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PRICE FIVE CENTS

IS A LITTLE PREVIOUS.

CHIEF CLARK IS TO THE FRONT WITH A CURFEW.

He Proposes to Scoop in Children from the streets on an Act Intended for Rogues and Vagabonds—The Law on the Subject and Some Past Experience.

The details given by PROGRESS, last week, of the proposal of the King's Daughters and other lady reformers to have a curfew bell, excited much interest. That it would be a good thing to have children kept off the streets at night is generally conceded, but there appears to be a wide diversity of opinion as to how the result should be brought about. First of all, there will have to be some law under which action can be taken, for at present there is nothing which bears upon the subject. There would have to be some color of authority to smother children off the streets when they were violating no law now in existence, and this would either be in the form of a civic by-law or an amendment to the Police Act. So far as there is anything to the contrary now, a well behaved child has as much right to walk on the streets at night as has a man of four score and ten.

It is well to have this borne in mind at the outset, for the silly session seems to have set in at the police office and Chief Clark has, according to one of the papers, "decided on a line of action" which is likely to get him into a heap of trouble. Last summer, as will be remembered, he tried to please some reformers by inaugurating an absurd crusade against the sale of cigars, beer and candy on Sunday, and succeeded in getting the city to bear the burden of the costs of an appeal. Just now, it would seem, the developments in the Wells case and the proposition to have a curfew bell, have started him out in another line, where he appears to have considerably less law at his back than he had in the Sunday observance cases.

At roll call Monday evening the chief issued orders to his men that henceforth they arrest any young boys or girls, found on the streets without parents or guardians, after 7 o'clock in the winter and 9 o'clock in the summer, unless they can give some satisfactory reasons for their absence from their homes.

According to one of the papers, "the chief bases his authority on a statute which also provides that suspicious persons, or women who are supposed to be about for immoral purposes, shall be arrested." Another of the papers complacently remarks that "parents will do well to see that their children are not allowed out after the hours mentioned, as no distinction will be made as regards the enforcement of the law."

It is, perhaps, only due to the chief to say this, remarkable ukase is believed to have the sanction of the police magistrate, but it might be well for both of these officials to consult some competent legal authority before they undertake to go fishing for children on their own idea of the interpretation of a law intended for "suspicious persons or women who are supposed to be about for immoral purposes." Here is the section under which the chief has instructed his men to arrest children who happen to be on the streets alone after 7 o'clock during the festive holiday season and from that time forth until the 1st of March. It is an act passed in 1848, being 11 Vic., Cap. 13, Sec. 22, generally known as the "Police Act."

It shall and may be lawful for any watchman, policeman, special constable or constable within the said city, to take into custody without warrant, all night-walkers, rogues, vagabonds, loose, idle, and disorderly persons, whom he shall find disturbing the public peace, or whom he shall have just cause to suspect of having committed or being about to commit any felony, misdemeanor, or each of the peace, and all persons whom he shall find between the hours of nine o'clock p. m. and five o'clock a. m., during the months of March, April, May, June, July, August, September, and October, or between the hours of seven p. m. and six a. m., during the months of November, December, January and February, lying or lurking in any highway, yard or other place, and not giving a satisfactory account of themselves.

It will seem that this section provides for the arrest of certain specified classes of persons who are disturbing the peace or whom there is just cause to suspect of having committed a felony, or being about to commit one. It further includes all persons who, after certain hours of the night are "lying or lurking in any highway, yard or other place and not giving a satisfactory account of themselves." By what perversion of vision the magistrate and the chief read in this any authority to arrest children who are merely walking on the streets, is difficult for the ordinary citizens to understand. Should the chief undertake to scoop in children under this section the chances are that he will be kept pretty busy defending actions for damages brought by next friends in the way of indignant parents.

It has been necessary several times in the history of St. John for the courts to affirm that the police, from the chief downward, have much less autocratic powers than they imagine. Years ago, under this very section, Chief Marshall undertook to arrest women of known ill repute whenever they were abroad at night, even when going

from their own house to that of a neighbor quietly and peaceably, and unfortunately in the lower part of the town had actually to ask leave of the policeman to go out to a grocery to buy food and other necessities. The case of Conniff against Marshall showed this was a wholly illegal assumption of authority, and the decisions in other cases have clearly defined what the law means. It is remembered that when a judge of the supreme court rendered his decision in one of the cases, there were actually in custody some women who had been thus illegally arrested and sentenced to the old provincial penitentiary as vagrants. It is needless to say they were liberated with all possible haste the moment word of the decision was received.

Up to the time of writing no children have been arrested. Perhaps they have been afraid to come out, or perhaps the police are not quite sure of the age, height and weight at which the line is to be drawn. This is another matter in which there is need of an absolute definition by law, instead of its being left to the private judgment of the chief and his men. The class of girls which most need to be kept at home are not children in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

If children are to be kept off the street at night there must be some law passed defining the age limit and giving the authority for arrest which is now wanting. Whether the council would pass such a by-law is another question. It does not follow because a few well-meaning ladies have advanced the idea that the citizens in general want a curfew bell, any more than they wanted the Sunday observance crusade last summer. The council would possibly find two sides to the question should such a by-law be proposed.

Supposing such a by-law might be passed, the question of how the curfew should be rung would probably provoke some discussion. The suggestion that a number be sounded on the fire alarm bells has drawn out the objection, that the department does not want any such novelty introduced. Every time an alarm is sounded the weights attached to the striking mechanism in the church towers and elsewhere run down a certain distance, and have to be wound up very frequently. To ring a curfew with very frequently would mean that somebody would have to go around and wind them every night, in case they should be needed for two or three fire alarms during the night. Besides, the horses in the engine houses might object to being regularly sent out of their stalls every night at an hour when they were most disposed to rest.

Failing the fire alarm, the suggestion is made that the policemen be detailed to ring the bell by hand, or that every policeman have a large sized gong attached to him to be sounded when he hears the cocks strike nine. He might, indeed, continue to sound it as a danger signal as long as any children were supposed to be within hearing.

Years ago, in the good old days of the military in St. John, the soldiers were called back to barracks at night by a nine o'clock gun, and there was also the blowing of a bugle which could be heard a long distance. It might be possible to get permission of the Department of Militia to use the guns at the barracks square, Fort Howe and Fort Dufferin for curfew purposes. Somebody would have to supply the powder, of course, and possibly the officers of the volunteer artillery would be happy to offer their services to oblige the ladies who have the interest of the dear children so much at heart.

Still another plan, and one which would in part compensate the children for being sent home would be to have rockets sent up from the King and Queen squares, Mount Pleasant, Fort Howe and Carleton heights, and thus would all classes of citizens be edified by a pyrotechnic display as well as a grand moral spectacle.

But, whatever may be the details, there must first be some special law before any man, woman or child can be interfered with by the police when peaceably walking the street at night. The sooner the magistrate, the chief and the police recognize this important fact, the less likely they will be to get into trouble by meddling with what is none of their business.

In Jail With a Baby.
One of the results of the enforcement of the Scott Act in Kings county is the presence in Hampton jail of a baby a few months old. Its mother is Mrs. Batheson, who has been committed for eighty days for selling liquor. The Bathesons live near Sussex, and warrants were issued against both the husband and wife. The man escaped by getting out a back window, and as the law has to be satisfied in some way, the woman was taken. She left the rest of the children at home, to get along as best they could, but took the baby to jail with her. She has yet a month three months to serve before her sentence expires.

Chase Released, Case Split, Forfeited by Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.
Mayor Banning paid up, and he travagant to make a good business.

SLASHING DOWN COSTS.

BIG TUMBLE IN PRICES IN THE CONNOLLY SUIT.

Dr. Fugley's Little Bill Is Grievously Shorn of Its Fair Proportions—Why Mr. Skinner Charged Five Hundred—The Question Is Ald. Baxter's Case.

The city's lawyers in the Connolly case are likely to have less pocket money than they expected for Christmas, if they depend on their bills of costs in that suit. A committee of the common council has been looking into the matter this week, and has taken measures to recommend that some of the bills be edited with a large sized blue pencil, and that one of them be referred to the recorder for an opinion as to whether it ought to be paid at all.

The four bills presented by Messrs. Fugley, Skinner, Baxter and Jack, amounted to the snug sum of \$1904.90, or allowing for the retaining fee of \$100 previously paid to Dr. Fugley, to a trifle over \$2,000. Dr. Fugley's account, it will be remembered, was made up with great attention to detail and was scrupulously exact in regard to the items, even to showing that he sacrificed a holiday which he ought to have taken on the Twelfth of July, for the purpose of "going carefully over" the papers submitted for his consideration. There were charges for considering matters and for talking with the other lawyers, but all these little items amounted to only \$316.40. The bill, like a wasp, had the sting in its tail, where there was an eloquent peroration in the form of a charge of \$500 for eleven days attendance in court at \$50 a day. Why it was not \$550 seems less a mistake in arithmetic than a generous willingness to deduct ten per cent on the supposition that it was to be a cash transaction. Dr. Fugley seems to have been entirely too guileless in expecting that a soulless corporation would appreciate his liberality in this respect, and had he known as much as he does now he might have made it \$550. He would get just as much consideration as he has now received.

When this and the other bills came before the council they were referred to the board of works. In the ordinary course of bills so referred the board decides as to their fate, but in this instance the bills were sent to the treasury board, and from that body they went to a joint committee of the two boards. They are now in the hands of a sub-committee to refer back to the treasury board and from thence to be reported to the council. The work done by the joint committee was in the nature of compound reduction.

Dr. Fugley's neat little bill looked as if a cyclone had struck it, for it was reduced from \$816 to \$411. This was accomplished by reducing the charge for counsel fees in court to \$25 a day, and by striking out a number of charges for consultation, perusing and considering. Monday seemed to be a cold day for the lawyers, and the cold caused the bills to contract in a way to set at naught all the ancient traditions of the profession. In this contracted form his payment will be recommended to the council, and when Dr. Fugley is officially informed of the fact his views on the subject may be heard.

The bill of Recorder Skinner was put in as a lump sum for \$500 without giving the items. It indeed, did mention the nature of the services rendered, such as examining papers, making suggestions, attendances here and there, preparations for trial and attending court eleven days as counsel, but it did not specify the relative value of the various services. It was suggestive of the way in which a declaration is made with counsel for a number of kinds of damage, on only one of which the plaintiff hopes to recover, but has a variety of them in case one or that one should fall him on the trial. Nobody could tell from it how much a day he charged for counsel fees, but it was well known that \$25 a day was the highest rate ever charged by any of his predecessors in the office of recorder.

Mr. Skinner had the advantage of being present at the meeting of the committee, and gave an opinion on the merits of his own bill. He also told why he charged \$500 in a lump sum. The reason assigned was that as Mr. Fugley had charged \$50 a day for counsel fees it was a matter of professional honor, or ethics or something of that kind, that Mr. Skinner's bill should not be for a less sum than the \$500 a day would come to. Mr. Skinner did not say, but possibly he remembered, that he had fought at many a circuit, even in Dr. Fugley's native county of Kings, years before it became manifest that law was the vocation on which Dr. Fugley was to diffuse an added lustre. It would therefore not do for him to admit that his skill and knowledge in this suit were to be estimated at any less sum than Dr. Fugley charged merely for attendances at court. It is therefore, to be assumed that if Dr. Fugley had not forbore to charge for the eleventh day, the bill of the recorder would have been for \$550.

Coming down to business, however, Mr.

Skinner admitted his conviction that \$25 a day was enough for him to charge for counsel fees. This, with the various other services would bring his bill down to \$100, which he thought was a pretty fair figure. He was handed his bill and told to make it out in such a way as to show the charges for each item.

The bill of the late recorder, Mr. I. Allen Jack (he is really "Dr." Jack, but hates to be called so) shared in the general suspicion aroused by the other bills. It is of general knowledge that the late recorder has always made his charges in strict conformity with the table of fees and the established custom where the scale does not apply. There was some feeling that in view of this fact, and as he is now an invalid, his account should be taken as correct, but the committee directed that it should be taxed by the clerk of the court.

The elephant which the committee found on its hands was the bill of Ald. Baxter for \$925, and this was referred to the recorder for his opinion. Whether this opinion is to be on the legality of the city paying the bill or the legality of Ald. Baxter receiving it, or both, is a matter to be learned. As is generally known, the recorder, shortly before the time of trial told the mayor he did not know how the case was going, and also said that he had not much personal knowledge of the transactions with the Connollys. The mayor suggested that as Ald. Baxter had taken an interest in the matter from the outset, he would be a valuable aid. This was admitted, and it was also remarked that Ald. Baxter could not be expected to give his time and legal talent to the case in his capacity of alderman. At a later conference, at which Ald. Christie and Mr. Robb and the recorder were present, the mayor retained Ald. Baxter as junior counsel in the case. Ald. Christie and Ald. McRobbie seem to have neither assented nor dissented. The question, however, is not as to the fact of the retaining but as to the right of Ald. Baxter to act. The law says that no person shall be qualified to sit as alderman "during such time as he shall have any share or interest in any employment with, by or on behalf of the corporation." In the opinion of some of the members, the moment Ald. Baxter was retained as counsel his seat became vacant, and he can now accept either horn of a dilemma. If he accepts the money he loses his seat, while if he gives the city the \$925 he stands as if he had not considered himself retained. Ald. Baxter takes a wholly different view. He says that a law vacates a seat "during such time" as he shall have employment, and that he is not now in such employment. He also says that, in any event, the acceptance of the money is a matter for him to consider, as he is the one affected by the risk, if any. He does not understand why the recorder should be asked to give an opinion as to what he should do, as he considers that it is a matter for himself to decide. He holds there can be no question as to the city's liability, whether his acceptance of the money vacates his seat or not.

Should the seat be vacated, there would either be no representative for Brooks from now until the first of May, or there would have to be an election which the whole city would be called upon to vote. The opinion of the recorder will be awaited with interest.

In view of what the committee has done with the bill of Dr. Fugley, it is well that gentlemen of a naturally urbane and amiable temperament. Were it otherwise, between the trouble over his costs in the Connolly case and in the Consolidated Electric cases, his temper might be severely tried. It is not alone republics that are ungrateful.

MADE HIM A PAUPER.
How the Failure of Farquharson Forrest & Co. Has Deplorable Results.

HALIFAX, Dec. 5.—There is no brightening of the prospect for creditors of Farquhar, Forrest & Co. It was a mistake last week to state that Dalhousie college loses nothing. That institution is a creditor to the extent of \$7,500, and the money is all gone. The transfer of the account was incomplete.

The County Agricultural society of Halifax, two weeks ago, purchased a thorough-bred hackney horse, in partnership with the Dartmouth society from the local government. The animal cost \$800, and now, while Dartmouth has its share of the money, Halifax has not a cent the society's funds having been in the defunct private bank. The cash will have to be borrowed. One of the old men whose entire savings of \$1,200 were swept away by the failure applied the other day to the charities committee which has control of the poor house, for aid this winter. He wanted to know if the committee could not render him some assistance outside instead of taking him into the institution and maintaining him and his wife there. The old answer was "no."

MORE THAN SURPRISED.

MR. GLEASON AND THE GHOST OF BUSINESS PAST.

He Forgot about a Law suit in which He Was Liable for the Costs—He is Reminded of It by the Arrival of an Execution Fifteen Years after Date.

Mr. Patrick Gleason, the esteemed official who looks after the collection of the city's rents, was more than astonished the other day when he found his own lands, tenements and hereditaments, in the grasp of the law by virtue of a memorial of judgment and writ of fieri facias at the suit of Col. James Domville for an amount in the vicinity of \$1,200. He had no idea that he owed anybody anything like that amount, and it was only by degrees that he began to comprehend how the ghost of a dead past had thus risen to confront him in such gigantic proportions. He lost no time in going to his solicitors, Messrs. Carleton & Ferguson and trying to find out what had struck him.

Some time prior to the year 1880, he was a partner in the firm of Estabrooks & Gleason, doing business on the North Wharf. The firm was indebted to the firm of James Domville & Co., and the latter undertook to put Estabrooks & Gleason into insolvency. They resisted the application and carried the matter before Judge Watters, who decided that they were not insolvent. They subsequently compromised with their creditors. They then brought suit against Domville & Co. for damages on account of the attempt to have them put into the insolvent court, and got a verdict in the court here which was affirmed by the court at Fredericton. When it was taken to Ottawa, however, it was decided against them, and they thus become responsible for a large amount of costs. This was in 1880, and as they had no assets on which to levy, nothing more was heard of the matter.

Since then fortune has been more kind to Mr. Gleason, and by industry and economy he has acquired some real estate. Calm in the reflection of a well spent life, he has been at peace with the world and has no fear of law or lawyers. He appears to have forgotten all about his suit with Col. Domville, or to have considered it only as a back number which had been relegated to dust and oblivion. Fifteen years is a long time for any one to keep in mind a transaction which was supposed to have died for want of nutriment.

Under the common law, a year and a day is given in which execution can issue, and that seems to have been the law in the province in 1880. At a later date the term was extended to fifteen years, and still later to twenty years, in suits which had reached a certain stage at the time of the passing of the act. Under this, apparently, Messrs. Coster issued an execution, the other day, for \$679, with interest for the year 1880. At six per cent, the interest is about equal to the principal, so that the whole amount claimed is in the vicinity of \$1,200.

It is understood that Mr. Gleason decidedly objects to having his property sequestered on account of what is commonly known as a "dead horse" in the way of an old liability, and that he will contest the claim of Col. Domville so far as he can find any foothold on which to base a defence. He is now a firm believer in the adage that it is the unexpected that happens.

THEY DEPOSE THEIR PASTORS.
How Envy, Discord and Strife Disturb the Peace of a Congregation.

The colored people living at Ingleswood near Bridgetown, N. S. are all of the baptist persuasion. There may be a sprinkling of methodist, but they don't count much among the majority. Up to a few years ago they had no regular place of worship, so they usually worshipped among the congregation of baptists at Brighton. Among them are some very well meaning christians, and their piety and devotion is not equalled by, it does not excell many of their white brethren. They aspired to have a place of worship of their own, and at last by degrees, they obtained one. Literally, it was built by degrees. First a frame was obtained, set up and boarded in, and in this condition it remained for several years, without shingles, or windows, and devoid of interior furniture. Being poor, they were unable to do more at the time, but at last with the aid of their white friends they were enabled to have it finished. In this worthy object, one Philip Hamilton, a colored local preacher, was particularly earnest and successful in obtaining contributions to the building fund, and it was mainly through his efforts that the colored people of Ingleswood, have now the privilege of worshipping in a meeting house of their own.

Philip is a very good cooper, and all the week he employs his energies in making apple barrels, but on Sunday he exercises his talent of exhorting, being a powerful and earnest expounder of religion in his own way. Thus, like Paul, he labors all the week with his hands that he may on

Sunday preach the gospel without charge. He lives and plies his trade in Bridgetown, was until lately the scene of his Sunday labor. For years in summer and winter, in sunshine and rain, the portly and dignified form of Philip, dressed in half clerical garb, might be seen on each Sunday of the year, and one night each week, wending his way towards the Ingleswood church, where he was wont to stir up the brethren.

One would think that gratitude alone would retain the services of such a devoted preacher, but alas, Philip has found out that the gratitude of this world is but a passing show. Envy, that bane of all society began to assert itself in the hitherto peaceful calm of Ingleswood's religious life, and efforts were made to dispose Philip from the high position, which his faithfulness had, in a measure, given him a right to. Philip it appears, claims the ownership of certain property in Kings county, and his efforts to recover his rights led to his taking some law proceedings. This formed the basis of certain charges against him, which were preferred at the conference of the colored church in Halifax, and although Philip was able to purge himself successfully from the charge of wrongdoing, yet the breach between him and certain of his people became an evidence, that his ministrations to the brethren have ceased, and the pulpit that knew him once now knows him no more. His enemies in the church then aspired to run the church themselves in their own way, and, for a time, no doubt to their satisfaction.

In the meanwhile, however, along came an itinerant pastor seeking for a new flock. He was taken hold of by a part of the church and those who deposed Philip Hamilton were deposed in turn. The new man endeavored to exercise his functions, but the objecting party kept the door locked and refused to give up the key, the consequence being that no services were held for several Sundays, until at last, the lock was taken off and a new one substituted; and thus the matter remains at present.

FOR STANDARD TIME.

Leading Merchants of the City to Adopt it the First of January.

The common council seems to have placed the question of standard time on file, as the committee has done nothing towards a solution of the question. Meanwhile the eastern standard has steadily gained ground and after the first of the year is likely to come into still more general use, even if the city does not by that date give it official recognition.

Since the agitation was started the post office and the custom house, as well as a number of hotels and business houses have adopted the Eastern standard, and are very well satisfied with its operation. The fact that not only the trains and the steamers, but the post office and custom house use it, has a very important bearing on the merchants, who are in constant course of communication with these public places. It would be manifestly absurd to adopt Atlantic standard in opposition to what is so well established, and the time has come when it is equally inconvenient to use the St. John local time.

Impressed with this fact, a number of the leading merchants who have favored eastern standard, including Manchester, Robertson & Allison, have decided that the time has arrived for action. They have accordingly decided to begin the new year on Eastern standard, and from the first day of January will adopt it in their establishments. It is probable that very many citizens will follow their example and thus standard time will become an accomplished fact in regard to the business of St. John.

The committee of the common council, instead of deciding the matter for the citizens seems in a fair way to have the citizens decide the matter for them. Unless they hurry up they will come in at the rear of the procession, instead of at the head, as was expected.

Created a Beaver Feeling.

The arrival of the Beaver Line steamer Lake Superior has caused a much better feeling in certain business circles in the city. The ship laborers feel that there may be something to do in winter as well as summer, the railways and their additional employes and representatives and all these necessary to look after a large steamer have made the town more active than usual. Manager Dr. W. Campbell has proved himself a live business man, alert to the interests of his company but prepared to meet the citizens in every way and get all the trade he can. Perhaps even he does not realize how instantly the people of this city are regarding the venture and how heartily they wish it success. To assist to that end those who import goods from the other side should have them sent by no other boats but those which touch here. They can even go further than this and improve upon the representatives of the upper Canadian houses that they will give the preference to those who get their goods by these steamers touching at Canadian ports.

JUDGES WHO GET ANGRY.

VIEWS OF A VISITOR TO COURTS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

He thinks the Proceedings are Useless when the Gentlemen on the Bench are in Bad Humor—Some of the Ways in which They are Unsettled.

Although I am not personally connected with the legal profession, it is my habit to attend the circuit sittings of the supreme court of our province, when I have an opportunity to do so. I do this partly from curiosity to observe the exposure and retribution of the criminal element, partly to improve my knowledge by observing the practical application of the law to the cases brought before the court, and partly to be entertained, it may be, by the forensic argument and eloquence of an able lawyer, or the sophistical twaddle of a petting lawyer.

I have observed with regret, both in the court house and out of it, that lack of respect for the bench and that want of confidence in the ability and integrity of our judges, so often expressed by the public and by the members of the bar in particular. I have also observed that some of our judges are more to blame for this condition of affairs than either the public or the lawyers. I read with interest the account published in PROGRESS of the so-called "till" between the attorney general of New Brunswick and one of the judges of that province. Of the merits or demerits of that case I know nothing; but that a member of the bar should not be allowed to say under the circumstances, what it is reported the attorney-general stated, without his right to do so being questioned is, to the ordinary public at least, a mystery.

I have witnessed trials where the judge by his manner and rulings has outraged the public sense of decency, fair play and justice, and the lawyer that was unfortunate enough to represent the victims of his lordship's displeasure, dared not open his mouth in protest without being told that he was guilty of "contempt of court." Ridiculous as the fact may be, the more obnoxious a judge is, the more savagely jealous he is of his own fastidious dignity and ever ready to threaten vindictive punishment for contempt of court upon the least refractory dissent, which is often nothing but a coward's argument, and the arbitrary independency of the bench a coward's refuge.

