarah Clarke, Miss Florence Sullivan, Miss Charlotte Young, Miss Annie Haycock, Miss Annie King, Messrs. Henry Bidout, Edward Foster J. E. Gaudin, H. S. Pethick, John Eaton, Gorham King, and John Tymble.

Mrs. W. F. Todd gave invitations yesterday to a number of lady friends to dine with her tomorrow evening.

There is to be a drive with party on Friday afternoon from three until six o'clock which I shall describe next week.

Christ church Sunday school enjoy a Christmas tree and treat in the school room near the church tomorrow evening.

Mr. L. M. Beaudry of St. John was spending a day or two with relatives in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Neill have been visiting friends in Eastport.

Miss Lillian McKensie is spending a few days in Boston.

Mr. Charles E. Hayden of Eastport spent a few hours in town on Monday returning to Eastport on the W. C. R. in the afternoon.

Master Roy Grimmer of St. Andrews is spending this week with his aunt, Mrs. Waterbury.

Mrs. Delastadt has given invitations to a party of young people to enjoy an evening at her residence tomorrow evening. The party is given for the Misses Edith and Grace Delastadt.

Mr. Arthur Chipman and Miss Connie Chipman and a party of friends expect to go on a drive about town this evening.

At the Christmas tree held in Trinity school room on Saturday evening for the pleasure of the Sunday school the rector Rev. Fredric Robertson and Mrs. Robertson were each presented with a twenty dollar gold piece besides a number of other gifts. There was a musical and literary program in which a number of children took part.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Ross on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mitchell, who were Mr. James Mitchell's guests last week, have gone to Fredericton to visit relatives before returning to their home in Mantoloking.

Miss Miss McEustick is the guest of Miss Cora Maxwell.

Mrs. Charles Freehand Beard who went to Boston on Saturday to spend New Years with Hon. Alanson and Mrs. Beard, is expected home tomorrow.

Miss Maude Maxwell is visiting in Mountain Brookville to resume her studies at Mount Allison. Miss Flora Cooke and her mother Mrs. S. E. Cooke have returned from a delightful visit in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Curran and Miss Marion Curran, have returned from a brief visit in Manchester, Maine.

Mr. Charles W. King entertained the ladies of the Traveller's club, on Monday afternoon.

Miss Kate Washburn has been spending the Christmas holidays in Boston.

Mr. Alexander Cullinan of Moncton has been spending a few days in town. He also visited Eastport taking advantage of the excursion to that city on Monday on the new Washington county railway.

Mrs. John Wade of St. John is visiting in Calais her friend Mrs. T. E. Wharf.

Mrs. Brunley of Montreal has been visiting Mrs. W. T. Black at her villa at Bog Brook a few miles below Calais, but for the past few days has been the guest of Mrs. C. B. Eaton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harmon Murdock of Charlottetown their children have been spending the Christmas season with Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Murdock.

Mr. Ralph Barker of the Harvard Law school has been spending his holidays with his parents in Calais.

Mr. Arthur Chipman much to the regret of his numerous friends leaves on Friday for Kings ton to resume his studies in the Royal Military school in that city.

Miss Annie Holmes who has been quite ill is slowly but surely recovering.

A most jolly party in response to the invitation of Mrs. Hume D. Bates and her daughter Mrs. Alice Bates drove to Oak Bay to the residence of Mrs. George Young on Tuesday evening where supper was served, and the evening devoted to games and fun. The party returned to town about eleven o'clock.

Mrs. John Clarke Taylor gave a pleasant euchre party one evening last week which was much enjoyed by her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Murdock entertained at dinner on Monday a party of friends.

Mrs. C. E. Clarke invited a party of lady friends to spend New Years eve with her, and to watch the old year depart and the advent of the new year.

The organ recital in the presbyterian church last Friday evening was well attended and was listened to very attentively. The organ is a new one recently purchased and this is the first time the public had of hearing it. Prof. Britovse of Fredericton, gave several selections that were finely rendered and called forth many pleasant comments. There was singing by several ladies and gentlemen who usually sing at amateur concerts, and the concert was unusually good in every respect.

NEWCASTLE.

Jan. 3.—The weather has been unusually severe for several days, past New Year's day being especially so. The day passed very quietly, the few who ventured out driving being careful to return home after a few rounds. It seems a pity that the lovely old custom of calling on New Year's has so entirely died out, and I think that if the "Lords of Creation" realized how their ladies friends appreciated the yearly visit, they would endeavour to make amends. As everything in the way of antiquity is in vogue, perhaps next year may see a revival of this pretentious of all old customs.

On Friday evening a number of our young people had a pleasant sleighing party, leaving town about half past seven o'clock and driving to the handsome residence of Mrs. Robert Loggie of Loggieville. The party consisted of Mrs. Manny, Mrs. Charles Barreant, Miss Sinclair, Miss Mulrhead, Miss Aitken, Miss Sargeant, Miss Layton, Miss Troy, Miss Jones, Miss Fish, and Messrs. Harrison, Sargeant, Aitken, Crocker, Wilson, Lyster, Mulrhead and Tweedie.

Mrs. Loggie's beautiful home was prettily arranged. The drawing rooms were thrown open for dancing, while numerous cosy nooks and corners were eagerly sought for by those who preferred sitting out. About twelve o'clock a dainty supper was served, shortly after which the party broke up all expressing themselves delighted with the charming evening the host and hostess had given them. Among the guests were Mrs. Frank Loggie of Loggieville and Miss Loggie of New York.

On Wednesday afternoon the "Opportunity circle of King's Daughters" held a Christmas tree and treat at the Mission hall to which forty children were invited. The tree was beautifully decorated and glistened and glittered and radiated joy and the magical spirit of Xmas. The tea-table was laden with all sorts of confections dear to children and there was not any doubt of their enjoyment of the bountiful repast. It was a great pleasure to see their happy faces when the tree showed its bounty into their eager hands and the bright warm dresses, skirts, mufflers, mittens, along with toys, fruit and candy, filled full the measure of their joy and happiness. The circle feel very grateful and much indebted to the kind friends whose generous donations helped them to bring joy and cheer to so many hearts.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Allan Ritchie gave a very delightful little party to the young people of the town at being for Messrs. Allan and Harold before their return to Rothesay. It was supposed to be a "doney party," though dancing and games were among the amusements of the evening. There was much merriment while the poor old animal was being persecuted, but finally Miss Alice Burdhill managed to pin the tail in the proper place, thus winning the first prize while Miss Beattie Ferguson came second. The consolation prize was most deservedly awarded to Master Roy Morrison. The dining room was very tastefully decorated with evergreens and house plants, and the young people did ample justice to the good things provided for them. Among those present were, Misses Alice and Edith Burdhill, Miss Mildred Fish, Miss Beattie Ferguson, Miss Audrey Street, Miss Whitteck, Miss Kate Troy, Miss Florence Hickson, Miss Lenore Layton, Miss Addie Stables, Misses Lillie and Minnie Pedolin, Miss Mary Malby, and Miss May McKee, Master Roy Morrison, DeBios Fetters, Harold Peters, John Williston, Willie Stables, Fred McKee, Karen Malby, and Tom Malby, Miss Coll, Miss Jean Thompson, and Mr. Jack Sweet were among those who assisted in the entertaining.

Dr. Allison Ritchie who has recently graduated from McGill College is visiting friends in town.

Miss J. Marshall arrived on Friday to spend several weeks with her sister Mrs. H. Fairman.

Mr. James Paterson is certainly ill with a severe attack of pleurisy.

Mr. George Stables is another victim of "jaundice."

"We sincerely hope that it may be a slight attack, as the fall on Friday evening will be incomplete without him.

Mr. W. Hutchison of Halifax is the guest of Mrs. Aitken "The Masse."

Invitations are out for a small card party of your tables at "The Rectory" to-morrow evening.

Mrs. Hamilton of Shodice is the guest of her sister Mrs. Donald Morrison.

Miss (Chesman of Chatham is visiting Miss Maude Lonsburg.

The many friends of Mrs. W. Stewart will be glad to learn that she is expected in town some time next month to spend several weeks with her parents at "The Rocks." Mr. Stewart has been appointed agent of the new branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia to be opened in Boston, and Mrs. Stewart will remain here for some time before leaving for her new home in the "Hub of the Universe."

Mrs. Robert Anderson and Miss (Dr.) Brown of Chatham were in town on Friday.

Next week The Boston Comedy Company will begin an engagement here and will receive their usual warm welcome. They played in St. John during the holidays to crowded houses.

Messrs Robert Allan and William McCallias who have been visiting here for the past ten days will return to their homes on Wednesday.

Mr. Jack Sweet also leaves on Wednesday for his final term at the U. M. B.

I understand that Miss Beattie Bell has accepted the position in Harkins' academy caused by the resignation of Miss Gjerin. Miss Bell is visiting friends in Amherst, but will probably return to town the last of the week.

Invitations have been issued for a masquerade dance in the Masonic hall on Friday evening January 6th. There will be a full description in next week's edition of Progress.

There is to be a very quiet wedding at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ritchie on Wednesday morning when their niece Miss Beattie Wheeler will be married to Dr. Clifford Fish of Melrose, Mass. Rev. William Aitken performing the ceremony. The bride will wear a smart gown away from green broadcloth with trimmings of velvet.

Both bride and groom are general favorites in Newcastle, and their numerous friends will wish them every happiness in their journey through life.

Miss Bell is spending the holiday season at her home in Ottawa.

Mr. W. Bennett of Campbellton, chief superintendent of the northern division of the I. C. R. was in town on Tuesday.

The final meeting of the senior dancing class will be held on Wednesday evening, and much pleasure is anticipated by the members as well as by several others to whom Miss Jones has kindly extended invitations. Miss Jones has made many friends by her bright winning manner, who help to welcome her back to the Miramichi at some future time.

Miss Annie Cecil Jones who has been holding semi-weekly dancing classes in Newcastle since last October gave a very pleasant entertainment in the "Town Hall" Tuesday evening, in which she rendered several called forth many pleasant comments. There was singing by several ladies and gentlemen who usually sing at amateur concerts, and the concert was unusually good in every respect.

"How grandmas danced the minuet," this taking the hearts of the audience by storm. Miss Jean Thomson sang a solo in her usual sweet style while the piano duet by Misses Beattie and Florence Ferguson was beyond criticism. Following is the programme:

- 1 Piano Solo.....George Lake
2 The Hasty Pudding.....Miss May McKee
3 Piano Duet.....Misses Beattie and Florence Ferguson
4 "How Grandmas Danced the Minuet".....Misses Beattie and Florence Ferguson
5 The Young Man Waited.....Miss Addie Stables
6 Solo.....Miss Jean Thomson
7 Tables.....Gillmore of the Old Homestead

At the conclusion of the programme the hall was cleared and for two hours the children had a delightful time dancing all the different dances in which their teacher had so faithfully instructed them ice cream and cake being served before their departure.

MIRAMICHI.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. E. H. Swinburne.]

Jan. 4.—The Laug Syas Whit club met last evening with Mr. and Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt where a very pleasant evening was spent.

Miss Muriel Gregory, daughter of Mr. Brunswick Gregory of Saco, Maine is in the city visiting relatives at present. She is the guest of her uncle Mr. A. J. Gregory at "Acacia Grove."

Mrs. Ada Twining and daughter Miss Violet leave tomorrow for their home in Boston after a very happy visit with friends here.

Mrs. Tom Fowler is this evening entertaining a party of friends at what is honor of her brother Mr. Handford McKee who is home from McGill University for the holidays.

The B. and B. Wait Club held their meeting on Thursday evening with the Misses Babbitt when Miss Lillian Babbitt captured the ladies first prize and Mr. Harry Chesnut took the gentlemen's.

"Demand it; No Substitute is just as good." AN EYE OPENER. Breakfast has to supply the brain and muscle for the day's battle. It must have Nerve Food. For pure tonic, strength nothing equals.



INDO-CYLON TEA. In sealed packets only. Never in bulk. 50c, 40c, 60c per lb. It satisfies the taste. It gratifies the body. It's foolish to pay a high price now or buy any but the best. MONSOON goes farthest and is therefore the cheapest. Direct From the Growers to Consumers.

Mrs. Carrie McCarthy is spending the holidays with her son Dr. Allen Sterling, at Kewwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Poter of Shodice spent the Xmas holidays with their daughter Mrs. Wm. McCallias of this city.

Mr. Walter Fisher is visiting her parents at Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Owens spent New Year with their daughter Mrs. Branscombe at St. John.

CHICAGO.

ST. GEORGE.

Jan. 4.—Mrs. John P. Foster of Boston is visiting her mother Mrs. W. W. Shaw.

Mr. Gideon Wetmore and family of Deer Island, spent Christmas with relatives in town.

During the holidays Rev. A. H. Lavers and family received a purse of thirty-one dollars and other substantial gifts from the members of his church and congregation.

The children of the baptist Sunday school was given a treat in Dewar's hall on Wednesday afternoon between Christmas and New Years. The hours were happily spent in various games, and as one little girl expressed it, "We've just had a lovely time."

Next the clear Rev. Mr. Lavers presented each scholar with a Testament.

On Thursday Dec. 29th, Miss Nellie MacGo was third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas MacGo was married to Mr. John O'Brien; the ceremony took place in St. Stephen; the bride wore a very pretty travelling suit of brown and was the recipient of many handsome presents.

St. Marks church is more beautifully trimmed this year than for several years past. On New Years eve a fine concert was given by the Teachers and Scholars of the Sunday School in Cotts hall which was elaborately decorated for the occasion. The address of welcome was given by Miss Alice Ludgate at the close of the programme the Ferris wheel was set in motion by Santa Clause and the hearts of the little ones and some of the older ones as well were made happy by the presents received. Rev. Mr. Smith was remembered with a handsome dressing gown.

Mr. Thomas Simmons is the guest of Hon. A. H. and Mrs. Gillmore.

