

MR. LOCKHART'S TENDER.

AS A MEMBER OF THE FIRM OF A. C. SMITH & CO.

Should an Alderman do Business With the City?—The Hay and Straw Tenders—The Board is Requested to Tender for Coal for the Caledonia Ferry.

The career of the reform council has been an uneventful one. The surface of affairs has been disturbed very little by the ruffling winds of discontent. They have not exactly followed "the primrose path of dalliance," for they have had much work to do and there is always the overshadowing fear of public disapproval. But they have had a very comfortable time and there has been scarcely any to find fault with them. Wherever there has been dissatisfaction it has been over that always fruitful source of disturbance, public tenders. The latest cause of trouble in this line was over the tenders for hay and oats for the departments of public safety and public works. These were called for some time ago and PROGRESS at that time threw out some hints in regard to them. Now more information has been obtained and rumors that were stated resolve themselves into well defined complaints against an alderman.

The supply of hay and oats to the city departments has been a source of contention among the aldermen for the last three or four years and much trouble has arisen. It will be remembered that last year the board of public safety awarded the tender for part of the goods to W. F. Barnhill, of Fairville. C. H. Peters had tendered lower but the board claimed that goods he had supplied in previous years were not of the same quality they wanted and so they refused him the tender. But Mr. Peters appeared before the board and caused them to reverse their action. He claimed that he had supplied the best goods obtainable. The result was that his tender was accepted after all.

This year Mr. Peters tendered again and this time also he lost the tender. Again the board had good reason to refuse him. He had not fulfilled the conditions of the advertisements. The board called for delivery in such quantities and at such times as they should decide. He tendered to deliver en bloc and so his tender was not a proper one.

The tender for the hay and straw required by the two boards was given to Mr. Chas. Colwell, while B. F. Kearney will supply the city with 3000 bushels of oats at 38 1/2 cents a bushel. It is in regard to the acceptance of Mr. Kearney's tender that the tenderers who lost feel aggrieved. For one thing Mr. Kearney is a Carleton county man and is here only a few months during the year. He pays very little to the city in taxes whereas the others do considerable toward the maintenance of the city government.

Mr. Kearney's place is on Pond street. He has a small shop there and appearances would not indicate that he did sufficient business to handle 3000 bushels of oats. It is stated that Mr. Kearney obtains the goods from the well known Carleton firm of produce dealers, A. C. Smith & Co. Mr. C. H. Peters, whose tender was not accepted, however, declares that Mr. Kearney is really A. C. Smith & Co., that his tender was really their tender under cover. This is a serious charge to make and it is to be hoped that such is not the case. Ald. Lockhart is a member of the firm of A. C. Smith & Co., and for an alderman to tender for city supplies through another man is decidedly wrong from at least a moral and perhaps a legal point of view.

But this is not the whole complaint against the West side alderman. PROGRESS learns on good authority that during the last year and a half this firm has received from the city many hundred dollars for supplies. An alderman states that during the last civic year, under the regime of the old council, \$1300 worth of goods was furnished to the board of works by the firm. This year also there were several hundred dollars worth of stuff supplied. In November of last year tenders were called for supplying the board of safety, but there were no tenders for the board of works. Why none were called is not known. The director made a private contract with A. C. Smith & Co., and they have been supplying the board ever since. At a recent meeting of the treasury board a bill of theirs for \$165 was passed.

Of course there is nothing wrong from a legal point of view in an alderman doing business with the city. Municipal ethics differs from federal in that respect. But public sentiment is opposed to such courses and would be apt to call Ald. Lockhart's action an abuse of his authority. There should be tenders called wherever possible and that is what the present council propose to have in future.

Another tender over which there was trouble was that for coal for the ferry. The particulars in connection with this have not all been told yet. It will be remembered that when the tender of Mr. Lively was accepted, Mr. Starr, whose tender was rejected, made a kick. He

A SPLIT IN THE CHURCH.

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MR. LEAR AND HIS CASES.

HIS EVIDENCE IN THE PERJURY CHARGE AGAINST HIM.

How he Brought Colonel Domville In—What the Colonel has to say in the Matter—A Chance That he may try Criminal Libel.

The developments in the libel suits of Mr. Percy Lear against PROGRESS are somewhat slow. That gentleman has had some evidence to give in Halifax while on the stand in the case for perjury against him and it is about as remarkable for its incorrectness as the affidavit he swore to. Witnesses were placed upon the stand to prove that Mr. Lear had considerable evidence in his possession before the papers were out or before they were served that he had got the wrong man. Mr. Lear's anxiety to arrest an employe of PROGRESS and a brother of the proprietor was such that he did not listen to the statements made by those who were in a position to know that Mr. F. B. Carter was not a proprietor of the paper.

When the easy going Percy was on the stand he stated that he had had a large experience with newspapers. This may cause a smile to flicker over the countenances of those who know the gentleman and his ways, for whatever his experience has been with the press he has had it considerably extended the past few weeks.

Mr. Lear was not unacquainted with the proprietor of PROGRESS. He stated that he called at this office to make arrangements or to make inquiries about advertising and he saw Mr. F. B. Carter. He omitted to state that the latter referred him to the proprietor, who took him into his private office and discussed the business with him. But that is neither here nor there, only serving to show that Mr. Lear's memory might have been better.

He was indiscreet enough to make a statement about Colonel Domville and to cite that gentleman as making a statement about the proprietor of PROGRESS that it was impossible for him to have made. Whatever differences Colonel Domville had with PROGRESS proprietor they were settled at the time and have been forgotten since. Mr. Lear swore that Col. Domville told him that he had paid ten dollars for having the proprietor horsewhipped. When the Colonel saw this statement he wrote out the following despatch and sent it to Halifax:

"I would not know Mr. Lear if I saw him. It is impossible I could have ever made such a statement to him and am surprised he should quote me." Colonel Domville could not have made such a statement because there is not a particle of truth in it but it all goes to show the truthfulness of the man who has been a party to this whole business. He was defended by Mr. Tremaine who was mainly anxious to find out something about PROGRESS correspondents in Halifax. Mr. Tremaine should go on the stand himself and give evidence.

But if all that is said to true Lear proposes to give PROGRESS a chance to prove what it said—a chance that he paper will be glad to have. He will, so the Halifax papers say, bring a suit for criminal libel against the editor and for this purpose has secured the services of Mr. C. A. Stockton of this city. Mr. Lear was at one time a student in Mr. Stockton's office and it is only natural that he should seek him now for advice.

If such a suit is brought the evidence will naturally favor of the divorce court. It will not be as good family reading as that which usually appears in the press but it may have the effect of preventing such wholesale blackmailing in the future.

HE WAS TOO CARELESS. And Placed a Well Known Lady In a Distressing Position.

A lady well known in the city, and much esteemed and respected by all who know her, went to the Savings bank a few days ago to make a small deposit. She had her pass book with her and a single ten dollar bill of the Bank of New Brunswick. When her turn came—for there were quite a number ahead of her—she handed in her book with the money in it, but visible not only to the official who received it but to another lady beside her. At that moment there was some explanation going on and for the instant the lady's ten dollar bill was put in the drawer. Then when the clerk turned to her he asked for her money. When she told him that it was taken and put in the drawer by himself he refused to believe her or accept her statement, though the lady beside her corroborated it. But Mr. Cowan was obstinate and, humiliated beyond measure, the lady burst into tears. Her distress had no effect upon him beyond the statement that if at the end of the day his cash was over, her complaint would be attended to. At this moment when the lady was turning away, the head of the Savings bank, Mr. H. D. McLeod, entered and noting her distress inquired the cause. The clerk was directed at once to count his cash and make the matter right. He did so and the ten dollars was placed to the credit of the lady, who

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The special topic of musical interest just now is the performance of "Sanson" in Brussels street Baptist church next Tuesday evening.

The death this week of Mr. W. H. Beer removes from our midst one who was well known in musical circles in this city.

Leoncello's "Pagliacci" will be played in twenty-three French theatres during the winter.

Walter Damrosch is preparing for a season of German opera to follow the Italian and French season.

Eleanor Mayo, the prima donna, who is now in Boston, is about twenty years of age and quite a beauty.

Juncker's pretty song "I was dreaming" has been through an edition of 3000 copies, says an Australian paper.

The "Il Trovatore" performance in New York was attended by the creme de la creme of New York society.

"Il Trovatore" was superbly rendered at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York last week.

Madame Trebelli and her daughter aged 16 have quarrelled. The quarrel was caused by the French violinist Musin paying his addresses to both of the ladies.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has definitely promised to compose a new choral work for the Leeds Triennial festival of next year, provided he can secure a satisfactory libretto.

Miss Libia Drog has overcome her recent nervousness and has shown herself to be a competent artist.

John E. Killard, who is now on the stage in Boston, has received a superior musical education.

It has often been remarked of the oratorio "The Creation" that it "sings itself," but special complimentary mention is made of the work of the chorus in a recent production of that great work, in New York by the Oratorio Society.

Of Miss Lillian Blauvelt, in the New York Oratorio Society concert, it is said her work in "The Creation" was "most completely satisfactory."

Willard Spenser, the composer of "Princess Bonnie," says the idea of writing this opera came to him immediately after his other work "The Little Tycoon" became a success.

"Hawaii" is the title of a new comic opera written and composed and to be played by the members of the Portland (Me.) Athletic Club.

The production of Saint Sæns' "Sanson and Delilah" at Music Hall, Boston, on the 26th ult. was a musical treat, says a

recent Boston paper. This opera, almost an oratorio in sentiment, is dignified, impassioned and full of color and dramatic fire.

An Australian critic thus criticizes some of his fellows: "Musical critics are, in many cases, the creatures of concert syndicates, and their monotonous yawns about the same two or three singers and instrumentalists, who are continually repeating themselves in the same musical numbers, should be paid for as special advs. But, perhaps, they are so paid for."

Frequent mention is made of the opera "Princess Bonnie," for the success of which no bid is made for an exhibition of the "female form divine."

Ysaye, the distinguished Belgian violinist, has appeared in Boston, where he played. He is credited with being an artist but is said to have little personal magnetism.

Ysaye is described as a big man, with broad shoulders and massive chest. His head is enormous, almost lion-like, with its great mass of thick, lank, black hair, which becomes animated when its owner plays, seemingly partaking of the musician's enthusiasm.

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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

J. H. Stoddard is 67 years of age. Minnie Palmer and John Rogers have squared their divorce suit.

Amateur theatricals are much in vogue in Boston and vicinity at the present time. The new play by Sardou which Fanny Davenport is rehearsing made a hit in Paris.

Miss Isabel Irving has been selected to succeed Miss Georgia Cayvan in the Daniel Frohman company.

Nat. C. Goodwin, while bicycling in Minneapolis recently, tried to run down an electric car. The car was not injured.

The following bill is posted in large letters at the door of a Brussels theatre: Moral pieces every Sunday and Thursday.

It is said that Annie Russell and Maude Adams divide the honors this season, so far, for thoroughly natural and artistic acting.

Rose Coghlan's new play "Nemesia" is by Mrs. Pacheco and the owner considers it is one of the strongest plays she has ever read.

"Sowing the Wind" was played recently in Melbourne, Australia. It is said to have one chief idea in common with "Sweet Lavender."

Mrs. George S. Knight, who is one of the famous Worrall sisters, is about to resume her profession. Her husband is dead three years.

Three of the best known dramatic authors in the United States have failed to evolve a play suitable for W. H. Crane (Mr. Senator) and his company.

In England, children under 7 years of age are forbidden to appear on the stage for profit; and all between that age and 11 years must have a license to play.

"The Coming Woman," which Carrie Turner played in New York a little while since and which was a failure, is a dramatization of Edmund Yates' "Broken to Harshness."

Marie Wilkins was the first to play Madame Frochard in "The Two Orphans" in this country. The audience invariably hissed her. She was excellent in the part, perhaps the best that ever played it.

There is an Australian actor, who was no go in his prime of health, but since he has been afflicted with a good deal of pain, he has developed a rich vein of comedy, which keeps him in engagements.

formerly played by Miss Edie DeWalt, is described in a very pretty stylish girl.

The portrait of Miss Percy Haswell of Augusta Daly's company adorns one of the pages of the Christmas number of Munsey's Magazine. Miss Haswell, who is well remembered as a special favorite in this city, is "new in her sixth season on the stage," says the author of the text accompanying her portrait.

As the curtain was about to ring up on a performance of "Captain Paul" in the Castle Square theatre, Boston, E. J. Henley, who was playing the title role, sent for Manager Rose. Mr. Henley demanded that he be featured in the press, on the programme, on the posters and an increase of salary besides.

DR. EVANS' OPEN LETTER

CAREFULLY INVESTIGATED BY THE CANADA FARMER'S SUN.

Miss Koester and Her Parents endorse the Statements contained in the Open Letter—The Doctors' Action in Making the Fact Public Fully Justified.

(From the Farmer's Sun).

In an open letter published in the Canada Farmer's Sun of Sept. 19 over the signature of Dr. Evans, of Elmwood, attention was called to the remarkable case of Miss Christina Koester, of North Brant, who was attended by the doctor in March, 1892, when suffering from inflammation of the lung, which subsequently developed all the signs of consumption.

The publication of the doctor's statement, of which the above is a faithful reproduction, created considerable interest, especially when it was rumored that Dr. Evans was likely to be disciplined by the Medical Council for his action in certifying to the efficacy of an advertised remedy.

As interview with Christina Koester, her father and mother, was held at the home-stand in the Township of North Brant. Miss Koester is a well developed, healthy looking girl of eighteen years of age.

Dr. Koester, father of Christina, said that the statement as published in Dr. Evans' open letter to his daughter's recovery was correct. She was first taken sick about the 15th of March, 1892, of inflammation of the left lung, and after treatment by Dr. Evans seemed to recover after about two weeks, but again relapsed with the apparently hopeless conditions described in the letter.

One million customers wanted for our artificial doll pencils. We will send you two free, for only 25 cents. A night lamp imported, stamped cloth 4 lbs. Address: Gorbell Art Store, 267 Union Street, St. John, N. B. 11-17

RELIABLE young and middle-aged men in every country to act as correspondents and special private detectives. Previous experience not necessary. References given and required. Send stamp for particulars. The Ocean & Mikoyan National Detective Agency, Los Angeles, California. 11-24-94

OR YOUR FRIENDS. We have some fine photographs of our friends. We have some fine photographs of our friends. We have some fine photographs of our friends.

WANTED. RELIABLE young and middle-aged men in every country to act as correspondents and special private detectives. Previous experience not necessary. References given and required. Send stamp for particulars. The Ocean & Mikoyan National Detective Agency, Los Angeles, California. 11-24-94

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NO GOOD HOUSEKEEPER. We will send you two free, for only 25 cents. A night lamp imported, stamped cloth 4 lbs. Address: Gorbell Art Store, 267 Union Street, St. John, N. B. 11-17

"VIRGIN" CASTLE SOAP. Latest received. Improved for the laundry, toilet, and bath; excellent for the teeth. 5c per cake. 10c per dozen. SHORR'S PHARMACY, Jeffers Hill, Tel. phone 400.

RUBBER GOODS. Do you want anything in rubber goods? It is so easy to get, we have a large stock of rubber goods for sale. We will send you two free, for only 25 cents. A night lamp imported, stamped cloth 4 lbs. Address: Gorbell Art Store, 267 Union Street, St. John, N. B. 11-17

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. We will send you two free, for only 25 cents. A night lamp imported, stamped cloth 4 lbs. Address: Gorbell Art Store, 267 Union Street, St. John, N. B. 11-17

HOLIDAY GOODS. XMAS, 1894. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Bronzes, Etc. Sterling Silver, Silver Plated Goods, Etc. Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Etc. FERGUSON & PAGE, 43 KING ST.

Strongest and Best. Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health." Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. 90 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

WEDDING PRESENTS. We have an immense stock of Silver Plated Ware, Table Cutlery, Solid Silver Goods from the best English, American and Canadian makers, which we shall be pleased to show to everyone. W. H. THORNE & CO., MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

A POPULAR HEATER. The EUREKA, PARLOR or Hall STOVE. This Stove is all made of Cast Iron. Well finished and modern in design, has a Handsome Nickel Um Foot Rail and Plate. Sizes, 11 and 13. Specially adapted for Dining Rooms and Small Halls. Prices Bottom. Emerson & Fisher. P. S.—Handsome English Coal Vases, Brasses, Fenders, etc.

WE respectfully beg to notify dealers in Window Shades, Laces, Fringes, Poles, Pole Trimmings, etc., that we have taken full possession of the Michigan Shade Co's. works, and any orders for goods from samples previously shown by the concern will receive our prompt attention and shipment if addressed directly to us. MENZIE, TURNER & CO, Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

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THE LARGEST RETAIL DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

1894. TWENTY-NINTH CHRISTMAS SALE. 1894.

LOOK DOWN THIS LIST

For Gentlemen's Xmas Presents.

Hem Stitch Hdk's in Fancy Boxes, 1/2 doz. for \$1.50, \$1.75, \$1.90.
 Japanese Hem Stitch Hdk's for 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00 each.
 Hem Stitch Hdk's, Silk or Linen, with Handsome Initial.
 Cashmere Mufflers, 50c, 65c, 75c, \$1.00.
 Silk Mufflers, \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.45, \$1.65, \$2.25.
 Don't Best Unlined Kid Gloves for Working or Driving.
 Lined Kid Gloves, 10, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50.
 Buckskin Gloves, \$1.90, \$2.00, \$2.25. Lined Kid Mitts, \$1.00, \$1.50.
 Extra Qualities of English Braces, 65c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00.

Four-in-Hands and Made-up Scarfs.

A very large variety of handsome goods, Latest Style and Colors.

Gloria Umbrellas.

Warranted Fast Black, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.
 Special Value, Horn Handles, \$1.75.
 Silk and Canvas Umbrellas, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50.
 Silk "Extra Choice Handles, \$5.50, \$6.25.

Latest London Styles in

Smoking Jackets, \$5.25 to \$6.75.
 Dressing Gowns, \$7.00 to \$13.25.

Japanese All Silk

Smoking Jackets and Dressing Gowns. A decided novelty.

Handsome Fitted Bags.

Valises, Travelling Bags, Portmanteaus.
 English Tweed Waterproof Coats.
 Cardigan Jackets, Chamois Shirts.

Boys' Furnishings.

Boys' Flannel Shirts,
 White Shirts,
 Winter Underwear,
 Ties, Braces, Collars,
 Hdk's and Gloves.

Boys' Sailor Suits.

2-Piece Suits,
 3-Piece Suits,
 Reefers,
 Ulsters.

Acceptable Presents.

A doz. Napkins, Hemstitch Cloths,
 A " D'Oyleys, Sideboard Cloths,
 A " Towels, Tray Cloths,
 A Damask Cloth, Tape Towels,
 A White Counterpane,
 A Marcella Quilt,
 A Colored Quilt,
 A pair of Hemmed Sheets.

Then we have 5 o'clock Damask
 Cloths in white and colors. Centre
 Pieces, etc., in Hemstitched
 and fringed.

What beautiful designs we are
 showing in English Shaker Plan-
 nels for Children's and Ladies'
 wear.

ARTISTIC and USEFUL.

Christmas Presents in Oak, Enamel and Red Wood to Make the Home Beautiful.
 A Fire Screen, A ParLOUR Screen, A Picture Easel,
 A Wall Cabinet, A 5 O'Clock Tea Table, A Flower Stand,
 A Music Rack, A Jardiniere, A Mantel Shelf,
 A Hat Rack, An Umbrella Stand, A Foot Stool,
 A Window Seat, A Tabourette, A Towel Rack.