It may be owing to my ignorance or perhaps the perversity of my untutored judgment, but whether so or not, I must say I was anything but favourably impressed by what I witnessed in the conducting of the proceedings at one of the recent circuit sittings of the supreme court of Nova Scotia. I do not refer to the lack of English dignity and gravity, of which our high courts of justice are entirely stripped and denuded, nor to the listless and perfunctory routine of procedure. Neither would I presume to criticise the different barriers as to the ability or want of ability displayed by them in the conduct of their several cases. Indeed it was the barristers in their work alone that enlisted any of my interest. I refer more especially to the ill-natured, unjudicial spirit and temper displayed by the presiding judge. I am fully aware that to criticise one of the occupants of the bench in the discharge of his high functions as representatives of the august majesty of the law, may be called presumption. The judge is hedged around with such dignity and authority and delegated with the prerogative of uncontrolled immunity from all interference with his judicial action—one whose "contempt of court" bludgeon is ever ready to strike with mute terror every recalcitrant tongue and irreverent impertinence. This is all right and even expedient in the normal condition of the judiciary when a judge is supposed to discharge his duties with grave dignity, calm and dispassionate impartiality, intelligent and unbiased integrity. But when a judge, acts the reverse of this and makes himself conspicuous for the want of the spirit, temper and language befitting his judicial position it is his himself that is guilty of contempt of court and of traversing the spirit and the ends of justice. He takes his place on the bench with a grim and frowning visage, a grisly terror to the members of the bar who he often rudely snubs without the least reason, listens to the evidence for the plaintiff or the defendant as the case may be, with the cavillous impudence of a foregone conclusion, and interrupts every minute the argument or examination of the barrister who handles the case, with snappish incivility and snarling insults. His findings and rulings are often more like the results of arbitrary impulse and prejudice than the voice of justice and equity. Such a thing flings to the winds his official dignity, lowers the honor of the judiciary, is painfully offensive to and provokes the contempt of the public and is a positive grievance and injustice to the bar.

It is difficult to understand why the occupant of the bench should be allowed to indulge in ugly temper and offensive language that would not be tolerated among gentlemen in other relations in life. A custom I suppose, but a "custom more honored in the breach, than in the observance."

Although a man may be intellectually credent in the letter of the law, both positive and negative, so as to be able to ruin out whatever he does not like by legal subtleties, yet he is not a lawyer.

and tricks, yet, I maintain that, if that man's nervous system is wrecked and deranged, and the gloomy fancies of dyspepsia and vicious blood are gnawing at his moral vitality, he is not fit to interpose and carry out the practical spirit and moral ends of the law. He is not a competent oracle of calm impartial justice tempered with mercy.

When we bear in mind that the honors of the bench are bestowed by partisan governments, as mercenary rewards to time-serving political jobbers, we need not wonder when we find that all our judges are not infallible, but are too often conspicuous for errors of judgment, inexcusable delay, ignorance and carelessness, partiality and prejudice necessitating endless appeals and the ruinous costs of law suits.

Let us however be thankful that we have some judges that are not only learned in the law, but impartial and conscientious in its exposition and enforcement, as well as calm, patient, dignified and courteous in all their judicial deportment. They are worthy followers of their British prototypes who have been such efficient factors in the production and furtherance of English civilization over the globe. Such judges are worthy of the highest honor that civil society can bestow upon them.

JURYMEN.

Summer Carnival for Halifax.

HALIFAX, Dec. 5.—It looks as if the "Halifax summer carnival, 1896," would be made an accomplished fact. A score of men, enthusiastically in favor of the project, have taken hold of it, and are actively at work making preparations. Halifax people think that no place in America has more natural advantages for such an affair than this city. Its pleasant situation between the harbor and the north-west arm, but above all the fact of its being a garrison town and naval station, make it comparatively easy to hold such a "Carnival" as that proposed. The men who have taken hold of the carnival on this occasion are practical and enterprising—two necessary qualifications, and they are persevering. They see the mistakes that have been made in the past and they have the good sense to avoid them now. The chances are that four days of the first week in August next will show old Halifax off in gayer colors than she ever before presented.

SMOKING HORSES.

A Way Which Some Indians Have of Helping Friends in Distress. A curious method of obtaining horses is practised by some of the Indian tribes. It is called on the plains "smoking horses." If a tribe decides to send out a war party the first thing to be thought of is whether there are enough horses at hand to mount the warriors. If, as is often the case, the horses of the tribe have been stolen by other Indians, they decide to "smoke" enough horses for present needs, and to steal a supply from their enemies at the first opportunity.

When this decision is reached a runner is despatched to the nearest friendly tribe with the message that on a certain day they will be visited by a number of young men, forming a war party from his tribe, who require horses. On the appointed day the warriors appear, stripped to the waist. They march silently to the village of their friends, seat themselves in a circle, light their pipes, and begin to smoke, at the same time making their wishes known in a sort of droning chant.

Presently there is seen far out on the plain a band of horsemen riding gayly caparisoned steeds fully equipped for war. These horsemen dash up to the village and wheel about the band of beggars sitting on the ground in circles which constantly grow smaller, until at last they are as close as they can get to the smokers without riding over them. Then each man selects the man to whom he intends to present his pony, and as he rides around, singing and yelling, he lashes the bare back of the man he has selected with the heavy rawhide whip until the blood is seen to trickle down. If one of the smokers should flinch under the blows, he would not get his horse, but would be sent home on foot and in disgrace.

At last, when the horsemen think their friends have been made to pay enough in suffering for their ponies, each dismounts, places the bridle in the hand of the smoker he has selected, and at the same time hands him the whip, saying: "Here, beggar, is a pony for you to ride, for which I have left my mark." After all the ponies have been presented the "beggars" are invited to a grand feast, during which they are treated with every consideration by their hosts, who also load them with food sufficient for their homeward journey. The braves depart with full stomachs and snarling backs, but happy in the possession of their ponies and in anticipation of the time when their friends shall be in distress and shall come to smoke horses with them.—Philadelphia Times.

Two Busy Queens.

The Queen of Italy is now studying the Hebrew language and literature with diligence, and is making great progress. Lately, when in Venice, she received in audience Rabbi Casso Porto, with whom she conversed in the ancient language of the Jews. The Queen of Portugal is at present devoting all her spare time to the study of medicine, which science she is working at in a very thorough manner, in the hope that her example will be followed by the somewhat indolent Portuguese ladies, and that they will be spurred on to take an interest in the great questions and movements of the day.

DEVIL'S TRACKS IN MAINE.

Curious Footprints Seen on the Summit of a Mountain of Granite.

"During a trip for land-locked salmon last summer to the mountain-enclosed head of Sebec Lake," said a New York visitor to Maine, "fishing was slow one day, and my guide suggested that we vary the monotony by climbing to the top of Granite Mountain, whence a fine view might be obtained. This mountain is simply one vast granite rock, miles in area, rising abruptly from the lake and Wilson stream, and is overtopped at its back by Ragged Mountain. It is wooded at the base, with a thin growth of small trees and bushes on its face where soil had found lodgement.

"A climb of thirty minutes, up a path whitened and worn by the feet of generations of blueberry pickers, brought us to the broad, rounded summit. Two long depressions divided the top into three rounded ridges. On the second of these ridges my guide paused to examine something at his feet.

"No mistaking it!" he exclaimed. "It's one of his tracks, for certain."

"He beckoned to me. I came up to where he was, and he pointed to an oblong depression in the smooth face of the ledge. It was about the size and shape of the imprint which a moccasin foot would make in treading upon soft loam.

"Let's see if we can't find some more of 'em, so as to locate the way he went," said the guide, and searched ahead in the direction in which the seeming footprint pointed. "Yes, here's another—and another still. We've got his trail located. Let's follow it up a bit."

"I went along with him and became much interested in this novel sort of trailing. In places the tracks were quite lost, or so light as to be hardly distinguishable. In other places the impressions were as deep as deep as would be made by the foot of a heavy man stepping in soft mud. For considerable distances the tracks would disappear where there was a growth of heavy moss, huckleberry bushes, or small poplars, to reappear on the bare rock beyond them. In general the trail could be described as the tracks of a long-striding man; they were widely separated, but in places enough of them appeared in succession to give warrant to this inference.

"They've been there, and folks here know 'em, ever since I was a boy," said the guide. "I'd most forgotten 'em, but they all come to mind when I saw that first footprint. I never followed 'em all the way, but it was said they could be traced a mile or more, all the way from the summit opposite Greely Falls, on the Wilson stream, over Granite Mountain, to where it breaks down to the lake. That's a distance of a mile or more. What caused 'em? That's more'n I, or I guess anybody else, knows. Some folks call 'em the Indian's trail, but most say the devil's tracks. That granite rock must have been pretty soft when he went over it, it 'twas a man that made 'em. Hey?"

"I allowed that he was right and we went back to our fishing. Inspired by the subject I went later in the summer to see the snowshoe slotes (tracks,) a noted local curiosity, near Milo village, about six miles southerly from the foot of Sebec Lake. There, near the roadside, on a bluestone ledge is a line of indentations, such as would be made by a man walking on a snow crust on snowshoes about three feet long. These tracks continue for rods to where the earth covers the ledge. So distinctly carried out is the snowshoe idea that in some of the tracks one may see marks like the cross-woven buckskin filling characteristic of the Maine snowshoe.—N. Y. Sun.

Victoria Not Fond of Dress. The Queen's moderation in state dress has been remarkable when contrasted with the display made by other Queens and Empresses. Her jewels and sets of lace have been worn over and over again during her long reign, and must be as good as new.

"77"

FOR COLDS Safety.

"Safety" the watchword of the hour; in bicycles the low wheel with pneumatic tire and search light; in railroading the block-signal and vestibule.

Why not "safety" in medicine? The old-fashioned cough and cold cures are poisonous, laden with Ipecac to nauseate, and Opium to deaden the senses.

Not so with "77" for Colds and Grip—Dr. Humphreys' latest and greatest discovery. It is entirely harmless, yet acts with such promptness that the cure begins before the pellets are entirely dissolved on the tongue the cold is cured—the spirits revive, and life resumes a golden hue.

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now. As for the crimson velvet and ermine that she wore at Parliament openings, the pink satin gown in which she inaugurated the '51 exhibition, and dinner and ball dresses described in old circulars—well, present-day actresses often wear far more expensive draperies on the stage, and many a woman would push such grandly simple royal toilets aside as being too cheap.

WOMEN AND BURGLARS.

Bodily Presence of One and Presence of Mind of the Other.

To scream is a convenient but doubtful expedient, and few enough of us have just the courage to meet the situation as did Mrs. Lorillard. She had come home one night from the opera, kindlyheartedly dismissed her tired maid and began to undo the jewels from her hair when a reflection from her mirror showed her an unmistakable masculine foot, clumsily clad, protruding from beneath the bed.

When all her ornaments had been removed she went across to the bedside, knelt and softly began her prayers, which somehow that night were more hearty and generous than ever before. She prayed for her friends and family, for the needy, and then in a placid voice for any who might be tempted to commit crimes. An uncontrollable sob interrupted her devotions, and a gaunt, hungry-looking red-headed man crawled from hiding, blubbering like a small boy.

He turned out to be an ex-coachman of the family, who had fallen from grace into crime, in which his extraordinary tender sensibilities must sooner or later have brought him to grief and jail. Not only did his late mistress forgive him and bestow on the repentant wretch sufficient to relieve his distress, but made him up with her own hands a comfortable lunch from the ice box and lighted him out the area door, after a severe lecture and receiving his solemn assurance of reformation.

On the whole, though, women are cool and plucky in dealing with burglars, and it was Mrs. James Kerchoach who, all alone one night, in her country house, save for servants on the top floor, caught a glimpse over the transom of her bedroom door of a familiar face.

He watched her as she counted a roll of bills, drawn that day from the bank to pay her household expenses, but she continued to make up her accounts, contriving to affix a mark on every bill, and the whole sum, amounting to several hundred dollars, she put carelessly in her dress-drawer, blew out her light, got into bed, and heard very distinctly when the theft was made. By 11 o'clock the next morning both thief and burglar were returned, and in this instance quiet acquiescence had undoubtedly saved the lady's life.—Boston Globe.

THAT ACHING HEAD.

What Causes it and How Overcome.

How often the remark "Oh, my head aches," and there are so many varieties of aches and pains the head is subject to all along the line from the dull and heavy and oppressed feeling over the eyes to the piercing, racking and torturing misery of Sick Headache. The cause is in most cases the same, the overflow of poisonous uric acid is not extracted from the blood, causes high and irregular pulse, headache, mental depression and nausea. Chase's K. & L. Pills tone and restore the Kidneys, excrete poisonous matter from the blood, sending it on its way pure and health-giving, curing Headache, and removing all the attending symptoms from its wake. Mrs. G. Bird, Harrison, Ont., while attending the 1894 Fall Exhibition at Toronto, was taken very ill with Sick Headache and dizziness. She was subject to these attacks for years, compelling her to take to her bed. In this case by using Chase's Pills relief was immediately obtained, and the usual days of misery and prostration avoided. Thousands of such cases can be referred to where Chase's Pills have cured Sick Headache and its attendant symptoms. 25 cents a box, of all dealers, or by addressing Edmondson, Bates & Co., 43 Lombard St., Toronto.

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"It takes more than divorces to make an actress," said the histrionic lady, who had never wedded other than her art.

"It does, sure," assented Miss Dollie Twinkleton. "You got to have the husbands before you can get the divorces."

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Since the Gilbert Opera Company with their pleasant productions left this city, the music lovers have been dependant upon local talent almost entirely for entertainment.

I am glad to see that Mrs. Worden is taking part in concerts more frequently than has been customary with this lady for some time past.

The Oratorio Society is doing good steady work in preparation for their forthcoming public concert, Honorary members of this Society are of course aware they have the privilege of attending any and all rehearsal of this society.

Musical people, generally not only in this city and province but in Nova Scotia as well, will regret, as I do, to learn that Mr. Gerson S. Mayes continues quite ill.

According to the Bangor newspapers the people there were much pleased with the work of the Gilbert Opera Company at the opening performance and predicted success for them during the weeks engagement.

Our old friend Mr. Gilbert, is again touring Maine with a comic opera company and is now at Bangor with the Gilbert Opera Company for a week opening with Gilbert & Sullivan's Iolanthe.

The company played to good houses in Calais and Eastport, so the correspondents of the Bangor Daily News reports, but in the latter town the proprietor of the Quoddy house went back on his rate and, thinking that he had the company "on the hip" would not stand by his special price.

Tones and Undertones.

A very silly controversy has recently been raging among the pianists of Paris about the most difficult composition that was ever written for the piano.

Marmontel insists that the Chopin sonata containing the funeral march bristles with difficulties; Diemer and Plante justly opine that Balakireff's Oriental fantasy, "Islamee" is much worse; M. Pfeiffer says that the Liszt rhapsodies, some of the Tausig transcriptions: the variations by Alkan are hard enough or him.

But of Liszt's "Don Juan" fantasy and of the Brahms-Paganini variations never a word is said. Is it possible, then, that neither of these amazingly complex studies is known to the Parisian pianist?

Among all the opinions given, M. de Beriot's was undoubtedly the soundest and the most sensible, for to his thinking the hardest thing, technically, is to play a scale with absolute evenness.

Madame Calve and Madame Emma Eames, the prima donnas whose professional relations were reported so strained that Calve refused to sing where Eames was engaged, have buried the hatchet after the manner of the red man. They have shaken hands and are friends again.

The Italians care very little for absolute (symphonic) music, and their concert pro-

grammes are, as a rule, chiefly made up of operatic selections. Sometimes a whole act of an opera is played, and a German critic says that once he attended a concert in Rome at which the programme included the prelude of the fourth act of "Traviata," the whole third act of "Rigoletto," and the whole second act of "Forza del Destino."

Mrs. Elaine Eaton has been engaged to sing in "the Redemption" and the "Elijah" in the Montreal festival. Mrs. Richard Blackmore Jr. who has been heard in this city is meeting with much favor. A recent notice of her singing at a musicale in which she participated says "From the moment the soft sweet notes of her song of Schubert were heard, to her closing lullaby, she gave evidence of a high degree of culture and true artistic ability."

Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, another singer who is well known here, has been engaged by the Milwaukee Arion Music Club, as the Soprano and soloist of the "Messiah" concert to be given on the 20th inst. at the New Pabst theatre, Milwaukee.

While the Bostonians were in Kansas city recently, Jessie Bartlett Davis became interested in a young soprano of that place named Mattie Archer, and signed a contract with her parents, by the terms of which Mrs. Davis is to pay for the girl's musical education for a year, after which she will place her with the Bostonians. The girl will also drop her name and assume that of Louise Davis.

The opera season in Boston as previously stated, will open at Mechanics Hall on Feb. 17 next, and the choice of seats will be disposed of by public auction. The limit to any one person purchasing seats will be six tickets. The season will continue for two weeks.

Wagner finished the first act of "Tristan and Isolde" at Zurich in 1857 and the entire work at Lucerne in 1859. The first production was at Munich in 1865.

Paderewski's invalid son is an unusually brilliant boy, despite his hopeless condition. He is much further advanced in his studies than the average child of twelve, having already mastered four languages.

Louise M. Brehany, who won the diamond medal in the vocal contest at the Chicago Musical College last season, and who is well known as one of the best singers of ballads in the West, will sing the coming year under the management of Mr. William K. Ziegfeld.

The New York Mirror says there was an intention in society circles to greet Calve coolly when she appeared for the first time this season, but her genius was too great and she made a triumph of her cold reception. Anyway Calve can afford to crow for she is here as double her former salary while her rival is not in the company. The public wanted Calve the artist; another singer of greater social prestige could not take her place.

Fanny Johnston intends to go abroad next year and study music and cultivate her voice.

"Carmen" is being continued at the Castle Square theatre Boston this week. It has made the greatest success of anything yet put on at this house, Clara Lane was cast for the title role but a criticism of the production and of this lady's work says "that she is not an ideal Carmen in looks and actions is no fault of hers. Nature is at fault. She was rather a flirty maiden, who dressed well and clear ahead of her period, and who pouted when she found things not going to suit her. But as for Carmen; that she-devil was not on the Castle Square stage at all. Miss Lane sang well with but few exceptions and is to be commended for a performance that gave pleasure." Mr. Persee and Edith Mason were in the cast. So were Messrs Woolf and Woolley—of these latter the critic says "they did not make the opera any more enjoyable."

Paderewski has decided to spend his Christmas in Boston. He refuses positively to fill any professional engagements during that week.

Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Clarence E. Hay were singing together in Quincy Mass. last week.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Miss Lottie Dean Bradford, a promising young actress of Boston Mass., recently scored a hit at the Dudley St. Opera house in Roxbury, Mass. She appeared in three plays viz: "In Honor Bound," "A Personal Matter," and "The Footpad." In the company and taking a leading part was Mr. A. B. Sweeney, an impersonator, formerly of Chatham N. B. This gentleman has become one of Boston's favorite reciters. He is an actor of good quality also.

Miss Olga Nethersole has accentuated, this season in the United States, her success of last year. Last Monday evening in New York she played "Denise" for the

first time in that city.

"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" on last Monday evening saw the light of theatrical day in New York at the Standard theatre. It was played in London last season with not a little success. It is still on at the Terry theatre in that city and is nearing its 800th presentation.

Its story is easily and simply told. Captain Courtney, an English officer of impressive proclivities but without wealth, falls in love with pretty Angela Brightwell, who is a ward in Chancery. English law make it an offense punishable by imprisonment for a man to marry a Chancery ward richer than himself, unless with the consent of the Lord Chancellor. Captain Courtney learns of this predicament only after he and his beloved Angela have actually fallen into it. To avoid arrest the unhappy bridegroom is forced to fly, while his tearful bride is ruthlessly carried back to Cicery House Academy where she is closely guarded by the irate mistress of that institution.

Disguised as a young lady, Captain Courtney is subsequently introduced at Cicery House Academy, and in the character of Miss Brown becomes a pupil there-in. It is in the academy that the real fun begins. The girls take a great fancy to Miss Brown, believing her to be a young lady, of course, but nevertheless the caresses and cordiality which they fairly shower upon Miss Brown aroused the jealousy of the young bride, Angela. The perplexities of Miss Brown, become almost unendurable, and the most ludicrous yet plausible situations imaginable are presented. Every one is happy at the close, except perhaps some of the dear girls at school who have been too open with state secrets to Miss Brown.

Judge Wilson of Cincinnati Ohio, recently rendered an opinion of much interest to theatre going people and proprietors of amusement houses. It says speculation in theatrical tickets is unlawful, and holds that reserved seat tickets cannot be sold for a certain performance after the theatre doors are open for that certain performance. In other words, a person buying a ticket for general admission after the doors are open for a certain performance is entitled to any seat in the house not then reserved. This is in accordance with an ordinance passed in 1872, but which has been regarded as a dead letter. The court in setting out the intent of the ordinance, said that any person who offers reserved seats after the doors are open comes within the meaning of the ordinance, even though he has no connection with the theatre. He must show, it charged under this provision, that the seats be purchased were for his own private use.

Alexandre Dumas, the French dramatist, died on the 27th ult. in Paris. He was the author of "La Dame aux Camelias" and the novel and play won him lasting fame in 1852. He was a brilliant son of a brilliant father.

At a reception in London recently, the Kendal's, Madge and Willie—as they delight to call themselves—were present, when a friend embraced the opportunity to congratulate Mrs. Kendall on her daughter's marriage, going on to say, "Well, it won't be long before your son is stepping off." "Well," answered egotistical Madge, "if ever he does marry I hope it won't be some trollop of an actress? An actor who was standing by quickly replied, "His father done it before him," when Madge cried, "Oh, you horrid wretch," and taint-ed. The query now is, "what actress did Will Kendall marry?"—Chicago Dramatic Journal.

It is said that A. M. Palmer has leased the Great Northern theatre, now in process of erection in Chicago for a term of five years and that his stock company will spend a part of each season in that city. Sarah Bernhardt will begin her American tour at Abbey's theatre, New York, on Jan. 20, in the following repertoire. She will be seen in her own play of "La Duchesse Catherine," Alphonse Daudet's tragic play, "L'Arlésienne," with Bizet's incidental music, "Tzyl," "Magda," "La Tosca," "Camille," "La Femme de Claude," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Fedora," and "Phoedre."

A critical notice of Miss Nethersole acting this season is as follows. "Yet she wins her audience by her earnestness and by a sort of magnetism which at times is irresistible. Uneven as her performances are, there are scenes—and "Camille" has several of them—when her temperament, her artistic nature, the vividness of her facial expression, her earnestness and sincerity overwhelm one, and the conclusion is inevitable that there is a large spark of true dramatic fire within her. Whether she enters too heartily, too completely into the role she plays is a question to be decided by each one; whether her mannerisms are a defect of art or a tribute to naturalness may rest a matter of opinion. Still it is apparent, more and more as her impersonations are studied, that she commands attention today, an eager attention; and the tomorrow of her career, broadened as it will be by years and experience, may have in store, surprises at present only suggested."

Wilson Barrett has adapted a play from the Finnish entitled "The Sledge Hammer" and will give it a London production later on in the season.

At the Oakland (California) theatre last

week Miss May Nannery and her dramatic company presented "Gwynne's Oath," one of Charles Frohman's society plays.

Julia Arthur, who will go back with Irving and play till 1897, when she will come and star, complains that she was misrepresented when she left New York. "The critics," said Miss Arthur, with a shade of bitterness in her tone, "declared that my work was crude. So I went to England with the hope of acquiring some polish. I did not go away in the spirit that has been attributed to me. I never said that I should not come back without the indorsement of a London triumph. I went abroad simply because there was no opportunity for me here, and because I thought it would be a good experience for me. I knew no one in London and when I arrived I did not go to the dramatic agents. Several of the papers contained mention of my arrival, and among others the Daily Telegraph, whose critic, Clement Scott, had seen me play here in "The Prodigal Daughter." What he was good enough to say of my work in the Telegraph attracted the attention of Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry wrote to Mr. Scott asking for my address. Sir Henry Irving sent for me, engaged me for his company and I made my debut in "Becket." She wants to play Juliet and Carmen.

Lewis Morrison is playing in "Faust," "Yoric's Love" and "Rochelle" at the Academy of Music, Montreal, this week.

Cut Out the Address.

Messrs. Henry Birks & Sons, of Montreal, in their Xmas catalogue "Bright things for Christmas" advise their customers to order Holiday goods before the rush of the last weeks in December. We may add that a more pleasant way of shopping than coming over the illustrations of this book, easily enclosed in one's favorite corner, is hard to find. In price all purses can be suited, 20 cts., being the lowest priced sterling silver novelty found in the book, while ladies and gentlemen will find several pages devoted to special gifts for ladies or men.

The book is sent free to all applicants, and is a great help to the buyer of Xmas gifts, and we would invite our readers to get a copy at once. Address, Henry Birks & Sons, Jewellers, Montreal and kindly mention this paper.

'Twas but a Gentle Hint.

"My dear Miss Easthill," remarked Mr. Cliftonbeights, meeting the young lady by chance on Fourth street, "your steple-crown hat is simply divine. I crossed the street especially to get a better view. However, I shouldn't like to sit behind it at theater."

"But, then, you needn't," retorted Miss Easthill, with an arch smile, "for you are welcome to sit beside it."

What could the poor boy do? He invited her on the spot.—Cincinnati Post.

Curious Mexican Jewels.

