

# PROGRESS.

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## SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSING.

### How Obedience to the Law Sometime Affects Business Establishments.

It is quite proper to obey the regulations of the board of health and get vaccinated but this has in many cases in this city caused considerable inconvenience.

It has especially been so in Prognosis office. Compositors who hold a composing stick all day cannot do so if they have sore arms and for this reason the capacity for work in this office has been limited for some weeks. If Prognosis had type setting machines as the others are favored with this difficulty could be overcome but the number of compositors in the city is limited and men or women cannot learn to set type in a day. To those who have asked why the sign of Prognosis has been temporarily reduced let it be the explanation.

Associated.

Once, during a dry season in China, the late Li Hung Chang called on Minister Conger, and spoke of the weather.

'Yes,' said Mr. Conger, 'it seems to be dry everywhere. It is dry in America, too. I read in one of our papers the other day that in many places in the West the people were praying for rain.'

'What I said the earl, 'do your people pray to their God for rain?' 'Oh, yes,' said the minister, 'they often pray for rain.' 'And does their God send it when they pray for it?' asked the earl. 'Yes, sometimes their prayers are answered, and sometimes they are not.' 'All the same the Chinese just say "I said the earl with a grain and a chance.'

General Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America, tells a story of a prayer-meeting held in New York on the East Side during the recent mayoralty campaign. In the midst of a prayer he relates, one pious brother said: 'Oh, Lord, we pray that the Democrat party may hang together in the coming election. "Amen, answer prayer, Lord," put in a Republican who was near. "But I do not mean it as the Republican brother means it, Lord. I pray that we may hang together in command and accord," continued the Democrat. "Amen, Lord," again said the Republican, "any word, as long as they hang."

A correspondent of the "Canadian Gazette" (London) relates the following story to illustrate the abnormal development of the late Li Hung Chang's bump of curiosity.

'One day I was unwise enough to tell him that it was possible to tap the telegraph wires at any point along the line. This got me into a nice mess, for Li insisted on stopping the train in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and although Le Fung Lee pointed out to him that the tapping might interrupt the transcontinental business of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, he was determined to see Mr. Joseph Baker (an expert telegrapher who accompanied me) tap the wires. The obliging Baker, to my surprise, willingly consented and entered his consent with an agile pole-climbing and spectacular manipulation of wire. You came down the pole with a most plausible story of what the operators at the end of the line had said to him, but he afterwards confided to me that he had only fooled the old man. Li, however, was delighted and talked of wire tapping until he heard about a type-writer we had on board. Then Mr. Baker was kept busy for half a day explaining to His Excellency and the equally interested members of his suite the intricacies of the writing machine.

Lord Kelvin once paid a visit with a friend to some well known electrical works. They were situated near the workshops by the river and the man of much intellect and scientific attainments, who accompanied the visitor's identity, he minutely examined the details of the plant and machinery, and departed him in his role of a professional. The man who was on the point of being inspected, but an amused observer of the great master of electricity kept him silent. When the tour of inspection was completed, Lord Kelvin quietly turned to the man who had been inspected. 'What then, is electricity?' he asked. 'What then, is electricity?' he asked. 'Well, well,' said Lord Kelvin, 'it is the only thing that you can see, and I don't know what it is.'

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matter at what hour he presented himself he was invariably informed that the congressman was bathing. 'I must see him,' he finally said one day to the servant; 'my business is most important; I'll wait until he is through with his bath.' 'Da's no use,' replied the negro butler; 'gentleman does wait for hours de odder day; he wa'n't through den.' Whereupon the disappointed constituent said to have written this upon his card: 'You may succeed, if you persevere, in getting your body clean one of these days; but if you should spend the rest of your life in a bath-tub it would not purify your conscience or your political record.'

Equi-Deo.

Public vehicles in Paris are allowed to carry only as many passengers as can find seats. After that number has been admitted no one is allowed to enter. The explanation will serve to introduce an incident reported by a correspondent of the "Fitzburg Dispatch."

A crowd of men and women, each with a numbered ticket, showing the order in which they were to enter the next street car, stood at the Place de l'Etoile station when the down town car arrived.

Surveying the crowd, the conductor cried out: 'Only three places in the car! Who has ticket No. 1?'

With that Mrs. Blank of Chicago, the stoutest woman in the American colony approached holding up the ticket called for.

'Step aboard, madam,' said the conductor, ringing his go ahead bell.

'Wait! Wait! I've No. 2!' called a little Frenchman.

'You're too late,' replied the conductor. 'Every place is taken.'

Altitic Humor.

The Ameer, Abdur Rahman Khan, after a succession of ups and downs that included the composition and publication of his autobiography, recently died a natural death in his own country of Afghanistan. 'Work,' he said in his 'Life,' 'has been my watchword,' but believing, no doubt, that all work and no play will make an Ameer a dull boy, he took his fun wherever he found it.

'At one of his public dinners,' said Mr. Stephens, Wheeler in his story of the Ameer's life, 'an excited native rushed into the midst of the assembly and prostrated himself in front of the Ameer.

'Sahib,' he gasped, 'the Russians are coming!'

'From what direction?' are they visible?' asked the Ameer, without changing his expression.

'From yonder hill,' replied the native. 'Climb that tree and watch until they come,' was the royal command.

The native ascended to the topmost branches, and was forced to remain until he dropped to the ground.

'Political upholsterers'—whom Addison described as 'grave persons'—may see in this anecdote evidence of the Ameer's full confidence in Russia's intentions toward Afghanistan; it is more probable that it was a manifestation of that grim humor which was of the 'quaint Oriental stripe' with which the 'Arabian Nights' have made us familiar.

Imperative Orders.

The colonel was entertaining some of his friends with stories of his life, say my 'the Detroit Free Press,' and he talked of the inflexibility of 'Tim Murphy' case.

'Murphy had lentened in the cavalry service, although he had never been on a horse in his life. He was taken out of drill with other raw recruits under command of a sergeant, and as such would have secured one of the worst bunkers in the whole troop.

'Now, my men,' said the sergeant in addressing them, 'no one is allowed to dismount without orders from a superior officer. Remember that.'

Tim was no sooner in the saddle than he was hunched over heels in the stirrups, and came down so hard that the breath was almost knocked out of him.

'Murphy,' shouted the sergeant, when he discovered the man spread on the ground, 'you dismounted!'

'I did.'

'Did you have orders?'

'I did.'

'From headquarters, I suppose?' with a sneer.

'No, from headquarters.'

'Take him to the guard-house!' ordered the sergeant.

Dick's Recog'nance.

A distinguished member of the United States judiciary has discovered that he still has something to learn in the direction of agriculture.

He bought a farm as a summer home for his family, and finds especial delight in walking about the place, commenting on the condition of the crops, and in many ways showing his interest in his new possession.

One evening during the summer he was strolling over the farm. The hired man had cut the grass during the day—a very thin crop—and had left it lying on the ground to dry. The judge saw it, and calling his man he said:

'It seems to me that you are very careless. Why haven't you been more particular in taking up this hay? Don't you see that you have left little dribblings all around?'

For a minute the hired man stared, wondering if the judge was speaking him. Then he replied:

'Little dribblings? Why, mas, the 's crop 's 'T.S. 'T.S. 'T.S.'

## N'T BE ALARMED.

### There is Nothing in the So-Called Small Pox Situation to be Afraid of.

Christmas this year was uneventful even uninviting to those who lived outside of the city.

The reasons hardly need to be spoken of but the weather was disappointing and the prevailing epidemic seemed to have alarmed the people through the provinces to such an extent that they failed to make their usual annual holiday visit.

All this had its effect upon business and yet in spite of the unfavorable conditions some merchants reported trade as good as usual.

Too much has been said about the small pox situation.

The facts have been enlarged upon and exaggerated and there has been so much acrimonious discussion in regard to the action of the board of health that the public generally throughout the province have become fearful when there was in reality no occasion for any particular alarm. The cases that have been reported with one or two exceptions are the result of residence in the immediate vicinity of those who had the disease.

