

PROGRESS.

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How the News Came.

Naturally the parents of the St. John boys fighting in South Africa are locally the most interested people in the great strife now going on, especially that end of the struggle in which their sons are mixed up. In scouring the town for photographs of some of these brave lads this week a PROGRESS representative heard some unique opinions expressed by mothers and fathers as to the war outlook, also some pathetic tales from widowed mothers, indigent fathers and dependent sisters.

One dear old mother who feared her boy was languishing in a hospital finally comforted herself by the happy thought that if such was the case, he was out of harm's way, for at least a short while, in which time, according to her critical judgment of the situation, the heaviest fighting would be over. Brightening up at this home-made suggestion she resumed her knitting contentedly.

"Yes indeed," broke in a teetle father who, was told the Canadians were in the thick of the fray on Sunday last and many had been killed and wounded, "it's just as like as not my Jim was among the best of them. He said he'd make his old father proud of him 'fore he'd come home and its proud I am to know he's there", but then reflecting a moment the white-haired old man continued in a broken voice, "perhaps me poor boy's already dead or hurted, and if he is may God rest his soul for he's a brave lad."

The posting of the Canadian casualty list on Wednesday struck a blow home to the hearts of the people of the Dominion and hardly a district escaped the merciless bullets of the enemy. For the first time as a country Canada was put on a footing with the Mother Land in this regard, and some appreciation of the tension on the British public when waiting for motuary statistics after each battle, can now be arrived at by the people here. The whole town was alive to the war and its phases on that fateful day in the middle of the week, and in fact ever since. The wounding of four St. John boys and the killing of a suburb anite filled the hearts of townspeople with feelings of sorrow and pride, because our own lads from loyal St. John were sharing the brunt of England's battles for the common causes of the Empire.

MR. BLIZARD'S LEAVE OF ABSENCE

The Auditor General On His Attention to it in His Report.

In the report of the Auditor General that was issued a short time ago, the case of Mr. F. W. Blizard received some attention and the sharp eyed guardian of the dominion finances wrote a letter to the deputy postmaster general calling attention to the fact that Mr. Blizard's leave of absence was extended. The circumstances as set forth in the communication are as follows:

"I beg to inform you that I have received an Order in Council dated March 31, 1899, authorizing leave of absence with pay to Mr. Frederick W. Blizard, a railway mail clerk of the New Brunswick division, from September 27, to July 1, 1899.

"As you are aware, Mr. Blizard has been practically on leave of absence under the authority of previous Orders in Council, since September 13, 1897. There was, I understand, an interval of eight or ten days in September, 1898, when he resumed work, but it seems to me that notwithstanding this short break in his absence from actual service, the order in Council in the present instance is contrary to the statute applicable to the case, subsection 2 of section 49, chapter 17, R. S. C., which provides as follows:—

"In case of illness or for any other reason which to him seems sufficient, the Governor in Council may grant to any officer, chief clerk, clerk or other employee, leave of absence for a period not exceeding twelve months."

"In my opinion Mr. Blizard's leave of absence should not have continued after September 1898.

This does not present the whole of the case. Mr. Blizard was a first class railway mail clerk running on the train between St. John and Montreal. His salary was so much and he received so much for every mile he ran. While on one of his trips there was an accident and the mail car tumbled over an embankment. Mr. Blizard was badly injured and in consequence of this he obtained leave of absence. When that expired he tried to resume his trips on the train but found it impossible to do so.

His friends have been making every effort to have his case adjusted and during that time he has been on partial leave of absence. At present he reports to the post office daily and performs such slight duties as may be required of him.

The government apparently considers



ARTHUR HAYDON.

One of the St. John wounded in South Africa. He is the son of Mrs. Haydon, of the Morley-Haydon College of several years ago and brother of Mr. Haydon of M. R. A.'s wholesale. Arthur is a well educated English lad and when in St. John was a Y. M. C. A. enthusiast. The nature of his wounds are not yet known.

that the life of a railway mail clerk is worth so much, for the relatives of Messrs Campbell and Edgewood received a certain sum after their deaths on the road. If a man is so injured as to be incapacitated, his claim will no doubt be considered a good one. This is Mr. Blizard's position.

Some Church News.

A Sunday school attendance "thermometer" is something quite new in St. John and it has remained for a traditionally conservative east end baptist church to make first use of one. The "thermometer" is about twelve feet high and proportionately wide, closely fitting in between the floor and ceiling and in full view of all the scholars. It is fitted with figures in degrees from 100 to 400, the glass tubing being represented by a wide white tape and the mercury by a movable black tape. The attendance each Sunday is referred to by the superintendent as the "temperature" of the school, sometimes warm, other times warmer, and perhaps a stormy Sabbath makes the giant "thermometer" take on a frigid aspect. Records of each week's readings by this novel "glass" are written on a huge blackboard and a marked benefit is already evident by the inauguration of the simple but interesting device. This same church has been some weeks enjoying the benefits of a four page Sunday weekly distributed profusely in the pews at both services. The social and religious announcements for the week are contained in it, also items of congregational interest, such as personal references and suggestions. The new pastor is aided greatly through the little sheet in "speaking" to everybody personally and increasing congregations is one good result. Still another progressive feature in this baptist church is an auxiliary choir of twenty selected voices, beside a regular choir of fifteen vocalists. Congregational singing is becoming a feature in consequence.

One on the Drill Sergeant.

A Newcastle contingent member in writing to a friend in this city about the life of the delayed volunteers at Halifax tells of an amusing incident that occurred one day at drill. The drill instructor in putting the men through some marching order forgot—a very unsoldierly happening—to give the command "halt." Full of a mischievous spirit but under the cloak of remarkable discipline, the squad of Newcastle chaps kept plodding on. The drill sergeant had in the meantime turned his back to attend to some other matter, not for a moment supposing his squad were still on the tramp. But they were,

and after traversing a long straight line they came to a house with an open door, passing through it in double file formation, traversing a front hall, dining room, kitchen and scullery in their peculiar march. A high fence in the back yard checked their advance, and marking time like mechanical men the irate drill sergeant discovered them. He was very angry and said naughty things, but the Newcastle boys avow he gave no half command, and nothing was left for them to do, but to keep on marching. "Out," suggested the latter writer, "it was for the joke of the thing we kept on marching not so much for the sergeant's absent-mindedness, if you ask me."

Pedlars and Smallpox

Kent county is about to experience a smallpox scare through the many arrivals of foreign pedlars during the last ten days. It is estimated that about two hundred of these people are doing that county now and the majority of them have come from the province of Quebec and down through the infected districts of this province and are making their way to the southern counties. It is persistently reported that the disease has already been brought into Kent county by these travellers, who go from house to house showing their wares. There is a growing feeling in Kent county that these pedlars should be looked after by the government at once. They should be vaccinated and other precautions taken to prevent the spread of smallpox by a class of persons whose ways of living are not calculated to keep the disease.

Another Company May do It.

As it looks now the St. John Railway Co. had better hurry up and have the Douglas Avenue branch line built, or the Carleton Fairville system will materialize. The old company with this railway as an object has been given new life and are at the door of Parliament once more. They are evidently in earnest about connecting Fairville Carleton and the bridges by street car communication and a few months may see perhaps this old idea in material form. For the early bird there certainly is a worm in this regard.

Will This Judge Retire.

The question of the resignation or superannuation of Mr. Justice Vanwart is receiving a good deal of attention from politicians at the present time. The reasons for this sudden interest is said to be the wish for a reorganization of the provincial ministry. The shuffle that has already taken place is simply an indication of what may be expected to follow.

It is openly stated by those who should be in a position to know that Mr. Emerson accepted the office of attorney general

are unmerciful at times and the favorites of the administration must be looked after.

If the programme spoken of is carried out there will be a chance for Mr. Carvell of Carleton and a more substantial place in the government for Mr. McKeown. So, taking into consideration Mr. Emerson's partiality to the judgeship, Mr. White's wish to retire from politics and his prospect of a fat job, Mr. Pugsley's ambition to be attorney general and the necessity of providing for Messrs. Carvell and McKeown the prospects of Judge Vanwart's retirement do not appear so distant.

ANOTHER HAY BOAT LEAVES.

The "Mariposa" sails on Thursday for South Africa—the new bales.

Another big steamer load of hay left this city on Thursday afternoon aboard the "Mariposa" and as soon as the bulky craft swung from her moorings, another boat the "Janets," went in her place. The "Mariposa" took away several thousand tons of hay and fodder for the "patient heroes" on South African fields and was well weighted down with it.

A pointer of interest to Canadians engaged in exporting baled hay on long voyages, can be taken from the report received concerning the condition when landed of one of the shipments of Canadian hay recently sent to South Africa.

Late despatches say the Hon. Mr. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, has received a report from South Africa, saying the hay of the first cargo from Canada sent on the steamer "Montauk," was most excellent. It will be remembered that a portion of this hay was rebaled into Lowry bales. It is cabled that the War Office authorities have approved of these bales. The Lowry bale is cylindrical in form, and the Lowry press compresses the hay so compactly that one ton of hay can be stowed in about 75 cubic feet. Ordinary baled hay occupies nearly two and half times as much space.

It will be remembered that at the time the engagement was made for this shipment of hay the action of the government was challenged because all the hay was not forwarded in Canadian pressed bales. The agents of the government who had the matter in charge contended that the course pursued by them would enable a much larger cargo of Canadian hay being purchased and shipped with every expectation of the same turning out in good condition at port of destination.

Gentle Mary of Brussels Street.

A Brussels street Mary who is prosperous at times has a husband who seeks to keep her within the bounds of her marriage vows. She resented this a week ago and some hours later walked off with a companion to do the town. She took the cash drawer with her and when opposite the gas house pitched it over the fence.

Now this did not amount to much of itself because the drawer was empty save for a few papers but the next morning (Sunday) when the usual crowd gathered at the gas house corner the air of depression and thirst that they usually wear was more apparent than ever. They knew what they wanted but it takes money to buy some things and the scarcity of coin was something awful.

The third of two characters called "General Buller" and "Crab" was becoming unbearable when they spied the cash box under the fence. Visions of what might be in that drawer floated before each of them but neither forgot his dignity or presence of mind. So by mutual consent these two leaders moved to inspect the drawer. It was locked! What is to be done. Their hopes were dashed and the end of it was they delivered the prize to the gas house man to keep secure.

Some practical joker carried the news to Brussels street that "Buller" and "Crab" had appropriated the cash drawer and the irate Mary soon appeared on the scene. Both of the culprits however were missing and Mary's search and gentle language were the wonder of the neighborhood for a short time.

Not Mentioned up There.

St. John does not seem to have had a place in the list of casualties as published in the Upper Canadian papers. The Witness gives Halifax four wounded and one killed, but St. John or New Brunswick is not mentioned.



W.M. HUNTER.

Another local lad with a Boer bullet mark on him in the Transvaal. His home is on Hanover street and when in this city he worked with the water works department. His friends and folks are naturally very anxious to know how he is hurt.

simply as a stepping stone to the supreme court bench. Judges are more acceptable to the general public, when the choice is made from the leaders of the bar. Then it is also said that Hon. A. S. White does not propose to remain in politics but is prepared to accept the chairmanship of a commission to codify the laws of New Brunswick. This is a plan that has been held in abeyance so long that perhaps it will be accomplished now when there is a man who wants the office. The salary of such a position is estimated at different figures. Some place it at \$3,000 a year, some at \$4,000 and some not so high. If this should be so and the chairman got so much a year until the work is completed the suggestion might well be made that the government should agree upon a lump sum for his services.

Messrs Emerson and White get the credit of being the strongest men in the government. With them out of it room would no doubt be made for Mr. Pugsley who, needless to say, is quite the equal of either in point of ability.

In connection with the rumor of the retirement of Judge Vanwart, Messrs. Tweedie and Pugsley's hurried journey to Ottawa is mentioned. If the Eastern Extension claims were the reason for the journey Mr. Pugsley's presence would not be considered necessary as he is not a member of the government.

Since then the short announcement has been made that Judge Vanwart does not intend to retire. This is interesting in the light of all the facts. Whether the judge and his friends will be able to persuade the government to their way of thinking remains to be seen. The recent deliverance of His honor, Judge Barker was perhaps the hardest blow that Judge Vanwart has received. The latter was sued for a small amount by a photographer of Fredericton and the case was appealed from a small court to that of the county court judge and from there to the Supreme court. Why the friends of Judge Vanwart permitted this is a mystery. The debt was a just one and should have been paid and the effort to postpone or evade the settlement because a judge was concerned, met with no sympathy at the hands of Judge Barker when he delivered judgment.

This is but one of many things that the opponents of Judge Vanwart are able to bring against him. It is an open secret that he has been in financial difficulties for some time, and the manner in which several estates were handled showed a carelessness that has not worked to his advantage. Personally there are few persons who would like to see him lose the honorable position he holds but politicians

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—A glance over this well-filled page gives you its contents.
- PAGE 2.—Portraits of J. Douglas Hanson M. P. F. H. A. McKeown, H. A. McKeown, M. F. F. and Prof. Hesse—men in the public eye at present.
- PAGE 3.—Chinese smuggling across the Canadian border. General items.
- PAGE 4.—Musical and Dramatic columns with brief items from all theatrical towns and cities. Also an amusing critique of a play submitted by a local playwright for Progress' judgment.
- PAGE 5.—Editorial, Poetry, Interesting items from about the Lower Provinces.
- PAGES 6, 7 and 8.—City Society and social happenings of the week in Halifax, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Calais, Nova Scotia towns smaller than Paris and from P. E. I.
- PAGE 9.—Another week with a whole page of bright local happenings, including:—
 - St. John from on High—what the town looks like from the top of the new grain elevator.
 - Joseph Allison's Offer—Physical training in the schools and what an expert thinks.
 - Another Stain on the Police—The unfortunate case of Daniel Higgins and what the police did and didn't.
 - What a "Crab" Recalled—Sergeant Folkinghorn's picture taken in Africa as seen by High School boys of years ago.
 - More Ferry Protection Needed—Diphtheria Danger Lessened—Our Boys Made a Big Hit—No Osteopathy in Georgia—Baden-Powell's Blind.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—A new serial story in two parts, "The Elence of Gwyneth."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday reading page with a powerful writing on the Bible word "Inasmuch." Other sabbath day literature.
- PAGE 12.—"In the Sergeant's Oath"—or how I was saved from drink—a true story written by Progress' General miscellany.
- PAGE 13.—Fills of Fashion, fresh from France and American curves. Woman's page.
- PAGE 14.—Sir Wm. McCormac tells how the wounded in Africa are cared for.
- PAGE 15.—An amusing story "The Million Silver Dollar"—Miscellaneous.

Chinese Smugglers Busy in Canada.

Quebec and Montreal have been visited of late by a large number of United States Secret Service agents inquiring into the smuggling of Chinese over the Canadian border into the United States. The smuggling has been particularly active of late and it is believed that the visits of the detectives mean a fresh effort to check it, though it seems almost impossible to stop the practice without sanctioning a small army of special agents along the New York and Vermont borders. The fact is that though hundreds of Chinamen get illegally into the United States from Canada every year no arrest of smugglers have been made since Peters and Eaton were captured leading a party of Chinamen into the United States some three years ago. That was the first arrest that had been made for years, and the effect of it was nullified by the escape of the prisoners from Plattsburg jail and their safe return to Canada.

Quebec, Montreal and Sherbrooke remain the headquarters in Canada of the Chinese smuggling trade. The companies engaged in the work get a good round sum for each Chinaman smuggled, payable in weekly installments when he has succeeded in establishing himself in some American town. One of these companies is known as the Border Smuggling Trust, and is said to consist of a number of United States border lawyers and Chinese interpreters. These people agree, for a certain stipulated sum, to see all the Chinamen consigned to them safely into the United States, with the proviso, however, that the Chinamen are to suffer a short term of imprisonment. The consignors send one or more photographs of the men shipped, and with the aid of these, spurious relatives are procured who, at the proper time, are brought forward to swear that the man who was arrested when he entered the United States has lived there for years, and has only been on a trip to China. Their testimony is backed up by a certificate belonging to a Chinaman who has actually gone back to China and sent back his certificate. The fact that to the American nearly all Chinamen look alike, facilitates this fraud.

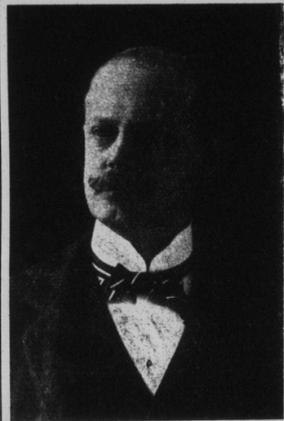
It is a well known fact that out of their profits in this business, some of the border lawyers have become wealthy during the last few years. The great drawback to this system is that the supply of certificates does not keep up to the demand, and it is stated that for that reason a plan is now on foot, of which the United States Government detectives have received a hint, to forge certificates, or rather to counterfeit them.

This scarcity of certificates compels even the more advanced representatives of the big Chinese companies to turn to the men who still carry on the smuggling business in the old romantic way with all the dangers attending the work. On the other hand there are several merchants who prefer to have their shipments go out that way, and many newly arrived Chinamen would rather take their chances of failure and arrest, than deliberately follow the other method, by which they are certain to be imprisoned for at least some days, until the fraudulent proof that they are old residents can be submitted. There are several men engaged in this smuggling business, and the snow fall which has enabled them to use sleighs has caused them to be very busy just now.

The most skillful men at the business were Peters and Eaton, who went out of it after their arrest and escape. They were afraid of nothing, and the stories of their hairbreadth escapes, their fights with officers, and their struggles at times with the Chinamen in their charge, would fill a volume. With them some very clever women left the business, women who invented, perfected and carried out the plans for their escape from Plattsburg jail, and brought them the necessary tools. They are still women to be found sharing in the business of smuggling Chinamen, and they usually do very good work, for as messengers or advance agents in the United States they cannot be beaten. Sometimes they accompany the party, and one woman prides herself on the fact that she made several trips by sleigh with a male smuggler, each time driving two Chinamen, disguised as women over the border into the promised land. Female dress is a favorite disguise. When wearing it Chinamen are usually dressed as widows, so as to more effectually to hide their faces, and by this means they have often eluded the vigilance of the officers who boarded the

railway trains upon which they had taken passage.

There are several so-called underground roads, from this province into neighboring states, which are not only used for Chinamen but for coal oil and other things as well. One of these is Beach Ridge, which runs from Clarenceville, Quebec, to Albany and Asbury Springs, Vermont. Then there is the Rouse's Point, by which



H. A. MCKEOWN, P. P. C.

For St. John, who has lately been taken into the inner circle of the local government and may possibly be made the solicitor-general of the province. Everything points that way at present.

Chinamen are usually driven from St. John's, Quebec, straight into the United States. The route by way of Dundee and Fort Covington, N. Y., is also a favorite one, and so is that via Sherbrooke, which is the one generally taken from Quebec.

Falling by the Wayside.

One of the pathetic sights which haunt the memory of the traveller returned from the heart of Africa is the suffering of the native porters on long and difficult journeys. Africans are a lazy race, it is true, but the hard work of 'packing' for hundreds of miles over rough routes is often too much for strong and willing men. We knew, says an English missionary, recounting an experience of this kind, that in every part of the thick forest through which our way led were enemies waiting for the stragglers, whom they would at once spear and then steal their loads. The porters knew this perfectly well, but they did not seem to mind it, and for the sake of a little rest

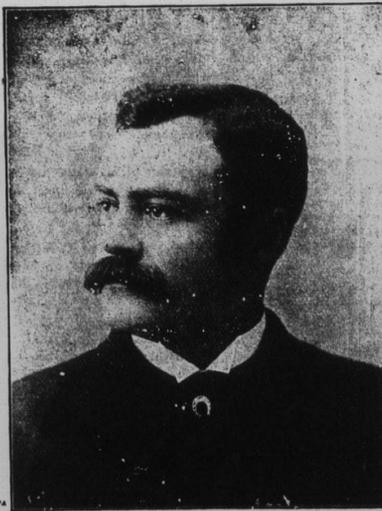
them, death had become common. Some had died from want of food; others, from other causes. I was walking with a companion at one time when we came upon a poor fellow sitting, or rather reclining, by the roadside. We tried to urge him on, but he shook his head. We raised him to his feet, but he could not stand. What were we to do? There were no villages for miles and miles around. I felt his pulse. It seemed to have stopped. His heart scarcely beat, and we knew it would all be over soon. All we could do was to carry him to a more comfortable spot, give him all the food we had with us, and the bottle of coca that I carried on my back. Then with sad hearts and driven by necessity, we left him there to die.

Queer Names For Children.

Thousands of people go through life cherishing a "grudge" against their parents for giving them absurd or incongruous names. The London Chronicle has collected several instances where there seems to be legitimate grievance. It is little wonder that a demure and pretty girl in a north London suburb feels resentful when she has to answer to the name of Busybody, given to her in honor of the winner of a race, fifteen years ago; and among the names registered at Somerset House in 1898 are Ails and Graces and Nun Nicer, which are innocently borne by two little girls who may find them embarrassing fifteen years hence. The appalling name of Wellington Woleley Rovers is borne by a young man who, in disposition and appearance, is anything but militant, and as little likely to win fame on the battlefield as his predecessors, Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox and Napoleon the Great Esq. Even these names, inappropriate as they may be, are to be preferred to Roger the Ass, Anna Domini D. vies and Bodices Basher. To parents of large families the advent of another child is not always welcome, but it is scarcely kind to make the unexpected child bear a token of disapproval. It must be rather terrible to go through life, for example, as Not Wanted James, What Another, Only Fancy William Brown, or even as Last of 'Em Harper, or Still Another Hewitt. And yet these are all names which the foolish caprice of parents has imposed on innocent children.

Eels as Water Purifiers.

Few people would be gratified if they should find an eel in their rain-water cistern, and probably the last conclusion come to would be that the water was thereby improved. Yet, according to Professor Sobrero of Turin, this would be the case. The professor has recently suggested that eels should be used as purifiers of water. All one has to do in order to keep the water in the cistern pure is to put two or three eels, not very big, but lively, into it. With marvellous rapidity they will devour everything objectionable that may drop into the water or generate there. All that the water may chance to contain in the way of animalcules, infusoria, vegetable matter



J. DOUGLAS HAZEN, P. P. C.

For Sunbury, but resident in this city, as leader of the Opposition party at Fredericton, is seeking to have the solicitor-generalship abolished. A bill to this end is under consideration.

were willing to risk their lives. In one part of our journey, the way led through thick forest. Hour after hour we toiled on through the terrible heat. There seemed no air to breathe. Then there was the sickening want of water and proper nourishment, not to mention the weary work of urging on the porters. If it was hard for us, what must it have been for the poor creatures who carried our loads! Among

or animal matter, is acceptable to them. Their mission ended they may in turn be eaten, or may be saved as scavengers in other departments of the water supply. The British Medical Journal inclines to the belief that after using the eels as scavengers few people would care to eat them, but remarks that eels eat worse things in their ordinary haunts than they are likely to find in the most neglected cistern. The

same journal suggests that a useful field of action for eels may be found in reservoirs as well as in cisterns.

An Old Obituary.

Passed to his rest on Sunday, the most wonderful character of the town of Windsor—a man in years and a child in wisdom. The silver cord is snapped, and the streets will no longer hear the echo of the music of the Dead March in Saul as only William could whistle it, and he who tolled the bell so often for others has had the last sad rites performed for him. The commercial traveller and the merchant often allowed a half hour to pass as they listened to the sharp repartee and amusing compilation of wit and humorous stories of William, when he knew he had an appreciative audience. He had an eye for beauty, and the good



PROF. HESSE,

Of Providence, Rhode Island, who last week came to a settlement with the St. John Railway Company in his famous suit for damages sustained in the runaway car accident of a couple of summers ago, receiving \$18,000 of the \$25,000 the courts originally awarded him. Another trial was thus avoided.

looking girls of the town received many compliments at his hands, and a few favorites will, with the writer, mourn for the absence of one who was always on hand to help in every good cause. He was a truly loyal subject of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and was always on hand to hear the latest news from the rougher mark, and his nature and disposition were kindness itself.

So many landmarks have been removed from the town by fire, and so many of the older inhabitants by death, that it would be indeed strange if one did not consider the passing away of all the conspicuous people who once controlled and looked after the interests of the town as indeed sad to the other ones now living.

Daily the tide of life goes ebbing and flowing, But he is at rest from his labors.

The Windsor Bands, 68th and 78th, will miss one who was always foremost in parade, and generally led the procession. And the engine drivers and conductors will no more notice one who could imitate all the movements of the train hands, and with his mouth produce the train whistle. We,

however, believe in a brighter sphere where he will be able to gain full growth to his musical abilities, and listen to sweeter music from Angelic bands.—Harris Journal.

Room for All.

The Western 'boomer' has his own method of doing things. It is effective and he knows it; and he sees no particular reason for borrowing hints from the first Easterner who comes along. The New York Tribune has this story to tell: A bland and paragonizing New Yorker was passing through a raw and new hamlet in the west, with its proud founders had dubbed B. City, and were sure would soon become a thriving hive of human beings. Addressing a lank youth who was lounging at the door of one of the rude shanties that passed for a 'shoe emporium,' the New Yorker inquired sarcastically:

'Who is that important-looking gentleman in the red flannel shirt?'
'That's Sam Peters,' was the proud reply. 'He's just opened the new post-office.'
'And the tall person with no collar?'
'He's long Mike. Just opened a grocery store.'
'And the plump individual with the bald head?'
'Handy Jim. Owns the new hotel.'
'Indeed?' said the New Yorker. 'Your city seems to be pretty well started. I should suppose there was nothing left for a stranger like myself to open.'
'Oh, I damno!' drawled the lanky one. 'We ain't got no loonatic asylum yet. You may start that.'

In Kentucky.

A certain youth of Louisville while calling on a Blue Grass belle was so emboldened by her gracious manner to him that he flung his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"If you ever do that again," exclaimed the touselled girl hotly, "I shall tell papa."
The young man took this for a mere feminine bluff, and promptly repeated the dose.

The outraged girl flung out of the room and into her father's study. She found him oiling his gun. Somehow the sight sobered her, so she merely said: "There is someone in the parlor who wishes to see you." Then she went up to her room to have a good cry.

The father briskly stepped into the other room, still holding his half-oiled gun in his hands.

At the sight of the old man with the gun the young man lost no time, but jumped clear through one of the parlor windows and vanished over the garden wall before the hospitable colonel could even ask him what he would take.

After the startling episode in Kentucky high life many mouths waned before the participants in it could be brought together again.

Couldn't Raffle Him.

Jeweller: 'I have shown you all the rings that I have suitable for a daughter twelve years old.'

Lady Customer: 'Well, I have changed my mind now. I think I'll wait until she's fifteen.'

Jeweller: 'All right, madam. Take a chair.'

Skin-Tortured Babies

And Worn-out Worried Mothers Find Comfort in CUTICURA.

SOME MONTHS AGO OUR BABY'S HEAD GOT SORE. We took him to the doctor, who pronounced it poison and gave us some medicine which did no good. His head got so bad he would cry all night, and my wife could sleep none, and began to look ghostly. His head got so sore that we put a night cap on him, and folded a white cloth four thicknesses inside of it, and just through the night a kind of matter would ooze out from his head, soaked through the cloth and cap and on to the pillow. The top and back of his head was almost a solid sore, and looked so badly that words would not describe it. Almost in despair I told my wife I had seen CUTICURA REMEDIES advertised and recommended very highly and I was going to try them. I bought the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, CUTICURA SOAP, and CUTICURA Ointment. We gave him half of the Resolvent, used part of the cake of Soap, and before we had used the second box of CUTICURA Ointment he commenced to get better, and is now as well and hearty as anybody's boy. He is as merry as a lark, sleeps soundly all night, and his hair looks glossy, thick, and soft, while my wife looks like a different woman. I look at him and think I owe it to you and to suffering mankind to write and tell you of this almost wonderful cure.

W. W. & J. E. MYERS, Box 90, Munroe City, Ind.

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"How to Cure Baby Humours," free.

THE SET

Music and The Drama

TOLES AND UNDERSTONES.

The organ recital in Centenary church last Thursday evening was very largely attended and most successful in every way.

The several concerts in aid of the contingent fund have drawn fairly large audiences and the fund has been materially increased thereby.

Practices for Iolanthe are pursued with much ardor, and a production of merit is anticipated.

Ben Davies is singing in the European capitals this season.

Albert Alvarez the tenor sailed from New York for Rome last week.

Marie Tempest may be seen in London in comic opera this spring says a transatlantic despatch.

Capoul the once famous tenor has been appointed stage director of the Grand Opera house in Paris.

Edna Aug is a new and fascinating little girl who is singing her way into the hearts of fashionable London.

Dunham Harrison the composer is recovering from a severe accident sustained by being thrown from his carriage.

Lillian Blauvelt left London last week for the continent to fill several engagements. She returns to London next month.

The Bostonians rendered Victor Herbert's opera "The Viceroy" for the first time on any stage in San Francisco on Feb. 12.

Mme. Ella Russell has been especially engaged by the English Moody-Mauers Opera company to sing twice a week with them during their tour.

The Carl Rosa Opera company after having passed through many vicissitudes is once more on its feet and has taken a new lease of life. It has been taken over by a new syndicate who will carry on the tour booked to 1901.

Paderewski has bought an estate of 3000 acres in a valley of the Tara mountains, between Galicia and Hungary, for the purpose, it is said, of founding an orphanage there for children of members of the musical and dramatic profession.