While Cortez was in Mexico he came into possession of five emeralds of great size and wonderfully wrought. One was cut to resemble a rose, another was in the shape of a horn, the third was a fish, with pure diamond eyes, the fourth a bell, with a gigantic pearl strung on a gold wire for a clapper, the fifth an emerald cup poised on a golden foot. Besides the above he also obtained two emerald vases which were valued at 300,000 crowns each.

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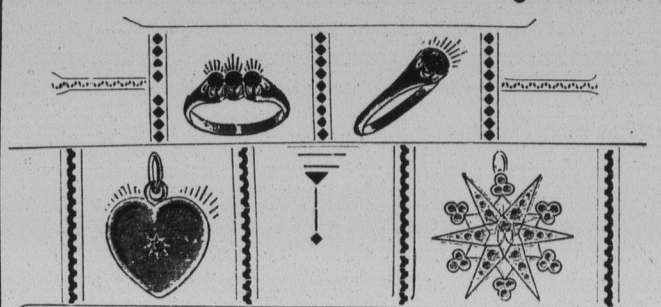
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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 7

STRAINING AT A GNAT.

It will be observed that, for some weeks past, the police have ceased to report the sales of beer, tobacco and candy on Sunday as violators of the law relating to servile labor on that day. The police magistrate, it is decided that such sales were contraventions of the back-number statute, and apparently confident that he was right, the police continued to report alleged Sabbath breakers for some time after the test case was carried up on appeal. Then they dropped the matter as suddenly as they had started it, having apparently come to the conclusion that they were handling very small potatoes, whatever the law might prove to be. It is a pity that whoever was responsible for the remarkable crusade had not come to this conclusion in the first place. In the meantime, months have passed and the judges, apparently, have not yet been able to come to a decision as to whether the sale of beer, candy and tobacco on Sunday is or is not servile labor. There has been no judgment given in the matter.

They do these things differently in New York, but that is because they have some unquestionably plain laws on the subject of Sunday desecration. Their laws, it is true, are so old that most of them were unknown until some cranks resurrected them and insisted on their enforcement, and the chances are that most of these relics of a former age will be repealed or amended as soon as the legislature gets at work in earnest. In the meantime, they are being enforced, and some of the crimes that were committed in the wickedest city of America on Sunday last are worthy of mention.

One of these was the sale of five cents worth of sugar by an old woman who kept a little grocery. The accused was not a policeman but one of that class of sneaks, who try to pose as reformers by inducing people to break the law and then denouncing them for doing so. He bought the paltry parcel of sugar and then called for a policeman, who locked the unfortunate old woman up until the next morning, when a nineteenth century magistrate held her for trial in default of one hundred dollars bail.

Another achievement of the same reformer was the purchase of a collar from a small dealer, on the plea that his clothes had not come home from the laundry, and that he was in absolute need of such an article of apparel. The dealer obliged him, and a minute later was in charge of a policeman.

Other alleged criminals were arrested for driving grocery and bakery wagons on the streets, one man was taken in custody for selling a piece of cheese, and still another for selling a button-hole flower. It seems incredible that in a city where vice flourishes as it does nowhere on the continent such a petty tinkering with out of date statutes should be the conspicuous work of the authorities. It is a notable modern instance of the Parisee straining at a gnat.

One result of this remarkable activity in New York last Sunday was that the reports of violations of the liquor law were smaller than usual. There were scarcely any, in fact. The crusade against vendors of harmless wares seems to have required all the attention of the authorities to the exclusion of more vital matters. This is very apt to be the case at times, when municipal authority gets excited over a fad.

So it was in the spasms of virtue which afflicted St. John last summer, when the police busied themselves with trying to carry out a law of doubtful interpretation, while barrels of liquor were sold at retail in violation of a law of which there was no possible doubt. True it is that the keeping open of shops of any kind on Sunday is not a desirable feature in any community, but in the face of so many worse evils which demand a remedy, this diligence of the authorities in petty matters is a waste of time and energy. It is notoriously so when the crusade is made under laws enacted when the social conditions were different from those of the present day, and a law has to be turned and twisted to give it the semblance of an application. It is likely the selling of paltry wares on Sunday is likely to become a public nuisance, there should be legislation adapted to the conditions of the present day—a reasonable law which people will respect. It is of little use to attempt to enforce any law which has not the support of public opinion.

END OF A FAMOUS CASE.

One of the famous murder cases which has been before the Canadian public for the last year or two has been ended in a manner satisfactory to the accused. On Saturday last, at Toronto, the jury in the case of the HYAMS brothers brought in a verdict of not guilty, which announcement was received with manifest approval by the audience. The prisoners were discharged, but were re-arrested on the charge of conspiracy to kill, one of them being also charged with forgery.

The HYAMS brothers, sometimes called the "Hyamse Twins" were charged with the murder of a young man named WELLS, in January, 1893. The brothers had a storage warehouse in Toronto, and WELLS was in their employ. His body was found in the cellar of the building at the foot of the elevator well, and near it was the heavy weight used to balance the hoist. The story told by the HYAMS was that while one of them was adjusting this weight it slipped and fell on WELLS, causing his death. This story was accepted as true at the time, and suspicion was only aroused by developments at a later date.

A short time before this occurrence, one of the HYAMS had induced WELLS to get his life insured to the extent of about \$33,000, the policy being payable to his sister, MARTHA WELLS, who was engaged to be married to HARRY HYAMS. The latter paid the first premium on the policy. A month after the death of WELLS, the two were married. This of itself had a suspicious look, but little appears to have been thought of until a year later, when Mrs. HYAMS learned that her husband and his brother were trying to get insurance for the amount of \$200,000 on her life. Fearing their intentions she consulted a lawyer and talked of the matter so that it became a subject of comment, and brought up the story of her brother's death while heavily insured. There seemed so much probable motive for murder, that the brothers were arrested. The trial began in May last and continued for two weeks, creating a vast amount of interest. The result was a disagreement of the jury, and the brothers were again put on their trial in November, finally securing an acquittal, after a hearing of more than three weeks. This was no surprise, for at the previous trial the disagreement had been due to the presence of one juror in believing the prisoners guilty, the other eleven favoring their discharge. At the last trial, too, the judge ruled out much presumptive evidence against the accused, and his charge was greatly in their favor. It took the jury only about fifteen minutes to arrive at their decision.

The case has been one of the most determined fights in the history of the criminal courts of Canada. The prisoners had plenty of means and friends at their command, and no less than four able lawyers, assisted by two from New York met the prosecution at every turn. Whatever money could do was done, and it is estimated that while the cost of the prosecution has been about \$60,000, the prisoners have gained then acquittal by an expenditure of about twice that amount. Whether they would have been cleared had they been unable to secure such able defenders is a question that cannot be answered. Possibly they would have done so, from the fact of the absence of any direct evidence of murder, and the grave responsibility any jury would feel in pronouncing men guilty on presumptive evidence of this kind only, even though the circumstances were enough to warrant such grave suspicion that they could not be ignored without the thorough investigation a trial would afford. The essential point of a murder was not and could not be proven, and the jury have declared by their verdict that the death of WELLS was an accident.

The acquittal of the HYAMS, even though many may be morally certain they were guilty, is no reflection on the way in which Canadian courts deal with accused who have money to fight their accusers. This, however, will not prevent a current impression that money and influence are valuable aids in a court of justice, even where a man has a good cause. It is not equally true, however, that money and influence will avail a man whose guilt is made clear, even with all the obstructive facilities which are found in the procedure of United States courts. Money did not save BUCHANAN, the wife killer, nor can it be supposed that any amount of wealth would avail to save HOLMES from the sentence passed upon him.

WESLEY'S WAR POEMS.

Some searchers of manuscripts have made a find of hitherto unknown poems by CHARLES WESLEY. There prove that during the American War of Independence he was a Tory of the most pronounced type. JOHN WESLEY, on the contrary was in favor of the claims of the colonies, so that the Wesleyans of today are not bound by tradition to one party more than another. Here is a specimen of the strong opinions held by Charles: Our rulers have to rebels sued And given us up into their hands. Obdurate to our feet's commands. They serve our France with frantic zeal. Factors of France and tools of hell. Still more interesting, from a local point of view is his sympathy for the Loyalists, whom he thus pictures: Outcasts of men by all forsok, To whom shall we for succor look, To whom our griefs declare? Will high or low incline their ear, Or with humane compassion bear The cry of our despair? It will be observed in the warmth of the good man's zeal his muse did not soar to heights it attained in some of the verses which he wrote at other times, and which will live as long as hymns are sung. The light sentences given by Judge LUCK, last week, seem to have met all the requirements of justice in those particular cases. There were circumstances in the instance of HOWE, which made lenient treatment advisable, while the facts of old age and senile dementia justified the committing of WELLS to four months in jail rather than to two years in the penitentiary. The regrettable feature in both cases was that the court had no power to send to some place of reform the females who gave evidence for the prosecution. Considering there is no authentic record of ST. ANDREW EVER living set foot in Scotland, or even having heard of that part of the world, the Scotch, in adopting him as their patron and honoring him through the ages, have shown that they are by no means as clannish as many have been wont to consider them. Now that the murderer HOLMES has been sentenced to death, it is a matter of fairly moral certainty that he will be hanged. There seems no doubt he is guilty of the murder for which he was convicted, and if there should be any uncertainty on that point he could be tried for no less than twenty-two others. A New York woman who drank carbolic acid, mistaking it for gin, paid for the mistake with her life. To stand such a dose as that would require a few object lessons in the way of drinking the liquors found in Scott Act counties on this side of the line, or of Bangor whiskey on the other side. There is one less suspicious circumstance about DURRANT, the California murderer, by the discovery that he is not, as was alleged, a constructor of original poetry. Some verses he claimed to have composed were simply plagiarized and adapted to his particular situation. The Societies of Christian Endeavor in the United States and Canada have been praying for the conversion of ROBERT G. INGERSOLL. It is quite evident they do not believe with that notorious infidel, that "no miracle was or ever will be performed." It was purely a matter of accent, and not of anatomical criticism when Mayor ROBERTSON referred to the "bony" girls of St. John at the St. Andrews day celebration. He meant that they were "bonnie," which nobody can deny. The winter port is made a reality by the arrival of the first of the expected steamers at St. John. This first ripple of the expected wave of prosperity will do as a Christmas present for the citizens.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Apart from the interest attaching to the new life of Lincoln, appearing in McClure's Magazine, richly illustrated, the contents of the December number are as attractive as befits the season. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps tells of her girlhood and early literary career, with reminiscences of her father, Professor Austin Phelps, and her mother (also Elizabeth Stuart Phelps) the most popular writer for children of her day. Another notable piece of literary autobiography is the story derived from conversations with Mr. Hall Caine, of the peculiar trials and labors which he, the son of a bumble Manxman, had to endure in order to become one of the foremost of English novelists. The paper is fully illustrated. A Christmas article of great beauty, as well as interest, is Mr. Will H. Low's "Madonna and Child," with reproductions of thirty-two celebrated paintings specially chosen by Mr. Low during a recent visit to Europe. There are particularly good stories by Anthony Hope and Robert Barr, a Christmas story by Nina Higginson, and a bright travel sketch by Cy Warman, the engineer poet who took the thousand-mile ride on the engine of a "flyer."—S. S. McClure, limited, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Donahoe's Magazine for December has plenty of good Christmas reading, and its illustrations are as abundant and attractive as its readers have learned to expect in this publication. "The Holy Childhood in Art" with engravings illustrative of the works of the great masters on this theme will be found specially attractive to many. "Dramatics in American Colleges," also illustrating has special reference to the leading catholic institutions of learning. "The Papal Avignon" will have a great interest for all interested in the history of the past and present. "The Mound Builders of America" continued from the November number, and there are several good stories, such as "The Cronquist's Story," "Brother Basil," a sketch—and "Madame La Duchesse," by Bessie Boyle O'Reilly. Besides these there are some timely poems, and the Magazine departments are as well kept up as ever. Donahoe's Magazine, Boston Mass.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The (Cartew) Bells. Hear the curfew—ringing bells—moral bells! What a lot of baste! their clash and clang. How they jingle and they jangle at the early hour of morn! Warning to their homes and slumber, with a melody benign. But the youthful of both sexes, who might later be in cells. All for ringing of the curfew—the most moral of all bells!

From whose liquid throat meanders A warning to all standers At the corners of the ways, That they must get up and dust Or else upon a crest. In the county jail they'll graze, Perhaps within the cells. From which lamented Wells Tells, tells, tells, tells, tells With persuasive intonation, And ingenious persuasion, Of destruction of the nation, By tobacco conflagration And undue expectation, Mixed with scriptural quotation On the evils of libelous Of a spiteful potato, And the sequent exaltation Caused by rum, rum, rum, rum, rum!

Out of the Night Mists. I love land our love his golden, Under its red fruited tree; Our hearts since the melodies olden, The sweetest that ever will be. But out of the night mists my darling, November's will dirge on the shore; Comes sorrow black robed, as a warning— Farewell love for ever more; And dark midnight moans to the morning, Forever more.

'Tis a dream in a rapture unspoken, Love's transport of happiest things; May its golden chain never be broken, Nor sought of its sweetest takes wings. But out of the night mists my darling, Our hearts must hereafter deplore, Come the scream of the sea wind far flying, Farewell love for ever more; The sad surges answer replying, Forever more.

Love's bright morning promise of pleasure, It's ecstasy few can unfold; O the bliss of warm hearts full measure, The depths that can never be told. But out of the night mists my darling, Blown load by the barred summer's door; O hark to the ghost voices calling, Farewell love for ever more; The sea caves mass answer appalling, Forever more.

We walk in our paradise howered, In primrose ways happy alone; Affection there tenderly flowered, A passion rose red faced has blown. But out of the night mists my darling, No soul of true love can endure; How the blast of the deep heaving ocean, Farewell love for ever more; And the billows chant choked with emotion, Forever more.

How often sweet soul of my being, Your beautiful arms are my rest; Your rapture no trial foretelling, And our loving an Eden still best. But out of the night mists my darling, "Sing the tale where the cold breakers roar, And despair should mock at our gladdens, Farewell love for ever more; And our broken hearts answer in sadness, For ever more.

A Song of Hope.

After an examination of over twelve hundred manuscripts, in files in the Hall House, petition for a poet's songs has announced their decision says the Chicago Times Herald. Mary A. Lathrop's original poem, entitled "A Song of Hope," which received the highest prize, is as follows:— Children of yesterday, Heirs of to-morrow, What are you wearing— Labor and sorrow? Look at your looms and spindles, Fasten and fasten, Fly the great shuttles, Fanned by the Master, Life's in the loom, Room for it—room!

Children of yesterday, Heirs of to-morrow, Lighten the labor, And sweeten the sorrow, Not while the shuttles fly Faster and faster, Up and be at it— At work with the master, He stands at your loom, Room for him—room!

Children of yesterday, Heirs of to-morrow, Look at your fabric Of labor and sorrow, See the sad dark, With despair and disaster, The design of the Master! The Lord's is the loom, Room for him—room!

The Lord is My Light. My shepherd is the Lord my God— To re is no want I know; His sick he leads in verdant meads, Where tranquil waters flow. He doth restore my fainting soul With his divine care, And when I stray, he points the way To paths of righteousness.

Yes, though I walk the vale of death, What evil shall I fear? Thy staff and rod are mine, O God, And thou, my shepherd, near! Mine enemies behold the feat Which my dear Lord hath spread; And lo! my cup he filleth up, With oil anoints my head. Goodness and mercy shall be mine, Uo my drying day; They will abide at his dear side Forever and for aye! —Eugene Field.

Because I Love You. Because I love you, dear, Much sorrow do I bear; Yet joyfully those sorrows meet, And with my heart I hold them sweet, Because I love you, dear! Because I love you, dear! No jewels crown my hair; But crowns of greatest treasures thou' d be, Because I love you, dear! Because I love you, dear, I treat the daisies here; But sweet flowers blossom in the snow, And lowliest lights in darkness glow, Because I love you, dear. —Frank L. Stanton.

Combating a Fool Notion. "There never was a bigger fool notion in this world," said young Fullback, pulling on his padded trousers, "than this idea that football is a dangerous game. These reports about boys getting hurt," he continued, adjusting his shin guards and fastening them on securely, "are half the time exaggerations, and half the time they are made out of whole cloth. A fellow simply

can't get injured in a game," he proceeded, stuffing a quantity of wadding about his hip bones and around his shoulders and chest, "unless he just wants to injure himself and does it on purpose. Now, I've been in a dozen games this year"—hear he strapped his ear guards round his head—"and with the exception of a black eye located, or something like that, I haven't had the slightest injury." Here the young man put on his nose guard and mouth protector, and shortly afterward went forth to engage in a harmless little game of football.—Chicago Tribune.

TOLD OF EUGENE FIELD.

Some Anecdotes Illustrating the Humor of the Children's Feet. While Field was on the editorial staff of the Denver Tribune he had an original way of disposing of the bore that will commend itself to other sufferers. There was an old cane-bottomed chair in Field's office—that is, it had a bottom once but it had become entirely worn through—and upon this chair Field would innocently spread a few exchanges, and eye-witnesses state that it was worth travelling many miles to see the look of genuine alarm and sympathy which would overspread Gene's usually placid features as he hastened to his friend's assistance. In severe cases it required a second application, but usually the hint was taken at first.

When Field first joined the Record (then the News), of Chicago, he was informed that the proprietor of the paper was in the habit of presenting his employees with a turkey each at Christmas, and when his first Chicago Yuletide was signalled in the office, Eugene wrote a polite note to the proprietor suggesting that in his own (Field's) particular case a suit of clothing would be a trifle more acceptable than the usual fowl. Accordingly a parcel arrived at the News office on Xmas Eve, addressed to Mr. Field. It contained, indeed, a suit of clothes, but it came from the State penitentiary at Joliet, and for weeks afterwards Field wore the zebra-like garments around the office as a working suit. When Field's fearless lampooning of the local politicians brought daily visitors to the office with hood in their eyes, Eugene calmly hung a yellow flag out his office window and tacked a small-pox placard upon the door, and attired in his prison garb, "kept a hammer" at the politicians, occasionally pausing long enough to turn off one of his beautiful child-lyrics.

He had a habit of appealing to the manager regularly for "a raise," and when he was being paid sixty dollars a week he approached that official and asked him couldn't he "give him twenty-five cents more, per week." Of late years he was paid seventy-five dollars a week and it is said that for weeks at a time he would send in no copy whatever and rail at his fate in being obliged to call at the office for his salary, when they could just as well send it to his house! One of his peculiarities was to write an especially fine poem and attribute its authorship to some friend. For instance, he published "The Wanderer" in the Denver Tribune and attributed it to Modjeska, the actress. It was a beautiful poem, called forth by Field's finding a sea-shell far up on a mountain-side in Colorado. The world accepted Mrs. Modjeska as the author until she published a denial and disclosed its true authorship. Mrs. Field was obliged to exercise considerable watchfulness over her husband's mania for collecting rare books and curios, and it was his habit to claim that some of his purchases were gifts from friends. To carry this idea out he was obliged to invent three mythical personages. But when his wife suggested that he ask these kind friends to the house to dinner as a return for their favors, he broke down and made a full confession and was freely pardoned. Field had a corner in his office in the Record building where he locked certain mysterious packages from time to time. He referred to the spot as his "crimes cabinet" and would allow no vandal hand nor eye to profane its sacred recesses. It afterwards developed that the closet was the receptacle of numerous purchases for his museum at home, and that he smuggled them home after night, one by one after the family had retired.

Upon one occasion he invited Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crane and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Barnabee to his home, assuring them that it was an informal affair and that they alone would be present. When they arrived, in their walking costumes they met about fifty of the ladies of the neighborhood attired in evening dress! One night when Crane was at Field's house to a card-party, Eugene picked up a piece of paper and dashed off his parody on Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," commencing: "For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, Command me the player, old William H. Crane." —CARRY TAP.

Views of St. John.

An entirely new edition of the Album Souvenir of St. John has been issued by J. & A. McMillan at this season when it will come in very handy to send to friends away at Christmas. It is a specially fine collection of photo-gravure views of places of interest in the city, remarkable for its clearness and finish. Altogether it is a very nice and not expensive token which will be appreciated both by those who know St. John and those who would like to know it.

A Perfect Christmas Storehouse.

Messrs. Ferguson & Page always have an attractive and inviting jewelry establishment but at this season of the year it can well be imagined that it is a delightful and satisfactory place for present seekers to visit. Their stock, aside from the standard goods in their line, is so large and varied that they must indeed be hard to please who do not find something to suit them there. Any short description would do the store an injustice. To call and inspect is the best way to get an adequate idea of the goods.

The Queen as a New Woman.

The controversy over the "New woman" has raged so long and fiercely that it is somewhat difficult to realize that it had a beginning; and few women are aware that the Hon. Lady Jenne, an intimate friend of the Queen, started the discussion. An article on "Queen Victoria as a mother," in this week's Youth's Companion, is written by Lady Jenne, who it may be, was not unwilling to show how very different from some "New Woman" her Majesty is.

Mr. Collins Will Run the Business.

The dissolution of the firm of Messrs. A. Sinclair & Co., finds Mr. James Collins the new proprietor of the old stand and the old business. Perhaps there is no establishment of its kind better known than this, and Mr. Collins who has been so long connected with it will have the hearty wishes of his many friends for his success in his single handed venture.

A Rattling Beginning.

The first genuine snow storm of this season with all the accompaniments of wind and bluster set in Tuesday evening and when the town awoke in the morning the familiar old time drifts met their eyes and made them wonder where the snow shovels had been stored. There will be sleighing in earnest now and the hope is that it will last.

Useful as Well as Pretty.

Mr. Chas. Gillespie, general agent of the Provident Saving Life Insurance company, has sent a very pretty calendar to many of his business friends. The design is very neat but what is better still, the calendar is large and distinct and consequently decidedly useful. Identifying a war Cloud. "Better git thim ducks out," said the bar-keeper to his bouncer, "before they git to fighting." "Which ducks?" "Thum two settin' at the fur table, that's tellin' each other what good friends they are."

Intimical to Courtship.

Mabel—Why, papa, what ever induced you to take that house? E.ther—Don't you like it? Mabel—I should say not; there's a gas-lamp right in front of the door which makes the parlor as light as day. No Room to Paper Them. Visitor—Yes, it's a very pleasant flat. But aren't the rooms just a trifle small? Mr. Flat-Dweller—S; you notice it, too, do you? Well, they were all right till last week, but the walls were painted Monday.

Windsor Hall, Forest and Best

SUIT FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

Litigation Due to the Early Closing Idea by Halifax Merchants.

HALIFAX, Dec. 5.—"The early closing movement" of last winter resulted in a suit in the county court this week for fifteen cents. That agitation was an effort on the part of a number of the retail merchants of Halifax to secure the passage of an act compelling the closing of the shops in any line of business at a certain hour when a majority of them so petitioned the city council. The legislature refused to pass the law. This fifteen cent suit sprang from the agitation in this way: While a number of the retail merchants were lobbying the house in favor of the early closing measure they found that T. K. Jenkins, manager for Murdoch's nephews, a large wholesale concern, was working on the other side. This led to a remonstrance on the part of several retailers who were customers of Murdoch's nephews. The interview with Mr. Jenkins ended in a very stormy scene. Jenkins and some of the members of the delegation exchanged language which was far from complimentary, but which was exceedingly strong. The stronger either side could make it, the better it suited.

The next move was for a number of the "early closing" retailers to close their accounts with Murdoch's nephews. Among those who did so was Kane, Flett & Co. The latter firm sent down a check to Mr. Jenkins for the amount of his bill, minus 35 cents discount, for cash within 30 days. Mr. Jenkins refused to accept the payment, demanding the whole amount without any deduction for discount, and as Kane, Flett & Co., felt they were doing what was right, they refused to make any further payment. Mr. Jenkins immediately served them with a writ, giving notice of a suit for the whole amount.

The case came up for trial on Monday. As the matter proceeded, Mr. Jenkins admitted that 20 cents should be allowed as discount on part of the account, but there was no release, he claimed, for the remaining 15 cents. So the suit went on for the smaller amount, plus costs. Judge Johnson reserved judgement.

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The first genuine snow storm of this season with all the accompaniments of wind and bluster set in Tuesday evening and when the town awoke in the morning the familiar old time drifts met their eyes and made them wonder where the snow shovels had been stored. There will be sleighing in earnest now and the hope is that it will last.

Useful as Well as Pretty.