Few indeed of those who have been vaccinated have contracted small pox and yet there seems to be a great fear of contagion. This may be due to the fact that St. John has been especially free from such epidemics for many years; that the city has been regarded of late as one of the healthiest spots on the continent and even the board of health was unprepared for the appearance of small pox. Still when it did come the general impression is that the gentlemen of the board have done their best, and while not infallible, are entitled to more praise than criticism.

Where he went for it.

Albert was sent down town by his mother to get some horse-radish which she needed for her pickles.

After quite a long absence he came back to find his mother's hands and arms all swollen and empty handed.

'Well, where is the horse-radish?' asked his mother.

'Why, mother, I went to every heavy stable in town, and they didn't have a bit, answered Albert, with a weary sigh.'

O, ya Woman's Will.

He was a very shy young man, and the mother to get some horse-radish which she needed for her pickles.

They were seated on a bench in Moor park, Preston.

'How do you pronounce K-i-s-s-o-o-s?' she asked.

'Oh, in this instance the 'i' is not sounded,' he replied.

'Then that would be 'Kiss' she murmured.

And he did, although he was a very shy young man.



SISTERLY AFFECTION

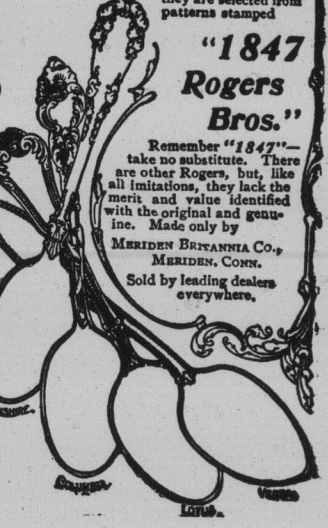


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POOR COPY

# A LIVING LIE.

IN TWO INSTALMENT—PART I.

'Miss Cecily, dear! to see you dressed like this!' ejaculated the worthy housekeeper, as the visitor, relieved of her bonnet and cloak, stood revealed in a neat grey frock, finished off by a snowy collar and pair of cuffs.

'What! is it so unbecoming?' asked the girl, with a mischievous twinkle in her hazel eyes.

Assuredly it was not. The soft pink cheeks, the dimpled chin, and the next retracee looked more charming than ever in contrast to the severity of the costume.

The gold brown hair still strayed over the broad white forehead in little curls and twists, despite the endeavours that had been made to make it lie in a less untidy fashion.

'Ah, it Mrs. Vere could see you!' the old lady continued, with a solemn shake of her head.

The girl gave a nervous start. 'Is he home again? You told me nothing about it in your letter,' she said, in a reproachful tone, as her hostess proceeded to pour out the tea.

The old housekeeper gave her a curious look.

'I thought maybe you'd like to get a glimpse of him—without his knowing it, I mean,' she added, looking a little nervous in her turn.

The girl frowned slightly. 'I came to talk to you of another matter,' she said. 'You promised to tell me about the family at The Towers. Does Miss Armitage ever come here by herself? I mean, without her stepmother or the gentleman she's engaged.'

The housekeeper shook her head. 'There's something strange about that young lady,' she said. 'When Miss Armitage was first in England, Lady Meredith told me as how she'd promised to introduce her to all our best families. She's rather a shy young lady,' she says to me, 'but proud and ambitious, as her father's daughter has a right to be.' But now it seems as she don't care to go nowhere, and spends her time moping about those dreary woods, with nothing better than a dog for company.'

The visitor looked thoughtful. 'Is she happy in her engagement?' she asked.

The housekeeper dropped her voice as she answered—

'It's my opinion that engagement is a mistake. Sir Alwyn, he looks a changed man since he heard of it, and neither Mr. Vere nor Lady Meredith can bear that stepmother, for all she tries to come round them with smooth speeches and pussy-cat ways.'

'Is Alwyn in love with Miss Armitage, do you think?'

'Do I think? It's common talk here, Miss Cecily, and how she can prefer that red-haired, bold-eyed man to such a gentleman as Sir Alwyn beats me. There's some mystery about it all, but I'm not so sure as it won't all come right in the end now that Mr. Vere's with his brother again.'

'What has Vere got to do with it?' asked the girl.

'I don't quite know, but he let fall something when he came to see me the other day. It's my opinion he has his suspicions as there's undue influence somewhere, and being mixed up with the law, as you may say, he may find out something that Mr. Beauchamp would rather he didn't.'

'But now, Miss Cecily, dear, I rather think it's my turn to ask a few questions, if you'll allow me to take the liberty!'

The girl laughed and blushed at his demand.

'Very well,' she said. 'Promise to grant me absolute freedom, and I'll make a clean breast of everything to you.'

A steady stream of conversation ensued for an hour or so, and then the housekeeper suddenly interrupted the flow.

'And you're going to hold me to a promise not to tell another soul after that?' was her reproachful comment on a certain statement her visitor had made. 'Why, it's not right that a young lady like you should go running about the world by herself, and you a clergyman's daughter, too!'

'Hush! I shan't leave England again. I'll see Lady Meredith soon; just wait a

little longer,' the girl urged in soothing tones, anxious to quell the excitement that had made the worthy housekeeper unconsciously raise her voice to a rather high pitch.

She rose as she spoke, to put on her cloak and bonnet.

'So you think you might meet Miss Armitage some afternoon in the wood?' she said. 'I shall stay on with Mrs. Cogg's—she is quite safe—until my object is accomplished.'

'You won't run away again?' the old housekeeper interposed anxiously.

The girl shook her head with a little smile. 'Do you think it would be very imprudent of me to take a stroll through the picture gallery?' she suggested suddenly.

The family portraits are generally shown to respectable visitors. I must see them before I go.'

The old lady led the way to a long, narrow room, where Merediths of every generation smiled or frowned down upon them from the lofty walls.

The girl walked on heedingly until she came to a picture of two lads in fancy dress—Sir Alwyn Meredith and his brother Vere in their school boy days.

'How masterful Vere looks, with that protecting arm of his thrown over Alwyn's shoulder!' she said, addressing the housekeeper, whilst still gazing at the portrait.

'I'm sure he was born to command. I suppose that's why I couldn't bring myself to see him. He would have made me promise—'

'To trust him,' finished a man's deep voice, as Vere Meredith suddenly emerged from a recess on the other side of the room.

The housekeeper gave a startled cry. The meeting she had longed for had come about accidentally, but she was frightened now as to what its issue might be.

'How could you be so foolish, as to think I should care for you less, when you needed my care the more?' whispered Vere, after a somewhat lengthy conversation had had taken place between him and his former fiancée. 'I'm going to be Lord Chancellor one day. What does it matter to me about your being poor.'

The girl smiled at him through her tears. 'You won't look so nice in your wig as you do without it,' she said. 'Oh, Vere! I'm so glad we're friends again. I do so badly want some clever person to advise me.'

Vere Meredith smiled at this sly piece of flattery, but his face grew very grave as the girl proceeded to narrate the circumstances that had given rise to her visit to Mrs. Drew.

He took her back to the housekeeper's room, so that she might not be disturbed, while she answered his questions, with fears of encountering Lady Meredith or his brother.

'Keep up this disguise a little longer,' he said at last. 'It may serve my purpose better for you to do so. I will consult someone else on that point. We have a wrong to right together, you and I.'

'You forgive poor old dad, then, Vere?' asked the girl.

'Am I so hard as to bear ill will against the dead? I think your father was more sinned against than sinning. He was the kind of man to be as wax in the hands of a sufficiently plausible knave. I have a double debt to record against that person. And now, dear, Mrs. Drew will see you safely home, and supply any accessories that may be lacking in Mrs. Cogg's cottage.'

The girl made no protest against this arrangement.

She found it rather enjoyable to obey this one man, after all.