Miss Ella Dick has been spending the week with her friend Mrs. Alex. Mahoney.

A small party of ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a clam steamer at the residence of Mr. Daniel Gillmore on Tuesday evening.

"In Hopes".

The Hope Hotel quite plainly Upon a hill is set, And no one ever vainly Admittance sought to get.

They set a meagre table To every one that comes, For this modern Babble The only course is crumbs.

The charges are extortion; They rob you every day, And out of all proportion To what you get, you pay.

And yet the guests though paying Big sums for only air, Insist on ever staying— The view's so fine up there.

Each one you met, not willing His time away to mope, And yet I cannot make appeal— 'I'm living now in Hope's'.

All in One. She plays at football with all my heart. 'I'll tell you how it's done: She's half-back, full-back, forward, too. The whole rolled into one. And yet I cannot make appeal— I know not what to do: For list—besides those other things She is the umpire too.

THINGS OF VALUE. Wales is richer in mineral wealth than any other part of this country. England produces on an average 2 1/2 millions of tons of coal annually, and Scotland and a little less. Wales, however, averages over 2 1/2 to the acre.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 50 cents.

At least one-third of all people in middle life have one ear affected by deafness. Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Ejectant is a pleasant and sure cure. It you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand? "Ignorance is bliss" until you come to look back on it and see what a fool it has made of you. There are a number of varieties of corns. Holladay's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once. One test for distinguishing diamonds from glass and paste is to touch them with the tongue. The diamond feels much the colder. The Public should bear in mind that Dr. THOMAS' Electric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorated class of so-called medicinal oils. It is unobtainable and readily effervesces—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or burns, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints. It is the things we are going to do that make life worth living. They Cleanse the System Thoroughly.—Farnsley's Vegetable Pills cleanse the stomach and bowels of bilious matter, causes the excretory vessels to throw off impurities from the blood into the bowels and expel the deleterious mass from the body. They do this without pain or inconvenience to the patient, who speedily realizes their good offices as soon as they begin to take effect. They have strong recommendation from all kinds of people. To bear disappointment bravely is to discount the fate. They Advise the Throat.—Immediately they were offered to the public, Farnsley's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves. That reputation has done for us in the markets of dyspepsia and biliousness complaints of the liver and bowels, rheumatism, liver and acid and the innumerable complaints to which these ailments give rise. Every woman is as old as the neighbors remember she is.

NOTES. 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. H. SMOY WILKES, Proprietor.

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

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. (First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.) OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFÉ ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 bbls. P. B. Island Oysters. Large and fat. At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lectichy" Method"; also "Synthe System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

Is it Good Enough. If any reader of "Progress" thinks his Printing is not attractive or forcible as it might be, we invite him to write to us about it. Maybe we can make it better, and maybe we can't. The chances are we can. PROGRESS PRINT. What we do, we do well!

Church School for Girls, EDGEHILL, WINDSOR, N. S. The Lent Term begins WEDNESDAY, Jan. 11, 1898. For Calendar apply to DR. HIND, Windsor, N. S.

A LARGE STOCK OF Turkeys, Geese, Chickens and Ducks. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

Delicious Jelly-Like Junket Colored and flavored with fruit juices and served in pretty custard cups or in mould form supplies a most tempting and delicious dessert. Yet this artistic table delicacy is made in less time, with less trouble, and at less expense than any other comparable dessert. Note the ingredients and simple process of preparation and figure the cost. One quart of milk, enough fruit juices to impart flavor, one Junket Tablet, just a touch heat to warm.



Hansen's Junket Tablets are sold by druggists and grocers in packets of ten tablets in the per packet. The "Dainty Delicacy" for "Dainty Dessert" containing the celebrated process mentioned.

AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

RED SHIRT'S GUILT OBTAIN.
Means Used to Satisfy the Scruples of a Vigilance Committee.

There is no doubt the man was righteously hanged, for it was on his own confession that we strung him up, but the way he was got to make that confession was questionable, said the old timer who had come into the territory at the time of the Mexican war to a new York man for whom he was acting as a guide in a fishing trip on the Mora River in New Mexico. It was early in the fifties, when there was a great wagon freighting business over the Santa Fe trail, and Mora and Las Vegas were the only towns of any size east of the Rio Grande Valley. Mora in those days was a tough place. Being, as it was, an outpost on the plains, exposed to the attacks of Navajos and Picarilla Apaches from the west, with the Pawnees and Comanches sweeping the plains clear to the plaza wall on the east, the Mexican inhabitants, brought up to the use of weapons and fighting, were as hard a lot as the territory could show, and the tough white men drifting in from everywhere made things worse. The few decent Americans there who had come into New Mexico for legitimate business were in to much of a minority to count in the deal until in self-defense we organized a Vigilance Committee. It was few in numbers, but every man in it had seen service, and was it for life or death. At the time we went into the thing no man's life was safe in Mora if he had an enemy or owned valuables. We changed things in short order, but we had to make some wholesale killings to do it, hanging Mexicans and Americans alike to show that there was no race question in the matter.

After a few months things got to running smoothly and there was not much for us to do. The best Mexicans were with us, though they took no open part, and white desperadoes got a fashion of staying away from Mora, thinking the climate might disagree with their health. But we kept up our organization and let it be understood that we were always at the old stand and ready for business when business was to be done. There had been six months of peace, and some of the boys in the committee were getting fretful, complaining of the monotony and saying we might as well turn the thing into a debating society, when there came a murder as bad as any that had called us together. It was an old man that was killed, a harmless old fellow who earned a good deal of money at his trade of blacksmith, and whose only fault was love for too much liquor. He was found dead and rot-bled—stabbed to the heart in the outskirts of the town at daybreak one morning. The use of the knife looked like Mexican work but it came out on inquiry that he had been drinking at the saloons the evening before with a red-shirted man, a stranger in the town, and was last seen in his company. The stranger had no money then, but the next day he was spending money freely about the town. There were other suspicious circumstances against him, so we arrested him and held his trial in full committee that evening.

He was beyond doubt a bad customer, and we were all pretty certain he was the guilty man; but the evidence was all circumstantial and some of the committee did not feel like hanging him on no more proof than was offered.

"If we could only get a confession out of him we could arrange for his obsequies with a cheerful mind," they said. But we are a deliberate body—would not it be more judicial to string him up and let him down a few times and see what he'll say after that?

"I move that the chaplain take the floor and advise, some one said, and the motion was seconded and made unanimous for we all knew that the chaplain's opinion was apt to be good. It wasn't for his piety that

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Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25c.

The chaplain got his title—he had been a variety actor in the States—but from his being the only man in Mora outside the priesthood who had a black frock coat. He thought the matter over and then said: "Appoint me a committee of one to make further investigation. And I will request that you suspend proceedings for an hour or until I report to you."

"This was agreed to and he went out. The prisoner was waiting under guard in another part of the building, where he had been taken to stay while the committee arrived at a verdict. We smoked and chatted, played seven-up, and generally passed the time the best we could while the chaplain was gone. He came back at last, and he had his black coat on.

"Gentlemen, we can proceed with the hanging," he said. The prisoner is guilty beyond a doubt. "Having left the matter now to the chaplain, we were bound to abide by his decision, and we accordingly hanged Red Shirt to the cotton-wood tree that we habitually used for such purposes. With the rope round his neck he refused to confess the crime charged against him or to admit that he deserved his fate. What puzzled us all was how the chaplain came to be so cocksure of the prisoner's guilt. He would not tell except that he had visited him, and the guards who had stood outside the door could only say that the chaplain talked a long time with the prisoner in an undertone that they could not overhear. Five years afterwards I met the chaplain in Santa Fe he had left Mora years before—and I put the question to him straight: "Now that the committee's debanded and everything is settled and done for, tell me how you found out that Red Shirt was guilty that night at Mora?"

TURKEYS NEEDS ITS HEAD OFF.

Scotchman's Snuff Killed the Bird When the Gang Failed to Hit It.

"It was during the time that the Santa Fe was being built through Kansas. I was with a track-laying outfit as boss, but bosses and men all had to sleep in the same box car boarding house. There was an old Scotchman in the gang who used snuff, and I'll tell you without getting far from the truth that, if there was an engine on the road that did not draw well, one pinch of that snuff would clear out her flues so well that she would draw chunks of coal right up through the stack. You can laugh, but what I am telling you is Gospel truth, yes, sir.

"That old son of Bobby Burneland would spit some of that snuff every time he took a pinch, and there was snuff scattered all around the track. Why, one day a poor fellow lying in one of those two by two bunks got a whiff of that snuff and sneezed so hard that he nearly beat his brains out on the bottom of the bunk over him. We finally got used to sneezing. "That's not the story I was going to tell. It was a Christmas story I had in mind. We were working out in the short grass country twenty, yes, thirty miles from even a place that would be called a town. We had a handcar and the day before Christmas we sent four of the boys into the town to get a turkey. They got the turkey, and what's more they got several jugs of whiskey. Back they came singing 'The Wearing of the Green' as only a lot of whiskey-soaked Irishmen can. Old Scotchy was not far behind in the sojourn business when the stuff arrived, and he took his share along with his snuff. A drink of whiskey and 'kerchew' he would go as soon as he could take some snuff.

"That was the drunkest even I ever saw. They kept it up all night and even the cook

was loaded. The next morning they brought the turkey out to be slaughtered. The crowd was so full of whiskey they walked all over the right of way, and the turkey was the only sober one in the crowd. One big Irishman got the axe out and sharpened it, ready to do the bird's man's act on Sir Tui. The turkey's head was laid on a tin and the man raised the axe to strike. Just as the axe came down the turkey got a whiff of Scotchie's snuff and sneezed so hard that the axe was buried several inches in the tin, but never touched him. The crowd thought that was pretty good, and all took a drink on the strength of the turkey's lucky sneeze.

"The turkey kept sneezing and they kept drinking and kept missing the turkey's head. Every time the axe was raised to strike, the turkey sneezed and the crowd took another drink, and the turkey's life was saved. There wasn't one in that crowd sober enough to hit that sneezing turkey's head, for it bobbed all over the tin when the turkey sneezed. The snuff that had been scattered by the four winds of heaven saved its head from that axe. We didn't have any Christmas dinner that day. The last man to drink that night was the old Scotchman. All the rest were fast asleep and he wandered over to the jug and took a long pull. Then he opened his box for a pinch of snuff. He was too drunk to close the box and it had it open in his hand when he dropped off to sleep.

"The next morning when the crowd came to there, lay the turkey dead. Its head could not be found." The old man stopped and moved away.

"What became of the head?" asked one.

"Why, it got its beak in the snuff box and sneezed its head off."

A Thrilling Experience

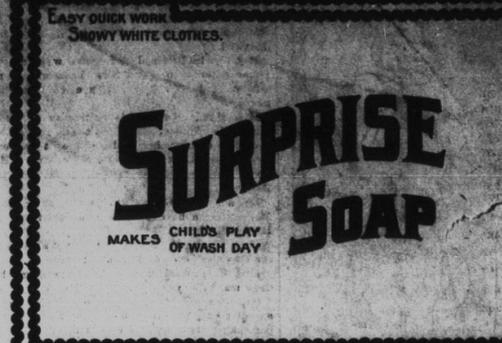
A STORY TOLD BY A WELL-KNOWN SALVATION ARMY CAPTAIN.

His Body Racked From Head to Foot with Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Failed to Under-stand Such Suffering Again.

From the Post, Lindsay, Ont.

It is the lot of but a limited number of people to enjoy the confidence of such an exceedingly large circle of friends and comrades as does Capt. John A. Brokenshire who was recently interviewed by a Post reporter at the home of his parents at Rosedale, a pretty hamlet situated at the head of Balsam river in Victoria county, where the elder Mr. Brokenshire, who has reached the three-score years and ten, has held the position of lockmaster for the past twenty-two years. Capt. Brokenshire, the subject of this article, is 34 years of age, is well-known and highly respected throughout many of the leading cities and towns of Ontario, where, during his seven years service in Salvation Army work he has come in contact with a large number of people. He has been stationed at Toronto, Montreal, Peterboro, Ottawa, Morrisburg and minor places, and at once was a member of a travelling S. A. string band. The following is Capt. Brokenshire's own statement: "I had been slightly troubled with rheumatic pains for several years and to give had up the Army work on different occasions on account of my trouble. When I stationed in Morrisburg, four years ago, I became completely unfitted for work, as I suffered terribly with pains in the back of my neck down my shoulders and arms and through my body. In fact I had pain of a stinging muscular nature from the back of my head to my toes. I could not bend my head forward if I got the whole of Canada to do so, and when in bed the only slight rest I got was with a large pillow under my shoulder, thus letting my head hang backwards. I could not get up, but had to roll or twist myself out of bed, as my spine seemed to be affected. My medical adviser pronounced my trouble neuralgia and rheumatism combined, which he said had gone through my whole system. He prescribed for me, but the medicine gave me no relief. I tried various other remedies but they were of no avail. Believing my case to be hopeless I determined to start for my home in Rosedale, but the jarring of the train caused such terrible agony I was compelled to abandon the trip at Peterboro, where I was laid up for three weeks, when I finally made a herculean effort and reached home. As my mother says, I looked like an old man of 90 years of age when she saw me struggling with the aid of two heavy canes to walk from the carriage to the house. At home I received every possible attention and all the treatments that kind friends suggested, but I was constantly going from bad to worse. In January, 1896, after many months of untold agony, I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, having read so much in the newspapers of the great benefits received by others from their use. To make sure of getting the genuine article I sent direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., at Brockville, for the pills. After taking two boxes I noticed a slight improvement in my condition which gave me some encouragement and I kept on until I had

EASY QUICK WORK
SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.



SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

taken twelve boxes, although before I got through with the sixth I could go to bed and enjoy a good night's rest such as I had not done for years. I never at any time enjoyed better health than I am doing at present. Since my recovery I have induced several friends to take Pink Pills for various troubles and in each case they have effected cures.