Mr. Chas. Gillespie, general agent of the Provident Saving Life Insurance company, has sent a very pretty calendar to many of his business friends. The design is very neat but what is better still, the calendar is large and distinct and consequently decidedly useful. Identifying a war Cloud. "Better git thim ducks out," said the bar-keeper to his bouncer, "before they git to fighting." "Which ducks?" "Thum two settin' at the fur table, that's tellin' each other what good friends they are."

Intimical to Courtship.

Mabel—Why, papa, what ever induced you to take that house? E.ther—Don't you like it? Mabel—I should say not; there's a gas-lamp right in front of the door which makes the parlor as light as day. No Room to Paper Them. Visitor—Yes, it's a very pleasant flat. But aren't the rooms just a trifle small? Mr. Flat-Dweller—S; you notice it, too, do you? Well, they were all right till last week, but the walls were painted Monday.

Windsor Hall, Forest and Best

Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED

WELCOME

The Original Try It



FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

English Coal Vases.

Just received our second consignment of English Coal Vases. Fine assortment. Prices lower than ever this season.

Japanned and Galvanized Coal Hods. Ash Barrels. Ash Sifters. Stove Boards, Mica. Fire Shovels.



A full line of Heating Stoves at bottom prices.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER.

38 King Street.

One Third Stronger Than China or Japan Tea

That is why Indian Tea is more economical even at a higher price. Indian Teas do not consist, in part, of brewed leaves dressed over.

Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea

RAM LAL'S is guaranteed absolutely pure as manufactured on the gardens. Indian Tea retains its fine quality and strength longer than any other.



GOLD LABEL, 50c. LAVENDER LABEL, 60c. GREEN LABEL, 75c.

DEARBORN & CO. Wholesale Agents, St. John, N. B.

HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range...

Coal or Wood.



Made in various styles from the ordinary family to the largest hotel size.

Are constructed in the most substantial manner and after the most approved patterns. ARE STRICTLY UP TO DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

It will pay you to investigate the good points of these ranges before purchasing others.

The McClary Mfg. Co.

LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

Well Dressed Ladies

Now a-days have their Skirts bound with



Women are usually anxious to make their money go as far as they can, hence the great popularity of the Corticelli Skirt Protector. It is economical and adds to the beauty of a garment as well.

Sold in 4 and 6 yard lengths. The Mohair is in 5 yard lengths. Can be had in same shades as Corticelli Sewing Silk. Corticelli Silk Co., Manufacturers, St. Johns, Que.

Society seems determined to redeem itself from any reflection, regarding dances which may have been cast upon it during the summer and autumn; last week there were several receptions and this week is followed up with quite as good a record. The first dance of the week, outside the one given by the St. Andrew's society, was given by Mrs. Markham on Tuesday evening and those who were favored with invitations say it was the nicest dance that has taken place for some time; the music, furnished by three pieces of Harrison's orchestra was excellent, the floor in splendid dancing order, the rooms bright and cheery with flowers, and the hostesses of the evening doing all in their power for the pleasure of their guests it was quite impossible for the evening to be otherwise than pleasant. Mrs. Markham who was assisted in receiving her guests by the Misses Markham, were a very handsome black silk, Miss Markham was also wearing black, and Miss Blanche Markham had on a very pretty pink dress with lace trimmings. The supper served during the evening was excellent and the table perfect in all its arrangements. It was about three o'clock when the guests departed; among those present were Misses MacMillan, Misses Dunn, Miss Holden, Miss Travers, Miss Isabel Donville, Misses Skinner, Miss Mello Vroom, Miss Morris, Misses Pugsley, Misses Vase, Miss Christie, Miss Wiggins, Miss Edith Allison, Miss Parks, Miss Grace Scovill, Miss Edith Allison, Miss Trites, Miss Jarvis, Miss Payne, Miss Gilbert, Miss Stone, Mr. Geo. Jones, Mr. Gerard, Dr. H. P. Travers, Mr. Bob Hamilton, Mr. de Bury, Mr. Cline, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Bruce Scovill, Mr. Harold Allison, Mr. Kaye, Mr. James Kaye, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. L. Tilly, Mr. Walter Foster, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Walker, Mr. P. Stoddard, Mr. Percy Clark, Mr. Fred Macmillan, Mr. Ned Armstrong, Mr. Harry Dunn, Mr. James Allison, Mr. Guy Kinneer, Sussex, Mr. Frank Kinneer.

Mrs. Keltie Jones entertained quite a large number of lady friends at a fire o'clock tea yesterday afternoon. The occasion was an exceedingly pleasant one and the ladies who were present were all daintily gowned notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather.

Miss Wiggins of Windsor is a guest of Miss Christie for a short time.

Mrs. Bridges and family of Fredericton will come to St. John next week to take possession of their house on Orange street.

Miss Florrie Kaye and Miss Beatrice Hatheway went to Halifax yesterday and will sail today on the Labrador for England, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Loring of Boston arrived yesterday and is the guest of the Misses Travers, with whom she will spend Christmas.

Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson Scovill is in the city, a guest of Mrs. Barclay Robinson.

Mr. Henry Thom entertained several clergymen at dinner this week, among them being the two clergymen who are holding mission services in the stone church.

The engagement of Miss Belle Stockton daughter of Mr. B. O. Stockton, and Miss A. Webster of Moncton is being discussed in society and numerous friends are offering congratulations.

The most fashionable reception that has been held so far this season was that given by Miss Christie and Miss Stephenson on Thursday afternoon; it was Miss Christie's first effort at entertaining on so large a scale and the result was a most successful one.

The prevailing colors in the decorations of the rooms were green and pink, this was also carried out with charming effect in the dining room where the table was bright with pink and green china, simlax and a very large and beautiful chrysanthemum with many pink blossoms occupied the centre; the chandeliers were trimmed with simlax; the cream and tints were also in these colors and set with was charming. Harrison's orchestra was stationed at intervals, Miss Christie received her guests in a lovely cream gown trimmed with cream satin while the young ladies who assisted here were nearly all wearing pink.

Mrs. (Dr.) Johnson and Mrs. William Pugsley poured tea and the following young ladies assisted the hostess in waiting upon her guests, Miss Mary MacMillan, Miss Travers, Miss Raymond, Miss Schofield, Miss Lena Dunn and Miss Lily Markham.

No doubt the inclemency of the weather detained many ladies at home but a very large number called during the afternoon and among them were, Lady Tilly, Mrs. DeSoyes, Mrs. Boyle Travers, Mrs. Holden, Mrs. Barclay Boyd, Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. John Gillis, Mrs. Geo. Coster, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Walker White, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. J. Armstrong, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Mrs. James Harding, Mrs. Alfred Markham, Mrs. McGregor Grant, Mrs. J. Roy Campbell, Mrs. Steves, Mrs. Harry Scovill, Mrs. de Wolf Sparr, Mrs. T. F. Raymond, Mrs. C. N. Skinner, Mrs. Gilbert Pugsley, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Mrs. (Dr.) Johnson, Mrs. J. B. Armstrong, Mrs. T. B. Hamilton, Mrs. James Manning, Mrs. Fiske, Miss Besnard, Miss Murray, Miss Grace MacMillan, Miss Marion Peters, Miss Katie Bayard, Miss Ada Bayard, Misses Dunn, Misses Travers, Miss Hart, Misses Pugsley.

The first of the series of assemblies to be given on Thursday evening and was a most successful affair; over one hundred ladies and gentlemen were present and danced indelibly until late, or rather early next morning; excellent music was provided for the following numbers: 1, waltz; 2, waltz; 3, lancers; 4, waltz; 5, polka; 6, waltz; 7, two steps; 8, waltz; 9, lancers; 10, waltz; 11, gallop; 12, waltz. There were three supper dances after which the following was danced: 13, polka; 14, waltz; 15, waltz; 16, waltz. The upper end of the supper room was converted into a very little sitting out place and was divided from the supper room by folding screens.

The pleasant duties of chaperoning the affair devolved upon Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Holden, Mrs. De Wolf Sparr, Mrs. C. N. Skinner, and Mrs. MacMillan, while the following gentlemen had charge of the arrangements, Messrs. F. C. Jones, J. B. Warner, J. G. Kestor, R. H. Gordon, C. McL. Troop, and S. Skinner.

The ladies were all beautifully gowned, the following being noticeable: Mrs. Warner, black silk and jet. Mrs. Holden, black and white brocade. Mrs. Spurr, black and pink silk, jet trimmings. Mrs. C. N. Skinner, black silk with jet. Mrs. MacMillan, black silk and jet. Mrs. C. R. Harrison, black satin and jet. Mrs. Stanley Ritchie, pale pink silk, white lace overdress.

Mrs. Cotter, pink satin and chiffon. Mrs. Trueman, heliotrope silk, white net overdress.

Mrs. Keltie Jones, white satin, blue flowers. Miss Burpee, black satin, lace and violet. Miss Travers, yellow and white and white muslin overdress, ribbon and velvet trimmings. Miss Skinner, white net and lace over pink silk. Miss Jo Vassie, rose and grey shaded silk, iridescent trimmings.

Miss Furlong, black satin, lace overdress, cream trimmings. Miss Christie, pink crepon and pink satin. Miss Katie Jones, green silk, roses. Miss Thompson, white satin and old rose satin trimmings.

Miss Lena Dunn, white and pink silk. Miss Jarvis, white and blue.

Umbrellas, Made, Renewed, Repaired by Day 1, 27 Waterloo St.

Miss Louise Skinner, yellow silk, black lace. Miss Kaye, pink cashmere and net. Miss Gertrude Skinner, pink silk, white muslin over dress.

Miss Janie Vassie, shaded blue silk, iridescent trimmings.

Miss Holden, white muslin, satin trimmings. Miss Warner, blue muslin.

Miss Tuck, black satin, iridescent trimmings. Miss Lulu McAvity, white silk, chiffon trimmings.

Miss Isabel Donville, pink silk and white lace. Miss M. Donville, black and pale blue.

Miss Hassen a very handsome heliotrope silk bodice with velvet and lace trimmings, black crepon.

Miss Outram, pale blue serpentine silk, black satin sash.

Miss Jennie Hall, pink spotted muslin, white satin ribbon.

Miss Dever, yellow spotted muslin.

Miss Breodon, Brantford, pink silk, iridescent trimmings.

Miss Maude Skinner, white silk, lace and satin trimmings.

Miss Vroom, yellow and white striped silk, white trimmings.

Miss Blanche Markham, white crepon.

Miss Bayard, black crepon.

Mrs. Warren, cream silk, blue satin ribbon.

Miss May Bair, white muslin and pink ribbons.

Miss Mary MacMillan, pale blue, white lace and roses.

The bazaar in St. John's presbyterian church was very well attended this week, considering the very strong weather that has prevailed.

I regret that owing to the limited space at my disposal this morning, I am unable to describe the many pretty fancy articles that were offered for sale; the school room of the church when I dropped in Thursday evening was in bright and cheerful contrast to the storm outside and the gaily dressed Japanese and gypsy maidens who fitted here and there in their assistances attentive to visitors made a charming picture indeed; I believe the sale was well patronized and the proceeds were very satisfactory.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dorothea daughter of Mr. B. Driscoll and Mr. G. M. McLaughlin.

The members of St. Andrew's Society celebrated the feast of their patron saint with right good cheer on Monday evening, and though the night was an intensely disagreeable one the ardor of the loyal Scots was not one whit dampened. The assembly room of the Institute was a scene of bright moving color from an early hour in the evening until the small hours had begun to grow large.

The decorations in the room where the concert and later the dancing took place was very effectively draped with the plaids of the different clans, banners and flags, and when the audience had assembled, the dresses of the ladies, and the regalia and plaids of the officers made a very gay scene. In the reception room Mesdames P. E. Inches, Robt. Thomson, and J. G. Forbes welcomed the guests in a very graceful manner; in the early part of the evening the dancing room was the apartment most affected by the ladies, as coming in from a steady downpour of rain the somewhat wilted looking bangs and sleeves needed considerable attention before being exposed to the bright light of the other rooms—and the critical eyes of the gentlemen. It was nearly an o'clock when the concert began but in watching the late arrivals one did not mind the little delay, and as the president speech was going on all the time there was always that to fall back upon. The concert was an excellent one indeed and there was no lack of enthusiasm on the part of the audience; I think the general feeling was that the programme was too short, that is at the beginning, but the encores insisted upon made it quite long enough; it was as follows; Scots Wha Hae, Mr. Murray; The Bonnie Banks O' Loch Lomond, Miss Watson; Address, Mayor Robertson; Highland Fling, Messrs. Gordon and Gerard; O Sing to Me the Auld Scots Songs, Mr. A. H. Lind. say; Cam Ye by Athol, Mrs. Worden; MacGregor's Gathering, by Mr. Murray; Ghillie Callum, otherwise the sword dance, by Mr. McIntyre; Mrs. Worden was in excellent voice and on being recalled at the close of her first song sang "Ye Banks and Braes"; Miss Watson has a very sweet if not powerful voice, and both her songs elicited much applause; Mr. Murray and Mr. Lindsay both have splendid voices and the applause bestowed upon them was very merited; Mr. Lindsay's "O sing to me the auld Scots songs" was by many considered the best thing of the evening, though perhaps the pretty little refrains in which Miss Goddard and Miss Watson joined made this number particularly enjoyable; Mayor Robertson's speech was not so good; possibly because it was too long in the first place coming as it did in the middle of the programme. It was a very good speech however and I'm afraid more than one person was thinking of a line or two of the "Brook" before it was ended.

Miss Goddard played the accompaniments for the fingers during the evening and it is unnecessary to say her work was well done. Mr. Charles K. Cameron song was not on the programme but it was thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

Scarcely had the notes of the last song died away when everybody went to work clearing the room for the dance which was to follow; the chairs were relegated to their usual quarters in short order, and in a very few moments dozens of couples had as the dance programme advised them "buckled toe" and were floating gracefully around in a waltz; the order of dances included the Highland Schottische, Lancers, Reel, Valse, Militaire, Polka and very many extras. Supper was served from about half past ten but the admirable arrangements prevented the usual crush in the supper room, which had upon this occasion a very cheerful appearance. The ladies looked very well indeed, the majority of them wearing bright pretty bodices and dark skirts; among the young ladies everybody seemed to think

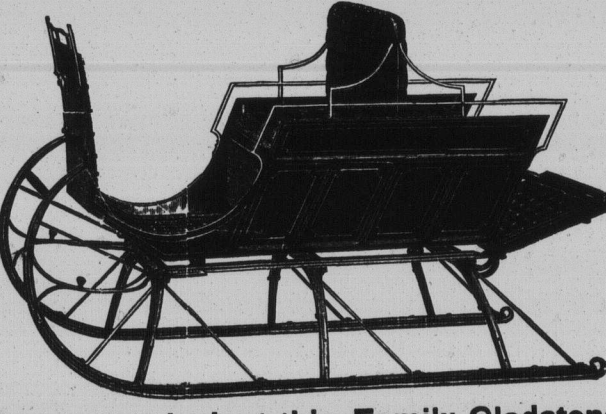
Granby Rubbers

Are out again this season in new styles and in all the new Shoe shapes, right up to date, but with all the same old "wear like iron" quality that has always characterized them because they are honestly made of pure Rubber. Be sure you get Granbys this year.

Sea Foam Soap advertisement with image of a soap box and text: 'A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oil. It possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes. It leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.'

Merry Sleigh Bells

Winter has come with a rush this time. HAVE YOU GOT A NICE SLEIGH?



If not, just look at this Family Gladstone. Neatest and handsomest turnout made.



And then on this Single Sleigh. Just the thing for Comfort, and for Fast Driving. Strong and Durable.

For prices and all information apply to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Where Music is there You will Find the Happiest Home.



Absolute Clearance Sale of High Grade Pianos. Now is Your Opportunity to Get a Piano for Christmas.

C. FLOOD & SONS

HAVE LEASED FOR ONE MONTH ONLY THE STORE..... 54 King Street, (South Side) and their entire stock of Pianos at Special Prices for CASH or INSTALLMENTS.

Pianos by "Wm. Bourne & Son," Boston. "Hallett & Davis," "Gardner," Derby, Conn. "Burlingame Piano Co.," Berlin, Ont. And "H. & P. Hoerr," Toronto. Also commences Saturday the 8th.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the news boys and at the following places: C. S. DUFFY, Brunswick street; M. YOUNG & CO., Barrington street; OSBORN'S BOOK STORE, 111 Hollis street; GEORGE STREET, George street; FOWLER'S DATE STORES, Opp. L. G. B. Depot; HALIFAX NEWS CO., Railway Depot; CANADA NEWS CO., Brunswick St. S. E. SILVER, Dartmouth St. S. J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth St. S.

Society has been intensely dull of late as there has been nothing going on except two dinners a couple of teas and a concert. The present week will be more lively as there are to be a couple of large functions to bid farewell to the King's Regiment of which takes place at Government house, in the coming regiment there are many married men and I hear there are no less than eleven ladies to be called upon. The regiment from Bermuda will find our frosty climate quite a change from the flowers and perpetual sunshine they have been accustomed to but no doubt like their predecessors they will get so used to our bracing air that they will dislike to leave it. I have heard nothing decided so far about the private afternoon at the rink but no doubt the pleasant arrangements will be resumed when there is anything to skate on; there were a great many subscribers last year, in fact too many so it was thought as there was scarcely room for five sets of lances and skaters at the ends, but better that than no rink as would certainly be the case with no patrons.

There was a very good audience at the recital held last night at the conservatory of music, and it is not too much to say that everyone went home delighted with the excellence of the entertainment. Nearly every number on the programme was well demanded, and the whole programme was on the shoulders of three young ladies, Miss White-side, Miss Macdonald, and Miss Lewis each of whom scored a success in a different way. Miss Macdonald played most critically and well as she always does, and the audience would have welcomed another number from her. Miss Lewis sang well and sweetly, a charming little song by Mr. Lyne, a rising young composer, whose wife is a Halifax lady, and the recital was evidently most varied, and she was good in all her numbers. Miss Whiteside was charmingly and simply dressed in white, and was most graceful in manner and movement. It is to be hoped that another such recital may be given during the winter as it was good in every way.

That was the most excellent concert given by the Band of the King's Regiment, at Orpheus Hall last evening. It was in truth a brilliant spectacle, and such a gay throng! The mingling of the bright red coats with the ladies' beautiful costumes made the Orpheus Hall look as brilliant as it ever did. The concert was under distinguished patronage, and the hall was filled, to overflowing, all desirous to give the parting guests a felicitous Godspeed. This was no doubt due largely to the fact that this was the last public appearance of the Band of the regiment in Halifax, until the time when the brave and valiant Brits, accustomed to the varied vicissitudes of ever-wavering fortune, lead the King's to the point of embarkation, to the tune of "The Girl I left behind me."

The band occupied the position of the stage and from this position discoursed sweet music. The class of music was well suited to the capacity of the hall and was at no time too loud. Their selections were as usual perfect.

The Misses Harrington rendered a violin solo with piano accompaniment in splendid style. Professor Currie sang in his usual good form, and his rendition of "The Red Seal" brought forth greetings of applause to such an extent that an encore was given. Mr. Gillis, always a favorite with Halifax audiences, did not disappoint his admirers last evening when he sang "Beauty's Eyes," accompanied by a violin obligato. Mrs. Ellis delighted the audience with the song "Let me dream again," which was rendered in a sweet manner. The piano, however, is easily won by Miss Oliver; she looked exceedingly pretty, attired in cream crepon, and very sweetly and effectively sang "Taranam Toll." This was so thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, that Miss Oliver responded to the encore with "Molly and I and the Baby." The band accompanied Miss Oliver, and in the chorus the male voices assisted. It made a very pretty and harmonious blending.

Of the other male participants the song by Capt. Pollett, "Fudge the Q. C.," took especially well. It was of a humorous vein, and being the accompaniment in the programme placed the audience in a merry mood. The legal fraternity of whom there were quite a number present, enjoyed the gem with the rest, although at their expense. Corporal Ellis rendered a very beautiful clarinet solo, in which he was accompanied by the band. Lieut. Everett gave two comic songs, which were admirably selected for the occasion. They abounded in bits of all sorts, at all classes, and both of his selections were loudly encored. The songs were evidently as popular as this young man is himself.

The concert was admirable throughout, and all will regret that a regiment, possessing such excellent musical talent, is not permitted to remain a longer time with us. The incoming regiment will have a difficult task ahead of them, if they surpass the King's in the direction of sweet music. General Laine and the Misses Laurie have gone to Scotland after having spent the summer and autumn at Oakfield.

There was a small tea at Bellevue this week and on Thursday a small farewell party for Captain and Mrs. Hartley and some of the officers of the King's regiment. That and a couple of dinners made up the sum of the week's events, for just now people are taking more interest in the Church of England mission than in party giving. The services this week have been ably given, and a good many of the hearers of the mission have come away very deeply impressed. People of all denominations seem to go, and as usual the congregations contain fifty women to one man. But the addresses to business men have been wonderfully good and fairly well attended since the hour has been made a little later.

Colonel Brown and the officers of the King's regiment are being entertained this afternoon at Government house; the affair is a sort of farewell entertainment.

BRIDGE TOWN.

Progress is for sale in Bridgetown by Miss B. Elderkin. Nov. 28.—Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Yroom of Bear River, spent Sunday at the home of their friends Mr. and Mrs. George H. Dixon on Church street. Mrs. Newcomb and children of Cornwallis, are enjoying a visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fitz Randolph, on Queen street. James' church, in Victoria Hall on the evening of Thanksgiving day was, notwithstanding the disagreeable state of the weather largely attended. The burlesque Operetta, "El Jacobi," in which Miss Beattie Erwin (the heroine) as Lucy Ann, Miss Katherine Legg as Sophronia, and Mr. Lane as Jacobi, played important parts, were received with great applause. The solos by Mrs. Harry Huggins, and the violin solos by Miss Alice Potter, of Yarmouth, were also listened to with great enjoyment.

Miss Beattie Elderkin is in Watville. Miss Beattie Elderkin of Annapolis, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Allan Crowe. Mrs. Edmund Best who has been visiting her

WATERPROOF YET POROUS. Admits the air and keeps out the water. This may seem an impossibility, but it can be explained. The RIGBY process renders the fabric a non-absorbent and a repellent to water. It makes the material so that it will shed water like a duck's back, otherwise it is not changed in appearance or feeling. It permits the free respiration of the skin and at the same time it keeps you dry. Made in all woolen materials, suitable for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments, Tweeds, Meltons, Serges, Mixtures, etc.

Our Carriages are always good value. Buy now and get a large discount from summer prices. Price & Shaw, 222 to 228 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

The Harry Webb Co., Ltd. By special appointment Caterers to His Excellency The Governor-General Christmas Cakes of finest quality, covered with almond icing and handsomely decorated, shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion. Five pounds and upwards 40c. per pound. 66, 68 and 447 Yonge Street, Toronto.

son, Mr. S. A. Chesley of Lunenburg, returned home on Wednesday. Miss Redding of Kentville, is visiting her sister Miss Belle Redding of Upper Grandville. Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Shaffer of Clementsport, are the guests of Mrs. Dennison, Mrs. Shaffer's mother, during the past week. Messrs McElwaine and Charles Stewart spent Sunday in town. Mrs. Jacob Potter returned from a visit to the United States on Wednesday. Mrs. Nickerson of Annapolis, spent a few days in town during the latter part of the week. Master Henry B. Hicks returned from New Brunswick on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Barnaby have gone to Boston for the winter. Mr. L. A. Bely has moved to Middleton, his former home. H. B. Stairs of Halifax spent Thanksgiving day with his brother, Mr. Robert M. Stairs at "Belle Farm."

Nov. 30.—Miss Redding, who has been visiting her sister, Miss Beattie Bedding of Upper Grandville, returned to her home in Kentville on Friday. Mrs. Crowell and daughter of Annapolis are the guests of Mrs. Leander Miller, Grandville street. Miss Helen Russell returned to her home in St. John, on Saturday, after enjoying a pleasant visit of some eight weeks at the home of her friend, Miss Minnie Messenger.

The event of last week was the dance given by Mrs. Elias Messenger in honor of her daughter, Miss Minnie. Miss Messenger received in a very pretty dress of black cashmere and silk, and was assisted in looking after the guests by Miss Helen Russell of St. John and Miss Kitty Dearness, both of whom wore very pretty costumes. Miss Minnie was charming in a dress of white cashmere with silk and lace trimmings. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Messenger, Miss Beattie Tupper, Miss Barnes, Miss Edith Barnes, Miss Legg, Miss Ervin, Miss Lina Barnes, Miss Price, Misses Bent, Miss Elliot, Miss Kate Legg, Miss Foster, Miss Helen Russell, Miss Kitty Dearness, Messrs. Parker, Macdonald, Fair, Benson, Kinny, Hoyt, Bent, Legg, Connel, Elliot, Milner, Dearness, O. Price, W. Price and others whose names I did not note. Supper was served at twelve and dancing was enjoyed by all.