'I will bring about the interview to-morrow, if it can be arranged,' he said to her at parting. 'I am not acting alone in the matter, as I told you; I must consult my professional colleague first. Why, dear, whatever is the matter?'

This question was evoked by a startled cry from the girl, as she made a dart at some object on the table.

'You've opened the packet, Mrs. Drew. Oh, dear! What shall I do? It's the one I have to hand over to Miss Armitage! The poor old housekeeper looked sadly confused.

'It's so dark, Miss Cecily. I thought it was something of mine that Hester had brought up while we were in the gallery.'

Vere Meredith came to her rescue. 'There's no great harm done, Cecily,' he said. 'This letter is intact, and there's this locket. By Jove! someone or other has damaged the spring.'

The locket had fallen open on the table. He picked it up and carried it to the window, and then, as if rendered curious by something it contained, he caressed the candles on the mantel piece to be lighted, and renewed his study of it there.

There were two miniatures side by side, evidently those of a mother and child, and at the back of the locket was a slip of paper bearing the following words—

'Miniatures of my dear wife Lois and our daughter. Painted in 1875.'

Vere called Mrs. Drew and Cecily to his side.

'Do you see the difference?' he asked excitedly.

Mrs. Drew stared stolidly at the elder face—that of a pretty fair woman, with noticeably beautiful blue eyes.

'Miss Armitage is not a bit like her mother, Mr. Vere,' she said.

'No, no; I don't mean that. Look at the child, and you'll see what I mean.'

The old lady studied the sweet looking, dark-haired little girl attentively.

'The painter must have made a mistake,' she said. 'Why, he's painted her—'

Her words were half drowned in Cecily's startled cry.

'Oh, Vere!' she said. 'I believe I've guessed it all. Those last words of Mrs. Drew's have given me the clue.'

## CHAPTER V.

'Rachel, I don't like that new agent of yours.'

'Indeed! Why not? Sir Alwyn recommended him very highly, and he seems to know his work.'

'Confound it all! Why should Meredith interfere with Lois's affairs? I'm getting tired of your baronet and his long-nosed, priggish brother.'

'You have no occasion to be jealous of Vere Meredith, at any rate,' was the only comment his sister made. 'What is your objection to Rogers?'

'Oh, I don't know! He's a beastly bore, always poking his nose in everywhere and asking questions. He's too zealous—one can't shake him off. I hate a fellow who keeps one eternally on the grind.'

Mrs. Armitage smiled scornfully.

'It's well there's someone who's not afraid of a little work,' she said. 'I don't think I shall let you buy me out after all. It would pay you better to keep me as the working partner in the concern.'

Horace Beauchamp looked suspiciously across the breakfast table at his sister.

'It strikes me you've made the best bargain of the lot, as it is,' he remarked moodily. 'Have you got any further with Lois?'

'She says she can't marry you until the year of mourning's out. It wouldn't be decent before.'

'And you expect that to go down with me! I fumed the new thoroughly irritated irritated man.'

'I think coercion pursued too far would be unwise. Lois is impulsive; she makes a confidante of Nana, and the latter is capable of sacrificing everything to the girl's slightest whim.'

Horace Beauchamp winced.

'I warned you that woman would dangle. Can she have told Lois all?'

His sister's answer was interrupted by the entrance of the butler with a letter.

'Beg pardon, ma'am, but could you tell me if this is meant for the ayah or not?' he said, handing a rather curiously addressed envelope for Mrs. Armitage's inspection.

She studied the handwriting carefully for a moment or two.

'Yes, it is, Pannel,' she said; 'but don't tell Nana you came to consult me about it. She's very proud of her brother's knowledge of English.'

The man had hardly closed the door before Horace Beauchamp turned to his sister.

'Well! he ejaculated in an eager, questioning tone.

'It's the Mahabuleswar postmark,' she responded gravely, and then, her face clearing, she added: 'I don't think we've much to fear. If it's mischief, it's a clumsy move and there may be nothing in it after all.'

'Why didn't you keep that letter?' the man asked querulously.

'What for? Could you read its contents? And was I to bribe Pannel into holding his tongue? Nana shall translate it for me by and by.'

But though Rachel Armitage chose to reassure her brother, she really felt decidedly ill at ease.

The Indian woman was somehow slipping away from her control.

She was as subservient as ever in her manner, yet she would brook no interference in her movements, and it did not suit Mrs. Armitage to quarrel openly with her as yet.

'There is the one threat, of course,' she said to herself, as she left the ayah's apartment, thoroughly dissatisfied with her interview; 'but I'm not sure that it would be wise to use it. Lois is capable of going to any extremes. I must just manage the creature and be prepared for emergencies. Thank goodness! I think matters are mending in other directions. Sir Alwyn has certainly been more amiable of late.'

Horace Beauchamp came into his sister's boudoir after luncheon.

'I may dine and sleep in Woodford to-night,' he said. 'Even a country town will be a change after this beastly hole.'

He felt in a thoroughly discontented mood as he strolled down to keep an appointment with the agent, before driving off in the latter's dog-cart to catch the 6.15 train at the little country station.

He had assumed an interest in his future wife's property with the idea of making him self popular with her tenants, but he had no intention of doing any real work.

He was vexed at Lois's postponement of their marriage, not so much on account of the delay, as the thought that she had been eager to grasp the opportunity for it.

He had other reasons for being in low spirits, but he hardly admitted their existence to himself.

Yet, why did each night bring him a vision of a young girl draped in a white garb that resembled the shrouds of the dead?

She stood gazing at him always from a dark corner, her beautiful face pitiful in its ghastly pallor, and a look of haunting misery in her eyes.

He could not stir hand or foot as he watched her, and yet he trembled in an agony of fear.

Then she moved, and he heard the name 'Lois! Lois!' softly spoken; and as she vanished the spell was broken, and he awoke, bathed in sweat, and with a strong foreboding of impending evil.

His sister laughed such dreams to scorn; but Horace Beauchamp was still haunted by them.

He had a conscience, though he strove to stifle it, and was capable of feeling pitifully towards a helpless girl, but he had not the courage to act in conformity with his feelings.

The appearance of the agent, outside the cottages he had come to look over with him, turned his thoughts back into their ordinary channel, and he plunged into the subject of drainage and so on, with a feeling of relief for once.

He was just going to climb into the agent's dog cart, after the business was over, when Vere Meredith came hurrying up.

'You're just the man I want,' he said, in cheerful tones, as he nodded a careless good day to his inferior, while linking his arm through Beauchamp's.

The latter stared at him, amazed at this unusual effusiveness, but Vere continued in unembarrassed tones—

'There is a lady at Mrs. Cogg's cottage who wants to see you, and there was the suspicion of a chuckle in his voice.

Beauchamp stared again.

'A lady wants to see me?' he repeated.

'Is this some little joke of yours, Meredith?' he added trying to copy the other's almost genial tone.

'Oh, no! I used to know her years ago, and when she heard your name, she said she particularly wanted to see you. You'd better go and solve the mystery at once.'

Beauchamp hesitated.

There was something peculiar in the barrister's manner; he might not be so mad as he seemed.

'I'm not curious, I can wait,' he said. 'I'm engaged to dine in Woodford to-night.'

For answer, Vere Meredith gripped him firmly by one arm, while the agent seized the other.

'James Winter, Mr. Conway's daughter is anxious to see the man who robbed her of his honour, and her of her fortune, and has since assisted in a crime more cruel than that.'

Vere Meredith's assumption of geniality had vanished, and he spoke in the tone of one who did not shrink from the responsibility he had assumed.

The agent made a remark also, in a lower tone.

It was one that made the prisoner flinch like a cur, when it sees the merited whip flourish suddenly before its eyes.

Mechanically he strode between his captors in the direction of Mrs. Cogg's cottage, while his brain was in a whirl of chaotic thought.

His sin had found him out! But was it this one sin only, or did the daughter of the man he had duped really know any of the darker crime, into which he had since been drawn?