Maurice Grau has engaged a new tenor for his opera company—M. Pierre Cornubert—who will make his debut at the N. Y. Metropolitan on Feb. 26, in L'Africaine. M. Cornubert who is a Frenchman has been singing this winter in Havana and Mexico. He is a graduate of the Paris Conservatory and made his debut a few years ago at the Opera Comique.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"Will you kindly read over this play and tell me what you think of it. Also would you suggest a name for it and do you think the Valentine Stock Company would like to play it while here." Such is the import of a letter received through the medium of this department recently, a lengthy manuscript accompanying the missive.

The MS. is a 'play' in six acts; 'its' a melodrama of the most melodramatic type; and with all modern improvements; in fact the melodrama sets in early in the play, otherwise you might mistake it for a tragedy just at first. You have your two murders in the first act which gives you a cheerful start and if you want any more, than that in one act—well there's something wrong with your appetite. The heroine is supposed to be tall and slim—otherwise she would never be able to get through the labyrinth of tribulations with which her life is beset. She is also supposed to patronize dresses of Nile green chiffon and silver sequins, alternating with house gowns of pale blue satin, pearl trimmings and diamond ornaments—a little extravagance which would seem, somewhat, to excuse her husband's escapade of breaking into his partner's safe containing \$200,000 and some old family jewels. Frequently through the play Madeline St. Ullathorne, that's the heroine's name, is spoken of as young, and everybody refers to this

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time when she was eighteen, before—a good long time before seeing she has a daughter of sixteen—the play opens. She excites your sublimest pity—the mother, not the daughter—and when in the third act she confronts the villain—he is simply padded with villainy—by whom she has been entrapped into a den of card sharpers, with upraised arm, her blue silk draperies and long unbound hair falling around her—with the words 'Villain, beware! a day of reckoning is at hand; you think to keep me here! Never! Never! Release me, at once Reginald Hermann, or ere another sun shall set my spirit will have soared to the bright heaven above us—(draws small oriental dagger from her bodice and points it at her heart) this shall give me the freedom you have cruelly robbed me of' you can hear in anticipation the wild applause of the sympathetic gods.

Mildred ultimately escapes by drugging the wine of the card sharppers. Now that's a point any heroine with a well regulated mind ought to be glad to get—never go out in response to a mysterious letter unless you carry a good supply of drugs and daggers along in your décolleté bodice. They are not much trouble and they come in so very handy sometimes. There is a man in the piece—a dozen or so of them for that matter, but the one in whose career I was most interested during my perusal of the play—is 'bird of prey' fashions for the hand of the heroine's daughter. The ingeniousness of his plots to secure her are many and varied, in fact take up the fourth and fifth acts with a beautiful disregard of the fact that there is only one act more in which to get all the others straightened out.

The hero—there is one but you don't see him quite so often as you do the naughty ones—is also in love with Gladys St. Ullathorne. 'If ever any man leads Gladys to the altar,' says he in scene four in the fourth act, and you can just imagine his brave young tones all a-wet with tears, 'it will be when I am dead.' (I wept a little over this scene. It really seemed too sad. It did indeed.)

Now here is a little scene that, if you should ask me—and also if you shouldn't—I would say would be most effective and thrilling in the hands of capable people. (Philip and Gladys in centre of stage.) Philip.—Then you don't know whether my devotion has awakened a reciprocal flame in your heart. (Lady Imogene comes softly down stairs.)

Gladys.—This much I do know, I respect and like you better than any man I ever saw. (Enter Reginald looks at the two fixedly for a time, then picks up paper knife from table and starts towards them. Lady Imogene turns to go upstairs, sees him, and turns.)

Philip.—But that is not love Gladys, the love I want; I've wanted so long, so long, (sighs deeply) it will seem like madness, but I don't want you unless you can say as I do—I love you. (Reginald is almost upon them when Lady I., takes his upraised arm. He starts, looks at her, drops his arm, and she quietly drags him out the window.)

Now there's a situation for you, and a pretty tame sort of villain. Of course a little thing like a man being dragged out a window wouldn't disturb the lovers in the centre of the stage. After she got him out in the open air Lady I., must have convinced Reginald that his suit was utterly hopeless for he doesn't come on any more—or perhaps he used that paper knife to end his own loveless and miserable existence, seeing that he had it still in his possession when Lady I. "dragged him quietly out the window." Philip turns out eventually to be heir to a great estate and a castle, of which you get a glimpse of the front door and a couple of windows in the last act, and of course Gladys marries him—she couldn't resist that sort of thing. By and by it develops that the man who stole the money and diamonds didn't steal them at all—he's only the heroine's husband and you don't take much interest in him, because he is one of the goody sort, but still you can't repress a natural little thrill of joy over the triumph of virtue. It's a genuine satisfaction to know that it gets rewarded even on the stage, and is one point in which the play excels; all the good people come out just where they ought to be, and the wicked ones all meet with sudden and unprovided deaths. Well anyway the good Mr. Ullathorne conveniently meets his wife as she is fleeing from the den of thieves, and takes her home and so they live happy ever after.

Apropos, did it ever strike you as strange that when a woman goes a mile or two to keep an appointment on a stage, or leaves her home forever, she nearly always does so in evening dress, and without a wrap of any sort. Now just why she should elect to wander out into the world, with only a lace mantilla draped artistically over her

head and shoulders—she always takes time to see that the folds are properly adjusted—is a mystery to me, but they all do it, and Mildred St. Ullathorne was no exception. The woman who would at least stop to don even a golf cape, and change her satin slippers, would win fame I am sure.

The author of the play referred to above signs himself Harry St. Aubyn. There is no such name in the directory so I have come to the conclusion that modesty has made the author conceal his identity. When 'Harry' reads this he will know that his play has made a hit with me. Just whether the Stock company will play it or not, I am unable to say, he might try them though. As for a name; well seeing the villain's false tooth and that little milliner play so important a part in the palpitant affair, perhaps 'The False Tooth,' or 'The Milliners Apprentice,' would be as good as any other; he might try it at any rate, and in the meantime if Harry will send me his address in strictest confidence of course, the melodrama shall be promptly returned.

A production of Camille opened the ninth week of the Valentine Stock Company's stay in this city. It was a magnificent presentation and merits the very highest commendation. Miss Bonstelle assumed the name part of course and her impersonation of Dumas beautiful and generous but unfortunate heroine was easily the best ever seen in this city. Her work was marvellous, and a telling tribute to its effectiveness were the tear dimmed eyes of those who witnessed it. "An idealized Camille," Miss Bonstelle has been called and indeed she may be truthfully said to have idealized the character showing all that was good and lovable in the woman whom unfortunate circumstances and society's clamorings had placed beyond the pale. In Mr. Mawson, Armand Duval was splendidly portrayed and his climax in the third act was a veritable triumph, so intensely affecting was it in its sadness and naturalness. The gowns worn by Miss Bonstelle were beautiful and fitted her graceful figure in the most perfect way, the stage settings were luxurious and tasteful, and every detail of the performance was given the most careful attention; these together with the support afforded by the balance of the company rounding out one of the best productions of the engagement so far. Mam'zelle was played the last of the week and will be the bill at the matinee performance this afternoon.

Sadie Stringham commenced in 'The Village Postmaster' last week in her original character.

Otero was thrown from her carriage in Paris a couple of weeks ago and was severely injured.

Charles E. Blaney's newest melodrama "Across the Pacific" was given its first production on Feb. 8.

Mrs. Richard Mansfield last week purchased the house in Troy N. Y. formerly the property of her father.

'Whose Baby Are You?' is the title of Mark E. Swans latest farcical effort. It will be produced next season.

Wilbur Higby who is playing Colonel Brough in 'The Cherry Pickers' will play the lead in that play next season.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal presented, 'The Greatest of These,' by Sidney Grundy for the first time in America in Chicago last week.

The 278th anniversary of the death of Moliere was celebrated in Paris on Feb. 16, a production of "Femmes Savantes" being given.

'Mam'zelle 'Awkins,' a comedy written by Richard Carle, was acted for the first time on any stage at the Columbia Theatre Boston on Feb. 12.

Charles Frohmans Comedians at whose head are Ellaine Terris and Seymour Hicks sailed for New York on Feb. 16th. to present "My Daughter-in-Law."

'Les Fetards' in English, as a comedy is

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COLDS

to be produced shortly in London by George Edwards the adaptation from the French having been by J. W. Figgott.

The Era Annual for 1900 has an interesting list of contributors with their portraits among whom are Patti, Langtry, De Wolfe Hopper and a large number of others.

Maude Hillman, an actress who made a good impression during a visit here, has added the California Trio to her special attractions and they are proving a big drawing card.

Lottie Blair Parker author of "Way Down East", has started to dramatize Harold Frederic's Novel "The Damnation of Theron Ware." It will be ready for next season.

On her proposed visit to England Ada Roban will not be supported by Charles Lorraine as was announced. Instead he is going to the front in South Africa, having volunteered for active service.

Joseph Le Brandt's new play, 'Caught in the Web' is to be given its first production this week. Le Brandt is the author of 'The Real Widow Brown,' a funny comedy which made a hit here last season.

Cissie Loftus first appearance with Mme. Modjeaka at the Fifth Avenue Theatre New York will be at a matinee on Mar. 3rd. On March 6 and 8 two special matinees will be given in which Miss Loftus will appear as Viola in "Twelfth Night."

The starring tour of little Olivette Haynes under the direction of Phil. A. Kilfoil has been postponed until after Lent on account of her manager's severe illness. Later in the season she will lead the Kilfoil Juvenile Company and next season will be starred in a new play.

Arthur Shirley denies that his new London play 'The Better Life' is a dramatization of 'In His Steps.' The play written by Francis Neilson which has been announced as a dramatization of Dr. Sheldon's famous story is really an adaptation of 'The Crucifixion of Philip Strong, one of Dr. Sheldon's earlier books.

Valance in France was recently the scene of a serious affair arising from the escape of several lions from a circus at a fair. The explosion of a lamp set the show on fire, and the lion tamer who was in the cage left hurriedly failing to lock the door. Two large lions escaped and seriously injured several persons before they were recaptured.

The Gay Lord Quex' has failed to score in Berlin. The critics say it represents a form of art that can only be tolerated in modern England. By the way Irene Van Brugh will after all be seen in the part of Sophie Fullgarney when the play has its New York production. Mr. Hare persuaded her to continue the part in England and America.

The Earl of Yarmouth the youthful sprig of nobility who is a recent recruit to the histrionic ranks in the United States, has now been formally declared a bankrupt. His father the Marquis of Hereford the Earl being his heir, had shown a disposition to effect a satisfactory arrangement with his creditors but it amounted to nothing in the end and the young man who is so rich in titles and names was adjudged a bankrupt with debts of £500. He declined to return from America on the ground that he was doing well there as an actor and hoped soon to have sufficient money to settle his debts in full.

The Osar's Dentist to the Rescue.

Mr. Pennel was personally conducted to the hotel named. From there he sent cables to Washington, London, and wires to the American Ambassador in St. Petersburg. No answer to one of them! The Chief of Police visited him the first day, the second day, and on the third day asked him point blank how it came about that none of his country's representatives would have anything to do with him. That afternoon, Joseph, wandering wearily and anxiously about the hotel, heard the sound of a familiar song sung in good American accent. Diving into the room, he came upon an evident Yankee and explained the situation to his surprised compatriot. The man of course knew Pennell's worth 'down to the ground,' and thought he could help him, although the crisis was most grave. "Now see here, Pennell, you've got to get out of Russia somehow. I carry some weight, being dentist to the Osar, and I'll do my level best for you." In the end the kind dentist got the artist aboard an outgoing train and across the border. When Pennell reached safety he met a knowing friend. "Hello, Joe; finished with Russia already?" Pennell began an explanation. Oh, I know; lost your passport; dence of a hubbub; marched off to a hotel; met a Providence-sent countryman—by the way, what was he?" "Dentist." "Ah, yes; dentist, of course. If you had been an Englishman he would have been a horse doctor to the Osar, a Frenchman and he would have been a dancing master.

Joe, my boy, they didn't want you in there, and that's the way they go about it in Russia.

'How is your brother, Tommy?' 'Sick in bed, miss; he's hurt himself.' 'How did he do that?' 'We were playing at who could lean the farthest out of the window, and he won.'

Foosle—We don't call them 'bunkers' over on our links now. Tee—No; what then? Foosle—They're so hard to get over we call 'em kopjes.

Guest—So you take after your father? Bobby—Yes, sir, he allus gets the best of the grub and I have to take what he leaves.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 24

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

WHERE PRINTING COSTS MONEY.

The city of Boston has its own printing plant and it appears that it is an expensive luxury. If the fathers of the hub received their printing as cheaply as it is done in St. John the necessity for running such a civic establishment would not be apparent. The present republican mayor does not like the way this department has been managed in the past and it seems as if some effort would be made to run the municipal printing plant on a business basis with the idea of making it pay its running expenses. The task is difficult, it must be admitted says the Advertiser. Judging from some of the recent achievements of the printing plant, it can charge for ordinary documents at the rate that might be demanded for an edition de luxe. Yet the city council does not seem disposed to abolish the whole institution as yet, and therefore the mayor will probably give it a trial under the most favorable circumstances to find it in any possible way it can be made to pay expenses. A good many people think that Mayor Hart has undertaken a hopeless task, but at least he has the courage of his convictions, and he is about to apply to the legislature for authority to make the attempt.

Of course if he does this he will have to reorganize the office clear through, just as he has been reorganizing other city departments, with a view to cutting down their pay roll and trying to operate them on something like a business basis.

THE SOLDIER IN BATTLE.

News letters and official reports from South Africa contain so many stories of military bravery that the world is compelled to wonder anew at the mystery of the human quality which is most conspicuous in battle. That the stories themselves are untrue, or that the facts are exaggerated, is extremely improbable; reports of extraordinary bravery of detachments and individuals will not be doubted by men who themselves have been "under fire."

The conduct of soldiers in action has been the subject of numerous explanations, none of which explained. It is the fashion of all nations to idealize their soldiers into men who became heroic through love of country and faith in the justice of their cause, but no view, whether casual or careful, of any body of troops will be rewarded by the spectacle of men of more than average human quality. Whether conscripts or volunteers, white, black, brown or yellow, soldiers' faces are very like those of civilians. Nor can their deeds in war be attributed to savagery of nature, for soldiers of the field are quite as peaceable and kind hearted as home bodies. In the days of solid military formations it was said that soldiers fought because they were pressed upon the enemy by the human mass behind them; when solid columns and squares were abandoned and men fought in lines only two ranks deep it was explained that they stood up to their work because any attempt to run would be stopped by the swords and bayonets of the "file closers" who stood behind each and every company.

But all the old-fashioned fighting methods have been ignored in South Africa, and as they have been for a quarter of a century by the British in India, yet the common soldier raised to the responsibility of an individual fighter, and with the individual fighter's chance to skulk,

lights even more bravely than his kind did in older days.

He used to have the incentive of loot and license should his side conquer, but even that is now denied him. When armies were recruited principally from the prisons, the slums and the highways, the bravery of the common soldier was attributed to callousness, apathy, and the lack of any incentive to live. When men followed only leaders of their own choosing bravery was supposed to be a result of hero-worship, yet the modern soldier will follow any stranger, of any rank, who manifests willingness to lead. A full stomach, preferably with some alcohol on it, was supposed to be conducive to bravery, yet soldiers on half rations fight as bravely as any others.

Military bravery cannot be explained by the theory of fatalism, for soldiers as a class are not fatalists. Neither is it due to abnormal natural courage, for the soldiers are recruited from among all classes, including the gentlest. It does not come of temporary insanity caused by extreme mental and physical strain, for never are soldier's faculties more alert and well "in hand" than when in battle; the excitement at the beginning of an engagement is so great that a compensating calmness inevitably follows, and quickly, too. Possibly satisfaction at having an opportunity to do the work for which he has been trained is a partial cause of the soldier's bravery in action; the man who has learned any other trade spends half his waking hours at it, but the soldier who has given one hour in twenty four of his term of service to actual fight is a rarity.

Still, despite all theories and explanations, military bravery remains one of the most mysterious of human qualities, and the men who can best exemplify it are as powerless as any others to explain it.

HOW IS THIS FOR REFORM?

They are trying to stop the ringing of bells in Boston on the ground that it is injurious and annoying to the people. It is contended that the practice of ringing clanging, discordant, tuneless bells is a relic of the days when newspapers were few and the ordinary means of communication were excessively slow as compared with modern conditions. The practice has been kept alive in some American communities chiefly in New England, for reasons which apparently nobody can explain. Yet admittedly there is plenty of medical authority for the assertion that the practice is excessively harmful to many sufferers from nervous troubles. Some day one of these victims will sue the city for the injury and agony caused to himself or herself by noisy bell-ringing. It is easy enough to make out a case of that kind and probably the courts would uphold the plaintiff. When that happens, the bell ringing nuisance will probably end.

This is pretty far fetched but we can expect almost anything from some of the people in Boston who are looking around all the time to discover some fault finding topic.

Smallpox Patient Better.

Smallpox patient Allard is getting along nicely in the epidemic branch of the General Public Hospital, so is his mother, who was quarantined. The young man is rapidly improving, although the authorities have not as yet given him any satisfactory answer as to when he shall regain his liberty.

The Political Colonel.

Perhaps as striking a specimen as Canada can furnish of the political colonel—the bane of our Canadian militia system—is Colonel Domville, who has been acting in parliament the part of common scold against his heretofore superior officer, Major-General Hutton, a man whose Canadian career, whatever may be the much secreted circumstances of his departure, has certainly been resplendent; and who has perhaps done more to pull together a system honeycombed with political colonialism than any other man since it was founded.—Montreal Witness.

Changed the Place.

It is said that Jared Sparks, chosen president of Harvard College in 1849, yielded promptly and courteously to the opinions and wishes of the faculty where no important interest was at issue; but wherever the welfare or honor of the college or its individual members was concerned, he adhered immovably to his own judgment. "A case in point, says Doctor Peabody, in his "Harvard Graduates Whom I Have Known," occurred when Kossuth was making his progress through the country. Mr. Sparks was one of the few who were disinclined to pay him homage. The then usual spring exhibition, normally held in the college chapel, was at hand, and it was understood that Kossuth would be present. The faculty voted unanimously, or nearly so, to hold this exhibition were the commensurations were held, in the First Parish church. Mr. Sparks declared the vote, but add-

ed: "It is for you, gentlemen, to hold the exhibition where you please. I shall go to the chapel in my cap and gown at the usual hour."

The vote, of course, was reconsidered.

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VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

A Woman's Work.

When breakfast things are cleared away The same old problem's raised, For she sits down to think of something appetizing. The dinner she must soon prepare, And give the cook directions, And great is the relief she feels When she has made selections.

When dinner things are cleared away The problem that is uppermost, For she sits down to think of something appetizing. "What can I get for supper?" She wants to give them something new, And long is her meditation, Till choice is made, and then begins The work of preparation.

When supper things are cleared away Again her mind is worried, For she sits down to think of something appetizing. When meals are often hurried, She ponders o'er it long until The question is decided, Then bustles 'round till she makes sure That everything's provided.

That "woman's work is never done" Has often been disputed, But she sits down to think of something appetizing. The worry o'er what to eat Is greatest of these questions, And glad she'd be if some one else Would make the meal suggestions.

The Worst Teacher.

That teacher was the worst we ever tackled; He was so very tall, and he was light;— It is best to lay your egg before you've cackled, Though we never had a notion he could fight.

For he acted sort of meekish when he opened up the school, —We sort of got the notion he was lit—and we tagged good. We gave him lots of jolly in a free and easy way, And showed him how we handled guys as got to acin' gay, We showed him where the other one had torn away the door.

When we lugged him out and dumped him in the snow the year ago, And took 'er, we thought we had him scared, we sat and chawed a d spl', And kind o' thought we'd run the school—concluded he was lit.

It worked along in that way, sir, till Friday afternoon —We hadn't lugged him out that week, but 'owed to do it; soon 'bout 2 o'clock, he said there'd be recess, And said, "The smaller kids and girls can go for food, I guess." And he mentioned smooth and smily, but with kind o' greenish eyes, That the big boys were requested to remain for exercise.

And when he called us in again he up and locked the door, Shooked off his coat and weskis, took the middle of the floor, And talked about gymnastics in a quiet little speech —Then he made a pass at Haskell who was nearest to the door, 'Twas hot and swit and sudden and it took him on the jaw, And he was all the exercise the Haskell feller saw.

Then jumpin' over Haskell's seat, he sauntered up the aisle, A hittin' right and hittin' left and wearin' that same smile, And when a feller started up and tried to hit him back, 'Twas a slipper-slapper, whacko-cracker, whangobargo-crack! I!

And never, sir, in all your life, did you see flippers whirled in such a blame, chain-lightnin' style as them 'ere hands of his. And though we hit and though we dodged—or rashed by two and three He stumpled strolled around that room and licked us all with ease, And when the thing was nicely done, he dumped us in the yard, He clicked the padlock on the door and passed us all a card.

And this was what was printed there, 'Professor Joseph Tate, Athletics made a specialty and champion middle weight.'

That teacher was the worst we ever tackled, He was so very tall, and he was light;— It is best to lay your egg before you've cackled, Though we never had a notion he could fight. —Holman F. Day.

The Old-Time Chimney.

These here steam-hat buildin's Ain't 's-entit' me! Want the ol'-time chimney With the sparks a-flyin' free!

'Taters in the ashes—'Tis as fine as kin be! First hot and then lit! The old-time tales to me!

Want the ol'-time fire—Chimney just so wide—Fanny in the middle, An' 'er room on either side!

Fiddle in the corner—Watch on the mat; Grassy gridle smokin', An' 'er possum top o' that!

Take yer steam-hat buildin's—Don't ke'er fer yer steam! Want the ol'-time chimney What I love to dream!

Tit For Tat.

He'd popped the vital question, her answer had been prompt; And on his breast was glued her little head, While through their love-thrilled bosoms the god of rapture romped.

As swiftly on the happy moments sped, Then turning up her glances to mingle with his own This query at her darling one she showed, Her accent half a dove coo and half a doubtful moan: 'Am I the only girl you ever loved?'

He swallowed a lump that arose in his neck, His face wore a second hand b.ush, His voice seemed a sad, unavail'able wrack, Re-usin' to banish the hush, And into her eyes came a flicker of pain, Her lips pressed in a questioning point, And quick y she freed the same query acids, Her bosom a' ridled with doubt.

Then came an inspiration like lightning from the skies; His heart retreated to its usual place, He sent his cucumber glances deep down into her eyes; The hot, rose-tinted blushes quit his face, Like reticent music the pain in sentence ran And struck her pinky ears with cruel spat, As quietly he asked her: 'Am I the only man You ever loved that old condumrum at?'

She snuggled again aw'f' close to his breast; The heat of her blushes he felt, Clear through his shirt front and reversible vest Till he thought they would blister his peels, And he grinned like a fiend from adown the dark stairs, Where the red fire unquenchably burns, And they handed their subequent sparking affairs Without going behind the returns.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

CROWD JOINED IN THE DRINK.

A Barroom Invitation That Was Misunderstood and Had to be Explained.

The usual crowd of loungers in the bar room of an uptown resort the other night when a man who entered by the front door and glanced about the place, finally nodded to an old man seated at one of the tables. The new comer went straight up to the bar ordered a drink and then turning around to his friend called out: "What will you have, fellows?" The crowd was all attention in a moment and a procession was immediately started in the direction of the bar. Everybody lined up, gave his order, and looked pleasant at the man who had called out. During this time the new comer and the old man, to whom he had nodded were having a quiet little chat. Finally both men clinked glasses and raising them to their lips, the whole crowd doing likewise while some said "Here goes" and others "Your best health sir." The man addressed did not appear to heed the expressions of good feeling extended by the men he had invited to drink. Slowly the crowd left the bar leaving the two friends together and then the man threw down a five dollar note on the bar. The bar tender laid down just \$3 change. "Here," exclaimed the man, "haven't you made a mistake?"

The bartender began to count up the different drinks ordered when the man s'opped him with: "Say, I didn't ask that mob to drink."

The bartender insisted that he had and used the exact words used by him in doing so. But they were mistaken and so were you. I only asked my friend here, Mr. Fellows, to drink."

"Well, I'm sorry," said the bartender. "You left out the Mister, and said what sounded like fellows, so the crowd joined. The man saw the joke was on him and his friend, the old man, enjoyed it especially but he raised a laugh when he said with assured dignity:

Hereafter, young man always address me in a crowd as Mr. Fellows, and you'll save money."

Not Worried About the North Pole.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain did not have a very merry Christmas of it. He is held chiefly responsible for the war and England's unpreparedness, and although Englishmen say little at the best of times, and absolutely shut up when things are going badly, Chamberlain knows right well that the voters are "laying for him." He will not be hampered in the conduct of the business by word or deed, but when it is all ended he will be held strictly to account and have to pay to the uttermost farthing for any act of omission or lack of skill that he may have committed or shown, and he, better than any man in England, knows that. Therefore it was a very inopportune time to approach him for his support toward another expedition in search of the North Pole, and a certain number of enthusiasts did not long ago. After listening in grim silence to what they had to say, Chamberlain readjusted his eyeglass and calmly gazed upon the deputation for a telling time, then said: "Gentlemen, I am informed that the North Pole is in a place where it will keep sweet for a reasonable length of time. I am trying to discover Pretoria. Good day."

His Address.

The following, from an English paper, will be enjoyed by speakers who have found themselves called upon to address audiences already wearied by excessively long speeches: A certain man was invited to speak at a local gathering, and being nobody in particular, was placed last on the list of speakers. Moreover the chairman introduced several speakers whose names were not on the list, and the audience was tired out when he said, introducing the final speaker, "Mr. Bones will now give us his address."

"My address," said Mr. Bones, rising, 'is 551 Park Villas, S. W., and I wish you all good night."

A Clever Teacher.

An incident which occurred at a private school in Louisville, and is narrated in the Courier-Journal, illustrates, among other things, the [unwisdom of judging] by first impressions. A new teacher had just taken the girl's class in English. On the first day she told the class that she would not give a regular lesson, but that each girl might write down all the slang she knew and bring that to the next day's recitation. Several girls who had brothers, and the

rest who knew other girl's brothers set these young men to work. The result was marvellous. When the class was called next day, there was not a girl who could not show two closely written pages of slang expressions. The teacher looked at them. "Very good," she said. "Now translate them into English."

The new teacher had no trouble in winning the respect of her class.

Mr. Choate's Use of an Old Story.

In this era of new ideas and startling inventions, old jokes still retain their youthful vigor. Nor are they confined to minstrel performers and monologue artists on the vaudeville stage. No less a wit than the Honorable Joseph Hodges Choate the law partner of William Maxwell Evart and the present Ambassador from this country to the Court of St. James, recently found a very old joke useful and appropriate.

A reporter called to see him. "Mr. Choate is a busy man," said the clerk.

"So am I," responded the reporter. "Let me take in your card?" "Never mind the card. He knows me." Without further delay he opened the door and confronted Mr. Choate, who was talking with a visitor.

"Good morning, Mr. Choate," said the reporter cheerily. "I am a reporter. Mr. Choate looked at the intruder curiously. "Take a chair, sir," he said quietly. "I want to see you about this story," showing a clipping from the Morning.

"Ah!" returned the lawyer with his peculiar, gentle chuckle. "I'm glad to see you. Please take two chairs."

It was an old, old story, but Mr Choate did not hesitate to use it.

Empress Elizabeth's Palace.

If it be true, as announced by a Vienna paper, that an Englishman has bought Achilleion, the lovely villa which the late Empress of Austria built at Corfu, for two hundred thousand dollars, he has certainly obtained a bargain, since the place cost a million dollars. Built almost on the spot where Ulysses is supposed to have been rescued, it was the Empress's whim to surround herself with reminders of classic incidents. Thus her own particular rooms were arranged in imitation of those said to have been occupied by Penelope and Helen; even her bed was made according to the "Odyssey." The place is famous for its beautiful terraces and its wealth of sculpture.

Albert Edward's Neat Compliment.

The Prince of Wales is—occasionally, at least—clever at paying a compliment. In connection with the fitting out of the American hospital ship Maine, he was surrounded by a number of American ladies, including Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. Arthur Paget, when he said, "I have the greatest faith in the good the ship will do; American girls have haled many an Englishman's wounded heart."

Beware Ye Exodians!

A Sydney, C.B., magistrate, is constantly receiving enquiries concerning delinquent young men who have fled from the scenes of former credit to begin anew in their adopted town. He has on his list a variety of names and characters some of whom have arrived, and some of whom he awaits. The last complaint was made by a widow who keeps a boarding house in a central town of Nova Scotia—familiarily known as "The Hub"—against a young man who "jumped his hash."—Inland Reporter, (C. B.)

His "Load" Staggered Him.

At Picton on Saturday a blind horse harnessed to a wagon load of whiskey, walked over the railway wharf, dragging his burden with him. The horse and man were rescued after a period of painful suspense.—Moncton Transcript.

Sydney Got Log There.

Twelve drunks adorned the cells between Saturday and Sunday nights, and the usual fine was imposed by Stipendiary Moseley this morning. Wanted—a central lock-up.—Sydney Record.

"Oh, Eggar, it's delightful, this being engaged, and nobody knowing anything about it! All my friends are envying me for it!"

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired. Doves 27 Waterloo.