Dr. M. G. E. Marshall spent last Tuesday in Middleton. Mrs. Horace Bailey and little son Cyril, who have been the guests of her father, Mr. John Murdoch for the past two months, returned to her home in Boston on Saturday last. Mr. John Quirk of Mt. Uniack is visiting his brother, Mr. James Quirk, South street. L. S. Moore and wife of Digby were in town last week. Mr. Harry Fowler of Kentville spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Weston Fowler. Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Crowe returned to Hal-

ifax on Friday. Miss Lillian Stephens arrived home on Saturday, after enjoying a pleasant visit among relatives and friends in Westville, Mass. Mrs. Cecelia Miller, who has been the guest of her son, Mr. Leander Miller, returned to Halifax last week. Frank L. Milner spent Tuesday in Annapolis. Miss I. Newcomb and children returned to her home in Port Williams on Monday. Mrs. M. K. Piper and daughter, Carrie and Kitty returned home on Saturday last, after spending some eight weeks among relatives in Boston. The Social club met at the home of Miss Minnie Bent on Wednesday evening and a very enjoyable time was spent by all.

Mrs. H. Johnson, who has been the guest of her father, Mr. John MacCormack, South street, left for her home in the United States on Thursday. Last Friday evening, Miss George Bath entertained the members of the Providence church upper ward at a social given at her home in Upper Grandville, music, recitations and readings were the order of the evening and a very pleasant time was spent. Dr. C. A. Foster of Bridgewater was in town on Wednesday. Rev. F. M. Young left for Springfield on Tuesday.

NEW GLASGOW. Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Orchard and H. H. Henderson. Nov. 27.—Misses Minnie Rennie and Lenora Fulton of Truro were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rennie for Thanksgiving. Basil Bell eldest son of Mr. A. C. Bell has gone to Independence, Iowa. Mrs. Josephine Ross has gone to Truro to take a course at Snel's business college. Mrs. James Donaldson and her sister Miss Mable Patton went home to Oxford Thursday. At the literary meeting last Friday night there was a paper read by Mr. Jas. H. P. Munro. The subject was "George Elliott."

There was a surprise party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Snow last Monday evening. The Methodist church had a most enjoyable social last Thursday night. Rev. David Sutherland of Charlottetown delivered a lecture in the hall of new St. Andrew's church on Monday evening. The subject will be "Curiosities of Christ's life."

The concert by St. Andrew choir, came off last week and was a grand success. The Monney David Sutherland appeared here for the first time. The violin solo by Mr. John Pringle of Pictou were played with much expression and he well deserved the hearty encore he received. St. Andrew's male Quartette sang in their usual good manner especially in "Heaven of her side is beyond the sea" which was very much appreciated; Miss Jean Oding sang a solo with violin obligato, and was undoubtedly one of the pieces of the evening. Prof. Logan of Halifax conversatory played all the accompaniments. Mr. Thomas Gaitley was in Halifax last week. Rev. D. C. Fraser has returned from Boston where he has been lecturing. There is a rumor going about that one of our bachelor physicians is about to take a life partner. Hon. J. A. Marshall arrived home on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Fraser are celebrating the golden wedding of their parents. Mrs. P. S. Fraser still continues ill at her home. We have a full fledged lady doctor practicing in our town, Miss Kate McKay, sister of Dr. H. H. McKay. Mrs. E. A. Schodet of Bridglock was in town last week. FRANK.

NORTH SYDNEY. Progress is for sale in Sydney by John McKenna and G. J. McKinnon. Dec. 3.—The Rev. Mr. Abbott was in Louisburg last week. Mrs. Lillian MacMillan of Antigonish was visiting friends in town last week. Mrs. King arrived last night from Halifax to visit her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Christie. Miss Blanche Tremaine of Baddeck is staying with friends in town. Mrs. Lovrey Christie and Miss Sutherland spent Saturday in Sydney. On Thursday Mrs. W. E. Earle gave a large and brilliant dance in the R. A. Hall. Mrs. Earle received her guests in a gown of black silk with cream lace. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Archibald, Miss Minnie Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Moore, Mrs. B. H. Bridge, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Charles Partridge, Mrs. MacLean, Mrs. Barrington, Miss Tillie Barrington, Miss Fannie Barrington, Miss Purves, Miss Copeland, Miss Bedwin, Miss MacKenzie, Miss Thompson, Miss Moore, Messrs. Forbes, E. J. Christie, A. P. Rose, W. MacKay, E. Mackay, W. Th. Robertson, C. O'Dell, H. E. Robertson, B. Book, Borchman, Dr. McLean and Camp. Among the dresses worn the following were noted: Mrs. B. Archibald, cream colored silk with red roses. Mrs. R. H. Bridge, pink silk with over dress of pink chiffon. Mrs. H. E. Moore, black velvet with mauve. Mrs. Tait, pink silk striped tulle. Mrs. James Vorkit, gray ottoman silk with pink sleeves. Mrs. MacLean, black silk. Mrs. Copeland, white silk. Miss Johnston, black silk and cardinal. Miss Ida Earle, cream with red ribbons. Miss Frowes, pink satin and gauze. Miss Maggie Thompson, pink silk. Mrs. A. Macdonald, pink crepon. Miss Bedwin, cream silk with cream velvet sleeves.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Black of Richibucto was visiting her daughter Mrs. Keith on Sunday. Mr. John Bask of Richibucto is a guest at P. Woods hotel. Mr. Allen of Dalhousie Junction, who with her family, was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dunn for some time past, returned home last week. Mr. John Stevenson of the Crown Lands Department was here yesterday. Mr. David Johnston was in Harcourt yesterday. Mrs. Dr. Keith still continues in much the same condition with slight, if any, improvement. Mr. James Brown was in Richibucto yesterday. Miss Lillian Gordon, Miss Lizette Morton and Master Tupper Morton of Kent Junction were guests of Mrs. Bask yesterday. Miss Annie Black returned to Moncton yesterday. Miss de Olligui of Kingston was in Harcourt yesterday. Mr. A. J. Gorman of Amherst, N. S. was here yesterday returning home.

FACTORY. Progress is for sale in Pictou by James McLean. Dec. 4.—Last Thursday evening Mrs. James McQuarrie entertained thirteen young friends of her little daughter, Miss Lisa. The children enjoyed themselves very much with games, music, etc. Mrs. James Cameron gave a very pleasant "at home" to a large number of Miss Moran's young friends. Mr. Mason B. McKay left on Saturday for Boston where he will reside for some time. On the eve of his departure Mr. D. Sutherland entertained him and a few of his friends at a turkey supper. Mr. McKay will be very much missed in musical and social circles. Capt. Waters who has been in Halifax for some weeks returned home on Wednesday. Mr. C. L. Road, and Mrs. Road were in Halifax last week. Miss Maggie Carmichael spent Sunday last with Miss Jean Falcon, in Halifax. Mr. Crowe, of Tatamagouche, is the guest of Mr. Lombard, cashier of Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, was in town last week. Mrs. J. A. MacKay, Annapolis, is in Halifax visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. H. MacKay. Miss Jessie MacKay, Annapolis, is visiting friends in town, she will remain for the winter. Mrs. (Capt.) A. McKenna has returned from Chatham, where she was visiting. Miss Gourlay has returned from her trip to Woburn, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Brewster of New Glasgow, were in town last Thursday. Capt. Thomas Taylor and Mrs. Taylor were in town last week on their return from New York left for their home in Charlottetown on Friday. While in town they were the guests of Mr. A. C. McDonald. Mrs. McKay of Summerside, P. E. I. is visiting Mrs. Stewart.

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Miss Annie Moore, pink crepon. Miss Barrington, black silk with white silk trimmings. Miss Fanny Barrington, lemon colored cashmere. Miss Tillie Barrington, cream and mauve. Miss Annie Mahony is staying with her sister, Mrs. H. F. MacPherson. Mrs. Payant who was visiting her daughter at the rectory, Sydney Mines has returned to Halifax. Miss Maggie Brown is visiting in Glace Bay. Miss Minnie Johnstone is staying in Sydney with Mrs. Murray Doock. The Rev. T. Fraser Draper was in town last week. Miss Florrie Earle who has been visiting her home in Charlottetown has returned to Cape Breton for the winter. Mr. C. M. O'Dell was in town on Thursday.

WINDSOR. Progress is for sale in Windsor at Knowles book store and by F. W. Dakin. Miss Alice Wiggins is visiting friends in St. John. Mrs. W. M. Christie has returned from her trip to Boston, Mass. Miss Millie King of Halifax is visiting friends in town. A pleasant change in the order of things is the opening to the public of the debates by the students of Kings college, held on Thursday evening being very well attended and most enjoyed. The subject was resolved, "That the execution of Mary Queen of Scots was justifiable." Mr. Cox opened on the affirmative and Mr. Lynds on the negative side of the question, the sympathy of the audience being with the affirmative to the extent of one vote. The dance "Island Home" on Tuesday evening was one of the pleasantest of the season. The night was stormy but that did not prevent a goodly number being present. Among those invited were: Miss Alice Lawson, Miss Alice Wiggins, Miss Ouseley, Miss Georgie Ouseley, Miss Morris, Miss Berrie Locky, Miss Lizzie Smith, Miss Dorothy Smith, Miss Nora Blanchard, Miss Louise Blanchard, Miss Allison, Miss Nellie Paulin, Miss Maggie Willets, Miss Lucy Goslip, Miss Nora Black and Messrs. deMille, Lynds, Cox, Archibald, Young, Cunningham, Tremblin, Rowman, Leslie, Longley, Kaubach, Fred O'Brien, Arthur Blanchard, F. A. G. Ouseley, H. W. Saggster, Ralph Smith.

A progressive euchre party was given by Mrs. E. Norman Dimock at "Highfield" on Thursday evening. Those favored with invitations were: Mr. and Mrs. Dimock, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Dimock, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Russell, Dr. and Mrs. Ryan, Dr. and Mrs. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dimock, Mr. and Mrs. A. Aubrey Blanchard, Dr. and Mrs. George Locky, Miss Alice Lawson, Miss Lillian, Miss Berrie Locky, Miss Alice Lawson, Miss Lillian, Miss Berrie Locky, Mr. Locurran, Mr. John Dimock. Mrs. Dimock received her guests in a handsome dress of black more with pale blue silk bodice and steel trimmings. The ladies king prize, three volumes of fiction and silver paper were won by Miss Berrie Locky, the gentlemen's king prize, three volumes of fiction were won by Mr. Paulin, Mr. Mills, Mr. Locurran, Mr. John Dimock. Mrs. Dimock received her guests in a handsome dress of black more with pale blue silk bodice and steel trimmings. The ladies king prize, three volumes of fiction and silver paper were won by Miss Berrie Locky, the gentlemen's king prize, three volumes of fiction were won by Mr. Paulin, Mr. Mills, Mr. Locurran, Mr. John Dimock. Mrs. Dimock received her guests in a handsome dress of black more with pale blue silk bodice and steel trimmings. The ladies king prize, three volumes of fiction and silver paper were won by Miss Berrie Locky, the gentlemen's king prize, three volumes of fiction were won by Mr. Paulin, Mr. Mills, Mr. Locurran, Mr. John Dimock.

The many friends of Mrs. Curry and Mrs. Forsyth who called for Jamaica and Bermuda respectively a fortnight ago are glad to learn they have arrived at their destinations in safety. Mr. McKay of Summerside, P. E. I. is visiting Mrs. Stewart.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup. Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant syrup. PRICE 25c. and 50c. PER BOTTLE. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LYMAN'S Fluid Coffee. Small, Medium and Large Size. Just received by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, 35 King Street. TRADE SUPPLIED.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?" NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF BROTHERS. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX "1847" IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Baby Wants It. Martin's Cardinal Food. FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The most palatable food prepared, and is unequalled by any other preparation of its kind. The best food and the best value, put up in one pound tins, price 25 cts. per tin. Sold Retail by all Druggists and Grocers and Wholesale by KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS MONTREAL.

Modern Science wins many victories. None more glorious than those over direful maladies. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE has won many, over long triumphant Coughs, and other Bronchial and Throat troubles. The Moral is—Try it. K. CAMPBELL & CO., Montreal.

Memorials in Decorations. Castle & Son, 30 Dufferin St., Montreal.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND EDUCATION. 150 Prince William Street. Full term opens Sept. 9th 1895. Branches taught Piano, Violin, Vocal music and Elocution. Free classes in Harmony, Theory, Organ, and Singing.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Pope Barnes, coral pink silk, black and jet. Miss Jones, pink crepe and black velvet. Mrs. Keltie Jones, pale blue velvet, and black. Miss Holden, pale blue and black. Mrs. Ring, brown velvet and pink trimmings. Miss McKee, old rose. Miss Fraser, yellow and black. Mrs. Christie, pink and black with lace trimmings. Mrs. Holden, heliotrope and black satin, black velvet and steel trimmings. Miss Parks, pale blue and black. Miss Hazen, corals and black velvet. Mrs. Pugsley, black crepon, corals trimmings. Miss Bessie Pugsley, black crepon with pale blue trimmings. Mrs. Walter Trueman, pale green striped silk and black crepon. Miss Jones, heliotrope silk and black. Mrs. A. Watson, pale blue cashmere and black crepon. Mrs. B. R. Macaulay, fawn and green. Miss Lulu McAvity, salmon and black crepon. Miss Thompson, black and black velvet and fur. Mrs. Blair, black silk, black velvet and fur. Mrs. Reid, surah, jet and lace. Miss Quinton, yellow and black with black velvet trimmings. Mrs. Vassie, brown and green shaded silk. Misses Vassie, pale blue and black with cream lace trimmings. Mrs. Douglas Hazen, heliotrope silk with velvet trimmings. Mrs. Geo. Cester, blue crepon, black and pink roses. Mrs. Hazen, black velvet and lace. Miss Watson, pink and black. Miss Mack, pale blue, and white lace. Mrs. Malcolm McKay, Scotch plaid silk, green velvet and gold trimmings. Miss Macmillan, corals and black silk. Miss Skinner, pale blue and black.

Among the invited guests were: the Governor General and Countess Aberdeen, Lieut Governor Fraser, Mrs. Fraser, Sheriff Surtees, Mrs. Storey, Major Robertson, Mrs. Robertson, Mr. C. W. Weiden, Mrs. Weiden, Mr. Barry, Mrs. Barry, Sir Leonard Tilley, Lady Tilley, Mr. Alex. D. Fraser and Mrs. Fraser, Montreal, Mrs. Robert T. Hazen, Misses Hazen, Mr. J. V. Ellis, Mrs. Ellis, Mr. G. E. Feney, Mrs. Feney, Mr. J. Bowes, Mrs. Bowes, Mr. E. S. Carter, Mrs. Carter, Mr. J. Hannay, Mrs. Hannay, Mr. S. D. Scott, Mrs. Scott, Mr. C. K. Cameron, Mrs. Cameron. Mrs. Wallace and her little daughter, of St. George, are spending a short time in the city. Miss Bertha Chesley, who has been quite ill with fever, is slowly recovering. Miss Lettie Chambers of Halifax who has been spending several weeks with city friends, has gone on a short visit to Boston and Fall River. Mr. W. G. MacFarlane leaves next week for New York on route to Trinidad, W. L., having accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Port of Spain Gazette. Since his graduation from Acadia college Mr. MacFarlane has been engaged in newspaper work here and in Fredericton, his last position, which he resigned this week, being on the staff of the Daily Record in this city. Mr. MacFarlane is a very clever young newspaper man and while a large circle of friends will regret his departure they will warmly wish him the success in far off Trinidad that his talents and industry merit.

At a recent entertainment in Calais little Miss Julia Woodbury ten years of age, who has relatives in the city, recited "Sowing Wild Oats" in a remarkably clever manner, so says a Calais paper. The little girl has wonderful elocutionary powers and for some time has recited at receptions and public gatherings. Miss Isabel F. Estabrooks arrived this week from British Columbia on a visit to Mrs. C. B. Pidgeon. Hon. Judge Weatherbee of Halifax was a visitor here for a few days this week. Mr. F. H. Small, Mrs. Small and Miss Veazie O. Bangor are spending a short time in the city. Mr. D. W. Neville Parker of St. Andrews was a visitor to the city this week. Mr. L. A. Tilley of Toronto is in the city spending a week with his parents, Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley. Judge Wedderburn, Mrs. Wedderburn and Miss Wedderburn will spend the winter in Boston and New York; they are now at the Arlington in the first named city. Mrs. George McLaughlin and two children are spending a short time in Annapolis as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNaughton at the "Lilacs," stay with friends there. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe of Fredericton have been visiting the city lately. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Robertson of the same city also spent a part of the week here. Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Montreal are spending a few days in St. John.

A very interesting programme was rendered in the Centenary church school room on Tuesday evening in aid of Carleton's street church. Every number was loudly applauded and those who took part acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner; following is the programme: piano solo, Les Rameaux, Miss Bessie N. Farmer; solo, Good Shepherd, E. Holder; violin solo, selected, Miss Alice Teasdale; solo, For the Lord is Mindful of His Own, Mrs. F. G. Spencer; autoharp solo, selected, Mr. Frodsham; solo, The King of Love My Shepherd is, Prof. L. W. Titus; solo, Angel Land, Miss F. W. Wilson; Peace of the Sacred Dwelling, Mrs. F. G. Spencer and Prof. L. W. Titus; God Save the Queen. A very large audience assembled in Exmouth street church on Tuesday evening for the purpose of listening to an excellent programme, on which the names of several prominent vocalists appeared; that it was thoroughly enjoyable goes without saying; in fact it was one of the best musical evenings St. John has had for some time; prolonged applause was showered upon every number and almost every one was enraptured; the programme was as follows:—Chorus, Exmouth street choir; Sembrando, by Rossini, Harrison's orchestra; clarinet solo, Will Stratton; reading Miss Brown; solo, Angel Land, Miss Wilson; solo, James Gillespie; solo, The City Beautiful, Miss Lake; violin solo, Prof. White, solo, Come Unto Me, George Craigie; reading, Miss Brown; solo, H. S. Baxter; quartette, Messrs. Thomas, Hopkins, Powers and Adams; grand selection, Harrison's orchestra.

A late Boston paper has the following item which may be of interest to the St. John friends of the parties mentioned: Thanksgiving eve, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Nelson, 57 Beacon St. Somerville, their youngest daughter, Miss Mary Judith, was married to Mr. George Augustus Swallow. The bride was dressed in a handsome traveling costume and was given away by her father. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Albert Swallow. The ceremony was the full Episcopal service, was conducted by Rev. Mr. Percy of Cambridge. The wedding was private those present being relatives and immediate friends. Mr. and Mrs. Swallow will be at home after Jan. 1, at their new residence on Beacon street, Boston. Mr. Nelson and his family were at one time residents of St. John. Dr. John Berryman and Mrs. Berryman are home from a visit to Boston. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Bracken of Ottawa are spending their honeymoon in the city. Mr. and Mrs. B. Hewson of Michigan are staying in the city for a short time. Col. Tucker and Mr. J. C. Robertson are home from a trip to Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hayes friends will regret to hear that he is not improving quite so rapidly as his family could wish; he is still unable to be out. Mr. Edmund Burke who has been attending the

University at Fredericton for two years has been obliged to give up his studies on account of ill health; he returned home on Saturday last. Miss Helen Russell has returned home after a pleasant eight weeks visit to Bridgetown, N. S. where she was the guest of her friend Miss Messenger who gave a large party in her honor last week.

Miss Lizzie Hawker, who has been visiting Miss Minnie McLeod in Amherst has returned home. Mr. C. Hall has been visiting Batoche lately. Miss Jessie McQuarrie is in town, where she will spend the winter with friends. Mr. Alfred Ellis is home from a pleasant trip to Boston.

Mrs. Thomas Kellor of Dorchester is spending a short time in the city. Mr. Frank Porter is spending a week or two in Boston. The death occurred at the Cliftonhouse on Wednesday last of Mr. Alfred H. DeMille, a well known barrister of this city; Mr. DeMille was a man of great mental acquirements and his death will be deeply regretted by all who knew him. Mr. DeMille was a son of Mr. N. S. DeMille, and began his practice of his profession in this city about thirty years ago. The surviving members of the family will have the sincere sympathy of many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Lordy have returned from Riverside and are at 136 Duke street for the present. Mrs. S. Hayward returned Wednesday from a trip to the Pacific coast. Mrs. Josiah Wood and her daughter Miss Wood of Sackville are visiting Mrs. Philip Palmer. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Saunders of Sussex are spending a short time in the city. Mr. and Mrs. W. Cameron of London, England, are staying in the city for a short time. Mrs. Albert W. Edgecombe of Fredericton is visiting relatives here.

Miss Frankie Pearson of Lynn is here on a visit to friends. Miss Sadie McFarlane is home from Fredericton for a few weeks; she will however return to that city before Christmas and spend the winter with her sister Mrs. Barbour. Miss Helen matron of the General Public hospital, has resigned her position and gone to New York, where she will have a responsible position in the Polytechnic hospital an institution of high repute. During the three years she has been matron of the St. John hospital she has proven herself admirably fitted for the place, and has been most efficient in the carrying out of the many and often trying duties, connected with the place. Miss Carson who graduated from the training school here about a year ago, and who has since been a district nurse, also takes a position in the Polytechnic. She has an excellent record as an earnest and faithful nurse and had the honor of being elected matron of the institution, a position she would have been the choice for matron of the private hospital here which has lately been projected by the leading medical men.

Miss Madeline Black of N. S. is visiting Miss Madeline Gooding, Gillingham street. Mrs. Book who came from Montreal with Mrs. J. E. B. McCready, and who has been visiting Mr. Book's family in Halifax returned home this week and leaves for Montreal today. The marriage of Mr. Sydney L. Kerr and Miss Annie B. Spencer was solemnized at the residence of Mrs. A. Gilmore, Duke Street, on Tuesday evening, Rev. Thos. Marshall officiating; the wedding was a very quiet one the bridal party being unattended.

North End. Miss Lillian Bourke, of St. Martin's, spent part of last week with friends in the city, and left for her home on Friday. Miss Bourke has been visiting in New York for the past two months. Mrs. Wortman, of Moncton, spent a few days last week with her mother, Mrs. Charles Nevins Douglas Avenue. Miss Mary Harrison, of Goodville Point, has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Bessie Harrison, for a week. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jones entertained a number of her friends at a very pleasant whist party on Thursday of last week at their home on Main St. The party was given in honor of Dr. and Mrs. LeBaron Jones, of New York, who have been their guests.

Mrs. Robert D. McCa Murray, of St. Martin's, spent a few days of last week at her home here, and returned to St. Martin's Saturday. Miss Minnie Branscomb entertained a few friends very pleasantly on Friday evening. Mr. Henry Hilyard is confined to the house with a severe sore throat. Mrs. William Penna is able to get about after her illness. Dr. J. Smith, who has been quite ill for some time past, is somewhat better, but is not yet able to be out.

Mr. McLean, of Main street, has been confined to the house all week with illness. Mr. Len Jewett and Miss Jessie Hilyard will spend three weeks with friends. Mrs. Wm. Dyer received a few friends on Tuesday evening. Mrs. G. McLan and her family leave this week for Woodstock, where they will spend the winter with relatives. Mr. Ritchie is confined to the house through illness. N.D.I.A.

FREDERICTON. [Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fitch and H. Hawthorne. Dec. 4.—Society has been quite gay this week. What with tea parties, at homes, and social whist clubs, has been a very good time. For tomorrow, two large at homes are on the tapis; Mr. Fraser has issued invitations for a ladies' at home at Government house for tomorrow, from five to seven o'clock, this is the first at home at which Mrs. Fraser has excluded the sterner sex so the ladies are anticipating many a cosy chat over a delicious cup of tea. Mrs. Fowry also has an afternoon at home to-morrow from four to six at her home on College road.

On Thursday last Mrs. Randolph entertained a large number of friends at a tea party at "Frog more" at a farewell, before leaving for Southern California, where the family will spend the winter, they leave here on Friday, and will be joined in New York by the Misses Randolph. Mrs. Hunter, wife of Prof. Hunter of Sackville is here visiting her parents, Dr. J. R. and Mrs. Lach. Mrs. Hill of Sydney, C. B., who has been visiting her a few days, left on Friday for Fredericton, where she will spend the winter with her daughter. Mrs. J. McPake has returned home from visiting her daughter, Mrs. John O'Brien at Nelson. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe are in Milltown, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eaton. Mrs. Fred Spencer of Brooklyn, N. Y. is spending a few weeks here. Mrs. W. F. McCall has visitors at her pleasant home, St. John street. Miss Paisley is here visiting friends and will probably remain all winter. Mrs. Hayward Coburn gave a large party on Friday evening for her young daughter, Miss Margaret Coburn. Mrs. Albert W. Edgecombe is visiting relatives at St. John. Mrs. Florrie Fowry will return home in a few days, as she has not found the work in the hospital at Newport at all congenial. Miss Fannie Fair who had a critical surgical operation performed yesterday is today resting comfortably and hopes are entertained that in a few days she will be past danger. Miss Fannie Fair, wife of the Auditor General still remains very ill. Dean Partridge in company with his son, Mr.