We are showing for Christmas Presents many novelties in
 Sofa Pillows, Chair Cushions, Head Rests,
 Chair Rollers, Triangle Rests, Butterfly Head Rests,
 Melon Head Rests, Uncovered Tea Cosies, Cassions,
 Uncovered Pin Cushions.

Japanese Silk Embroidered Mantel Draperies.

Also 5 O'Clock Tea Gowns and Child's Quilts, beautifully embroidered.

EIDER DOWN QUILTS, Sateen Coverings,

\$6.00, \$6.25, \$6.50, \$6.75, \$8.00, \$9.50, \$10.50.

Eiderdown Quilts in Satin Coverings, in several designs and qualities.

BLANKETS. What an Acceptable Present is a Pair of BLANKETS.

M. R. A. Domestic, Western Canadian and English Blankets.
 Child's Blankets.
 Chenille Portiers, Chenille Table Covers, Piano Covers.
 A pair or set of "Lace Curtains" is a very sensible present.

CHRISTMAS SHOWROOM.

The Xmas Show room is a special arrangement solely instituted for the Holiday Season. This year greater efforts than ever were made so that the display might surpass any previous season, and the result has proved a decided success.

Novelties from BAVARIA. Novelties from AUSTRIA.
 Novelties from BOHEMIA. Novelties from SAXONY.
 Novelties from PRUSSIA. Novelties from THURINGIA.
 Novelties from ENGLAND. Novelties from UNITED STATES.

The above display is in one of our large Carpet Rooms on second floor, (easily reached by Elevator).

Come in the Forenoon and Avoid the Rush.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

Lasting Presents.

A Brussels Carpet, A Wilton Carpet,
 A Tapestry Carpet, An Axminster Carpet,
 A Wool Rug, A Wool Carpet,
 A Kensington Square, A Flush Rug,
 A Hearth Rug, A Door Mat.

A Carpet Sweeper.

A DRESS, "WHAT A DELIGHTFUL PRESENT."

We are showing in our Dress Department very attractive Lines of Plain and Fancy Dress Goods at very attractive prices for the Xmas trade.
 A Dress of 6 yds. for \$1.50, \$1.80, \$2.40, \$3.00, \$3.60, \$4.20, \$4.80. All double widths.

FRENCH PATTERN DRESSES DESIRABLE PRICES.

Beautiful soft wool Wrapper and Tea Gown Patterns in light weight and having the necessary warmth.
 A Black Cashmere Dress, A Crepon Evening Dress,
 A Black Serge Dress, A Cashmere Tea Gown,
 A Fancy Skirt Pattern, An Oriental Skirt,
 A Child's Plain Dress, A Child's Fancy Dress.

PRINT DRESSES, IN ASSORTED LENGTHS.

The best of English Cambrics.

Seasonable Presents in Dress Department.

A Child's Wool Cap, Wool Shawls,
 A Child's Wool Hood, Fascinators,
 A Child's Tam O'Shanter, Clouds,
 A Wool Shawl, Mittens,
 A Cardigan Jacket, Booties,
 A Wool Vest, Toques,
 A Fur Tam O'Shanter.

OUR LADIES' ROOM.

Special department for Underclothing, Corsets, Millinery.

XMAS GIFTS. XMAS GIFTS.

The LUXURY

of wearing fine Flannel or Flannelette Nightgowns is greatly appreciated by ladies who have tried them. One of these Nightgowns would be an excellent present.

3 sizes, from 95c to \$3.75 each.
 Girl's Flannelette Nightgowns, all sizes, 65c. to \$1.25.
 Flannelette Skirts, Flannel Skirts in Cardinal, Grey, White and Stripes,
 Cambric Nightgowns and Skirts,
 Cambric Slips, Cambric Drawers,
 Cambric Chemises.

We have opened an assortment of choice novelties in Cambric Underwear, especially imported for the Xmas trade.
 A Merino suit of Underwear,
 A Cashmere suit of Underwear,
 A Silk suit of Underwear,
 A Combination suit of Underwear.

Millinery of all Kinds.

Evening Bows, Evening Flowers,
 Ostrich Aigrettes, Chrysanthemums.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

Knitted Vests, Drawers and Combinations.

INFANT'S WEAR.

Bibs, Shirts, Booties,
 Day Slips, Night Slips,
 Zephyr Jackets,
 Muslin Jackets,
 Christening Robes,
 Silk and Wool Hoods, Wool Hoods,
 Cashmere Cloaks and Coats.

LADIES'

Corsets, Waists,
 House Maid's Caps,
 House Maid's Aprons,
 Flannel Dressing Gowns and Jackets,
 Eider Dressing Gowns.

SOME HOLIDAY SPECIALS.

No class of goods are so suitable for Gifts as those made of Fur. We are offering the following at Special Reduced Prices for Gifts.

A Greenland Seal Cape, A Seal Jacket,
 A Astrachan Cape, A Persian Lamb Jacket,
 A Caracul Cape, A Astrachan Jacket,
 A Persian Lamb Cape, A Raccoon Jacket,
 A Mink Cape, A Fur-lined Cape,
 A Marten Cape, A Child's Fur Set,
 A Grey Lamb Cape, A Gentleman's Fur Collar or Cap,
 A Baltic Seal Cape, A Ladies Fur Collar or Hat.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur Gauntlet Gloves.

Fur Muffs, Fur Skating or Shopping Muffs, Fur Bags, Children's Fur Carriage Robes.

A Silk Dress a Velvet Dress, a Velvet Dress.

Durable Silks and Satins for Dresses at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 per yard.
 Silks for Blouses from 50c. per yard, including a special purchase of Japanese Silks.

Umbrellas. Ladies. Umbrellas.

The above durable Silk Umbrellas, with natural stick and Novelty Handles, have been especially selected for the Xmas trade.

Useful Holiday Gifts.

1/2 doz. Hdk's in Fancy Box,
 1/2 doz. Initial Hdk's in Box,
 Silk Hdk's, Real Lace Hdk's,
 Embroidered Hdk's, Silk Fronts,
 Shopping Bags, Portmonies,
 Fitted Cases, Fitted Bags,
 Card Cases, Japanese Silk Ties,
 Fancy Ties, Fancy Mats.

FANS. FANS. FANS.

Silk Fans, Gause Fans,
 Marabout Fans, Ostrich Fans,
 Feather Fans, Rk and Colors.

GLOVES. GLOVES.

Misses' Kid Gloves,
 Boy's Kid Gloves,
 Evening Kid Gloves, Street Gloves,
 4-Button Gloves, Laced Gloves,
 Ladies' Shopping Gloves, Driving Gloves.
 In fact all the most desirable Gloves suitable for Holiday Gifts.

Hose for Presents.

Boys' Wool Hose, Misses' Hose,
 Child's Sox, Child's Hose,
 Ladies' Wool Hose, Lisle Hose,
 Cashmere Hose, Silk Hose.

Ladies' Cloth Gaiters.

Ladies' Gaiters, Child's Gaiters,
 Misses' Gaiters, Boy's Gaiters,
 Knitted Wool Overalls,
 Overalls in White, Navy, Grey, Blk.
 How comfortable for Children.

Bright Colors in Ribbons

for Xmas Fancy Work.

Fancy Baskets.

A Reel Basket,
 A Work Basket,
 A Soiled Linen Basket,
 A Cap Basket,
 A Lunch Basket.

HOLIDAY OFFERING OF UNUSUAL INTEREST.

500 Ready-Made Jackets and Ulsters.

200 Black and Cloth Jackets in the Latest Fashion.

Prices ranging from \$5.50 to 9.75
 32 to 38 in. Bust Measure.

300 Ladies and Children's Ulsters and Long Coats.

All marked at Reduced Prices for our

Annual December Sale.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 20 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Advertisements.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

ALL Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps and a copy. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies, it double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Half-year Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

8 JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 8.

THE LATE FRANCIS BAIN.

The recent death of FRANCIS BAIN, of North River, P. E. I., has brought forth surprisingly little comment from the press. And yet he was a man who should be especially honored by his countrymen, for it was for the benefit of his countrymen that he confined his labors to a small part of the globe, whereas he might have gained a world-wide fame among all classes of people had he been more cosmopolitan.

As it was, he was well and favorably known as a scientist of genius by the world's scientists. The fact that he confined himself within narrow limits may not, after all, limit his fame in coming years. The Reverend GILBERT WHITE confined the observation from which grew one of the most celebrated of all works on natural history within the narrow limits of the village of Selborne.

AUDUBON himself could not have written a better account of the birds of any particular district than FRANCIS BAIN did of the birds of Prince Edward Island. The Natural History of Prince Edward Island, from his pen, is one of the most entertaining of text-books. As a botanist, he was a recognized authority on the wonderfully varied and beautiful flora of this part of Canada. His botanical lectures were inspiring. As a geologist he was highly commended by Sir WILLIAM DAWSON, and by his son, Dr. GEORGE DAWSON, of whom Sir WILLIAM said he knew far more geology than his father. Mr. BAIN was the discoverer of a magnificent fossil, to which was given his name. The Dominion government appointed him geologist for the Prince Edward Island tunnel survey. As a botanist, and geologist, and natural historian, he has contributed numerous articles to various scientific magazines, and many equally good to the press of Prince Edward Island.

He was not a college-bred man. His only teachers had been woods and hills. But they are, after all, the teachers that tell the secrets that lie nearest to Nature's heart. "Unfortunately," said a friend to PROGRESS, speaking of Mr. BAIN, "his early life was spent on a farm." Unfortunately? It is a great misfortune for a man not to have spent part of his early life on a farm. Early life on a farm is the making of poets and scientists. Early life on a farm is oftentimes the making of men who are farmers all their lives, but are none the less poets and scientists from being continually engaged in what WASHINGTON called "the noblest occupation of man." It is true that LONGFELLOW had some grounds for his assertion:

Man, he was no fault in his own sentiment Who put their trust in but locks and in beaves, but this is not by any means always so. It is fine upon sentiment that throws a glory on the gifts of God, and makes life worth the living.

Whether or not FRANCIS BAIN would have been greater had he spent more of his life indoors, it is certain that he was great. It is unnecessary to speak of him outside of his scientific life. The true lover of nature is always a true lover of men, and a true man.

INCONSISTENT REFORMERS.

Chicago reformers of either sex do not seem to be remarkably consistent. One of the things that the strikers struck about last summer was the "social distinction" made by Mr. PULLMAN in refusing to allow brakemen on duty to luxuriate in parlor cars, and in giving "PULLMAN cars" passes to the higher officials of the railway and not to the lower ones. It was not at all seemly for the strikers to charge Mr. PULLMAN with undue "social distinction" in a matter which would seem to have called for no complaint, when the American Railway Union itself, only a week before the strike, voted down a resolution to strike out of their constitution a clause restricting membership in that body to railway men born of white parents. This certainly seemed a far more unchristian case of social distinction, especially when the pretensions of the American union were considered.

Now it is the Women's Club of Chicago, which has been loud in clamoring for the rights of its members, and has recently proved that it is not, after all, a consistent

UPHOLDER OF "EQUAL RIGHTS."

The question when they showed their inconsistency is like that of the strikers, the old one of race prejudice. "At a recent meeting," according to a contemporary, "the club got into what in a vacillating assembly would be termed a row, in trying to decide whether the celebrated colored lecturer FANNY BARBER WILLIAMS should be admitted to membership." The only objection to Miss WILLIAMS was her color. There was a considerable majority against her. That there was, at this meeting, something which "in a masculine assembly would be termed a row" is, to a certain degree, cheering, as showing that the women who formed the majority of voters were not the only determined members of the society.

The person who starts a successful society for the reform of reformers will be the greatest of them all.

IT IS WITH PLEASURE THAT PROGRESS FOLLOWS THE SUGGESTION MADE BY A MARK AROUND A PARAGRAPH IN A COPY OF THE BROCKTON, MASS., ENTERPRISE, WHICH RECENTLY REACHED HERE, AND COPIES THE PARAGRAPH, WHICH RELATES TO A THANKSGIVING MEETING OF THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES IN FRIENDSHIP HALL, BOSTON.

There were, some years ago, people in New England States who seemed ashamed of the place of their nativity, because that place happened to be in the maritime provinces. Their United States companions, knowing little and caring less about these provinces, were wont to be very sceptical as to the possibility of any good thing coming out of Nazareth. But some provincialists in the New England States who were proud of their native land, held an entertainment at which some of the glories of their home-country were shown to their New England friends. A play was gotten up, which made the provincialist who pretended to be a native of the States an object of ridicule and contempt by both Canadians and Americans. It is wonderful what good a little judicious ridicule and a little judicious advertising will do. The Sons and Daughters of the maritime provinces are respected by their United States companions, and better still, are respected by themselves and their countrymen in Canada. The people of the States are realizing that much of the brain power that exerts such a beneficial force in their country was originally nourished in the maritime provinces and other parts of Canada. Moreover our country is now the resort of more American tourists than it ever was before—another thing for which we have, to a great measure, to thank the Sons and Daughters of the Maritime Provinces.

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL IS AN OUTSPOKEN VINDICATOR OF AN OUTSPOKEN EXPRESSION.

In its last issue, the editor gives expression to his views on "personal journalism"—so called by some religious periodicals—as follows: A great deal has been said about personal journalism, and many astute newspapermen pretend to deprecate the habit of indulging in such gross groundless ethics. To the ordinary mind, it will appear that the press that abuses this "neither" diet does so through habit or policy, and, instead of being controlled by exalted motives and high principles, are not tell the truth. This abstention from "personal journalism" often relieves the newspapers from telling the most disagreeable truths. Yet a keen and proper sense of responsibility to the public should compel publicity of facts where they border on the lives and property of honest men. Hundreds of illustrations might be cited of men engaged in various pursuits founded on an illegitimate base, it shown up in their true aspect, would spare the feelings and pocket-books of countless and unsuspecting individuals.

THE CHATHAM WORLD SEEMS TO JUSTIFY ITSELF FOR A MISTAKE WHICH MADE SOME TIME AGO, AND PROGRESS BROUGHT TO ITS NOTICE, BY POINTING OUT THAT THE LONDON TIMES LATELY MADE THE SAME MISTAKE.

"Now," says the World, "the literary editor of PROGRESS will be after the London Times with a sharp stick." On the contrary, PROGRESS will be cautious in criticising the Times, as its London contemporary can defend itself by citing the precedent of the Chatham World.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP-CANAL, WHICH AROUSED MUCH INTEREST HERE ON ACCOUNT OF A NOVA SCOTIA VESSEL BEING THE FIRST TO ENTER IT, IS UNDOUBTEDLY CONVENIENT, BUT IT COSTS CONSIDERABLE MONEY THE CORPORATION OF MANCHESTER GUARANTEED THE INTEREST ON THE DEBENTURES, AND THERE WILL NOW BE A TAX OF 1s. 7½d. ON THE POUND IN ALL RENTALS, IN ADDITION TO THE EXISTING TAXATION, TO MEET THE LIABILITY.

A LEADING SCIENTIST HAS JUST DISCOVERED THAT NITRATE OF COBALT IS AN ABSOLUTE SPECIFIC FOR PRUSSIC ACID POISONING.

The great difficulty in regard to the practical utility of this discovery is that a strong dose of prussic acid kills in about a minute, and a minute is in most cases apt to be too short a time in which to find the nitrate of cobalt bottle.

IGNATIUS DONNOLLY HAS DECIDED TO PERMANENTLY LEAVE THE MAZES OF POLITICS IN ORDER TO HAVE TIME TO GIVE MORE ATTENTION TO THE CRYPTOGAMS OF LITERATURE.

EMPEROR WILLIAM HAS TAKEN A LEAF FROM LORD ROSEBURY'S BOOK. ONE OF HIS HORSES COST \$68,000 THIS YEAR.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, ART CALENDARS AND BOOKS. Lowest prices. McArthur, 90 King street.

THE VOICE WITHIN.

I could not tell where the music was, Or why it should follow me round; Full of a beautiful melody, Echoing in every sound. Sweet notes of a minstrel's golden harp, Still whispering softly near; The words said wondrously true, In the sorrowful heart of a thrall. My soul sang free in a language sweet As every note of the tune; Lulling my inward ear with the charm, Of a wind-sew, of lake in June; The star of light might bluster be, And the spirit seem rent in twain; But the marvellous music compassed me, Till the struggle loft all its pain. One night as all lay wrapped in sleep, That music a voice became; And sang to me such a heavenly hymn, As an angel alone could name. 'I am the breath of a life divine, In the spirit's eternal clime; I echo the songs of the Eden land, Over the hills of time. 'Lover's anthem I chant to your inmost soul, The self that is in of your own; The harmony of love on high, Revealing its hidden tone. True nature's child must a poet be, By mountains and fields and floods; From the earth and the sky his music comes; And he is Jehovah, God's.' O touch the chords of the soul of love, 'Till all the world shall cry; Immortal music he brings to us; His heart is beyond the sky. Life's storms of sorrow and trials keen, May best be had in the sea; But our souls rejoice when he sings to us, By the fount of immortal grace. O poet, sing as a happy child Goes singing about his home; Sweet hymns of a solitude unexplored, No mortal may ever roam. As in the vast blue dome of space, God's angels unite his praise; One hand of the poet the Father holds, The other hand his mate's. Willow Glen, Nov. 1894. CYRUS GOLDB.

AFTER ALL.

We separated, you and I, To say no more what we had said; Only to look our last good-bye, And living, being as it died. We might have been together still, If love could deny our will; But yielding to a higher will, Must test our fortitude of soul. And yet though each must take the way In life that leads us far apart; We know we never can parting, The language of the inmost heart. Perchance for love that cannot die, Our sorrow may, like beaten gold, For some sad life where night clouds lie, Wings of blessed peace unfold. Never where green leaves laughing sing, The glory of hope's summer day; Shall we in speech, who were loving before, The treasured words we longed to say. Never again, use heart of mine, Can we our twilight coming see; But who knows in the realm divine What greetings wait for you and me. Aspen Vale, Nov. 1894. CYRUS GOLDB.

THE PRICE OF A KISS.

Where the rangle dip down to the plain at their base; In the lap of the gently lies "President's Place," And the dancers are looting it merry and bright For the honor of Kitty, his daughter, to-night. With a clatter of hoofs and a jingle of bells The troopers ride up and the merriment melts, And the glitter of steel, as they crowd to the door. Tom Gowan, lone-hunted, is captured at last, And the days of his riding and racking are past; They bring him, a prisoner, half-clothed their talk, And to rest there the night is the worst they ask. In the stable they lash him to post and to ring For the strength of his arm is a marvellous thing, And there's, laughing and loving at "President's Place." But Kitty creeps out and stands weeping apart, For the love of Tom Gowan that lies at her heart, For in good and in evil, through sin and through shame, The love of a woman alone is the same. But a form I beside her, a voice at her ear, The voice that of all the part-wishes to hear— 'Tis the trooper who first ran her lover to earth, And whose love she had treated with scorn and derision. "Kate," he whispers, "to-night bid your love If he leaves in to-morrow Tom Gowan will die, But smile as you kindly and give me one kiss, And no prove how I love you I'll give you—see—see!" He holds up his hand and he shows her a key— One turn in the lock and Tom Gowan is free— 'Tis the trooper who first ran her lover to earth, He should compel the woman he never can win. She falters a moment, then raises her face, Puts her hand in his own—"You may kiss me," she says. "Who's to be both far away," and he toys with her hair. "You might give me a thought—if you've any to spare." There is saddling and mounting at "President's Place," For of Tom and his sweetheart no man finds a trace. But one lies on the grass, a revolver he grips, And his smile he bought, maybe, that's still on his lips. —Erie Epitaph, in Sydney, (Aus.) Bulletin.