He was not kept long in suspense. Cecily Conway, in her grey frock and nurse's cap and apron, stood awaiting him on the threshold of Mrs. Cogg's door.

He looked eagerly at her as he came up the gravelled path.

'Nerve! Hope!' he exclaimed, in a startled voice.

The blow had fallen. That darker crime of his was known—his villainy was unmasked!

## CHAPTER VI.

Alwyn Meredith and Lois Armitage stood facing each other in the subdued light of the shady wood, agitated and pale.

'Then you forgive me for those bitter words that day, Lois?' the baronet said, forgetting for the moment that she could never be 'Lois' to him except in memory.

A look of pain crept into the girl's dark eyes, and lingered in the curves of the beautiful lips that had lost their old expression of proud defiance.

'If there is to be a question of forgiveness between us,' she answered softly, 'it is I who need it most. You said less to me than I deserve. Oh, I cannot—I cannot tell you all,' she finished with a sob that seemed wrung from her very soul.

The old expression of virile strength and courage returned to Alwyn Meredith's face.

'Tell me nothing if it pains you, Lois,' he said quietly. 'Only remember that you have in me a friend who will be true to you, whatever trouble comes. Nothing can change my feelings towards you; but, as you wish it, I will no longer try to thwart your marriage with—with that man.'

There was a bitterness in his tone that did not escape his listener.

'Oh! if I could only die!' she exclaimed.

'But I must live to undo my sin. I cannot violate an oath, else the wrong would have been righted long ago. If you know how I fear your brother, Vere! I dreaded to hear he had told you all.'

'Vere has said nothing to me of late. If he had not always spoken kindly and pityingly of you, I should not have been content to have been kept in the dark. I knew he was anxious to befriend you, and so I let the matter rest. I have been too absorbed in my own wretchedness to heed or care for anything else.'

Lois Armitage turned away from him, trembling.

'I wish we had never met,' she murmured brokenly.

Alwyn Meredith almost echoed the wish.

It was terrible for him to see the change in her, and to know that he could do nothing to bring peace to her troubled soul.

The girl put out her hand to say 'Good-bye.'

'Promise me one thing, Alwyn Meredith,' she said. 'Do not condemn me without remembering that I have suffered as well as sinned. How deeply, you will never know.'

She was gone before he had time to realize that they had practically met and parted for the last time.

After her marriage she was going to travel, she had told him, and it might be years before she returned to England.

He sighed deeply to think that this girl, so young in years and so beautiful, should be weighted with the burden of a secret sin.

What it could be he did not try to guess.

His one thought was that he must be alert to shield her.

He would insist on hearing everything from Vere at once.

A slight rustle in the grass attracted his attention.

Could it be Lois come back?

He seen saw it was not she, however, but her Indian nurse, and, in a sudden flash of remembrance, he recalled a promise he had made to see her, which, indeed, was his reason for loitering about that spot.

'Misses Lois says no, but I come. The great lord not tell misses me here?'

She looked round furtively as she spoke. Meredith sighed.

He knew she had come to urge him to marry her charge.

And Lois had just told him that her marriage with her stepmother's brother was imperative.

He resigned himself to listen to the pleadings that would pierce his heart, touched by the love and devotion that so eagerly sought his protection for her 'Babe.'

Little did he or his intended guess that there was another auditor by,

Continued on page Three.

A LIVING LIE

Continued From Page Two.

Hidden behind some tangled bushes. Mrs. Armitage possibly did not recall the old truism that 'listeners seldom hear good of themselves,' for at each mention of her own name she grew livid with suppressed rage and hate.

CHAPTER VII.

Vere Meredith and Nurse Hope were pacing up and down the plantation that ran along one side of the wood. The girl stopped suddenly in her walk. 'Look, Vere,' she said, turning her head to look at a girlish figure that was advancing swiftly past the trees towards them.

'Oh, Vere! You are sure she won't get into the clutches of the law?' 'My dear child, should I let that villain off, and bring her to open shame? I wish I could punish the worse conspirators; but, as you know, there are various reasons why the affair should be hushed up.'

A strange expression came into the girl's pallid face as her eyes met those of Vere Meredith, who stood regarding her keenly. She took the letter from its envelope and began to read the faltering handwriting. Suddenly she gave a piercing cry, and staggered back. The nurse ran forward and caught her in her arms.

She saw in a moment that human skill would be unavailable to save the young life that was so swiftly ebbing to its close. Only once the dark eyes opened, and then they sought painfully the dusky face of the ayah, as she bent yearningly to meet their gaze.

When Vere Meredith arrived with the village doctor and one or two other helpers, it was to find Nurse Hope alone with a corpse; for at the advent of death, the ayah had fled shrieking from the spot, while Rachel Armitage had already disappeared.

question of money came between him and his love. I have come to ask you, dear, not to let it do so now. This speech, that she was quite unprepared for, added to the excitement of the scene she had so recently gone through, was too much for Cecily Conway's overwrought nerves.

principally on her estate. 'In that case she would have been befriended, and protected if necessary, by her neighbors—ourselves—which would have defeated any attempts at undue influence on her stepmother's part.'

she supposed to be Lois Armitage lying unconscious in her stepmother's room. She suspected that her slumber was artificially produced, and she was right. Laura Lane was hypnotized at her own wish. I will tell you why.

His sin had found him out! But was it this one sin only, or did the daughter of the man he had duped really know any of the darker crime, into which he had since been drawn?

CHAPTER VI.

Alwyn Meredith and Lois Armitage stood facing each other in the subdued light of the shady wood, agitated and pale. 'Then you forgive me for those bitter words that day, Lois?' the baronet said, forgetting for the moment that she could never be 'Lois' to him except in memory.



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SIXTEEN PAGES. BY JOHN. SAURDAY DEC 28

RAILWAYS AND EMPIRE.

The recent official announcement that the great Trans Siberian Railway has been 'practically completed' by the laying of the last rail of the Northern Manchurian Division must be accepted with meek abatement. There is still some bridge-building to be done, and the system of rail communication is still interrupted by the necessity of crossing Lake Baikal by water. Moreover, it is generally believed that a considerable part of the line will have to be rebuilt in stronger fashion and relaid with heavier rails before it will sustain regular traffic.

Nevertheless, the Russian Minister of Finance was justified in his announcement that with the laying of the last rail in northern Manchuria on the anniversary of the czar's accession, temporary traffic was possible along the whole system.

Ten years ago last May the czar turned the first sod of this railway, at Vladivostok. The construction of more than five thousand miles of railway in this period, in view of the engineering and other difficulties in the way, is a remarkable achievement. It hardly would have been possible if it had not been pressed toward completion by the resources of a great empire.

It has opened the vast and previously almost inaccessible regions of Siberia to immigration. It binds East and West in commercial relations which otherwise would have been impossible. In connection with the acquisition of Port Arthur, it gives Russia a long coveted southern port. Its political importance in future Asiatic adjustments can hardly be overestimated.

Railway-making and empire building are likely to be more than ever closely associated in the future. Russia has built railways to the very extremity of its territory towards Herat, in order to be ready for whatever may take place in Afghanistan. Recently it has begun railway construction in northern Persia, as an aid to extending its political control over that country. Other nations are pursuing a similar policy. Germany has important railway projects in the East. In China, in Suihan, and wherever else European civilization is seeking a foothold in unpeopled or partially occupied regions, the railway precedes or attends the march of empire.

GREAT GOVERNMENT ENTERPRISES.

Congress now finds itself confronted with the question which almost every household must consider: How much money can we afford to spend? The decision as to a score or more of projects will really constitute a partial answer.

Doubtless the appropriations made at this session will be very large. A handsome surplus lies in the Treasury. The country is prosperous, growing rapidly, and at a stage in its development when many new things seem called for, most of which everybody regards as meritorious, but they all cost money, and there is some dispute as to which the country can best afford.