Piano Lumber.

Like a precious stone is valuable in proportion as it is flawless. A perfect piano must have perfect wood, Mr. L. E. N. Pratte, manager for the Pratte Piano Company spare no effort to have every detail perfect. Not only was the wood selected personally by the Pratte Piano Company's manager, but through all the various processes of transformation in addition to the attention of skilled mechanics it has the personal supervision of Mr. Pratte. This insures unequalled results. You are invited to our warehouse to see our new instruments. Beginning with this number there will be a series of interesting ads. on piano makes, all numbered for convenience.

Pratte Piano 1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

Arthur Partridge and Mr. Charles Lee, who has been with him during his recent severe illness left today for Bermuda and will spend the winter there; Mrs. Partridge still continues very poorly. Mrs. Geo. Brown of Hampton is here visiting her daughter Mrs. Frank H. Creed who is also on the sick list. Mr. Frank Shepherd is come home from New York on account of ill health and is visiting his uncle Mr. Matthew Tennant. Miss Sadie McFarlane has gone to her home in St. John for a few weeks, but will return before Christmas and spend the winter with her sister Mrs. Madeline Gooding, Gillingham street. Mrs. Will Hall of Montreal is making a short visit to our city. Miss Eva Young has returned home from New Hampshire and will spend the winter here. Mr. Thomas Wilkinson of Montreal has returned to the city for a few weeks on account of ill health. Mr. B. Allison of Charlottetown is spending a few days in the city. Miss Lucy daughter of Mr. Timothy Leitch left today for Boston to enter the Huntington Ave. hospital to take a course of study in training for a nurse. Cuckoo.

NEWCASTLE. [Progress is for sale in Newcastle by Percy Fleming. Dec. 4.—Mrs. J. S. Fleming gave a most enjoyable little tea party last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew, the evening was almost entirely devoted to Scottish music, both instrumental and vocal well rendered by Mrs. O. Nicholson and Miss David son. The social given on Tuesday evening by the ladies of the Methodist church was a great success in every way. The early part of the evening was devoted to music, readings, etc., after which refreshments were served. The programme was good throughout. Miss Jean Thomson captivated the audience by her solo "I don't want to play your part" sung in answer to Mr. B. Wynn's "On an' play in our yard." The piano duo by Mrs. Osborne Nicholson and Miss Davidson was loudly applauded, while the reading by Miss Thomas and Miss Harley were unusually good. The duet by Miss Mary Russell and Miss Jean Thomson was very pretty, as was the trio "Twilight" by Miss Russell, Miss Watt, and Miss Thomson. "The boating song," as a closing chorus by twelve little girls carrying baskets of flowers, reflected great credit on Miss Thomson who spent much time training the children. I hear rumors of another social to take place shortly, which we hope will be as pleasant as this one has been. Mrs. Robert Armstrong of Bathurst spent a few days last week with sister, Miss Ross etc. Mr. John Davidson, who has spent the last six months at his home here, left on Wednesday night for Hamilton, Ont. Mr. Davidson's health is much improved and I hope soon to hear of his complete recovery. Rev. Wm. Aitken and Miss Aitken made a short trip to Halifax last week. Mr. Aitken preached on Sunday in Richmond, Rev. Mr. Hamilton of that

place conducting the services in St. James church Newcastle. I made a mistake last week in saying that Miss Sadie Withersell left on Wednesday for Boston. Miss Withersell intended spending the winter in the "hub" but changed her mind and will remain at her home here until later in the season. F. U.L. Mock.



Weak, Tired, Nervous

Women, who seem to be all worn out, will find relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. The following is from a well known nurse: "I have suffered for years with female complaints and kidney troubles and have had a great deal of medical advice during that time, but have received little or no benefit. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I began to use it together with Hood's Pills. I have realized more benefit from these medicines than from anything else I have ever taken. From my personal experience I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a most complete blood purifier." Mrs. C. DORRINGTON, 7 Cumberland St., Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to collect. See.

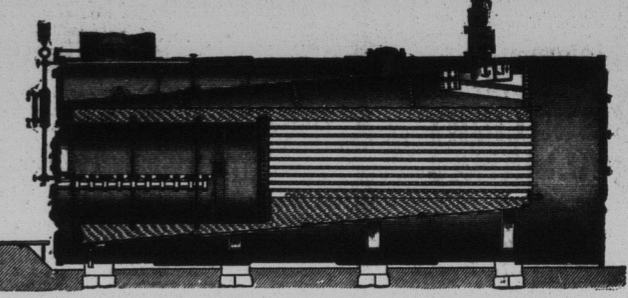
HAMPTON VILLAGE.

[Progress is for sale at Hampton Village, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks. Dec. 5.—The whist club spent an enjoyable evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hammond on Thursday. Mrs. E. H. Smith and Miss L. Oddy were the winners of the ladies prizes, Mr. S. G. Earle and Mr. W. Langstroth captured the gentlemen's prizes. Miss Gilbert, Robesay, spent a few days with Mr. J. B. Hammond. Miss Ross and Mrs. G. May are visiting friends here. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Flewelling who have been visiting friends at Fredericton returned home. Mrs. A. Clark is visiting friends in Boston. Miss Nellie Peters is visiting friends at St. Stephen. Dr. and Mrs. Wainford entertained the whist club Friday evening; among those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Barre, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. LeB. Tweedie, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Langstroth, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Smith Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Earle, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Carvell, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hammond, Mrs. R. W. Goss, Mrs. T. Deanda, Miss B. Peters, Miss Jordan, Miss L. Oddy, Mr. T. A. Peters, Mr. A. W. Hicks, Dr. Wainford, Mrs. Geo. M. Wilson, and Miss B. Peters captured the ladies prizes, Mr. B. H. Smith and Mr. E. G. Evans captured the gentlemen's prizes. Rev. Charles Wainford and Mr. Wainford, Glastonbury, spent a few days with the Rev. E. A. Wainford, Kilmah, Havlock, is visiting Mrs. Geo. M. Freese. Mrs. Mr. Young, Greenbush, York Co., is spending a few days with Mr. Geo. Howard. Mr. Dr. E. B. Parker, Green, Brown. Mr. Wm. J. Brown, Quebec, is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown. Congratulations to Rev. Mr. D. Fraser and Mrs. Fraser on the arrival of a little stranger, a boy. Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Evans entertained the members of the curling club to an oyster supper last evening, a very pleasant evening was spent in speech-making etc., each of the all voting President Evans a jolly good fellow. A.

ST. GEORGE. [Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien. Dec. 6.—Rev. Mr. Lavers and family arrived on Saturday. The parsonage will be ready for occupancy this week. Rev. Mr. Lavers are guests at Mrs. John Dewar, Miss King is with Mrs. Samuel Johnson, and Miss Lavers is with Mrs. (Dr.) Dick. Mrs. H. D. Wallace and little daughter are visiting St. John. Mrs. Percy Gillmer has returned from a trip to New York. Miss Jessie Whitlock spent Sunday in town. Mr. Geo. S. Parker of New York is visiting his son Dr. E. B. Parker. Miss Bessie Stewart entertains a party of friends on Wednesday evening at her home Upper Falls those going from town are Misses Bertha Campbell Ella MacVicar, Vangie Keenan and Messrs. MacVicar, Gilmour, Campbell, Baldwin, Moore, and Miss Helen Dewar. Max.

MAUGERVILLE. Dec. 2.—Mrs. Fred J. Harrison entertained a number of her young friends very pleasantly on Wednesday evening last. Mrs. Wm. Thurott also entertained a goodly number of friends on Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Dobbie at "The Rectory" are rejoicing over the advent of a son. M. A. McFadden left for the Upper St. John this morning. LITTLE LEAFY.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Purest and Best. HOW TO HAVE YELLOW HAIR. Some Useful Hints on the Subject Given by a Recognized Authority. When it comes to coloring hair yellow, the resources of the domestic pharmacopoeia are seriously taxed. In the old time of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, when, thanks to Marie de Medici, women had cosmetic lore at their finger ends, there seems to have been no dearth of yellow dyes for the hair. The garden marigold and yellow St. Johnswort, plentiful along Northern roadsides from July to September, formed decoctions for coloring the hair bright yellow, first bleaching it with weak lye of ashes. Plenty of women are yet foolish enough to go through the misery of bleaching and dyeing their hair provided they were told how, but I do not care to be a party to the folly. To color the hair for a masque or an evening's play, not more is necessary than to rub yellow lake into a soft salve and anoint the hair with it. If an utterly gorgeous effect is aimed at finish with the recipe of King Solomon, who is said to have powdered the hair of his pages with gold dust, the gold dust in our times being Dutch metal powdered. No farther harm is done in this case than the trouble of washing the stuff out of the hair, the fine comb being a good servant in this case. To preserve the blond shade of the hair, nothing is safer than egg washes. The yolks only of half a dozen or more fresh eggs are well beaten and the hair abundantly wet with fluid, to which a teaspoonful of glycerine is added to prevent its drying too soon. For one or two hours the hair one sits in the sun with this deletable lotion on her locks, moistening the hair with yolks as fast as it dries. When fortune gives you the hair is abundantly rinsed and dried again in the sun. This application must be repeated weekly for months to secure the desired effect. The egg is an excellent shampoo, and does not extract the natural oil of the hair like most bleaches. In preserving the blond tint of a girl's hair, strict attention should be paid to her diet, pastry, fermented food and drink being excluded, as well as made gravies and fat sauces. A delicate, nutritious fare, and all the sunshine possible will keep her hair from turning dark for a long time. Washing the hair in white wine or champagne to lighten its tint is the French extravagance of a class whose one is to be extravagant in everything. But the first thing after any experiment you try for blonding your hair, you must restore capillary nourishment to your tresses by a good dressing with oil. Not the olive oil or dark vaseline which keep the color of dark hair if used early and frequently enough, but the white vaseline, of the purest kind, and the white mineral oil which is highly extolled for making the hair grow thick and fine. Astringent oils or pomades should never be suffered to touch light hair, and egg, borax or finest soft soap should compose its shampoo in place of bay rum and glycerine mixtures which darken the hair.



MONARCH ECONOMIC BOILERS Require No Brickwork, Give Highest Economy. Robb Engineering Co., Ltd. Amherst, N.S. J. S. CURRIE, Agent, 57 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IMPERIAL SHADES, Cheapest, Strongest, Best. MENZIE, TURNER & CO., Manufacturers to the Trade, Toronto. Sold by all reliable dealers.



Personal Beauty... Is a passport to good society. Perfect Teeth... Are conducive to a pleasing appearance. Odorama... The Perfect Tooth Powder, SWEETENS THE BREATH, STRENGTHENS THE GUMS, CLEANSSES THE TEETH AND PRESERVES THEM PERMANENTLY. IF YOU WANT THE BEST, ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT, AND TAKE NO OTHER. IT'S NAME IS ODOROMA. Aroma Chemical Co. A NEW THING IN CANADA, ALTHOUGH POPULAR ABROAD. TORONTO. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

The greatest exhibition of foreign fashions ever seen in Canada is open to inspection at 48 King street. The fact that Mr. Keeffe has the happy faculty of reproducing the most elaborate designs in detail, and that the fitting qualities of his garments are unexcelled, will cause many ladies to take advantage of his announcement which appears in this issue. British Peers' Carriages. The carriages of Peers are distinguished by having coronets on their panels. A baron's coronet may be known by its four balls; a viscount's by nine of smaller dimensions; an earl's has five upon supporters; a marquise has two balls in strawberry leaves; and a ducal coronet is known by the absence of balls and entire substitution of strawberry leaves.

MINARD'S LINIMENT "KING OF PAIN."

The Household. Well-Known Editor's Testimony. I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT as a pain reliever. I have used it myself for rheumatism with beneficial results and have recommended it to my friends. It is the REMEDY IN MY HOUSEHOLD. JOHN A. MACDONALD, Ed. Annaprior Chronicle.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between James Collins and James Sinclair under the name of A. Sinclair & Co. has been dissolved by mutual consent, and the said James Collins has purchased the good will and assets of the said business, all debts due the said firm to be paid to the said James Collins, who will also pay all the liabilities. Dated the 15th day of November, A. D. 1895. JAMES COLLINS, JAMES SINCLAIR.

WOMEN

whether handsome or plain, ALL judge CLAPPERTON'S to be the best thread on the market.

We Greet You, and invite you come in and look over one of the most complete stocks of Holiday Novelties and finest quality Jewelry ever exhibited in this city. Do your trading where an established reputation warrants continued confidence. Ferguson & Page, Jewellers, etc., 53 King St.

One Thousand Dollars WANTED.

Parties having money to loan will please write to the undersigned. Have an opportunity of getting into sheep and desire to loan One Thousand Dollars. Am willing to pay eight per cent. interest and will give the best of security, will also place any party wishing to make a loan in the way of finding out my financial and business standing. The closest investigation desired. W. CARMAN BLISS, Harlan, Chateau Co., Montana, U. S. A., 11, 20, '96.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1895

WANT HIGHER SALARIES.

THE HALIFAX CIVIC OFFICIALS ARE DISSENTING.

The Committee on Salaries Have Received Applications for Increases—Officials Who Would Never be Missed—The Funny Action of a Prominent Alderman.

HALIFAX, Dec. 5.—A majority of the city council at its last meeting did a remarkable thing, when they resolved to add \$300 each to the three city assessors, some months ago the council appointed a committee to investigate the whole question of civic salaries. They got to work very slowly, to be sure, but they have done something, and will it is expected, be ready to report at the next meeting of the council. In the face of this, a majority of the council deliberately passed over the salaries committee, and added \$200 each to the salaries of Chief Assessor Phelan and his two assistants, Messrs Cairns and Foster. This it is needless to say, was the result of a lot of "log-rolling" and assiduous personal canvassing by the "supplicating" officials. It is a well-known fact that several of the aldermen, who voted for that increase, have over and over again expressed themselves as dissatisfied with the work of some of the assessors whose administration has more than once been the subject of committee investigation. Now, in the face of their former public utterances, and despite the existence of a committee on salaries appointed for the very purpose of looking into such matters as this application for "a raise," more than half the council deliberately votes away \$600 of the city's money, into the pockets of officials, whose administrative record, in some particulars at least, is not above question. One alderman who had voted for the increase, asked how he could reconcile such action with what he had formerly said and done, replied:

"The city assessors must be paid a salary worthy of their office. We do not want to keep them down to a barber's pay or to a dry goods clerk's wages. We must pay them a respectable salary to uphold the dignity of their office. If they are not competent we should not only reduce or keep down their pay, but should dismiss them. Whether they are any good matters not, so long as they occupy the position their salary must be kept up to high water mark."

These are the sentiments of an alderman who is well known to have decided opinions regarding the alleged incompetency of some, at least, of the assessors, and yet who enthusiastically voted to add \$200 annually to the pay of each of them. He knew he was talking nonsense when he made the flimsy excuse for his peculiar vote. Ald Mosher is on the salaries committee and yet he voted a dissenting assessor matter referred to the committee. He voted want of confidence in himself, much to the amusement of observers.

The city hall, a competent aldermanic authority states, could be run for one half what it now costs the tax payers, if useless officials were weeded out, and the whole service was reorganized on common sense principles. Official after official could be named, in receipt of large salaries, who are of no earthly use whatever. Were they gone "they never would be missed," why cannot they be superannuated or got clear of in some way. The rate of civic taxation is sure to be very much higher this year than last, and it is little short of cruelty that the honest toilers of this city must continue to endure to see their money taken not only to pay any needless civic salaries that already exist, but that salaries which are high enough in all conscience, should be increased, as is proposed to be done in the case of these city assessors.

The committee on salaries have several applications for increases. City Treasurer W. L. Brown now thinks he should have \$400 a year more, though he deliberately gave up \$1200 a year in his old place in the water works department for \$1,000 in his present, an understanding that when his predecessor, who draws a liberal superannuation allowance should cease to need it, Mr. Brown was to receive the full amount. Now it seems he is desirous of anti-pating that time, and asks for more money from the civic treasury at once.

Why not recognize the city hall staff, all the way down from the board working collector to the board of works office, so as to get more efficient work and more economical services. It could easily be done, if "log rolling" and personal interests were only kept in the background. Try it, aldermen, in the name of struggling, tax-ridden citizens, try it!

The committee on salaries has applications for increases also, from Foreman of streets McDonald, and where is this business to end?

The Topsail schooner.

A vessel of the rig not often seen in these waters is the topsail schooner, so called to distinguish it from the schooner carrying the ordinary gaff topsails, says a New

York paper. There is, perhaps, but one sailing from this port. She is a two-masted schooner, with the usual foresail and mainsail, but carrying on her foremast two square sails, an upper and a lower topsail. There are more topsail schooners sailing from Nova Scotia ports than there are from here, and the rig is more common in English waters. There are two three-masted Nova Scotia schooners that carry each two squareupper sails on the mainmast.

THEY DREW A BIG PRIZE.

It Brought Litigation to the Lucky Ones and Cost to the Lawyers.

On Dec. 9, at the Court House door in Lexington, Mo., United States Marshal Joe Shelby will sell, under execution issued from the United States circuit court here, 532 acres of fine farm land located near Odessa, in Lafayette county. The case will close a hard fought and historic case. It is the old lottery claim between Louis Cohn against Alvin Kensler, partners in the purchase of a lottery ticket that proved a winner and drew the capital prize, \$75,000, in the famous old Louisiana State lottery in its palmy days. The cash has been productive of everything but comfort to all interested parties since it was paid out by the lottery company, a dozen years ago.

During the fall of 1883 Louis Cohn and Alvin Kensler were the best of friends. Both lived here in Kansas city, and for a long time had been partners in the purchase of lottery tickets, and had jointly investigated \$5 each month in search of a fortune. One day during the fall Kensler was given \$250 by Cohn to make the customary purchase. Later in the day Cohn asked for the money, saying he was called out of the city and would need it. He asked Kensler to advance the amount and he would be the partner, and this agreement, so he says, was duly understood. His visit was prolonged until after the drawing, and then Kensler learned to his astonishment that he held the ticket that called for the capital prize, and was entitled to \$75,000. Just about that time Cohn came back and tendered him the \$250 for his half in the ticket, but Kensler answered him nay. Then there was a row.

In the due course of time Kensler deposited his ticket with the express company, and it was paid and the cash was turned over to him. Cohn at once began suit for his half of the sum, and employed Major William Warner as his attorney, while Kensler employed Senator George Vest to defend his case and his cash. The case was filed in the Federal Court in Kansas City, Dec. 16, 1884, and asked for one-half of the amount. The case was in the court for three years, and on Nov. 1, 1887, the verdict was rendered for the plaintiff for the sum asked for, with legal interest to date.

The legal battle attracted a great deal of attention. Major Warner fought for his client with remarkable zest, and Senator Vest, who was paid \$5,000 to defend Kensler, made a stubborn defence. It was a tit between trained and experienced legal gladiators, and is remembered by other attorneys and the officials. But Kensler did not stop fighting at the close of the litigation. He invited a large portion of the cash in a farm of 532 acres down near Odessa and married, so that his wife would be able to have a claim in the property. A baby was born, and another legal complication was precipitated. The farm was deeded to others, and every day Kensler was resorted to in order to delay or defeat settlement. Finally Mrs. Kensler died, and some years later the baby died, and Kensler is said to have completely abandoned the case and gone to the Pacific coast, where he has accumulated some property and abandoned lottery enterprises.

To attorneys for Cohn watched the legal complications, and at the proper time judgment was assigned to Isaac W. Avit, and in his name was revived and is now in force. The matter was at once put into motion, and an execution was issued and the property seized and sold at auction. The advertisement has been satisfied, and on Dec. 9 the sale of the lands will take place at Lexington.

The farm is one of the best in Lafayette county, and is worth, so interested parties claim, \$50 per acre, and while it will not satisfy in judgment of the plaintiff, it will be a big factor. The judgment, with the legal interest added, now stands at \$44,567 27.—Kansas City Journal.

A North Carolina Biting.

In North Carolina the judges of the Superior courts "rotate," i. e., ride each circuit of the whole State in regular succession. When Judge Shipp, of one of the mountain courts, in regular rotation came to ride a circuit on the sea coast, he was much pleased with times, which were new to him. He had a clam supper, with the result that he had a most violent illness, and could not hold court for two or three days. When able to sit on the bench, the first case tried was an affray in which one man used a pistol, and the other knocked him down with a clam (in the shell). Manly appearing for the State, introduced a witness to prove that one clam, so used, was a deadly weapon. "St. p. to me, Manly," said the Judge, earnestly: "the court will hear evidence whether or not a pistol is a deadly weapon, but the court knows without further evidence what a clam is."—San Francisco Argonaut.

GOOD CARE OF THE HAIR.

HOW IT SHOULD BE TREATED TO KEEP IT PROPERLY.

Some of the Common Causes of Baldness and Gray Hair—How the Spanish Women Do in Making Their Heads Attractive—Useful Receipts Given.

The early grayness of hair on the temples has a variety of causes, writes Shirley Dare in the Chicago Inter Ocean. The wearing of bangs spoils the front hair, for bangs, especially if curled, get more washing and wetting than is good for them. Also fine ashes and furnace dust settle at the roots and change the color, especially in house-keeping women. If domestic women wish to keep good hair, they must never sweep make a fire or poke it, without having the head closely covered. A coquettish sweeping cap is only partial protection. A kerchief or clean towel brought square over the eyes and pinned snugly over the ears and back hair is better and can be made picturesque as you please.

One great cause of poor hair is the small bonnets, worn in windy, cold weather. Set up neuralgia along the front of the head or take cold in the ears, and the hair will show it along the course of the nerve affected. A decayed tooth will also affect the hair in certain connection with the nerves on the same side. Women go out in summer with stiff sailor hats and faces tied up in white veils which oblige them to take more of their own breath than is good or refined, and in fall take to bonnets wearing a bow and aigrette, leaving the wind to dry the moisture of the hair and chill the skin, which always tend to blanch the hair. A veil over the forehead and ears, with fur or leather collar high about the cheeks, is good for the complexion, and postpones white hair and blue noses. Stiff derby and straw hats with leather inside bands ruin hair. Light weight, flexible hats and bonnets are the only wear for those who would have good hair under their millinery. Sweat confined to the scalp by air-tight bands or hats is the prompt cause of greyness and loss of hair recorded. The secretions quickly change, the perspiration grows acid or in warm weather a fungus starts which gives damp hair its musty smell. Keeping bonnets on hour after hour in the senseless custom at public meetings or in travel is the origin of much greyness and thinness of partings, and here lies another plea for good hairdressing. If women's hair were properly and well dressed they would be less reluctant to lay aside their bonnets abroad. One can promptly recognize the "bonnet baldness" of public women.