The above is a voluntary and correct statement of the facts of my case and I trust that many others may be ridding this, receive the blessing that I have. If necessary I would make an affidavit to the above facts at any time.

COCK-FIGHTING IN PORTO RICO.

Gafts of the Birds are Scraped to Needle-like Sharpness.

The first fight has been arranged, and the referee claps his hands as a signal for all gathered in the ring to move outside, as only the "handlers" are allowed within the enclosure, writes a correspondent of Harper's Weekly, from Porto Rico, in describing a cock fight. The birds are fought with their own gafts, instead of with the metal-edged blade which is strapped to the legs of cocks in the United States, and a great deal of preparatory scraping and polishing of the bone gafts takes place, until they become needlelike in sharpness. Then all the crest or neck leathers are cut off with scissors, and sometimes the comb is trimmed low—but not often, as all the minor details of handling, so rigorously observed among our own gambling fraternity, seem here to be dispensed with.

The birds are teased into fighting humor while held in the hand, and viciously pluck at each other's head; and now they are dropped on the ground with quick movement, and at the order of the referee they are at it. High up in the air they strike the first few plunges, and one dodges under, and the uppermost bird lands over his enemy with a surprised look, but whirls and grabs his opponent on the red comb with a strong beak, and plants his gafts fairly on the side of the other's head. A roar of approval goes up from the crowd who have backed the bird, and a counter set of suppressed his of fear rises from those wishing the success of the other favorite. The fight is fast and furious.

Time is called. In the centre of the ring lies a small square outlined with sunken wooden sticks, and on its opposite edges the birds are set. The mongrel potted birds goes for his game colored enemy immediately, and strikes him three times to the other's onset. Poor fellow! his light is over; he turns and runs away, followed by his fierce tantalizer. Once more they are rubbed into shape. One vicious gaft as they come together, and the red bird winks dead, the bone lance going into his eye and brain.

The crowd surges into the ring and the money changes hands, while the owner of the dead bird gathers up the bundle of bloody feathers with some show of tenderness.

Quinine in India.

There was a time when the government of India had to import annually \$250,000 worth of quinine and did not get enough of it even then. After a great many experiments the cultivation of the cinchona tree was made successful in India, and now there are 4,000,000 trees in Bengal and every rural postoffice in India sells a five-grain packet of the drug for a half a cent, while the government makes from \$3,000 to \$3,500 a year out of the profits.

And Apologized.

It was a famous fighting night in the House of Commons, and rhetorical and argumentative blows were being delivered with force and returned with interest. Eventually a noted Irish member rose to denounce a damaging speech which had just been delivered from the Treasury benches. He desired to say that the statements made by the representative of the Government were not altogether accurate, but he had scarcely begun to speak when his impetuosity led him to phrase the accusation rather strongly. "Order, order," said the Speaker warningly. Again did the dauntless son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. "It was,

undoubtedly, a critical moment. His colleagues did not by any means wish him to be "suspended" for the rest of the debate, and they hinted so by tugging vigorously at his coat-tails. Now, it is dangerous to trifle with the tail of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-humored member recognized his party's command and sat down, delivering this Partisan dart:

"Very well, sir; I obey your ruling, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe!"

"That one touch of Irish oratory took the whole House by storm."

Banking in Switzerland.

Some of the methods are sufficiently antiquated, according to our standards. For instance, it requires fifteen minutes in which to make a deposit at a bank. Every banking-house has numerous chairs outside the railing, and the visitors is expected to sit quietly and cultivate a spirit of patience while the machinery is getting under way. A customer who wishes to make a deposit goes to a window and hands in his money, together with a memorandum of the amount. The employe behind the railing counts the money and prepares a receipt for it, adding his signature by way of preliminary. Then a small boy takes the receipt upstairs and submits it to an official who studies it and then ponders for a while as to whether it will be safe to take the money. It is decided that the bank can undertake the risk he prepares a duplicate and makes several entries and finally signs his name. Then, as soon as another man has examined the receipt and signed his name, it is taken downstairs and turned over to the depositor. There is no satisfaction—the money is there, but the depositor. An American residing in Zurich went to the bank the other day with a check which had been given him by a business man in a large town near. He handed in the check, and twenty minutes later received his money, less fourteen cents charges. The American was well known at the bank having been a depositor for about two years. He had endorsed the check. A busy and nervous Chicago man would have torn down the railing before the twenty minutes expired.

Not a Loser.

Not long ago a lady in the Midlands engaged a new servant, and, having views on the question of "followers," on the girl's arrival she expressed them.

"Mind you, Jans," she said seriously, "I will have no loaters about the place. You quite understand?"

"Yes, mum!"

Within the short period of a week however, the lady had grounds for suspecting that her orders had been disobeyed, and Jane promptly interrogated.

"Did I not make it a stipulation of your engagement that there were to be no followers allowed?"

"No, mum; you said loaters!"

"Well, you may have it that way if you wish. You were talking to a man for ten minutes at the area-gate last night."

"Yes, mum! That's my chap," said Jane unblushingly.

"How dare you disobey my express orders in this way?"

"I ain't disobeyd 'em, mum," protested Jane. "George, that young man is a baker's sure enough, but he ain't loater, he's a biscuit-hand 'e is!"

She was the Life of the Water.

Tim Murphy's Irish servant girl, who had asked leave to attend the wake of her cousin. The desired permission was granted, and Nora had good the melancholy news, clad in her Sunday best. A few weeks later she announced to Mr. Murphy that she must leave within a month. "Are you dissatisfied with your work or your wages, Nora?" asked the master, in surprise and sorry to lose a faithful servant. "Oh, no, sir," said Nora, quickly, "but I'm going to be married to my cousin's brother. It is not rather sudden news, but Mr. Murphy, it's sudden to me, and I must go, sir, (wiping the corners of her eyes, but faint to him. He says I was the life of the wake—sir and he married me while he was in mourning!"

Probably Not up to the Standard.

"It looks kinder queer, Maloney, and the new millionaire to his wife after the guest had departed, and the woman wouldn't take his case at all, like the rest of us, don't it?"



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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1898.

WOMEN IN TELEGRAPHY

SEE IS RISING GRADUALLY BUT IS NOT AT THE FRONT.

Occupying Places of Responsibility, She Does not Have the Physical Strength to Compete Fully With Men—Her Opportunities and Abilities.

The woman operator is gradually rising higher and higher in the telegraph service. When she first came to the fore the man operator wanted to quit her from the field. He resented her encroachment, and said frankly that his main grievance against her was that she cut prices in salaries and thus secured places which he might have had. He even went so far as to declare that she was taking the very bread out of his mouth.

The woman operator made a mistake when she consented to work for next to nothing, a mistake which she is slow to acknowledge after a dozen years or more. Men often estimate a man by the value he sets on himself, provided he does not overestimate his importance; then they are likely to give him less than his just dues. They judge women in the same way, and so, while the men telegraphers and their sister operators have grown more friendly, strikes together and work side by side, the men still have a feeling that woman do not cut much of a figure in the telegraphic world. The woman themselves take an opposite view, and some of them who hold responsible places have a right to take such a view.

In this field of work, as in every other field where women have entered, their inferior physical strength gives men the advantage. Organized womanhood may prate all it pleases about the foolishness of this fact, for fact it is, but every individual bread-winning woman acknowledges it sooner or later. Women telegraphers have not yet risen to the highest places in the service, and men in a position to know say that it is exceedingly doubtful if they ever will, though they frankly admit that the women are steadily advancing.

A. H. Siak has more than two hundred telegraphers under his supervision in the Western Union building. Of these 250 are women who are engaged in operating, clerical and messenger work. When asked about the work of these women and of women operators generally and of their chances of rising to high places and high salaries, Mr. Siak said:

I have nothing to say about women operators outside of this division before you, but of them I speak willingly. There are poor, medium and good operators of both sexes, and their advancement depends entirely on their ability and opportunity. Women, however, do not have the same opportunity for advancement, and neither do they get the salaries as a rule that men do who make telegraphy a life work. Here a woman does not rise to a higher place than that of chief operator, and we now have six. There is also one woman here at the head of one of the five grand divisions. She has an assistant and four subordinates. Though there are women here who can stand as much work as the best men in the place, because of their strong nerves, this is not generally so, and we have to depend upon men exclusively to do the night work. Occasionally in a great rush the women work until 9 o'clock at night, and are always paid for overtime. Their hours are from 8 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. and their salaries for operating range and have been raised from \$6 to \$13 a week.

Women are exceedingly valuable as operators for their faithfulness, and they are exceedingly trustworthy. Their merit as telegraphers is looked in' o before they start in. We have a test chief who tries their ability by operating with them for a sufficient length of time to get at their ability in sending and receiving messages, and their general ability; and they are graded according to this test. Their salaries are fixed by it, the salaries being flexible, as I've said. Nervousness is likely to show in one of these test examinations, as in examinations of all sorts, and allowances are made. If the merit of an operator is not fully revealed in the first test the chief reviews the operator later but experiences has enabled him to tell pretty accurately the ability of an operator.

How much knowledge of electricity must a woman have to be an operator or manager of an office? was asked. When a woman operator first starts in, answered Mr. Siak, she is not required to have any knowledge of electricity, but if she wishes to rise to the higher places in

the service, such as that of traffic or wire chief, she must become acquainted with the fundamental principles of electrical science to a degree that will enable her to do the simple work of switching and caring for traffic. It is of course necessary here to have an expert at the head of each department, and these experts are responsible and make hourly reports to me. A woman who wishes to advance should become familiar with the geography of the country, the location of wires in her department, and should understand all rules governing the transmission of telegrams such, for example, as the precedence which Government telegrams take over all others. She should understand what troubles might arise in handling traffic, such as diverting it from one channel to another, and a thousand and one other things. The chance for advancement for woman—and, mind you, I've been speaking only of those under my immediate supervision—is limited, I should say, but there are hundreds of other offices where woman may become managers, and in that way secure good places and salaries.

The next authority interviewed thought that the world wouldn't stop going round if there were no women telegraph operators, and gave the impression that they are more machine-like in their work than in their instruments. He was William J. Ackerly, who represents the Western Union Telegraph Company at the Grand Central Station and is in charge of a division which takes in two railroads, on which a number of women are employed as operators. Mr. Ackerly knows a great deal about the general run of women operators and did not hesitate to hazard an opinion.

A woman operator's work, so far as railroads are concerned," he began, "is confined to telegraphy and clerical work and I don't see any chance of enlarging the field. Women operators are not used to the full extent by railroads now, because they are not physically able to do more. The field would broaden if they could tend switches and signal lights and handle baggage and freight in addition to operating and selling tickets. Since they can't do these things, where a man gets \$50 a month a woman only commands \$35 or perhaps not that much. I should say their salaries are 15 per cent, less than those of men in the service of railway companies. In the regular telegraphic service they go as high as assistant managers and even managers of city departments, but in the railroad service they do not advance. A woman could never become manager of a division for she was not made to take charge of so many men. A man in charge of a division has often more than a hundred offices under his charge."

But if a woman does just the same work that a man does and just as good work, does she not then get the same pay? "No," answered Mr. Ackerly. "Take it right here in New York city where there are a great many women telegraph operators. Their salaries, I feel pretty sure will average 10 per cent. less than those of men. In the first place, they neither demand nor command as much as men. They are only fitted, by physique, to do the lighter work in the service, and of course they must expect lighter pay. In nearly every hotel in the city a woman operator is stationed. She is perfectly capable of doing the kind of work that comes to her well, and the companies use women for economical reasons. This city operators have to have quite an idea of electricity, but I've known a great many fine women telegraphers who could not adjust their instruments. In truth, very few women make good electricians. They don't take to it. The average woman seems to have no general idea of the action of electricity on her machine. Women operators are likely to be machine-like in their work, and I am sometimes forced to think that they do not display as good judgment as men with the same experience. Especially is this true in business telegrams, for they have not the same general idea of business. When a man operator receives a business message and gets a word that makes no sense he reports it at once, while a woman would not see the mistake. In ordinary work women are good, but they will never attain to the highest places and salaries."

Then why did the men raise such a hue and cry when they entered it? asked the reporter. "Because women offered to work for so much less, was the answer, and there is a large class of telegraphic work that they can do and do well. Up to the time of the last strike, which was in 1888, there was considerable feeling between men and women telegraphers, because the women consented to work for about one-half, but at that time the girls went right out with the men, and since then their relations have been more pleasant. When the men went back they carried the women with them, but the men have always filled the larger and better places, and have received better pay, while the women are content with lighter work and less wages, and I think

things will continue that way, though the women themselves may hold another opinion."

Miss S. L. Knapp, who is manager of one of the most important offices in the city, at 1398 Broadway, does hold another opinion, which is probably that of the average woman telegrapher. In ten years Miss Knapp has risen from an office in an out-of-the-way country hotel to the present responsible place. She hopes to deserve a still better one. She has eight operators and four clerks under her, and besides overlooking their work, attends personally to all of the banking and transfer business of her office and keeps the books.

"I believe that there are large opportunities before the woman telegrapher," she said in response to a question, "and I see no reason why she should not fill the higher places in the regular telegraphic service as well as men. She is not physically able to take charge of railroad station offices where other than operating has to be done, but there is no reason why she should not serve as a manager chief operator or division chief. So far women operators have never been allowed to do press work. This must be because most press despatches are taken and sent at night and women are not often used for night work."

"Perhaps that is because they are not able to stand the strain of night work," suggested the reporter.

"I think women quite strong enough to stand any branch of telegraphy which does not require manual labor," answered Miss Knapp. "I've been manager of this office two years and have lost only one half day on account of sickness, and the girls who are under me are always in their places. My experience has been that women are more careful, more accurate telegraphers than men, and they are certainly more interested in their work, and I think more ambitious."