Miss Julia visiting Mr. Major J. Halifax this Miss John friend, Miss Tom. Mr. and Mrs. ago from their residence. Miss Mamm guest of the Mr. F. S. trip to New Mr. W. R. Rain. Treason, M. O. G. Smith, Rev. John Boston. Rev. H. A. here this we Mr. Geo. E. posed the first F. edlerick. On Tuesday school room, interesting lecture, eighty line of Lake Chamou of Chillon, the other places be under the St. Andrews ting the church. An interest new I. C. B. number of cities those holding liantly Illumi trestling soci at full speed spectators t Among those Mr. F. F. Star Judge Forbes Mr. W. F. Star Judge Trueman James Humey Chas. Coster, Chief Clarke, Edward Arms T. B. Hanington Dr. D. E. Berry, Ald. Mudge, H. A. Drury, J. King Kelly, Mr. Geo. Cust Russell Hamilton A. W. Peters, P. W. Snider, Harry Hopper, Thos. Blair, Rev. B. Macan Mr. Joseph Al Herbert Hilya Thomas Hilya James Peender, George Barnh Alderman Ws James Robertson Joseph Enligh Captain Evans Dr. Emory W. E. Porter, W. G. Roberts Jas. F. Metch John K. Storch G. Wetmo-Mo Mr. F. F. Star, Mr. W. F. Star Captain Wright Chas. F. Baker, Alderman Rob R. R. Ritchie, Sheriff Sturdes T. Baytsch, T. Rankine,

MAKING POWDER wholesome

other girl's brothers set to work. The result was when the class was called was not a girl who could only written pages of slang to teacher looked at them. He said, 'Now translate' had no trouble in win-

Use of an Old Story. new ideas and startling in- still retain their youth- are they confined to and monologue artists stage. No less a wit le Joseph Hodges Choate William Maxwell Evert Ambassador from this urt of St. James, recom- d to see him. a busy man,' said the

ended the reporter. your card? He knows me.' the parley he opened the of Mr. Choate, who was 'Mr. Choate,' said the 'I am a reporter. ed at the intruder cur- hair, sir,' he said quietly you about this story,' from the Morning' the lawyer with his pen- 'I'm glad to see you. id story, but Mr Choate use it.

Isabel's Palace. announced by a Vienna Englishman has bought ely villa which the late built at Corfu, for two dollars, he has certainly, since the place cost a built almost on the spot opposed to have been Empress's whim to sur- reminders of classic in- own particular rooms mitation of those said to by Penelope and Hel- was made according to the place is famous for its and its wealth of sculp-

Next Compliment. sales is—occasionally, at ining a compliment. In the fitting out of the ship Maine, he was sur- of American ladies, Bradley Martin, Mrs. n, the Duchess of Marl- doph Churchhill, Mrs. Arthur Paget, when the greatest faith in the lo; American girls have Englishman's wounded

Staggered Him. Saturday a blind horse on load of whiskey, silway wharf, dragging e. The horse and man period of painful sus- ranscript. eting there. rned the cells between y nights, and the usual Stipendiary Moseley ed—a central lock-up.

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Re-covered, Re-paired



Miss Julia Lawlor was in Fredericton recently visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lawlor. Major J. H. Parks and Major Armstrong went to Halifax this week to see the troops depart. Miss Johnston of this city is paying a visit to her friend, Miss Thompson of Waterloo Row, Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Kennedy returned a few days ago from their wedding tour and have taken up their residence at the Clifton. Miss Mamie McLaughlin is in the capital the guest of the Misses Sweeney for a few days. Mr. F. B. McNutt, returned last Saturday from a trip to New York.

Mr. G. H. Flood left this week for New York from whence he will sail for England this week on the Steamer Oceanic for England. Mr. William Burrill of Yarmouth paid a short visit to the city this week. Mr. Ernest Fowman who was summoned home by his father's death, returned to Boston the first of the week.

Col. Geo. W. Jones left this week for Ottawa to attend the Dominion Artillery Association meeting. Mrs. Jones accompanied him to Quebec where she will spend a few days. Mr. F. S. Sharp paid a short visit to Fredericton this week. The concert given in the Trinity church school-house in the early part of the week in aid of the Seaman's Mission society was a great success in every way.

On Tuesday evening next in St. Andrew's church school room, Mrs. E. A. Smith will deliver her interesting lecture on Switzerland, illustrated by eighty lime light views including those of Geneva, Lake Chamouex, Mt. Blanc, Mer de Glace, Castle of Chillon, the Genuine Pass, Lake Lucerne and other places of note and beauty. The lecture will be under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society of St. Andrew's church and will go towards liquidating the church debt.

An interesting event of the week was when the new L. C. R. grain elevator was thrown open to a number of citizens admission being given only to those holding invitations. The elevator was brilliantly illuminated and presented a lovely and interesting scene, with the swift machinery running at full speed and the large number of interested spectators thronging every available corner. Among those present were:

- Mr. F. F. Starr, Judge Forbes, Mr. W. F. Starr, Judge Trueman, James Hannay, Chas. Coster, Chief Clarke, Edward Armstrong, T. B. Hanington, Dr. D. E. Berryman, E. A. Druy, J. King Kelly, Mr. Geo. Cushing, Russell Hamilton, A. W. Peters, F. W. Sailer, Harry Hopper, Chas. Bliss, Rev. R. Macaulay, Mr. Joseph Allison, Herbert Hilyard, Thomas Hilyard, James Fender, George Barnhill, Alderman Waring, James Robertson, Joseph Kulpit, Captain Evans, Dr. Emery, W. G. Robertson, Jas. F. Manchester, John E. Storey, G. Wetmore Merritt, Mr. F. F. Starr, Captain Wright, Chas. P. Baker, Alderman Robinson, E. B. Ritchie, Sherid Sturdee, T. Baytech, T. Rankine,
- Mrs. Starr, C. N. Skinner, Mrs. Starr, Mayor Sears, J. B. Knowles, Thos. Dunsmuir, E. J. Armstrong, John McAvity, J. F. Harding, Chas. McLaughlin, Jas. Hamilton, Alderman MacMackin, Thos. Cushing, Mrs. Cushing, R. Heber Arnold, Dr. T. D. Walker, J. F. Watson, R. B. Emerson, Wm. Maclock, John McMillan, Mrs. Allison, P. Barnhill, Patrick Mooney, Henry Hilyard, Aid. Rudman Allan, Alderman MacMackin, James Wooddy, D. Dawson, Walter Allan, Count deBury, M. A. Fin, Chas. Phillips, I. J. Olive, John Ring, Alex. Wilson, Mrs. Starr, Captain Baxter, Rev. A. T. Dykeman, A. W. Adams, Captain Churchill, F. G. Godcoe, J. Speil, D. J. McLaughlin,

J. A. Neilson, George Seaman, Mr. and Mrs. John McMillan returned last Saturday from a trip to the United States. Mr. and Mrs. T. Bell left this week on a visit to Boston.

Senator Farley of the Northwest Territories, spent Sunday in Carleton the guest of Mr. C. B. Lockhart. Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Worren left Monday to attend the Sportman's Fair now being held in Boston. W. F. Humphrey, M. P. P. of Moncton, was here this week enroute to the Capital. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Fellows of New York, have been spending the week in this city.

Mr. J. D. Finney of Fredericton, was in the city this week. The death occurred on Sunday of Mr. William Girvan, and the news was heard in the city with much regret, Mr. Girvan having been a resident here since 1864 and was one of St. John's best known and most highly respected citizens. The funeral which took place on Tuesday was very largely attended and testified to the deep esteem in which the deceased was held.

A pleasant and most enjoyable meeting of the St. Stephen's church guild was that held this week and which was in charge of the musical committee and a very bright and pleasing feature of which was Miss Clinch's lecture on the Romantic School of Music. Rev. J. M. Davenport contributed in a very interesting manner, his selections being Farewell to the Forest, and It is Soothing, from Elljahn. Others whose names appeared on the programme were Mrs. W. E. O. Jones, Miss Wilson, Mrs. J. E. Gillespie, Mr. Chas. Frazee and Mr. A. G. Burn, hamp.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McDonald leave today on a visit to England. Miss Bessie Roberts who has been their guest for some time returns to her home with them. Among those, in addition to those already mentioned as having gone from here to Halifax to witness the departure of the troops were Lt. Col. Mrs. and the Misses Armstrong, Mrs. Dever and Miss Dever, Mr. W. E. Vroom and Mr. H. E. Hansard. Miss Elsie Cummings returned last Saturday to her home in St. Stephen after a very pleasant visit to her sister Mrs. P. Brennan.

The fifth anniversary of Count Epping Forest. O. F. was held on Tuesday evening and after the usual meeting the members and a number of guests enjoyed an oyster supper at White's. The evening was delightfully spent, many of those present contributing songs, instrumental pieces and recitations. The new rector of St. Jude's, Rev. Mr. Scovill, was given a reception in the church school house on Monday evening, which was largely attended and proved a most enjoyable affair, the evening being spent in games, music and social intercourse. The programs included songs by Mr. J. Connor, and Rev. A. G. H. Dickie. Light refreshments were served by the ladies.

Hon. L. J. Tweedie and Hon. Wm. Pugsley went to Montreal the first of the week. Mr. R. C. Tall of Shediac was in the city this week. Mrs. Thomas C. Fox left on Tuesday for Montreal where she will make her home in future. Mr. James Hannay went to Ottawa on Tuesday to represent the Daily Telegraph in the press gallery. Mr. R. L. Douglas and Miss Coates of Sackville were in the city this week. Miss Goudy of Yarmouth is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. F. A. Moore of Montreal accompanied by Mrs. Moore has been paying a brief visit to the city. Mr. and Mrs. S. Crawford of Philadelphia were among recent visitors to the city. A number of clever amateurs played the pretty little set comedy "Bob" very successfully in the Mission Church school room on Tuesday evening. "Mr. Bob" is from the pen of Rachel E. Baker and the bright and pleasing dialogue, funny situations kept the audience amused throughout. The stage was prettily arranged and those taking part knew their lines very thoroughly. Before the comedy a short program was given consisting of songs by Rev. J. M. Davenport, J. M. Rutherford, reading, Miss Ina Brown, and instrumental solo, Mrs. Ernest Williams.

Several hundred invitations have been sent out for over a week for a fancy dress ball in Mechanic's Institute on Tuesday evening next under the auspices of a local outing club. The affair promises to be highly enjoyable. There will be no masques and a large staff of chaperons have been selected. Tailors have been busy at work for a time back preparing some really gorgeous and dainty creations for the terpsichorean event. A merry sleighing party given by Mr. Trueman Gorbell and chaperoned by Mrs. J. Mauro, went to Robesay on Tuesday evening, driving out to Dobbin's where supper was served and the evening delightfully spent in games music and social intercourse and it was late when the party returned to the city. Among those present were:

- Miss Eva Coram, Miss Florence Hoyt, Miss Rosa Hoyt, Miss Eva McNicol, Miss Sadie Wilbur, Miss Elizabeth Gibbs, Miss Margaret Boyle, Miss M. McNicol (Mrs. Tom), Mr. Trueman Gorbell, Mr. Walter Leonard, Mr. Fred Atkinson, Mr. S. D. Wilson, Mr. Wm. Hoyt, Mr. Harold Youngclaus, Mr. James Mauro,

The return to town was made at 6 o'clock, quite a late hour, but the drive was a long one. The committee in charge was Misses L. Roberts and Georgia Carpenter, Shirley Flowering and Walter Roberts.

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRAMME for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Finney and J. E. H. Harkness.] Mrs. St.—On Friday afternoon Mrs. F. P. Thompson gave a very pleasant At Home at which were present about one hundred and fifty guests. Mrs. Thompson with her friend Mrs. Stouffer and the Misses Thompson received their friends as they entered the drawing room. The dining room was presided over by Mrs. W. T. Whitehead and Mrs. (Mrs. Shaw) who poured tea and coffee and had the assistance of eight young ladies, all dressed in white in attending to the guests. The table was beautifully set and was all in pink and white, broad pink satin ribbon passed across the ends of the table where at the corners they were held in place with large bows of the ribbons the ends reaching nearly to the floor, tall glasses with pink and white caruations dotted all over and from the chairs, garlands of smilax reached to the corners of the table with very pretty effect. Miss Perkins presided at the piano. On the evening of the same day Mrs. Thompson entertained some of her married friends with their husbands and the young ladies who assisted at tea. The young ladies were Miss Finney, Miss White, Miss East, the bright and attractive Agnes Tabor, Miss Lillian Beckwith, Miss Daisy Winslow, Miss Babbitt, and Miss Margaret Johnston.

Miss Annie Finney has invitations out for a ladies euchre party for tomorrow afternoon from 3:30 to 6:30. Mrs. E. R. L. Belyea is also on the list of ladies at the Queen. Mrs. Geo. Stoppord is visiting her sister Mrs. Ketchum at Elmcroft. Mrs. St. George and daughter of Montreal are also guests of Mrs. Ketchum. The first official dinner of the season was given by His Honor Governor McCrellan, at the Queen on Thursday evening at nine o'clock. The Misses Annie and Carrie Tibbits delightfully entertained a large party of their friends on Monday afternoon from 4:30 to 6:30. Mrs. Tibbits and her daughters received the guests at the entrance of the drawing room, from whence the brightly arranged chatter of a whole bevy of girls suggested the pleasurable time within. In the dining room Mrs. Archie Tibbits and Mrs. H. L. Baron Smith sat at table and poured tea and coffee. The table presented a very pretty appearance, garlands of smilax hung from the chandelier above and looping down to the four corners of the table formed a canopy and made a very effective foreground for the two very pretty maidens who sat beneath. Miss Mabel Sterling, Miss Jean Nell, Miss May Hilyard, Miss Margaret Johnston, and Miss Nellie Palmer waited upon the guests, Miss Nellie Sterling ushered the guests to the dining room.

Le Tilley and her niece Miss Burpee are the guests of Miss Randolph at Frogmore. Dr. G. C. Van Wart left Monday for Philadelphia and will be absent two months. Mrs. Clifton Tabor gave one of the most successful whist parties of the season on Thursday 12 tables contained for the prizes which were won by Mrs. Archie Tibbits taking ladies' first, a beautiful little sugar bowl and a pair of silver spoons, Miss Ketchum's first, Mrs. Miller ladies' consolation, a pretty bonbon dish, Mrs. Hesses gentlemen's consolation. Mrs. J. J. Fraser has invitations out for an "At Home," for Saturday afternoon. Mrs. T. B. Winslow gave a pleasant tea on Monday afternoon to her lady friends. Mrs. Kingston gave a tea at "Bottexau House" on Thursday when covers were laid for eight. Mrs. J. W. Bridges' euchre party on Saturday afternoon was a very pleasant affair, nice tables. The prizes were won by Mrs. Hamming taking first, Miss McLaughlin getting second and Mrs. Geo. Y. Dibble getting consolation. Mrs. White wife of the Attorney general is at the Queen. Miss Johnston of St. John is the guest of Mrs. W. E. Smith, Mrs. Smith gave a small dinner yesterday in honor of her guest.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McNutt, entertained the choir of St. Paul's church and a few other friends very pleasantly on Friday evening. In looking over my notes of last week I find an error, it should have read that Mrs. Partridge was the guest of Mrs. W. T. Whitehead and it was Mrs. Whitehead who gave a tea in her honor and not Mrs. Sherman as I was made to say. I am sorry the error should have occurred. Mrs. W. T. Whitehead has issued invitations for a large tea party for Friday and whist in the evening. Mrs. Ketchum gave a luncheon yesterday for the pleasure of her guests. Today Mrs. Ketchum is giving a large At Home. Miss Bessie Whitaker is home for a couple of weeks from St. John and is visiting her mother. Miss Christy O'Leary, has come here to reside and is making her home with her sister, Mrs. M. Tennant. Mrs. Allen Randolph, entertained her friends at an at home, yesterday afternoon, and has issued invitations for a card party for Monday. Mrs. Clifton Tabor is entertaining a large party which will be on Friday evening.

Mrs. T. B. Winslow has cards out for a euchre party for Saturday afternoon from 3:30 to 6:30. Miss Randolph gave a pleasant skating party at Frogmore one day during the week. Mrs. Bailey, wife of Dr. Bailey of the university pleasantly entertained the students of the Sophomore class at Sunnyside on Friday evening at vander-ville party, much fun and merriment was caused over tableaux etc., later in the evening a delicious supper was enjoyed. Miss Agnes Tabor, leaves on Friday for Boston, where she will visit her brother, Mr. Geo. Tabor. The Lang Syne whist club met last evening with Mr. and Mrs. St. John Bliss, when a delightful evening was spent. The successful prize winners, Mrs. Hazen, ladies first candlestick; Mrs. Bailey, ladies' second, bonbon dish; Dr. Bridges, gentlemen's first, smoking tray; Mr. T. G. Loggie, gentlemen's second, pack of cards.

The Misses Mollie and Nan McDade, with their aunt Mrs. Edward Finney are spending a few days here as guests at The Queen. Mrs. P. Phelan, gave a baby's party on Friday afternoon, when fifteen wee tots were happily entertained. Mrs. Weatherly, is the guest of Mrs. Fred Bliss, Friends of Mrs. Condon, will be pleased to know that her little daughter, Miss Kitty, who has been ill is much better. Mrs. Lawson, wife of T. Lawson M. P. P. is spending a few days with relatives here, Miss Jean Nell, gave a drive to her young friends

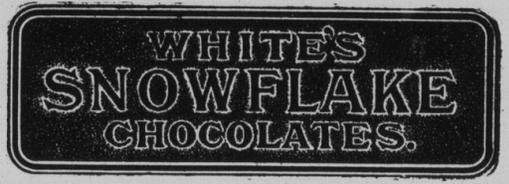
CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT. Chateau de-seated Omelette, Spiced Potatoes, Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

"Man Wants but Little Here Below,"

But woman wants

Welcome Soap!

The Great TRY IT. Borax Soap.



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

The National Ore & Reduction Co., Durango, Mexico.

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When You Want

a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

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

JOHN C. CLOWES E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street

Advertisement for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, featuring an illustration of a woman and child and text describing the product's quality and awards.

FOR AN ADDITIONAL COPY NEWS, SEE PAGES AND REVERSE PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- McGowan & Co. Barrington street
Clifford & Co. George & Granville Bldg
CANADA NEWS CO. Railway Depot
J. H. FREDLAY Brunswick street
J. W. ALLEN Dartmouth N. St
Queen Bookstore 100 Hollis St
Mrs. DeFreitas 161 Brunswick St

Feb 21.—What will we do when all the forces leave for South Africa? We have been in a fever of excitement for weeks trying in our modest way to make it pleasant for our visitors.

The most recent society event was the wedding of Miss Stubbing which took place on Valentines day. She was married in St. Mark's to Mr. Beverley R. Newberry, of New York.

Immediately after the ceremony the wedding party drove to the station where in the midst of a large number of her girl friends, the bride was overwhelmed with congratulations and good wishes.

Mrs. Kirby, who has been visiting Mrs. John Murphy, returned to New York last week. Miss Murphy accompanied Mrs. Kirby, whom she will visit until after Easter.

Mrs. Andrew King, 14 Lucknow street gave an "At Home" to her lady friends Wednesday afternoon from 4.30 to 6.30.

Mrs. H. W. Barnes gave an "At Home" to her lady friends on Thursday afternoon from 4.30 to 6.30 at her residence, 10 South Park street.

Mrs. (Hon.) D. McPherson will have a lady and gentleman's "At Home" on Saturday 4.30 to 7, at her residence 26 Campbell road.

Mrs. H. H. Fuller gave a very pleasant "Tea" at her residence, Victoria Road, on Tuesday afternoon last.

ANNAPOLIS.

Feb. 20.—Rev. H. D. deLisle was in Halifax this week. Miss Leavitt returned from Bridgetown on Wednesday of last week.

The Misses Lena and Gertrude King, who have been visiting in Digby, returned home last week. Fred Young, of the Monitor staff, accompanied by his sister, were in town last week attending the S. S. convention.

Hon. Geo. C. Whitman, Annapolis, is enabled to take his seat this session in the Legislative Council. Ill health kept him away last year; but his many friends are glad to see him looking so well.

Conductor John Ritchie, who was suddenly taken ill shortly after leaving Halifax Saturday and was brought to Annapolis in a pretty precarious condition, was able to take his train out again Wednesday morning.

Miss McQuarrie, of Glace Bay, C. B., is visiting Mrs. Leavitt, Albert street. Mrs. J. E. Crowe and Mrs. Langille, have been visiting their sister, Mrs. R. Allen Crowe, Bridgetown, for a few days.

SYDNEY, C. B.

Feb. 22.—H. P. Weimore, St. John, was in town early in the week. H. D. Scott of Montreal is registered at Sydney. Chas. Fawcett of the Sackville Iron Foundry is in town.

NORTH SYDNEY.

Feb. 21.—Rev. N. LeMoine, of St. Mark's church Halifax, preached in St. John's church here on last Sunday evening. The reputation of Mr. LeMoine as an orator led his hearers to expect much, and they were not disappointed. On the subject of the war he was heard to great advantage.

To love and be loved, is every woman's right. To be beautiful is impossible for some women.



Golden Medical Discovery are beautifiers because they are health makers. The "Favorite Prescription" is designed to cure all distinctly feminine ailments.

Before purchasing medicine of any kind it is well to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y., stating your symptoms. He will diagnose your case and prescribe for you free of charge.

this town, has been appointed stipendiary magistrate of Sydney Mines. A concert in aid of the National Patriotic Fund will be given in Royal Albert hall next week.

The funeral of Llewellyn Cann took place on Tuesday last. W. J. Christie is in Halifax. Rev. D. J. McIntosh of DE'couise, was in town a few days this week.

A shadow basket social was held in Y. M. C. A. hall on last Tuesday evening in aid of St. Matthew's church organ fund, and it was quite a success.

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness? No; good pure tea, properly steeped will prevent a healthy person from sleeping—on the contrary, a tea like that sold in Tetterly's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

Feb 21.—Miss Jessie Furny and her sister, Nellie, left for Boston Saturday on a brief visit to friends. Before returning to Yarmouth Miss Nellie will spend a few weeks in Biddeford, Me.

Mr. George S. Taylor returned from a business trip to Boston and New York on Saturday. Mr. Roy Godfrey has gone to Annapolis for a brief vacation.

Miss Beatrice Tucker left on Saturday for Montreal to visit her sister, Mr. M. A. Shaw, her brother-in-law, accompanied her. Mrs. D. W. Saunders came home Wednesday from Boston, where she has taken a musical course.

Miss Mary Guest left for Sackville Monday morning. Miss Jessie Potter went to Boston Saturday. Mr. C. R. Reid went to Boston to attend the sportsman's show Saturday.

Feb 22.—Miss Mary Smith is visiting friends in Dartmouth. Miss Lena Doran is visiting friends in Antigonish. Capt. Morris of the ship Coringa left Parrsboro last week for New York.

Mr. Claude Eville has been transferred from the Halifax Bank to Parrsboro to Truro. Mr. Harry Beck of Dartmouth, was in town last week, the guest of Mrs. J. H. Smith.

Mr. Lewis Rice who has been visiting her parents Dr and Mrs Black, returned home last week. Mr. Ansley, representing W. J. Gage & Co., and Mr. Clark, agent of Southfield, Bro., St. John, called on us last week.

last Thursday evening by the young people of Trinity church was a grand success. Miss Harriet Bonnell took the leading part, and promises to give Digby a treat in the near future.

Mr. W. W. Hayden returned on Saturday from a visit to Halifax. Judge Savary of Annapolis is in town this week attending the County Court.

Mr. J. W. Beckwith of Bridgetown is the guest of Mrs. McCormick, Queen street. Miss Lillian Eldridge of Sandy Cove was a passenger to Boston Saturday, via D. A. R.

Mr. Fred Pheasant, purser on the S.S. Prince Arthur, was a passenger to St. John on Wednesday last. Mr. J. A. Grierson of Weymouth attended the session of the County Court held at Digby last week.

Miss Catherine Comens of North Range is very ill with meningitis. Dr. Hallett is in attendance. Mr. C. B. Dunham, agent Maritime Express at Yarmouth, is in town this week the guest of his brother, Mr. O. S. Dunham at the Racquette.

Mr. M. L. Oliver of Digby was suddenly called to Lower Greenville yesterday, owing to the severe illness of his brother, L. W. Oliver of that place. Mr. Frank Moody, who for a number of months has been employed in the Digby branch of the Bank of N.S., was a passenger to Yarmouth on Tuesday to fill a similar position in that town.

Mr. Archibald Foster of Springhill, was visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Foster over Sunday. Mrs. John MacLean left on a visit to Boston and Lynn on Saturday last. Miss Jordan, of Granville accompanied her.

Miss Jessie Runsey is the guest of Mrs. B. D. Nelly. Miss Runsey expects to leave in a few days in company with a number of American ladies for an extended trip in Europe. Mr. Will Soule, son of A. E. Son is Esq., formerly of this town, now in the employ of the Chronicle Publishing Co., Halifax, was in town last week on business in connection with the Chronicle.

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Corticelli Skirt Protector with its soft, porous, elastic weave is the best kind of bottom finish for a winter skirt, because it dries out quickly.

It is steam shrunken before it is dyed and it cannot draw or pucker the skirt bottom. Made of specially grown and spun wool.

Sewed on flat—not turned over, one or two rows of stitching. Sold everywhere 4 cents a yard—See that it is labelled.

from their wedding tour and are at the Minto. Ex-Ald Doyle left Monday morning for Halifax to see his son off to South Africa.

The members of Westmorland lodge, K. of P. celebrated the 86th anniversary of the formation of the order of Knights of Pythias in their castle hall Monday night.

A maritime province prohibition convention was held Tuesday in the W. C. T. U. hall. A large delegation was present.

Mr. W. R. McMurray left Monday afternoon for Fredericton, where he has secured a position with a boot and shoe company.

Mr. Patrick Rilly of Malrose, is in the city, the guest of his son, Mr. E. A. Rilly, barrister. Miss Teresa Daley, of Mrs. J. J. McDonald's has returned from St. John, where she has been visiting friends for the past week.

Rev. J. M. Robinson left Monday for New York on a two or three weeks' visit. His pulpit will be regularly supplied during his absence.

Miss Gertrude Beaumont has gone to Albert to visit friends. Mr. M. Tracey, who has been ill for some time is able to be around again.

The following ladies were in charge of the hospital tea Wednesday evening:—Mesdames Wm. F. Humphrey, J. D. Ross, J. Flanagan, C. A. Murray, D. H. Charters, L. Higgins, J. S. Marne, A. Jones, F. C. Jones, Addy, Elliot, Willett, L. Somers, W. Ferguson and F. A. McCully, assisted by charming waitresses.

Miss Milton of Winchester, Mass., is visiting in the city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. P. Weir. Miss Lottie Bishop of Dorchester who has been spending a few weeks in this city, has returned home.

Mr. S. J. Sturgis has returned to Moncton from his home in Greene, Maine, where he has been for the past few months. Mr. Sturgis' numerous friends will be pleased to know that he is enjoying his usual robust health.

Handicap your Cough!

Don't wait a few days to see if it will "wear off"; it is much more likely to become dangerous and it will undoubtedly be much more difficult to cure.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam

is an infallible remedy for more than 30 years it has been curing the worst cases and it will surely cure you. 25 CENTS AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Has never been surpassed as a remedy for chronic Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and other disorders of the lungs and chest.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. Butoche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butoche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

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

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

TAKE NOTICE.

That a general meeting of the shareholders of the "Barque Robert S. Benard Company (Limited)" will be held at the office of the company in Lancaster in the County of the City and County of Saint John on Tuesday the sixth day of March next at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing Directors and transacting such other business as shall properly and legally come before it.

Dated, February 16th, 1900. STEPHEN WIGGINS PALMER, ARCHIBALD FITZ BARNDOLE, JOSEPH HENRY BOA MBEILL, PROVISIONAL DIRECTORS. PHILIP PALMER, SOLICITOR.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including 'Child Have', 'As They Gr', 'sumption', 'Many S', 'Dr. C', 'Catar', 'For the which claims and young v', 'childhood', 'girl contract', 'the result of', 'and dampen', 'A cold in', 'into chronic', 'just as readi', 'Mothers a', 'ones by usi', 'the only cat', 'cessfully un', 'The improv', 'with each bo', 'is so simple', 'effective in', 'a diseased p', 'permanent c', 'The right', 'tarr Cure i', 'head. A st', 'the cold in', 'and prevent', 'If the chi', 'the moth', 'the nostril', 'wise than be', 'and lasting', 'Heed the n', 'dren, and a', 'sumptives', 'while it can', 'lar treatme', '25 cents a b', 'or by mail i', 'Toronto.', 'When you', 'use the Ch', 'pentine 25', 'three times

A WISE MOTHER

Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. She should learn the construction and functions of all those delicate organs in order to properly instruct her daughters on this important subject. Such a knowledge can be obtained from Mrs. Richardson's latest book "Women in Health and Disease." It treats of all the ailments peculiar to women and tells how to avoid and cure them. This book contains over 100 pages of interesting reading matter and is profusely illustrated. It is a true mother's guide. By the wise counsel it contains many a woman's life will be saved and much needless suffering avoided or relieved. Every woman in the land is welcome to a copy. It will be sent free on receipt of 10 cts. (stamps or silver) to pay cost of mailing.

Mrs. J. C. RICHARD, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

WOOD STOCK.

(Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Deane & Co.)

Feb. 22.—Mr. Henry Kennedy of Fort Fairfield spent a few days here last week.

Prof. S. Wilson who a few years ago was here at Teller in the Bank of Nova Scotia and has since spent a year or two in South Africa is now the guest of Dr. Kirkpatrick.

Rev. K. McKay of Hamilton has so far recovered his health as to be able to resume his pulpit duties. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Murphy entertained their friends Wednesday evening.

Mrs. W. S. Gilman gave an at home Wednesday. A large number drove to Greenbank Wednesday evening to drive a wheel party.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dibblee entertained their friends at drive wheel Tuesday evening.

A driving party went out to Hartland Tuesday evening, and were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller.