THE WILD RIDE.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses, All day the commotion of sleigh, mane-tossing; All night from their stalls, the impudent tramping "and neighing. Let cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle, Straight, grim and ahead, vault our weather-worn galloping legion, With stirrup-cup up to the one gracious woman that loves him. The road is through drier and drier, over crags and morasses; There are shapes by the way, there are things that What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but beat on the riding. Though's self is a vanishing wisp, and joy is a cob. And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sum. Not here our prize, nor, alas! after these our pursuing. A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle, A passing salute to this world, and her pitiful. We hurry with never a word in the track of our appeal or entice us. I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses, All day the commotion of sleigh, mane-tossing horses. A night from their stalls, the impudent tramping and neighing. We spy to a land of no name, outracing the storm wind; We leave the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil. Thus leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers the follow. Lotus Throats Gunter.

THE ETERNAL HILL.

The path that leads to "the eternal hill" Is rugged, steep, beset with many ills. And he who would a footing surely hold Must onward army press, be fearless, bold. At every turn is seen a brighter way, Alluring joys which tempt too weak to stray. But sterner deeds the vision from the sight, The pilgrim sees the distant holy light. Each easy day beholds a triumph won Through the inspiring power of God the Son, And as the times and seasons onward roll, Trusting in God such weary labors sold. With brave step, with love abounding strong, Hearst the faint echo of the heavenly song. —Life.

A DIVIDED DUTY.

My brother bids me bind my hair With ribbons of Yucca blue, But all my heart's with Harvard fair— Ah, my! what shall I do? Can I, dissembling, hide my pain If I say about win the loss? Or grieve, 't is though a lover's gain Should prove a brother's loss? Then, fade and drop, ye azure bows, If ponds are lost to Yale, The white my cheek with crimson glow, And tell another tale! —Life.

"FLOUSBY AND FOLLY."

'Tis the uncertainties of life that make it worth living. 'Tis also the certainties of death that make it worth dying. Never grumble at your wife's fondness for dry goods, with your own desire for wet goods it will unappeased. Many a home's social aspect is marred by the so-called social glaze. The mule in art is immortal only to the evil minded. A straw shows not only the way the wind blows but also the way the she goes. The innocence of childhood is altogether too soon supplanted by the mis-called progressiveness of time. Sectarianism disappears when charity knocks at the door of largeness. One could preach more in half an hour than one hundred could practice in half a year. Making the most of present opportunities ensures more happiness than all the speculation as to what we would do if we became millionaires. Remorse is to the quickened conscience what gangrene or mortification is to the physical structure. What did your friend die of? Oh! he met me, I think it was "Bronchialcatarrh Tenosarcitis" or "Pelionasticus consumptuscatarrh." Thanks, I don't mention it, don't you read the weekly health reports? Poetical prose is no worse than prosy poetry. Do you believe in woman suffrage? Devidedly not, many a woman's suffer-age begins with her marriage. A fruitless task—gathering "mock oranges."

INDIAN SINGERS.

Their vocalization is crude, but highly appreciated by their Fellows. In an address delivered in Washington, D. C. upon "Indian Music," Miss Alice Fletcher stated that the music of the Indians is solely and simply vocal. Their songs are compositions which have in them nothing borrowed from instruments, no artificial instigation. An Indian melody never serves two sets of words; there is no instance where people have a custom like our own of singing the different stanzas of a ballad to the same tune. A large proportion of Indian songs are entirely without words, syllables being used to carry the tones. Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of Indian music is the lack of definite pitch among the Indians. The Indian starts his song where the natural quality of his voice and his present mood renders it easiest for him to sing it. A tenor will naturally sing upon a higher pitch than a bass; a soprano will differ from a contralto. The pitch of a song depends upon the individual. With the Indi there has never been anything we should call vocal training—any drill as to pitch. Some Indians, like some white people, always sing flat; while some Indians, like some of us, have what we call natural musical ears, and they sing in tones surprisingly near to our standards. Such Indians are recognized by their fellows as musical leaders. They are considered the best singers, men whose services are sought and paid for on occasions of festivity. A Fine Toy Store. The advertisement of the Bazaar which appears in this issue is worth a careful reading, as everybody will want to know, for the next two weeks, where to buy the newest toys, dolls, games, Christmas cards and celluloid calendars. All should visit the Bazaar, which is situated at 91 Charlotte St., nearly opposite the Dufferin Hotel, and there they will find an entirely new stock of Christmas goods to select from. This store is in charge of Mr. E. I. Nixon and his staff of young lady clerks will be only too pleased to attend to the requirements of those who favor the bazaar with a call. Holman & Duffell's Line. There appears in the advertising columns of PROGRESS this week an invitation to its readers from Holman & Duffell to call and inspect their assortment of Christmas novelties. These gentlemen have launched out this year in a different line from their old business and have made a careful and select purchase of Christmas goods. They have on their counter's such goods as are bound to attract the eyes of both old and young. To Xmas Buyers. If you live out of town and cannot find just what you want at your own stores, do as Daniel & Robertson suggest! Write to them and have the privilege of returning anything not entirely satisfactory.

NEW XMAS GOODS. Are being daily opened at C. FLOOD & SONS. Xmas Present. Solid Silver Brush, Comb and Mirrors, Onyx Tables, Smoker's Sets, Ladies' Dressing Cases in Silver and Leather, Princess and Handkerchiefs, a very choice assortment. Also our assortment of choice China, cannot be equalled, and we have today opened a large assortment of Royal Hanover Bismarck and Vienna Ware, which are all new and choice. We have a large assortment of Choice Gift Books, also all the new Juvenile Books including The Boys' and Girls' Annals. "Leisure Hours," "Sunday at Home." In addition to our assortment of atractive goods we have lots of lux. Pensive goods including Dolls and Games. All last season's goods at much reduced prices. C. FLOOD & SONS.

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WITHOUT A MOMENT.

An exchange prints a story which may be commended to the attention of all public speakers who have the dangerous gift of fluency. A young lawyer talked for several hours to a jury in Indiana, to the weariness of all who were obliged to listen. At last he sat down, and the opposing counsel, a white-haired veteran rose to reply. "Your honor," said he, "I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." With that he took his seat and the silence was oppressive. To Prevent Frosted Windows. All of us know what a nuisance a steam or frost covered window is in cold weather. A very thin coat of glycerine applied to both sides of the glass will prevent any moisture forming between the panes, and will stay until it collects so much dust that it cannot be seen through; for this reason it should be put on very thin. Surveyors can use it on their instruments in foggy weather, and there is no film to obstruct the sight. In fact, it can be used anywhere to prevent moisture from forming on a surface. A Highland Minister's Illustration. The necessity of being cautious in the use of illustrations is shown by the following extract from a Highland minister's sermon:—"My friends, you think we have great trouble, and that if you were to go into another parish you would have all your troubles behind. But no!—no, indeed! There is trouble everywhere, my friends! Did I not once hear the great and good McCall say, and say truly, 'If I took a man and put him into a barrel and closed both the ends, still he would have trouble!' Yes, indeed, my friends! yes, indeed!" He Had Power Over the Winds. "The first windmill in Germany was built at Windheim. The Augustine monks at that place desired to build one; such as they had seen in Italy, but the lord of the manor forbade them, declaring that the winds belonged to him. The monks applied to the Bishop of Utrecht, who promptly laid down the fundamental principle that no one had any power over the winds of his diocese but himself. He gave permission to build the mill, and it was erected in the doing years of the fourteenth century. Not Wholly So. "False one," he said, "Would that I never had my eyes. Your teeth are false, your complexion if it were made, your hair is another's. You are wholly false." "No, not wholly," she replied, "I have a mind of my own, as you well know." And he was forced to admit the bitter truth of her statement. The Bank's Luck. A little financial trouble, which caused the closing of a bank in Arizona, is accounted for by the following notice, posted on the bank doors: "This bank is not busted; it owes the people \$36,000; the people owe it \$65,000; if it is the people who are busted; all on they pay we'll pay."

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME

SOAP

FOR FAMILY USE. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

HOT or COLD, WHICH?

If you want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE...

COLES & SHARP, 90 Charlotte Street

WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT...

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, North End.

A Novelty in Cake Cutters. CARD PARTY CAKE CUTTERS.

as illustrated, to represent the different denominations of each. With their aid the hostess can furnish her guests with refreshments...

Sheraton & Whitaker, 38 King St.

A USEFUL XMAS PRESENT

"The Little Helpmate," by E. M. Toon, secretary of the Union Club...

Christmas, 1894.

CHINA SILKS, PLUSH BALLS, FANCY GOODS FOR CHRISTMAS. S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Social and Personal.

The members of St. Andrew's society scored a grand success by their Scotch Night entertainments on Thursday evening last, Nov. 30th.

Society circles are quite in a flutter of excitement this week over the announcement of two engagements. One is that of a popular and pretty young lady, residing on Wright street...

Mr. Andrew J. Clark, of East Cambridge, Mass., is on a visit to his old friends and relatives in this city. He has been absent some thirteen years.

On Tuesday evening a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Jones called on them at their home in Orange street. A pleasant evening was spent with games, dancing, etc.

Mr. Robert Connors leaves today for Florida, where he will spend the winter for the benefit of his health. He will be accompanied by Mr. W. H. Murray.

My photos are so truthful, so pretty and so telling, my pocket-book quite empty. Large photos for Christmas should be set for now. Climo & Son, 54 Princess St.

CARLE'S HANDY FIRE LIGHTER. John R. Carle, 169 Main Street, St. John. Agents wanted everywhere.

HEADQUARTERS for SANTA CLAUS.

At The BAZAAR, (Nearly Opposite Dufferin Hotel) 91 Charlotte Street. Call and inspect our stock of TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES, CHRISTMAS CARDS and CELLULOID CALENDARS to select from.

Christmas Up to Date. THE BEST Christmas Up to Date. A. & J. HAY'S, 76 King St.

Holman & Duffell's FANCY GOODS FOR XMAS. Picture Framing to Order. 48 King St.

PERFUMES. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

VISIT J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

TO OUT-OF-TOWN XMAS BUYERS: In all probability we have many desirable articles which you will be unable to procure in your own town.

PLEASE NOTE THE FOLLOWING: LADIES: - Hem Stitched, Irish Lawn Initialled Handkerchiefs in doz. boxes for 75c. MEN'S: - White Silk Handkerchiefs with hand-embroidered initial, full size, only 50c.

Daniel & Robertson, Cor. Charlotte and Union S's

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fullerton...

On Tuesday evening the Deacons gave a small party in honor of their anniversary...

On Friday last Mr. Varner gave a party to the young people...

On Tuesday afternoon of last week Mrs. Daly gave a small and pleasant tea at the Government house...

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Leach gave a large party of o'clock tea at the Oaklands...

On Saturday evening, for a visit to Boston. Miss Daisy Duncan, of Dartmouth, is visiting friends in Pictou.

Mr. C. E. Parker, of Medford, Mass., is in the city, visiting his sons, Mrs. Thomas Heenan and Mrs. S. H. Corrigan.

There was a quiet wedding on Wednesday morning at St. Patrick's church...

Mr. Charles Kane and Miss Annie Shaw, daughter of Mr. Richard Shaw, were quietly married at St. Mary's cathedral...

St. Andrew's day was celebrated in its usual manner in this city. The annual dinner was given at the Halifax hotel...

A social will be given Thursday evening by the Y. P. S. C. E. of united church, to which the young people of the church are cordially invited.

Mrs. T. Canty entertained a number of lady friends on Thursday. Dame Rumor has it that Truro is to lose one of its fair ladies in the near future.

Mrs. Blair Fulton of Truro, is the guest of Mrs. W. Rennie. Mr. Laurie entertained a large number of his employees on Thursday night with an oyster supper given at his residence.

Mr. James Eastwood left on Tuesday for Montreal in the interest of his business. Rev. Mr. Rogers preached a very interesting sermon Sunday evening the subject being 'Christ in Society.'

The choir of the Baptist church assisted by excellent talent will give a concert Monday night, they have spared neither trouble or expense to make their concert a success and they desire to be patronized.

The concert given by St. John the Baptist choir was successful. The choir of the Baptist church assisted by excellent talent will give a concert Monday night...

Mr. and Mrs. John Denerton have moved from their pretty home at Chapel Hill and are spending the winter at Princeton.

The Literary club have arranged for a geographical social in the town hall. This is all the information I have gleaned and whether one division of the globe is to be entertained to the exclusion of others, or what the programme will be I am in the dark.

It is supposed that all this secrecy is but to awaken curiosity and thereby get out a larger audience. Miss Agnes Patten, who has been visiting in Truro for the past three months, returned on Wednesday. Mr. St. Clair is spending a few days in town.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is FIFTY TIMES more nourishing than Meat Extracts or Home-made Beef Tea.



COMFORT. STYLE. BOTH ARE SECURED IN THE Gladstone Sleight, SHOWN ABOVE. Silver Mountings, Cloth Trimmings. Seats easily changed from one position to the other. PRICE & SHAW,

222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

NEW GLASGOW.

Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Pritchard and H. H. Henderson.

On Monday night the young people of the church were entertained at a social given at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Grant...

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FOR

Christmas Presents

Gentlemen's Dressing Gowns AND SMOKING JACKETS, London Made. Newest Designs and Colorings. A large assortment to select from in all sizes, from 34 to 46 inch Bust Measure.

Japanese Smoking Jackets, All Silk, lined with Down, a decided novelty in this market. Any of the above would make a very handsome CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Manchester Robertson & Allison

FELT HATS Best Shapes, Best Values.

Discount 25 per cent. of

SMITH BROS. Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX, N. S.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT? In order to have something light, nutritious, easily digested, delicious and attractive to the taste by all means try

EGAR'S WINE OF RENNET. This old established and reliable preparation will enable your cook to serve you with eight or ten delicious dessert dishes, which can be made in a few minutes at a cost of a few cents, and make your table the envy of all your neighbors.

EGAR'S WINE OF RENNET, with recipes, can be had at all leading grocers or druggists. Price 25 cents. Don't accept substitutes or imitations.

Murphy Gold Cure INSTITUTE FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM, THE MORPHINE AND TOBACCO HABITS.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & GOCOS

BACHELOR CIGAR. IT IS THE FINEST 10c Havana CIGAR IN THE DOMINION. A. ISAACS, - 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine 5c. SMALL QUEEN

HARRY WEBB'S CHRISTMAS CAKES. The Largest Catering Establishment in Canada. Of finest quality, covered with almond icing and handsomely decorated, shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion. Five pounds and up. Price 50c per pound.

HAMPTON VILLAGE. Progress is for sale in Hampton Village, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

ANAPOLIS ROYAL. Progress is for sale in Annapolis Royal, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

BRIDGEFORD. Progress is for sale in Bridgeford, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

SYDNEY, N. B. Progress is for sale in Sydney, N. B., by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

TRURO. Progress is for sale in Truro, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

NEW GLASGOW. Progress is for sale in New Glasgow, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

HALIFAX. Progress is for sale in Halifax, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

ST. JOHN. Progress is for sale in St. John, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.

Have you tried them? No! Then do so at once for they always cure. What? Why

DR. LAVIOLETTE'S SYRUP OF TURPENTINE

The most palatable, the most effective, the most reliable remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, LOSS OF VOICE, BRUISES, WHOOPING COUGHS, CATARRHS, And all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Dr. Laviolette's All-Consumptive Syrup. The cheapest and best remedy for Catarrh, cold in the throat, etc. (25 cents a bottle.)

Dr. Laviolette's Nervous Tonic, Concentrated. The great Blood Purifier (only 50c. for large bottle) cures all kinds of skin and mucous membranes.

ASK FOR THEM From your Dispensing or Druggist, who can supply you with the most reliable whole-sale prices.

Or direct from the proprietor J. Gustave Laviolette, M. D.

232 & 234 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL.

WOODSTOCK.

Provision is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Jones & Co.

Dec. 4.—The benefit ball given by the B. of E. T. for their sick member Conductor Street, was a grand success in every way.

Mrs. Augustus Cameron entertained a party of lady friends at tea at her home on Saturday evening and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed.

Mrs. W. E. Cole entertained the D. K. E. club at her residence on Monday evening, and a most delightful evening was passed.

Hon. James Mitchell left yesterday for Albert county, to attend to some government business.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gillmore, once Miss Julia Kelly, are making an extended tour, and at present are visiting cities in the Western States.

Mrs. S. H. Blair leaves tomorrow for Boston, where she will spend the winter, visiting her cousin, Miss Henrietta Ridgeway at 139 Charles street.

The funeral service of the late Mrs. W. E. Page was held here on Saturday. Mrs. Page spent her girlhood here, and had numerous friends and relatives who deeply sympathize with her husband in his sad bereavement.

Miss Mabel Clarke, who is a pupil at Wheaton Seminary at Norton, Mass., spent the past week during Thanksgiving holidays, with her friend, Miss Flossie Richardson at her home in Nashua, New Hampshire.

Mr. George Bradshaw has gone to Winchester, Mass., to visit her cousin Mr. Alfred Kirby.

Miss Isabelle Orchard, of Chicago, is visiting her aunt the Misses Stearns at Hawthorne Hall.

Mrs. W. H. Todd, and Miss Helen Todd, have gone to Boston to spend the winter months.

Mrs. Henry Todd and Miss Margaret Todd have returned from a pleasant visit in Boston.

Mr. George Hill left on Monday for New York city, where he will sail for Europe, to enjoy a trip into the Mediterranean, with all European cities of the Atlantic.

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Mrs. C. H. Clarke is visiting St. John this week, where she will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. Hatfield.

Miss Fannie Lowell has gone to Boston to spend several weeks.

Mrs. E. L. Corey has gone to Waterbury, Conn., for a visit with relatives.

Miss Flossie Richardson has returned from a pleasant visit in Nashua, N. H.

Mrs. A. J. Thompson has returned from St. George, N. B., where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Hubbard.

Mrs. and Mrs. Edger Webber, have returned from a pleasant visit in St. John.

Mrs. James G. Stevens is home again after a month spent in Halifax with her sister, Mrs. W. B. Torrance.

Mr. Henry Bernard, of Mott Haven, New York, has been visiting on the St. Croix.

Mr. A. W. Hayden, of Montreal, has been in town during the past few days.

Mrs. C. H. Clarke is visiting St. John this week, where she will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. Hatfield.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALLAIS.

Provision is for sale in St. Stephen by Messrs. J. W. Vroom & Co. 18 Canal St. C. E. Thayer.

Dec. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd will entertain at their residence tomorrow evening the I. T. Y. I. Christmas party.

The Thanksgiving ball in the Grand Army hall in Calais on Thursday evening last was a most brilliant and enjoyable affair.

The ladies were very pretty and elegant, but with the exception of the ladies' committee it was difficult to get a correct description.

The young ladies of the recipient committee were Mrs. King, who looked most lovely in a pretty costume of white silk with a orange bouquet of pale pink corsage.

Miss May Foster in white with bouquet of Jacques and Marchand; Miss Nellie Barker wore a light blue gown; Miss Nellie Marchand, who wore an exceedingly pretty dress of pale green silk trimmed with white lace.

This ball was one of the pleasantest ever given in Calais on Thanksgiving night. The success of it, so it is said, was owing to the number of gentlemen from out of town.

There were a large number of Thanksgiving dinner parties in Calais on Thursday.

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Mrs. Willard B. King entertained the "six of one" and "half dozen of the other" club at her home on Monday afternoon, cake and Russian tea were served at five o'clock.

Mrs. King is a most delightful hostess and her guests enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

Mrs. Augustus Cameron entertained a party of lady friends at tea at her home on Saturday evening and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Todd gave a "musical" at their residence on Monday evening. It was one of the most pleasant entertainments St. Stephen society has enjoyed for some time.

There were almost twenty or thirty guests present. Supper was served at eleven o'clock.

Captain J. B. Chapman is in St. John on a business trip.

Mr. Marks Mills is recovering from his illness, and will soon be able to attend to business again.