"This is an agreeable, clean business for a woman, too. She is well protected and very well paid, and the work is not very hard. It is certainly not hard physically. The girls here are average operators, and I consider them experts. They take the message by ear and transcribe them directly on the typewriter. Last Saturday and Sunday we handled 1,442 telegrams without a hitch. This office is open day and night, including Sundays, and I don't see but that it runs as smoothly as if a man managed it and all the operators were men."

A great many women operators learn telegraphy at Cooper Union, where they have an excellent six months' course, but one can acquire expertness only by actual experience. Many operators teach their brothers and sisters, and in that way the ranks are being constantly recruited with boys and girls, and I'll stake the latter against the former for good work every time."

THE BOYS CALLED HIM MIKE.

It Grieved His Mother, but the "Old Man" Thought it Was Smart.

"Where's the boy?" inquired Mr. Spadina, cheerfully, and it occurred to him that it was about time for his 7-year-old son to bid him good night.

"The boy," replied Mrs. Spadina severely, "is in bed."

"Not sick?" "No he is not sick," said Mrs. Spadina, in a tone that implied something even worse. "I've been waiting for an opportunity to tell you all about it, but have not had a chance until now. It just means this, that we must move away from this neighborhood. It's no place to bring up a boy, and I just won't stand it. We must get a house in some part of the city where Harold will have nice children to play with."

"But what's the matter?" asked the husband with concern. "What has happened?" "Well, I'm telling you just as fast as I can. This afternoon when the doorbell rang, I was in the hall and answered the door myself, for I saw a boy there. On opening the door, the boy said to me: 'Please can Mike come out and play ball?'

"I told him that we had no Mike here," and said he had called at the wrong house. "No," he said, "I mean Mike, you know—your boy Mike. I guess you call him Harold," he said.

"Now, what do you think of that? Will you be sure I told that boy what I thought of him, and he began to whimper and said that Harold had looked him—that's just what he said—Harold had looked him yesterday for not calling him Mike, and every body call him Mike at school. And in worse than that, for they call him Mike Spid—not Harold Spadina, but Mike Spad."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Spadina.

"I marched out into the dining room, where Harold was eating some bread and butter," continued Mrs. Spadina, "and I went for him, and do you know that child set up in his chair and said that he'd rather be called Mike than Harold, and that since his chums had started to call him

Mike Spad, the other gang's afraid of him. Well, I just sent him off to bed at 5 o'clock, and he's there yet. Mike Spad," she added with intense feeling on each word.

"The little scamp!" exclaimed Mr. Spadina.

"We have been talking of getting a better house in some other part of the city for a long time," said Mrs. Spadina, "and I'm sick and tired of this place. We can't send him over to that school any longer, with its rowdy names and its gangs and its fighting. Harold has clearly been fighting for the boy said as much."

The father was looking silently at the ceiling. He generally thought matters over before giving his decision, and Mrs. Spadina cautiously went upstairs, where she found the formidable Mike Spad sound asleep and with the clothing kicked off him. And Mr. Spadina said: "At school they used to call me Bump." And presently he smiled and, knocking the ash off his cigar, he chuckled: "There's good stuff in Mike. I wonder how big the boy was that he wallowed!"

And the important point is that of the son, the mother and the father, one was as true to human nature as either of the others.

A DEAD HEAT.

Decision of a Referee That Ruled the French Canadian Narrator.

"Las' wintaire we have race on de hioe. I have horse dat trots ver' fas', but I not be go to dem race yet. One day I go in de Hotel Chien Blanc an' I tek tres four wiskes blanc. Dere be some peop' dere an' one of dem say:

"I not see you h'at de race yet, Napoleon."

"Anoder he say: 'How dat? You not come to de race no more, Napoleon?'"

"Den Felix Leblanc say, 'Mon dieu! dey be too fas' dem race. Napoleon not got fas' horse no more.'"

"Wat dat? I say. 'I got no fas' horse? Sacre! I got de mos' fas' horse on dat hioe.'"

"Den Felix say. 'Napoleon you drink too much wiskes blanc. It got your head. You not got so fas' horse dan me.'"

"Well, I say, 'mabbe so; mit, I bet fit' dollar my horse more fas' dan yours.'"

"I tek dat bet, Felix say. 'Who we place dat money wit'?"

"Jacques Bernard, dat keep de Hotel Chien Blanc, say. 'Francois S'vard here be ver' good man. You place dat money wit him.'"

"We both say, 'Sare he good man. He be all right.'"

"We give de hund' dollar to Francois S'vard and we fix for that race be tro Sa'day. Sa'day I tek my horse on de hioe and Felix tek his horse on de hioe. Dere be plenty peop' dere. All my fren' they come; and Felix fren' dey come; everybody dat hear 'bout dat beeg race be come too. Dey mek plenty talk; dey mek plenty bet. Some say I win, sure; some say Felix win sure; and every one be ver' much h'excite' 'bout dat beeg race."

"By 'n' by we mak for start. We score for while, den de jooge say 'Go! and de peop' dey hal' shout 'D'y's hof!' We come to de quairaire and we be neck an' neck. Dan my horse he go lek de win' too. Mais Felix horse he go lek the win' too. We come to de 'alf an' we be neck an' neck. D-n my horse he fly; mais Felix horse he fly, too; and den we go ver' fas'. We go lek dat. Dan Felix be lestele bit head. I be hon de hinside and Felix be hon de bout-side. D-n de hioe m-k cisek! clack! and Felix horse be hin de wa'aire. I finish dat race."

"All de peop' run for try save Felix horse, but Felix horse be drown. I go to Felix an' I say:

"I be ver' sorry Felix for your horse be drown, but I win dat race. I tek dat hund' dollar."

"Sacre! heavy; you not win dat race; dat hund' dollar not yours. Dat not my fau't my horse be drown."

"Bapteme! I say, 'dat not my fault, too!'"

"Felix tek an' I talk an' all cur fren' talk, an' den I say: 'Felix, we leave all dat Francois S'vard. S'pos' he say I win, dat be c'rect. S'pos' he say you win, dat be c'rect, too.'"

"Bien! he say; 'we leave dat Francois S'vard. Wat he say be good.'"

"We fin' Francois S'vard an' I say, 'M'ieu S'vard, I win dat race an' I want dat hund' dollar!'"

"But Felix say. 'He not win dat race an' you not be pay Napoleon dat hund' dollar.'"

"Den we talk some more an' all our fren' dey talk some more, too. Den I say, 'Mais S'vard, we 'gree for lef' all dat for you. Wat you say be c'rect.'"

"Francois S'vard say. 'How dat, Felix, dat you say Napoleon not win de race? He come in fire'. He mus' win de race.'"

"Felix say, 'Well, my horse be head wen de hioe she brek an' my horse be drown. Dat not my fault de hioe brk.'"

"Francois S'vard say, 'Sure! dat not be your fault. Felix an' Napoleon you both 'gree for lef' dat to me. Wat I say be c'rect?'"

"Oui! I say, 'dat be c'rect wat you say.'"

"Felix say 'Oui!' dat be c'rect."

"Francois S'vard say, 'Felix horse be drown. Den dat race is dead heat. I kep' dat money till she be trot ovaire 'gain.'"

"Sacre cocoon! Damm soundrel!'"

Courteship in Mexico.

If the young woman favors the suit she gradually advances, from occasional glimpses of herself behind a half-closed shutter, to a position on the balcony at certain hours of the day. Then love is made in the most ardent fashion, either by the finger alphabet or by a little telephone especially manufactured and sold for the purpose, one part of which the young girl retains while she drops the other to the lover waiting below. When she has signified her willingness to enter the home and address the parents, if they have no objections to him he is then permitted to visit the house perhaps twice a week and see his sweetheart, always in the presence of one or more members of the family, until the day of the wedding arrives. The breaking of an engagement is the rarest of all rare things in Mexico, and an insincere lover is an anomaly. Plenty there are who are not worthy and who are unsuccessful in their suits, because, often, of the wisdom of the parents, but the Mexican lover has nothing to gain by insincere attentions.

The Origin of Scalping.

At the annual meeting of the Baltimore Folk Lore Society Miss Alice C. Fletcher gave an interesting contribution in a paper entitled 'The Significance of the Scalp Lock; a Study of the Omaha Tribe.' The Omaha Indians, like many other tribes, have peculiar ideas regarding a continuity of life and a kind of spiritual link between animate and inanimate objects. They believe a piece of any article connects them with the entirety. The hair is thought to have a close connection with life, and one possessing it may work his will upon whoever or whatever the hair belonged to. From this idea came the custom of scalping enemies.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Plain Proof.

It gets: 'I didn't know you were near-sighted.' Griggs: 'Near-sighted! Why, I walked up to one of my creditors yesterday.'

SKILL OF DOCTORS TESTED.

Fifteen Years of Suffering.

"I thought I should surely die."

When the stomach begins to fail in its duties, other organs speedily become affected in sympathy, and life is simply a burden almost unbearable. Indigestion and dyspepsia are so common that only the sufferer from these diseases knows the possibilities of misery that inhere in them. A typical example of the sufferings of the victim of indigestion is furnished in the case of John C. Fritchard. He went on for fifteen years, from bad to worse, in spite of doctors he grew constantly weaker, and thought he would die. He got well, however, and thus relates his experience:

"For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from indigestion in its worst forms. I tested the skill of many doctors, but grew worse and worse, until I became so weak I could not walk fifty yards without having to sit down and rest. My stomach, liver, and heart became affected, and I thought I would surely die. I tried Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills and they helped me right away. I continued their use and am now entirely well. I don't know of anything that will so quickly relieve and cure the terrible sufferings of dyspepsia as Dr. Ayer's Pills.—JOHN C. FRITCHARD, Brodie, Warren Co., N. C.

This case is not extraordinary, either in the severity of the disease or the prompt and perfect cure performed by Dr. Ayer's Pills. Similar results occur in every case where Dr. Ayer's Pills are used. They helped me right away" is the common expression of those who have used them. Here is another testimony to the truth of this statement:

"I formerly suffered from indigestion and weakness of the stomach, but since I began the use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Pills I have the appetite of the farmer's boy. I am 46 years of age, and recommend all who wish to be free from dyspepsia to take one of Dr. Ayer's Pills after dinner, till their digestive organs are in good order.—Wm. S. BROWN, Grant, Neb.

Dr. Ayer's Pills offer the surest and swiftest relief from constipation and all its attendant ills. They cure dizziness, nausea, heartburn, palpitation, bad breath, coated tongue, nervousness, sleeplessness, biliousness, and a score of other affections that are, after all, only the signs of a more deep rooted disease. You can find more information about Dr. Ayer's Pills, and the diseases they have cured, in Ayer's Cure-book, a story of cures told by the cured. This book of 100 pages is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

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

AN hour later Martin Metherell was driving down that same road, on his way from the station to The Limes—his house. It was no big country residence, but a pretty little house in a large garden, which bore a rather neglected air, with the dead leaves lying thick on the paths and lawn, and the creeper trailing from the verandah, for Martin's father had left his second wife little beyond her own private income, which was small indeed for a woman as fond of dress and gaiety as Mrs. Metherell was.

She was drinking a solitary cup of tea in the drawing-room, when her step-son arrived.

"I am so glad you have come," she declared, languidly extending a very white hand to him. "I am literally bored to death in this dull little hole. Beside, I am simply dying to hear the news. You saw him—did it all right, of course?"

She put her cup down, and eagerly scanned his moody face, her own growing alarmed as she looked.

"Don't keep me in suspense!" she cried, sharply, dropping her usual lackadaisical manner of speech. "Martin, you don't mean you—you cannot mean that he does not intend leaving you the money?"

"I do mean it," Metherell replied, sitting down, and fiercely twisting his moustache. "I think the old chap is out of his mind; but it is just like his cursed luck."

"But what reason has he given? Who is to have it? Oh, dear, I cannot believe it! This is awful!"

Mrs. Metherell was visibly agitated. She pressed her handkerchief to her lips; her hands trembled.

Within the last few weeks she had convinced herself that all the property would come to Martin, and from him, naturally, some of it would come to her.

The dreaming had been remarkably pleasant. The wakening took all the colour out of her face, leaving only a small patch of rouge on each cheek.

"Every halfpenny goes to beautiful Cousin Clara," Metherell said, savagely. "That stupid dowdy old maid! Mrs. Metherell cried. 'Good gracious how wicked!'"

"Unless," Metherell went on grimly, "I like to marry her. In that case, she is to hold the purse, and see that I don't spend too much."

"Marry her? Mrs. Metherell repeated. 'Why did you not tell me so at once? You did frighten me so. Well, she will be a nicely-gilded pill.'"

"Thanks, I don't intend to swallow her." "Martin! Mrs. Metherell almost shrieked. "You won't be such a fool as to refuse?"

"You don't expect me to take a woman like that for my wife?"

"Oh, she isn't so bad as all that!" Mrs. Metherell declared, wishing she had not called her a dowdy old maid. "She is a lady, and some people might consider her handsome; and as to her dress—well, you can easily dress her decently. You must just make the best of her, and men don't really see much of their wives nowadays."

Metherell said nothing, but, leaning forward, rested his elbows on his knees, and stared gloomily before him.

He was thinking of his secret marriage, and of the fix he was in.

It was maddening to know that a whole fortune was being held out to him, yet he dared not stretch forth his hand to take it.

Mrs. Metherell was pouring him out some tea; she was smiling to herself.

Of course she thought, he was angry at having to marry the girl; but he would do it—there was no doubt of that.

She was rather startled, and spilt the milk in the saucer, when, with a bitter imprecation he rose, and left the room.

Lilian West, from the schoolroom window, saw him stride down the path, and fling open the gate.

She wondered where he was going, and a pang of disappointment shot through her tender heart, because he had never glanced towards her; but there was little time to think of him just then, for the children claimed all her attention—their frocks had to be changed, and their hair brushed, before they could go to the drawing-room.

It was only after they had gone chattering and squabbling downstairs, that she had time to wonder when Martin would come to her.