Miss Minnie Adams, who had been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Bailey, returned home to Fredericton Saturday.

Miss Fay Chamber entertained a number of her young friends Tuesday evening.

Miss Minnie McAfee who is taking a course as prof. nurse at the hospital in Waverly, Mass., is home on a two weeks vacation.

Miss Miriam Colter, St. John, is the guest of Miss McAfee.

Miss Lucy McLean entertained some of her young friends Thursday evening.

Miss Agnes Gallagher left Friday for New York where she will spend a few weeks in the interest of millinery.

Geo. A. Shea, Hamilton was at the Carleton Wednesday.

Rev. D. F. Miller, Peel, was in town Thursday, at the Carleton.

F. H. Hale, M. P., came down from Ottawa Saturday.

C. G. Connell still continues quite ill.

Miss Minnie Burt is visiting friends at Centre ville.

Miss Ellen is visiting her sister, Mrs. Anderson in Fredericton.

Geo. Y. Dibblee, Fredericton, was here last week, to visit his mother who is ill.

William Kinghorn of St. Mary's, organizer of the I. O. F., was at the Victoria Tuesday.

Rev. Fr. Chapman attended the convention services of the bishops at St. John, last week.

H. S. Kinsey, Fort Fairfield, Me., and his son Dr. Wm. Kenny were in town on Wednesday.

F. B. Carvell, M. P. F., left for Fredericton Wednesday, to attend the opening of the Provincial Legislature.

E. A. Savage, after 20 years residence at Port Simons, Costa Rica, has returned to take up his permanent residence at Pioneer.

J. W. Flewelling, of the St. John branch of the

Mutual Life Insurance Co. arrived in town Thursday. Mr. Flewelling intends making Woodstock his headquarters for some weeks.

William Weeks, proprietor of the Shell H. Co., Hamilton, was in town doing business on Monday.

Miss Hart, Grand Falls has just completed a successful course in stenography with Miss Mabel Jones; she proved an apt student both in shorthand writing and on the typewriter. Miss Jeanie Gray has also graduated with honors. Miss Jones is evidently a superior teacher.

SUSSEX.

Feb. 21.—The pleasant dances held in the house of Mrs. J. C. Lamb, Paradise Row on Wednesday evening was a decided success. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hazen, Mr. and Mrs. F. Fairweather, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Lansdowne, Mrs. J. D. Weldon, Mrs. F. A. McAulay, Misses Culbert, Mills, Ewing, Hallett, Maber, Ryan, Pettis, Weldon, Byrne, Fairweather Carmichael, Rosch, Chapman and Arnold. Messrs Kinneer, Flynn, Sherwood, Ryan, Short, Cole, Chapman, McCleod, Brown, King, Alward and Tins.

Major and Mrs. T. E. Arnold gave a wheel party at their home Thursday evening. A very pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. William Howes has returned from Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Miss Rachel Ryan delightfully entertained her Sunday school scholars on Friday evening at her home on Main street. The gathering partook of a pseudo literary character, each guest being expected to illustrate the title of some book. The whole company being required to guess.

A red cross society has been formed in Sussex with Mrs. U. B. Arnold as President, Mrs. Hennessey as Secy and Mrs. Price collected \$30 in its aid Tuesday.

Miss Maber of St. John is in Sussex the guest of Miss Lena Byrne, Queen street.

Mrs. Weldon accompanied by her daughter Minnie returned to Shediac Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Pugsley spent Sunday in Penobscot.

Rev. Mr. Bruce of Diary, N. S. is spending a few days in Sussex the guest of Rev. Mr. Palmer, Main street.

Councillor Ora F. King left on Monday for a short visit to Boston.

Miss Alice White returned from Halifax on Wednesday.

Dr. R. H. Arnold of the McArthur Rifles came here from Halifax on Thursday to pay a visit to his parents before sailing for South Africa. He returned to Halifax Friday.

Miss Helen Raymond of the grammar school staff spent Sunday at her home in Belleisle.

Miss Annie Peters spent the latter part of the week at her home in Kingston.

Mrs. G. S. Moore Church avenue is visiting in St. John.

Mr. G. S. Moore manager of the Bank of N. va Scotia, spent Tuesday in the city.

Mr. Edmund Fairweather spent Friday in St. John.

Mrs. G. N. Palmer of Moncton spent Wednesday and Thursday in Sussex the guest of Mrs. Cass. Brown, Pitt street.

Mr. and Mrs. Starkey are in Sussex the guest of their daughter, Mrs. F. Whitney, Pitt street.

Miss S. Eadye DeBoo left for New York Friday last.

Harry Brown who has been a member of the Red Cross for the past eight years left on Monday for Campbellton where he has accepted a good position as foreman in the Restigouche telephone.

Miss McNeil, St. John, is the guest of Miss Marie Goding Main street.

Miss Kate Morrison is in St. John the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Thomas, Germaln street.

Jan. P. Byrne barrister left for Bathurst Tuesday where he intends locating.

Jan. M. McLoysie left on Tuesday for Dalhousie called thence by the illness of his father.

Mrs. F. G. Lansdowne of the "Villa" spent a few days of last week in Kingston.

Mr. W. I. Pittfield has been given charge of the carpet furniture and crockery rooms of the Sussex Mercantile Co., Ltd.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hester of Lower Cove are visiting in Hampton.

Miss Violet McKay is quite ill at her home Church avenue.

Miss Marion Roach of St. John is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Smith of Sussex corner.

Rev. Mr. G. W. Hamilton of Carletonville filled the Methodist pulpit Sunday evening.

Mr. Leon Keith spent a few days of last week in Sussex.

Mrs. Robinson Hovey of Lethbridge is very ill at the home of her sister Mrs. Henry McCloskey.

Dr. Cates of Campbellton will not pay his regular visit to Newcastle this month on account of the poor roads and the small-pox epidemic.

Mr. Wm. Norman returned from Montreal on Monday. The operation on his eye proved very successful and his sight is much improved.

Mr. Edward Crocker returned yesterday from Restigouche.

Messrs Donald Morrison and Harry Reid went to Halifax yesterday.

HAVERLOCK.

Feb. 20.—Miss Gladys Keith of Sussex who was at the home of Mrs. C. I. Keith has week returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. W. Starat and Mrs. R. T. McCready are visiting friends in Elgin.

Mrs. H. Sharpe entertained a few friends Friday evening.

Miss Ethel M. Keith left this morning for Waverly, Mass., where she will take a course of training at the McLean hospital.

Mr. W. S. Keith has returned to Greenwood City, B. C.

Rev. Mr. Brown of Manserville spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Owen Keith.

A Valentine.

The north wind is a-cold,
Sobbing behind the hill;
The world seems white and cold,
For the wind has left its will;
And there is no thrush in the hazel-bush
To flite with a silvery trill.

The pale dawn came and so,
And the chill autumn fare;
While the spirit of the snow
Moves writh-like through the air,
And we know that Death is the breath
In about us everywhere.

And yet, and yet, and yet,
Why should we grieve or pine?
Or how a gloom-eyed Regret,
Behr, stimulate, cheer hearts, in mine?
We've all the vernal mirth of the earth
With Love for Valentine!

THINGS OF VALUE.

"I thought marrying him would make a different man of him," she sighed. "And it made an indifferent man of him."

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the organs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in many would aggravate the other.

We have, however, in Quinine Wine, which is obtainable in a standard unadulterated state, a remedy for many and various ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the most delicate systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, when stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy normal functions of the system, thereby making a necessary result, the strengthening of the frame and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite, Nutrition and Loysman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, procures nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

A woman whittled at a car,
It stopped with sudden jolt;
Her hand was a familiar sight,
Her face got in its work.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Keogh's Dysentery Cordial, is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a permanent cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

Though it takes, some agree,
Nine tailors to make a man,
I have found two or three
Quite sufficient to break a man.

He Has Tried It.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Keogh's Dysentery Cordial, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it all about my family, and they also found it of great value in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

Teacher—"What is the chief end of man?" Pupil—"The teacher thinks it is the head, but the book-black thinks it is the feet."

THE DEMON, DYSPYPTIA.—In olden times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambulatory system, entering into man and troubling them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him, and once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant fight to do battle for him with the unseen foe is furnished by Farnese's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

"Why do you keep that old candle on your desk?" "I use the electric light every night sixteen candle power, and sometimes I may want seventeen."

A MAGIC PILL.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is so debilitated as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach arise from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Farnese's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

Onelist (presenting bill)—"I think your right has been improved." Patient (looking at the bill)—"I could have seen a thing as big as that before I ever saw you."

Architect—"Have you any suggestions for the study, Mr. Veryrich?" Veryrich—"Only that it must be brown, 'treat thinker', I understand, are generally found in a brown study."

Recalled His Beginning.

"It was here in this old schoolhouse," mused the man in the fur-trimmed overcoat who had returned, after an absence of thirty years to the scene of his boyhood days, "that I learned my letters! It was here I laid the foundation, so to speak, of all my success in life. Even then," he continued, "I gave indications of the business career I have since followed."

"Yes," said the old schoolmaster, with a note of interrogation in his voice.

"Yes," pursued the other pointing with his cane to the paper wad still visible on the smoke-blackened ceiling. "Do you see those?"

"Yes."

"Well, I threw them there."

"And now?"

"And now I am the owner of a paper mill."

"This 'lambent heat,'" said the actor, "is a queer thing."

"How do you mean?"

"For instance, it's the cold audience that roasts a show most."

He can! Will he?

Your dealer can supply you with silver-plated knives, forks and spoons stamped

W. ROGERS

They will cost you but little more, if any, than plate made by unknown makers. He will sell them to you if you ask him for goods bearing that mark, the kind that lasts. At all dealers.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.
Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER"

1900 MODEL. New ideas, new design, 1 1/2 in. tubing, flush joints, Springfield one-piece cranks, high grade in every detail. Fitted with Victor tires, \$35.00; with Morgan & Wright tires, \$37.50; with Dunlop tires, \$40.00. Men's, 22 and 24 inch; Ladies', 20 and 22 inch frames. Black and maroon any year.

TO PURCHASE these bicycles, we will ship a sample, collect on delivery with privilege of examination, on receipt of \$3.00. The \$3.00 is as a guarantee of Express charges and is deducted from the bill; you pay the Express Agent the balance due us.

WE OFFER splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of cash or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to the work done for us.

WHEELS SLIGHTLY USED, \$8.00 to \$25.00. Price lists free. Secure agency at once.

T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.

BOURBON.

ON HAND

75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

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

The "Leochetay" Method; also "Syrathe System" for beginners.
Apply at the residence of
Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK.

Good Paper AND Good Ink

are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skillful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices on your next job.

Progress Job Printing Department,
St. John, N. B.

New York Millionaires.

Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest man in America has come to his life in a humble way and have made their fortune through stock exchange speculation.

Men like Jay Gould who worked as a dry goods clerk in a small town at \$10.00 a week up to his usual saving of \$200.00 in Wall Street at his death to millions of dollars; Russell Sage who worked as a grocery boy at \$4.00 per week and whose present wealth is estimated at 100 millions of dollars is still operating the market, although 80 years of age, and so are thousands of others who are enjoying all the luxuries life can offer, which is due to their success in speculation.

To the shrewd speculator the same opportunities are open day after day in the past. The small capital which can be bought and sold in 10 shares on \$2 margin, making \$0 dollars.

Anybody interested as to how speculations are conducted can get information and market letter free of charge upon application by letter to:

GEORGE SKALLER & CO.,
BANKERS & BROKERS,
CONSOLIDATED BROKER EXCHANGE BLDG.,
60 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Scribner's FOR 1900

(INCLUDES)

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Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
Publishers, New York.

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

Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

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. LAHOI WILLIS, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

Retail dealer in.....
CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS,
OYSTERS, FISH and GAME
always on hand.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Queen Hotel,
Hollis Street,
HALIFAX, N. S.

JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, - Proprietor.

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

Five sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Concesses at trains and boats.

Children Have Catarrh.

As They Grow Older It Leads to Consumption and an Early Death—Many Saved by a Timely Use of

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

For the beginning of consumption, which claims as its victims the young men and young women, we must go back to childhood when the careless boy or girl contracted "a cold in the head" as the result of wet feet or exposure to cold and dampness.

A cold in the head very soon develops into chronic catarrh and neglected catarrh just as readily becomes consumption.

Mothers are learning to save their dear ones by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure the only catarrh remedy which can be successfully used for children.

The improved blower, which is given with each box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, is so simple that a child can use it, and so effective in sending the preparation to the diseased parts that relief is prompt and permanent cure is effected in a short time.

The right time to use Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is when there is cold in the head. A small quantity will quickly cure the cold in the head, clear the air passages and prevent further trouble and danger.

If the child is too small to use the blower the mother should blow the remedy into the nostril. The result cannot be otherwise than beneficial. Relief will be prompt and lasting.

heed the warning of mothers who have neglected "cold in the head" in their children, and afterwards followed them to onion smippers' graves. Save the children while it can be so easily done by this popular treatment. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 cents a box. Blower free, at all dealers, or by mail from E. W. Mansson, Bates and Co. Toronto.

When your heart and lungs are affected use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine 25 cents a bottle. Family size three times as much 60c.

NEWCASTLE.

Feb. 22.—Mrs. T. W. Crocker proved a charming hostess at the gathering of the Married Folk's club at her residence last Thursday evening.

Mr. Ernest Hutchison went to St. John on Tuesday to meet Mrs. Hutchison, who has been staying in the "winter port" with her daughter. The latter went to St. John on account of the diptheria which broke out in the school at Robbsey which was attending.

Miss Sadie Harriman was the hostess at a delightful "valentine" party.

Mrs. Ch. Ries Sargeant of Nelson entertained the tennis club this week.

Miss Clarke of St. Stephen is visiting friends in town.

A number of Newcastle men went to Halifax yesterday to witness the departure of the troops.

Mr. R. de Waterville of New York spent a few days in town last week.

Mr. J. H. Taylor of Campbellton and Mr. S. R. Shurley, Bathurst were in town on Friday.

Miss Ethel Grover of Woodstock is visiting friends in town.

Mr. E. A. Lawlor, Miss Flanagan and Miss Gr. Ma, Chatham were in St. John last week.

Hon. L. J. Tweedie went to Montreal on Monday. He was accompanied by Hon. W. Pugsley.

Hon. D. Borden passed through here on Monday en route to Halifax.

Misses Burdell have resumed their studies at Newberwood.

Mrs. J. D. MacMillan of Boletown is visiting in Loggieville.

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chronic pneumonia

mson's Botanic Balsam

remedy: for more
it has been curing
and it will surely

For Men.

quicker cures sexual weakness,
to strength and vigor. Dr. L.
of this wonderful remedy in
can cure himself at home.

25 CENTS AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

ion both Powder.

at all Druggists.

NOTICE.

meeting of the share-
Robert S. Bonard
will be held at the
in Lancaster in the
and County of Saint
by the sixth day of
hour of three o'clock
in the purpose of electing
acting such other busi-
and legally come be-
16th, 1900.
WIGGINS PALMER,
OF FIVE BAN DOLES,
BERRY SQUARE,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
yesterday afternoon going down to Oremoot.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hunter, accompanied by the Misses Hunter, are in Chelsea Mass. attending the marriage of their son Dr. Fred Hunter which takes place today.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lawrence are spending a few days with friends here.

Miss Marion Risteen came home from Boston to be present at the funeral of her brother the late Mr. Frank H. Risteen.

Mrs. Frank Risteen arrived here from California on Thursday with the remains of her husband the late Mr. Frank Risteen whose death occurred in California. The funeral took place from the residence of his father Mr. Joseph Risteen, and was one of the largest ever held here.

The House of Assembly took recess on Friday afternoon in order that the members might have an opportunity of attending. The members of the government marched in the procession in a body as did also the employees of the factory of J. C. Risteen. Services were conducted at the house and grave by the Rev. G. M. Campbell assisted by Rev. Mr. Colter. The Methodist choir were present and rendered suitable music. The floral tributes were very beautiful and completely covered the casket, and consisted of:

A large standing cross—Mrs. Risteen.
Showering arches—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Risteen.
Flowers—Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Risteen, Boston.
Basket—Mrs. Marion Risteen.

Wreath—Employees of Mr. J. C. Risteen & Co.
Wreath—Messrs. D. E. Crowe, H. A. Shair, Wm. Walker, W. L. Anderson, Dr. Berry and Henry Braithwaite.

Bequest cut flowers—A. H. Wood.
Bequest—Miss Ada Schleyer.
Follow—L. A. W. Mission Band.
Wreath—Epprecht League.
Basket—Mr. and Mrs. Gardner.

The pall-bearers were, Messrs. W. P. Fiew Illar, W. B. Conthard, D. L. Bab'itt, D. D. Crowe, W. J. Osborne and C. A. Sampson.

To the bereaved widow, and sorrowing father and sisters is extended the heartfelt sympathy of many friends.
CRICKET.

Constant on snow—those:
In Russia one of the great winter sports is coasting. As the snow-shoes in that country are long narrow strips of ash wood the wearer of them is able to snow when ever he has occasion to descend a slope.

An English sportsman thus describes how he attempted a 'coast' of this kind: I found a most fascinating hill, long and not too steep. At the bottom was a river—frozen over of course—some ten yards in width. I should have to turn at right angles, and run along the level surface of the ice, in order to avoid darting up the opposite bank and slipping down again backward. I shot the hill very successfully reaching the river with a terrific impetus; but I could not turn to the left quickly enough and was carried with irresistible force straight up the bank opposite. The impetus took me several feet up the steep incline, but when at last my shoes abruptly ceased to move, I fell backward. Being on a steep slope, my head rested much lower than my feet, and as these were in snowshoes, I was quite unable to recover myself. When I realized this fact, a chill ran through my frame. What in the world should I do? Must I really lie there and starve? I should certainly freeze to death long before the keepers could track and release me! For many minutes my frantic exertions were unavailing, and I was seriously losing heart, when fortunately the instep strap of one of the shoes gave way. Having got one shoe off, I succeeded after further violent struggles in freeing myself of the second. Since that day I have been careful how I shoot hills with narrow rivers at the foot.

Admission.
Epitaphs often touch the casual reader; sometimes they make him smile. It is not often they make him stop and think.

A King's Boyhood.
Ludwig II, of Bavaria, the unfortunate king, whose name is best known to Americans as that of the friend and patron of Richard Wagner, had a stormy youth, which seemed to prophesy the misfortunes of his latter years. In her account of the romance of his life, Frances Gerard relates these characteristic incidents:

On one occasion Prince Otto his young brother, had made himself an enormous snowball, and cried out with pride to his brother:
'Look, Ludwig, I have got a snowball twice as big as your head!'

At these words the grown prince fell into a fury and tore the ball from the child, who burst into tears. The child's tutor came upon the scene and asked what had happened. Otto sobbed out his story.

'Oh, your highness,' said the tutor. 'I can't allow this. Prince Otto has right to his own snowball; you mustn't take it from him.'

Ludwig turned upon his tutor, his eyes daring glances of indignation.

'Do you mean to tell me,' he said, 'that I, the crown prince, have no right to this snowball?'

After all, it was only a snowball; but later on the wise men of Bavaria shook their heads and murmured.

A pleasant story is told of the prince when, at eighteen, he received his allow-

ance, in coins fresh from the mint. The amount was what would now be called a pittance. The first use made by the boy of his new wealth was to go to the court jeweller and order for his mother a locket which he had heard her admire. The jeweller inquired whether he should send the account to the castle, as usual.

'No,' replied the crown prince, with an air of insoluble pride. 'I have now my own allowance. Here is my purse. Take what you want.'

On this same eighteenth birthday, Prince Ludwig was provided with an establishment of his own. During his boyhood his table, had been frugal to the verge of stinginess, and the usual dinner of meat and cheese was furnished once again. The prince turned sharply to his attendants.

'Now,' said he, 'that I am my own master, I shall have chicken and pudding every day. Every day, do you hear?'

The author of 'Flowers From a Persian Garden' give many examples of Oriental wit and humor, some of which are extremely delicate and pleasing. Among them is a story of a professional scribe to whom a man went asking that a letter might be written for him. The scribe said he had a pain in his foot.

'A pain in your foot?' echoed the man. 'I don't want to send you to any place that you should make such an excuse.'

'Very true,' said the scribe, 'but when ever I write a letter for any one, I am always sent for; to read it, because no one else can make it out.'

When a man becomes suddenly rich, it not unrequently follows that he becomes suddenly oblivious of his old friends. Thus, a Persian having obtained a lucrative position at court, a friend of his came shortly afterward to congratulate him thereon.

The new courier asked him: 'Who are you, and why did you come here?'

The other coolly replied: 'Do you not know me, then? I am your old friend, and am come to condole with you, having heard that you had lately lost your sight.'

A Lost Exclamation Point.
What a difference a punctuation mark can make in a sentence! Here, for example, is an incident related by the Montreal Herald.

'Jim' was 'broke.' For all that, he managed to reach Vancouver, and walking into the office of the Canadian Pacific Railway, said to the manager in charge:

'I am Jim Gardner, and I am an old friend of Tom Shaughnessy. Will you please wire him and tell him that I am here broke, and want transportation to Montreal.'

The Thorn Comes Forth With Point Forward.

The thorn point of disease is an ache or pain. But the blood is the feeder of the whole body. Purify it with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Kidneys, liver and stomach will at once respond? No thorn in this point.

Severe Pains—"I had severe pains in my stomach, a form of neuralgia. My mother urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me well and strong. I have also given it to my baby with satisfactory results. I am glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others." MRS. JOSEPH LA PAGES, 240 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

Complete Exhaustion—"After treatment in hospital, I was weak, hardly able to walk. My blood was thin. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla until well and gained 20 lbs. It also benefited my wife." ANTHONY MILLER, Dresden, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Among the tombs of the ancient cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is a slab bearing an inscription before which the sight-seer pauses and grows reflective as he reads the words cut in the gray stone.

Thus speaketh Christ, our Lord, to us:
Ye call me Master and obey me not;
Ye call me Light and see me not;
Ye call me Way and walk me not;
Ye call me Life and desire me not;
Ye call me Wise and follow me not;
Ye call me Fair and love me not;
Ye call me Rich and ask me not;
Ye call me Eternal and seek me not;
Ye call me Merciful and trust me not;
Ye call me Noble and serve me not;
Ye call me Mighty and honor me not;
Ye call me God and fear me not;
If I condemn you blame me not.

At the Top.
There are grades of honor, even among horses. We are apt to think of the war-horse as a proud animal, and so he is, and has a right to be, for, he is called upon to be as brave as he is proud. But proudest and most dignified of all the horses of the army is the animal that fills the position of drum horse in the regimental band.

In the British army, cavalry bands are mounted and the most honorable position in all the band is that of the bearer of the kettle drums. The horse is selected for his distinguished appearance. He is often piebald, although sometimes pure white; but whatever his color, his appearance must be consistent with the conspicuous position he has to fill.

Something more than mere beauty of form is required of the drum horse. He must be trained until he becomes a dignified and graceful bearer of the handsome trapping that pertains to his high calling. His education is severe and prolonged, bringing him up to that point where his pride and intelligence make him equal to the duties required of him.

His nerves are severely tried by the booming of the large drum he carries but in time he becomes as indifferent to their noise as war horses do to the singing bullets. In the parade, his rider has his hands full in the use of the sticks. He controls the horse by means of reins fastened to the stirrup-strap near the foot.

The fame of the drum horse is often won on the field of battle; and sometimes a war horse that has won laurels on the battle-field, and can carry himself with becoming dignity in parades, is promoted to the honored position of drum-horse in the regimental band.

French Canadian English.
Some writers of French-Canadian English write this 'dialect' according to a set system, as if every French-Canadian were bound to speak English in the same very complicated way; but a Detroit newspaper has presented a fragment of the simple talk of two Canadians, which comes very near to the English that those people may really sometimes use.

Jacques is leaning over the gunwale of a flat boat, which leisurely floats down the Detroit river. He smokes. Pierre hangs over the gunwale of another flatboat, which

is being towed leisurely up the stream. He too, is smoking. They come abreast, and recognise each other through the smoke. Of course they have no need to speak French—they both speak English so well.

'Hello, Pierre! How you get along?'

'Oh, I been get along. How you get along?'

'Oh, I been get along too.'

'How you seek intair get along, Jacques?'

'My fatair? Oh, she get along. She been died last week?'

Meeting the President.
One of the President's duties which has its painful side is the almost interminable handshaking which accompanies a presidential reception. Besides the physical exertion required, the monotony of the thing must be wearisome almost beyond endurance, unless it is broken, as no doubt it often is, by some amusing incident.

When Mr. Cleveland was at Weldon, North Carolina, during his first term a great crowd shook with hands him. In the middle of the line was a long lank countryman, who took the greatest interest in the scene.

At length he reached the President, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

'Well,' said he, 'so you are the President!'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Cleveland, 'I am the President.'

'Well,' continued the old fellow, shaking Mr. Cleveland's hand like a pump handle, 'I've voted for many a President in my time, but I never seed one before.'

He paused a moment, and looking the President up and down and from one side to the other, he exclaimed:

'Well, you are a whopper!'

The President smiled and the crowd laughed.

At another time Mr. Cleveland was receiving a delegation of teachers at the White House.

'Doctor Lucky of Pittsburg,' said the introducer, as a gentleman stepped forward to shake hands.

It had been intended that the other teachers should follow in turn, but somehow a dilapidated looking old tramp had slipped into line just behind Doctor Lucky. As he shuffled up to the President there, was a pause. Nobody knew his name, and even the tramp seemed to feel embarrassed.

The President mended the difficulty. He extended his hand, and with more than his usual cordiality, he said, in an encouraging tone:

'How are you, my friend? Your name is Doctor Unlucky I presume.'

The old tramp's face relaxed into a smile.

Queen's Rink

Conveniently situated on Charlotte Street.

AN IDEAL RINK FOR A GOOD SKATE.

Perpetually Good Ice.

Tuesday and Thursday Evening also Saturday Afternoon, the Artillery Band is in attendance.

Hockey Matches on Friday Nights

SINGLE ADMISSION.

When Baby McKee Ruled the White House.

Mrs. McKee, the daughter of former President Harrison, occasionally revisits Washington and finds a cordial welcome in the social circles in which she was so popular during her father's four years in the White House.

As the mother of Baby McKee, who has now outgrown his babyhood, she shared for years the honors of the abundant literature written about the White House.

It was said of Baby McKee that he was

A pure hard Soap SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

is being towed leisurely up the stream. He too, is smoking. They come abreast, and recognise each other through the smoke.

'Hello, Pierre! How you get along?'

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Degeneration.
The tragedies of early married life sometimes seem to lessen as they are seen through the perspective of years.

The Chicago News is responsible for a story which might prove libellous were names mentioned.

A young wife came to her mother-in-law with a heart-broken expression recently, and threw herself into a chair in the abandonment of grief.

'Why, what is the matter, Mary?' the elderly lady exclaimed. 'Has anything happened to Will?'

'O mother! He's taken to staying out nights!' wailed the unhappy young woman.

'How long has this been going on, my dear? It doesn't seem possible! I used to know all about my boy's habit, and he never went anywhere he shouldn't. How late does he stay away?'

'You know he usually leaves the office at five o'clock, mother. Night before last he never got home until six, and last night he didn't set foot in the house until twenty minutes after six. Oh, what shall I do!'

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It was said of Baby McKee that he was

the most famous child in the world, and that his only rival was the little King of Spain.

A distinguished writer, who was visiting Washington, called one day by appointment to see the President and Mrs. Harrison. Afterward he said:

'Whilst we sat there awaiting our summons to the Presidential presence, a little light-haired boy, and, pulling at my coat-tails, said, 'Come and see my white rabbits, which I accordingly did. This was the celebrated Baby McKee.'

Saving His Liver.
The London Outlook, among some fragmentary data in connection with the African War, gives more information as to Mauseur bullets. The writer is a woman who helped the doctors in dressing wounds. She says:

The work of the bullet is wonderfully clean. A man had had one through the neck, apparently without serious damage. Another had his forehead pierced. Again a bullet found its way harmlessly through the stomach, and another passed into the bone of a leg and out again without causing breakage. The men described a shot as resembling a heavy blow from a sledge-hammer, and sometimes declared that they could keep on fighting for several minutes after being hit.

One case, where the bullet had gone through the lower part of the lung, puzzled the doctors very much; for they failed to understand how the liver had been avoided.

'I think you must be a total abstainer,' said the doctor to the Gordon Highlander.

'I am, s, r,' he replied.

'Well, that is what saved your life.'

'Abstention from liquor had kept the liver so contracted that it had escaped the line of the bullet.'

That Settled It.
A story is told of a very popular cavalry officer. He was being tried for drunkenness, and among other witnesses was his Irish orderly. The Court, anxious to give the officer every chance, put several questions to this witness with a view to eliciting any facts that might be in his master's favor. When the orderly said that his master, on going to bed, had expressed a wish to be called early, the members of the court-martial were distinctly pleased.

A man who gave special instructions to be called early could not, surely, have argued to themselves—have been drunk. Hoping to get favorable particulars, the judge advocate put a further question.

'And why did the major wish to be called early?' they asked.

'Faith! an' he tould me it was because he was to be Queen of the May,' came the answer.

Her Endorsement.
A lady entered a bank in Syracuse, says the Herald of that city, and handed a check to the paying teller.

'Madam,' said he, gently, 'you have forgotten to endorse it.'

'Endorse it?' she repeated, with a little worried smile.

'Yes; you must write your name on the back, to show that you will repay the bank in case the issuer of the check should fail to answer our call.'

'Oh!' she said, accepting the pen.

When the teller looked at the check again, this is what he read:

'The—bank has always paid up what it owes, and you need have no worry. Therefore, I endorse this check. Very truly yours, Mrs. J. B. Blank.'