The proposed canal across the isthmus would naturally be a source of great expense, even if distributed over many years. On account of the failure of the river and harbor bill at the last Congress, larger ones than ever seem inevitable. It is possible that an appropriation for general irrigation will be made, and that would embark the government upon far-reaching improvements.

A Pacific cable may absorb a few million dollars more. Rural free delivery is gaining in popularity, and its friends desire an appropriation twice as large as that of last

year. Many people believe that the most effective way of restoring our merchant shipping on the seas is by the payment of subsidies from the Treasury. Unusually large naval estimates are recommended. All along the line there is a call for generous appropriations.

Although government taxes are small compared with those which the individual pays to the city where he lives, and to the state government, all of these levies, national state and municipal, should be taken into account in considering how much can properly be expended. On the one hand extravagance, waste, misappropriation of the public money and the promotion of selfish schemes should be avoided; and on the other hand a niggardly policy would be most unwise on the part of a great and growing country with a vast wealth of resources yet to be developed.

To Reduce Your Back Measure One Inch.—Isn't halt as hard neither is it as painful as before the introduction of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. In twenty four hours the corn is removed, Pretty and small feet are well assured on everybody, but it can't be done unless you use Putnam's—others are not nearly so good. Putnam's is the best. At druggists.

The never failing medicine Holloway's Corn Cure removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc., even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

The Old-Age Habit.

'For why would I look old, darling? Answer me that, now!' Mrs. Mullaly demanded. She had been Honora Costigan formerly, Mrs. Morris's loving and faithful house-girl; but that was twenty years earlier. Mistress and maid had been at opposite ends of the earth in the meantime, and the mistress who, had noticeably aged, felt almost a shock of resentment at sight of the plump and buxom No. 1 she used to know.

'Sure, I've had me bad times and me good times like the rest of the world,' Mrs. Mullaly went on reflectively. 'But, glory be before the bad times quite finished me the good times always came again—me always leaving the door ajar to let them in, d'ye mind?'

'I am older; I feel it sometimes in me poor back; but I'm not old. Whisper, darling, it ain't the years that go over; it's the heart that's inside that changes the faces of us.'

'Twas a cousin of mine that taught me the truth of it, this long ago. She brung

to be old the day she was born, did Katie, and when she was fourteen, looking and acting twenty, 'twas a great help to her. But when she was twenty, 'I'm getting on,' says she. When she was twenty-five, 'No, says she to Johnny Walsh, that came a courting, 'I'm too old and settled in me habits to be marrying. Then she was thirty nothing would do her but to get wid the old women and talk of the times when she and they was young.

'So the heart of her went into the face of her. It did so! I mind when she was thirty about and me over twenty, we went together one day to a big new hotel to get work. A good worker was Katie. But the boss he looked us up and looked us down and asked his questions, and then says he, 'I'll give you a trial, my girl,' says he to me. 'But as for you,' he says to Katie, it's young, strong, lively women we want,' says he, and I mind thinking you're after mistaking this for the Old Ladies' Home, which, says he, is in the next block.

'O ho!' says I to myself at that. 'Am I going out to hunt for wrinkles and rheumatism before me own mother gets grey in her hair?' No, says I, and 'twas then I be gun to toss me birthdays over me shoulder as fast as they came. They're all behind me, glory be! where I can't fall over them.

'Whisper, darling,' Mrs. Mullaly added, impressively, 'old age is a bad habit, like drinking, and if ye give way to it ye won't so easy break it off. Sure, there's a new year every twelve months, but that can't make ye an old woman—never, darling until ye're willin' to be!'

A Cure for Rheumatism.—The invasion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a focal cause of rheumatic pains. It's irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Anyone afflicted with this ailment should at once take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills act on the kidneys and promote the elimination of uric acid by the natural action of the urinary system.

'Is Mrs. Brimfield Baker the daughter of a judge?'

'Yes. Why do you ask?'

'Because I just now met her and she said she was hurrying down to ask her father to grant her an injunction to prevent her husband from beginning divorce proceedings.'

Impurities in the Blood.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Dr. Williams' Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys so that they will maintain an efficient and normal condition. The pills are sold in every drug store. Beware of cheap imitations which do not contain the same ingredients as these Pills are in the bottle.

An Opportunity Grip.

A good natured easy going German living in Chicago asked the American wife to

pick out some little present for his sister in the old country. He had squandered his fortune, says the Record Herald, but his sister still had hers, and with careful tenacity she had swelled it to a comfortable sum.

The American wife knew nothing of her sister in law, and she appreciated the limitations of her own finances as well as the difficulty of choosing a gift for a stranger. But she went to a repository for woman's work and discovered there a dainty bag of shamois leather embroidered with wreaths of forget me nots and emblazoned with the one word 'money,' to indicate its use as a secret purse to be worn about the neck in travelling.

It seemed an innocent little gift, but Fritz danced with delight when he saw it. 'Aah, the very thing!' he cried. I would not write and ask her—no! but money and forget me nots, ah, it is the most beautiful reminder!

His wife, who had not thought of the matter in that light, protested and would have fain withheld the present, but Fritz was firm. It was sent to Germany at Christmas.

A few weeks later a substantial check came in acknowledgment. The sister had indeed appreciated the situation.

Assisting the Memory.

Grandma Hollis pushed her spectacles far down on her nose, and looked over their tops with mild reproof.

'Now, Robert,' she said, convincingly, to her grandson, 'I don't like to hear you say you can't remember dates, because it's an easy thing to do if only you set about it the right way. Now when anybody asks me about the date of anything I just use my simple method, and it never fails; and I'm sure nobody could have a worse memory than I have, dear child.'

'What's your method, grandma?' asked the boy, ready for any suggestion which might help him in his weakest spot.

'Why, it's like this,' said Grandma Hollis, cheerfully. There's the Declaration of Independence. I should never be sure of the year that occurred if it weren't for my method; but I think of your mother's marriage—that was in 1889. I remember that because the date is on the little ring your father gave me, and I look at it two or three times a day.

'Then I know she was twenty-one when she was married, because it was the same as that I was when I was married so that carries her back to—twenty-one from

eighty-nine leaves sixty eight. And she was eight years old at the time of the Centennial in Philadelphia. I know that, because I got her a twisted-wire figure-eight pin at the exposition—and she lost it.

'Then you see eight added to sixty-eight makes seventy-six. That's 1876. Of course centennial means subtract a hundred, and there you have 1776, with no trouble at all, Robert!'

Grandma Hollis beamed with the joy of one who imparts rare wisdom, but Robert, although respectful, seemed depressed.

From the Gunch Tower.

Many characteristic customs prevail at Christmas in different parts of Europe, but nowhere is there a prettier one than that obtaining in the west coast town of Christiansand in Norway. There, at the stroke of seven on Juleaften, the waiting city hears from its cathedral spire the first notes of the Christmas chimes. Then every house door opens, and the people in swed silence, go out into the streets to listen to the music of the bells. After these sweet sounds there is a pause, while the crowds stand quiet under the starlit sky, waiting for something the touching effect of which can be appreciated only by one who knows the strong emotional influence of the place and time. This is the playing of the three Christmas hymns, by wind instruments, from the high church tower. As the notes ring out into the night many an upturned face shines with unconscious tears, while impulsively hand goes out to hand.

Juleaften supper is served at the usual hour, eight o'clock, and immemorial usage ordains that every true Norseman must that night eat risengrynsrod, or rice pudding. After supper every house in the kingdom produces its Christmas tree. Decked simply with candles and candies, and with pretty or grotesque cakes in brightly colored paper baskets, both of home make, these trees would hardly win the approval of American young people. Nor would the presents help matters much. Very unpretentious, as a rule, are these gifts, and their exchange is limited almost entirely to near relatives. A young girl rarely gives anything save some trifle of her own handiwork.

Newly all ailments are more or less subject to diet doses and such complaints while testing and as this period of diet. Here is the most useful medicine I would not be without a bottle of Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

Don't Make Fancy Things.