Mrs. W. E. Cole entertained the D. K. E. club at her residence on Monday evening, and a most delightful evening was passed.

Hon. James Mitchell left yesterday for Albert county, to attend to some government business.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gillmore, once Miss Julia Kelly, are making an extended tour, and at present are visiting cities in the Western States.

Mrs. S. H. Blair leaves tomorrow for Boston, where she will spend the winter, visiting her cousin, Miss Henrietta Ridgeway at 139 Charles street.

The funeral service of the late Mrs. W. E. Page was held here on Saturday. Mrs. Page spent her girlhood here, and had numerous friends and relatives who deeply sympathize with her husband in his sad bereavement.

Miss Mabel Clarke, who is a pupil at Wheaton Seminary at Norton, Mass., spent the past week during Thanksgiving holidays, with her friend, Miss Flossie Richardson at her home in Nashua, New Hampshire.

Mr. George Bradshaw has gone to Winchester, Mass., to visit her cousin Mr. Alfred Kirby.

Miss Isabelle Orchard, of Chicago, is visiting her aunt the Misses Stearns at Hawthorne Hall.

Mrs. W. H. Todd, and Miss Helen Todd, have gone to Boston to spend the winter months.

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HAROLD GLIMO, 25 Germain Street.

CAMPBELL. Dec. 4.—Mr. J. Treton, of St. John, was on the Island on 3rd Dec.

Miss Letitia Kelly, who has been confined to the house for a few weeks, is able to be out again.

Mrs. G. F. Raton and little daughter, "Dunpie" are visiting the Misses Patten in St. John.

Mr. Owen F. Taylor's friends will very much regret to hear of his death from typhoid fever which occurred at the residence of his grandfather, Mr. Owen Parker, on Tuesday, Nov. 27.

Mr. Owen Parker, on Tuesday, Nov. 27. Mr. Taylor was one of our most popular young men, liberal of St. John's Sunday school, prominent at every church and social gathering.

Mr. Owen Parker and Mr. S. Deshon are also very ill with pleurisy.

Mr. Foster Calder, of the North road school, has resigned, and will leave us at Christmas.

Mr. David Banks, of Eastport, spent Sunday with his fiancée Miss Simpson. Their wedding is announced for the week after Christmas.

Miss Emma Deshon spent Sunday with her friend Miss Foster Calder.

THINGS OF VALUE. A pretty young amateur housekeeper she, and she said to the butcher as bold as could be: "Two canvas-back ducks and a quart of green peas."

One trial of Mother's Own Worm Expeller will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not clear your bowels.

An advertising chandler at Liverpool modestly says that, "without intending any disparagement to the other, I can confidently assert that my Mosquitoes are the best lights ever invented."

Hard and soft corset cannot withstand Holloway's homeopathic effect every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

Mosquitoes inject a poison into the wounds they inflict to make the blood this enough to flow through their veins.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victim before they are aware that danger is near.

Professor (returning home at night, bears notice): "Is someone there?" "Buzler (under the bed): "No!" "Professor: "That's strange! I was positive someone was under my bed!"

"Farewell to Eyes and Bilious Derangements are promptly cured by the use of Farnell's Pills. They gently cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels causing them to pour copious effusions from the bowels into the bowels after which the corrupt matter is thrown out by the natural passage of the bowels. They are sold in a general family medicine with the best results."

"Farewell to Rheumatism!" he cries in pain. His arms ached all right. "I have felt like autumn rain Upon her forehead white; How he'll swell her face no more again! Until tomorrow night!"

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It came up stairs, his face with sweat aglow And eyes shining fire. He went down stairs next two hours ago. That's the success fire.

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MAGNET SOAP.

This SOAP contains no adulteration or excesses of alkali to irritate the most delicate of skins.

For this reason it is also best for Clothes, Linens, Fine Lawns, Cambrics, Laces and Embroideries.

For sale by grocers everywhere.

J. T. Logan, MANUFACTURER, 20 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

OLD SILVER WARE. Do you want it Plated? Do you want it Whiter and Cleaner? If you do, take it to HILLMAN, the PLATER.

Who has removed from Union to Germain Street, where he has every facility for Replating and Re-polishing Silverware of all kinds. Every article should shine at this season of the year.

Wm. Hillman, -87- Highest Prices paid for Old Silver.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE HANDSOME DISPLAY OF TOILET ARTICLES

Gift Packages of Perfumery, MANICURE SETS, JEWEL CASES, DRESSING CASES, and other useful presents.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, 35 KING STREET? Chemist and Druggist.

THE DOMINION BREWERY COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO.

THE CELEBRATED WHITE LABEL ALE and XXX PORTER.

For use with Chops, Steaks, Fish Cutlets, Gravies, &c., &c. In addition to the usual ingredients of a first-class sauce this one contains pure Pepsin, which is nature's remedy for Indigestion, hence it is invaluable to all sufferers from that distressing complaint and they should use it with every meal.

Dr. Schacht, president of the "Apotheker Verein," in a paper read before that scientific body at Berlin, in 1873, referred to LORIMER'S SAUCE in term of highest praise, and recommended it in preference to any other form of Pepsin either in wines, essences or other forms.

For sale by all leading Grocers: General Agent for Canada, W. F. EAGAR, HALIFAX, N. S.

"NIAGARA" IN HOT WATER. If you require a better feeder try the "Niagara." Life is too short to fool away time on worthless machines.

No satisfaction, no pay, in my opinion. Will send you one on 31 days trial. Write for price.

W. H. STIRLING, Waring, White & Co's Works, ST. JOHN, N. B.

VROOM & ARNOLD, PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

"SHOULD Spend His Last Dollar"

REV. GRAS T. COCKING, RETURNED MISSIONARY FROM JAPAN, STATES: "I consider K. D. O. worth his weight in gold. Anyone suffering from Dyspepsia, if he has a dollar left should try it and prove the truth of what I say. They who give it a trial will continue to use it, I am sure."

PROVE ITS MERITS—FREE SAMPLES OF K. D. O. AND PILLS SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from First Page.)

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FREDERICTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fessey and J. H. Hawthorne.)

Dec. 6.—The party given Thursday evening last by Mr. Roy Vanwart was one of the most delightful enjoyable functions that the young folk have had for a long time. It was served all the evening and at midnight a sumptuous supper, with good music and pleasant partners, the long programme of dances came to an end all to soon for the merry young revelers. Miss Jessie Gibson wore a pretty gown of buttercup silk, crimson carnations and similar.

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Dec. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. William Bennett gave a six o'clock dinner to a party of friends on Thursday last. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Kilour Shives, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Kennedy, Miss Minnie Barberie, Mr. Guy Veits and Dr. Loomis.

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SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.

COURT PHYSICIAN TO EMPEROR FRÉDÉRIC OF GERMANY.



The subject of this sketch is better known, no doubt, to the world at large than any other member of the medical profession. Among the many noted physicians of the Old World perhaps there is not one whose opinion on nervous affections is more highly regarded. He says: 'I have much pleasure in stating that I have used the "Vin Mariani" (Mariani wine) for many years, and consider it a valuable stimulant. "Vin Mariani" is a tonic containing the medicinal properties of two ounces of fresh, selected coca leaves, equal to thirty grains to a wine-glassful; and is the greatest invigorator of body and brain known to the present generation. It is only recently has ever drawn forth such strong expressions of approval from so many celebrated people from all parts of the world.'

Ask your druggist or grocer for an album, free of charge, containing 33 portraits of celebrated people who have testified to the excellence of "Vin Mariani."

Do Your Eyes Trouble You? If you get your eyes tested at Tremaine's, you will find them in good condition. Tremaine's is a tonic containing the medicinal properties of two ounces of fresh, selected coca leaves, equal to thirty grains to a wine-glassful; and is the greatest invigorator of body and brain known to the present generation.

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Over-Mantels

New and Choice Designs Finished in OAK, WALNUT AND EBONY, Enamelled, White and Tinted



Tollet Glasses, Davenport's, Book Shelves and Cabinets, Rattan and Ornamental Chairs, And Other Goods - - Suitable For * Christmas.

J. & J. D. HOWE. Masonic Building, 99 Germain Street.

Mack's Double Starch.

Ready for Immediate Use. Contains Rice, Starch, Borax, Gum, Wax, &c., as well as the STARCH GLOSS.

Requires no other addition and no preparation. By using Mack's Double Starch the iron glides smoothly and rapidly over the linen, converting a tempering and irksome task into a positive pleasure.

Magnificent Gloss and an extraordinary degree of Stiffness and Elasticity obtained by using Mack's Double Starch. The Operation of ironing, usually so tedious and difficult, is rendered so simple and easy that any inexperienced person can do it.

Mack's Double Starch saves much valuable time and labor. The process: Simplicity itself. No sticking of irons!

The result: Absolute Perfection! By the peculiar action of the ingredients in this starch upon the fibre of linen, &c., all articles regularly starched with it will wear for years without tearing.

Dearborn & Co., Agents, St. John, N. B. For sale by all first-class Grocers.

Christmas Photos.

Parties desiring PHOTOS would do well to see our samples and prices before ordering. A beautiful Cabinet Frame GIVEN AWAY with every dozen Cabinet.

ISAAC ERB, 13 Charlotte St.

A New Store for Xmas.

The newest and nicest goods at A. M. GRAY & CO'S. Fancy goods in many varieties and styles. Something to please everybody. Christmas Presents and Booklets. A nice Present you cannot fail to order.

A. M. GRAY & CO., - KING ST.

Lord Rosebery Takes an Oar.

Lord Rosebery, says an old country contemporary, did himself supreme honor the other day up north. He and the Duke of Sutherland had the privilege of rowing three great men over Dorchester. The boat was a small one, and the current being somewhat strong for the ferry boys, the Premier and the Duke promptly took oars. His lordship was fully alive to the fact that it would scarcely be in accordance with the dignified traditions of the Fourth Estate that press men should row a Premier and a duke. While he and the Duke bent their backs to the work the scribes set in the stern and puffed cigarettes, which Lord Rosebery informed the crew, the Sultan had sent to him from Turkey.

At a Provincial Fair. A mountebank had opened a booth for the exhibition of his trick-performing animals. He was giving an entertainment in the course of which a fox-terrier had to play a tune on the piano. Before a crowded house, the dog, answering to the name of Tom, came on to the stage, jumped on the stool in front of the piano, gravely set down, placed his forepaws on the keyboard and played, quite correctly, Farber's air, "Tou's a Joie." Suddenly a suspicious young gentleman with a view to matrimony, each reply to be accompanied by the photo of the sender, and addressed to J. P., at the office of this paper. The delicate hand which drew up the above lines, and thereby secured a very large number of offers, belonged to no less a personage than Herr Itzig Schlaucher, who had lately opened a clothing establishment in the town. By means of the photos sent in he was enabled to ascertain which of his would-be customers were in the habit of leaving their debts unpaid.

How about the very good people? "Why, bless your soul, man! that way of cooking a turkey is an invention of the Paritans."

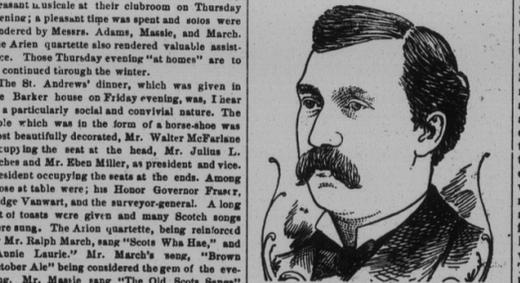
An Offer of Marriage. The leading paper in a provincial town recently published the following matrimonial advertisement:—"A young lady of enormous wealth, who is prepared to pay off all the debts of her intended husband, desires to form the acquaintance of a respectable young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Each reply to be accompanied by the photo of the sender, and addressed to J. P., at the office of this paper."

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Mr. J. W. Dykeman, St. George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Perfect Health. The following letter is from a well-known merchant of St. George, N. B.: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. 'Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The result was very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my household, and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them.' J. W. DYKEMAN, St. George, New Brunswick. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

POLITICS AND DANCING.

WHY MR. FITZGERALD IS A SUCCESSFUL POLITICIAN.

He is a Good Dancer; That is the Reason—Our Boston Correspondent Discusses Some Points Concerning the Great Harvard-Yale Game.

Boston, Dec. 3.—When it comes to foot-ball, or anything else in fact, in which Harvard and Yale meet, there is always plenty of excitement in Boston, notwithstanding that Harvard invariably fails to come out victorious. Nobody expects Harvard to win anything nowadays, and when her freshmen beat Yale freshmen at foot-ball the other day it was hard to believe that the freshmen did not belong to some other institution separate and distinct from that which invariably falls before Yale, and of late years before nearly every other college it runs up against.

These games are the great sporting event in this section of the continent every year, and everybody who possibly can goes to Springfield. This year it was the proper caper to have a special car, and trains of specials filled with equal parts of foot-ball enthusiasts and champagne left Boston one after another up to the time of the game.

Well, Springfield was crowded, and you know the results.

Harvard got licked, and then—next morning a score of football experts monopolized the Boston papers with stories of how Harvard played the best game and ought to have won,—but somehow didn't.

This annual whine on the part of Harvard sympathizers, as represented by the Boston papers, has proved disgusting to the majority of Boston people, and even among the football cranks Harvard's popularity does not seem to be very great, although this year it is generally admitted, even in New York, that the Yale players were into the game as they would into a bull ring,—to win, even if it were necessary to kill.

They won—even though the Yale list of dead and wounded was as large as Harvard's. They won and that settled it.

Now we hear a good deal about the "Yale spirit," the spirit which says everything for Yale and in which every man in the college is willing to sacrifice his personal ambitions, and do that which he is fitted to do, or not do anything at all—by so doing he can bring honor to Yale.

Those who ought to know say this spirit is not found at Harvard, but that on the contrary there is a vein of blue blood at the college which must be attended to first, and then if the college can gain anything afterward, why well and good.

It is a great thing to be on either the Harvard or Yale team, even if you do get licked and perhaps come home with a broken collar bone, or your nose smashed out of shape.

The fact that one has played in one of these games is good for newspaper advertising as long as one lives, to say nothing of the pictures and puffs of one sort or another before and after the game. This year some of the pictures of the Harvard team were a good enough to frame, and isn't it worth while being on a foot ball team when fame is showered upon one in this manner?

The claim is made that the best players at Harvard are not always selected to represent the college, that matters generally are in the hands of a clique of members of which want all the glory and honor; and that winning a victory is only a secondary consideration.

Talking of blue blood and all that sort of thing brings to mind the mayoralty contest now on.

Gen. Peabody, the democratic candidate, is a corporation lawyer, one of the leaders in the well clubs, and a shining light in the Back Bay. Before he was nominated he sat back in his chair with apparent indifference as to whether he received the nomination or not. Now that he has been nominated Gen. Peabody has gone into society as a political venture.

He no longer waltzes with the elite of the Back Bay, but spends his evenings in the north end, dancing to the music of Casary's orchestra and with the wives and daughters of Congressman Fitzgerald's constituents as partners.

Gen. Peabody has cut quite a figure at the North End dance, and the interviews with some of his partners printed in the opposition papers probably make interesting reading for his lady friends in the Back Bay.

Theresa Sullivan, one of the ladies the general danced with, says, according to the reporter, that he is a very nice man, and a splendid waiter, although the general told Miss Sullivan that he had not danced much for a good many years.

A number of other North end girls interviewed thought him delightful, and there is now no doubt that he possesses all the qualifications necessary for the administration of the affairs of Boston.

Congressman Fitzgerald who has been

introducing the general into North end society is one of the most remarkable characters in Boston.

When I first saw him two years ago he was a member of the common council and had come into the office to tell one of the political reporters about a bang, up torch-light procession which had been given in his honor by his North end friends, who were honoring him for the State Senate. He was a boyish looking young fellow with a smooth face, and on that particular evening looked as if he himself had been carrying a torch and shouting for somebody.

He was elected to the senate, where he had an opinion on nearly everything that came up, and kept his name prominently before the public. This year he made a little for the democratic nomination for congressman of the district and beat out the former congressman, who was one of the most prominent men at the capital. His election followed as a matter of course.

Congressman Fitzgerald owes his success largely to the part that he is a good dancer and can take in every dance held in his district. He is a good fellow, popular with his constituents, and the newspapers call him the Napoleon of politics.

Mr. A. S. Murray, manager of the Freedom Herald, was in Boston this week becoming better acquainted with the ways of metropolitan journalism.

Mr. R. J. Gilbert, formerly of the Weymouth Free Press, is also here looking around before settling down in newspaper work.

R. G. LARSEN.

THE EXHIBITION EXPENSES.

It Looks Very Much as if "Someone Had Blundered."

HALIFAX, Dec. 6.—Though the Halifax exhibition commission don't say so in so many words, they practically admit that they have been guilty of gross extravagance or worse, in the management of the fair, and that they are, including the old reserve of \$3,000 from the 1891 exhibition, and the extra \$2,000 the city will have to pay an account of the deficit, \$4,500 behind.

The responsibility for this state of affairs, while it rests with the commission as a whole, is yet justly to be borne by only a part of the body. John Knight, the cashier of the People's bank, is not a man to speak hastily, but addressing the commission as its treasurer, he pretty plainly told them they were guilty of reckless and wasteful over-expenditure. His remarks were addressed particularly to the grounds and buildings committee, which exceeded their estimated expenditure between \$2,000 and \$3,000. The commission started with a reserve fund of \$3,000. That is gone; \$4,000 from the local government is gone; \$8,000 from the city is gone, and unless the city pays another \$2,000, which was only voted contingent upon a deficit, the commission will be some \$600 behind.

John Knight asks, where is the particular rock upon which the commission struck? and he talks of the reckless over-expenditure, and the lesson to be learned.

That extravagance of the grounds and buildings committee is an interesting subject. The mayor was on it and he was chairman of the commission. Some \$2,000 was spent in permanent buildings which never should have been erected. At least they should never have been erected with the commission's money, on the city's land. The mayor, as chairman of the commission, either took an advantage of the commission in allowing or advising them to spend \$2,000 in permanent buildings on city land, and which were useless when the exhibition was over, or he was careless in not cautioning the commission against any such folly.

Then there was "wasteful extravagance" in much of the work which had to be done. Some excuse is available for paying the highest price for work at the last moment, but there can surely be no reasonable apology for some of the extravagance charged. What excuse is there for a charge of nearly \$100 for a little board shanty erected by two carpenters in one day and which should not have cost \$20 at most. How exactly the opposite of wise was it to pay out \$275 for an alleged bicycle track on the grounds which did not draw 275 cents, and which any man of ordinary foresight might have known would be an outlay completely thrown away. Some of the men on the commission were the right men in the right place, but some of them were not. There will have to be a change in that commission before another exhibition is held.

Everybody except citizens of Truro and Kentville say that Halifax is the place for these exhibitions, but the exhibition will surely fail even here with commissions like that of the 1894 show.

Before mentioning this—there is a rumor abroad that one member of the commission presented a bill from himself for supplies amounting to about \$600. That doesn't seem right.

Frogs as Weather-Foreprophets.

A curious barometer is used in Germany and Switzerland. It is a jar of water, with a frog and a little step-ladder in it. When the frog comes out of the water and sits on the steps, a rain storm will soon occur.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

AND NOW IS THE TIME TO THINK ABOUT PRESENTS.

"Astra" Tells Women How to Make Presents for Women—Unique Ideas for Yuletide Gifts—The Great Craze Nowadays is for the Graceful Doyley.

There are so many things women can give their mothers, and sisters, their aunts and nieces and their girl-friends, that one almost hesitates to suggest them, since they are so common everybody is sure to have thought of them all before.