Dr. Sheeaker tells us that "whatever depresses the health of the skin is liable to alter that of the hair and nails, which are modifications of the cuticle." With this clue it is easy to detect the causes of early greyness and loss of hair. The close air of offices and public buildings changes hair very quickly. Over and over I have watched the luxuriant hair of girls who took their places in publishing houses and libraries, notoriously ill-ventilated resorts, and seen them in half a dozen years fade and turn from gray to white. The same ghastly change follows in the workrooms of large stores where it is a penalty for a customer to wait while a gown is tried on. If employers knew how much better spirits and service they would have from their people by thorough ventilation, they would straight way change their windows for the English swing casements, which one begins to find here and there in this country, and keep them all wide open when it is not actually storming. When women realize how much of their youth, vitality, and good looks disappear in the nauseous air of their workrooms and lodgings, they would rebel against the needless sacrifice, and insist on wide open windows and disintegrated halls and closets. It is not bad feeling on the part of owners and employers which leads to these defects, for they are found on the premises of really humane and enlightened men, who do not know the risks which underdressed workingwomen and slim clerks run in these rooms which breathe the air of dungeons. Women are just as cruel to themselves in their own homes, in their close little sitting rooms which smell of woolen, their artistic little bedrooms; the bits of silk and crape hung on the corners of pictures frames and mantles, the leather cushions and triple curtains give off the odor absorbed from the abomination of a snug-up bedstead, no matter of what pattern. Good air is impossible in a room with a shut-up bed of any sort, which becomes so saturated with the secretions given off by sleepers that one detects its presence by the odor at once. The best beds need more airing than they get, but the closed beds are a source of unsuspected contagion and malaria. The only form of masked bed tolerable to health is the sofa in which the bed drop lets down to make half the couch. The cushion, being always open to the air while not in use, cannot become stuffy and illconditioned, and as there is no patent on this kind of bed it should come to common use. Unaired pillows and

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mattresses have more to do with the impairment of health, catarrhs, and falling of hair than any one suspects. Growing intelligence and refinement of the senses mask recognition of the minor causes of impaired vitality. Despised singly, but persistent when joining their petty forces as conditions of early life, they eat away the strength and desire of nations. Passing from the local causes of decay in hair, one great cause of gray hair in women and baldness in men is nervous strain. It may be nothing more than anxiety of business or family cares and social efforts in a woman whose strength is not equal to the tasks her ambition sets her, or it may be the maritold tag of teaching or the care of young children or invalids. The work is beyond the strength and calls most of the blood to the brain to devise, contrive and adjust, the back and lower muscles are strained by being on one's feet too much, which calls on the nervous force to these two centers of effort, nervous dyspepsia, and affections of the skin and hair betray the defective nutrition. Nervous shock, sudden fright, or intense grief is often followed by falling or grayness of the hair, although fright and grief may have passed out of memory before the symptoms manifest themselves. We go through a good deal in life without knowing it, and we must reverently thank heaven that we forget much as soon as it is over. It is rather a satire that a woman will find her flax black and blue with menacing spots, any one of which would insure her a divorce if shown as the blow of a hasty husband's hand, yet she will not be able to tell how she got them, in knocking around, stumbling in entering a car, being jostled at a shopdoor or striking the corner of a bedstead, the pain and the occasion being alike unnoticed. How often a little experience repeats itself, like this which happened to a woman I know. In the crowds of convention week she found herself in crossing a street just in front of a rapidly advancing electric car from which a very lively jump saved her. In less than an hour she began to feel a queer faintness, dragged herself home and was poorly for a week. A week after her hair began coming out in quantities, to her dismay, but it was not until her strength was brought round and the hair trouble checked by daily pomade that she put cause and effect together. Persons who habitually work up to the limit of their strength are apt to feel these shocks in a measure quite out of proportion to the exciting cause.

Perhaps this will suffice to satisfy ladies who write begging to know why their tresses which were their pride half a dozen seasons since are losing gloss and color. They may sum up the occasion of their troubles in bad air, perverted nutrition, nervous dyspepsia, and, following these predispositions, some nervous shock or strain. We have seen the care needed to keep the hair in good condition, it remains to learn how to cure its common maladies by simple means. Unless the hygiene of abundant nutrition, pure air and plenty of sleep is observed, hair restorers and lotions will not give satisfaction. Nature is very grateful for the right drug in sickness or the right cosmetic in toilet practice, to help the effect of good living. Where results count neither can do its best without the other.

When the hair turns gray before the age of 50 it is not unreasonable to believe that thorough renovation of health will restore color to the hair. Too many instances are on record where men and women have regained good hair after baldness and loss of color to discredit this theory. Electrization of the scalp, beginning with a very weak current, not over one cell of the battery, will check falling of the hair and bring it to its natural color. Magnificent suits of hair can be cultivated with the aid of the electric current, in addition to good care in other respects. But it is likely that impatient people will rush to take all the electricity their skin can bear that I hasten to remind them that a little too much of the current will surely

create baldness. Electricity is not like cold tea, to be used in unlimited dosage, and the daily use of weak currents has a better effect than taking all one can bear. The current should never be applied save by a physician experienced in the use of electricity. If the truth were known, more harm than good is done by small batteries in the hands of amateurs who "give them selves." The use of electricity as a remedy should be forbidden to all except physicians. One hardly ever hears of a private battery for medical use without also hearing of some students who worked by its aid until he or she went into paralysis or nervous breakdown. For cultivating a higher order of hysteria probably nothing is so certain as a portable battery in the hands of a half-taught woman. Sojourns in the insane asylum are not infrequently related to the use of electricity by some woman who wanted to do the work of three by the aid of electric baths or daily treatment. Electricity is the most powerful stimulant known, and if the system is not supported by the conditions of high health in all that pertains to food, air, and sleep, one may as well take to the absolute habit for quick and utter nervous ruin. Pilocarpine, the extract of the South American drug Ibarandi, has produced notable effects in restoring gray hair and eyebrows to their natural dark brown or black, but in view of the rashness of women in trying new remedies I almost hesitate to mention it. So powerful a medicine is only to be given by a careful physician, and it is not a little significant that the report of the most striking case of restored color in a woman of 60 is cut short by the death of the patient, helped or hindered by pilocarpine—who shall say? These new remedies are given to develop unexpected complications, and one would rather not be the subject of experiments at such risk.

The women who write for "some harmless wash that will restore color to the ugly white streaks in their hair" ask what women have desired since the days of early Egypt. The relics of the stone age reveal woman's paint and powder for the face, and the next in civilization includes the color for the hair. For dark hair which is losing its color, there is probably no domestic remedy better than the old English wash of black tea. To fulfill its reputation it should be made in an iron pot—it is better. Into this put one ounce of black tea, and on it pour a pint of boiling water. Let it steep over night, strain and add two fluid ounces of Jamaica rum, with a few drops of rosemary oil or bergamot to make it pleasant. If this is applied to the hair hot, all the better, but it is made to keep, sponging the roots of the hair with half a cupful two or three times a week at night. Rosemary leaves are substituted for the tea, when attainable, and it is good to alternate the two.

Another wash for dark hair is sulphate of iron one troy drachm, rose water one pint, glycerine one half fluid ounce, cologne water the same. This wash is supposed to supply iron to the hair, the combination of iron and sulphur in varying degrees rendering the natural hair lighter or darker brown. The fluid given gradually darkens graying hair, with the advantage that no one suspects the use of any dye. An old recipe for darkening hair is a handful of green walnut shells steeped in a quart of claret. The shells should be kept in the wine for two weeks. A very fine old hair restorer which benefits the color is made thus: Take half a pound of green southernwood, the garden plant known as "Old Man" or "Cat's Love," and boil it in a pint and a half of best olive oil for two hours. The oil and herb should only simmer. Strain the liquid, pressing the herb to get its extract and repeat the boiling three times with fresh southernwood. Then add half a pint of red wine, while hot, and add two ounces of bear's grease—or tallow this a much goose fat. Brush this into the roots

of the hair twice a week. A sovereign good thing for the hair goes to waste around every vacant lot of the city. Dockroot simmered in oil rubbed into the roots of the hair daily is a great restorative. Fresh palm oil is excellent for the hair, especially for darkening sandy locks, if one could get it, but the true palm oil, with its odor of violets, is practically unknown. Before using any kind of restorative for coloring the hair, it should be washed very clean with one-half teaspoon of borax in three pints of hot water, rinsed in two waters, and dried as quickly as possible before a fire or in the sun. When quite dry the dye is applied. The shoulders are protected by a rubber cloth, the hands of the operator, the face, neck, and scalp at the partings of the hair have cold cream rubbed into them or some bland oil to prevent staining. The dye is poured into a saucer, and a shampoo brush, an exaggerated toothbrush in size, conveys it to the hair which must be thoroughly and evenly wet with the fluid. When a lock or two only are to be colored, they are washed and dried free of oil, combed out smooth, and the color brushed in from top to scalp. Owing to the herring bone formation of the color sets better in this way of brushing it in. A piece of thin silk is bound about the head to prevent its drying too quickly, and when dry it is well to expose the head to the light. Soaps of the best dye do not turn for a day or two, others need repeated applications, to darken the shade, as the quality of hair alters the effect of the dye. Common dyes need repeating once in a month or six weeks. The next thing after getting a good color is to oil the hair to supply something like natural gloss. None of the nitrate of silver dyes or leads are given, as they are highly injurious to the hair, and often injure the brain. The worst case of shattered mind I ever saw outside of an asylum was a woman who herself attributed the scattering of her faculties to the use of a dangerous hair dye. It is comparatively easy to color hair black or dark brown, for when the grease and oil are washed out of it, any dark dye will set for a time from logwood to burnt sugar. In the absence of anything else, fading hair and mustaches may be touched up with writing ink or liquid shoe blacking diluted with alcohol. But the after effect on the hair and the duration of the color are not vouchsafed for.

Money to Burn

is a common reply when one person asks another where they get all their good clothes. The reply is generally given in the form of a joke. We give you a chance to use the term in reality. Send your Laundry to Ungar's and save the wear and tear. Economize and send your old clothes and have them dyed at Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works. Then you will have money to Burn.

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HOW TO USE THE VOICE.

CERTAIN DEFECTS OF TONE AND THEIR REMEDY.

The French Woman's Merry Accents and the Soft Scottish Tone—Familiarities of Speech in Different Nations—The Beauty in Some Voices.

Among the several possessions which serve to distinguish poor, responsible man from comfortable, irresponsible beast are his vocal organs. In his use of these organs man does at times appear to take no pride in the distinction, and, seemingly not content to rest his claim for outgiving the lion upon what was, after all, a mere accident of birth, he tries also to outdo him. Even when the voice is not loud its pure tone is frequently so obstructed in its passage through the throat and is so mingled with other sounds as to be scarcely distinguishable. A recent number of the London Pall Mall Gazette devotes an interesting article to the discussion of the disturbance of tone.

The sweetest speaker in Europe, we are told, are certain Scotch women and French women. The voices of both are high in pitch, but clear in tone. The French voice is light, with a note of gaiety. In spite of its rather high pitch, it permits within its range many varieties of tone, and by its charm it adds much to the delicacy of the wit for which it is so often the medium. Indeed, the very jest which, in the light, laughing, trifling voice, of a French woman, would seem a bit of sprightly fancy, might, in many instances, if spoken in the deeper slower, more serious tones of the German or the English woman impress the hearer as coarse. The gaiety of the French voice has in it a note of self-complacency. The hearer enjoys it, wishes, perhaps, that more voices were like that, but he hears in it no equal to himself, no request for sympathy. This appeal is present in the voice of the Scotch women.

There is a touch of wistfulness, a hint of sorrow in their tones—only a touch or a hint, caused, we are told, by the inflection of the language, which leaves the cadence not quite finished when the sentence ends. It stirs one's sympathy, one's sense of fellowship, and it makes one long to hear it again. An additional charm is given to the Scottish voice by the tone of education, almost invariably present in it, irrespective of the rank of the speaker. This tone seems to the foreigner to be that of education, because in most countries it is in only the upper, more cultivated ranks of society, that such clear, soft voices are to be heard. In both Scotland and France, however, the clear, soft tone seems a natural gift, shared alike by all ranks, and not only when the voice has been injured by some trade or calling. The fishermen of both countries, indeed, "open-air" women generally, have but a natural sweetness that may once have been present in their tones. Shouting and talking against the wind have made their voices harsh.

The Genoese have the acutest harsh voices in the world, and they have a twang as well. The Genoese themselves attribute this to the oil, in the manufacture of which many of them are engaged, but it would seem more naturally to be the result of a frequent straining of their voices by shouts and calls. A Genoese woman will sit for a frequent morning calling "Bachiching! aw-aw-Bachiching!" to the olive hills, which echo and reecho, from vineyard to vineyard, with the harsh discord intended for "Battista," but Battista never seems to come or to answer. Probably Battista himself is seated somewhere and does not wish to move. Why should he? He has no assurance that the call is for him. Nearly all the boys are named Battista, and all the mothers shout. Of course he does not stir. The only wonder is that he and all the other Battistas hidden in the olive shades do not shout in answer. As most of the boys are named for John the Baptist, as most of the girls are named for St. Catherine, a local saint, and the patois of the district impartially removes all trace of euphony from the girls' "Catherinas" as from the boys' "Battistas."

The English people do not shout. They ring bells or blow whistles or write notes. Their tones, however, are no sweeter than those of the Genoese. If the English do not shout, they drawl, and there is nearly as rasping an effect produced by the English drawl as by the Genoese shout. The English voice is deep, and its tone comes to us so sheathed in other sound that it is difficult to distinguish. There is a scraping sound, quite distinct from hoarseness, yet sharing its unpleasantness, which is a usual accompaniment of the deep English tone. The English voice lacks the gentle quality of the Scotch and the gay note of the French. It is usually dull and is frequently harsh.

It is difficult to make any general statement which will be true of all American voices, for the general influences of climate and of heredity shared by the inhabitants of most other nations as common to all vary too much with us. England has one climate. America has many climates. All English descend from William the conqueror. Even Mayflower Americans show a mixed ancestry. The general sameness of conditions in England has produced a similarity in the voices of her inhabitants. In America the voices vary with the conditions. There are sections in which certain prevail-

ent faults or virtues give a mark of individuality. The voice of a New England village woman is usually pitched high, but lacks clearness and is marked by a twang. Under emotional influence it frequently becomes nasal. It is not vivacious, but is marked by a few strong accents. The women of the Middle Atlantic States speak with more vivacity, using much emphasis. They slight the round full vowels "a" and "o" even more than their Eastern sisters do. Much is heard of the "Western drawl," but a drawl may be found in almost every section of the country. The Westerners differ in their manner of drawing, but they draw no more than do the Easterners. The Westerners make by abbreviation the time that they lose in drawing. The tones of Western voices seem clearer, as a rule, than those of Eastern voices. The pitch is not quite so high, and there is less shrillness. In large cities in both the East and the West, where women live for the most part indoors, their voices are sweeter and clearer than in the country, although a soft, clear voice is rare, even in the cities.

The Southern women are noted for the beauty of their voices, but it is more for their richness, than for the clearness of their tones. Their tones are deeper than those of the women of the North, and while they thus avoid shrillness, and their climate guards them against the nasal tone so frequent in the North, the depth of their voices makes them peculiarly liable to the scraping sounds which have been mentioned as so frequently present in the deep English tones. The Southern women speak low, however, a fact which helps to create smoothness. When the deep, full Southern voice is clear it has a richness and a variety of range that the higher voices never possess. The Southern voice has in it a note of happiness, less gay, perhaps, than the French, but more appealing, for often following it is a little dependent sound, as if the voice were asking the hearer to join in the feeling it expressed. Probably no other single element contributes more to the pleasure of discourse than does pure tone. Tone may be pure in a loud voice as well as in a quiet, in a high voice as in a deep. As each note of the musical scale has its own peculiar beauty, it but sounded clear and true, so each pitch of the human voice has a charm of its own, it can but be set free from all accompanying discord. Men have tried for years to strip the notes of musical instruments from the bulk of noise which surrounds them, yet it is only at intervals that we are thus distressed. Our voices over and over again present to us a similar fault, but our ears are dull. We are so accustomed to the annoyance that we take its necessity for granted and finally cease to notice it.

As every one knows, the sound of the human voice is determined by the rate of vibration of certain cords stretched over a small box-like structure in the throat. Should any cause prevent these cords from vibrating in unison, the pure tone would, of course, be lost. Such a cause is present whenever the air which has started the vibration is checked in any way in its passage through the upper throat and a chord. The fewer the vibrations of the cords the more does any change in their rate affect the resulting sound. Hence clearness is a rarer quality in a deep voice than in a high one. As we may sound each note of a piano loudly or softly without marring the tone, so it is possible to make a loud voice as clear as a soft one. But the more force we expand, the harder that force is to control, and, consequently, a soft voice is made clear more easily than a loud one. If each one should try in speaking to set free his natural tone, and to keep it free by keeping his voice low, clear and untroubled, he would be without a really formidable element of nervous strain which the jungle of sounds makes them present. Imagine an afternoon tea where the voices were clear and melodious! Would it not be stripped of half its terrors?

Without a doubt the customary remedy prescribed for all human ills such as lie outside the sphere of patent medicines, namely, a critical and unrelenting attention rendered to his own special manifestation of the fault of each individual, would work a speedy reform in this matter. But that cure is so costly and so disagreeable when personally applied that there is small hope for its general use. However, there are the children. We might try it upon them, and thus save the next generation from one of our present afflictions. One heroic mother, after six months of effort, persistent through many temporary arrangements, succeeded in influencing her 12-year-old daughter to abandon her favorite "Mary and I" for the more restrained "Mary and me" in such sentences as "Ralph will buy Mary and me some candy." That child, when a woman, will use correct English. With a little more maternal watchfulness she might be taught to utter it correctly.

Especially are we sufferers from the poor vocal training of public speakers. A musician does not consider himself equipped for his performance when he has merely selected and has proved his ability to read his music. He also tunes his instrument and makes sure that he can by its use translate not merely the written score, but also the implied feeling of the music that he is to render. Public speakers on the contrary, consider their task well done if they have used care in thinking out their speeches. They rarely consider how much they could increase the force of their words by a right use of their voices. The press has recently called attention to this fault in the speech of one of the greatest actors of the time. The fault is conspicuous in him because he has so few defects, and because it is added a somewhat incontinent enunciation; but it is present quite as prominently in the voices of many other actors. Clergymen are frequently at fault in this regard, and lecturers almost as frequently. This is due in part, no doubt, to the family training of the present generation.

The Villain Checked. "I will follow you to the utmost ends of the earth!" hissed the villain. "No, you won't," said the heroine, coolly. "Why won't I?" queried the villain, aghast at her coolness. "Because I'm not going there," she replied.

TOLD OF FINGER RINGS.

FACTS AS TO THEIR USES IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

Rings Have Been Associated With Love and Marriage From Time Immemorial—The Former Rules Regarding Them—Many Meanings in the Use of Rings.

The ring has always been associated with marriages from time immemorial. The baronage of his love for his "fair lady" being as "endless as the ring." The engagement ring is, perhaps, the most genuinely interesting bit of jewelry a woman can wear, and then there is always the strong possibility of her having a variety, though as an emblem of marriage it was not introduced by the Christian church, as many suppose.

Before the introduction of coinage, the only circulation of Egyptian gold was in the form of rings, and the Egyptian, at his marriage, placed one of these rings of gold on his bride's finger as a token of instructing her with all his property. In our marriage ceremony we but follow this custom.

Some of the birthday rings are wonderfully unique, the various lucky stores being set lightly on tiny wire of gold. Friendship rings are less popular than of yore, though occasionally one sees them worn by a loyal devotee of the pretty old custom. The lover's knot is the most common, being either in silver or gold and very slender.

The Fede ring presents several features of interest, being composed of two flat hoops accurately fitting, each within the other, and kept in place by a corresponding projection on either extreme edge. So that the two form to all appearance one body.

A name is engraved on each, or a line of a distich in old French. The idea being, should the two friends separate, each could wear a single hoop (as they are easily separated,) and thus be a means of recognition when again compared.

"With joints so close as not to be perceived, yet they are both each other's counterpart."

The quaint old-time hair rings are no longer seen; their oddity was more noteworthy than their beauty; they are "hair-rooms" in every sense.

It would seem odd in this privileged age to be restricted in so small a thing as the wearing of gold rings, yet in olden days there were various laws held by the Romans as to the wearing of these jeweled baubles. Tibertius made a large property qualification necessary to their wearing; the right was given to all Roman soldiers by Severus. The only ornaments worn by the knights under Augustus were ancient rings of iron, which were later held as a badge of servitude, an express decree of the state being necessary to rightfully wear a solid gold ring.

Amphibians to foreign missions were invested with golden circles as a mark of great respectability; these were issued by the treasury with much ceremony, not even the Senators being allowed to wear them in private life.

The earliest use of rings and the form which they most generally took was of the nature of a signet, and was used to give authenticity to documents before the art of writing was known to any but professional scribes. But they soon became symbols of power and authority, and we remember the duke in the "Twelfth Night" end his ring by Viola to his mistress Olivia as a token that all power was delegated to the holder of the ring. The signet was used by merchants as their own private mark, equivalent to our trade mark and, moreover, was the only form rings took for a very long period. A form of signet introduced in Egypt: the Etruscans was a gold swivel ring, mounted with a scarab.

A curious form of ring found in Greek tombs are for the dead, a provision never made in these days. They are hollow and light, and set with round convex pastes. Many of these were so thin that it was necessary to fill them with mastic varnish to preserve their shape.

Poison was inserted in the hollow rings of the Romans. A story is related of Pliny that, after the golden treasure had been stolen by Crassus from under the stone of the Capitoline, Jupiter the custodian, to escape torture, broke the gem of his ring in his mouth, expiring immediately from the effects of the poison secreted in it.

A curious ring of Venetian workmanship (and one which could have been worn on ceremonial occasions) is the Jewish wedding ring of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, being an elaborate structure. The bezel bearing a conventional representation of the ark, a temple, with instructions in Hebrew characters on either side.

A highly elaborate form of Jewish wedding ring has projecting sockets, from which hang small rings; a very cumbersome finger ornament.

The cost of these rings must have been great, not only from the amount of metal used, but the exquisite workmanship, on which account one would have been loath to consign them to the metal pot, as did the women of Prussia during the war of liberation in 1813, who, in lack of other coin, contributed their wedding rings, receiving in return those made of iron, bearing the legend, "Ich gebe dich Eisen."

The puzzle rings are ingeniously contrived, the four hoops comprising the ring being all separate, and falling to pieces when removed from the finger. These were the work of the old Indian goldsmiths. Much of beauty and symbolism is shown in the peasant rings.

Use

SURPRISE

Soap on wash day. It Saves money.

According to Danandus, the episcopal ring was symbolical of perfect fidelity of the duty of sealing and revealing and, lastly, of the gift of the Holy Ghost. A massive ring of bronze gilt, the square bezel being set with a green chalcodony and emblazoned with St. Marks in relief on each side of the shoulder, shields of arms, represents a papal ring of the fifteenth century, and was given by popes to new-made cardinals.

Another most interesting ring was the property of Alhastan, Bishop of Seborne, and was found at Llystalo, in the north-western part of Carnarvonshire, in 1775. It is gold, and very massive, the hoop being formed of eight divisions, alternately circular and lozenge shaped, and inscribed "Albeta"

A ring said to have been given by Charles I. to Bishop Juxon on the day of his execution has an inscription, "Rex death than fals faith," engraved on its bezel.

Falstaff boasts that in his youth he was "slender enough to creep into an alderman's ring," which shows that this style is dated from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Every one knows of the poison ring of Demosthenes, and the one by which Hannibal killed himself, with its hollow bezel fill'd with deadly poison.

A ring used as a charm to ward off diseases, and worn by the South German of the sixteenth century, is quaintly set with three wolves' teeth, the shoulders chased with two roses in relief.—Boston Traveler.

How to Eat a Peach. I would I not eat the best peach that ever grew if I was compelled to bite into the furry skin, for it is something that I cannot do.

I speak now of the free-stone peaches, for to eat a cling-stone peach, I should advise the person to do as the ladies in the East Indies do when they are about to eat some of that luscious fruit, the mango—that is, to retire to their chambers, and when they have shut and locked the doors, prepare basins of water and towels, and cover the looking-glasses, so that no reflections may be cast, then begin and eat.

But now for peaches. With a silver knife cut the peach down from the stem and exactly through the middle, and up again to the point of starting, thus dividing it into halves; but do not separate it from the stone. Then cut again from the same point, but a quarter of a circle further along, thus dividing it into quarters. If the peach is very large, it may be divided into sixths. Then separate the parts, which you can easily do if the peach is ripe, and, taking up one of them, draw your knife across the middle of it at right angles to the original cut, but this must be on the inside of the peach, and be sure not to cut through further than to the skin.

Then turn the section back, like a hinge, so that the two furry sides touch, and the But is your watch or your money the most valuable of your possessions? Not, by a wide margin. Unless one owns himself, what's the good of him owning anything else? And what is yourself? Why your health, your self-respect, your liberty, your happiness. What is wealth compared with these? or, what is it without them? Poor Robinson Crusoe on his island had a heap of gold, yet what use was it to him? None whatever. The sound of a human voice, other than his own, were worth the whole of it. For he was not only a captive, but a captive without the poor comfort of even a jailer's company. The hope of final deliverance was all that kept him up. And it's all that keeps any of us up—the hope of better days to come.

That is why the doctor who told Louis Barby that she would die before she was eighteen years old, did a thoughtless if not a wicked thing. She was ill, as you will infer from what has been said, and had been for perhaps a year. She was unable even to walk, and had to be carried up and down stairs, and, of course, was a poor little prisoner in her own home, but happily among loving friends. Instead of running and dancing about, as she would have done if well, she passed the weary days in an armchair, propped up with pillows. What a miserable fate was this for a girl only fifteen years old. To be sure, there are thousands and thousands of others no better off, yet how is any consolation to be got out of that?