'A southern woman says that it is difficult to have fairs in the south because the women have nothing to sell in them. Fancy articles make up the bulk of the goods sold in a fair, and the southern women are not given to this form of needle work.

'I don't know why it is,' says the woman, 'whether our houses are so much in the north that we don't need such things, but I know we don't make them, and I am very glad, for it seems to me a great waste of time.'

Its Power Grows With Age.—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for ailments have come and gone since Dr. J. C. Williams' Electric Oil was put on the market? Yet it remains doing more good to humanity than any preparation more highly valued and esteemed. It is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

Tess—I wouldn't make Bess my confidante if I were you. She told me that secret of yours.

Jess—But Jennie was my confidante. Bess must have been Jennie's confidante, so her confidante's confidante.

The manager.—A rather nice little thing and we'll be stranded.

The Star.—That is, if we don't have a short run we'll have a long wait.

"77" FOR COLDS

- '77' Book melted free.
'77' cures Colds.
'77' cures Grip.
'77' cures Coughs.
'77' cures Influenza.
'77' cures Catarrh.
'77' cures Sore Throat.
'77' cures Bronchitis.
'77' makes Colds that cling let go.
'77' is a small vial of pleasant pellets that fit the vest pocket.

At all Druggists 25 cents or mailed on receipt of price. Dr. J. C. Williams' Book Mailed Free. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., Corner William and John Streets, New York.



Little Pouts.

SPERULATION.

"Make your money earth a steady in come." \$50,000 upwards invested with us will earn from 5 to 20 per cent monthly.

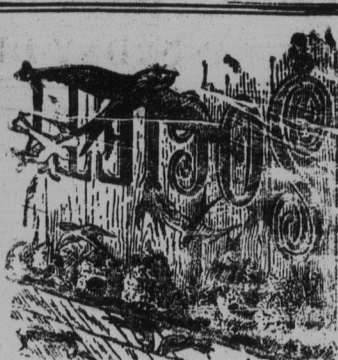
A safe, conservative and highly remunerative channel for the investment of surplus funds. Send for special letter of information.

BANKERS & BROKERS COM. CO. Highest commercial and personal reference.—220 Broadway, New York.

Very respectfully, BANKERS & BROKERS COM CO

Weighed in the balance and found standard. PEARLINE'S claims a nd given it its place—the leading washing powder. Why is PEARLINE imitated? Why are those who have used it for years still using it? Why are all willing to pay a little more for it? Pearlina—Standard

The France—Mrs. Malaprop—That young Mr. Jenkins. Has engaged to be married, you know. M. S. Gobbie—Indeed? And that the young woman will be a Jew? M. S. Malaprop—Yes that is it.



Christmas week is always dull in society circles and this year for many reasons there has been especially the case, but with the new year the prospects are that the season of gaiety will begin again.

The sudden illness of Mrs. McKenna a bride of a short time from smallpox shocked the community but all are glad to know that she is not in a serious condition.

Captain Akers's sudden death at the residence of his brother-in-law when he had just arrived to spend Christmas was particularly distressing because his aged wife was there to greet him and the arrangement was to spend a few days in the City with their numerous friends.

Mr. H. J. Anderson brought home his bride a few days ago and the announcement is made that she is a Jew.

Mr. Judge King and her daughter Miss Romer in St. John for the holidays and many pleasant events are understood to be in contemplation for them.

The afternoon and evening of the festival day were marked by good theatrical performances in the Opera House and York Theatre, the former having the excellent Baker Stock Company, which has now gone to Halifax, and the York, the old time favorite.

Mr. F. Shary was in Fredericton Tuesday evening. He expects to visit Toronto in a few days and will be absent some time.

Mrs. E. C. O. is spending a few days in Fredericton the guest of her mother Mrs. Fenely at Linden Hall.

Mrs. J. M. Stratton, who has been the guest of her daughter for the past few months has returned to Ottawa.

Rev. G. D. Ireland, of Woodstock, is spending the holidays in the city, the guests of Rev. Dr. Fraser. James Curran of Osham, spent the holiday with friends in the city.

Harry Donville arrived from Dawson to spend the holiday with his father, Col. Donville at Rothesay.

Mr. and Mrs. McNally returned from Osham to spend Christmas in the city.

John Dick spent Christmas with his family and will return to Kenville on Monday.

Lieut. Grant M. Farrell of Halifax, formerly attached to the B. R. C. I. at Fredericton, has received a lieutenant's commission in the new Canadian contingent.

Miss McAvity, son of John McAvity is home for Christmas on his vacation.

Norman McLeod of the Metropolitan Insurance Company was in Fredericton Tuesday to spend the holidays with his parents, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Farmer of Hampton were guests of Mrs. Palmer, Queen Square on Christmas day and Thursday.

Tate's Distillation. 'Tate' is an old negro well known, according to the Philadelphia Ledger, to many of the attaches of the city hall, for whom he does odd jobs at their homes.

Corticelli Sewing Silk is all silk; it is full size letter A; it is smooth, strong and free from knots or flaws. These are reasons why ladies who want stitching to last as long as the fabric, prefer it to all other sewing silks. Knowing ones like it better than linen or cotton because it lasts longer and goes further—and does not fade. Full length 50 or 100 yard spools. Costs just one tenth of a yard.

That Fa English Home Dye Maypole soap washes and dyes at one operation. 10c for colors—15c for black. Sold everywhere.

EFFECTIVE COMBINATION. SINGER SEWING MACHINES. Perfect Design, Best Materials, Skilled Workmanship, Unequaled Facilities. This combination produces best Sewing Machines on earth—THE SINGER. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. Factory at Montreal. Offices all over the Dominion.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER IS THE BEST DENTAL PRESERVATIVE. Has the Largest Sale of any Dentifrice. Sold by Chemists, Stores, &c. P. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. No other, as all mixtures, pills and medicines are dangerous. Price, 50c per box. 10 degrees stronger, \$1 per box. Sold on receipt of price and two 8-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Not sold in Canada.

When You Want a Real Tonic ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Win. E. G. SCOVIL, — "Having used both we think the St. Agustine referable to Vin Mariani as a tonic JOHN C. COWS; E. G. SCOVIL 62 Union Street

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR RHEUMATISM, FOR TENDRILIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Can't help Fitting. Wear "S.H. & M." Bias Brush Edge Skirt Binding. It must fit—the famous original Natural Curve is produced by the brush edge being woven with a double heading, the S.H. & M. velveteen cut on bias and inserted between sides of head.

SHAMPOO with TARINA—it cleanses the scalp and hair—alleviates irritations, promotes the growth, and leaves the hair glossy and sweet. "Tarina" The ladies' hair soap. Is a preventative against the disagreeable effects of perspiration, and every lady should have a cake.

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

Intercolonial Railway. On and after SUNDAY, October 20th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Halifax and Campbellton. Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou. Express for Sussex. Express for Quebec and Montreal. Accommodations for Halifax and Sydney.

BABY'S SKIN. In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so sweet, so safe, so speedy, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, and hair, and eradicating every humor, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure. CUTICURA. Is sold throughout the world. CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA OINTMENT, CUTICURA PILLS, CUTICURA CREAM, CUTICURA LOTION, CUTICURA POWDER, CUTICURA PASTE, CUTICURA TONIC, CUTICURA SYRUP, CUTICURA TABLETS, CUTICURA TABLETS, CUTICURA TABLETS.

eighty-nine leaves sixty eight. And she was eight years old at the time of the Centennial in Philadelphia. I know that, because I got her a twisted-wire figure-eight pin at the exposition—and she lost it. Then you see eight added to sixty-eight makes seventy-six. That's 1876. Of course centennial means subtract a hundred, and there you have 1776, with no trouble at all, Robert! Grandma Hollis beamed with the joy of one who imparts rare wisdom, but Robert, although respectful, seemed depressed.

Do you believe in Chinese immigration? It depends on which side I'm on. Which side? Yes, which side of the Pacific. No. My all ailments are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints which feel like as if I had a stone in my bowels. I have tried many remedies but without a benefit. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Compound is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or dysentery.