Literature and Business.
Perhaps as a wholesome corrective to Sir Walter Besant's optimistic papers on the rewards of art, the Atlanta Constitution prints this impressive quatrain by a local poet:

Many a man on the road of life succeeds where another fails;

Johnny is makin' a name an' Billy is splittin' rails;

Johnny is makin' a name an' Billy is makin' the year roll on;

But Billy is makin' the money, an' Johnny's supportin' his own.

DYEING and CLEANING of all descriptions done at shortest notice. Don't forget that our laundry work is the best. Telephone or postal and we'll call at once 28 to 34 Waterloo St. Phone 58.



"It'll Come Out In The Wash."

1 you're wise you will send your laundry work here, where work is well done—carefully done—so well and so carefully done that public inspection brings public approval.

We don't rely on chemicals that bring out dirt and destroy your linens. We take as much care of your goods as if they were our own.

American Laundry, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing," Montreal.

JOSEPH

Physician

It would be that the School and generous to foot the ex in the public at the last B will be redim ments can be

Mr. Allison citizens in t His goodness ities, in Rock fying the city tions etc., he the people, the mere in Mr. Allison the one thing physical and offered to try reeds with the he allowed to

Last week list of quote one session ions publish advocated at school exercises seen the gen sant of the among the p

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1900.

ALL AROUND THE CITY

Items of Interest Gathered from All Over the City and Country.

JOSEPH ALLISON'S OFFER.

Physical Instruction in the Schools Rejected—Expert in Physical Training Talks.

It would almost be unnatural to suppose that the School Board will refuse the kind and generous offer of Mr. Joseph Allison, to foot the expense of physical instruction in the public schools. The offer was made at the last Board meeting and doubtless it will be readily accepted; if proper arrangements can be made.

Mr. Allison is one of St. John's best citizens in the truest sense of the word. His goodnesses in connection with all charities, in Rockwood Park matters, in beautifying the city, endowing worthy institutions etc., have already endeared him to the people, who appreciate his kind acts the more in view of his persistent modesty. Mr. Allison's keen observation sought out the one thing wanting in school affairs—physical and mental relaxation. He has offered to try and remedy the defect, and it rests with the school authorities whether he be allowed to do so or not.

Last week PROGRESS published a long list of quoted opinions on the High School one session question. Many of the opinions published and others not made known advocated strongly the adoption of physical exercises during school hours, so it is seen the general public as well as cognizant of the need of a "breathing spell" among the pupils.

Dr. Walker, the physical director of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium classes is an American medical man of clear-headed ideas and an athlete as well. He says the city of New York has three female physical instructors for the public schools and Brooklyn one. While in these large centres it is impossible for instructors to call on every individual school, they institute a general supervision over the whole and instruct classes of teachers in arm, leg and breathing exercises. Then they inspect the various buildings, on a sort of a flying visit.

The windows in the school rooms are put up and fresh air allowed to flood in. Then the pupils are put through the exercises above referred to. The effect is magical. Pupils are invigorated and given a fresh lease of enthusiasm and interest in their work and besides this it gives practical advice as to correct breathing. Incorrect breathing is a source of a large percentage of pulmonary troubles. Breathing with the mouth causes irritations and leads to bad results.

Speaking of the climate in St. John Dr. Walker thinks it none too healthy. The air is raw, with a damp heaviness. It is a grasping, searching atmosphere, hard on people with lung affections. Therefore the need of strengthening school children and preserving what measure of health they possess is a necessary move, which has long since been deemed so in all the big cities.

ANOTHER STAIN ON THE POLICE.

The Unfortunate Case of Daniel Higgins and What the Police Did.

The police authorities are undoubtedly deserving of censure for the manner in which the case of Daniel Higgins was "cared for" by them last Saturday. The unfortunate young man had been drinking, which the police knew to be an "old song" with him, but when he was found at Quirk's corner on Brussels street lying in a semi-conscious state, most certainly not directly from the cause of liquor, there seemed no good reason why he should have been carted off to the police station, when the man was actually in a dying state.

Passersby who first found Higgins knew that he was suffering from something more serious than drunken stupor, afterwards learning that he had had a severe fit on Friday night near the corner of Brunswick street. He was taken into a store and revived. Two friends accompanied him to his home on St. Patrick street and it is said by one that Mrs. Higgins, who is the deceased's step mother, refused him admittance.

They returned to Brunswick street with him and he left them there and they did not see him again till Saturday. That morning he was seen standing at the corner of Brussels and Brunswick streets apparently shivering. He said he had nothing to eat the day before and had spent Friday night in his father's barn. He was warmed up in a store on Brussels street and about noon was in Quirk's saloon, where he purchased a little gin. This he did not drink, as the flask and

liquor were found in his pocket, so he had no drink Saturday. It would be shortly after coming from the saloon that he fell on the sidewalk, another fit having come on him. Bystanders say his fall was a bad one, and that he struck his head hard against the sidewalk. There was a scalp wound on the back of his head.

The passersby above referred to carried Higgins into Stevenson's grocery next door and telephoned for the ambulance, intending to send him to the hospital. But Sergt. Hipwell of the police force happened along on his way from dinner and all his authority at once welled up within him. He waited till the hospital wagon arrived and then bundled the dying man off, saying he was going to take him to the Central Station. This amazed those about and a couple of men who had jumped aboard the ambulance to help care for Higgins got out of the vehicle in disgust when they learned of the elderly sergeant's inhuman decision.

The story is old now how poor Higgins was dumped into the cold and clammy stone cells in the police station, how Captain Jenkins found him insensible, and what Dr. Berryman said when he was at last called. The physician decided Higgins' condition was bad, but did not think it was from immediate excessive drinking. He recommended that he be sent to the hospital. The ambulance was called by Chief Clark and the unfortunate man was taken there, Captain Jenkins accompanying him.

His breathing grew more labored and his condition worse as they proceeded and the captain feared the man would die before the hospital was reached. When they arrived Dr. Macaulay, the house-physician said there was no chance for the man's life. He had him conveyed to a ward, however, his boots were taken off and while he was being put to bed the end came. He died without regaining consciousness.

Truly this case is a disgrace to the civilized city of St. John and a double disgrace to the police. Had the intentions of the people who first found Higgins been carried out, he might have been living today. A warm bed, some stimulants and a general recuscitation was needed, and the few minutes, or hour, perhaps, after he was found were of vital importance if his life was to be snatched back. But these vital moments were spent in satisfying the dignity of the law as represented by an officer, whose experience and age should have given better judgment. The ebbing life of Higgins was hastened to an end by the unchristian way in which he was treated, and only when the unfortunate man was gasping his few remaining breaths was medical aid summoned and an effort made to have him properly cared for. However these ill-timed spasms on the part of the police were of no avail.

There is an organization in St. John having as its object the protection of dumb animals from cruel people. What about human beings?

Diphtheria Danger Lessened.

If diphtheria again visits that locality in North End in which Victoria and Metcalf streets are included it will not be because the sewerage system is deficient. Since the first of the year the waterworks department have been pushing forward the work of laying new sewers in this district, as well as in other places. At the time of the diphtheria scare last year, when Indian town school was so poorly attended, as well as the other school buildings, the swamp between Elgin and Albert streets was looked upon as a menace, and a lack of proper drainage on Metcalf and Victoria streets as another cause for so much malignant disease. The dailies pointed this out incessantly, but no action was taken to rectify the matter, although a few barrels of lime were strewn about Victoria Square dump. However to ensure the locality against further disease, as well as carrying out the general plan of modernizing the city, sewers are being laid. The swamp above referred to has been sewered and Superintendent Mardock showed PROGRESS a long list of streets on which sewers

and catch basins are to be laid. In all these sewers will measure over a mile and a quarter in length and it will be almost all again before the work is finished.

WHAT A "GUY" RECALLED.

Sergt. Polkinghorne's Picture Reminded Young Men of Their Boyhood Camp Days at Baywater.

When Tuesday's Telegraph appeared with a picture of Sergt. Polkinghorne of St. John standing in his tent "doorway" in South Africa, visions of a very familiar scene came back to the minds of over a half hundred Grammar school boys, now young men, who only a few years ago were under the military tuition of the genial George on the unwarlike field of Camp Baywater. Here the subject of the Telegraph's illustration routed the boys out at 7 a. m., waked up their appetites on a half hours irksome manipulation of weighty condemned rifles, and in the broiling sun an hour of company drill, to say nothing of the able manner in which he superintended the wood, water and boat "fatigues." His was a post warranted to create him a peer of our popularity, but it didn't. Quite the reverse. He was well liked and the boys, though naturally grumbling at their none too onerous duties, thought him a prince of good fellows, especially when his better half, who presided ably over the culinary department, graced the ever-festive board of the guard tent with an occasional wonder of the pastry art.

Those indeed were happy days and it is doubtful if ever in the history of the St. John Grammar School a jollier lot of fellows came together. These boys of a few years back are men now, in all occupations of workaday life, although a few have passed into the great beyond. Dr. (Jack) Macaulay of the General Public Hospital was Captain in camp, "Billy" Mather, (now of McGill) was Sergt-Major and among the boys were, the now Rev. Frank Hartley of Yarmouth, the now Dr. Edwin Murphy of Montreal, the late Francis Coll of Holy Orders who died in California last month, boys who are now bank clerks, full fledged druggists, newspaper workers, lawyers, etc. All living without exception are occupying positions of trust and responsibility at the present time, and to those who saw the cut of Sergt. Polkinghorne as published early in the week, those happy ten days in the early nineties were recalled panorama-like with mingled feelings of class love, pleasure and regret at the gaps the enemy death has made in those schoolboy soldier ranks.

ONE OF THOSE BOYS.

More Ferry Protection Needed.

Despite the warnings that have been given in several drownings and numerous narrow escapes, the ferry floats on both sides of the harbour still remain without sufficient protection to the unwary pedestrian. When the steamer is in dock there is a space fully eight feet wide between the boat railing and float railing through which a staggering person, a near sighted person or a careless walker might be precipitated into the tide. It seems as if the float railing had been broken off at this certain point or else the job had not been finished. A wire netting, a man-net or something of that sort should be provided or more accidents will undoubtedly occur. Life lines and belts are right at hand, but a more sensible way to overcome danger would be by repairing the floats so as to insure against a mishap, in which case the life belts could be done away with.

Our Boys Made a Big Hit.

Our Canadian boys in writing home from the South African fields tell of the enthusiasm of the English residents there when they met their fellow subjects from the land of the Maple Leaf. Everybody seems bent on securing souvenirs of the Canadians, and one Capetown citizen offered a St. John lad four pounds (\$20) for the sovereign the city gave him on his departure. However the Winter Port soldier of the Queen prized the golden token even more highly and thankfully refused the eager Capetowner's gener-

ous offer. Of all the soldiers that passed through Capetown, the Canadians were most thought of. They were feted and dined by utter strangers and their urbanity was surprising to the citizens. With all the zest of wealthy clubmen they indulged in swell dinners at the leading hotels, smoked superior cigars and talked the topics of the hour of a world-wide nature. They were no mere Tommy Atkinses, but citizen soldiers and could cope with their civilized Capetown brethren in pretty nearly everything but local customs and little South Africanisms. People stood amazed and wonderingly asked, "if these are Canadian Soldiers, what must the whole population be like at all?"

OSTEOPATHY IN GEORGIA.

Gov. Candler Vetoes a Bill Permitting this System of Medical Practice.

Gov. Candler of Georgia has vetoed a bill passed by the Assembly of that state legalizing the practice of osteopathy in Georgia, and creating a special examining board to pass upon applicants desiring to practice it there. The Medical Record says that the assembly when it passed the bill also advertised 'The American School of Osteopathy, of Kirksville, Mo.' concerning which the Jefferson Circuit Court of Kentucky rendered so notable a decision a few weeks ago. The Record continues: 'For this action Gov. Candler is entitled not only to the thanks of the medical profession, but also to the applause and respect of all good citizens. There are already three of these boards, and any graduate of any lawfully chartered medical college may go before either of them, present his diploma, and be examined. If he is not a graduate of a reputable medical college and cannot pass a satisfactory examination in the usual branches of medical education, he ought not to be licensed to engage in the practice of medicine.'

The fact was proved to the hilt in the Kentucky suit referred to above, that the Kirksville School of Osteopathy in Missouri was not a reputable school in the proper acceptance of that term, and it is more than questionable whether the course of training considered sufficient there could impart to its graduates the medical knowledge necessary to satisfy the requirements of any of the three Georgia medical examining boards.

The rebuff to osteopathy in Georgia, following so close on the heels of the yet more decisive one in Kentucky, should go far toward strengthening the position of the medical profession throughout the length and breadth of the land. The methods employed by the emissaries of this new science are deserving of the severest reprobation, and must be met by the respectable medical practitioners with the most uncompromising vigor.'

Baden-Powell's Bluff.

An interesting little book is the monograph on 'Scouting' written by Colonel Baden Powell, of Mafeking fame. Dealing with qui kness of eye, and remarking that common-sense and a little reflection will often suggest the most likely points to look for the enemy, Colonel Baden-Powell tells the following story: 'Once I was having a match with a shikari in Cashmere as to which of us could see furthest. He pointed out a hillside some distance off, and asked me if I could see how many cattle were grazing on it. It was only with difficulty that I could see any cattle at all, but presently I capped him by asking him if he could see the man in charge of the cattle. Now, I could not see any man, but knowing that there must be some one in charge, I boldly put forward the bluff. The shikari looked hard at the infinitesimal moving specks which he knew to be cattle, but the cowherd was beyond him, so he gave up and confessed himself defeated.'

Where Ignorance is Bliss.

Penelope: 'Well, after all, I believe the less one knows the happier one is.' Genevieve: 'That's a comfortable philosophy. You must be very happy.'

ST. JOHN FROM ON HIGH.

What the Town Looks Like From the New Elevator on a Clear Winter Night.

The busy hustling Winter Port of Canada was seen by several hundreds of citizens on Monday evening last from an entirely new point of view. Even grey-headed residents, born right in the heart of the city, looked upon the place of their nativity from an extremely novel standpoint, viz., from the top stor., windows of the new I. C. R. grain elevator—a towering structure, which has sprung up like a mushroom in the midst of town, casting far into the shade its nearby rivals, and making a Lilliputian settlement of the neighborhood roundabout.

Contractor Jamison, proud of his latest achievement in the line of granaries and anxious to satisfy the curiosity of an inquisitive public, including the "nosy" press, issued several hundred lemon-tinted invitation cards for the elevator's "opening." From 7.30 until 10 were the hours, but it was considerably past X, when the last visitors left the big building. Pretty nearly everybody availed themselves of their invitations and Mr. Jamison was a busy man explaining to the interested ones the workings of a modern grain elevator, such as the I. C. R. now possesses.

The machinery was a feature, the carpentry and joiners work could at a glance be seen to be of an unusual character, but the crowd merely glanced at these on their eager way toward the topmost flooring. It was the view from the highest windows they were wrapped up in having and, after a steady climb of fifteen long flights of stair ladders they gained that great objective point, but without enough breath left to say "How d'ye do." Aching limbs and sharp pains in the back were a couple of the penalties inflicted by Dame Nature for so hurried an ascent. One jocular visitor who arrived at the most heavenward landing gasped in quinquity of the first person he met it "St. Peter was in."

The view from the top was indeed a delightful revelation. The night was starry with a sharp clear air and on every side the electric arcs shone like another world of stars below. Looking from the eastern end the long line of green and red railroad signals added particular beauty, the glass-roofed train shed and surrounding buildings appearing as if they were flattened out upon the ground. This effect was caused by looking directly down upon them. The General Public Hospital on its lofty site, with a few ridges of Rockland Road homes seemed the only structures at all neighborly. The others were "away down" in the world. Now and then a flicker, one more distant than the other, told that electric wires were crossing the Wall and Stanley street bridges.

Nothing especially attractive was offered by the northern view, a solid block of buildings (on Mill street) cutting out from view the busy "transfer" corner, presenting the rocky slope toward Rockland Road with more abruptness; but veering off in a north-westerly direction the dazzling night was most fascinating. Main street a veritable worm of shining lights—wound in and out in its succession of hills as far as St. Lukes when it disappeared from view. Street cars like fire flies flitted up and down and the show of passing humanity on this principal thoroughfare was one warranted to make the observer laugh. People were atoms.

From the front windows Mill street ran directly below and here the cars could be seen a little larger in size. Almost as if you could put your hand out and touch it was the towering mineret of the Union Depot and a few yards beyond, apparently, the electric power house chimney. Persons on their way to the elevator to join the sight-seers appeared as moving soot-motes on the clear snow beneath. West End loomed up well with a wealth of electric illumination and star off in the blaze of their "home-made" lighting the Provincial Lunatic Asylum could be seen in silhouette.

The whole effect was most interesting.

The Real Thing.

'Our typewriter girl is awfully clever; she can sharpen lead pencils.' 'Pooh! Ours can beat that. She has five clerks in the office dying to sharpen them for her.'

In Chicago.

Mrs. Haughton: 'Why didn't you stop air, when you saw me wave my hand?' Trolley Conductor: 'I thought you were throwing me kisses, mum.'

The Silence of Gwynneth.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Reverend Clarence Sterne was beginning to feel at home in his new pulpit, and to recognize the majority of faces belonging to his congregation.

He had been vicar of St. Cathbert's for nearly three months, and his parishioners were growing accustomed to the strangely striking countenance of their incumbent.

Sometimes the strongly-marked face looked like the index of a lost soul in its haggard melancholy, which was not peaceful enough for sadness, but looked more like remorse.

At other times, the vicar's low and musical laugh rang out as light-heartedly as though he had never known a care.

His eyes, looking like burning lamps hidden far in his head under dark, arched brows, roamed over the faces upturned in expectation of the sermon to follow the text he had just given out—

"Lock unto the hills!"

And while he preached, on that particular Sunday evening in mid-July, he involuntarily watched the progress of the sunlight slanting through the large west window, and tinting the attentive faces.

Presently a rich red ray rested on a bowed girl's head.

There was no upturned face here. All the preacher could see of the countenance was a singular set, drawn expression about the compressed mouth; nothing else was visible, but a straight delicate nose.

Was the girl in trouble, or only in anger?

If the former, the young vicar was ready with sympathy; if the latter with pity.

"We do not look up enough," the low, earnest voice filled the church easily, so clear were its tones; "when trouble comes we retire into ourselves too often, instead of looking 'unto the hills from whence cometh our help!'"

Yet, how gladly we would have the help that is always ready, always waiting for our acceptance. If it should only prove help to endurance, is not that worth having? But it is more than that; it is a very present help in need that is promised us. Oh, my friends, look up!"

With a start, the girl he had noticed raised her head as these words fell on her ears.

Dark eyes, raging with resentment and fear, met the vicar's, which were bent on her at the moment.

He saw then the pallor and anguish of the childish face—which, yet, was not childish.

Her look of suffering haunted him when he had finished his sermon.

"I should like to speak to her; to comfort her, if possible," he said to himself, as the service over, he returned to the vestry with the choir, and, after dismissing them, took off his surplice, and re-entered the fast-emptying church.

He walked down the north aisle in quest of the girl, but she had already left her seat.

He was too late!

Well, it could not be helped.

He went on to the porch, where he spoke to one and another of his congregation, who had news to give him of themselves and their belongings, or who wanted a word of advice. Then, when all had gone, and the organist was locking up his organ, the vicar slowly returned to the vestry by way of the south aisle.

His head was bowed now; the smile, with which he had dismissed his last parishioner, had died, and a look of deepest woe had possession of the deepest eyes and full curiously moulded lips.

A slight rustle, as of a woman's garments, made him glance around, and his face grew interested once more, for, apparently trying to hide behind a pillar, was the girl he had sought.

He stepped towards her, laying a detaining hand on her shoulder, as she would have escaped.

"Don't run away, child," he said, gently, in the tone he kept for the little ones of his flock. "Why were you trying to hide? You might have been looked in, you know?"

"That was what I wanted—what I hoped! Please let me stay! I'll not do any harm! I cannot—cannot go home again!"

"Why not?"

He kept all surprise out of his voice and manner, putting the question as quietly as though the request to be locked up all night alone in a dark church were an ordinary and reasonable one for a girl—almost a child—to make to him.

"Why not?" he repeated, as she remained silent, standing before him with down-

cast eyes.

"I can't tell you. I am very unhappy—very wicked; but I shall be worse if I go home."

"What have you done that has made you so unhappy?"

"I can't tell you," she said again. "You will know, if you care to—everyone will know to-morrow, and then it will be worse than ever."

"Child, tell me your sin!"

Clarence had taken her hand, and he drew her to his side as he seated himself.

"Don't be afraid, tell me all, and I may be able to help you."

"No; I can't tell you. Please don't trouble about me. When you know what it is you will see that I am not worth troubling about. I—I did it because I was so unhappy."

"At least you will tell me your name?"

"Yes; I am Gwynneth Naylor."

She raised her head rather defiantly, but it drooped again when she saw that a man—the sexton—stood not far off, waiting to lock up the church and go home.

The vicar noticed him, too, and called out to him—

"Don't wait, Roggs; I'll leave the keys at your house as I pass."

The man vanished, glad to be released, and seeing nothing unusual in Mr. Sterne's prolonged conversation with a member of his congregation; interviews in the church after service were of frequent occurrence at St. Cathbert's.

"You live in Church Road," said Clarence, "number twenty, I think, is it not?"

But I do not remember to have seen you before."

"I generally go to St. Matthew's, but tonight the others went for a walk, so I thought I would come here."

"I don't quite understand. Do you mean that you don't accompany your mother—?"

"She never wants me, she has Maude and Edmund. I am only her step-daughter, you know."

The hasty interruption gave the first clue to the meaning of the girl's evident trouble the pain in her voice and the flash of resentment in her eyes told more than she guessed.

Evidently, thought Clarence pitifully, the poor child was, or thought herself neglected by her step mother, who, perhaps, showed an unwise preference for her own children; and Gwynneth had, therefore, done something to widen the breach between them.

He talked to her gently and kindly trying to win her confidence; reluctant to confess to himself how uneasy he felt at this being withdrawn, for there was a something about Clarence Sterne which invited confidence, not only from women and children, but from strong and erring men.

What could this young creature have done that she should keep to herself while it was easy to see how she suffered from the remembrance of her fault, and in anticipation of the result?

Clarence owned himself completely baffled, though he was not relieved, in a measure, when he succeeded in making her promise to go home, and had persuaded her to accept his escort thither.

He saw the pain in her face increase to positive anguish when, on turning into Church Road, she recognized her step mother and sister coming towards them from the other end.

"It is mother and Maude," she said hastily. "Do you mind walking a little faster? I want to get in before we meet them."

On reaching number 20, she wished him good bye hastily, and ran into the house.

Clarence walked on until he met Mrs. Naylor and her daughter.

"How do you do, Mr. Sterne? Did I see Gwynneth with you? I hope I was mistaken, for she certainly left you very brusquely, not to say rudely."

"Nothing of the kind I assure you Mrs. Naylor. Miss Gwynneth is not feeling well; I took the liberty of walking home with her, for her appearance gave me real uneasiness."

"She has been in very bad temper all day," said Gwynneth's step mother; "there is nothing else the matter with her."

"Was she at St. Cathbert's this evening?" inquired Maude. "How like her to go, when she knew we were not going! She rarely accompanies us anywhere."

Maude was a pretty blonde, vivacious and smiling.

Clarence mentally compared her careless happy face with the white, suffering one of her young step sister.

"Will you come in, Mr. Sterne?"

Mrs. Naylor's portly figure filled the gateway of No. 20, and her well preserved features smiled amiably on the young vicar.

"I mustn't, thanks. I have to visit a sick parishioner, who is expecting me. I will call to-morrow, if you are likely to be at home. I want another talk with Miss Gwynneth."

"Come, by all means. If you can say or do anything to improve the child's horrible temper, you will earn my everlasting gratitude. I am always wishing she was more like her sister."

"Mother, dear!"

Clarence liked the tone and manner with which Maude uttered her quiet little expostulation.

"It's all very well, Maude, to try and stop me. I hold my tongue about Gwynneth to other people; but Mr. Sterne is different."

"You look on me as a spiritual doctor, Mrs. Naylor? Quite right, too. I accept the charge of your little girl's case, and

will do what I can to cure her."

"I only hope it hasn't gone on too long to admit of a cure," said Mrs. Naylor, doubtfully. "She is not the child you seem to think her, Mr. Sterne. She has long passed her sixteenth birthday."

"The advantage we physicians of the soul have over our brethren of the body, Mrs. Naylor, is that no illness is past curing by the remedies we offer. The only thing necessary is willingness on the part of the patient to be cured. Here comes your son, I think. I recognise him from having seen him with you in church; but he hasn't been to-day."

"No, poor boy. Now, he is ill, if you like. His head has ached badly all day."

Edmund. Mr. Sterne has been talking about Gwynneth. He is going to try and cure her of her wretched temper."

"Oh, do leave the child alone!" Young Naylor spoke impatiently, as his fingers momentarily touched; rather than clasped, those held out to him by Clarence in greeting.

"I am tired of hearing Gwynneth grumbled at. She's not so bad, when all is said and done."

"It's like you to defend her my dear boy. But how pale and tired you look! Go in and lie down a bit, and we must not keep Mr. Sterne any longer."

Clarence shook his head as he went on his way.

He did not like the look of things at all, and he promised himself to visit the Naylor's at an inconveniently early hour on the following day.

CHAPTER II.

"Come in, Mr. Sterne, please. Something terrible has happened, about Gwynneth. I am afraid it will kill mother."

Maude Naylor was no longer the smiling, careless girl of yesterday; her fair face was white and troubled, and her blue eyes were full of dread.

"What is it?" asked Clarence, briefly, following her into the small drawing-room, which in spite of the perfect taste evidenced by the arrangement of all it contained spoke of a more than limited income.

"Gwynneth has been arrested for stealing!" Maude spoke with a painful catch in her breath. "She took a Bank of England note for ten pounds from Edmund's desk at the office on Saturday. She had come there with a message from mother to Mr. Barnes, Edmund's employer. He is in mother's room, you know. Edmund went to Mr. Barnes' room to give the message, and while he was gone, Gwynneth took the note, which had been given to Edmund to pay some ground rents with. Gwynneth changed the note at Hunter's, the draper, buying a pair of gloves, which she gave me as a birthday present yesterday. We can't find that she bought anything else, though the money has all disappeared. She says it is spent and that she only took it to show mother how wicked she really could be. She has often declared she would do something dreadful when mother has scolded her."

"This is something more than dreadful; it means ruin. Mr. Barnes already hints at Edmund's leaving his office; and I don't suppose Mrs. Macdonald will let me teach her children any longer. But I am more anxious about mother than anything else. She goes from one taunting-fit to another, and Doctor Philips looks quite grave."

"I am more sorry than I can tell, you Miss Naylor," said Clarence, in his gentlest manner. "I saw last evening that your sister was in trouble, and I did all I could to win her confidence; but she refused to say what had occurred. Is it quite certain she took the note?"

"Quite, unfortunately. Edmund missed it directly she had left the office, and, thinking she had done it for fun, he followed her in, in time to see her come out of Hunter's. When he asked her for the note, she said she had changed it, and referred him to Hunter's cashier. Still thinking it all a joke, and knowing Hunter's people well, he went in, and casually inquired if Gwynneth had been there, and then he found it was true."

"He kept it to himself, puzzled at her behaviour, until he came home to dinner, and then, it seems, she vowed she had done it on purpose to show mother what she could do. Not liking to worry mother, and, knowing well enough that she could not afford to replace the note, even if she had so much money by her, Edmund told Mr. Barnes instead, and asked to be allowed to refund the amount out of his salary; but Gwynneth is no favourite with Mr. Barnes, and he said, at once, that he should prosecute. You may guess what a terrible day poor Edmund spent yesterday—no wonder he suffered from head-

Chest Feels Tight.

You seem all choked up and stuffed up with the cold—find it hard to breathe. Cough that rasps and tears you—but little phlegm got up.

Now's the time to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup before things get too serious. There is no remedy equal to it for making the breathing easy, loosening the phlegm and removing all the alarming symptoms of a severe cold.

"I caught a severe cold which settled on my chest, making it feel raw and tight. Being Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup advertised I procured a bottle, which greatly relieved me. It loosened the phlegm, healed the lungs, and soon had me perfectly well." Wm. McKAY, RIVER, ONT.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

You look on me as a spiritual doctor, Mrs. Naylor? Quite right, too. I accept the charge of your little girl's case, and

FROM MAKER TO USER.

Singer Sewing-Machines cannot be obtained through department stores or merchandise dealers; they are delivered directly from maker to user through our own employees only. They are offered to the public on the best device obtainable for family sewing.

CAN YOU TRY ONE FREE? CERTAINLY. Deliver it at your door, in our own wagon, upon application to any of our offices, located in every city in the Dominion.

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SINGER SEWING-MACHINES THE SINGER MFG. CO.

young nature, and bring out the evil that was in her.

So stubborn was Mr. Barnes in his righteous (?) wrath that the magistrate had no option but to sentence the unlucky girl to a term of imprisonment, making it as short as they could out of consideration to her youth, and the fact of her father having been a respected citizen of the town years before.

Moreover, the actual reason for the theft seemed wrapped in mystery.

Gwynneth had declared she did not want the money, and yet she said it was all spent.

How, when, or where, she declined to explain.

Except for the half crown she had paid at Hunter's for the gloves she had given her sister, she could not, or would not, account for a farthing of it.

When she was sentenced, her eyes went to Clarence Sterne's sorrowful face, and from thence to her brother, who seemed to be on the point of fainting.

Clarence made his way to her side as she was leaving the dock.