If we have plenty of time, and a taste for fancy work nothing can be easier or pleasanter than the task of getting ready for Christmas. Everybody loves fancy work I think, and the one who works it gets quite as much enjoyment out of the gift as the one who receives it, and there is scarcely anything from a veil case, to a bureau scarf or a foot rug for her bed which will not be rapturously welcomed by a right thinking girl: even doyleys, which used to be considered only appropriate gifts when made in elaborate sets of a dozen or a half dozen and presented to some married friend as a decoration for her dinner or tea table, are now given to a girl in her teens and not only in pairs but singly.

A pair of pretty round or square doyleys worked in pansies, violets, carnations or forget-me-nots are gratefully accepted, and used as an ornament for the toilet table, being placed under the tiny pair of shaded candlesticks so many girls affect now on their bureau, or under the best toilet bottles. In fact the doyley is the rage of the hour, and some ladies are the proud possessors of an entire "picnic" set. That is a set in which no two match unless they may be accidentally, all having been given to them at different times, and by different people.

Of course if one desires to give a very handsome present nothing can be more acceptable to a married friend than a centre piece, and half a dozen doyleys, and the number of doyleys can be multiplied indefinitely. Those for the dishes should always be oblong—for the plates square, and for the glasses round. The shape of the centre piece is a matter of taste but many of the handsomest are simple squares of fine linen with a deep hemstitched hem, and ornamented with either a spray of flowers in two opposite corners, or single blossoms scattered carefully over the whole surface. Set designs, such as wreaths, are no longer seen in the best art stores. The centre piece is placed corner wise on the table, a point towards each end, and the square shape has the advantage of being much more easily laundered than either the round or oval, as it does not pull out of shape when starched. There are lovely designs in all green, such as ferns, especially maiden hair fern, smilax and ivy leaves, which are less common than the floral designs of which we are a little tired, and which look lovely against the white table cloth.

But we want something besides doyleys and centre pieces, so a handkerchief, glove, or veil case may be chosen for a girl friend, and when the stout serviceable articles of white duck, shown in all the best dry goods stores, are selected, a more useful gift could scarcely be offered. They wash like a pocket handkerchief and are so much prettier and more dainty than the more elaborate ones, of silk and plush. The glove and handkerchief cases are fastened together lightly with bows of ribbon, when finished and furnished with a perturbed pad of silk, made by cutting several thicknesses of white batting into a square slightly smaller than the case it is intended for, sprinkling it well with ratchet powder, covering with pink blue or heliotrope China silk and quilting it together or tying it in squares with little knots of baby ribbon. This pad is slipped in without being fastened and removed when the case is washed.

I saw rather a unique idea for an inexpensive present, the other day, and one which every tennis player will appreciate. It was a cover for a tennis racket, and made of two pieces of cloth, or felt cut the exact shape of the racket it was to cover, only rather larger; the edges are fasted together and round on the outside with either braid or narrow ribbon, as it would be impossible to sew, and turn the seam in the ordinary manner, and the top of the case—at the widest part—is finished with a flap something like an envelope, which either buttons over after the racket is put in, or is tied by a bow of ribbon. On one side a spray of flowers is embroidered, and on the other the initials of the owner. Everyone knows the care a tennis player takes of her racket and how careful she is to guard it from changes of temperature, so the case will probably be a boon to her.

A pretty baby's rattle is easily constructed by winding a steel or ivory ring with colored ribbon. Sew to this at regular intervals short ends of blending tints in ribbon. Attach tiny bells to the pointed ends of these ribbons.

Gloves, neckties, handkerchiefs, the little gold or silver lace pins which are so useful for fastening collar or blouse, and which are shown in such pretty designs, are all suitable and most acceptable Christmas presents.

PROF. RUSSELL'S FUN.

The "Britter Scots Hae a Fairin' o' Glee on St. Andrew's Night."

HALIFAX, Dec. 6.—The North British society dinner on St. Andrew's night is always one of the most pleasant events of the year in Halifax. The opinion of the 120 who were present on Friday night was that the banquet on that occasion was superior to any other for years. President Forbes made an admirable chairman, and infused his enthusiastic spirit into all who surrounded the tables. That was one reason why the dinner was more enjoyable than usual, but there may have been a more important factor in the pleasure-making. The society went back to the use of "hot Scotch," which for some years had been abandoned. The whiskey was good and the wines were fine and—the baggies was eaten more generally than usual.

"Ben" Russell, Q. C., is one of the most welcome speakers in Halifax at any time, and he is witness itself in a postprandial address. He was at the dinner, and when "the learned professions" had been toasted, of course there was nothing more natural than that loud calls should be given for "Russell, Russell." But President Forbes had other intentions than that the first speech should be from Mr. Russell. Rev. Thomas Fowler, the able pastor of St. Matthew's church, was one of the company, the only minister present, by the way. So the chairman, unheeding the calls for Mr. Russell, said:

"I take much pleasure in calling upon Rev. Mr. Fowler to respond to the toast."

It was after midnight, and Mr. Forbes had not noticed that some time before Mr. Fowler had left for home. When he was assured that the rev. gentleman was not in the room the way was quickly made clear for Mr. Russell.

It was a strong temptation to the witty lawyer, and he could not resist the inclination to start his speech with a joke. He yielded in this way, in perfect good humor: "Mr. Chairman, I find myself on common ground with the royal psalmist in using the well-known words of scripture: 'Delivered from the Fowler's snare and from the poisonous pestilence.'"

Mr. Russell did not vouch for the literal accuracy of the quotation, nor does Froese's correspondent, but the rally provoked long continued laughter, as the reporters of political meetings during election campaigns are fond of saying.

Revolution in the Velveteen Trade.

"Millerain" VELVETEEN

Rainproof, Repels Dampness, Showerproof, Porous, Durable. By this Process Colors are Permanent.

Velveteen, which has hitherto been a fabric most susceptible to damp or rain, is not only rendered impervious to both, but is actually rainproof by this process. Each Piece is Stamped "M. J. C. MILLERAIN," every half yard.

Real Japanese Silk, latest colors, for fancy and art work. Furs, Capes and Jackets. Special values in Astrachan Capes. Greenland Seal Capes and Astrachan Jackets.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

THE MAYOR'S FIVE HUNDRED.

Did He Exceed His Authority in Voting Himself the Amount?

HALIFAX, Dec. 6.—More than six months ago the Board of City Works was abolished. The board consisted of one alderman from each of the six wards of the city. They held office for a year, had charge of much of the civic expenditures, and were intrusted with the carrying out of most of the heavy city work, on streets, sewers, water, etc. The board received, for division among the six members, \$1,000 per annum. When the board was abolished, this work was committed to the city engineer and mayor. It was supposed that the city works would be carried on with greater expedition and more effectively in the hands of those two men than by the larger body. The system has worked satisfactorily and there are less civic complaints than formerly. City Engineer Doane has shown himself the right man in the right place, and the mayor, too, is a practical man of good common sense.

His worship receives \$1,000 per annum in honorarium for the discharge of his duties in the mayor's chair, as the city's chief magistrate. This amount was never considered as "salary," but in old times was all used that the mayor might maintain the dignity of his office and "entertain" when occasion required in a way that would be creditable to the city. This has not always been done of recent years.

There was some surprise in civic circles, expressed very much on the quiet, when it became known the other day that the mayor had signed a warrant for the payment to himself of \$500, the board of works allowance for the half year from May to the end of October. He pocketed the money, doubtless thinking that he had done the work and should receive the pay; that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and probably he is right. But it does look a little peculiar for the mayor of Halifax to thus draw the board's allowance. What about the engineer's share of the work and the allowance? The probability is that the mayor has not exceeded his rights in taking the \$500, but the city council, when it becomes generally known, will certainly ask for information about it. There may be an investigation.

By the way, should not all bills of the works department be ordered for payment by the city council? If they were this little bill for \$500 might not now have had to be footed.

BORE DEFEAT GRACEFULLY.

The Wanderers Pass a Resolution to Congratulate Dalhousie.

HALIFAX, Dec. 6.—The Wanderers amateur athletic club made a fine showing at its semi-annual meeting. It is by long odds the premier athletic organization in the maritime provinces, and the club's grounds are second to none in the Dominion. The membership reaches 270, and the gain the past season was the greatest for four years. Financially the club could hardly be in a better position, with a balance in hand on current account amounting to over \$500 and a reserve fund of \$2,578. Like all organizations the few run it. Many of the members are, next to their business, most interested in the "Wanderers A. A. C." but the majority are quite willing to let others do all the work to secure the club's prosperity. Fortunately the management is in the hands of active young business men who are neither too conservative nor too advanced. The club took its second loss of the football championship with admirable spirit, and nothing could have been done with finer taste than the resolution to write a congratulatory letter to the victorious Dalhousie team. Long live men who are animated by so sportsmanlike and gentlemanly principles!

Passports in Russia.

In Russia a child ten years of age cannot go away from home to school without a passport. Nor can common servants and peasants go away from where they live without one. A gentleman residing in Moscow or St. Petersburg cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers; and for every one of the above passports a charge is made of some kind.

ONLY A SPOT

But it spoils that delicate fabric. Washing won't take it out; dry cleaning will. UNGAR'S process will not injure the most delicate shade or texture.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM

AGAIN PNEUMONIA and LA GRIPPE by using ROYAL EMULSION

For Chest, Lung and Bronchitis. Troubles it has never been equaled.

A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PHYSICIAN STATES: I cheerfully recommend the Royal Emulsion; I have suffered from a yearly attack of Bronchitis but this year, for the first time, I have escaped and I attribute it to the use of ROYAL EMULSION.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c and \$1.00. Wallace Dawson, CHEMIST, Montreal.

Are you WEAK? NERVOUS? TIRED? SLEEPLESS? PALE? BLOODLESS? THIN? DYSPLECTIC?

you need A COURSE OF HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

It makes weak nerves strong, promotes sound, refreshing sleep, aids digestion, restores lost appetite, is a perfect blood and flesh builder, restores the bloom of health.

All Druggists sell it, 50c a Bottle. Six for \$2.50. WH only by Hawker Medicine Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music

AND ELUCUTION. 180 Prince Wm. St. FALL TERM opens Sept. 18th. TEACHING STAFF: Mr. S. Williams, Piano and Harmony; Mr. E. A. Fisher, Violin and Violoncello; Miss Alice Bishop, Voice; Miss M. G. Walker, Piano and Voice.

ST. JOHN'S. M. S. WHEATLAND, Director.

A WAGER NEATLY WON, AN AUSTRIAN NOBLEMAN IN THE ROLE OF A SWINDLER.

He Shows How Easily He Could Deceive a Diamond Dealer of Gems Worth a Fortune—A Famous Singer is made a Participant in the Swindle.

Vienna is not precisely a great market for precious stones, but the jewellers in question have none the less acquired a European celebrity for diamond necklaces which are said to surpass anything of the kind to be found in London or Paris.

"I want a diamond necklace," was the reply, "but the very best you have."

"We have none but the best, Count; but as tastes differ, you shall see all we have here now, and can choose the one that pleases you most."

And in a few minutes the young nobleman's eyes were dazzled with strings of precious stones, which looked like serpents of fire and light as they were coiled and uncoiled, catching in their movements the rays of the setting sun, as they came through the plate-glass windows of the shop.

The Count greatly admired the display, carefully examined the necklaces, stone for stone, then stepped back a few paces, and viewed each one apart, and after a long hour's inspection, said:

"These three strike my fancy with equal force, but I only require one. I cannot choose between them. I will certainly take one of them, but I think I must leave the choice to the lady herself. Her name is no doubt familiar to your ears—Miss W., and he mentioned the name of one of the best singers in Austria and central Europe."

"Familiar?" replied the head of the firm. "I should think it was. She is one of our best customers."

"How curious!" remarked the count. "Well, now, I want you to send these three necklaces to the lady and I will look in here tomorrow and pay the bill. She will have made her choice by that time."

"With pleasure, count, with pleasure. I trust you will honor us with your custom in the future."

"Certainly I will. Good afternoon." And the count was gone.

Herr X. pondered a few moments over the whole transaction before carrying out the instructions. Everything, however, seemed in perfect order. The young man belonged to one of the best and richest families in the monarchy—provided, of course, that the name he had given really belonged to him.

"Announce me, please." And a moment later he was asked to step into the drawing-room.

"Fraulein W., I have come on a very pleasant errand—to ask you to choose one of three diamond necklaces, which is destined to vie, and vie in vain, with the charms bestowed upon you by nature."

"What do you mean?" asked the lady, whose countenance had assumed the form of a note of interrogation.

"I mean that Count O. has been choosing a necklace for you; that he has carefully scrutinized all we have in stock, and having selected these three, asks you to say which of them you prefer."

"Count O. did you say?"

"Count Ferdinand O., you know him, of course?"

"Not I; never saw or spoke to him in my life."

"Strange—very strange! Here is his card. I suppose he is an admirer of your delightful singing and intends to give you a tangible shape to his appreciation; and, if I may say so, he has made proof of admirable judgment in selecting a diamond necklace. I expected to see him here, but this is, perhaps, the harbinger of his visit."

you have selected one of them, he will come to us and settle up. It will not last longer than to-morrow. For he has promised to come in the morning, in any case."

And Herr X. took his leave, rejoicing. It never once occurred to him that he had left any loopholes in the arrangement through which a mouse, nor to say a swindler, could squeeze himself.

Herr X. had not left the salon a quarter of an hour when the young man who called at the store rushed in great excitement into the room and vehemently demanded the three diamond necklaces.

"The jeweller, Herr X.," he said, "has sent me this moment to say that they were left here by mistake—a mistake which he deeply regrets and apologizes for."

In reply to the lady's questions he further explained that the Count's instructions had been misunderstood. He wanted the necklace for Miss W., who lived in the same house as Miss W., only one story higher, and a mistake had been made in the names.

"So this is the solution of the mystery? Yes; I was thinking myself that there must be some mistake, else the Count would have called here long ago." And she handed him the precious parcel. He expressed his profound thanks and hurried away, and the lady thought no more of her disappointment that evening.

Next morning the jeweller was announced and she ordered the servant to show him in. He had come, no doubt to apologize for the mistake, and she received him with a smile that told him very plainly how she appreciated the fun of it.

"Well, fraulein, I hope you have followed my advice and chosen the necklace I recommended. It is by far the best of the three, and as for the stones, I can assure you a few weeks ago."

"But you seem to be in a very jocular mood this morning, Herr X. I don't quite see, though, where the joke comes in. I thought from the beginning that the necklaces were not meant for me, and it was you who suggested that they should remain in my keeping. But the matter has gone far enough. I don't wish to hear any more about it."

"What do you mean, Fraulein? Has the Count not yet called?"

"Oh, please stop that! You know as well as I the necklace was for Fraulein B. upstairs, and your shopman took it to her last night."

"What in heaven's name do you mean? Where are my diamond necklaces?" And Herr X. was as pale as a ghost as he asked the question. Fraulein W., equally astonished at his countenance, told him all that had taken place after his departure the evening before.

"My God! I have been victimized by a clever swindler!" he exclaimed when it was over, and paced the room like an infuriated tiger in his cage. After a time he stopped suddenly, and turning to the diva, said:

"Fraulein, will you kindly accompany me at once to the shop? I want you to tell the story that you have just narrated to the police, and to put them on the track of the scoundrel at once. It may yet be possible to recover the property."

Miss W. ungraciously signified her assent, and the pair hurried off to the shop with feelings too stormy for words. Herr X. opened the door, which set a number of electric bells ringing, and to his utter stupefaction beheld the "swindler" standing at the counter with some necklaces displayed before him. The jeweller pounced upon him as a tiger upon its prey, but the young man smilingly pointed to the precious stones and said:

"There are your necklaces. Now, listen—"

"You, sir, are a—"

"Now, do be calm, please, and let me finish what I have to say; then you may talk as much as you like. I have come to compensate you for the little joke I perpetrated. The fact is I made a bet with Count S. that I would go to the best firm of jewellers in Vienna and deprive them of the possession of a lot of jewelry for at least one night—of course, solely for the purpose of winning the wager. I have now scored a brilliant success and won the stakes. It only remains for me to express my profound thanks to Fraulein W., who so ably, if involuntarily, seconded my efforts."

The Count selected, not indeed a diamond necklace, but a magnificent bracelet, and requested Fraulein W. to honor him by wearing it as a souvenir of the curious incident in which she had played such a prominent part.

Ingratitude Extraordinary. Among reverses of fortune perhaps the strangest is that of the Duchess de Santonna, who has just died in Madrid in the greatest poverty. Eight years ago she possessed a fortune of four millions. A number of law-suits were commenced against her by her relatives, who sought a large part of this. Another large amount went in charity, and the remainder went in trying to place the Bourbon family on the throne. A story is told of the Duchess which illustrates her kindness of heart. Hearing that a lady, a member of a very old Spanish family, was in great want, and wished to sell jewellery to the amount of \$40,000, the Duchess de Santonna sent her a cheque for that amount. When the jewellery reached her she returned it, saying she did not want it, and was glad to have been of some service. Now she has died in want and suffering, forgotten and neglected by those she beggared herself to help.

Instinctive Attitudes. H. M. Stanley, in a letter to a scientific journal, states that, so far as habits of creeping, walking and sleeping have been taught, but are purely instinctive, they throw light on the history of man, and it is desirable that travellers and residents in all countries should secure photographs of these attitudes, and deposit them with anthropological societies, where they will be of great value to the investigator. Dr. Livingston observed that Manuema children do not creep, as European children do, on their knees, but begin by putting forward one foot and using one knee. A Manuema child may use both feet and both hands, but never both knees. Mr. Stanley regards this last peculiarity as a suggestion of arboreal survival, the act being purely instinctive, as European children do, in civilized life. The creeping of infants,

as instinctive activity, throws light on human evolution, and his investigation may lead to important revolutions of racial differences. It is also suggested that idiosyncrasy in walking may be connected with peculiarity in creeping. Swinging the arms seems quadrupedal survival. Looking down from a high building on people walking below, the movements thus projected on a plane are strikingly like those of a quadruped, and the professional pedestrian, who makes the utmost use of arm-swinging to accelerate his speed, unconsciously simulates the rapid scuffle of a bear. Again the various attitudes instinctively assumed by persons for sleep are significant for the evolutionist. Some tribes naturally dispose themselves flat on the stomach, with the limbs placed much like a sleeping dog.

"No, sir," replied the man sternly. "I am the vindicator of Sacred Scriptures; these, the one who overthrow the Philistines, slaying thousands with the jaw bone of an ass, and afterwards pulling down the pillars of the Temple. Why, it should be mere child's play for me to upset this puny monument."

"Well, I wouldn't do it if I were you," expostulated the watchman, mildly. "You see this is in memory of Washington; probably you have never heard of him, as he was a little after your time; but we moderns think a good deal of him. Then it cost the Government a good deal of money and took a good many years to build this monument, and a good many people would consider it unkind of you to destroy it. Take me, for instance, I am hired to watch it, and, of course, you would throw me out of a job. Besides you might hurt somebody."

"No, I was very careful to look on the other side first," said the man. "But perhaps you think I can't do it? Now you just look up and see me shake it."

The watchman was agreeable. Now, it is a fact that when one stands directly at the base of the monument it appears to be tottering over. This is, of course, an optical delusion, caused by the clouds moving overhead; but it impressed the crank with his power.

"Did you see me shake it?" he inquired, triumphantly.

"Yes," responded the watchman, solemnly, "but I wouldn't do so any more. You might weaken the foundations even if you didn't push it over. Besides, here comes a crowd of people, and not knowing who you are, they might laugh at you. Then you would have to push it over to prove it to them."

"That's so," said the crank, and, bidding the watchman, "Good-day," he departed, and has not been seen about the monument since.