Don't Make Fancy Things. A southern woman says that it is difficult to have fairs in the south because the women have nothing to sell in them. Fancy articles make up the bulk of the goods sold in a fair, and the southern women are not given to this form of needle work. 'I don't know why it is,' says the woman, 'whether our houses are so much in the north that we don't need such things, but I know we don't make them, and I am very glad, for it seems to me a great waste of time.'

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At all Druggists 25 cents or mailed on receipt of price. Dr. Wm. B. Ewing, M.D., New York. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.; Corcoran, Williams and John Street, New York.

SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC'S LIFE

Famous British Surgeon a Victim of the Boer War. Sir William MacCormac's death at the age of 65 cannot be considered other than premature.

William MacCormac was born in January, 1836, at Belfast, where his father, Henry MacCormac, M. D., was in practice as a physician.

Wishing to embrace so good an opportunity of acquiring experience in military surgery, he hastened to Paris, where he found Sir John Furley, the representative of the then newly established British Red Cross Society.

On his return to England the London Committee of the Red Cross Society secured his election against competitors better known than himself as Assistant Surgeon to the new St. Thomas's Hospital.

In addition to his appointments at St. Thomas's he was consulting surgeon to the French and Italian hospitals in London, to Queen Charlotte's Hospital and to the General Hospital at Belfast.

He was a member of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons of England and was elected President of the college in 1896, an office to which he was thrice re-elected in successive years.

of Prussia the North Star of Sweden, the St. Jago of Portugal, the Bittere Kreuz of Bavaria, the Order of Merit of Spain and the Mejidieh.

Few men have deserved good fortune better, and none has borne it better. His popularity at his hospital was unbounded; and a few years ago he was made the recipient of an honor that was probably almost unique.

Here is a Pointer. Because you haven't used Catarrhoxone is the best reason why you should use it right away. It will cure the Catarrh that makes your breath so heavy and your hearing so poor.

A Little Maid's Reasoning. Blanche is the five-year-old daughter of a Cleveland newspaper man. She has lately been meditating on the problems of existence.

Johnny on the Dachshund. If I had to be a dog, I would much rather be a large Newfoundland. Still, we must not repine at our lot.

Sure Cure for Sea Sickness Nausea. Maladies of this type yield instantly to Poleon's Nervine, and if you suffer periodically from these complaints, just keep Nervine at hand.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure.

Children's brains should be kept as quiet as possible before going to bed. It is a bad habit to tell children exciting stories or to play games with them while they are preparing for rest.

When it is necessary to enlarge, apparently, a choice steak to make it go round, there can be found nothing better than mushroom sauce or bernaise, which is something like mayonnaise.

may be made of white or brown roux, and the mushrooms may be left whole or cut in halves or quarters.

Good cooks make cheerful husbands. The best way for a man to get married is to try not to.

When you speak of catching things men think of fish, colds and scoldings: women of husband.

A woman can always be happy without a man to rule her, but she can be happier if she has one to do it.

A woman doesn't consider herself a good housekeeper unless she discharges the cook three times a day.

A woman's idea of a sympathetic play is where the poor hero asks the heroine's help.

The English newspapers say that the supply of ermine in the local market is not sufficient for the state robes that must be worn by the nobility.

As a result of the demand the Siberian trappers are now busier than ever. The animal is found in other countries, including the northern part of America.

The ermine's coat is one of the most remarkable instances of protective coloring, brown, not unlike the general color scheme in many of the regions that it frequents.

FALLING HAIR



Save Your Hair with Shampoos of Cuticura SOAP. And light dressings of CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollient skin cures.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN Use CUTICURA SOAP assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin.

In the winter, when the ground is deep under snow, the color changes, not by the substitution of a new coat, but by an actual change in the color of the hair.

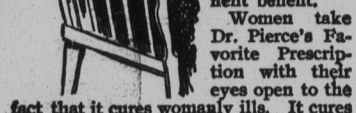
These Tell-Tale Blushes. She blushes prettily, doesn't she? Yes; but that's not always to be envied.

Could Measure It.—How long was Bronson's speech? I don't know. I didn't have any gas-meter with me.

Sarcasm.—Mrs. Fuss—I have kept my hat at hired girl a month! Mrs. Flip—Dear me! Do you keep her looked up?

"Shut your eyes, open your mouth and see what luck will bring you."

The mother smiles at the childish game, and doesn't realize that it is a game she as a woman has perhaps played for a great many years.



fact that it cures womanly ills. It cures irregularity. It dries debilitating drains, it heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

Use Fry's Cocoa and be Sure of Cocoa Purity. Made in England but sold everywhere.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRRITABLE COLIC.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water. THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument.

News and Opinions OF National Importance. The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Line of Life on PEARLINE users' hair should be deep and long.

# FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

## The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - - \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.  
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

### APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 97 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

Continued from page Three.

age woman. Oh, Vere, Vere! I am going mad. Or are you mad, and telling me lies about my poor murdered darling? For God's sake, leave me, and send my mother here! She loved her. She chose her for my wife. It can't be true that she was nothing but a Living Lie!

Vere Meredith rose precipitately from his seat.

There was madness in his brother's look and tone as he paced the room with frenzied step.

Half-way to Lady Meredith's apartment he met the private detective, David Long, on the stairs.

'Has anyone told you anything, Mr. Meredith?' asked the latter, struck by an unusual agitation in the barrister's ordinarily self-controlled manner.

'Told me what?'

'That Mrs. Armitage died, twenty minutes ago, from the effects of a poisonous Indian drug.'

'Good heavens! Self-administered?'

'Yes; there had been a scene between her and that ayah. I got them apart, but it appears that, in her frenzy, the Indian woman had uttered some threat, and Mrs. Armitage, fearing its fulfilment, committed suicide during a minute she was left alone.'

'Did the ayah mean to kill her, do you think?'

'No—no! She evidently abhors the idea of murder; she was beside herself with grief for the loss of her child.'

Lady Meredith and Cecily heard the news in silence, and the former said—

'Thank God, Alwyn is not responsible for that death! I will go to him at once, Vere.'

Cecily turned to her fiancé as his mother left the room.

'Poor Alwyn! I wish we could comfort him,' she said.

'Only my mother can do that,' replied Vere Meredith. 'But by-and-bye I shall try and rouse him from his grief for the poor dead girl, by reminding him of the living sister, whom it is the duty of us all to succor and protect.'

#### CHAPTER VII.

Mr. and Mrs. Vere Meredith were sitting side by side in the cork-woods at Hyères enjoying their rather rare opportunity of a tete-a-tete during the closing days of their honeymoon.

'I hope Winifred won't be too tired after her journey to Carquegnan in that ramshackle old coach,' Cecily observed, as she laid her small, ungloved hand lightly on her husband's big brown one.

'Now, now, Nurse Hope! Don't fume and fret over that patient of yours. My mother and Alwyn are quite capable of looking after the child for a few hours.'

'Yes, but Lois—Winifred, I mean—is still delicate.'

'Oh darling, for goodness' sake do be careful about that name! You made Alwyn wince last night. It's only six months since the other Lois—'

'Yes; I was so sorry,' interrupted his wife. 'What a mercy it is, though, Vere, that the child takes so naturally to that second name of hers! That illness was a blessing in disguise when it carried away all her memory of the past, except the few early hours of her childhood.'

'I wish the waters of Lethe could have laved poor Alwyn's trouble soul; but, really, I think he's beginning to look less wretched and haggard than he did.'

'Indeed, he does. Vere, will you promise not to think me stupid if I tell you an idea of mine?'

'Well, what is it, goose?'

'I think that perhaps some way Alwyn may learn to love again.'

'My dear Ciss, what an enigmatical speech!'

'Oh! Vere, can't you see how Winifred appeals to your brother? He pities and cares for her because she's so fragile and tender, and pity is akin to love.'