After a time she heard the click of the gate, then his step upon the gravel, and she flew to the window, and peered into the dusk.

A pebble struck the glass. She opened the casement and leaned out.

He was standing just beneath, and signed to her to come down.

They had often met like this, in the sweet, summer evenings, now gone by.

Their trysting-place was by an old arbour, in an unfrequented part of the garden.

She made her way to it now, with step as light as air.

He was waiting for her, and, as of old, drew her into his arms, and kissed her.

But he had changed, and, with the quick instinct of love, she felt it.

"Martin—husband!" she whispered, with her arms about his neck. "What is it—what is wrong?"

"How do you know there is anything wrong?"

"I saw you go out—you never looked up. You are worried, dearest?"

"Worried, yes—worried to death."

He passed his hand across his forehead. Would to God he thought, he had never met this girl. And then the old love,

which was still there, though eclipsed by the greed for money, swelled up in his heart, and turning her face to his he kissed her passionately.

"We will pull along, somehow," he said, with set teeth, "whatever comes we shall have one another."

"Always our love," she said, in her soft, cooing voice; then a little sigh escaped her lips, and she pressed her face against his breast.

"Martin," she said, timidly, "will it be long now, dear, before you tell?"

"No, no, not long," he answered; but his brows drew together in a frown.

The question irritated him.

"I— I must soon go from here," he said, but he had not gone many steps before he heard her voice softly calling him back.

"As he turned, she ran to meet him. 'Never think that I could doubt you Ah, Martin, must you go so soon?'"

"Yes, darling, but I shall see you tomorrow. Don't fancy me unkind, pet, but I have so much to think of just now. Don't wait out here in the damp, but run indoors."

He kissed her, and went by a different path to the house, but had not gone many steps before he heard her voice softly calling him back.

"Dear love," she said, tremulously, "good-night! Good-night!"

The moon gleaming through a rift in the clouds, shed its pale light on her lovely upturned face.

Afterwards, in the long years that followed, he remembered her as she looked then.

He sat up late that night, thinking of the tangled lines of his life.

It was about one o'clock, when a tapping at the window interrupted his gloomy thoughts.

Rising, he drew aside the blind, to find the face of Dola Konaki pressed to the pane.

With an exclamation of annoyance and disgust, he opened the French window, and she stepped inside.

"Don't look so fierce, my friend," she said, with a laugh. "I have come to have a chat with you about—Lilian West. We have met—we have spoken. Oh!—with a little gesture—she is charming."

"I will trouble you not to mention her name," Metherell said, frigidly. "I regret that I cannot ask you to remain here, but the hour— with a glance at the clock— forbids my doing so."

"Since when," Dola asked, insolently, "have you grown so particular?"

He did not answer, but stood, with the window wide open, waiting for her to go.

"You are looking ill—bothered," she said, flashing her dark eyes over his face.

"I expected to find you radiant, for I hear your cousin is dead, and you the heir to ever so many thousand a year."

"Quite an incorrect statement," he replied.

She seized him by the arm.

"Don't speak to me like that," she cried, angrily. "It is too absurd; I am Dola, the girl you used to worship. Look at me. I have not altered. I have not changed."

She flung back the long cloak she was wearing, and stood before him; but her vivid beauty no longer possessed any charm for the man, yet it reminded him of the time when it had, and because of that time his manner became less haughty.

"Why have you come here?" he asked.

"She closed the window, and sat down. 'To see you,' she said, 'to hear from your own lips what you intend to do.'"

"I would give a great deal to be able to tell you," he replied, wearily.

"Are you going to marry her?"

"I have done so," he said, finding a relief in speaking out to someone; "and I would give my right hand—striking the table with it—to be able to undo what has been done."

And these words robbed the news of its bitterness for Dola.

"You have tired of her so soon?"

"Not that," he cried, pacing up and down the room. "I care for her as truly as I can care for anyone; but—well, she stands between me and my uncle's money. I am to have it on condition that I marry my cousin."

"And he is furious because you already have a wife?"

"He has no idea of it: No one knows it but you, and I, and Lilian, the parson who married us, and the old sexton and his wife who were witnesses."

"But her people?" Dola questioned.

"She has none, poor girl; she is an orphan."

"So much the better for you my friend."

"What do you mean?"

He paused in his restless pacing, to look at the girl's face.

She was playing with a cigarette holder, and did not meet his glance, as she answered, in a slow, deliberate way—

"I mean that it makes it easier for you to get rid of her."

"What do you mean?" he asked again, and his voice sounded harsh and strained even to his own ears.

Dola raised her head, and looked at him. "You cannot throw away a fortune," she said. "Think what it means to you; you must of course, do as your uncle wishes."

"A man is not allowed two wives," he said, with a grim smile.

"No; you must get rid of one."

There was silence between them.

He stood waiting for her to speak; hating himself for doing so, loathing himself for not turning upon her for making such a suggestion, yet painfully anxious for her next words.

She broke the silence with a short laugh. "How dense you men are! I see an easy way out of the difficulty. Tell her the marriage is not legal—that you already had a wife. She is one of the meek, quiet sort; she would make no stir about it."

"She would break her heart," he said, hoarsely.

"Have I broken mine? And no woman on earth could love you more passionately than I."

"This is altogether different," he argued, struggling to be true. "She believes herself to be my wife—she will be the mother of my child. It— it can't be done."

Dola clenched her hands.

How she hated this Lilian West!

"It must be done," she said, firmly, "unless you prefer to lose a fortune. Love won't last forever, and where will you be then? I see you in a stuffy little house, with a family to keep on nothing a year; for you are not one of the men who can make money, Martin Metherell."

He knew what she said was true. No words came to his lips.

He sat down and rested his throbbing head on his hands.

"I could not do it," he groaned at last. "I will see her for you," Dola said. "She will go away, you will have no trouble, and you will be free. Shall I do it?"

He looked at her with haggard eyes.

"Are you a devil," he asked, bitterly, "that you sit there and tempt me to this awful deed? Do you know what you are doing? Do you know you are urging me to ruin a woman who has trusted me?"

"I am urging you to save yourself, she replied, quietly, though her dark eyes gleamed with anger. "But if you don't care for my advice or help,—she stood up making a sweeping gesture with her hands—there is nothing more to be said. Good night."

She drew her cloak around her and stepped to the window.

Metherell watched her movements.

She was vanishing into the night when he staggered to his feet, his face working convulsively, his fingers clenching and unclenching.

"To-morrow night," he said, in a thick gasping voice; "I will decide by then."

It would be impossible to tell how Metherell suffered during the day which followed that night of temptation.

What words could describe his agony of mind, while the awful fight went on between the good and the bad, within him?

He left the house in the early morning, and walked far away, caring not whether he went, driven forth by the terrible dread he had of meeting his young wife.

He felt that her gaze would read his guilty thoughts, and see how base and worthless he was.

He pictured the horror in her eyes, and then he tried to shut her from his thoughts altogether, to think of her only in the abstract, as a woman who might drag him to ruin, an obstacle in his path.

In this world it was every man for himself; he had not made the world; he could not help the suffering; and oh! great heavens! was he not suffering enough himself?

And so his mind worked on and on, and when the day was over and the light fading out of the sky, he told himself he was still undecided; but in his secret heart he knew the answer Dola Konaki would receive that night.

It was past ten when he returned to The Limes.

From the gate he could see a slim, dark figure at the open schoolroom window.

Lilian was watching for him, he knew. He set his teeth hard.

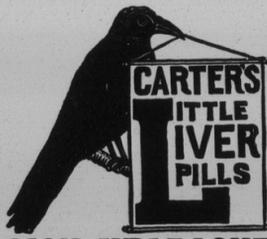
He must speak to her.

He was thankful for the darkness, which hid his face from her.

"Martin," she called, softly, "is it you? Where have you been all day?"

"I scarcely know," he answered, truthfully enough. "I have had an awful time of it, Lil and am fagged to death. Good-night."

"Good-night," she echoed, and he went into the house.



SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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.

For long afterwards she stood there, looking out into the darkness.

A great sadness oppressed her—a sense of coming evil hung heavily upon her.

She tried to cast it off, to cheer herself by picturing the happy future every day was now bringing nearer to her; but all in vain.

One kiss—one endearing word from the man she loved so well, would have chased the shadows away.

But he never came, and the girl's eyes were heavy with unshed tears, and when at length she gave up hope, and crept away to bed.

Downstairs, Metherell was sleeping from sheer exhaustion, and only awoke to find Dola standing before him, watching him.

So deep and dreamless had been his sleep, that as he opened his eyes and saw the familiar figure, he smiled, wondering vaguely why she was there.

Then, as the whole horror of the day came rushing back upon him, all the comeliness left his handsome face. He shuddered as he slowly changed his position.

"So you have come," he said.

"As you wished me to," she replied; then after a pause, which he showed no inclination to break; "What is it to be, yes or no?"

He made no immediate answer.

There was no need for him to argue the matter further; he had gone through it all, over and over again.

Dola waited, motionless, for him to speak.

When at length he did so, he shaded his face from the light, as if he did not wish even her to see it.

"How do you propose to do it?" Dola frowned impatiently. All the while she was thinking with biting bitterness, "He did not care when he cast me off."

"Leave that to me," she said.

"Only on one condition," he returned.

"It is, that you show her what womanly kindness and sympathy you are capable of, and that you do not lose sight of her, for I intend to help her, to place her beyond all want. She need never know it came from me. You understand?"

"Perfectly!"

She had tact enough to hide the exultation she felt at having gained her desire to separate the man she loved from the woman he loved.

She had also the sense to stay no longer, lest, in a sudden fit of remorse, he refused to let her act.

She had been gone some time before he was aware of the fact; then, staring round the room with wild dazed eyes, he sprang to his feet, and rushed to the window, calling her by name—

"Dola, Dola, for Heaven's sake come back!"

But the night wind whispering in the trees was the only answer he received.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, Miss West Darling, isn't it horrid of Martin. He has gone!"

Lilian was putting out the books for the morning's lessons.

The bright October sunlight, glinting on her hair, turned it to burnished gold.

The sky was blue, the birds were singing—it was a day on which to be glad; but for the goddess of the beauty of it all faded away, as Flossie blurted out the news.

He left by the early train before breakfast, the child went on. "Even mamma did not know he was going so early. He wasn't a bit nice or jolly this time. I wonder what has happened to him? There is Dot in the garden—it isn't quite lesson time yet, Miss West."

Flossie raced off to her sister, while Miss West, sinking on to the nearest chair, gave way for a moment or so to the bitterness of this disappointment.

He had never before gone away without bidding her good-bye.

She thought of the last time—the kisses, the vows, the regrets.

"What had happened to him?"

What could this terrible trouble be which was taking him from her?

"Patience," she said, aloud. "Patience; it will all come right."

But she sighed as she rose, and went on with her work.

The morning dragged out its weary length, the children were unusually troublesome, and it was with a sense of futility she heard that Mrs. Metherell intended taking them with her during the afternoon.

When they had gone, Lillian West sat down to write a letter to Martin.

There was no complaining in it—scarcely a word of her disappointment at the way in which he had gone; but every line breathed a pure, unselfish love, such as few are good and noble enough to give.

She was ending her letter, when the servant came to say that there was a lady waiting downstairs to see her.

She looked up, in surprise, at the information.

"A lady to see me! You must be mistaken, Mary."

"She asked for you, miss," Mary declared. "But she wouldn't give her name."

Lilian went into her room to wash an ink-stain from her fingers; then she ran down to her visitor, wondering who it could be, for she was far away from all old friends, and no one ever came to The Limes to see her.

Mary had shown the lady into the drawing-room.

She was standing by the fire when the girl entered the room—a small, slim figure in a dark cloth costume.

"You are Miss West?" she said, extending her hand, and speaking with a slightly foreign accent. "My name is Konaki—Dola Konaki. Perhaps you have heard of me."

"I have heard of Dola Konaki, the singer," Lillian replied, wondering still more why this lady should have called upon her. "Will you not sit down?"

"Thank you," Dola seated herself, and meditatively stroked her muff; then, rais-

ing her great dark eyes, looked straight at her companion.

"You are surprised that I should come here—it is not pleasant that has brought me. I have come here to perform a very painful task."

"Yes!" Lillian West said, faintly. She had no more idea of what was coming, but Dola Konaki's strangely impressive manner frightened her.

"Captain Metherell is a friend of yours?"

"Yes." She met the dark gaze quite calmly, though the hot blood rushed to the roots of her curling hair.

"He is more than a friend? He is—your lover?"

"You must excuse my answering such a question," she said, with quiet pride. "You are a complete stranger to me and my child."

"To you," Dola interrupted, with one of her quick gestures; "but I have known Martin Metherell for some time—it is he who sent me to speak to you."

"Martin Metherell sent you to me?" Lillian exclaimed incredulously. "Will you kindly explain why he has done so?"

"He has sent me," Dola said slowly, as if gloating over her words, "because he is too cowardly to tell you himself that he can never be more to you than your lover. You believe yourself his wife—you are not."

Lillian West had slowly risen to her feet, her eyes starting from her white stricken face.

"It is false!" Lillian gasped, clinging to the chair for support. "He never sent you to tell me this. He could not, for he knows I am his wife."

Dola Konaki smiled.

"He wished you to believe so while it suited him," she said. "But now it suits him better to let you know the truth."

"I was married in church," Lillian cried, wildly. "I have my marriage certificate."

"Nevertheless," she returned, "you are not his wife, and never will be, for he had one living when he married you. She was my own sister, so I know the story is true. He tired of her, and deserted her. You are no worse treated than others have been."

A low, despairing cry broke from the girl's white lips, as she sank to the floor, hiding her face in her hands.

When she looked up, the expression of it might have softened any but a heart hardened by fierce, unreasoning jealousy.

"Bring her here to me—this sister of yours—and let him come also, for only from him will I believe this story true."