Recognized Them at Once. We were all telling mosquito stories at a New Jersey summer resort, when one particular audacious man said:—"Oh, that's nothing. I was off the coast at Barnegat last summer on a fishing trip, and while we were out on deck early in the evening, smoking and chatting, a great cloud of mosquitoes, all of them monstrous, came out from shore and settled on the boats; and do you know, in fifteen minutes they had stripped it of every inch of canvas, and left the masts bare as beanie-pole!"

We held up our hands in deprecation at this tale, when another of the party exclaimed:—"Well, don't be astonished. I can vouch for that. It was only a week after that I was on a trip along the coast, and the same swarm of mosquitoes came out after us."

The first speaker didn't seem to appreciate this unexpected support, for he muttered:—"Humph! They did, eh? Well, how did you know they were the same mosquitoes, eh?"

"How did I know?" repeated the other, with a chuckle. "How did I know? Why, they all had on canvas overalls."

Very Select. A country excursion had been planned for the second and third classes of a girls' school in Berlin, whereupon the pupils of the older class solicited the privilege of being taken out by themselves, as they did not care to go with the babies. A similar request was afterwards preferred by the third class, on the plea that they objected to being saddled with the company of the old maids.

Bringing Buffaloes into Captivity. Efforts are being made to bring the Val Verde, Texas, herd of buffalo into captivity. An expedition was fitted out by Dr. J. B. Taylor, a well known ranchman, to effect that object, but the animals took the alarm and escaped from their pursuers into Mexico. The Smithsonian Institution is assisting the enterprise.

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St. John, N. B., 2nd July, 1894. I have recommended Paine's Celery Compound to my friends who were suffering from the same troubles as I had, and all have been greatly benefited. Knowing what it has done, I can cheerfully recommend it to any person suffering from kidney disease.

DIDN'T PUSH IT OVER. A Crank Resists Temptation at the Washington Monument. Washington is the Mecca of cranks, and the monument seems to be their principal shrine. Even the White House is not so attractive to them as the great white shaft. It can be seen for miles around and seems to attract cranks as a candle does moths.

The watchmen have become accustomed to the gentry and as long as they appear to be quiet and well disposed, usually deal gently with them, however wild their ideas. One man they tell of declared that the monument was built of human skulls and bones and persisted in pointing out the faces of friends in the stones; but perhaps the oddest specimen on record happened down there the other day.

When the watchman first observed him he was leaning heavily against the shaft, apparently pushing with all his might—at least he would push for a while, and then he would walk around to the other side, apparently to see if there were any people there. The watchman watched this proceeding for a while and then accosted him: "Beg pardon; you aren't going to push it over, are you?"

"I can't if I wanted to," responded the man; then, with immense dignity, "My name is Samson."

"Oh, the strong man?" ventured the strong man, sizing up the man, who was about five feet five, and not apparently very muscular. "Let me see, you were down at Kerman's Theatre a few weeks ago, weren't you?"

"No, sir," replied the man sternly. "I am the vindicator of Sacred Scriptures; these, the one who overthrow the Philistines, slaying thousands with the jaw bone of an ass, and afterwards pulling down the pillars of the Temple. Why, it should be mere child's play for me to upset this puny monument."

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Don't Shrink SURPRISE SOAP. Flannels have a tendency to shrink in the wash. Everyone knows that. A little care with the use of Surprise Soap (Follow the directions on the wrapper) will prevent it. You can easily test Surprise and prove its worth in doing away with shrunken flannels. Nearly every grocer sells it. Buy it and try it.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. A SCALY ERUPTION. UNENDURABLE ITCHING. Suffered Three Years—Now Perfectly Cured by B. B. B. PHYSICIANS FAILED BUT B. B. B. CURED. MRS. W. BENNETT, Acton P. O., Ont.

WE beg to announce that we have purchased the plant, stock, and good-will of the MACFARLANE SHADE CO., Ltd. Orders for goods described within their catalogues or color books will be promptly supplied by us. Awaiting the esteemed commendations of dealers. MENZIE, TURNER & CO., Manufacturers Window Shades.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

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The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features. The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

Prof. L. M. Driv. New. He liv. died, eldest- home two o should care, Keopio. education. Life a coura. unrec. time t the se the w that i labor, and early the lit paired and stud u -childr to loo the soure self-un made Unt boyho perry, a boyho fuller who k perama quite mate the ou the du learned horses, and his alphab early e ened to tion wi without arduous given t of "re borho generou and a co added forebod ranks of kind, p. The t ligit, a teacher. The ch is worth Moody Mr. Mo is almos been to the Uni Undi pose ev business ligitous day of what spe church. the chur sold, and Sunday This we soon pro outle the post school, h that it w but he c could fin the new son of and bare proceede dren and hall rom to come i this clas and a full of adic full of pic life, and His me In reality are altho the subj envelope of slips of slowly stur from illuatio remote ly accoun tally wades thro of the mo and, small platform. the whole the sermon count, and forgets soe amplifie or exactly the matter of livery is al maso this through points rem the sermon overhaule by a merc main, say, though th there is al matter as particular of delivery, made than no study tary he l evangelistic bustling with breakfast in enters at al the hour with his lit

Sunday Reading.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

Professor Henry Drummond writes of the great Evangelist.

In McClure's Magazine for December, Prof. Drummond has a long article on D. L. Moody, from which the following extracts are taken:—

Fifty-seven years ago (February 5, 1837) Dwight Lyman Moody was born in the same New England valley where, as already said, he lives to-day. Four years later his father died, leaving a widow, nine children—

—an eldest but thirteen years of age—a little home on the mountain side, and an acre or two of mortgaged land. How this widow shouldered the burden of poverty, debt and care, how she brought up her helpless flock, keeping them all together in the old home, educating them, and sending them out into life stamped with her own indomitable courage and lofty principle, is one of these unrecorded histories whose page, when time unfolds it, will be found to contain the secret of nearly all that is greatest in the world's past.

It is delightful to think that this mother had survived to see her labors crowned, and fill lives, a venerable and beautiful figure, near the scene of her early battles. There, in a sunny room of the little farm, she sits with faculties unimpaired, cherished by an entire community, and surrounded by all the love and gratitude which her children and her children's children can heap upon her.

One has only to look at the strong, wise face, or listen to the firm yet gentle tones, to behold the source of these qualities of sagacity, energy, self-unconsciousness and faith which have made the greatest of her sons what he is. Until his seventeenth year Mr. Moody's boyhood was spent at home. What a merry, adventurous, rough-and-tumble boyhood it must have been!

How much fuller of escape than of education, those who knew Mr. Moody's irrepressible temperament and buoyant humor will not require the traditions of his Northfield schoolmaster to recall. The village school was ten only a few miles from the farm, and his course was constantly interrupted by the duties of the home and farm.

He learned little about books, but much about horses, crops, and men; his mind ran wild, and his memory stored up nothing but the alphabet of knowledge. But in these early country days his bodily form strengthened to iron, and he built up that constitution which in after life enabled him not only to do the work of ten, but to sustain without a break through four decades of arduous and exhausting work as was ever given to man to do. Innocent at this stage of "religion," he was known in the neighborhood simply as a raw lad, high-spirited, generous, daring, with a will of his own, and a certain audacious originality which, added to the very energy of his disposition, foreboded a probable future either in the ranks of the incorrigibles or, if fate were kind, perchance of the immortals.

self or his portfolios with the new "point" he had picked up through the day. His search for the "points," and especially for light upon the x's, Bible ideas, or characters, is ceaseless, and he has an eye like an eagle for any thing really good. Possessing a considerable library, he browses over it when at home; but his books are chiefly men, and no student ever read the ever open page more diligently, more intelligently, or to more immediate practical purpose.

THE EFFORTS LEAGUE.

Christian Endeavor and the Evangelization of the Masses.

The Christian Endeavor society has proven its right to be classed with the great evangelizing agencies of the times. Far-seeing pastors recognize in it an addition to the church family as important, in its place, as the Sunday-school. The Christian Endeavor society is the "training school of the church," and no living agency is doing so much as it in preparing young people for the definite work of winning men to Christ.

The great command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is being heeded. "World-wide missions" has a prominent place in the work of the society. Already large results have been gathered. Nearly 225,000 were given to missions at home and abroad by the societies in the United States and Canada. In the same year 183,650 associate members in 62 societies united with the church of Christ.

And now another feature has been added, and henceforth Christian Endeavor must be counted with the aggressive forces which make for the conversion of the masses. During the Pennsylvania State Convention at Reading last year, several factory meetings were held. At the National Convention held at Cleveland a few meetings of this character were held. But at the Pennsylvania State Convention in York last month the evangelistic extension movement had a place in the programme, and for the first time the work was thoroughly and systematically undertaken.

Fifty gospel meetings were held in 28 different places; 800 delegates assisted in this work. In the list of places were 32 factories, the hospital, Children's Home, jail, almshouse, an open-air meeting, and a remarkable service on the last evening of the convention, in the largest church in the city. The majority of the large congregation assembled at this service were employees in the factories where meetings had been conducted. The factory meetings were held a half hour at noon. The delegates were received with kindness and appreciation everywhere. The attendance at the shop meetings was unexpectedly large.

In one place 125 workmen were present. In other places 150 to 200 came into the room. Nearly 3,000 people connected with factories and institutions heard the gospel each day; 250 people asked that the christians pray for them, and many expressed their purpose to live the christian life. From these places reports of deep spiritual interest are still heard. It is believed that deep and lasting impressions have been made.

CHURCHGOING BABIES.

The Provisions made for them in the Methodist Church.

Tired mothers can find a haven of rest at the Eighteenth Street Methodist church New York, every Sunday through the happy inspiration of one of the young ladies of their congregation. Her idea was to establish a Sunday nursery in the church basement, where young women, acting as volunteer nurses, could care for little children whose restlessness kept their mothers away from church and thus enable them to find profit and enjoyment in the services. The plan met with the approval of the pastor, Dr. Wilson, and of the trustees of the church.

A private room was set apart, where toys and games to amuse the little strangers from toddlerdom were collected. Six young women volunteered to act as nurses for a month. A general invitation was sent out to mothers to come and bring their children and enjoy at least one and a half hour's rest. The nurses took their places in pews near the door of the assembly room yesterday, and kept on the alert for restless babies. Plenty of mothers and little tots were there, too, but with that perversity of human nature that crops out in the small atom of humanity occasionally, the babies refused to be bad. Their lay in their mothers' arms and blinked at their would-be nurses. They rubbed their tiny fists against their wee noses. One or two even ventured to "go-go" at their preacher, but not one squirmed or cried, so the nurses had nothing to do.

This was the converted cowboy's idea. Does it not sound a little like the voice of Him, who, when His disciple said, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee," only answered, "Tend my sheep. Tend my lambs."

EARLY ENGLISH CLEVER.

The Many Monasteries in Existence—Church Endowments.

During the first half of the eleventh century there is good reason for believing that the secular clergy, including the parish priests, in England had never been so numerous. Not only so, but that relatively to the rest of the population they have never since been so rich or occupied so strong a position. In the Domesday Survey hardly more than 1,700 churches are mentioned, but it is agreed on all hands that this represents very inadequately indeed the whole number that must have been in existence at the time of the conquest. That number must certainly have run into the thousands. Every one of these churches had its endowments in the shape of tithes and offerings. Every one had its glebe.

On the other hand, the monasteries had by no means recovered from the devastation wrought by the Danes. Many of the smaller houses had been entirely blotted out, and it may be doubted whether there were 40 monasteries worth mentioning that were at this time in working order from the Tyne to the Exe. It may, indeed, almost be said that at this time the parish priests had it all their own way; and I am afraid that those clergy were none the better for their prosperity, rather that their riches had done them harm in more ways than one.

Soon the fashion began of founding new monasteries. The cry was raised that only by the revival of the stricter religious life of the cloister could the priests and people be reformed. The tide turned against the seculars. The monasteries rapidly became wealthy corporations, enriched by lands and manors. In many instances the ownership of these manors carried with it the patronage of the churches upon those manors. The parishes passed into the hands of the abbots and priors. Then we begin to hear of a very odious form of trading in these benefices. The rectors were in many cases compelled to pay the annual rent, or pension, to the monastery, the compact being made with the incumbent conditionally upon his being admitted to his cure. Protests were made against these simoniacal bargains, and councils legislated against them, but it still went on.

A SUCCESSFUL HYMNAL.

The Large Profits of the Moody and Sankey Hymn-Book.

The fact that Mr. Moody has a pocket has been largely dwelt upon by his enemies and the amount and source of its contents are subjects of curious speculation. I shall suppose the critic to be honest, and divide to him a fact which the world has been slow to learn—the secret of Mr. Moody's pocket. It is, briefly, that Mr. Moody is the owner of one of the most paying literary properties in existence. It is the Hymn-Book, which, first used at his meetings in conjunction with Mr. Sankey, whose genius created it, is now in universal use throughout the civilized world. Twenty years ago, he offered it for nothing to a dozen different publishers, but none of them would look at it. Failing to find a publisher, Mr. Moody, with almost the last few dollars he possessed, had it printed in London in 1873. The copyright stood in his name; any loss that might have been suffered was his; and to any gain, by all the laws of business, he was justly entitled. The success, now at first, presently became gigantic. The two evangelists saw a fortune in their hymn-book. But they saw something which was more vital to them than a fortune—that the busybody and the evil-tongued would accuse them, if they but touched one cent of it, of grasping the Gospel for gain. What did they do? They refused to touch it—literally even to touch it. The royalty was handed direct from the publishers to a committee of well-known business men in London, who distributed it to various charities. When the evangelists left London, a similar committee with Mr. W. E. Dodge at its head, was formed in New York. For many years this committee faithfully disbursed the trust, and finally handed over its responsibility to a committee of no less weight and honor—the trustees of the Northfield Seminary, to be used henceforth in their behalf. Such is the history of Mr. Moody's pocket.

A Prize Lost.

An incident related by Dr. Andrew Bonar is full of suggestion. He says: "Some years ago a clever student was at one of our colleges. Whatever competitions were offered, his friends knew he could always come out first; he was only entering himself. The chief prize of his college was about to be contested. He entered and had fully made up his mind to win. He was specially well informed on the subject of examination, and knew that whatever questions might be asked, he would be able to answer. On the day of examination he suddenly remembered some business which he had in town, and glancing at his watch, saw he had ample time to do it and be back before the time fixed for the examination. He went, but on the way back he halted and became quite oblivious to the flight of time, until coming to himself with a sudden start, he saw that it was near the hour for the examination, and he had yet a considerable distance to go. He hurried as fast as he could, and getting within the college gates, he was relieved to see that the doors were still open, but just as he was making a rush for them, he was within twenty yards, when, with a bang, he was to late. The look of disappointment and chagrin which overspread that young man's face was most intense as he realized that for this year the coveted prize was snatched from his hand, and that through his own negligence. It is so with those who, when offered the gift of salvation freely, hurry away the time until suddenly the doors of God's mercy are shut."

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What are they saying about me on earth? Mercury—"They are wondering what you were trying to hit with that thunderbolt this morning." Jove—"Juno, my dear, I must again insist that woman's sphere is the home."

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BUY

CHOCOLATES

G.B. G.B. G.B.

See that

MADONNA AND CHILD.

The Great Paintings on the Most Beautiful Subjects.

The Virgin Mary occupies a vast place in christian art, and is inseparably mixed up with her Divine Son as an object of adoration in thousands of paintings executed between the culmination of Byzantinism and the Reformation. This fact alone shows how completely and unconsciously the art of an epoch is the reflection of its beliefs.

Very little is told us in the Gospels, and nothing elsewhere in the New Testament, about the Virgin Mary; but as the christian age advanced, the respect, greater and greater prominence in the thought of christians. The apocryphal gospels have many legends about her. The devotion with which she was regarded assumed a special development in the fourth and fifth centuries.

If we can rightly appreciate the merits and defects of the chief schools, and the chief painters in the representation of the Madonna and Child, we shall have gained no insignificant glimpse into the tinctures and the history of art. And that for two reasons:

1. In the first place, it was a sort of test subject. It evidenced alike the religious feelings of individual painters, and the highest reach to which they could attain. For the Virgin is the human mother of Him who was the Word of God; and in painting the Virgin and Child the painter tried to show all that he could achieve in the expression of humanity at its loveliest, and of the inspiration of deep religious feeling in absent from the rendering of such a subject, the painter must, at the very lowest, express the sanctity of motherhood and the innocence of infancy; and to do this, and nothing more, may well tax the powers of the most consummate genius.

In the second place, in every new Madonna, the painter not only challenged comparison with himself, and with all his contemporaries, but with generations of artists during many centuries. Thus as Gruyer says in his admirable work, "legions of painters are reunited under the banner of Raphael. His virgins are the sovereign expression of a religious idea, necessarily pursued not only during the two centuries of the Renaissance (the fourteenth and fifteenth), but also by all the christian generations, from the Catacombs down to Giotto." We find "Madonnas" from the second (?) to the fifth century. They become rare from that time till the thirteenth, but were produced by hundreds between 1294 and 1523. The manner in which the subject is treated marks every improvement of process, every change of conception, every powerful influence of individuality, every ripple on the deep ocean of religious life.

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Words of Weight and Wisdom.

Canada's Well-known Railroad Contractor, Mr. J. W. Dinwoodie, III.

Treated by Several Doctors and Tried Nearly Every Proprietary Medicine—Got Very Little Benefit—Was Influenced to Use South American Nervine—Found Immediate Relief—The Nervousness Has Entirely Left My System—"I Will Never Be Without It in My Home."

Men of affairs usually weigh their words. They are not of that class of people who carry their hearts upon their sleeve. One of the best known men of affairs in Canada is Mr. J. W. Dinwoodie, the large railroad contractor, evidence of whose work is to be found in all parts of the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to chain one section of our vast Dominion with another and bring its people into easy touch with each other through the medium of the iron horse, as Mr. Dinwoodie has in a short lifetime done. Hard and brainy labor, however, is necessary to success of this character, and the strongest constitutions are in danger of breaking down under the strain. It has been so with Mr. Dinwoodie. The great thought that he has had to give to his work, and the care and responsibility that it has carried with it finally told on his constitution, and he became a victim of nervous troubles, his liver and kidneys becoming seriously disordered.

Naturally he consulted a medical man. Comparatively no relief was obtained. He changed his doctor, and did not stop with one, two or three physicians, but he got no better. Various proprietary medicines were recommended, and, as he says himself, "I tried them all, but got very little benefit. Last fall I was camping out, and I was feeling very ill. I happened to pick up a paper with the advertisement for South American Nervine. I determined to give it a trial, and procured a bottle from the local druggist. After having taken but a few doses I found very great relief. The severe pain that I had been suffering in the small of my back left me, and the nervousness that had rendered me, in a large measure, unfit for work, has as a result of the continued use of Nervine, become banished from my system. I am now able to enjoy refreshing sleep the night through. I keep South American Nervine always in the house, and I do not hesitate to say that it is the very best medicine I have ever taken, and most confidently recommend it to anyone troubled with nervousness of whatever form and the attendant diseases of the liver and stomach that follow this weakness."

The important fact can not be too often emphasized that South American Nervine cures at the nerve centers, from which emanate all diseases. This being an undoubted scientific truth, fully and perfectly demonstrated by science, it is never an experiment to use Nervine; but in this remedy is always found a certain cure.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Hason J. Dick, 148 Charlotte St.; Clinton Brown & Co., Cor. Sidney and Union St.; Mahoney, 28 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.



MR. J. W. DINWOODIE, CAMPBELLFORD, ONT.

AVOID TROUBLE AT HOME.

Use Only the Reliable Diamond Dyes.