"Child," he whispered tenderly, "I shall come and see you. You will not deny me your confidence any longer? You will tell me why you have done this thing?"

Her colorless face was raised to his; her eyes burned into his with an imploring pain too deep for words.

He thrilled from heart to brain with a sudden thought.

Bending lower still, he touched her hand and smiled a world of healing comfort into the piteous eyes as he whispered—

"Thank God for your innocence! Expect to see me shortly."

He felt sure she was innocent of the theft to which she had pleaded guilty.

But what was her reason for having done so? Who was she shielding?

His eyes fell on Edmund Naylor, who had just struggled to his feet, and was staring in a dazed kind of way at the door through which his sister had disappeared.

The shame which should have been seen on her face, was only too evident on his.

He turned away when Mr. Sterne stepped towards him.

"Don't avoid me, Mr. Naylor. The rest of the world may condemn that poor child I can only pity."

You may well pity her; she has had a hard time of it at home. But I never thought it would come to this."

The young man played nervously with his watch-chain; his eyes refusing to meet the vicar's.

"You really think she took the money?" asked Clarence.

"I am sure she took it, unfortunately. I hoped it was only a joke until Hunter's cashier told me she had changed the note at their shop."

This plain statement of facts was rather staggering to that new-born conviction of Gwynneth's innocence.

Clarence felt hope and assurance slipping from him as he continued—

"Have you really no idea what she did with the rest of the money?"

Edmund shook his head.

"She will not say; you heard it all, I suppose? If so, you know as much as the rest of us. You will excuse me if I hurry away, Mr. Sterne? Barnes is not likely to be lenient with any neglect of work on my part, after sending my sister to prison for taking a paltry ten pounds out of all the hundreds he makes every year."

"Mr. Barnes has acted with unnecessary harshness; in my opinion," observed Clarence; "but that does not lessen the sin of theft, whether the sum taken was ten or ten hundred pounds. I mean to get permission to see your sister as often as possible, Mr. Naylor. I cannot believe her guilty, in spite of her confession, and I shall not rest until I have got at her motive for what she is doing."

"You will be cleverer than I take you for if you succeed." Edmund did not speak very pleasantly; his next words were intended as a sort of apology for his rudeness.

"I am very hard hit over this, and I shall take it as a kindness if you will not say another word on the subject to me now or at any other time. You may depend upon my looking after Gwynneth to the best of my power."

Pity filled his heart at sight of Edmund's ashamed, white face.

But something more like anger than pity seized him when he met Gwynneth's despairing, yet still defiant, eyes—anger against those who had helped to warp the



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If you can't get the Powder send to us. One pack, 25 cts.; five \$1. Large two-lb. can, \$1.20. Six cans, \$6.00. Sample copy best Poultry Pie free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 21, MASON MEDICINE Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Canada.

Sunday Reading

"INASMUCH."

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me."

The speaker passed for his listeners to grasp the idea that he had presented in the unusual form of the text.

He was a man with a plain face, but in his gray eyes shone his soul, and behind his words was his life, which means everything.

In one of the finest pewets a woman dressed in velvet and wrapped about in costly furs. Her bonnet was a model of artistic skill and on either side perched the corpse of what had once been a joyous, innocent song bird. She was a professed Christian and prominent church member. Her name always stood first on the subscription list of any popular charity, and she had quite immortalized herself by her gift to a certain well known institution of learning for the furtherance of "scientific research," which meant, in a word, the better equipment of a laboratory for the torture of living creatures.

In vain had she been petitioned to make a proviso in her gift; this she flatly refused. She could not be 'bothered' with such trifles; she gave her money and there her responsibility ended. Others must bear the blame if it were unwisely or unrighteously expended. She never looked upon, listened to or read of anything that made her uncomfortable. She was 'too sensitive.'

'I believe,' began the man of God, 'in an active Christianity, not in a dead or even passive religion. We are apt to think if we look after the sins of commission it is no difference about those of omission; indeed, we give them little or no thought.'

'Now, if I interpret the teaching of our Lord aright, He pronounces a penalty as surely on the passive as on the active transgression, and I am moved this morning—this anniversary of one of the humblest births on earth and yet the anniversary of the King of kings—to speak to you in simple language of some of the common transgressions of which we are all more or less guilty, believing that there is no more fitting time to examine ourselves as to our stewardship than on this day.'

'We all have an influence and that influence is either on the side of right or wrong; we are making the world either better or worse. Now the question I would bring home to my own heart, the one I would send home to yours, is, 'Am I not as responsible for what I do not do as for what I do?' . . . Christ said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not.' The minister of the Gospel who simply keeps still on some subject that he ought to put himself on record concerning is as great a transgressor as he who violates one of the ten commandments.'

'This ought ye to have done and not left the other undone.'

'The woman who protests not by example and precept against the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes is as much a transgressor as the man whose business it is to lie in wait for the mother bird as she wings her way homeward, with the bit of supper in her bill, and brings her down just outside the nest, strips her of her beautiful plumage and leaves her there to die by inches in sight and sound of her starving nestlings.'

'O, the tragedies of the forest! Who is to blame? 'Inasmuch as ye did it not.' The man who says it is none of his business if another over-loads, over-checks, and under-feeds his horse, becomes a party to the sin, inasmuch as he failed to interfere; he did it not.'

'The citizen who knows of vice and corruption in his political party and utters no protest, may claim to have clean hands; may claim he does nothing wrong; but is he not a silent partner? Is not his sin of omission? 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to Me.' O, how some of us would like to entertain the Christ as a Christmas guest! We would throw open the best chamber, bring out the best table-service, provide the choicest viands; oh, but we would entertain right royally! and yet He is willing, anxious to be a guest with every one of us today. 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me, and inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these ye did it not to Me.'

'I tell you, brothers and sisters, we are responsible creatures—responsible for every word we say, every act we do, every hour of our time, every cent of our money, the influence we exert, and more than all, perhaps, the influence we do not exert.'

There was more in the same vein, and then Mrs. B.—she of the costly apparel and gaudy bonnet-trimming—gathered her furs about her and swept out of the

ARE THE

children growing nicely? Stronger each month? A trifle heavier? Or is one of them growing the other way? Growing weaker, growing thinner, growing paler? If so, you should try

Scott's Emulsion

It's both food and medicine. It corrects disease. It makes delicate children grow in the right way—taller, stronger, heavier, healthier.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

church. She had never felt more uncomfortable and disgusted in her life before; yes, even downright angry, for it was plain that he meant to be personal.

How dare he, and she the most influential member in his church!

Did not she pay more toward his salary than any other member? Did she not give to all the charities of the church? Had she not an almost national reputation for her generous bequest to the college?

And yet—how odious the man was! She went home and took off her bonnet. There were those birds!

'A tragedy of the forest!' Had it cost pain and suffering to secure those ornaments? She felt very angry but could not keep her mind off the picture of a nest full of starving birdlings; she could almost hear their piteous cries growing fainter and fainter. Suddenly she began to wish she had never had them put there; it was really barbarous taste anyway. To think was to do with Mrs. B. Instantly she took her shears—Sabbath though it was—and ripped off those 'dead creatures,' as she now mentally termed them; to-morrow she would have something substituted—something less gruesome.'

Surely she has done her duty now; no sin of omission could be laid at her door. In proportion as she felt justified, her spirit rose. Mrs. B. liked to be comfortable, of all things.

After a sumptuous Christmas dinner, eaten alone, save for the presence of the housekeeper, she retired to her library to read and meditate, but somehow the simple sermon of the morning filled her thoughts more than aught else. Perhaps it was not a bad discourse after all, coming from an honest man, and every one believed in 'the plain preacher,' as some had dubbed him. Had he kept still on the subjects mentioned he would have fallen under his own condemnation; it would have been keeping a cowardly silence. And then she fell to musing over his words concerning our being responsible for time and money. She thought of her lavish gifts to the already richly endowed college, and of the letters of protest she had received. For the most part she had put them by without reading; now she brought them out and looked them over.

Burning words filled page after page, picturing the horrors of a scientific laboratory conducted as was the one to which she had given her money. There were leaflets with cuts showing the tables and blocks on which living creatures are strapped. Here was a dog bound fast, here a lovely mother spaniel lying on a table; a horse tied and a dozen students standing about to take a hand at the experiments.

Underneath was a quotation from the lips of the instructor, in reply to a visitor's query as to how long they experimented on one animal.

A beautiful kitten—mice put in jars and the air excluded—and then Mrs. B. began to read what visitors, according to their own published testimony, do.

With a stifled scream Mrs. B. flung the leaflet from her and dropped on her knees. With her face buried in the cushion she wept.

This allusion to the love of a dumb mother for her offspring was too much. If there was anything that could break Mrs. B. up it was a reminder of one great sorrow of her life. She buried Mr. B. philosophically and decorously; one by one her other friends had died, until only herself and a far distant sister remained; but none of these things had come near breaking her heart. It was only when her baby died that she went down in an abandon of grief; only then that she suffered.

Something of this old feeling had come back when the pastor talked about the birds; and now this—in years Mrs. B. had not felt so badly.

'Inasmuch'

Then there was the other dreadfu

thing. She remembered that when she made her college gift she had said to herself: 'I can do it as well as not; it is not half what Glenn's education would probably have cost; it will be a sort of monument to him'; and now it was being used to torture dumb creatures.

What would Glenn have thought to have had anyone torture the white kitten he loved so well?

It was too horrible! And then she went to her desk and wrote with an inspiration she had never felt before, to the president of the college, forbidding, begging, entreating and demanding an immediate promise that it should be as she willed.

After this she felt more calm, and sat down again to think.

In due time there came a reply; not from the president of the college, but from an assistant of some sort, saying that their rules were unalterable, and one of them was not to dictate to the professors in the various departments; that they considered it best to lay no restraints; to serve the ends of science was their aim, let it cost what it might.

And this was all; oh, why had she not been warned of this terrible evil in time!

What could she do?

'Inasmuch as ye did it not' sounded in her ear. She realized that it was not enough to try to make amends for what she had done; she would be held accountable for what she did not do.

The next day she called on the 'plain preacher,' and there ensued a long and serious talk, which resulted in much fruit.

She did all she could in the way of reparation; she wrote; she talked; she prayed; she gave of her money to humane effort; but never could she forget that her money was making the daily torture of God's dumb and helpless creatures possible. The conversion of Mrs. B. was complete, and this is but one of the many avenues through which good ran like a stream from that one simple sermon.

O, the possibilities of one pulpit message when it comes from the heart of a sincere servant!

At the Eleventh Hour.

I was on my knees praying about it. I told the Lord I could die if it was His will, but wouldn't He please spare my innocent children.' These words were uttered at a 'district meeting' in England, says the British Messenger, and were part of a poor woman's testimony to a recent gospel.

Two earnest men, belonging to a benevolent church, were visiting and distributing alms among the destitute one winter night, and at a late hour had nearly finished their round, when they learned that the widow for whom they intended their last donation had changed her residence. No one could tell them where she had gone. Finally one of the two men suggested the name of another woman as a person likely to need the modest sum still in their hands. She lived somewhat out of their way, but she was poor and the mother of a large family of young children. The men decided to carry her the money.

It was after ten o'clock when they found their way to the tenement house, and climbed three flights of dark stairs. A knock brought the woman to the door, and having made sure that she was the right person, they left the money in her hand. Surprised and thankful, she asked them from whom the gift came.

'From the Lord,' they said, and immediately went away.

It was two weeks afterward that the poor mother told the story containing the pathetic passage which begins this article. She and her children had for some time failed to find work, she said, and were entirely without fuel and food. That night the hungry children had gone supperless to

MRS. GEO. TRAILL,

A Well Known Lady of Thornhill, Man.,

Got Almost Instant Relief From Heart Trouble by the Use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

It is simply wonderful the number of western women who are coming forward to tell of the curative powers of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

This time it is Mrs. Geo. Traill, a highly respected lady of Thornhill, Man., who gives in the following words the history of her case:

'I obtained from Mr. J. A. Hobbs, druggist of Morden, Man., a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, as I was very bad with heart trouble at the time.'

'I used the one box and got almost instant relief. I then bought another box, but only had to use a few of the pills, as I have never been troubled with palpitation since using them.'

'I am very thankful that I got the pills, and if this will be of any use to others suffering as I did you may publish it in the papers.'

bed, and had cried themselves to sleep. She was alone, wrestling with her sorrow, when the knock of the messengers called her from her knees.

King David when he was an old man, declared that he had 'never seen the righteous forsaken.' Men may challenge the 'prayer test,' and the theory of special providences may be doubted; but none will deny the personal advantage of a prayerful habit, and the reverent character that generally goes with it. We may go farther, and believe that such characters are among the divine forces that move the world.

A Royal Prayer Meeting.

It speaks well for the religious life of a country when its rulers not only show formal respect for religious observances, but take a devout personal interest in the work of the church.

The Lutheran missionaries who met in council at Stockholm recently, could not help feeling encouraged by the deep concern for their work manifested by the members of the royal family. Not only did they attend all the public services, but they invited some of the more noted missionaries to the palace, that their public narration might be supplemented by private conference.

It was this deep interest that led to the holding of a royal prayer meeting. It took place in the apartments of Prince Bernadotte and the prince's wife. They invited the missionaries to dine with them, and after they had questioned them about their work, an informal prayer meeting was held, in which the prince bore an active part.

It will be remembered that it was Prince Bernadotte, who, believing that there is a higher happiness than that which can be drawn from being the ruler of a country, gave up his rights of succession to the throne that he might marry the maiden of his choice. That was twelve years ago. He and his wife are today deeply interested in social and religious matters, and do much to encourage the better life of the people.

LEPROSY IN AMERICA.

A National Home for Lepers Suggested by Father Mulhane.

Father L. W. Mulhane, who has done so much for the lepers in the United States, is now visiting New Orleans to inspect the condition of the lepers in Louisiana. He comes here from Cuba, where he also investigated the leper problem, and he may go to Hawaii and the Philippines to study the condition of the lepers in Orient. While in Cuba he visited the hospital of San Lazara where the lepers are confined, and consulted with Governor General Wood as to the proper course to be pursued in regard to them. While here he has visited the Louisiana Leper Home at Indian Camp, and had several conferences with the board recently appointed by Gov. Foster to select a new location for the leper home.

Father Mulhane found that leprosy is increasing in Cuba and in the United States, and he thinks that it is likely to become more formidable in the United States by introduction from our new colonial possessions unless the Government takes steps to establish a home where the lepers can be kept isolated from the rest of the community.

He found Gen. Wood in Cuba fully awake to the importance of the leper problem. The leper hospital at Havana is an excellent one in many respects, he says, with an abundance of room for the inmates; but there are a number of improvements that can be made by Gen. Wood, and will be made by him. His idea is to make the home so comfortable that lepers will be glad to seek its seclusion. During the revolution, when the Spaniards had as much as they could attend to with their military hospitals, the leper hospital was neglected. It had very few inmates, while the lepers ran at large. Gen. Wood has ordered that the laws in regard to the confinement of the lepers in the hospital shall be rigidly enforced. A large number of these unfortunate people have voluntarily surrendered themselves, recognizing that they will be well treated, and a leper is as rare in Havana today as in an American city.

Father Mulhane thinks that the number of lepers in Cuba has been underestimated, because of the unwillingness of the people to confess to the disease in its first stages. He is also of the opinion that, for the same reason, there is more of it in the United States than is popularly supposed, and he roughly estimates the number of lepers in the United States at 5,000, not including Cuba, Puerto Rico, Hawaii or the Philippines. Father Mulhane is in favor of the establishment of a national leper home or hospital, and believes that the best site for it would be in Arizona, or some of the high and dry sections around the Rocky Mountains, where the isolation would be perfect, and where the

climate would be admirably suited in all ways for the patients. The national hospital would be independent of any State hospital that might be needed in a locality where through neglect or any other cause leprosy had made any headway, or in the case of the Gulf marshes in Louisiana. Father Mulhane attributes the disease in Louisiana to the Chinese fishing stations on the Gulf coast, which are seldom visited by whites, from which leprosy has branched out to some of the neighboring districts. There might be, he thought, 100 lepers in Louisiana, of whom only a small proportion were confined in the home at Indian Camp.

Banish all Sad Thoughts.

Despondency and Melancholia Result from Kidney and Liver Troubles.

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND Is the Unfailing Conqueror of all Physical Misery and Suffering.

Prompt Relief and Speedy Cure Guaranteed.

Dr. Phelps's Marvellous Prescription Makes the Old and Young Healthy and Happy.

The Great Home Medicine of the Civilized World.

When the great nerve centres are restored to perfect action by Paine's Celery Compound, then, and only then, can the liver and kidneys become healthy and perform their several functions with ease and regularity.

Your sad thoughts, depression of spirits, melancholia and hours of darkness proceed directly from a diseased condition of your liver and kidneys.

The best physicians in the world have openly endorsed Paine's Celery Compound as the safest and surest remedy for your troubles. Thousands in the past have found solid health and happiness from the use of the great medicine.

Do not accept any substitute for the great life giver. Insist upon having "Paine's" the kind that cures.

An Interchange of Courtesies.

The expense of the modern limited express train is so heavy that railroads commonly find it necessary to charge something above the regular fare for the privilege of riding on them. A few years ago, when the 'flyers' were introduced on the Lake Shore Road, the president of the company gave orders that passes and half-rate tickets should not be honored on the new trains. It was not intended, of course that the complimentary tickets issued to high officials of connecting roads should be void on the fast trains, but through an oversight a yearly pass was sent to the president of the Nickel Plate line which bore on its face the words:

'Not good on Lake Shore limited trains.'

A few days after this pass had been issued, the president of the Lake Shore received an annual pass on the Nickel Plate, with the following endorsement:

'Not good on passenger trains.'

A GREAT BUILDER.—The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is a great builder. It gives weight, adds healthy flesh, and overcomes any downward tendency of health. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

Mrs. Buggins—Has your new girl broken many of your things?

Mrs. Muggins—She's broken about everything I have. I never saw such a destructive creature. Even when she sings she cracks her voice.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, caused by a persistent rasping cough. Pny-Pectoral cures the most severe coughs. It soothes, heals, never fails to cure. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

He (a diffident young tailor)—I'm sure, Miss De Courcy, I would be only too glad to press my suit, if— She—Please don't talk shop, Mr. Baipington.



bring out the evil that

as Mr. Barnes in his that the magistrate had entered the unlucky girl's room, making it as said out of consideration, and the fact had been a respected citizen before.

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ED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

ICER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, please Canadian testimonials & 100-page catalogue Dept. 21, Mason Medicine Co., 100-100 St., Toronto, Ontario.

In the Serpent's Coils,

OR
How I Was Saved from Drink.

(A True Story Written for Progress.)

"Did you go to the show last night, John?"

"No, I was not there."

"O, but you should have gone; it was great!"

"What was great?"

"O! the panorama—the moving pictures; it is wonderful what they can do these days—Why! they showed an express train speeding along the track, and you could see the flying pistons, the revolving wheels, and the frightened horses rearing and prancing; and the sheep running across the fields; and the blinding glare of light as the fireman threw open the furnace door and the burst of black smoke from the stack as he threw in fresh coal—ever see any of these pictures, John?"

"Yes, before you were born."

"Come off! Old man, they were never heard of then."

"That may be; nevertheless, I was the audience at an entertainment of this kind more than twenty years ago."

"You were the audience! Was there no one there but you?"

"No; that is, I was the only mortal, yet, though I could not see them, I could feel that I had company."

"What are you giving us; couldn't you see the lantern, or the man who operated the slides? Where was the show? Come give us the yarn."

One question at a time, please. No, I could not see any lantern, and the slides were not operated by earthly hands; and the entertainment was in my own room, in a house where I was boarding while working in a factory in a town in Massachusetts."

You can laugh, boys, and call it a yarn if you wish, but what I am going to tell you is the truth—there is hardly a day passes that I do not review that experience and feel the icy chill creeping over me as I gaze upon the scenes, my memory reproduces. I was just twenty-one years of age at the time it happened. When I was sixteen or seventeen I was just like you boys, I used to go all the places of amusement, and, with the other boys, like you, thought that no time was complete unless each of us had a flask in our pocket to make so merry and witty. I, just like you, scorned the idea that I was in any danger of ever becoming a drunkard.

But, as years went by, the liquor obtained a hold on me and I a craving for it, which I could not resist. I awoke to my danger, I tried to fight against it, but, so weak was I, that I could not withstand the jeers of my companions when I sought to break away from them. I would shun them for a time, but they would watch for me, they knew, only too well, my weak will power, and would place ways to get me to take a drink. When I had taken one, maddened by the knowledge of broken vows, hating myself for my cowardly weakness, desperate and reckless, I would drink glass after glass in rapid succession, until they would have to hold me fast and carry me home; a raving maniac—a disgrace to the honorable race whose name I bear. No need to dwell on these things, my people, everybody, lost all faith and confidence in me as I had in myself. I left home. I would go to a town and go to work, and would win the respect of the community. Hope would spring up in my heart, my ambitions would be renewed, but there would come a day when some friend would say: "Come, take something." And when I would color and stammer, they would smile, and that smile was always my ruin.

I would go to one small town and then another; then avoiding the cities and towns, I would seek employment in country settlements and villages, only to repeat in each of them my previous experiences. This brings me to my story. I had been working in a small manufacturing town on the B. and A. R. R. for nearly a year. I had not tasted liquor during that time. I was well respected by the best families in the place and was invited to all their social gatherings, and belonged to the local dramatic society, taking prominent parts in their entertainments. But the end came. I went one day with a friend to visit some relatives of his in a neighboring town. But I will say, right here, neither my friend, nor his relatives, were aware of my weakness or knowught of my past. They had liquor upon the table. When it was brought on I trembled, but when it was passed around

I had not the courage to refuse it, and, though I merely sipped it, the demon was set loose within me. On the way home, I entered a saloon, and in spite of the entreaties of my friend, I would not go home but drank glass after glass until I lost all consciousness.

They drove me home and got me into bed. It was the middle of the next afternoon that I awoke; though of course I was not aware how long I had been in bed, or in fact, that I was in bed. I tried to turn over but I could not move a muscle except my eyelids. And though I could open and close them, I thought it was night, for I could not see. All was darkness! Never have I experienced darkness one half so black. I tried to call out but could not produce a sound. I felt a curious sensation, as if I was being carried along with a wave-like motion. I was not aware of any feeling throughout my entire body except my face upon which I could feel the air, as if being fanned by the wings of the invisible beings of whose presence I felt aware, and by whom I appeared to be borne along. Soon the forward motion ceased, and we appeared to be floating gently downward, till at length I seemed to rest as on a bed of down. I could feel that I was surrounded by moving mysterious beings, I could feel that some form was standing, one on each side of my head, bending over and gazing into my face, while others were hovering over and about me. I could hear low whisperings, and then I felt a gentle hand pass over my brow, and a finger rested for a moment on each of my eyelids, when they were removed, everything was as dark as before except a zone of clear, pure light about ten feet in diameter and some distance away from me. As I gazed upon it the form of a young man emerged from the darkness into the centre of the light—it has been asserted by some scientists; "that if a person was thus brought suddenly in contact with an exact counterpart or likeness of themselves, that they would fail to recognize it;" but I knew instantly that the form before me was my own.—As he stood, his right arm was extended to full length, his hand was tightly clenched, and his eye fixed upon it.

His face wore a confident smile, and as I looked I saw that he was holding a tiny green snake, its head and tail merely protruding above and beneath his hand. I could see its tiny bright eyes, and its little forked tongue, which it kept darting out toward him, so rapidly, that it seemed like tongues of fire, and I heard a voice whisper: "Crush it, John." But he only laughed. Raising his left hand and holding a finger but an inch or so in front of its darting tongue, which was emitting countless venomous spurts, he continued to play with it. I saw that it was continually growing larger, its head and tail now protruded several inches, its eyes were glued upon his, and its head kept up a mesmeric motion fascinating to look upon. Suddenly it drew up its body, and its tail encircled his wrist. Another coil, and it is above his elbow—and again comes the whisper, louder than before: "Crush it, John, crush it." He laughs as before, but he ceases to play with it, or to taunt it with his finger. He tightens the grip of his hand as if to choke it, but finds it has grown too powerful to be killed so easily. He gives utterance to a nervous laugh, and endeavors to shake it from off his arm but cannot do so. The smile fades from his face, and with his left hand he tries to tear the coils from about his arm, for they have now extended to his shoulder; but again he fails. Closing his lips firmly with a stern determined look, he grasps the snake's body with his other hand. The Serpent's head by this time was as large as a cup and its body eight two inches thick. As it keeps up its symmetrical swing, its head comes within a foot of the young man's eyes. He works his hands upward, until he has grasped it just below the head. He stops its fascinating motion. He pushes it at arms length from his face. He removes his gaze from the mesmeric power of its eyes. He puts his whole strength into the grip of his hands. The serpent uncurls its folds from about his arm and hangs swinging and twisting about. He places a foot upon its tail, and once again, and louder, comes the whisper, full of tender entreaty: "Crush it, John. Cast

it from you. Grind it beneath your heel. Don't play with it any longer. Look not upon it. Now is your only hope. Crush it now, or it will crush you." But his face had resumed the confident look, and a smile of triumph lights up his face and he turns to look at the conquered snake.

As he gazes, the head begins its peculiar, charming motion, faintly at first, increasing gradually, almost imperceptibly. The young man's face again wears the fixed charmed look. The swing grows larger, and larger, till at length the serpent's head is but a few inches in front of his eyes. His face grows ashen pale, and he tries to push it back. The tail twists from beneath his foot, and instantly encircles both his arms and his body in its coils, quickly it grows now, coil after coil enfolds his legs, his ankles, while the head moves to and fro before his eyes, which he cannot remove from its power. He realizes that he is lost but he cannot move a muscle.

The only way I can describe my feelings while viewing this scene, is to say, that I felt every sensation that I would have felt had I in reality been within the power of the serpent; all the peculiar pleasure, the fascinating charm of the serpent's eyes and its mesmeric motions; an exquisite happiness through sensible that I was being wooed to death. I felt the ever increasing weight of its folds, felt them growing more powerful, felt my body and limbs being crushed, and now as the serpent's head became still for a brief moment, right before the young man's eyes, and then was drawn slowly back, and stood poised as if to strike; its sharp bright eye glued upon those of its victim, my mother's form appeared in the light, with extended hands. She looked upon me—or my counterpart—O! so sorrowful so yearningly! "O John," she said, "I have come to you so often, and warned you of your great danger; often have I whispered to you, to crush your terrible enemy, but you would not heed me." As she faded from the light, I saw the swift descent of the serpent's head as it struck, I heard a terrible wail of despair and knew no more.

When again I opened my eyes they were putting wet cloths upon my head. They said they had heard "my" scream and found me unconscious.

Pale and Languid.

THE CONDITIONS OF VERY MANY YOUNG GIRLS IN CANADA.

They are Subject to Headache, Heart Trouble, and an Inclination to Exhaustion—Parents Should Act Promptly in Such Cases.

Miss Alma Gauthier, daughter of Mr. Adelaud Gauthier, proprietor of a well known hotel at Three Rivers, Que., enjoys a wide popularity among her young friends and they have recently had occasion to rejoice at her restoration to health after a serious illness. When a reporter called to ascertain the facts of the case Miss Gauthier was out of the city on a visit, but her father very gladly consented to give the story of her cure. He said:—"I believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my daughter Alma might now have been in her grave, and I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not at all times say a kind word in favor of the medicine that restored her to health. My daughter's health first began to give way several years ago. At first the trouble did not appear to be serious, and we thought she would soon regain her accustomed health. As time went on, however, this proved not to be the case. She grew weaker, was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness and a feeling of almost constant languor. She was treated by a good doctor, but still there was no improvement. She seemed to be gradually fading away. If she walked up stairs she would have to stop several times to rest on the way. She lost all her color and her face was as white as almost as chalk. Her trouble was clearly that which afflicts so many young women entering womanhood, and we feared it would develop into consumption. One day a friend of the family urged her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she consented, and procured a couple of boxes. Before they were quite gone there was a slight improvement in her appetite and we looked upon this as a hopeful sign. Another half-dozen boxes were procured, and under their use she day by day acquired new strength and new interest in life. She is now as healthy a girl as there is in Three Rivers, with every trace of her pallor and languor gone. This is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am rejoiced to be able to say so publicly."

The case of Miss Gauthier certainly carries with it a lesson to other parents, whose daughters may be pale, languid, easily tired, or subject to headaches, or the other distressing symptoms that mark the onward progress of anemia. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act promptly and directly, making new, rich red blood, and strengthening the nerves, and correct all the irregularities incident to this critical period.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

He kept his word.

A letter has just been received by a

friend in England from an officer besieged in Ladysmith. The "Dick" referred to is an officer of Gloucestershire captured at Nicholson's Nek.

"I want you," the officer writes to his English friend, "to release me from a promise Dick and I, individually and collectively, made you. You will remember that we undertook to be in Pretoria for Christmas. I find I can't by any possibility get there quite in time, so am obliged to ask you to release me from my part of the bargain. Dick, however, as you know, was always a beggar to keep his word. He has managed to get to Pretoria like the good officer he is, and at the head of his men. By the way, if you are thinking of sending me a turkey for Christmas, please pick out one that is strong on the wing and good for a fifteen mile burst of speed, and have the pigeon post people fix it in the air at Colenso. Kindly tell the bird that if its ambition is to be dined off by one of Her Most Gracious Majesty's officers it had better fly high."