Sunday Reading

My Portion.
 To count no cost in time or will;
 To stately try my place to fill;
 To do because the act is right;
 To live as living in his sight;
 To try each day his will to know;
 To tread the way his will may show;
 To regulate each plan I make,
 Each hope I build, or hope I break,
 To please the heart which pleases me
 Through daily throes ministry;
 To live for Him who gave me life;
 To strive for Him who suffered strife
 And sacrifice through death for me—
 Let this my joy, my portion be.

The Necessity of Labor.

Holy legends tell us that when Christ was on earth he labored until he was thirty years of age with his father, Joseph, as a carpenter. In an event, Christ's earthly father was an artisan, and this fact has forever dignified labor, and should make every honest workman proud to be among the toilers of the world—proud that he possesses the ability and skill to do with his hands some useful thing for mankind. That Christ is supposed to have labored with his hands should make all who love him considerate of the class of people to whom the Lord has given as a heritage the manual work of the world.

Let us stop to consider what the world would be without the producers. Stacks and stacks of gold, mountain high, will not feed a single person, unless some one has plowed and harrowed, sowed and reaped. Gold by the bushel cannot weave a single yard of cloth or make a loom, unless skilled and willing hands make and watch the machinery. Gold by itself is the least useful of inanimate things, and yet day after day, and year after year, men ruin their health and sell their souls to possess 'what they are pleased to call a competency,' but which is more often a sufficient supply of the purchasing medium to prevent their descendants from working for generations to come, if they can only devise some scheme to keep it in the family. Men who had turned their attention to a different field of action, might have been numbered among the great and immortal names of time, wear out body and mind in a mad mad pursuit of something which when they come to die must be left behind them, often to prove a curse to those who inherit it, it is often because it is not accumulated in a right way. The special form of greed by which the poor are oppressed, the widow and the fatherless robbed, is generally its own instrument of punishment.

But because fortunes are sometimes amassed improperly is no reason why capital and labor should be drawn up in long lines of opposing forces like two great armies ready for battle. They cannot, like the armies, march home if they choose and never see each other again. Capital and labor are necessary to each other. Only very primitive forms of agriculture and cloth making can be carried on without the aid of capital. The very poorest of the regularly employed classes would scarcely wish, in this day and generation, to wear the fabrics that many of our great-grandparents were content to pass the most of their lives in. Labor and capital must make common cause, if they wish to have common profits, or any profits at all.

It should be remembered, however, that between a pile of gold alone and a laborer strong and active, the power to produce things useful to mankind is decidedly in favor of the laborer; but in modern civilization few workmen, strong and active though they be, can find employment unless some one has collected the pile of gold or its equivalent. The great enterprises which the inventive nature of man has taught the world to consider necessary to its comfort, are of such gigantic proportions that their creation, in any reasonable period, would be impossible without credit and, unfortunately, credit is only obtainable, in most cases, by the possessor of wealth in some tangible form.

If all the property in the world were equally divided among the inhabitants, within a short space of time there would be poor people in the land again. If after this division each individual kept his wealth, and no one worked, the race would perish from hunger or freeze to death for want of clothes.

All of this should teach us the dignity of labor and the importance of sympathy between rich and poor. Not only the existence of the State, but the race, depends on it. The more civilized a nation, the greater is the dependence of various classes upon each other. A just appreciation of this truth will settle many of the difficulties between capital and labor.

Clergymen are apt to class the labor problem with politics, and often think they

should have nothing to do with either question. To this view we decidedly demur. It is as much the duty of a man to vote as to pray, and clergymen should teach their congregations, whether rich or poor, to apply the Golden Rule to all labor problems. Let us not forget that Christ taught that justice, mercy and truth were elements necessary in the life of each and every one of his followers, whether they be millionaires or workmen.

A GLORIOUS GOSPEL.

The Light of Science Can't Replace the Great Light of the World.

It was in glowing terms like these that the Apostle Paul spoke of the truth which had won his heart and transformed his life. He had preached it with all the zeal of his ardent nature to Jews and Greeks in many lands, and had seen illustrations of its influence under various conditions. Both by experience and observation he knew it to be the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.

His influence as a preacher was largely due to this high conception and enthusiastic presentation of the Gospel. In his estimation it was without peer or rival. He exalted it above every other system of thought. Greek philosophy, although valuable in its sphere, was worthless and vain when it attempted to take the place of the Gospel. By his transparent godly life, by every word and deed, the great apostle magnified the Gospel as well as his office. It was glorious beyond the power of words to describe. 'O the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.'

Like Christ, the Gospel is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. The Gospel is Christ. It has not changed nor has it been supplanted by any other system of truth. If it does not appear as glorious to us as it did to Paul, it is not that it has grown dim, but the want of a seeing eye. While philosophy has words of wisdom, and poetry words of beauty, and oratory words of eloquence, the Gospel alone continues to have the words of life. The search for light on the great fundamental questions that have stirred the heart of humanity in every age and in every zone—what of my sin? what of my soul? what of my future? is as fruitless now, notwithstanding all our progress in knowledge, as it was when the Saviour was on earth and said to the disciples when multitudes were leaving him, 'Will ye also go away?' and they answered, 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.' Like the sun in the heavens, Christ continues the same age after age, and the Gospel is as essential for one generation as another. It takes the large view of life, and prepares man for worlds. By gentle persuasion it asserts its authority over him, body, soul and spirit, and seeks to control him in all the acts of life, so that whether he eats or drinks, whether he builds palaces or sings psalms, whether he labors as a mechanic, farmer, merchant, lawyer, doctor, teacher, preacher, busy mother or faithful housemaid, all is done for the glory of God. It sanctifies the whole life, and makes the smallest service, done with an honest heart and noble purpose, worthy of equal reward. It takes the life in rebellion against God and goodness, and brings it into loyal submission to the King. It lifts the whole life out of the sphere of the temporal into the permanent and enduring. Its high purpose is always the same, namely, 'That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.' A system of truth thus vital and instinct with life, because the living Christ standing back of it is continuously and supremely glorious.

The Gospel would be preached with greater power if in some way every follower of Christ reached out after this high and true conception of Christianity and its mission. There is much faithful and loyal preaching and teaching, but what every successive age greatly needs is the baptism of a new enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which is born from a deep personal experience

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

is not to be confounded with any of the cheap "elixirs" and "cough syrups." Such remedies (so called) simply soothe the sufferer. They are mere palliatives. They never touch the root of the disease or cure a chronic cough. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a real remedy; it is the prescription of a practical physician, and not the preparation of an irresponsible medicine maker. It

CURES

Bronchitis,
Asthma,
Croup,
La Grippe,
Whooping Cough,

and all colds, coughs, and lung diseases. It's a standard and a staple remedy, and should be kept on hand in every household.

"About a year ago, I had an attack of bronchitis, accompanied by a dry, hacking cough. This soon developed into quick consumption. I had heard of the curative properties of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and commenced using that medicine at once. Before I had taken one third of a bottle I felt better, and in a short time I was entirely cured."
W. A. COKER, Allis, Ark.

"I caught a bad cold which resulted in asthma so severe that I was threatened with suffocation whenever I attempted to lie down in bed. A friend, recommending Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I began to take it and soon obtained relief, and, finally, was completely cured. Since then I have used this medicine in my family with great success for colds, coughs, and croup."
S. HUTTER, Editor "Kalink," Steven's Point, Wis.

"I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs and did not yield to the various remedies I tried. I had noticed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral extensively advertised where I had traveled and decided to give it a trial. I purchased two bottles and before I had finished the first one, I was almost cured and I am now in perfect health. My work subjects me to very severe weather, but I find that a timely dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral acts as a preventive against colds and coughs."
CHAS. HULL, Whortley Road, London, Ont.

"Some time since I had a severe cold and could not sleep on account of coughing. A friend at Van Buren, Ark., recommended Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I procured a bottle, and never had anything afford me such quick relief or a more permanent cure."
J. E. WRIGHT, Chester, Ark.

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wrought by the Holy Spirit, resulting in an overwhelming conviction that the Gospel is the absolute need of the individual and the nation. Although we are living in times when the progress of science has been rapid and its revelations brilliant, and we are grateful for the light, and expect brighter things in the future, nevertheless we are also profoundly convinced that the light of science can never take the place of the Light of the World.

Ask ye what thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

The Power of Patience.

Take the man whose life has known bereavement, who has passed some time through those days and nights which I

may not try to describe to you, but which come up to so many of you as I say the old word death. Days and nights when we watched the slow untwisting of some silver cord on which his very life was hung or suddenly felt the golden bowl dashed down and broken of which his very life had drank. The first shock became dull-ed. The first agony grew calm. The lips subsided into serenity. But was there not something in him that made him greater and purer and richer than of old; something that let anyone see, who watched the change, that it was "better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all?" A whole new quality, that rich quality which the Bible calls by its large word "patience," the power of his trial, was in his new serenity until he died. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Wanted a Host.

Not long since the editor of a New York magazine called upon Mr. Chauncey M. Depew to contribute to his columns. "My magazine, Mr. Depew, he said, 'has 300,000 readers. By addressing them you will probably gain 100,000 friends, all of whom will some day vote for you for the Presidency.' " "Will they?" asked Depew abruptly. "I am convinced of it," said the editor. Depew took a letter from one of the drawers of his desk, and said— "Well, just read this." "The Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. "Dear Sir,—If you will stop cackling for a while and give the country a rest on the thousand and one subjects that seem to be your speciality, yours truly will not only be thankful to you, but will, of his own so-

cord, blow your trumpet when ever the necessity for doing so arises. "Yours respectfully, Joshua L. R—." "This advice," said Depew, "seemed to me sound, though at first a trifle hard to digest. I have concluded to accustom my system to it."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Charlie (age six, on hearing song by celebrated bass): "Father, did he make all that noise on purpose?"

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on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in our manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

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A PORTABLE CEMETERY.

A BEAR OPERATION IN SANTA FE TOWN LOTS.

Scheme of an Investor While the Santa Fe Railroad Was Being Built—A Graveyard Taken From Station to Station to Honor Old the Tenderest.

When Oakes Ames and his associates set their Boston capital at work building the Santa Fe road auction sales of town lots were seldom far in the rear of the construction gang. This was the way it was done: Whenever the last rails were spiked before noon on Saturday a spur of extra track was laid, and before night the construction gang's house train was run on the spur and there was a new settlement for the next week. The name of this settlement never changed. It was always called End of the Track. The moral tone of this settlement never changed, either. What this tone was may appear from a little chapter of history. Once the railway builders and the state officials determined to clean things up. They went out to the construction settlement and shot a lot of people and ran a lot more off with a warning. Then they felt that they had things in pretty good shape, and named the town which was founded on that particular spot after a distinguished New York philanthropist just because they had cleaned it up so effectually. Yet even then Dodge City was a name that stood for all that was bad on the plains. That will give some idea of what it was before they tried to clean it up.

Such was End of the Track, geographically a new spot every Saturday night, but otherwise a community of unbroken terror. At intervals of twenty miles the permanent stations were established and towns built, beginning in each case with an auction of lots. Of course the railway made as much display as it could in the way of passenger stations, freight depots, coal sheds, and all that sort of thing. Not infrequently men were induced to start grain elevators alongside the track before a single acre had been ploughed. All these things were designed to make the place look attractive to intending buyers. For the same reason they had to keep a tight hold on the population of End of the Track. If the terrors of End of the Track came in at auction time they could do a lot of mischief, particularly if there was a crowd of tenderfeet from New England. That did happen once. The land agent had got together a trainload of hard-fisted Yankee farmers, and had manoeuvred them around to the point where it was a moral certainty they would buy. But a crowd of rustlers and bad men drifted in from End of the Track, and they shot up the auction and gave an exhibition of gun play, that sent all those farmers back to a country where shade is easier to get than it is in western Kansas and eastern Colorado.

That wasn't the only thing that threatened to send the land agent to an early grave. There was a man who was bearing the market, and he was doing it so slickly that it was next to impossible to get at him. The two thorns in the side of the land agent were the bad men ahead and the bear operator down the track. It seemed that his lot would be paradise itself if he could get rid of the latter and have only the gun fighters to deal with.

The strongest card the land agent could play in booming each of his new towns was marvellous climate of the prairie country and its tonic action in the cure of every ill known to humanity except death, and even that needn't bother a man long for there was any amount of Boston money ready to go out on mortgage. It was a strong play, this climate, and it brought any amount of good money to the company; but at the same time it gave the bear operator his chance.

The way the land viewing was done never varied. The Eastern investor was attracted by the railroad's boom literature. It he nibbled at this bait he soon found himself visited by a man who could tell him a lot about the country. The next step was a personal inspection. If the case was promising he had passes one way at least and the assurance of being looked after. These come-ons were assigned to Topeka or Atchison and the general plan was to arrange to have a carload at a time and send them out over the road with a skilful talker. Along the older part of the road he could show off the growing crops and would see that his party met the most enthusiastic farmers. There was no need to exercise much selection. In those days, when they were turning the first sod on the unbroken prairie, it would grow anything. The tornado hadn't been invented and the grasshopper and the

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion the promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly.

Hood's Pills

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

potato bug were still secluded in the Rocky Mountains. After they left this belt the party would strike the new farms, where the farmers were breaking the soil for their first crop. Having nothing else to offer by way of inducement, the agents came on strong on the easy terms offered to settlers, the brilliant future in which they could invest, above all the climate where health was on tap all the time and nobody ever needed a bottle of any patent medicine unless he had a favorite brand that he'd got used to. Thus a trip of this sort could be used by a skilful agent in presenting a series of object lessons covering every point so well that a man couldn't help buying.