It is well known that the ladies of Canada often experience trials and tribulations in the household management. These small but irritating troubles can be avoided by a little care and common sense is exercised. Women who go on suffering these little miseries have themselves to blame, as they suffer through their own carelessness and inexperience. To-day, one great source of annoyance in the household is the use of poor imitation dyes for domestic dyeing. In some sections of our land, the ladies have lifted up their voice against them in a way which cannot be misunderstood. These imitation dyes have caused not only great loss of material and money, but anger and heartache as well. All these domestic trials and tribulations are avoided when Diamond Dyes are used. By their use work is well and quickly done; results are always grand, and the colors are brilliant and lasting. Ladies who have used Diamond Dyes for the last ten years know their great worth and possibilities. Avoid all imitation dyes, and always insist upon getting Diamond Dyes from your druggist or dealer.

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TREED BY A BIG MOOSE. HOW AN EMBARRASSED HUNTER SHOOT HIS RIFLE.

The Frenzied Onslaughts of the Maddened Animal Upon the Tree in Which Tom Laney was Sitting—How the Moose was Finally Shot Through the Heart.

T. G. Laney arrived at Pittsfield, Me., from a hunting expedition Monday night with three fine deer and a magnificent bull moose. Ben Seward and F. C. Pooler of Skowhegan, who were with him, had three deer apiece. The moose measures over six feet in height, has a fine set of antlers, and dressed 700 pounds. The animal is one of the biggest of his species which has been brought down from the Moosehead region this year, and excited much admiration in Bangor after he arrived there.

Tom and his companions, as the boat approached the shore and stopped, quickly launched a canoe which was on board and landed. Tom at once took the trail of the moose, while the others bore off in another direction to head off. The trail led into the forest for half a mile, and then turned abruptly to the left across the point in the direction of the main lake. Tom hurried on, intent on his prey. All at once in a thick scrub growth he sighted the moose very near at hand. It was plainly wounded, but not mortally. The beast turned savagely upon his pursuer, who, taken somewhat by surprise, quickly observed the first law of nature and got out of the way. He nimbly mounted a dead tree which stood slightly leaning close at hand, and was breathlessly poised thereon in a safe position by the time the huge beast passed, bellowed and lurched beneath him. But he had dropped his rifle in his hasty ascent, and the blood hunter was now unarmed except for his blood-stained sheath knife. Tom now began to realize that things were getting serious. He had heard of the fury of wounded bull moose, and had listened to such accounts with impatience. But now he thoroughly respected the march of the forest and never before. The furious onslaughts of the maddened brute began to tell on the decaying tree in which he was perched. It might succumb perhaps to the next. His thoughts reverted to his beautiful native town, his pleasant home, his bright future prospects, as he seriously meditated upon his present perilous position. Something must be done at once, or he might fall a victim to the frantic bull.

What did he do? What could he do? His friends were out of hearing, the bull was raging beneath in fierce, but as yet futile endeavors to dislodge him. All at once a flash of inspiration such as comes to a man but once in a lifetime burst upon him. He could regain his rifle; he could yet bring down his game and escape with his life. And he would do it. Within reach he noticed a strong sapling, which he calculated would bend to the ground beneath his weight, and then the intent of a quick jump and the rebound of the sapling would bring him back to his piece of temporary safety again. Watching his opportunity, Tom executed this manoeuvre, and before the mighty beast could whirl and reach him he had gone down with the sapling, grabbed his rifle, jumped for his life, and the little tree bore him up to a point from which he clambered safely upon his insecure perch again. Then, after partially regaining his breath, Tom took deliberate aim and shot the moose through the heart. That settled him.

Summoning his companions and the boat's crew the moose was dressed and dragged to the shore, a short distance away, got upon the steamer and triumphantly transported to Pittsfield. Tom won't admit the full measure of these adventures, but this can be attributed to his natural modesty.

Old "Daddy Longlegs." Almost every one is well acquainted with that extraordinary insect called "daddy longlegs," which makes its annual first appearance in the month of May. But every one does not know what Mr. S. H. Scudder has recently abundantly demonstrated, that this strange little creature, towering high above its fellows on its threadlike stilts, is probably, as its name may be thought to imply, a more ancient inhabitant of America than any representative of the human species. Far back in tertiary time, at the very dawn of the modern world, its ancestors lived in great numbers in that part of the continent which we now call Colorado. The fossil remains of these insects show the characteristic features that mark them today, although new species have taken the place of the old, for even daddy longlegs knows what evolution is and has attained to something that in his view is perhaps a kind of civilized existence suitable to the exigencies of life in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

History of a Stately Bit of Lace. Here's a curious bit of history that I ran across during the week, writes Nym Crinkle. In 1861 Queen Victoria offered a handsome prize for the best piece of Irish point lace to be exhibited in the first world's fair. Some patient Irish girl's fingers caught the flag-bird above the loom of Ireland as she merrily sang and wove it with marvellous

TAKING SWORDFISH. Dangerous and Exciting Sport With a Fish That Can Strike Back.

When the bluefish are not running in numbers, and the sea bass refuse to rise, the inhabitants and visitors of Block Island set out on a strange and exciting sport. On a sunny day after a savage northwest storm, while the log, restless swells are still capped with white, scores of small schooners and sloops will be seen cutting out of the harbors. This curious game haunts the warm waters of the gulf stream from Nova Scotia to Virginia. Sea birds and smaller fish of all kinds fall victims to the keen blade of the swordfish. He swims near the surface with his big, triangular, dorsal fin projecting into the air and his sharp, saw-toothed sword cleaving the water in front. Rising suddenly in a flock of wild geese or ducks, he will dash right and left with this dread weapon and kill a dozen or more before the panic stricken things can fly. Bottoms of boats have been pierced by this sword, and the fish do not hesitate to attack sharks, or even whales at times. With the inhabitants sword-fishing is strictly a matter of business, and profitable business at that. There is great demand for the first steaks cut from these big-finned fellows in the markets of Boston, Portland, Providence and New London. The fish brings from twenty cents in June to ten and twelve cents in July and August, when it is most plentiful. Not less than a hundred of the little vessels are engaged in swordfishing each season along the New England coast between the province of New Brunswick and Long Island.

With the summer guests these trips are the most widely exciting sport to which they have ever lent a hand. They find much to wonder at in the strong, clumsy fittings of the little sloops in which they embark. The long bowsprit, with the basket-like iron "pulpit" where the spearmen stands, the heavy lines and bright painted buoys, are all new to them. The harpoonman takes his place in the "pulpit" and, shading his eyes with one hand, peers far ahead into the heaving green waves. Long before the city man has been able to see anything but the tossing water and sail-dotted horizon the watcher has hailed to the man at the tiller, and the small craft turns and darts off on a new course. The long rope has been shaken loose, and the red and white buoy made fast to the further end, and now all are intent on the eager figure on the bowsprit. Then the stranger sees the thin, snaky tracks that the swordfish leave behind, and next he catches a glimpse of three of the big gray fins circling across the bow. Tom, that is the bowsman's name, with the shining lance poised, bends far forward. There is a flash of lively light, and then a wild flurry of foam and bubbles where the swordfish, cut to its vitals, has plunged down. Quickly the ten-fathom line is run out and overboard plunges the gay colored buoy. While the novice eyes it bobbing and dancing along the surface, he is surprised they do not start in pursuit. They'll mighty soon tucker him out, says the captain, "an' that's another, else fur us ter be a-doin'!"

The hesitating stranger is invited to try his hand at harpooning after a couple of fish have been taken, and with fear, and yet a longing to try it, he accepts. Clambering over the bowsprit, he grasps the lance, and the "pulpit" and grasps the heavy lance. No buck fever ever disconcerts a hunter any more than the sight of the sharp-finned approaching confuses him. He hears faintly the cries of the cap'n and Tom to "wait till y' see the teeth on the sword" and "they plenty of 'em, and they're long!" He sees as in a dream the waves and the foam, the "big fish" bearing down, and then he nerves himself and throws. All the strength of his right arm he puts in the stroke and as he draws back the wooden shaft he sees the seething circle where his prey sank down and hears Tom's hearty "Good, sir, mighty well put!"

Danger, though, too, there is in this sport for those unnumbered who are engaged swordfish attached and sunk fishing craft. With the land twenty or thirty miles before the horizon, and no boats near, the thought of being broached by a sword, is no happy one, and all devices, each belonging to some different schooner, long before the work of harvesting the dead begins. The keen eyes of the old hands at the business can tell several hundred yards away their own buoys. They also know many of the others. "That's the Molly, of New Bedford," or "Here's the John, of Massachusetts." They call them by their names and their colors. When on a long cruise the vessels always stand by and finish off each fish as soon as he weakens, and drag him aboard for fear of having to go out of their course or return to pick him up if left to die. The fish weighs from two hundred to four hundred pounds, though it is rare to take one of over three hundred. The huge game, after being hauled aboard, is packed below deck in ice. Occasionally a sloop will come in with twenty or more, and this is considered great luck, and of course means good money to the fishermen. The weather is often very rough so far out, and the swordfishermen must be prepared to weather the worst storm on the coast. If any one thinks he has experienced the most thrilling moments or enjoyed the greatest fun in landing tarpon in Florida, or salmon in Canada, let him on any windy day, when the waves are running high on the shoals and the sea gulls fly low, cling to the spray-dripping bowsprit of a little mack and harpoon a Block Island swordfish.

Mysterious Disappearances. Some five or six years ago the son of the late R. J. Van of Tanjore—a man some 40 or 50 years age, and of course the chief native personage in that part of India—made up his mind to become a devotee. He one day told his friends he was going on a railway journey, sent off his servants and carriages from the palace to the station, saying he would follow, gave them the slip, and has never been heard of since. His friends went to the man who was known to have been acting as his guru, and they simply told them "going on never find him." Supposing the G. O. M. or the Prince of Wales were to retire like this—how odd it would seem! To illustrate this

Exalted Position Does not Always Bring Happiness. There is a good deal of sincere sympathy expressed with the Czarina of Russia, who has never known much actual happiness in her life since she entered the exalted estate. She has been a good wife, too, and a tender mother when court etiquette would permit, and in her early youth was almost as pretty a woman as her sister, the Princess of Wales. She accompanied her sister to London when the heir to the English throne was married, and rode through the streets in an open carriage preceding England's future Queen. So charmingly did she bear herself that the loyal Londoner mistook her for Princess Alexandra and cheered her lustily, whereat, fresh from the placid simplicity of her father's court, she blushed and bowed so sweetly that a number of folks were sorry that she and not the rather impassive Alexandra was the choice of their Prince. Queen Louise of Denmark has always had an especial fondness for archaic names with pretty meanings. Dagnar, the Czarina's name, means dawn. An early and lovable Queen of Denmark was the first Dagnar. The Czarina, following the example of her mother, named her favorite daughter Kenia, meaning gladness. Thyra and Quegebe are two other names the Queen of Denmark has resorted from forgetfulness and bestowed on her favourite granddaughters. Women who answer to the pretty name of Maud will be grateful, perhaps, to Queen Louise, who has made a study of women's names. She finds that Maud is not a diminutive of Martha or Matilda, as too many believe, but is an abbreviation from Mauda, a Flemish lady and Countess of Champagne in her own right. It was her hand that held the crown over the head of Philip the Long when crowned at Rheims.

A Great Hypnotist. Professor Von Goukenbeimer, they say, is a marvellous mind-reader and hypnotist. "Yes," he claims, he can attract the attention of a restaurant waiter by merely looking at him steadily for half an hour.

DISHONEST PASSENGERS. Tricks by Which Railroad Corporations are Debauched of Money.

"Would you like to get an idea of how the railroads are victimized in all directions," said the general passenger agent of one of the leading Chicago roads. "If you would, here is a report which is a fair sample of what we receive every day."

The report referred to was that of a spotter who had been sent out to make a trip over a certain section of the system, and I find what he could of any crookedness that the employes of the road might be indulging in. It read in this fashion: "In accordance with instructions received, I this day made a trip over the division, in train No. 1. I took a seat in the smoking car, besides a man whose appearance indicated that he was a commercial traveller. Getting into conversation with him I found that my surmise in this respect was correct, he was travelling for the house of a conductor and asked for our tickets. While he was examining and punching mine my friend, the commercial traveller, tumbled in his pocket and pulled from it two dollars in silver, which he handed to the conductor with a peculiar kind of a wink.

"Where are you going?" the conductor asked. "You know my usual run." "Let me see. You generally get off at—?" "Yes." "Well, you must have made a mistake. The fare to that point is three dollars." "Oh, to be sure, I should have handed you this up with the money," and he passed up a mileage book. "But what do I want with this?" asked the conductor, holding out the two silver dollars. "Don't you want me to tear off the full mileage?" "O, that's all right. You know what I mean."

"No, I guess not," said the conductor; "not this time," and he tore the full mileage out of the book and passed it, with the two dollars, back to the drummer." "Do you know what that drummer was up to?" asked the general passenger agent. "He wanted to save a dollar on that trip, and to do it he was willing that the conductor should have two dollars. The amount he handed that employe in the first place was intended for the conductor's own pocket, but it was also intended to pay for the drummer's transportation that trip. The railway company was to be defrauded of three dollars. Of that amount two dollars was to go into the pocket of the conductor and one dollar into the pocket of the drummer. That is the kind of thing we have to contend against all the time."

Professional Skill Baffled. The professional catalogue maker (at work on the index of his great volume—"Easy Reference Guide to Statistical Information")—"I'm in a dilemma. His friend—"What's the matter?" The professional catalogue maker—"Here's a subject I've got to index, and I can't find a name in the index. It under other than the one under which people would naturally expect to find it.

Within the memory of middle aged people CONSUMPTION and other Lung troubles were much more prevalent and fatal than they are to-day. The existing improvement in the public health in this respect is, in considerable measure, due to a more widespread appreciation of sanitary laws; but PUTNER'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and Pancreatine, may justly claim to have largely aided in the good work. Many persons who, some years ago, were in a most critical state of health, are to-day sound and well, as a consequence of a faithful use of this valuable remedy. For sale by all Druggists at 50 cents a bottle.

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subject, I may tell the story of Tilleins-

than Swamy, who was the teacher of the Guru whose acquaintance I am referring to in this chapter. Tilleins was a wealthy ship-owner of high family. In 1850 he devoted himself to religious exercises, till 1855, when he became "emancipated." After his attainment he felt sick of the world, and so he wound up his affairs, divided all his goods and money among relatives and dependents, and went off stark naked into the woods. His mother and sisters were grieved, and repeatedly pursued him, offering to surrender all to him if he would only return. At last he simply refused to answer their importunities, and they desisted. He appeared in Tanjore after that in 1857, 1859, 1864, and 1872, but has not been seen since. He is supposed to be living somewhere in the Western Ghats.

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DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY, (Via C. P. R. Short Line) Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Fast connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world. Offices in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, Intercolonial R'y to Halifax, Joggins R'y, New Brunswick and P. E. I. R'y, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Digby & Liverpool R'y. Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty. Connected with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Right hours ahead of all competing Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec. Lowest Rates, Quick Despatch and Civility. F. W. ABBOTT, Agent.

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

I once saw a girl at a party, so profusely decorated with "diamond dust" as the sparkling crystal powder we sprinkled on our hair a few years ago, when we wanted to look very smart indeed, was called, "that by almost common consent she was



FOR THE COLDEST DAYS.

The costume on the right is made entirely of moire astrakhan fur, with a vest and muff of undyed Persian lamb. The costume on the left is of heavy black whipcord bordered with black fur. The blouse waist and sleeves are trimmed with the same the muff also.

christened "the Christmas card" on the spot. She was a remarkable pretty girl, but her beauty was of such a very striking type that she could not afford to dress at all conspicuously, only, unfortunately for herself, she did not know that, and therefore some of her costumes were things to make the angels weep and her friends to feel very sorry for her. She had the largest and darkest of brown eyes, well marked black brows, cheeks that were almost crimson in their brilliant rose tint, quantities of dark curly hair, full scarlet lips, and the roundest and most dimpled face imaginable. The description may not sound as charming as it should, and some girl not half so pretty may be tempted to exclaim—"Daitymaid!" but I can assure this scold that the subject of the present memoir, when properly dressed, was the prettiest girl I ever saw. On the evening referred to, however, she had given her sweet girlish fancy full rein and

carefully avoided putting the least suspicion of the same adornment on her hair, there was no excuse for the charitable supposition that perhaps it sifted down by accident. I never objected to powder, myself! It is a blessed mitigation for a too high color, and a softening medium through which to view pimples, freckles, and other facial blemishes, not to mention the beneficent effect it has on a hopelessly sallow skin, if its wearer has the good sense to select the brand which bears the trade mark "Flesh Tint," and is toned down with just enough carmine to be becoming. Powder is an excellent friend in its place, but like everything else it is a mistake when taken out of its sphere. It was a dreadful mistake that evening and made a pretty girl so very ridiculous that I have never forgotten the picture she made, a sort of living illustration of Shakespeare's advice as to the folly of painting the lily.

I never imagined then that lovely woman



MATRONS' DINNER AND RECEPTION GOWNS.

The gown on the right is of heavy puffed velveteen of a golden brown, self-trimmed around the train and with cardinal falls below and deep velvet collar. The corsage is filled in with chiffon. The figure at the left shows a gown of shades of rose green, with studded ribbon garniture on the waist. Two ruffles and tails finish the neck. The central figure is of striped grosgrain, black and dark grey. The front is of shirred silk muslin. The whole is trimmed with a round jet cord.

attired herself in a gown of vivid pink, trimmed with white lace, and cut so startlingly low in what is politely termed the "neck" that it left little to the imagination. Her hair was brought well down to meet her eyebrows in the then fashionable bang, and secured by an invisible net; and to crown all her neck should be and

would think seriously of beautifying herself with anything more startling in the shape of powder than violet, rice, or pearl; but now following closely upon the short sock fad in Paris, comes the news that Parisian society ladies are using a new kind of face powder invented by a clever French student for the special purpose of

neutralizing the very disastrous effect that artificial light always has upon the complexion. It seems that all electric light is largely composed of rays of violet, and that violet light is the most trying of all for the delicate flesh tints we all prize so highly, and which we seem to have lost almost altogether, except by daylight, ever since electric lights came in.

I have always wondered why everyone looked so badly under electric light that even the youngest and fairest face suffered, but not being a chemist I never thought of suspecting the clear white light of an electric lamp of containing violet rays. But the French student who has won fame for himself by his recent success, set about discovering some means of neutralizing the effect of the unbecoming tint, and the result of his labor is a luminous powder as fine and soft to the touch as the best rice powder, and the foundation of which is sulphate of quinine which has been dissolved in alcohol, and then mixed with sulphate of zinc.

I do not know enough about sulphate of zinc to be sure of the effect it would have upon the skin, but I rather fancy it would be far from beneficial; quinine and alcohol are good tonics for the skin though, so perhaps they might neutralize the zinc as



ATTRACTIVE NEW HEADWEAR.

The hat on the right is of black felt with black cock's plumes and iridescent chiffon drapery. The child's hat is of shirred coral velvet with self drapery and border of white swansdown. The center hat is of dark blue felt with blue ostrich plumes. At the top is a tan felt hat with black satin trimming, wings and tails. Below is a new style of dressing the hair over a drofful comb.

well as the violet light, and render it harmless. In any case, the new powder is said to be beneficial, to protect those who use it from the bad effects of the sun, and to retain its brilliancy for several hours, even in the hottest sun.

The method of applying it is to dampen the face with a lotion made from the quinine and alcohol, and then powder it with the sulphate of zinc, so the pores of the skin would probably be pretty well closed by the alcohol and protected from harm. The only drawback to this new and delightful beautifier is said to be the fact that it makes everyone else in the vicinity of the lady who wears it, look a little "citron yellow" that is the very reverse of beautiful, while the powdered one has a complexion of such dazzling brilliancy from the moment she passes her powder puff lightly over her face, that she is as conspicuous among her fellows as a piece of Parian marble would be amidst a collection of bits of chalk. The powder wards off the evil effects of the rays of light and so purifies the skin that instead of having all its latent blemishes brought out by the cruel artificial light, it looks almost transparent.