Lord Charles Bessford's New Billet

Lord Charles Bessford has got a most important command at length. He has been appointed second in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, perhaps Britain's heaviest fighting force. The Channel Squadron is undoubtedly the "swell" fleet, but it is recognized here that when the gun begins to thunder in a European war the Mediterranean Squadron is the one which will come in for the first and heaviest crash. So although the world does not hear so much of the Mediterranean as of the Channel fleet, it is, nevertheless, the grimmest, most hardworking fleet in the world. It is never idle, and it carries no lame ducks on its register. Lord Charles has now the opportunity of his life. If he has any new ideas in his head, any points on maxims or plans of battle he will get a chance to work them out and prove their utility. The greatest attention will be paid to any suggestion he makes. Lord Charles is a hail-fellow-well-met with the London newspaper men, and attends all their big dinners when he is in town. He invariably finds himself called upon for a speech, and as invariably delivers a rattling, uproarious one in which the British naval flag floats high above the rest of Europe combined. At the finish of his latest outburst of patriotism he jumped the chairman and sang out, "Now is the moment ripe for Mr. Ward to sing us Sullivan's the Sailor's Grave. Let us hear of at least one dead sailor." A grin, none too comfortable, stole over the broad features of the light-lord, every one laughed, and the glorious song was sung.

Printed the Wrong Portrait.

After Honorable Foster M. Voorhees was elected Governor of New Jersey the usual portraits of him were published in the newspapers. They made an interesting variety. In one instance an enterprising journal drew upon its cabinet and used a cut of the president of a small Western university, showing a young man with his hair carefully parted and curled, and with eyeglasses that stood forth prominently in the picture. He looked about twenty years of age and the face was smooth and smiling. The Governor had a good laugh over this particular picture as well as over some of the other interesting variations of his countenance. He is not an old man by any means, being only forty-three, but he has the look of a serious student and man of affairs. His home is in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Harvard Defeated by a Blat.

Joseph M. Proskauer, of Mobile, Alabama, now a brilliant young lawyer of New York, was a notable figure in the undergraduate life of Columbia University several years ago. He was a member of the debating teams that defeated the teams of Harvard and Chicago Universities, and is at present the coach of the Columbia debaters. He found that the necessity for quick thought in the face of surprise debating made his debut into court practice comparatively easy.

He was on the debating team of Columbia which advocated the popular election of United States Senators, against Harvard. Each side agreed that the reelection of Senators was often beneficial to the nation at large, but the Cambridge debaters claimed that popular elections would not accomplish this end. Columbia denied this, and brought to its support that particular form of sophistry called "statistics"; the effect that members of the House were often reelected as Senators.

The next Harvard speaker controverted this statement with more statistics, showing that governors of states were seldom reelected, and claiming that governors and senators would share the same fate if their elections were conducted the same way.

Mr. Proskauer followed, and his reply not only won the debate, but fixed his status forever in the affections of the

Columbians. With an assurance born of daring he answered:

"The comparison of the opposition is worthless, because so many governors, by reason of state constitutions, are debarred from reelection."

The Harvard men were stunned. This was a view they had never taken. They had no statistics to cover this point, and therefore they ignored it, and the debate went against them.

This is where they were foolish, for Mr. Proskauer knew no more about state constitutions in fact than they did. It flashed across his mind that one or two Northwestern states did prohibit reelection of governors. How many more he did not know, and does not know even to this day.

It was simply a bluff, and it won.

Mr. Campbell's Legal Adventure.

Robert J. Campbell, of New York, had an odd and even awkward experience the other day which illustrates forcibly a peculiar phase in the practice of law in the metropolis. Returning home late at night, he was attacked and severely beaten by a drunken stranger. To allay the apprehension of his family Mr. Campbell explained that he had been struck by a street car. He was put to bed, and a maid sent out for liniment and bandages. She returned with a strange doctor who proceeded at once to make a minute examination.

The examination disclosed that the patient was suffering countless injuries, most of them incurable, to his spine, knees, thighs, shoulders and arms. Mr. Campbell, who knew how little he was hurt, was even alarmed by the result, and his family were thrown into almost senseless fear. The following day the doctor returned and announced that he was not a physician at all, but an "accident" lawyer—that is one who sues corporations for damages resulting from physical injuries. He also brought with him several alleged witnesses to the street car accident, all of whom were willing to swear to anything for a consideration.

Mr. Campbell was in double distress. He didn't know how to shut the lawyer off without disclosing his own well meant duplicity. The next day, however, friends of the railroad company that had been mentioned, called on him and persuaded him to drop the matter.

He did not settle so easily, however, with the lawyer, who had heard of the accident from the maid in the drug store and had taken up the case as a speculation.

Best Remedy in the World For Catarrh.

Miss Bessie McK. Kennedy, of Kingston, N. B., says: "I have used Catarrhazone for Catarrh and think it is the best remedy in the world for that disease." Catarrhazone is a new scientific treatment that cures Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, and irritable throat. Very pleasant and effective to use, contains no deleterious drugs. Catarrhazone is for sale by all reliable druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c. in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

Aquatic Oats.

A sportsman returning from his winter's outing in the South tells the following traveler's yarn:

"I read a description the other day of the retrieving cat owned by a sportsman on Metairie Ridge. It is equipped, in my opinion, by a family of swimming cats owned by Captain Bosco of Tarpon Island. He is the kingpin fisherman of Bay Adams, and as quaint and original a character as you could find on the whole coast. His swimming cats, about which I started to tell you, belong to a feline tribe that has lived at the captain's place from time out of mind. There are at present, perhaps, a dozen all told, and they have apparently lost every vestige of the natural antipathy of their species for water. They will wade unhesitatingly through the shallows on the beach, hunting for small fish, and three or four will actually swim out to nearby luggers to get oysters. I shouldn't wonder if they should develop web feet in time."

"Why, Colonel, I didn't know you wore colored shirts and collars!"

"I don't ordinarily," answered Col. Stillwell. "But I'm going back to my old Kentucky home. And if any scurrilous occurs, I don't want my political opponents to be misled into the impression that I am waving any flag of truce."

Dr. Von Steen's Pileopill Tablets—Cure Bore Stomach, Distress after Eating, Weight in the Stomach, Wind on the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Distress, Nausea, Poor Blood, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sick Headache and every other disorder traceable to bad digestion. One tablet gives almost instant relief—they're nature's positive and delightful cure—50 Tablets in a box for 50 cents.

"I see England is sending her nobility to the front now as targets for the Boers," remarked the man with bushy whiskers. "Which," replied the man with the monocle, "merely carries out my statement that England hasn't really begun to fight yet. She's only just putting up her dukes now."

A-Kit—How did you get such a fine thermometer so cheaply?

Tellit—Bought it during the cold wave. It was way down then.

Caring for the Wounded.

There is probably greater interest taken in the letters written from the front by the men and officers than in those of the professional correspondents, while Sir William MacCormac, president of the Royal College of Surgeons who volunteered for service in South Africa, is, as it were, in a class of his own as a writer of war news. Sir William's last report to the Lancet contains the following passages:

'Dec. 16.—We arrived at Chieveley station about 1:30 p. m. yesterday. The cannonading had ceased about 1 o'clock. We found the station occupied by a hospital train under Major Brazier-Cragg, R. A. M. C., and every one available helping to provide comforts for the freight it carried. There were 119 wounded in the train. They had been taken on board direct from the field, the train having run into the actual scene of action; in fact, it was ordered back by [the principal medical officer, two shells having fallen close to it. This train carried the first results of the battle, and it was a very distressing sight. The wounded filled the carriages just as they had come from the field; every wound had been dressed, and had been dressed extremely well under fire. A noticeable feature was the fact that very few of these dressings needed adjustment. Rifle splints, tourniquets, and other dressings had been adjusted carefully under circumstances of great difficulty and danger.

'There had been, we learned, a rush with the wounded to the train, which was rapidly filled and had then immediately steamed away, and when we saw it at Chieveley, four miles from the battlefield, the men were still under the excitement of the action. The wounded were cheerful and thankful for their treatment, many remarking that their chief anxiety was to get back soon enough to pay the Boers out. We saw the train start away from Escourt (it was back again at Chieveley last night). On its arrival No. 4 hospital was immediately unloaded and the erection of the tents began at once, before the weary officers and men of the Royal Army Medical Corps had a chance of sleep. The Stationary Hospital was yesterday, therefore, evacuated of sick at Frere, the whole equipment packed and brought to Chieveley, the tents re-erected, made ready for 100 wounded, and almost immediately they received about 50—all this being completed between 7 a. m. and midnight (strength, 4 officers and 37 men of the Royal Army Medical Corps.)

'To return ourselves, having obtained the necessary information and permission we walked to the field hospitals of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Brigades, situated about three miles from Chieveley and under the crest of a hillock about 400 yards outside the fire zone. Each of the three operating tents contained two operating tables, and as fast as a patient was taken off the table another took his place. Awaiting their turn the wounded were lying outside in rows which were being continually augmented by the civilian bearers coming in from the field. As each wounded man reached the hospital he was served with a hot cup of bovril, large cans of which were boiling outside the tents. The way in which the wounded had been dressed on the field and each man ticketed with the nature of his wound, his name and his regiment, was excellent, and was very useful for identification. This also saved much time at the field hospitals, because the seriously wounded could be at once discriminated from the more trivial cases. The latter went away at once to the tents and the former were redressed and operated upon when necessary by the four officers of each of the field hospitals and the three surgeons of each of the bearer companies. The praise of the regimental officers and men in respect to the way in which the Royal Medical Corps had done their duty under heavy fire was unanimous and unstinted. An officer of the Devons, wounded in the foot, told me that he managed to get to a hut near the bank of the river which was being used as a dressing station. This hut was continually under heavy fire and he described the behavior of the medical officers as magnificent.

'The spectacle at the field hospitals was most painful. Ambulance wagon after wagon and stretcher squad after stretcher squad came in while I was there, pouring in the wounded, some of whom had died on the way and could unfortunately only be carried to the mortuary tents. The work performed in the operating tents was, in my opinion, of great efficiency, the operations being deliberately carried out with skill and despatch under the very trying circumstances of intense heat, hurry and excitement all round. The Royal

A RHEUMATIC CRIPPLE'S RELEASE.

A "jury" of doctors, specialists and medicine vendors decreed that James Smith, of Grimsby, Ont., should spend the rest of his days in the agonizing chains of rheumatism

But common sense and modern medical science produced rebuttal evidence and procured his release.

The Great South American Rheumatic Cure turned the tables, relieved the pain in a few hours and healed, cured and freed.

To the man or woman suffering the agonies of pain produced by Rheumatism, of whatever form, an essay on its causes, its symptoms, and its actions are idle; the one desirable objective point, with the sufferer is the shortest cut to relief from the

pain and the surest cure from the distressing, wracking, burdensome ailment.

No medicine of modern times has proved half so effective in giving almost instant relief, or has made as many cures bordering on the miraculous, as the Great South American Rheumatic Cure. So often has it proved its efficacy in cases that were placed in the "no cure" list by doctors and specialists, that many of the most eminent lights in the profession have been frank enough to make confession that the South American Rheumatic Cure, without

Army Medical Corps officers of these hospitals had started their surgical work about 3 a. m., and when I visited them in the evening they were still hard at it, having had no food meanwhile and no time for rest, and the work went on for hours afterwards. I gave advice in many cases where I was asked, and advised against operation in the case of a poor fellow with a fearful shell wound of the hip. Altogether some eight hundred patients passed through the field hospitals during the day. The men show utmost pluck and endurance; there was not the smallest despondency, the predominant feeling being anxiety to return and fight again. This was very splendid of them after such a day as they had experienced, and makes one feel very proud of their fine mettle.

'The hospital trains rapidly took them away. Each train carries on an average 100 cases and is equipped with every possible requirement, besides iced soda, champagne, soup, and other comforts in abundance, so I am certain that all that human foresight could accomplish was done during the journeys for the mitigation of the sufferings of the wounded.'

Sir William MacCormac concludes his account by saying: 'Considering the great strain of the work and the number of the wounded after this hotly contested engagement (where both rifle and shell fire were something, it is said, never seen before) I would like to draw attention to these facts: 1. The skill and care displayed in treating compound fractures and injuries requiring calm attention and time under heavy fire. 2. The skillful and efficient way in which serious major operations were performed on the same day as the battle (under considerable pressure and disadvantages) by the medical officers of the field hospitals. 3. Eight hundred wounded were cleared from the field by 6 P. M., the action having finished at 2 P. M. 4. By midnight on the second day after the battle (tonight) the last wounded man will have left the hospitals at the front and will have been conveyed to Escourt, Pietermaritzburg, Durban and the hospital ships. 5. Eight train loads have been taken away in the hospital trains in two days.

'There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have watched the proceedings at the front that a trying emergency had been met, under circumstances of extreme tension, with complete success, and I know that the army has had the greatest confidence in its medical corps and feels that all has been done for the wounded that could have been done. I accordingly returned this morning in the hospital train conveying 120 wounded to Pietermaritzburg. The heat has been intense. We have had three very busy hard-working days and returned weary and sad for such grievous loss and suffering. It was indeed a pitiable spectacle of suffering and death; but one could console oneself somewhat by the reflection that so much had been accomplished to mitigate the distress, and the poor sufferers themselves were full of pluck [and endurance.'

The Lancet's correspondent, at Wynberg hospital, writing under date of Dec. 22, says: 'I cannot help thinking that in future campaigns where the modern arms

of precision are used it will be necessary to argument considerably the capacity of the present general hospitals both for officers and for men. The fact that accommodation in a general hospital as regards officers is limited to twenty-five cases points to a total inadequacy to the requirements. I consider that an officers' hospital of 100 beds should be a sine qua non.

A graphic letter comes from a private soldier who was in the disastrous affair of Magersfontein. He writes:

'I ever felt any pleasure in writing a letter, it is this one, as no doubt you will have seen in the papers about the fight at Magersfontein, and when we were in that, both I and all the other men engaged thought that we should never live to come out of it. * * * We marched to within thirty yards of their rifles, and then (as though a theatre stage curtain had been lifted and a play commenced) their fire started, and swept us as the rain had been sweeping us from the Sunday before. * * * Men and horses fell like skittles. Those who were not shot and killed were being trampled to death. Of course, all we could do was to get under cover, and get into some sort of formation. This we eventually did, and made an advance over a level plain, and they swept us down like corn. After sticking at it for fifteen and one-half hours, we had to retire, and again laid out in position, the rain not having ceased from the time it started on Sunday. And when we retired to our proper camp, and the roll was called, there was a terrible death roll. * * * Gen. Wauchope was killed within thirty yards from the trenches. * * * We have a corporal struck

deaf and dumb with fright so you can form a faint idea what the shock was like. I can assure you I never ran as hard in my life as I ran the half mile to get under cover. Sounds well, doesn't it—a British Tommy Atkins running? But believe me, the next attack we make the Boers will pay dearly for what they have done; and let it be as bad as it may, it can never be as bad as it was on Monday, the 11th and if I get through what ever other few engagements we have to face, believe me, I shall never forget the 11 12 '99. We had lots of men take sunstroke. Their helmets got knocked off in the rush, and one of our Majors went mad, and half the men are knocking about hysterical, and its no use denying it the division dread the moment when they may get an order to make another attack, and the best of it is the enemy stand about four to one; but never mind. There is not the slightest doubt we shall manage it somehow. * * * The feeding we are having is disgraceful—one-pound loaf between six men, and one biscuit per man; but mind you, I am not grumbling, only a man must express his feelings to somebody. And so after reading about the repulse of the Highland Brigade, don't think they are no use. It is not the men's fault; it is through—[here some words have been struck out.] Now, my dear mother and father, this may be the last letter I may ever write to you. If it is, be sure I shall not die with my back to them.'

A sergeant in the First Balloon Section, writing to his relations about the fight at Medder river, observes:

'I shall never forget the sight. I had some narrow squeaks; the bullets got as close as my coat. The troops were fairly exhausted with heat. I would willingly have given any money for a drink. A major came to me and begged a drink from our section; he said he had not had a bite or drink for two days. I have not had my clothes off for six days now, and have to lie down anywhere on the sand and rock with rifle and ammunition by my side. We captured four Boers with their commander. One of them asked me for a chance, I gave him one, and he was just going to fire at me when I dropped him. We are living on biscuits and tinned meat, which seems a luxury. Sometimes we cannot get anything. I was up in the balloon reconnoitering this morning, and could see the Boers with the glasses bringing in stores and forage. I have been up in the balloon several times, and I could see Kimberley quite plain. The captain has just called me to his tent and given me a small bottle of Bass. I nearly fainted at the name when he asked me if I would like one.'

'Today' publishes an interesting letter written by a German officer with the besieging force outside Ladysmith:

'As you very well know (he says) in many matters the English are a practical people, and in those matters which concern them privately they exhibit a shrewdness and an energy which is remarkable and worthy of high praise. It is the more remarkable that in matters with regard to the practice of war these good qualities desert them. In this extraordinary war the enemy's generals have behaved in a

gentlest touch of the hand on the body. In twelve hours after the first dose was taken all pain was gone, and inside of three days recovery was so marked that the patient walked without assistance. Many have had a similar experience and have testified to it.

James Smith, a dairyman of Grimsby, Ont., was a great sufferer from sciatica and rheumatism. He was almost helpless; could not walk without crutches. He had tried any number of remedies, and had been treated by almost innumerable doctors without any permanent help. He began using South American Rheumatic Cure. In a few hours the pain left him; in a few days he threw away the crutches and has never had a touch of the trouble since. You are at liberty to write him about his own case. No need for an hour's suffering. South American Rheumatic Cure can do as much for you as it has done for thousands.

South American Nerve is a wonderful tonic for the stomach. It cures all disorders of the digestive organs, repairs exhausted nerve power, puts on flesh, and is general health builder.

South American Kidney Cure is a liquid kidney specific; it cures Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Inflammation of the Bladder and all disorders arising from imperfect working of the kidneys. It gives relief in six hours. Sold by E. C. Brown.

maner which must seem incredible to those who have not been here to see for themselves. When the government at Pretoria had sure information from Dr. Leyds that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain had made their plans for sending to Natal a reinforcement of some infantry battalions. Colonel Kohler, late of the Fourteenth Field Artillery and myself, went down to the English colony, and remained there until a week after the issue of the ultimatum by President Kruger. Thus we were able to bring back a useful report upon almost every point affecting the resources, organizations, and morale of our future opponents.

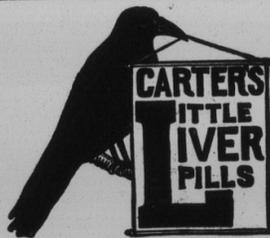
'Although we lived nearly three months in Ladysmith, Pietermaritzburg and Durban, we, strange as it does now seem, were never recognized of the least suspicion raised as to the real nature of our business. Major C—formerly of the French Foreign Legion, was sent upon a similar mission to Cape Town. Being an Irishman, he escaped attracting the slightest inconvenient notice. Truly the English are the most unsuspecting of people under the sun.

'We are a cosmopolitan band of good brothers-in-arms here around Ladysmith. There is first in rank, Gen. Count Georges Villebois de Mareuil, who was lately Colonel commanding the first regiment of the far famed Foreign Legion of the French African army. This distinguished officer speaks our own language very well, as also he does English. Of retired officers of the French active army, there are at present on the payroll fourteen; eight are with old Mr. Joubert, three with my friend Albrecht, who is keeping the Baron Methuen amused, and the others are in charge of the ammunition supplies—a duty which cannot be entrusted to Boers officers in consequence of their utter want of method. Von Rosenfeldt and Fried Muller came by the last steamer.

'Since the siege commenced we have lost out of the foreign mess four officers killed in the big gun batteries. The Colonels in the siege batteries are paid one hundred and fifty Transvaal sovereigns a month. I am remitting home one hundred and twenty every month, and, as we expect this war to last for six months yet, I may look forward to having something considerable awaiting me at Hanover. We understand that the French Generals receive two hundred and fifty pounds per month. Our friend Albrecht had the ground in front of each successive position occupied by the Boer Commander Cronje accurately measured, and bowlders at the various distances marked by whitewashed figures upon the bowlders that are everywhere scattered about in South Africa. Then, through his field glasses, he was able to determine with precision the distance that the Baron Methuen's troops were from his batteries.'

It is said to cause shortness of breath. If this is so, the remedy is, leave them off. But if the short breath comes from a cold or Asthma, the remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all Druggists.

'He says he is in business for love.' 'What is his business?' 'He runs a matrimonial agency.'



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

best of my... He said... and turned... Barker's... The vic... privileges... to ordinar... He was... chaplain... only I... Gwynn... weak... He mea... but he w... of Mrs... anxious... she had... pain and... groans... "Mich... like to... admitting... Mrs. N... her bed... and shan... in his... doing... child who... "I won... I cannot... take it... all." "She... yourself... If you... down. Y... make you... "Mich... think the... She all... in his... rupt wh... of hope... determin... adverse... better in... But M... courtesy... gave to... set him... didn't kn... expect an... "But I... guilty!"... her back... antly wi... Sterne's... herself... pleaded g... "Last... 'you told... ones—the... think you... "No; I... you belie... me good... wish I h... been diff... long ago... spoke hal... the fact... from Edm... Hunter's... Sterne'... He felt... heart san... "Why... "Maud... to show... she seem... dreadful... Claren... the reply... drooped... Ignorin... him at al... "Why... "Have... "No... She sh... silent... "Child... to tell... add to y... The fi... white, an... her eyes... "Please... Sterne... better no... you know... suppose... I shall... shall ge... keep me... —or mat... Wouldn't... her hand... a thiel... clergyma... His be... wild wor... "Com... said, su... story." She o... He too... little har... "The... stolen; h... moment... mine hu... yours—... to take... The lu... a bagger... He wa... in the b... self—her... "This... free to... "this bar... with the... Gwynn... remained... "Th... credit to... at heart... The s... and Gwy... whisper... "Tell... "He... feeling a

EASE.

of the hand on the body, after the first dose was given, and inside of the body was so marked that it had without assistance. A similar experience and a dairyman of Grimsby, at sufferer from eczema. He was almost helpless; without crutches. He had almost innumerable doctors permanent help. He with American Rheumatic hours the pain left him; threw away the crutches and a touch of the trouble at liberty to write him case. No need for an South American Rheo- as much for you as it needs. In Nervine is a wonderful ointment. It cures all dis- tive organs, repairs ex- ver, puts on flesh, and is milder. In Kidney Cure is a liquid it cures Diabetes, Bright's ation of the Bladder and ing from imperfect work- ys. It gives relief in six E. C. Brown.

must seem incredible to not been here to see for men the government at re information from Dr. Saliabury and Mr. Cham- e their plans for sending orment of some infantry Colonel Kohner, late of the old Artillery and myself, in English colony, and re- till a week after the issue a by President Kruger. ble to bring back a useful most every point affecting organizations, and morale onents. I lived nearly three months dietermaritzburg and Dur- ge as it does now seem, gnized of the least sus- to the real nature of our C—formerly of the French was sent upon a similar Town. Being an Irish- had attracting the slightest oties. Truly the English unsuspecting of people

mpopolitan band of good here around Ladysmith. rank, Gen. Count Georges farouil, who was lately nding the first regiment of reign Legion of the French This distinguished officer language very well, as ish. Of retired officers active army, there are at ayrolls fourteen; eight are abert, three with our friend is keeping the Baron d, and the others are in ammunition supplies—a duty entrusted to Boers officers of their utter want of Rosenfeldt and Fried Mul- last steamer. Siege commenced we have foreign mess four officers big gun batteries. The siege batteries are paid d fifty Transvaal sovereigns a remitting home one hun- every month, and, as we to last for six months yet, ward to having something waiting me at Hanover. that the French Genera and fifty pounds per friend Albrecht had the of each successive position Boer Commander Cronje ured, and bowlers at the es marked by whitewashed bowlers that are every- d about in South Africa. his field glasses, he was ine with precision the dis- Baron Methuen's troops attories.

are the Smoking are shortness of breath. If remedy is, leave them off. breath comes from a cold remedy is Adamson's Bot- 25c. all Druggists. in business for love. business? matrimonial agency.

COVERED WITH SORES.

B.B.B. cured Little Harvey Deline nine years ago and he has never had a spot on him since.

It is practically impossible to heal up sores or ulcers, especially the old chronic kind, with ordinary remedies. No matter how large or of how long standing they may be, however, they heal up readily and may be cured permanently when Burdock Blood Bitters is used.



Mrs. E. Deline, Arden, Ont., writes in the following account she gave of her little boy's case: "When my little son Harvey was one year old he broke out in sores all over his body. They would heal up for a time, then break out again about twice a year, till he was past four; then he seemed to get worse and was completely prostrated. When doctors failed to cure him I gave him Burdock Blood Bitters, and besides bathed the sores with it. "It is nine years ago since this happened and I must say that in all this time he has never had a spot on his body or any sign of the old trouble returning."

"Mother is quite conscious, and would like to see you, Mr. Sterne," said Maudie, addressing herself when he called. Mrs. Naylor lay on a sofa at the foot of her bed, looking so broken down with grief and shame, that Clarence could not find it in his heart to speak to her as he proposed doing concerning her treatment of the child who had now disgraced her. "I won't offer you my hand, Mr. Sterne; I cannot expect you or anyone else ever to take it again. That wicked has ruined us all." "She is as unhappy as you are yourself, Mrs. Naylor; more so, I think. If you won't shake hands I shall not sit down. You must not let your trouble make you morbid." "Morbid! If I were any morbid! I think the shame will kill me." She allowed him to take her limp fingers in his for a moment, and she did not inter- rupt when he spoke words of comfort and of hope for the future, telling her of his determination not to be beaten by even the adverse circumstance of committal for theft in his resolve to win Gwynneth to better things. But Mrs. Naylor listened merely out of courtesy, and all the encouragement she gave to proceed in the task Clarence had set himself, was the information that "he didn't know Gwynneth, or he would not expect anything good of her."

CHAPTER III.

"But I did take the money! I am guilty!" Gwynneth stood in her cell, her back against the wall, answering defiantly with eyes and tongue Clarence Sterne's command that she should clear herself, to him, of the theft to which she pleaded guilty. "Last night, he said, with slow gravity 'you told me that all your sins were big ones—that you told only big falsehoods; I think you have told me one now.' "No! I have not. I saw, in court, that you believed me to be innocent. That did me good for the moment, and made me wish I had not done it; for I could have been different, if only someone had cared long ago, about my being good." She spoke haltingly. "But it does not alter the fact of my guilt. I took that note from Edmund's desk, and I changed it to Hunter's. I am telling you the truth, Mr. Sterne."

He felt compelled to believe her, and his heart sank curiously. "Why did you do it?" he asked. "Maudie told you the reason. I wanted to show mother how wicked I could be; she seemed always to expect something dreadful of me—and now it has happened!" Clarence was quick to note that, though the reply came readily, her clear eyes drooped before his. Ignoring the fact of her having answered him at all, he repeated his question— "Why did you do it?" "Have I not just told you why?" "No."

She shrugged her shoulders, and remained silent. "Child, don't you know it is as wicked to tell untruths as it is to steal? Don't add to your sin." The flush died away, leaving her very white, and the anguished look stole into her eyes again. "Please go away, and leave me alone Mr. Sterne. I am too wicked for you to trouble about, and I shall never be any better now. When I get out of prison, you know no one will speak to me. I don't suppose mother will ever look at me again. I shall have to go away from Kingslea. I shall go to London, and earn enough to keep me alive by selling flowers in the street—or matches. I think I'll go to Chelsea. Wouldn't Aunt Gertrude be pleased with her handiwork? Why don't you go? I am a thief, you know; not fit company for a clergyman."

His heart ached as he listened to her wild words. "Come and sit here, Gwynneth," he said, suddenly. "I want to tell you a story." She obeyed wonderingly. He took her hand—a sunburnt, plump little hand—and d looked at it curiously. "These fingers have stolen—actually stolen; no, don't draw them away for a moment. What do you think this hand of mine has done—this hand now holding yours—which you think unworthy for me to take?" The lines deepened about his mouth, and a haggard look stole into his eyes. He was going to unearth his buried past in the hope of saving Gwynneth from herself—her fallen despairing self. "This hand"—he looked it, leaving her free to withdraw her's when she wished—"this hand once struck a fellow creature with the intention of killing him."

Gwynneth started violently, but her hand remained in his. "That the blow failed in its work was no credit to me. I was that day a murderer at heart." The sunburnt fingers crept round his, and Gwynneth's eyes swept his face as she whispered— "Tell me all the story." "He was my friend," resumed Clarence, feeling strangely comforted, and keenly in

sympathy with this girl-thief, who would not own to having repented her sin. "We were boys at school, Frank Jessop and I. He was cool and not easily roused; I had a temper like a fiend. One day we had a serious quarrel, as boys will sometimes have, and Frank was sufficiently angry to say many things he knew most calculated to wound and irritate me. "At last I grew furious and rushed at him with my pocket-knife open at its largest blade, meaning to kill him if I could. At that moment the door opened, and his sister entered. She was a year or two our senior, but she was lame, and not able to move quickly. She managed, however, to arrest my hand and spoil the full effect of the murderous blow. Frank knifed a quarter of an inch deeper, it would have found his heart. Katharine Jessop was just in time to save me from being a murderer in act as well as in intention. We made up our quarrel, and I have never—thank God!—lost my temper so thoroughly since that day. It was the turning point in my life. Frank was going to enter the church. When he died abroad of fever, in the following year, I felt impelled to take his place, and offer myself as a candidate for Holy Orders, feeling no desire so strong in me as the hope of saving many from sin, as Katharine Jessop had saved me. She has been my true friend all these years—the truest, most help'ful friend a man could have."