When the party passed the last station opened to settlement and began to approach the actual prairie which they were going to have a chance to buy, the interest was at its highest. It was just there that the bear operator made his appearance. It was always at the station last opened to the settlement. It was not a part of his plan to be particularly near the station; in fact, he preferred to be anywhere from one to two miles away, but always westward, that is on the side toward the next settlement, and always as close as could be to the railroad. There might not be another frame house in the whole settlement; most likely everybody else was living in a sod house, but that made his white paint and bright green blinds all the more conspicuous. But it wasn't the house that hurt business; it was what was next to it. That was an inclosure within a neatly painted picket fence and with a gateway toward the railroad spanned by a wooden arch on which it was easy to read the legend 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' In the background was a view of headstones and footstones, with here and there a monument. Some of the mounds were sodded while others showed by the absence of turf that it was not long since they were heaped up. Back in the East it wouldn't seem out of the way to find no more than a little cemetery; but so close to the end of the new Santa Fe Railroad this cemetery was depressing. If this settlement had been in existence only a few months, it could not be a particularly healthful neighborhood if the cemetery could get such a start in so short a time.

There could be no doubt about it. The cemetery did hurt the company's business, and the prizes at the auctions were far below what was expected. When this happened at several towns in succession, when it was seen that the cemetery kept moving so that it was invariably just one station down the track, when it became manifest that the principal buyer at each auction was the cemetery man, who got what he wanted practically without competition, then it seemed time to act. They tried hard to find something in the courts to fix the case and failed; they tried to fix it in the Legislature and failed again, and that is a great deal to say, for at that time the Legislature of Kansas really sat in the Santa Fe offices in Boston. Then they were forced to dick with the cemetery man. What he received never was set down in plain figures under that heading in any balance sheet, but it is known that the railroad paid a smart sum for the purchase of his portable cemetery, its good will and fixtures and his plans. It was all a dummy designed solely for effect. The house was in numbered sections and could be put together with a screw-driver. The fence was nothing but laths sprung on wires which could be reeled up upon a big spool. The tombstones were no big but tin painted white and they came six in a nest of assorted prizes. The same was the case with the monuments; they were sectional and nested. The whole plant had been so carefully designed that when it was knocked down for shipment it just filled a thirty-three foot box car. A single carload held the man's home and his cemetery. It never took more than two days to set the whole thing in working order. The scheme worked to a charm and this systematic bear operation assumed such proportions that it became necessary to take this operator into the field.

SEA-BRED CARRIER BIRDS.

How to Acquire a Good Service by Membership and Messengers.

Captain John R. Bartlett, United States navy, retired, chief of the coast signal service during the war with Spain, has reported to the department on the value of carrier pigeons for signalling purposes. In substance he reports:

That experiments be made for the purpose of training homing pigeons in connection with coast signalling, for the reason that they offer a solution of the problem of communication with vessels in the off shore patrol fleet. These vessels would almost probably operate in districts having established bases, and at such a distance from the coast and from the inshore patrol that visual signalling would be impossible. A homing pigeon service cannot be improvised and be of any real value. The birds must be systematically and patiently trained for a year or two, not only to equip the coasts with trained carriers for

that locality, but to furnish a stock with sea-bred breeders. Experimental notes should be located at the bases of naval coast defense districts, a small vessel provided with a carrier pigeon outfit and an officer detailed to develop this communication and superintend the systematic training of the birds. Unless this is done with intelligence and thoroughness for at least a year it would be useless to rely upon it at all. Such a system could be very economically inaugurated and could be maintained at a comparatively slight cost. A simple routine of drills, exercises and reports based upon our recent experiences could be readily put into operation and small rewards or appropriate rating would stimulate proficiency. In times of peace such a service would be of constant convenience to this department and to the maritime interest of the country and the constant practice would prepare the men for the emergencies of war.

Attention is called to the fact that every other maritime nation has such a system, generally much more elaborate than the one herein proposed, organized by and operated under its naval or maritime department.

MAGIC OF BRAIN SURGERY.

In the Knave's Hope for the Mentally Unsound.

A Washington dispatch states that among the recent visitors to that city is a St. Louis surgeon who has made a special study of brain surgery and is gathering material for a publication on that interesting subject, which, almost more than any other except abdominal surgery, shows the progress of the past half century or less. 'The type of all cases of pressure from fracture of the skull,' he declared 'is that of the man who was kicked by a horse. As the animal raised its leg the man shouted 'Whoa,'—but was struck on the head by the iron shod hoofs before he could complete his sentence. He remained unconscious for three days. When an opening was made in the skull, the inner table was found to be depressed and pressing on the brain. The instant this was raised, consciousness returned and he completed the cry which he began three days before—'Molly!' the animal's name. Where his mind, soul, spirit, vital spark, or whatever presides over consciousness was during all that time is a mystery that stumps the philosopher. It is astonishing that Robert Louis Stevenson and other literary men have been able to describe so well some forms of insanity resulting either from a clot effused in the brain or from injury to the head. In the case of Mr. Henry, in the 'Master of Ballantrae,' he has given an accurate picture of the progressive insanity following an effusion that results from a paroxysm of anger. A particularly straight-minded, level-headed and considerate man, always temperate and self-contained, is transformed into an inebriate and a repulsive object; whose most intimate friends have to reach with an effort his earlier qualities in order to tolerate his presence. Stevenson has been hideously true to the record in depicting this once admirable character, changed almost to a monster by the smallest clot of blood escaped from its channel in the minute vessels of the brain. It is appalling to think on what a slender thread hangs our sanity, our affability, and even our affections. Of course, Shakespeare remains supreme in his portrayal of one form of insanity. He was far in advance of the medical knowledge of his time. No modern alienist has ever presented Hamlet's type of mental disorder so accurately, so exact and comprehensive is this product of the insight of genius that Maudsley prefers it to any other as the basis of study—prefers it to E-quirol's record of actual cases of lunacy in the Paris hospital for the insane. The war has brought to the public attention about all that is to be said of the safety of modern surgery—the freedom from the formerly fatal sequences of the knife. (Aseptic or antiseptic surgery, the prevention of suppurating by specific germs, makes it possible to open the abdominal



"Take it back

go to some grocer who will give you Pearlina. That's the only way to do when they send you an imitation. The popularity of Pearlina begets the habit of calling anything that's washing-powder, "Pearlina." Those who notice the difference in name, think perhaps "it's about the same thing." It isn't. Nothing else equals Pearlina, the original and standard washing compound.



cavity and the skull with nothing like the former danger. This danger was never from the cutting away of the tissues, but from the shock and poisoning that so often followed the operation. It is now possible to cut away a cancerous part of the stomach to take out sections of the intestines or tie up any number of perforations such as a gunshot makes to remove the spleen and parts of the kidneys, and to cut out sections of the brain with a fair chance to recovery and the perfect cure of disease. There is no unreasoning hope that surgery may effect the cure of germ disease for the successful treatment of which no toxin has yet been obtained. A couple of years ago Dr. Marks of the St. Louis City hospital made experiments that led him to believe Asiatic cholera can be cured by the surgeon, even in the stage of collapse. His idea is to open the abdominal cavity and flood the intestines with an antiseptic solution capable of destroying the bacilli without injury to the patient. The discovery that bacteria are the cause of many diseases and especially those that are responsible for the greatest mortality has been of no benefit to the physician. It has been highly valuable to the sanitarian who can more easily prevent infection, but there is nothing the physician can do to check the development and fatal activity of germs, except in the case of diphtheria. In all others he is forced to continue the process of drugging that was based on another theory of the etiology of disease.

OLD GINGER FINGERS.

By that Name did an Artilleryman Address Gen. Meade at Gettysburg.

'The artillery fire at Gettysburg,' said a gunner of the old war, 'was simply magnificent. I was in an Ohio battery, posted on Cemetery Hill. We were running short of ammunition, when General Meade dismissing his staff below, rode with a single orderly to our exposed position. The boys were all at white heat and in a state of frenzy, because the ammunition called for had not come. They heard the quiet man on horseback say repeated to the captain that the hill must be held at all hazards, ammunition or no ammunition. This vexed them, but they knew that the officer, whoever he was spoke the truth, and they began to collect the unexploded shells that had been fired at them from the Confederate batteries.

'There were a great many of these scattered over our part of the hill, and when Meade comprehended what the boys were doing he was greatly pleased. He dismounted, and in a quiet sort of a way proceeded to supervise the collection of shells. He was in fatigue dress and wore no shoulder straps, and none of the men recognized him. They thought he was some ordnance officer, and finally, when he turned his horse over to his orderly and proceeded to carry shells himself, they did not resent his supervision. As a rule, the shells were heavier than the general expected, and he did not compare in efficiency with the stalwart artillerymen rushing about with the recklessness and energy of madmen.

'John Snicker was one of the best men in the battery, but was rough in speech and action. Seeing, as he supposed, a Lieutenant or Captain from the outside stooping to pick up a shell, he pushed the officer aside with the remark: 'Get out of this, Old Ginger Fingers! Your mind's willin', but your body's weak, and you are in the way.' Meade, surprised and amused stood aside. A few minutes later General Warren and staff rode up for a conference with Meade, and the cat was out of the bag.

'Snicker was so overwhelmed with confusion that he almost had a fit. The Sergeant tried to comfort him with the assurance that General Meade would excuse informality under such circumstances, but John insisted that what scared him was that he never came so near kicking a man in his life without doing it as he did General Meade when he stooped to pick up the shell. He was grieved to think he hadn't recognized Meade, and was in a panic whenever he thought about what might have happened had he acted on his impulses and kicked the General commanding the army.'

A Beauty of the Arctic.

There is a beautiful bird called the rosy gull, very few specimens of which exist in any museum, and whose entire life is spent in the immediate neighborhood of the eternal ice that surrounds the north pole. A paper describing these curious birds was read at the recent meeting of the American Association in Boston by Mr. John Murdoch. They follow the advance of the ice towards the south as winter

comes on, keeping near the loose edge of the floating pack ice, and then retreat with it toward the north when the summer sun begins to rise high upon the Arctic circle. The bird is small and of a deep rose color, whereas all other gulls are white.

VIGOR AND POWER,

The Invariable Results of Using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Renew Youth for the Old, and Make the Young Stronger—Ward Off and Cure all Forms of Kidney Disease.

HIBERNIA, N. B., Jan. 2.—The severity of the weather during the winter season, in the Maritime Provinces, is responsible for the death of very many persons who have passed the half century mark.

During the cold winter the blood becomes less pure, and loses much of its vitalizing power, the kidneys are compelled to overwork themselves, in endeavoring to rid the blood of its unusually heavy burdens of impurities.

The consequence is, that the kidneys break down completely; impurities that should be thrown out of the system are allowed to remain in it, poisoning every nerve, bone, muscle, and organ.

In these cases, Dodd's Kidney Pills are absolutely necessary to restore the kidneys to their natural health and strength, and thereby preserve life, and prevent death.

In all forms of disease or weakness of the kidneys, as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Heart Failure, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Gout, Paralysis, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bladder, Urinary Troubles, and all diseases of Women, Dodd's Kidney Pills are a positive and absolutely unailing cure, rapid in action, permanent in effect.

Dodd's Kidney Pills heal the diseased kidneys. They restore strength and vigor, and stimulate the urinary organs to a prompt and perfect performance of their delicate and important duties.

Dodd's Kidney Pills make the weak strong and robust, make the strong more vigorous, and brace the tired nerves in old and young.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Ont.

A Diving Spider.

There is nothing new in the diving bell. Long before man thought he invented it, the water spider knew all about it. The water spider spins down a reed, dragging his diving bell with him, and anchors it under water on a level keel, so that the air it contains keeps the water out. When this air becomes foul the spider swims to the top, captures a bubble with a firmity of its tail and carries it down to the bell for future reference. There the spider lives in snug comfort and no storm disturbs his lowly home.

We sometimes question if any woman remembers the one who loves her husband when she is doing her full duty as a city grocer's store.

Coughs That Stick.

You don't seem to be able to throw them off. All the ordinary remedies you've tried don't touch them. The cough remedy for you is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It loosens the phlegm, allays the irritation, heals and soothes the inflamed lung tissue.

Mr. Wm. FERRY, Blenheim, Ont., says: "I can recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the very best medicine for coughs and colds, sore throat and weak lungs."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Never fails to Cure.



CANCER

And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 20-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE CO., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

ENAMELINE

THE MODERN STOVE POLISH

PASTE, CAKE OR LIQUID.

Twice as much used as of any other Stove Polish on earth.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., NEW YORK

FASHIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Fashions come and fashions go, but the graceful, comfortable tea gown never leaves us. It is subject to changes, of course, with every turn of fashion's wheel, but these only add to its classic beauty and serve to make each one a little more fascinating than the one before.

The successful exponent of the real tea gown must be lith and slender, graceful and feminine to a degree in all that goes to make up the daintiest specimen of womanhood.

The place in which the gown is to be worn should be the first consideration in making a selection. The tea gown is said to be a nineteenth century production, but some of the new models are very suggestive of the styles in dress worn two centuries ago.

Handsome materials are the thing for successful tea gowns, but they are made of cashmere and nun's veiling, and thin wool crepons in pretty colors, which, with lace ribbon, and possibly fur for trimming make very effective gowns.

Daintier than all others is the white gown with a bolero jacket effect, trimmed elaborately with cream lace. A blue bengaline gown trimmed with puffings of chiffon over white satin shows a bolero of lace edged with fur.

If you want something still more fanciful make your tea gown of killed white chiffon with an overdress of guipure. The bodice portion, also of guipure, should be cut low in the neck.

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. ARE GUARANTEED by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

Doctors now agree that consumption is curable.

Three things, if taken together, will cure nearly every case in the first stages; the majority of cases more advanced; and a few of those far advanced.

The first is, fresh air; the second, proper food; the third, Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites.

To be cured, you must not lose in weight, and, if thin, you must gain. Nothing equals Scott's Emulsion to keep you in good flesh.

30c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists Toronto.

These might be called glorified tea gowns, but there are all grades and conditions, just as there are in other gowns.

WOMAN'S VARIED INTERESTS.