This is the scientific explanation of it, girls and I have taken the greatest pains to learn it off correctly for your benefit. But in plain English I am very much afraid there will be disastrous results if that wonderful luminous powder ever gets to Canada. In the first place it is almost sure to be expensive at first, and then those who can afford the luxury of making themselves luminous for a certain outlay, will take a mean advantage of others who are not so well provided with this world's goods and the poorer portion of good society will be obliged to remain at home after candlelight and nurse their complexions safely removed from the deadly violet rays of the window's electric lamp, therefore causing gradual decline of social functions and a falling off in the theatre business.

Then—man not being entirely destitute of society the sterner portion of society will probably rise up and protest against being condemned to the perpetual tint of citron yellow which their complexions will assume when contrasted with the Parian transparency of their partners, and lady loves, and as they will be debarr'd from

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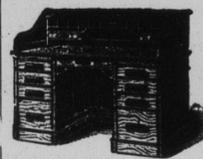
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A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.



This child has a mother, whose picture is concealed in the above portrait.

The publishers of the Ladies' Monthly Gem will give \$100.00 to the person who first can find the face of the child's mother, to the second a Gold Watch valued at \$25.00, to the third \$10.00 in cash, to the fourth a Solid Silver Watch, to the fifth a Silk Dress Pattern, any color, and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer this picture rebus correctly, no more than one hundred prizes have been awarded, if there should be that number answering correctly.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with lead pencil on the head of the mother, and send same to us with ten three-cent postage stamps for three months trial subscription of the Ladies' Monthly Gem, our popular magazine.

The envelope which contains correct answer bearing first post-mark will receive first reward and the balance in order as received. Every prize will be fully awarded. Answer to-day and enclose stamps and you may win one of the leading prizes. Address—

(P) LADIES' MONTHLY GEM, CLEVELAND, O.

CONSUMPTION.

A MINISTER OUTWITTED.

There are many folk who knew Alphonse Lacour in his old age. From about the time of the revolution of '48 until he died, in the second year of the Crimean war, he was always to be found in the same corner of the Cafe de Provence, at the end of the Rue St. Honore, coming down about 9 in the evening and going when he could find no one to talk with. It took some self-restraint to listen to the old diplomatist, for his stories were beyond all belief, and yet he was quick at detecting the shadow of a smile or the slightest little raising of the eyebrows. Then his huge, rounded back would straighten itself, his bulldog chin would project, and his r-r-r would burr like a kettle-drum. When he got as far as "Ah, monsieur, r-r-r-nit!" or "Vous ne me r-r-oyez pas done!" it was quite time to remember that you had a tick for the opera.

There was his story of Talleyrand and the five oyster shells, and there was his utterly absurd account of Napoleon's second visit to Ajaccio. Then there was that most circumstantial romance (which he never ventured upon until his second bottle had been uncorked) of the Emperor's escape from St. Helena—how he lived for a whole year in Philadelphia, while Count Herbert de Bertrand, who was his living image, persecuted him at Longwood. But of all his stories there was none which was more notorious than that of the Koran and the Foreign Office messenger. And yet, when Monsieur Otto's memoirs were written, it was found that there really was some foundation for old Lacour's incredible statement.

"You must know, monsieur," he would say, "that I left Egypt after Kleber's assassination. I would gladly have stayed on, for I was engaged in a translation of the Koran, and, between ourselves, I had thoughts of embracing Mohammedanism, for I was deeply struck by the wisdom of their views about marriage. They had made an incredible mistake, however, upon the subject of wine, and this was what the multi who attempted to convert me could never get over. Then when old Kleber died and Menou came to the top, I felt that it was time for me to go. It is not for me to speak of my own capacities, monsieur, but you will readily understand that the man does not care to be ridden by the mule. I carried my Koran and my papers to London, where Monsieur Otto had been sent by the First Consul to arrange a treaty of peace, for both nations were very weary of the war, which had already lasted twenty years. Here I was most useful to Monsieur Otto on account of my knowledge of the English tongue, and also, if I may say so, on account of my natural capacity. They were happy days during which I lived in the square of Bloomsbury. The climate of monsieur's country is, it must be confessed, detestable. But then what would you have? Flowers grow best in the rain. One has but to point to monsieur's fellow countrymen to prove it.

"Well, Monsieur Otto, our ambassador, was kept terribly busy over that treaty, and all of his staff were worked to death. We had not Pitt to deal with, which was perhaps as well for us. He was a terrible man, that Pitt, and wherever half a dozen enemies of France were plotting together there was his sharp-pointed nose right in the middle of them. The nation, however, had been thoughtful enough to put him out of office, and we had to do with Monsieur Addison. But Milord Hawkesbury was the Foreign Minister, and it was with him that we were obliged to do our bargaining.

"You can understand that it was no child's play. After ten years of war each nation had got hold of a great deal which had belonged to the other or to the other's allies. What was to be given back? And what was to be kept? Is this island worth that peninsula? If we do this at Venice, will you do that at Sierra Leone? It gives up Egypt to the Sultan, will you restore the Cape of Good Hope, which you have taken from our allies, the Dutch? So we wrangled and wrestled, and I have seen Monsieur Otto come back to the embassy so exhausted that his secretary and I had to help him from his carriage to his sofa. But at last things adjusted themselves, and the night came round when the treaty was to be finally signed.

"Now, you must know that the one great card which we held, and which we played, played, played at every point of the game, was that we had Egypt. The English were very nervous about our being there. It gave us a foot on each end of the Mediterranean, you see. And they were not sure that that wonderful little Napoleon of ours might not make it the base of an advance against India. So whenever Lord Hawkesbury proposed to retain anything we had only to reply: 'In that case, of course, we cannot consent to evacuate Egypt,' and in this way we quickly brought him to reason. It was by the help of Egypt that we gained terms which were remarkably favorable, and especially that we caused the English to consent to give up the Cape of Good Hope; we did not wish your people, monsieur, to have any foothold in South Africa, for history has taught us that the British foothold of one-half century is the British empire of the next. It is not your army or your navy against which we have to guard, but it is your terrible younger son and your man in search of a career. When we French have a possession across the seas we like to sit in Paris and to felicitate ourselves upon it. With you it is different. You take your wives and your children and you run away to see what kind of place this may be, and after that we might as well try to take that old square of Bloomsbury away from you.

"Well, it was upon the first of October that the treaty was finally to be signed. In the morning I was congratulating Monsieur Otto upon the happy conclusion of his labors. He was a little pale shrimp of a man, very quick and nervous, and he was so delighted now at his success that he could not sit still, but ran about the room chattering and laughing, while I sat on a cushion in a corner, as I had learned to do in the east. Suddenly in came a messenger with a letter which had been forwarded from Paris. Monsieur Otto cast his eyes upon it, and then, without a word, his knees gave way, and he fell senseless upon the floor. I ran to him, as did the courier, and between us we carried him to a sofa. He might have been dead from his appearance, but I could feel his heart throbbing beneath my palm.

"What is this, then?" I asked. "I do not know," answered the messenger. "Monsieur Talleyrand told me to hurry as never man hurried before, and to put this letter into the hands of Monsieur Otto. I was in Paris at midnight yesterday." "I know I am to blame, but I could not help glancing at the letter, picking it out of the senseless hand of Monsieur Otto. My God! the thunderbolt that it was! I did not faint, but I sat down beside my chief and I burst into tears. It was but a few words, but they told us that Egypt had been evacuated by our troops a month before. All our treaty was undone, then, and the one consideration which had induced our enemies to give us good terms had vanished. In twelve hours it would not have mattered. But now the treaty was not yet signed. We should have to give up the Cape. We should have to let England have Malta. Now that Egypt was gone, we had nothing to offer in exchange. "But we are not so easily beaten, we Frenchmen. You English misjudge us when you think that because we show emotions which you conceal that we are of a weak and womanly nature. You cannot read your histories and believe that M. Otto recovered his senses and we took counsel what we should do. "It is useless to go on, Alphonse," said he. "This Englishman will laugh at me when I ask him to sign." "Courage!" I cried, and then a sudden thought came into my head—"How do we know that the English will have news of this? Perhaps they may sign the treaty before they know of it." "Alphonse," he cried, "you have saved me! Why should they know? Our news has come from Toulon to Paris, and thence straight to London. Their will come by sea through the Straits of Gibraltar. At this moment it is unlikely that any one in Paris knows of it, save only Talleyrand and the First Consul. If we keep our secret we may still get our treaty signed." "Ah, Monsieur, you can imagine the horrible uncertainty in which we spent the day. Never, never shall I forget those slow hours during which we sat together, starting at every distant shout, lest it should be the first sign of the rejoicing it would cause in London. Monsieur Otto passed from youth to age in a day. As for me I find it easier to go out and meet danger than to wait for it. I set forth, therefore, toward evening. I wandered here, and wandered there. I was in the fencing rooms of Monsieur Angelo, and in the salon de boxes of Monsieur Jackson, and in the club of Broke, and in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies, but nowhere did I hear any news. Still, it was possible that Milord Hawkesbury had received it himself just as we had. He lived in Harley street, and there it was that the treaty was to be finally signed that night at 8. I entered Monsieur Otto to drink two glasses of Burgundy before he went, for I feared lest his haggard face and trembling hands should rouse suspicion in the English minister.

"Ah, it is in the moment of action that I am best, monsieur. You, who only see me when I am drinking my wine in the Cafe de Provence, cannot conceive the heights to which I rise. At that moment, when I knew that the fruits of a ten-year war were at stake, I was magnificent. It was the last French campaign, and I the general and army in one. "Sir," said I, touching him upon the arm, "are you the messenger for Lord Hawkesbury?" "Yes," said he. "I have been waiting for you half an hour," said I, "to allow me to tell you. He is with the French Ambassador." "I spoke with such assurances that he never hesitated for an instant. When he entered the hackney coach and I followed him in, my heart gave such a thrill of joy that I could hardly keep from shouting aloud. He was a poor little creature, this Foreign Office messenger, not much bigger than Monsieur Otto, and I—monsieur can see my hands now, and imagine what they were like when I was seven and twenty years of age.

"Well, now that I had him in my coach the question was what I should do with him. He did not wish to hurt him if I could help it. "This is a pressing business," said he. "I have a de-patch which I must deliver instantly." "Our coach had rattled down Harley street, but now, in accordance with my instruction, it turned and began to go up again.

"Hullo!" he cried. "What's this?" "What then?" I asked. "We are driving back. Where is Lord Hawkesbury?" "We shall see him presently." "Let me out!" he shouted. "There's some trickery in this. Coachman, stop the coach!" I let me out. I say!

"I dashed him back into his seat as he tried to turn the handle of the door. He roared for help. He made his teeth meet through the side of it. I seized his own cravat and bound it over his lips. He still mumbled and gurgled, but the noise was covered by the rattle of the wheels. We were passing the minister's house and there was no candle in the window. "The messenger sat quiet for a little, and I could see the glint of his eyes as he stared at me through the gloom. He was partly stunned, I think, by the force with which I had hurled him into the seat. And he was pondering, perhaps, what he would do next. Presently he got his mouth partly free from the cravat. "You can have my watch and my purse if you will let me go," said he. "Sir," said I, "I am as honorable a man as you are yourself." "Who are you, then?" "My name is of no importance." "What do you want with me?" "It is a bet." "A bet? What do you mean? Do you understand that I am on the government service and that you will see the inside of a jail for this?" "That is the bet. That is the sport," said I. "You may find it poor sport before you finish," he cried. "What is this bet of yours, then?" "I have bet," I answered, "that I will recite a chapter of the Koran to the first gentleman whom I shall meet on the street." "I do not know what made me think of it, save that my translation was always running in my head. He clutched at the door-handle, and again I had to hurl him back into his seat. "How long will it take?" he gasped. "It depends on the chapter," I answered. "A short one, then, and let me go!" "But is it fair," I argued. "When I say a chapter I do not mean the shortest chapter, but rather one which should be of a average length." "Help! help!" he squealed, and I was compelled again to adjust his cravat. "A little patience," said I, "and it will soon be over. I should like to recite the chapter which would be of most interest to yourself. You will confess that I am trying to make things as pleasant as I can for you?" "He slipped his mouth free again. "Quick, then, quick!" he groaned. "The Chapter of the Camel!" I suggested. "Yes, yes. Only proceed!" "We had passed the window and there was no candle. I settled down to recite the Chapter of the Stallion to him.

"Perhaps you do not know your Koran very well, monsieur? Well, I knew it by heart then, as I knew it by heart now. The style is a little exasperating for any one who is in a hurry. But then what would you have? The people in the East are never in a hurry, and it was written for them. I repeated it with all the solemnity which a sacred book demands, and the young Englishman wriggled and groaned. "When the horses, standing on three feet and placing the tip of his fourth foot upon the ground, were mustered in front of him in the evening, he said: 'I loved the love of earthly good above the remembrance of things on high, and have spent the time in viewing these horses. Bring these horses back to me.' And when they were brought back he began to cut off their legs and—

"It was at this moment that the young Englishman sprang at me. My God! how little can I remember of the next few minutes! He was a boxer, this shred of a man. He had been trained to strike. I tried to catch him by the hands. Pac, pac, he came upon my nose and upon my eye. I put down my head and thrust at him with it. Pac, he came from below. But ah, I was too much for him. I hurled myself upon him, and he had no place where he could escape from my weight. He fell flat upon the cushions, and I seated myself upon him so that the wind flew from him as from a burst bellows. "Then I searched to see what there was with which I could tie him. I drew the strings from my shoes, and with one I secured his wrists and with another his ankles. Then I tied the cravat round his mouth again, so that he could only lie and glare at me. When I had done all this, and had stopped the bleeding of my own nose, I looked out of the coach and ah, monsieur, the first thing that caught my eye was that candle, that dear little candle glimmering in the window of the Minister. Alone, with the two hands, I had retrieved the capitulation of an army and the loss of a province. Yes, monsieur, what Aber-

crombie and 2,000 men had done upon the beach of Aboukir was undone by me, single-handed, in a hackney coach in Harley street. "Well, I had no time to lose, for at any moment Monsieur Otto might be down. I shouted to my driver, gave him his second guinea, and allowed him to proceed to Waterloo. For myself, I sprang into our bumpy carriage, and a moment later the door of the minister opened. He had himself escorted Monsieur Otto down stairs, and now so deep was he in talk that he walked down bareheaded as far as the carriage. As he stood there by the open door there came the rattle of wheels, and a man rushed down the pavement.

"A despatch of great importance for Milord Hawkesbury!" he cried. "I could see that it was not my messenger, but a second one. Milord Hawkesbury caught the paper from his hand and read it by the light of the carriage lamp. His face, monsieur, was as white as this plate before he had finished. "Monsieur Otto," he cried, "we have signed this treaty upon a false understanding. Egypt is in our hands." "What?" cried Monsieur Otto. "Impossible."

"It is certain; it fell to Abercrombie last month." "In that case," said Monsieur Otto, "it is very fortunate that the treaty is signed." "Very fortunate for you, sir," cried Milord Hawkesbury, and he turned back to the house. "Next day, monsieur, what they call the Bow street runners were after me, but they could not run across salt water, and Alphonse Lacour was receiving the congratulations of Monsieur Talleyrand and the First Consul before ever his pursuers had got as far as Dover."

An Unexpected Reply to Moody. When Mr. Moody was preaching in Washington last spring he asserted one day that it Jesus Christ should return to this world in person and appear in that city, he would not be welcomed, and that the people would see that he was governed by him. He asked the audience if they would receive him, and to empathize his assertion he appealed to an aged colored man sitting near the pulpit: "Would you vote for him?" The reply came promptly: "I wouldn't do no good. They wouldn't count no votes." Mr. Moody at once changed the subject.

How to Catch Cod. A French doctor has just discovered why some fishermen catch cod and others do not. He found that on the northerly side of high submarine peaks the cod would not bite, while on the southerly side they did. By attaching thermometers to fishing lines he further found that most fish were taken between 45 degrees and 50 degrees, and that at 45 degrees, with a depth of about fourteen fathoms, the catch was best.

OFTEN TIRED BUT NEVER WEARY. Let's discuss this point for two minutes. Here's a man who says that at a certain period he began to feel "tired and weary." That's precisely the way he puts it in his letter. Now anybody has a right to feel tired or fatigued (it's the same thing), after labor or much exercise. It's the body's fashion of telling you to hold up, to give it a rest. It is a natural and, in health, with supper and sleep just ahead, a pleasant feeling. But weariness is that different. That comes of monotony, of waiting, of loneliness. Weariness is of the mind, not of the body. But it can arise in the body, all the same. If this bothers you at first, don't say "stuff!" "humbbug!" but study up on it. A man may be tired and happy, but not weary and happy. For weariness means depressed spirits, and nerves all sagged down in the middle. And when you get both at once you will be wise to find out what's gone wrong.

It is a short letter, this, and we can just as well quote the whole of it. The writer says: "It was in November, 1887, when I began to feel tired and weary. It seemed as if I had no strength left in me. Before that I had always been strong and healthy. My appetite was poor, and for days together I could not touch any food that was placed before me. After every meal that I did succeed in forcing down I had such dreadful pains in the chest and back that I was almost afraid to eat. Then there was a sharp pain around the heart, too, as though I had been stabbed with a knife. "I lost a deal of sleep, and for nights together I didn't sleep at all. Then I began to lose flesh rapidly, was afraid I was going into consumption. Yet I kept on with my work, however, but it was a hard thing for me, because I was so weak and nervous that I trembled from head to foot. As time went on I gradually got worse and worse, and my eyes were sunken and drawn in. I consulted a doctor in Kentish Town. He gave me medicine, but it did no good. After all this I got the idea into my head that I should not recover.

"One day a lady came into the shop, and noticing the state I was in, kindly asked how long I had been ill. I told her all about it, and she said, 'You try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup; it has made me well, and I believe it will do you good.' I sent for a bottle, and after taking only a few doses I felt relieved. Presently my food agreed with me, and I enjoyed my meals. I could sleep better also, and by keeping on taking the Syrup I soon got as strong as I ever was in my life. Since that time (now over four years ago), I have been in the best of health. I consider that in all probability this remedy saved my life; a tall event, it restored my health, and life without health don't amount to much. I gladly consent to the publication of this statement, and will answer inquiries. Yours truly (signed,) G. Vince, 142, Shepherd's Bush Road, London, W., November 30th, 1892."

Thus Mr. Vince's unfortunate experience comes to a happy end. As he has to work for a living, like most of us, he is no doubt often tired, but never weary any more. And what can possibly be more wearisome than long-continued illness? With his as with millions, it was the stomach that was in fault. His food entered his stomach and stopped there. So he suffered from two bad results: he received no strength from it, but he did receive the deadly acids and gases which the fermented stuff gave which to indigestion and dyspepsia. The same old story of pain and misery, and thank mercy, the same story of restoration and gratitude after an appeal for help had been made to good old Mother Seigel.

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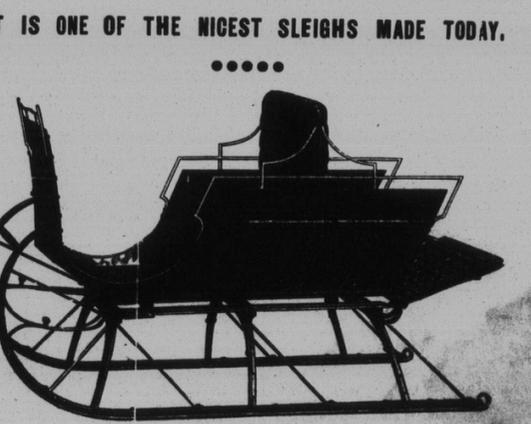
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