The last remnant of childhood left Gwynneth as her undisciplined heart filled with jealousy of the good woman to whom Clarence Sterne owed so much. She pictured her as a protecting angel watching over his life, helping him in all temptations and trials, and giving him sweetest counsel. But she forced back the jealousy for the moment, in her longing to give sympathy to the man who had given so much to her. "You did it in a passion," she said, looking at him; "that was nothing. I could have killed people joyfully over and over again when I have been in a passion, if only I had the chance. What I did, I did deliberately. It is for you to take your hand away; mine will never move."

"Will it not?" He held up her fingers and looked at them, interlacing them with his own. "Mine look like clinging, you'll confess. So you'll have to be careful, Gwynneth. I have undertaken your cure, you know, and though you may refuse to take my remedies yet awhile, you can't get rid of me. I hold a free pass to this cell." "I am so glad!" "You like me to come and see you?" "It will be one thing to make life worth living," she said, impulsively. "I will try and be good; I will try and conquer my temper; I will do all I can to show you— "To show me what?" She hardly knew; her frankness deserted her, and her head dropped with the first consciousness of real embarrassment she had ever felt. Not quite knowing what to make of her, but anxious to set her at her ease, Clarence said— "I can only come on one condition, though, and that is, that you promise, sooner or later, to tell me why you took that money."

Her face hardened into obstinacy, and was quickly raised again. "I have told you." He rose at once, and said good-bye, adding— "I gave you all my confidence. Is it fair to me that you should withhold yours?" He had struck the right chord at last. She drew away her hand, and covered her face, turning from him as she murmured— "I cannot tell you now, or ever." He looked at the slight, bowed form, his thoughts going back to the evening before, when he had noticed her for the first time. Had he only known her those two hours?

INTERVIEWS.

Clarence turned homewards, deep in thought, his heart aching with something stronger than pity for the young prisoner in her lonely cell.

"Poor child! I like to see more aimed against the flesh, of which he could no longer doubt Gwynneth guilty, though he was convinced that she had been urged to it from a very different motive than the de-picable one to which she confessed—of desiring to prove her utter unworthiness to her step-mother."

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Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence. ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

not man. If man condemns then I will resign my priesthood, and do my work in some humble guise." Such was the resolution to which Clarence Sterne forced himself, and the innate integrity of the man was so great that there was little fear of his not carrying it out.

A Blessing to the Homes Of Canada.

No invention of the century now coming to a close has done so much for the homes of Canada as the Diamond Dyes. These reliable and never-fading dyes have saved more money for our Canadian families than all other combined agencies. Diamond Dyes, with their magical re-creating powers, give to faded and dingy looking dresses, skirts, waists, blouses, shawls, capes, jackets, coats, vests, pants, and all fabrics, light or heavy, a second life—a condition of richness and beauty, in the majority of cases far ahead of the original colors and shades. It simply means that a new dress, coat, jacket, or other article of wearing apparel is obtained at a cost of from ten to twenty cents. This work is now successfully carried on in tens of thousands of happy and prosperous homes in our Dominion.

If you have not tested the re-creating and economizing powers of Diamond Dyes in your home, you are losing money every month. To achieve the victories that come to others in money-saving, you should try what Diamond Dyes can do on your faded and cast-off clothing. As there are imitation package dyes sold in some stores for the sake of extra profit, avoid these colors, as they are ruinous to any material; see that you get the Diamond Dyes that make old things look as good as new.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Disturbing Experience With a Restless and Nervous Blind Man. "I have told you," said the retired burglar, "of one little experience with a blind man—this is another. I had gone into a not very big but comfortable-looking farm-house and looking around below without finding anything, and got upstairs. I hadn't more'n struck the upper floor before I realized that there wasn't many people in the house, funny about that, but when there's a lot of people it fills it up with a kind of electricity that you can feel, and when there isn't it feels dull and dead."

"Well, I got into a front room on one side of this house and found nobody there, and I might remark, nothing besides; in the back room on that side, a big room with a big bed, I found a small boy fast asleep. I didn't dare put the bulleseye on him, but I could see well enough by a dim light that was burning on a table in a little alcove in one side of this room to guess that he was maybe, nine or ten years old, and of course I could see that he was sleeping in his mother's bed; mother away somewhere, and he sleeping there because he'd feel easier and safer there while she was gone."

"Nothing in that room, and I went out and across the hall into a room on the other side opposite the room the boy was in. In the first step I took into that room made the floor creak, just the least little bit in the world, but I halted, right where I stood; and the next instant I heard a bed in this room snap a little and I knew there was somebody sitting up in it and listening. It was still for half a minute and then I heard whoever it was in the bed and it was a man's voice, saying: "Willie?"

"O course there wasn't any answer to this, because Willie was fast asleep; I'd just seen him in bed a minute before myself; but the man that was sitting up in bed and listening called again: "Willie?"

"When he got no answer this time, he started to get up, as I expected he would, and when he made the bed creak in getting out of it I stepped back a step and around the door jamb and bugged the wall in the hall, and in a minute the man came through the doorway. He was as blind as a bat. I couldn't see that, in that light in his eyes but I could see it in his manner and way of moving, in the way he carried his head and

his hands; but he made straight for Willie's room, just as well as though he could see perfectly; the blind man was going to look after Willie. "And he got in there all right and found the boy all right—I don't know how he told it. I couldn't see from where I was, but maybe he touched the boy's head, or stood and listened to his breathing, but anyhow he satisfied himself that the boy was all right—and then he started back for his own room. I suppose I might have got out when he was in the youngster's room, but it would have been a sort of clumsy thing to do, he'd have been almost certain to hear me, and, though, I could have got away all right, I didn't like to go in that bungling way, and thought I'd let him come out and get back into his own room and go to sleep before I started; but he gave me a great shake up before he did that. "The door to his own room was almost directly opposite the door of the room where the boy was. A little toward the front of the house from his own door was the head of the stairs leading to the floor below. When he came out of the boy's room he didn't make straight across to his own door, but he took a diagonal course toward the head of the stairs and I thought he'd lost his way, but the distance was short and he was there before I could realize it. "It made my heart go down to think of being found there in the house with a blind man with a broken neck, or a broken leg, or something of that sort, but he didn't go over. He went plumb to the verge of the stairs and halted there as though it had been broad daylight and he could see, and stood there for a minute and listened. It wasn't Willie—what could it have been? He didn't hear anything; and he turned and went back into his own room and got into bed and sat up in it again for a minute as he had done before he got up, and then lay down. "And I waited for him, and when he'd got to sleep again, I skipped, very gently, going down the stairs so as not to make 'em creak under my weight, and got out and glad to get away. I don't want any run-in with a blind man."

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Head-aches. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used. A. Chapman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Walters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Doak St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Penco, Druggists, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. Bobby—Paw. Paw—Well, what is it? Bobby—Do cows ever get drunk? Paw—What makes you ask that? Bobby—O, I thought me be corned beef meant that the bovine got a jug on the way to the slaughter house. A SUDDEN CHILL often means sudden illness. Pain-Killer is all that is needed to ward it off. Unacquainted for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

THE MILLION SILVER DOLLARS.

There were just two rooms and an attic in John Allen's home, an attic whose flooring was insecure that the rats had several times threatened to emigrate to a safer house; just the sort of place for a future President of the United States to choose his birth-place.

John and his mother were so poor that the rats sometimes felt that it was not very creditable to their residences that they continued to live off the hospitality of the poverty stricken pair, but after all, where there is need there is bound to be some crumbs, and so the rats stayed on and John and his mother wondered if people could be any poorer than they and continue to live.

One day John went out to the spring to get a pail of water for his mother, as boys have done ever since there were mother's pails and sons and that's more years than even you can remember. He lived near Summit, N. J., on the Watchung range of hills, and his house was ugly in that hopeless New Jersey sort of way which is very different from the New England way and not half as nice. Give me Yankee ugliness every time, red paint and all.

While he was at the spring and wondering how he got through the rest of the day without getting any work a handsome man on horseback rode up and asked John very civilly how far it was to Murry Hill, which is the name of Hamlet near Summit.

"About a mile, sir," said John, who was not the sort of a boy to refuse to answer a question, although he liked better to ask them.

"Thank you, my boy. Would you like a million dollars in silver? You see the traveller was not above jaking with the lad."

Well, now some boys would have promptly said no and would have run home with the water, but John dearly loved to talk, so he set the pail down by the side of the spring and said, "Yes, sir, I would if I weren't so afraid of being robbed."

The traveller burst out laughing. "Why, have you thought of that part of it already? That doesn't generally come until after we have secured the millions and then it is a disquieting thought, I'll admit. So you'd fear robbers?"

"Yes, sir, I bet one million dollars would tempt them if it was known I had so much money and I'd never dare do anything but guard it day and night, but that wouldn't be so bad, for then I would not have to hoe. I read something in a paper that I take to mean that it is wicked to hoe and I don't want to be wicked, and anyhow hoeing makes me tired and slants my brow, mother says, so I generally let her do it."

Now what in the world John was driving at I don't know, but it only shows that children ought not to be allowed to read the newspapers—except the children's department.

The traveller laughed again and said "Poor Michael! I wonder he meant and then he said: 'Boy, you ought not to be so suspicious. I have a hundred millions and no one ever stole a cent from me.'"

John was interested but not convinced. Because the traveller had been free from thieves it did not follow that he would be. As for the traveller although he had started in to cheat the boy, he now decided to try him and see what use he would make of a million dollars and whether it would benefit him or the reverse. He was in the habit of giving a million dollars to found hospitals and libraries and soup kitchens as freely as you give five cents to the leath when your father gives it to you for that purpose. So a million dollars for the poor boy would be nothing to him and he said:

"Well, if you will leave that pail of water there and come with me to Summit, I'll give you a million dollars just as soon as I can arrange to have it sent out from New York. Of course I have not that much with me—in silver—for my horse is built for speed and not for strength, and of course there are certain conditions that go with this money. I never give without naming some condition. You must bury all of the money except what you need for daily use, and you must regularly give to the poor or else you will be sorry."

John, like most people, hated gifts that had strings to them. The best gift is a free gift and at first John was tempted to say to the horseman, "Oh, keep your money." But when he reflected that the million dollars would not only buy him a new suit and a bicycle and a new shawl for his mother and pay for the services of a professional hoeman who didn't care a scrap about his brow he left the spring and the pail of water and approached nearer to the wonderful stranger.

"Now do you think the money will come?"

The traveller looked at his watch. "It is now twelve. If I telegraph to have it shipped I ought to get it by four o'clock, for I'll have it sent on an express car. If you want it, jump up behind me at once and come along, as I have a directors' meeting to attend at two and I must make haste."

But now John was suddenly overcome with suspicions. This might be a highwayman who would rob him of his rage, so he said, not gratefully, but in a tone of doubt, "I don't know you. Suppose—"

But at this the stranger slapped his horse's flank with the flat of his hand and was out of sight in a minute.

John filled the pail and went into the house and told his mother what had happened. She was one of the most artless women who ever handled a hoe and as unsuspecting as John was the opposite and she was fond of money if you can be said to be fond of a thing you had never seen,

so she was ill pleased at his news. "Why, John, you should not have suspected the good man. I'm sure no one ever offered us that before and it is not likely that any one will again. I wish you had gone with him."

"But mother I thought you wanted the water."

"Oh, child, I was not so thirsty but that I could have waited until we got the million before I drank. Many men have given up all that made life sweet to get a million and what's a drink of water against a fortune."

These words from his mother made John feel that he had not been wise, so he went out to the spring and waited there for the rest of the day, although there was plenty of work to do around the miserable house. But the stranger did not come back.

The next day at about the same hour John again took up his station at the spring and after a wait of an hour he was rewarded by seeing the stranger riding back, this time from Summit. As soon as John saw him he ran to meet him.

"Well, boy, fortune does not often knock twice at a man's door, but as fortune and I are old friends I've made him do it and I you think that you can trust me I'll take you to Summit and we'll hunt up that million dollars. It's there by now."

Almost before the words were out of his mouth John had leaped to the horse's back in an ecstasy of joy and had said: "Go where you will. Mother said I could trust you."

"Now that was really kind in the lady," said the stranger with a queer smile. "I will show her that she did not misjudge me. I will confess that it vexed me yesterday to think that a poor boy like you should be afraid of a millionaire, but then I thought you probably never saw one before and so I decided not to bear malice. We'll go to Summit and I'll point out the car and pay the workmen in advance to help you get it up here and then you must bury it and use it as I have prescribed or."

The traveller did not finish the word, but John imagined the worst and hurried the way to Summit was neither hard nor long and they soon reached it, riding over a bridge and right down to the freight station.

The stranger inquired at the office for a freight car that had nothing whatever in it but a million silver dollars. The freight agent, who was very busy, said: "I believe that such a car came in but I've got so much to attend to that I can't be sure. Go hunt it up and take the money and some time when I'm not so busy you can sign a receipt for it."

So the stranger hitched his horse to a truck that stood on the platform and then walked across the track to the switch on which was the car. Sure enough, when they opened the door, several hundred dollars rolled out and all over the ground. John did not bother to pick them up as there was so many more where they came from. The stranger had already hired workmen to cart it away and twelve men with cool carts now appeared on the scene all ready to do the work for which they had been paid.

The men were not much surprised to see all the money because they did not for a minute suppose it was real. They thought it was the waste from a tin factory simply because it was beyond belief that a man would give one million silver dollars to a twelve-year old boy and you can't believe what's unbelievable.

The stranger now had to take a train to New York so he left his horse as a present to John and shook hands with him and John was so busy running his hands through the money and letting it drop like sand in an hour glass from one hand to another that he actually forgot to thank his benefactor.

It took the men several hours to empty the car and I'm sure I don't know what Summit people were doing that they didn't notice the million dollars going over the bridge and up the hill into the woods, but they didn't, and in mid-afternoon John arrived without accident at his miserable shanty. Oh, I forgot to say that when he went to get the horse which had been hitched to the truck, he found it had eaten the whole top off that receptacle, much to the disgust of a woman who wanted to take the next train but who had to go into town and buy a new trunk and repack it on the station platform with the wind blowing her belongings all along the Delaware. Lackawanna road. It never entered John's selfish head to pay her for the damage the horse had done. His mind was so engrossed with his suddenly acquired wealth.

His mother came out to meet the caravan and she nearly went crazy at sight of the money. Imagine twelve cool carts loaded to overflowing with bright, new, gleaming dollars. Why, it would have attracted attention even in Wall street, where every man is a millionaire—or wishes he was.

"Bury it back of the house, John, dear. The earth is softer there and it will be easier for the men to dig."

So said his mother, but John replied: "I don't know as I care how hard it is for them to dig, mother. They've been paid, so what's the odds?"

Well, now you know there was a good deal of odds. There's no use in piling work on a man of woman just because you're paying him. All people have feelings, even men with shovels and hoes.

And the first digger took a dislike to John right away and determined to come some dark night and carry off some of the 'money' and give it to his children to play store with. You see none of them could believe it was real money.

But John suspected him of having such thoughts and he said, forgetting the warning of the stranger, "I guess I'll rather have it where I can have my eyes on it day and night. Just put it in the attic."

Of course he was boss and the men had to obey him so the first cart was backed up in front of the attic window—which was not more than ten feet from the ground

and the men began to shovel the money into the house. At the first shovel about half fell through the chinks in the floor to the room below and the rats deserted the house. But disregarding this warning he bade the men to go ahead and shovel it all in. Well, I'll leave it to you to figure how packed that attic became. One million silver dollars take up a good deal of room and weigh a good deal, as the old house evidently thought.

For, just as the last shovelful of dollars was pitched in, the miserable building tottered and fell and Mrs. Allen just escaped being buried under it.

But the worst of it was that as John had disobeyed the injunction of the great millionaire, the men began to roll and roll through the woods and far away. Some of it went into the brooks, some of it went into woodchuck and snake holes, some of it rolled a mile before it stopped but like snow in hot sun it all disappeared and a half hour later John and his mother were just as poor as before.

I wish I could say that John had learned a lesson and ceased to be suspicious, but he didn't. To this day he hunts the spring, leaving his mother to do all the work.

But the stranger rides no more.

WIDEMAN TALKS.

The Clay Potter who Escaped Being Crippled for Life by Almost a Miracle.

A. N. Wideman of Duntross, Ont., interviewed in Toronto.—The Most Sleepless Case of Rheumatism on Record—A Living Monument to the Power of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

TORONTO, Feb. 19.—The wonderful escape of A. N. Wideman, which found its way into the newspapers a few weeks ago, is still a subject of interest here. He will be remembered as the man who was so frightfully crippled with Rheumatism, being twisted and contorted out of shape.

He was fairly matched from a miserable death by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and he has been one of the greatest upholders of Dodd's Kidney Pills in Canada ever since.

Mr. Wideman still has to use a stick when he walks as the disease has left him with one leg shorter than the other.

With this exception, and with the defect due to the breaking of his teeth from taking mercury medicines, Mr. Wideman is as well as ever he was in his life.

"I never heard of anything like the way Dodd's Kidney Pills worked in my case," said he. "They drove the Rheumatism clean out of my system. You know work was slack in the earthenware works, and I took a chance to work in the harvest field. I got soaked several times with rain and that brought on the worst attack of Rheumatism I ever heard of. I was in bed five months. My legs were twisted out of shape, the toes pointing inwards. Well, nothing the doctor could do did me the least good. My teeth broke off from the mercury he gave me, that was all."

"How did you come to take Dodd's Kidney Pills?" Mr. Wideman was asked. "A neighbor of mine, Mrs. Boyer, got me to try them. I did so to please her, but continued their use because they were curing me."

"And you ascribe your present health and strength to Dodd's Kidney Pills?" "I certainly do. If it hadn't been for Dodd's Kidney Pills I would be in my grave at this minute," said Mr. Wideman emphatically.

Another Spanish Excuse. A belated war story comes from Ponce, Puerto Rico, and is told by Lieutenant Juan Arato, of the Spanish Engineers.

"When the war broke out," said the Lieutenant, "we found that our ammunition of all sorts was very low. Some was new and some old; some was black and some was brown; some was old fashioned and some was smokeless and mysterious. There was one lot of brown smokeless powder which was marked Use with care."

Very powerful! keep cool and dry and to it was attached a legend that it had burst a Krupp field gun.

"I determined to try it. I employed a small charge in a gun, and to my surprise it refused to go off. My gunners were very much disgusted, and one of them said: 'Bah, this is no good for war. I'll use it for cooking our supper.'"

"We all jumped as he threw a double handful into a small campfire. Judge of our feelings when we saw the fire go out. I afterward learned that powder of this sort deteriorates with age, and that long before this case was opened it was as harmless as wet sand."

Doctor Kitasato's serologic Experiments. The honors that have been showered upon Professor S. Kitasato, the eminent Japanese physician, are justified today by the spread of the bubonic plague and the realization of his recorded predictions. The story of his work has never before been told in full, as he is very modest and cannot be induced to talk about himself. When the plague broke out in Hongkong in February, 1894, Doctor Kitasato wrote a memoir in which he claimed that the new pestilence was the ancient disease known as the 'black death.' He said there was grave danger of the malady spreading rapidly to many lands. His assertions were laughed at by the European physicians in Japan. His own countrymen upheld him and brought the matter before the Government. It acted promptly, and selected the Profes-

son, with two assistants, as a special commission to go to Hongkong and study the plague in detail. The three men arrived the next day at the Hongkong Hotel. They carried with them a complete equipment of a bacteriologic laboratory, the first that had ever been seen in that part of the world. Many of the instruments had just been invented in the Koch or Pasteur school, and were unknown to the Chinese physicians.

Doctor Kitasato first demonstrated that the disease could be communicated to or from rats, rabbits, guinea-pigs and mice. His next demonstration was that the dust, and even the infected air in plague spots, could carry the disease. At this point he and his two assistants contracted the disease, and were obliged to desist from their studies. Last science should be the loser, each kept a careful record of the progress of the disease in the other two. The attacks were serious. The younger assistant died, but the elder one, Doctor Oyama, and Doctor Kitasato recovered. Shortly after this the Professor identified the bacillus of the plague, which he found to resemble that of the chicken cholera in its early stages, and lastly he published the results of his experiments. His recommendations were adopted by the Japanese Government the same year, and by the Board of Health in our new possession of Hawaii and other seaport cities thereafter.

THE D. & L. MENTHOL PLASTER. For the most largely sold in Canada. For backache and all muscular pains there's nothing equal to it. Each plaster in an all-tight tin, 25c. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

Cholly—Your papa kicked me out when I asked him for your hand. Miss Gabby—Papa is so intense. He puts his whole self into everything he undertakes.

BORN. Windsor, Feb. 11, to the wife of Mr. Towell, a son. Windsor, Feb. 10, to the wife of Geo. Wilson, a son. Amherst, Feb. 4, to the wife of Emil Wolfe, a son. Truro, Feb. 12, to the wife of Lynn Cox, a daughter. Hartville, Feb. 4, to the wife of Geo. Burgwin, a son. Falmouth, Feb. 8, to the wife of Arthur Lynch, a daughter. Sydney, Feb. 10, to the wife of John McKenna, a son. Windsor, Feb. 10, to the wife of Harry Colwell, a son. New Haven, Jan. 3, to the wife of H. McLeod, a son. Long Island, Feb. 11, to the wife of Elias Eagles, a son. Truro, Feb. 8, to the wife of Arthur McInnis, a son. New Glasgow, Feb. 12, to the wife of Dr. Parker, a son. Farnboro, Feb. 4, to the wife of David Welton, a daughter. Sydney, Feb. 4, to the wife of F. C. Campbell, a daughter. Falmouth, Feb. 6, to the wife of H. Fyzaant, a daughter. Windsor, Feb. 11, to the wife of Fred Shand, a daughter. Milton, Jan. 27, to the wife of James Hunt, a daughter. Baddinton, Jan. 12, to the wife of Edward McKay, a daughter. Caledonia, Feb. 7, to the wife of L. Thompson, a daughter. Welsford, Jan. 23, to the wife of Frank McConnell, a daughter. Reddek, Feb. 3, to the wife of Allan McDonald, a daughter. Shm. id Mills, Feb. 8, to the wife of Alford Ellis, a daughter. Mount Usacke, Feb. 12, to the wife of John Bridle, a daughter. Aylington, Mass., Feb. 6, to the wife of Henry Patterson, a daughter. Tatamashonchee Bay, Feb. 2, to the wife of Joseph Roberts, a son. Mt. Carroll, Feb. 4, to the wife of Rev. Judson Kemptor, a son. Coverdale, Feb. 12, to the wife of Stratford Colpitts, a daughter. Nell's Harbor, C. B., Jan. 24, to the wife of D. P. Montgomery, a son. Lexington, Mass., Jan. 31, to the wife of Harry Patterson, a daughter. Upper Burlington, Jan. 26, to the wife of Sydney Brigham, a daughter.

MARRIED. Wolville, Feb. 4, Thomas Harrington to Annie Giffkins. Windsor, Jan. 29, by Rev. A. Shaw, Reuben Johnson to Annie Gray. Halifax, Feb. 12, by Rev. A. P. Parker, James Doyle to Mary Hunt. Dartmouth, Jan. 30, by Rev. W. Ryan, Moses Weeks to Susan Stacy. Yarmouth Jan. 29, by Rev. N. B. Dunn, Alvin A. Crosby to Mary Porter. Antigonish, Feb. 1, by Rev. J. R. Munro, John McInnes to Grace A. Grant. Bridgewater, Feb. 10, by Rev. S. March, William Smith to Carrie McKenna. Halifax, Feb. 11, by Rev. N. Le Moine, Beverley E. Newberry to Blanche Stanbury. North Sydney, C. B., Feb. 6, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Walter O. Young to Lizzie Munro. Clementon, Feb. 14, by Rev. J. E. Eaton, J. Patterson to Elizabeth. Woodstock, N. B., Feb. 11, by Rev. F. W. Blackmer, H. H. Tucker to Mary A. Barpee. West Cape, P. E. I., Feb. 7, by Rev. D. Macleod, Andrew Livingstone to Margaret Macleod. St. Elizabeth's, P. E. I., Feb. 12, by Rev. Neil McLaughlin, Hamilton Matthews to Florence Craswell.

DEID. Balto, Feb. 12, Hugh Matthews. Halifax, Feb. 14, John Brady, 78. Fictor, Feb. 12, Mack T. Pace, 64. Balto, Feb. 8, Patrick Kibridge, 81. Moncton, Feb. 15, A. M. Gould, 29. St. John, Feb. 14, William Girvan, 68. Halifax, Feb. 14, Hannah L. Shaw, 67. Canby, Feb. 10, David M. Dickie, 68. Comersville, Feb. 18, Frank A. Comans. Moushang Road, Feb. 13, James Connolly. St. John, Feb. 16, Mrs. Letitia Sullivan, 80. Dundas, Feb. 17, Miss Penelope Matheson. O. land, Cal., Feb. 9, wife of James Gossip. Quincy, Mass., Feb. 16, Matthew Lyons, 37. Halifax, Feb. 10, Bertha A. Duggan, 10 years. Yarmouth, Feb. 10, Freeman C. Gardner, 49.

Greater, M. E. Feb. 10, Dennis Desmond, 16. Marshfield, Feb. 14, Eleanor Ferguson, 64. Somerville, Mass., Feb. 8, Deborah B. Tucker. Acadia Mines, Feb. 4, Mrs. David Williams, 35. Halifax, Feb. 14, Bella, wife of John Brown, 61. Comans, Feb. 13, Leander Rand, ex-37 P. P., 70. Halifax, Feb. 14, Barbara, widow of J. S. Moran, 84. Sunny Brae, E. I., Feb. 11, John Macdonald, 84. Appleton, Wisconsin, Jan. 21, John H. Wharton, 78. Halifax, Feb. 12, Jane, wife of Chambers Blackmer. Halifax, Feb. 14, Hetty, daughter of John Gavel, wife, 25. Kennville, Feb. 14, Sarah, wife of Lewis T. Gavel, 65 years. Arlington, Mass., Feb. 9, Ann Yeo, wife of Robert Ellis, 17. Dorset, England, Feb. 18, Rev. Robert George Willis, 73. Halifax, Feb. 16, Johanna, daughter of the late Geo. Coolen, 23. Aylesfoe, Feb. 12, Margaret, wife of Rev. J. P. Coadbourne, 33. Black Point, Shelburne County, Feb. 10, Mr. Parker Matthews, 73. Halifax, Feb. 14, Christiana, widow of late Mr. Justice Henry, 75. Wolville, Feb. 10, Sarah S., relict of the late Benben Green, 74. Moncton, Feb. 17, Whitemans, child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Connors. Cape Island, Feb. 4, Chloe Ann, widow of the late Freeman Nickerson, 46. Charlottetown, Feb. 14, Elie, daughter of James and Catherine Morgan, 11. Head of Hillsborough, Feb. 10, Catherine Rose A., wife of Rev. S. Douglas, 25. Pleasant Valley, Feb. 17, Ann Macke, relict, widow of the late Duncan Macdonald, 103. Dartmouth, Feb. 14, Charles Edward, child of Henry and Florence Stear, 10 years. Grandville Ferry, Feb. 11, Clifton W. Stevenson, son of Alfred and Eliza Stephen, 5 months.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Travel in Comfort - ON THE - Pacific Express.

Lv. Halifax - 7:00 a. m. Mo Tu W Th Fr Sat. Lv. St. John - 4:10 p. m. Mo Tu W Th Fr Sat. Ar. Montreal - 8:30 a. m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su. Lv. Montreal - 9:45 a. m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su. Ar. Vancouver 12:30 p. m. Su Mo Tu W Th Sa.

A TOURIST SLEEPER

On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL and run to SEATTLE, with a change, to take berth rates from Montreal to Vancouver, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat, \$4.00; Calgary, \$4.50; Vancouver and Seattle \$8.00. For passage rates to all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to

A. J. BEAVER, D. F. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Jan. 1st, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert, ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday; ar. Digby 10:00 a. m. Retaining leaves Digby same days at 12:50 p. m., ar. St. John, 3:35 p. m.

Steamship "Prince Arthur" St. John and Boston Direct Service. Leave St. John every Thursday, 4:30 p. m. Leave Boston every Wednesday, 10 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12:30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12:45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3:30 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., ar. Digby 11:45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11:45 a. m., ar. Halifax 5:50 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7:50 a. m., ar. Digby 8:40 a. m. Lve. Digby 8:30 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

S.S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Retaining leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

For close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 1 from the Furzer on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899, Trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted).

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Fictor and Halifax..... 7:35 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Fictor..... 12:08 Express for Sussex..... 12:49 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 11:30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 12:10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal-express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex..... 12:08 Accommodation from Moncton..... 11:30 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 12:10 Accommodation from Moncton..... 12:10 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street St. John, N. B.

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one of the most history of war. and came tumbling down, with the Then within a Colebrook's eva General Clement this glorious im mented by inspiri being, which col stout resistance whistled besie big a buget of became intoxicat dismissed, busin bunting line, wa out the city the state of joy. I town was simply blue, every bu private buildi harbor shipping honor of the ne late jubilee in the only event a decorative Ladyamth cele

What with e morning newsp excitement, a red, and red, everywhere in 1900 will long come in like the Lion—always e ing circumstan A Progress to view St. Joh view-point for climb to the top which vanta no small amount composed Mes Soamnel, Fran had just finish to the boistr British flag a size, and faste projected from arms. The bu from so consa series of pleas beings of the

St. John lay window—a v bour was ind snowstorm, b coloring on the street establish usual appare emblems—a r stood firm to napeauke. Douglas aven city, South E in their dress ing crowds d cheer soared upon height

Then noon clock machin ed the five seemed to f was filling its It came. The uproar whi lowed by the artillery on t chimes bene their praise in the choru other 'churoo whistles sent as did also Side. When cal but yet t No heart, b out against enthusiasm church, yse dev' joined

And in ever go so Mayor Sear da