'H'm! What match-makers you women are! My mother hinted at something of the kind to me last night.'

'I shall be so glad if it ever comes to pass.'

'It's early days to think of such a thing. Men don't forget so easily as you seem to imagine they do, my dear girl.'

'But you would like her for a sister, Vere?'

'Yes. She's a dear little soul. And strongly like, yet very different from the other Lois. I never quite cared for the idea of that poor creature as my sister-in-law.'

'I wonder what's become of that man Beauchamp—I mean James Winter?'

'Don't know, I'm sure. Yes; I believe Davidson heard that he had gone to the Cape.'

'He'll keep straight for a time, at any rate. He was so astonished at being let off.'

'He had good in him. Perhaps he re-

pent at Lois's death.'

'Let's hope so, at any rate. I'm afraid I've not much faith in the sudden conversion of superstitious cowards such as he.'

'Oh! Vere, don't be hard, dear. You had more confidence in that Indian woman.'

'Poor soul! She sinned entirely for the love of her child, and she made complete reparation; did she not?'

'Well, didn't he?'

'No more than he was obliged to, my dear child. I think he's probably gone to exploit some of your thousands in Rhodesia—Davidson's informant heard he was going on there. I couldn't press him too heavily—he was cunning enough to know that. I rather fancy he got the best of the bargain.'

'Do you regret my lost money so much, Vere?'

A mild explosion of wrathful words followed this question, and then honeymoon amenities were resumed, and peace and contentment reigned again.

Lady Meredith and Winifred Armitage sat on the balcony of their hotel that evening, watching the electric range-light from the French iron-clad that was lying in the blue waters beyond.

The girl was dilating on the beauties of the little fishing village she had visited that afternoon, to the bride and bridegroom who were standing on the other side of her.

Lady Meredith interposed with an amused smile.

'I'm afraid you'll find English scenery rather disappointing after your glimpses of the Riviera,' she said.

'The girl gave her a reproachful look.'

'Why, mother, England is my own country. Of course I shall think it the most beautiful in the world.'

Lady Meredith kissed the pretty flower-like face.

She delighted in hearing the word 'mother' from those lips, for when one day the child had naively said that she did not like being different from the three others, and would like to address her as 'mother,' she positively forbade her to call her Lady Meredith again.

She was just the daughter the gentle lady desired.

She was fond of Cecily, but the latter was apt to shock her with what she considered her democratic ideas.

Winifred would never take up nursing as a hobby, as Cecily had done in her girlhood.

She loved music, and excelled in the minor accomplishments that had been in vogue in Lady Meredith's youth.

If only her eldest son would learn to love the pretty child! she thought.

But though Alwyn Meredith admired the delicately tinted oval face, with its frame of dusky silken hair, the large, innocent looking blue eyes could not charm away the haunting memories of those other eyes that had bewitched and enslaved him.

Vere Meredith consoled his mother with a prophecy that she regarded as nothing less than miraculous, in later days.

'You'll have your wish, mother,' he said. 'And though possibly you may at first consider Alwyn not so deeply in love as he ought to be, you'll find that Winifred will be quite satisfied with him, both before marriage and after.'

'Here is one of those sweet, unselfish natures that create their own sunshine, and then use it to dispel the clouds that darken other lives. And perhaps she may meet with her reward.'

### Royal Perfumes!

Royal Oponax,  
Royal Daisy,  
Royal Heliotrope,  
Royal Violette,  
Royal Greek Lilac,  
Royal White Rose,  
Paris. Also, a complete line of Rogers & Gallet, River, Coudray and other choice Perfumes.

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187 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Call and see my display.

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OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator!

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#### COUGHING ALL NIGHT

It's this night coughing that breaks us down keeping us awake most of the time and annoying everybody in the house. Lots of people don't try to cough until they go to bed. It gets to be so that retiring for the night is an empty form for they cannot rest.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam makes life worth living to such people by its soothing effect on the throat. It's a "tickling sensation" promptly disappears when the use of the Balsam is begun, and the irritation goes with it. This medicine for cough has a disagreeable taste about it, and it does efficient service in breaking up coughs of long standing. It is prepared from bark and roots and gums of trees and is a true specific for throat troubles.

Handling coughs is a science that every one should learn. Not knowing how to treat them has cost many fortunes and many lives. In Adamson's Balsam there are the elements which not only heal inflammation, but which protect the inflamed parts from further irritation. The result of this is that the tendency to cough does not manifest itself and you are surprised at it. Afterward you would not be without Adamson's Balsam at hand. This remedy can be tested. 25 cents at any druggist's.

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Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

### Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added a new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

## Progress Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

#### CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### THE DUFFERIN

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

E. LEMOIE WILLIS, Proprietor.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any Address.

Progress Job Print.

'Certainly, sir; I shall be glad to draw up your will for you.'

'Oh, you needn't cheer up so; you're not in it.'

#### BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Oceana."

100 Cts. Vireland XXX  
100 " Tobit & Co.  
100 " Morst, Freres.  
100 " Oclaves "

For sale low in bond, for duty paid.

#### THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET.

George Washington, said the father

impressively; couldn't tell a lie.

He couldn't returned the boy scornful

y. Huh! he didn't have much of an

agination, did he?

#### "Shut your eyes, open your mouth and see what luck will bring you."

The mother smiles at the childish game, and doesn't realize that it is a game she as a woman has perhaps played for a great many years.

Many a woman is weak and sick, nervous and discouraged. She suffers from headache, backache and other ills. She wants to be well, but all she does is

to shut her eyes and open her mouth for medicine and trust to luck for results. She "doctors" month after month, often year after year, in this same blind, hap-hazard fashion, and receives no permanent benefit.

Women take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription with their eyes open to the fact that it cures womanly ills. It cures irregularity, it dries debilitating drains, it heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. There is no trusting to luck by those who use "Favorite Prescription."

"My disease was displacement and ulceration of the uterus, and I was in a terrible condition with pain and weakness and had given up all hopes of ever being well again," writes Mrs. Harry A. Brown, of Orono, Penobscot Co., Me.

"I had doctored with four different doctors within four months, and instead of getting better was growing weaker all the time. I decided to try your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' as I had heard of the many cures resulting from their use. I bought five bottles and felt so much better after taking them that I kept on until I am as well as ever in my life, and to Dr. Pierce all the praise is due. I cannot say enough in favor of his medicines. Before I began taking your medicines I only weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. I now weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. I gained forty pounds in six months. I shall doctored no more with home doctors, as it is only waste of money. I am now in perfect health, thanks to Dr. Pierce."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the muddy complexion.

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Keep at it. To every one there come times when he looks back upon the little he has done and forward to the much he hopes to do...

Keeping at it. To every one there come times when he looks back upon the little he has done and forward to the much he hopes to do...

In politics, in religion, in almost every work which aims to benefit or uplift mankind the same disheartening question arises...

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Bilious headache is the same thing. Most people that are subject to it do nothing for it until it prostrates them...

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Faithfully taken this great medicine corrects the bilious habit and gives vigor and tone to all the vital organs.

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BAD HEART—COULD NOT LIE DOWN FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.—I was unable to lie down in my bed for eighteen months, owing to smothering spells caused by Heart Disease...

Children, said the father, facing the ordeal bravely, this is your new mamma. Was that the best you could do, papa? asked the youngest, casting a critical eye on the new member of the family...

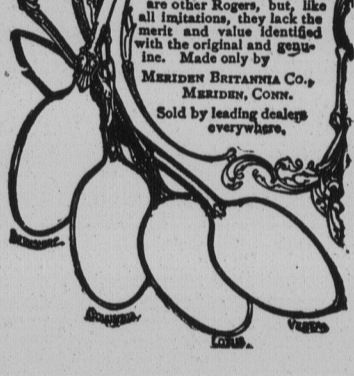


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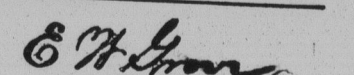
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