Marcella Sembrich has a book in which every performance at which she sings is recorded. Many women keep books in which they record every performance they witness.

'Nothing has given me more pleasure than my theatre book,' said a young woman who has displayed both humor and originality in keeping hers. 'I've always kept my programmes, of course. Every right minded woman does. I know men laugh at us for doing so, but these little things recall so many happy hours.

Dealers say that from the day theatre books were put on the market they have sold to women like hot cakes, but that nine men out of ten push them aside with a shrug.

Fashionable hair ornaments are an abomination to those compelled to sit behind them at the opera or theatre. A French woman's hair would stand on end at the thought of wearing some of the outspreading, up-standing, top-heavy combination of lace, ribbon, feathers, velvet spangles and what not worn by women here.

It has been said that the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal. It is next to impossible for the average woman to be a good animal with her antipathy to warm clothing.

Half the women who harden themselves by refusing to wear a proper amount of

clothing harden themselves into another world, said a doctor whose practice is entirely among the very rich and the very poor. 'The other half suffer permanently in growth or constitution. Clothing is of great importance. Women realize this more keenly than men, but they look at its importance from a wrong viewpoint.

An American woman travelling in the East wrote some interesting things from Constantinople about Turkish rugs recently. She says that a New York concern keeps a buyer all the time and that he snatches up the best of everything in the rug line.

A new hair ornament consists of an enamelled ball studded with mock gems and fastened spiral fashion, on a long gilt hair-pin. The ball sticks straight out of the knot.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

Some one in England has been publishing an encyclopedia of employments for women, and the work holds startling revelations for the ordinary conservative citizen who clings to old ideas about woman's sphere.

Woman divers are more discouraging; but there is a woman diver in Portland, Me., and all loyal Americans would be willing to bet that she can dive further than her English rivals.

Women golfers are in excellent training for letter

LONGEVITY IN SHOES. Packard's Special Combination Leather Dressing For BOY-CALF. Live to a ripe old age, at least live their natural lives. Cases of general decline and premature death are incident to the use of ordinary shoe-dressings.

carrying. Any one of the New York belles who loses her millions can utilize her vast experience and triumph in securing a pilot's place; and, as for cab driving, that would be really too slow for American young women, unless they were able to tool tandem or four-in-hand teams before the cab.

A NEW KIND OF INTERIOR DECORATION THAT IS BECOMING POPULAR.

There is a craze just now for Flemish and Dutch furniture, and of all the fads in interior decoration which have helped to beautify homes during the last ten years, this one affords some of the most artistic effects.

On each side of the fireplace is a deep, high-backed settle, with a few bright pillows thrown carelessly upon it. This touch of brilliant color is carried out still further in the rugs scattered about the hardwood floor.

Quite as characteristic is a dining room in an artist's house in London. The walls are nearly covered with real old Flemish tapestry. The furniture in richly carved Flemish oak, is of course en suite the same design being carried out in the sideboard, the table, the china cabinet, the two large high-backed chairs for the head and foot of the table and the smaller ones for the sides.

In one of the large furniture stores in New York there was recently a plain, dining-room set which was delightfully Dutch and really more characteristic than the more highly carved pieces which most people doubtless prefer.

Underneath the windows stand one of the great carved chests which are so prominent a feature in this style of furnishing. On the mantelpiece are a few beautiful pictures, worth almost their weight in gold, while on the sideboard and in the china cabinet is a wealth of old blue china that would make the heart of the most indifferent connoisseur envious.

and could be adjusted at any angle desired. The pictures on the blue and white tiles were heads from well known Dutch paintings.

Among the odd pieces which are made in this wood is a 'monk's table.' This curious piece of furniture may be used as a table or a bench. When in the latter form the top of the table forms the back of the settle, and the seat, when lifted, discloses a long, deep chest.

TO OUR WOMEN.

Worthless Home Dyes That Cause Serious Losses in Many Homes.

Many of our Canadian women have been so grossly deceived in the year just closed by worthless home dyes, that some have determined never again to try what is really a pleasant and profitable work when the Diamond Dyes are used.

While we sympathize with the many deceived women, we must say their decision is not a wise one. Because we have in our midst a few unskilled dye manufacturers, and money-loving merchants who for the sake of long profits are ready to sell poor goods, it is not fair to assert that all merchants are actuated by the same unworthy motives.

Deceptive dyes have usually plenty of bulk to recommend them, but this bulk is composed of common, coarse ingredients. Some dyes have just coloring power sufficient to make them dangerous to any ordinary material; others have a small percentage of color virtue with an extra supply of soap grease power.

While it cannot be denied that deception has a footing in our land, it is pleasing to know that the Diamond Dyes, representing perfect work, honesty and truth, have brought gladness and profit to thousands of happy homes.

Diamond Dyes are prepared according to special scientific principles, and no other dyes in the world have cost so much to bring to their present standard of excellence. They are the only kind that the wife mother or daughter can use with confidence and profit.

Mrs. Fatpore: 'You paint pictures to order, don't you?'

Great Artist: 'Yes, madam.' Mrs. Fatpore: 'Well, I want a landscape, with lots of deer and ducks, and quail, and partridges and pheasants, and cattle and sheep, and pigs, and so on, you know; and put a lake and an ocean in—fresh and salt water, you know; and be sure to have plenty of fish swimming around, because it's for the dining-room.'

PUT YOUR FINGER ON YOUR PULSE.

If it is Weak or Irregular don't Hesitate to Start the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at once.

With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.



With a weak, irregular, intermittent pulse we can tell at once the vitality is low—that Dizziness and Faint Spells, Smothering and Sinking Sensations and similar conditions are bound to ensue.

By their action in strengthening the heart, toning the nerves and enriching the blood, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills relieve and cure all those distressing conditions just enumerated.

Mrs. B. Croft, residing on Waterloo Street, St. John, N.E., says: 'For some time past I have suffered from pallor, weakness and nervous prostration, I had palpitation and irregular beating of the heart so severe as to cause me great alarm. I was treated by physicians, but got no permanent relief.'

'I am glad to say that from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I derived the first real benefit that I ever got from any medicine. My appetite is improved, my entire system toned up, and I can do no less than cheerfully recommend these pills to all requiring a reliable heart and nerve tonic.'

Miss Mary E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont., says: 'Laxo-Liver Pills cured her of Sick Headache, from which she had suffered for a year.'

THE FISH MARKET

Deal the fish and we have seen all the old-timers...

Deal the fish and we have seen all the old-timers... The old gentlemen pulled up their eyes...

Deal the fish and we have seen all the old-timers... The cape waters are famous for the variety and splendor of these radiant creatures...

Deal the fish and we have seen all the old-timers... The sight is very beautiful, and I am surprised to see city people appear on to have seen it...

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Deal the fish and we have seen all the old-timers... The sight is very beautiful, and I am surprised to see city people appear on to have seen it...

announcement of certain failures in these words, 'We make bloomers out of your own parts for 20 cents'...

First Symptoms

Banish the Little Aches and Pains That Lead to Serious Diseases.

Paine's Celery Compound is the Medicine that Gives the Surest and Best Results.

Physicians with the most extended practice are well aware that there is nothing known to medical science equal to Paine's Celery Compound...

The most sensible and rational way of getting rid of rheumatism and neuralgia; the true mode of building up the shattered nervous system...

When the nerve centres are made strong and the tissues and veins supplied with healthy blood, rheumatism and neuralgia must quickly leave the body.

Are you dear reader, tired, dull, nervous, all-gone, miserable, full of despondency or irritable? If so, use Paine's Celery Compound without delay...

Oxford and the House of Commons. Of the 670 members of the House of Commons, 142, or just one over one-fifth, are described as having been educated at Oxford...

Yellow will dye a splendid red. Try it with Magnesia Dye—costs 10 cents a package and gives fine results.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. No matter what your experience has been with so-called catarrh remedies, your ultimate, complete recovery can surely and positively be effected...

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. No matter what your experience has been with so-called catarrh remedies, your ultimate, complete recovery can surely and positively be effected...

Woman, rather with blue and orange... The Hawaiian native is especially fond of children, and shows to advantage...

HAWAIIAN ATHLETES

Could Give us Many Points in Swimming and Rowing. The Hawaiian native is especially fond of children, and shows to advantage...

It is Hawaii that does well as an athlete on terra firma, he certainly excels in the water. For driving and swimming he seems to have a natural aptitude...

A Kanaka, in fact, is well night amphibious. In infancy he learns to swim almost unconsciously. There is probably not a native boy or girl but years of age who could not give us 'cards and spades'...

She—'So you have decided to be a lawyer and are enthusiastic at the prospect. They say that love of a profession and love of a woman conflict.'

He—'Not necessarily. In love and law there is no conflict, but not a vital one. It goes to form rather than substance. In love the attachment precedes the declaration while in law the declaration comes before the attachment.'

Merchant: 'The postal service is in a wretched condition.' Friend: 'never noticed it.'

Well, I have. During last month I sent out 150 statements of account, with requests for immediate payment, and, so far as I can learn, not more than two of my customers received their letters.

Maud: 'How far do you live from here, Mr. Haggard?' Mr. Haggard: 'Oh, nearly two miles. Maud (quiescently): 'If you should start now, what time would you get home?'

Rising Politician (whose friends have given him a brass band serenade): 'My fellow-citizens, this spontaneous tribute touches me deeply. I am at a loss to find words to express my thanks. You have laid me under an obligation I shall never, never be able to repay.'

Leader of Brass Band (in alarm): 'But did you see to be a cash transaction, mein friends?'

'Talk about the police being incapable,' said he; 'look how quickly they have broken up that crowd. It is melting like ice before a furnace.'

'You are mistaken, my friend,' replied the man of observation; 'there is not a policeman in sight.'

'What is it, then?' 'Merely an outdoor entertainment of some kind, and one of the performers is just going round with the list.'

Elocutionist (beginning to recite Longfellow's famous poem): 'Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the midnight side of Paul Revere.'

'Impatient Auditor: 'What makes of bicycle did he use?' 'The Sinkses must buy everything on the installment plan.'

'What makes you think so?' 'I heard Jimmy Binks ask his father whether their new baby would be taken away if they couldn't keep up the payments.'

FLASHES

Of a gentleman in an... 'What time would you get home?'

Mr. Binks (seriously): 'Do you think your father would object to my marrying you?'

Miss Sharpe: 'I don't know; it has anything like me he would.'

An absent minded professor, instead of putting a mustard-leaf on his chest stuck it on his bald head. Then he went out—it was a cold winter's day—but returned for the mustard, because, he said, he found the leaf of the sun unbearable.

There's an account of a girl who climbed to the top of Sweden and sang 'God Save the Queen.'

'She had some sense, hadn't she?' 'No, she had some other girls are not so respectful when they want to sing.'

'That fortune-teller said if I paid her a sovereign she would reveal to me why I don't grow rich.'

'Did you give it to her?' 'Yes, and she told me I had a great weakness for throwing away money.'

Mr. Chesapeake: 'I thought you said you were going to Mr. Binks for a clock tea this afternoon. It's after tea now.'

Mr. Chesapeake: 'There's no tea. Her tea is a clock tea, and she's not ready to receive us. She's got the servants we need to make it.'

Old lady: 'Now, porter, you're quite sure you've put all my luggage in?—the big portmanteau and—'

Porter: 'All right, miss.' Old Lady: 'And you're certain I've not left anything behind?'

Porter: 'No, miss, not even a copper.' A minor, a baritone, and a bass, whose talent and voice left much to be desired, were singing on a stage in the south of France a grand trio in which these words occur: 'In order to please you, what must we do?'

That a voice from the back of the gallery cried: 'Get out of it, all three of you!'

Patent Medicine Man: 'I don't know whether to publish this testimonial or not.' His Partner: 'What is it?'

Patent Medicine Man (reads): 'You remember my name, and will remember success on my boy, aged ten. He confesses that he would rather go to school any time than take your preparation.'

Skins: 'To gods, look at Briggs. Isn't he set up? What's the matter with him that he's grown so proud all of a sudden? Has he made a fortune, or—'

Bimbley: 'No, his wife sent him down town the other day to match some cloth for her, and he came within two shades of getting the right colour.'

Wyeman: 'I make it a rule never to ask a gentleman to return money he has borrowed of me.'

Pratt: 'Then how do you manage to get it?'

Wyeman: 'Oh, after I wait a reasonable time, if he fails to pay up I conclude that he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him.'

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Leader of Brass Band (in alarm): 'But did you see to be a cash transaction, mein friends?'

Women of Experience

Women of experience in ordering coffee from their grocer are careful to specify Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee...

Women of experience in ordering coffee from their grocer are careful to specify Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, which comes in pound and two-pound tin cans, knowing that satisfaction accompanies every can.

Thousands of refined people who know and appreciate good coffee endorse this famous brand. The signature and the seal of these well-known importers guarantee its excellence.

If it's a Localized Pain or Ache You Can Promptly Kill it With

BENSON'S POROUS PLASTER advertisement with image of the product.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chapped Hands, Itching Scalds, Cuts, Bore eyes, Chapped Ears, Chills, Earache, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains, Croup, Colds, Ringworms, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s. 1/6; each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Ointment sent post free on application.

DISAPPEARED!

Kidney Pains All Gone. What Did It Do? Doan's Kidney Pills. How Do You Know? A Kingston Man Says So.

Mr. W. J. Pappa, 112 Burch St., Kingston, Ont., writes as follows: 'I have been troubled with kidney disease for years and not having received any permanent relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills, I take great pleasure in telling others similarly afflicted that the wonderful curative properties possessed by Doan's Pills. Before using them I was troubled at night by having to get up, but now sleep, and do not get up in the morning. I hope that they will induce other sufferers from kidney or urinary troubles to give Doan's Kidney Pills a faithful trial, for I know that no other remedy could have acted so well as they did in my case.'

Doan's Kidney Pills advertisement with image of the product and text: 'Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.'