Interesting about this experience recently she says "I was so pale, thin, and helpless that every one who saw me thought I was in a decline, and the doctor who attended me said I would die before I was eighteen."

That is, the doctor thought she would never live to be eighteen. No doubt he was honest in that opinion, and her appearance seemed to justify him in it; but, all the same he should have done his best for her and kept his gloomy forebodings to himself. For, you see all persons hope to be better soon, and although it doesn't always cure, hope is nevertheless a good medicine. Well, the lady goes on to tell us how

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL

FOR SEVEN YEARS I LINGERED. Whosoever snatches your watch from your pocket, or breaks into a bank and takes your money deposited there, you know what we call such a person, and what punishment the law prescribes for him. But is your watch or your money the most valuable of your possessions? Not, by a wide margin. Unless one owns himself, what's the good of him owning anything else? And what is yourself? Why your health, your self-respect, your liberty, your happiness. What is wealth compared with these? or, what is it without them? Poor Robinson Crusoe on his island had a heap of gold, yet what use was it to him? None whatever. The sound of a human voice, other than his own, were worth the whole of it. For he was not only a captive, but a captive without the poor comfort of even a jailer's company. The hope of final deliverance was all that kept him up. And it's all that keeps any of us up—the hope of better days to come.



the trouble began: I was strong and healthy enough," she says "up to being fourteen years of age. Then I began to feel languid, weary, and weak. My tongue was coated, my mouth tasted badly and I had no appetite. After meals I had pain in the chest and a wail pain and palpitation at the heart. Then came great pain between the shoulders, and a sinking all-gone feeling. Later on abscesses broke out on various parts of my body, and I rapidly got so weak I was unable to walk. As for food I could swallow anything solid; it seemed to stick in my throat, and I was fed on beef-tea, port wine, and cod-liver oil. At this point in her letter she states the facts we have already given in the third paragraph of this little narrative. "For seven years I lingered on in this way, never being able to do anything," she says. "During all this time I was fed wholly on slops. No one imagined I should ever get better. When I was twenty-one I took a slight turn for the better, but was never well, being always feeble and scarcely able to get about. With many ups and downs I continued to suffer until July of last year (1893), when I heard of Seigel's Syrup, and made up my mind to try it. I got a bottle from Mr. Edmonds, chemist, Rawmarsh, and after taking it for a fortnight my appetite improved and my food agreed with me. I kept on with the Syrup and gained strength daily. My son was so much better that I left from a distance I did not know me. Now I take an occasional dose of the Syrup, and keep in good health. I praise Seigel's Syrup, to all." Yours truly, (signed) (Mrs.) Louise Barby, Rose Hill, Rawmarsh, near Rotherham, May 19th, 1895. Little is needed to complete this interesting story. Of its absolute truthfulness the reader may rest assured. The disease so fortunately cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was not consumption but its counterfeit (but often its cause), Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Parents will do well to make a note of this fact, as thousands of young persons are swept away by being wrongly treated for a disease they do not have. Even good doctors may be mistaken and prophesy falsely. But they should never quench the light of hope. Ten thousand bushels of dried apples are among the products of the Kansas penitentiary farm.

NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

TIMELY REMINDER OF ROBERT BURNS AND HIS LIFE.

Glimpses of the Ayrshire Ploughman as Seen from Various Points of View by Friends and Admirers—Some Scotch That Needs an Interpreter.

The annual output orations, poems, and editorial papers on the chief of Scottish bards, makes the statted compilation of "Burnsiana," on the part of Mr. John D. Ross, a labor of love, as well as an opportunity for careful selection out of his abundance.

He waxes a portion with judicious care. Volume I falls not behind its predecessors, and serves to revive anew that interest which scarcely ever begins to die in the world's favorite singer.

The first to fasten the eye, though not the first in the editor's order of arrangement, is the address of S. R. Crockett, delivered Edinburgh Burns club, Jan. 25th, 1894. Just now, while we are reading "A Galloway Herd," with the keenest appreciation we are curious to learn our brother-preacher's style when he is on his feet. We are assured he has no need to cease wagging his paw in a pulpit, on account of being a "sticker minister;" for he has the faculty to illumine even a threadbare subject,—which is surely a fair test of power. He says, anent the annual burst of enthusiasm over the "immortal memory": "You ask me to express in your presence some of those deeper and stronger feelings which lie at the roots of our natures. We Scots are naturally reticent, and on any other subject but Robert Burns, we can hardly be accused of carrying our heart upon our sleeves. Yet in this place, and on this occasion, Burns has so often been eulogized that it would be unfitting and presumptuous in me simply to add one more poem. The time has long gone past when eulogues were useful literary products, and I have not the art to make them ornamental. But, on the other hand, it were still more out of place to say a word in dispraise of him whose head lies low these hundred years nearly, down by where the Nith water slips under the bridges of Dumfries. God forbid that tonight we should cast one stone at so noble a publican as Robert Burns."

Now and then a poetic or humorous vein enters into his style; and in the following passage, after he has been wondering what Scotland would seem to us had there never been a Robert Burns,—we might almost think we were beginning to read a paragraph in one of his novels: "In my own country the knoaves are green and starred with the white sheep. I love to look upon them. But most I love the pastures of Cluden, for still about them we heard the voice of the singer—"As the yowes to the knowes—the bonny knowes o' Cluden." And as we go down into Annandale, and the sun is low, would the landscape have so fair to our eyes had he not told how—

Sweet fa'the eve on Craigieburn, And thybse awakes the mornow."

And lastly (as we say professionally) how would we clap hands and part with-out the blithesome comradeship of "Auld Lang Syne" to cheer us on our way.

On the "perilous" to his "sermon" he tries to tickle the ear of his auditor as the successful platform man must:

I have always thought it a wonderful proof of the toraving nature of Galloway people that we have been willing to overlook the great mistake of Burns' life,—which was his being born in Ayrshire. He ought to have seen to it in time, and been born in Galloway—if possible in the parish of Balmaghie. I well remember an old man telling me that when Burns' poems came out, many people in Galloway were a little of the opinion that no good thing could come out of Ayrshire. The prejudice is dying, I hope—I had almost said, I fear. In old days they used to hang an Ayrshire man when they caught him over the border out of his native Galloway. Now, instead, they let him all the best farms; but Burns did his best to dissociate himself from his early surroundings by coming and living on the borders of Galloway just across the Nith. And it is said—I do not vouch for the truth of this,—that when he wanted to write any of his finer poems, such as "Scots Wa Hae," or anything like that, he came over to Galloway to do it! There is nothing bigoted about the Galloway folk, and they allow that Burns was born in Ayrshire. But the misfortune followed him all through life. He died young.

He wonders if Scotchmen are not forgetting how properly to read and construe Burns, and would establish a sort of catechetical plan for his reinstatement in their memories and a Burns professorship and system of tests:

I should greatly admire to have the setting of a paper—a stiff examination paper—to the gentlemen who sit down to this dinner, upon these conditions—50 per cent to be required for a pass—no pass, no dinner! Criticism and prompting strictly forbidden! Shall we begin with the chairman? Suppose we put the first question to the Burns Caricatures to him—"Can you translate and explain etymologically the following expression, 'A daimon'—'icker in a slave's a sma' request'?" Then we might go on to the vice-chair and see if he was entitled to any dinner, with the test question—"Distinguish carefully the precise meaning of the active verbs in the following verse, and conjugate them fully."

"Thou never braindgt, an' fecht, an' flack't, But thy auld tal, that wad hae whisk't, And spread abroad thy weel filled briskeit, W' pith an' power, An' al'lypht o'er."

The members of the Burns Club will now be able to gauge their chances of a dinner, if they decide to institute such a qualification and appoint me personal examiner. I should especially enjoy going over the papers of some of my old University professors; and as they wear home dimmeries, they would learn how it felt to be "apan."

Turning over the pages of this volume we learn from an article therein by John Muir, of a life of Carlyle by the Rev. Wil-

liam Howie Wylie; and by some quoted passages we get a glimpse of the youth of that great Scotchman, and his early appreciation of Burns. No doubt his mind pondered on what he had heard of that day, altogether bright though so sorrowful, when the great crowd gathered in old St. Michael's kirk-yard in Dumfries took their last look at the sleeping minstrel, and then went silently away: "It was probably during the Annan days that Carlyle went to Dumfries to see the grave of Burns—how he used to creep into the churchyard of Dumfries, when a little boy, and find the tomb of the poet, and sit and read the simple inscription by the hour. 'There it was,' he said, 'in the midst of poor fellow laborers and artizans, and the name—Robert Burns!'"

Presumably this was before the day of the mausoleum, and the humble mound was there marked by the simple stone.

From the same source we reproduce another anecdote with a more decided Carlylean flavor. The scene is a school-house on the Links of Kirkcaldy—the philosopher's old ground—which he is visiting. The master, is desirous to exhibit the proficiency of his pupils in vocalization, and calls on his distinguished visitor to suggest what they shall sing. He does so and promptly calls for a song of Burns. This disturbs the master who has not practised his pupils in the songs of Burns, and would perhaps have considered it profanity, tries to excuse himself. Carlyle seizes his hat in readiness to be gone, with the contemptuous exclamation: "Scotch children, and not tught Burns' songs? Oh dear me!"

In another place, we get a glimpse of that grave by the well of the West Kirk-yard of Greenock, wherein was laid, beside some of her kinsmen, the one whose maiden sweetness has been wafted musically.

Where'er beaeth the sky of heaven, The birds of fame have flown; And of his sorrow, expressed in the lines that grace her monument. Here, we may believe, came Burns, after her death—whom we know as "Highland Mary"—and stood by the grave beside the wall that separates it from the street, in the midst of the noisiest, smokiest part of the "dinsome deavin' town," looking out upon the firth, and that western main, whose winds and billows be purposed soon to try. There is a starz, attributed to the disconsolate poet at this season, but we must think upon insufficient evidence:

At the last limits of our isle, Washed by the wester wave, Touched by the fate a thoughtful bard Sits lonely by thy grave. The deep, outstretching vast; His mourning notes are borne away Upon the rapid blast.

Prominent among the addresses, beside those we have specified, is that on "The genius of Burns," delivered at the anniversary held in Wall House, Williamsburg, Long, Island Jan. 25th 1878, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, (so good we should like to quote from it); the Rev. George Murray on Burns, before the Edinburgh "ninety" Burns club, Jan. 25th 1894; the lecture on "The Poetry of Burns," with which the book opens,—uttered by James Wilkie at Musselburg; and the speeches of Judge Colston and Mr. D. T. Holmes, all of which present their subject interestingly, in its varied phases.

Among articles critical or curious we may note that which deals with Shenton's influence on the muse of Burns, and that which traces a like correspondence of idea or expression between Burns and Dunbar. There is a paper by Prof. Masson on "Burns and Burns clubs," reprinted from the Scottish Leader, Jan. 25th 1894, and the Edinburgh "ninety" Burns club, Jan. 25th 1894; the lecture on "The Poetry of Burns," with which the book opens,—uttered by James Wilkie at Musselburg; and the speeches of Judge Colston and Mr. D. T. Holmes, all of which present their subject interestingly, in its varied phases.

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whatever it comes to a brith of the literary love, chaste as it is anywhere found nowadays; it is by no means an advertising agent wearing a literary mask,—the thing we so well know. We have a selection from Whittier's choicest prose, entitled "Pantucket Falls," fitted to solace the weary heart in its most jaded season. O Whittier's prose the editor properly says: "Though not nearly so easy and graceful as his verse, it is marked by much simplicity and is sometimes artistic, though there was, apparently, no attempt to make it so." Is our editor a poet? We must leave the sympathetic reader to decide for himself, after having read the "Legend of the Trailing Arbutus," which is reproduced in this number. The weaver of this lovely legend counsels his reader at the commencement,—

Do not reason lest you may Reason all the charm away, Yes, that is what the bulk of mankind may be expected to do. We have scarcely ever seen anything from the pen of Dr. B. F. Leggett finer than this:

Beyond. Where stays the year that waits to bring Our long and last repose, Whose golden gates shall open swing For us but never close?

What fair sweet mouth of all the year Shall pillow on her breast Our weariness, and drop her tear Above our dreamless rest.

When will the day so far and wide In dawn's fair beauty bloom, Whose flowers will stand for us aside And yield a little room?

Just where the final milestone stands, Or where the meadows end, Whose fringes touch the unknown lands, And with the twilight blend, Our blindness cannot see, or know, Amid the dim earth shine, Yet Heaven's immortal lilies blow But just across the line.

And sometime on that border land, Beyond the last, long mile, We'll clasp again the vanished hand And greet the olden smile.

The editorial articles are also tastefully written, and will please all who in this hurried time have leisure for such things. The Heart's Stone is a monthly, at 50cts per annum.

We who are in the foremost files of time, need not tell the past what we know about advertising. This is how Signor Belzoni put forth his theatrical attractions to the Londoners of his time:

THEATRE PATRICK STREET. CUL. A MAN'S HEAD. OPERA! AND FIT IT ON AGAIN! The present Evening, Monday, Feb. 24, 1852. And positively and definitively the LAST NIGHT. SHE BELZONI. Go and do the likewise. See if it will not fill the house,—try, O Boston! O St. John! PATRICK.

SOME OF THE OLD SONGS. How and When They First Came to the Knowledge of the World.

"The Campbells are Comin'" is a very old Scottish air. Copies of it date back to 1620.

"What are the Wild Waves S'ing?" a duet that was once immensely popular was suggested by Dr. Joseph Edwards Carpenter by the conversation in "Dombey and Son."

"Rule Britannia" is usually credited to James Thompson and Mallet, in 1740. The air was by Dr. Thomas Arne.

"The Wearing of the Green" exists in several forms and versions. The best known one was written by Dion Boucault, the dramatist. It is sung by Shaun the Post, in "Arrah-na-Pogue."

"Scots Wha Hae" was by Burns. It was written on a dark day while the author was on a journey. The tune is "Hey Tuttie Tattie," an old march that is said by tradition to have animated Bruce's men at Bannockburn.

"A Life on the Ocean Wave" was the work of Epes Sargent, an American poet, the idea being suggested to him during a walk on the Battery, in New York, one day when a high wind was blowing in from the sea. It was set to music by Henry Russell.

"The Last Note of Summer," one of Patti's favorite songs, was the work of Thomas Moore. The melody is a very ancient Irish tune, formerly known as the "Groves of Blarney." This tune has been found in collection of Irish music at least 200 years old.

"The Blue Bells of Scotland" was the work of Annie McVicar, afterwards Mrs. Grant, the daughter of a Scottish officer in the British army. The melody was long believed to be Scottish, but is now known

to be of English origin, being an old English folk song.

"Kathleen Mavourneen," was written by Mrs. Crawford, an Irish lady whose songs 90 years ago were in high repute. The music was by Crouch, an eccentric genius, who in his old age and poverty begged his way into a concert given by Titians, that he might hear his own composition fifty hung.

"Auld Lang Syne" is of uncertain origin, there being several versions of this deservedly popular song. One of the best is by Burns, but only the second and third stanzas are by this poet, the remainder being from the Ramsay. The is of uncertain antiquity; one version is dated 1716 and another is said to date from the sixteenth century.

"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" was an inspiration which came to Mrs. Emma Willard, a New York teacher, during her return voyage from Europe. The music was composed by Joseph Philip Knight, the teacher of music in the academy.

"Hail to the chief" is a song in the second canto of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." It is a boat song, designed to imitate those of the Scottish boatmen. The melody was written by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop.

"Maryland, My Maryland" was the work of James Ryder Rindall, a native of Baltimore. The song was written by him in April, 1821, while he was engaged on a newspaper in New Orleans. The melody is a 3/4 time folk song, "O, Tannenbaum." It is also found, nearly in its present form, in an interlude in Mozart's first mass.

"John Brown's Body" was written by Charles S. Hall, of Charlestown, Mass. The melody was a negro tune sung in South Carolina and Georgia at the religious meetings of the slaves to the words, "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Me?" It was first played by the band of the Boston Light Infantry in 1861. In 1861 it crossed the ocean and became a great favorite in London.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is an Irish tune, known to have been in existence in 1770. The author of the words is unknown, though claims have been made for several Irish and English poets. For over 100 years it has been the parting tune of the British army and navy, and is played whenever a regiment is leaving a town where it has been stationed, or when a man-of-war is weighing anchor to sail from port.

"Ban Boli" was written by Dr. Thos. Dunn English at a single sitting, the idea being suggested to him by a friend. It first appeared before the public in a play at Pittsburg, in 1848. "The Battle of Buena Vista." The melody is of German origin and of uncertain antiquity, but the song, so far from being English, is unquestionably American.

"Old Folks at Home," equally well known as "The Swannee River," was the most popular song ever known in America. Over 400,000 copies were sold during the first five years after its appearance. E. P. Christy, of the original Christy minstrels, paid \$100 for the privilege of having his name printed on the title page of one edition as the author and composer.

"Home, Sweet Home," Payne's song, was originally a number in the opera "Clari, the Maid of Milan," a production brought out in 1823. The opera was a failure and nothing is now known of it save the song, which became instantly popular. Over 100,000 copies were sold in the first year of its publication, and the same in one form or another has been ever constant since the first appearance of this beautiful theme. The melody is a Sicilian folk song, and was adapted to the words by Payne himself.

"Robin Adair" was by Lady Caroline Keppel daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. Robin was a real character—a young Irish doctor who had been forced by a scandalous adventure to leave Ireland and seek his fortune in England. Chance threw a rich patient in his way, a lady of quality, and at her house he met Lady Caroline, and the result was, a case of love at first sight on both sides. Her parents objected and sent her away, and during her absence she produced the song. The story ended happily, the parents relented, and the twain were married.

"Old Kentucky Home" is the twentieth song in Foster's book of plantation melodies, though when and under what circumstances it was composed cannot be exactly stated. One writer on musical curiosities that it was suggested by an allusion that Foster heard a slave make to his former home in the Blue Grass state.—Exchange.

OPENING AN ACCOUNT. The State of Mind of a Young Man who Had an Ambition to Deposit.

When I go into a bank I get confused. The clerks confuse me; the wickets confuse me; the sight of the money confuses me; everything confuses me. The moment I cross the threshold of a bank I hesitate. If I attempt to transact business there I become irresponsible. I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month, and I felt that the bank was the only place for it. So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an



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account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked 'Accountant.' The accountant was a tall, cool man. The very sight of him confused me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added, solemnly, 'alone,' I don't know why I said 'alone.'

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him. The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said. "Yes," he said.

"Can I see you?" I asked, 'alone?'" I didn't want to say 'alone' again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident. The manager looked at me in some alarm.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said; 'sit down.' We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said. He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

"No not from Pinkerton's, I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival agency. 'To tell the truth, I want on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, I'm not a detective at all. I've come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank.' The manager looked relieved, but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild, or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said. "Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now and fifty dollars a month regularly." The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said, unkindly loud, 'this gentleman is opening an account; he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning.' I rose. A big iron door stole open at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager, coldly, and showed me the other way. I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick, convulsive movement, as if I were doing a conjuring trick. My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, 'deposit it.' The tone of the words seemed to mean, 'let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us.' He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip of paper and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a cheque." My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Some one gave me a cheque-book through a wicket, and some one else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me. Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never." An idiotic hope struck me that they might think (something had sullied me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a feverish quick temper. The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?"

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh," I caught his meaning and answered, without even trying to think, "In fifties." He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.

"And the six?" he asked, dryly.

"In sixes," I said. He gave it to me and I rushed out. As the big doors swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.—The Bookkeeper.

John Smith the World Over.

The well-known name, John Smith, a good, strong, and honest English name, is sometimes transformed into John Smyth, Somethes, and even Smijthe, but transformed into other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability, thus: In Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italians smooth it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smith; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatter it into Jean Smeets, and the Russian sneezes and barks Yonoff Smitowski.

When John Smith gets into the tea trade at Canton he becomes Jahon Shimiti. If he clambers about Mt. Hekla, the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithsen. If he trades among the Tuscaroras, he becomes Tom Qa Smitha. In Poland he is known as Ivan Schmitowski. Should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihom Schmidid. When he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jouth F'Smitr. If, of classic turn, he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns to Ion Saiton, and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yeo Seef.

THE ARMY.

Proclaiming Full and Free Salvation to All.

A Soldier Tells How She was Saved.

She Says: "I thank God for the Wonders Paine's Celery Compound Accomplished for me."

General Booth and his vast army of Salvationists are now a mighty power in every quarter of the globe. Their drum, music, soul-inspiring songs and prayers are stirring up the cold, callous, indifferent and wicked in every country under Heaven and they are accomplishing a work that puts to shame the united efforts of all our Christian churches.

The members of our Salvation Army endure trials, hardships as did the valiant apostle Paul in his time. Many of these faithful Salvationists labor on from day to day, suffering from thorns in the flesh, no doubt of a like character to that endured by the great preacher to the Gentiles; but, a merciful and wise Ruler has through His science, provided for His afflicted and diseased servants.

Mrs. H. Harbour, of Winnipeg, Man., a faithful veteran of the great Salvation Army, was for a time obliged to give up active work owing to the agonies and sufferings of heart disease, kidney trouble and general weakness.

Knowing well that her great work demanded a strong and vigorous body, she wisely determined to use Paine's Celery Compound, after hearing what it had done for the tens of thousands in Canada. The results were surprising to herself as well as to her brother and sister soldiers.

Mrs. Harbour's experiences with Paine's Celery Compound induced hundreds of other Salvationists to seek a new physical life from the same great medicine.

Reader, this same wonderful Paine's Celery Compound will do a like work for you, if you are ailing and suffering. Your friends and neighbors have tested it, and it has made them well and strong, after they failed with the common "medicines of the day."

Mrs. Harbour writes as follows with the view of benefiting all sick people:—"It is with great pleasure that I write to thank you for your wonderful medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. Some time ago I was very sick and happened to see one of your publications, in which I read of others being cured. I concluded to try Paine's Celery Compound myself, and I now thank God for the wonders it accomplished for me. I was suffering from heart disease, kidney trouble and general weakness; and some days was not able to stand without experiencing great pain; my appetite was also very poor. Since I used the Compound I am able to get about the house and work, and can now eat anything put before me.

"I trust my testimony may lead many to try your valuable remedy."

Advertisement for FIBRE CHAMPOIS Jaunty Capes and Cosy Wraps. Are not complete without the style and warmth it adds. When buying, ask to see the label. When using, out across the goods. PROTECT YOURSELF FROM COLIC.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Christmas will soon be here now, and everybody will be wanting new ideas for Christmas presents, and to know what would be suitable to give a gentleman friend, or what would be an appropriate present for a young man who is more than a friend but who does not use tobacco in any form, or indulge in spirituous drinks of any kind—this sort of young angel has always been an especial thorn in the flesh to me, because I cannot tell his girl to give him either a tobacco pouch, a pipe rack, or a silver pocket flask. I have to rack my brains thinking of a strictly moral present for him—the girl who never takes the trouble of thinking for herself will be wanting to know what she shall give her mother, and her younger brothers, and the girl who has "thunk" till she is weary, will be writing to ask if I can suggest anything suitable for her father, and her grown up brothers. And all the while here have I been lying in bed with a bursting head and a racking cough, burning with fever, and moaning with pain, taking more interest in phenacetine powders than Christmas presents, and in lime-water draughts than fancy work; when I should have been trotting around town seeing everything that was pretty, and making mental notes for the benefit of my own columns.

However, there is no use in crying over spilled milk, and I am too thankful to have my clothes on once more, and have my meals off a plate, instead of out of a tumbler, to lament much over lost opportunities; I sha'n't make any presents this year; that is, all the few I can give, I shall have to buy, though there never seems the same amount of love and thought, about a present one buys, as if all the beauty had been wrought stitch by stitch, or stroke by stroke, by one's own hand. It is hard to choose gifts for one's friends, but there are two classes of presents about which one need never be in doubt. If your friend is married it is always safe to give her some dainty bit of your own work, in the shape of a doyley or two, or a centre piece for her table; she may be well provided with such luxuries already, but she can never have too many, and any addition to her stock is always welcome. If she is single, anything in silver, which she can display on her toilet table is sure to delight her. It may be the smallest glove buttoner, or even a silver frog with his foolish mouth wide open and stuffed with pink plush, so that stick pins may be thrust into it, but the mania for silver toilet articles is so pronounced that every girl is eagerly collecting any scrap of silver she can obtain to decorate her dressing table.

One hint in the shape of a present for a male friend may be valuable, to those who are at their wits' end for something really useful to give husband, father, or sweetheart for Christmas, provided I am not to late with my information. It is that the fancy vests worked in afghan stitch, which were so popular last year, have been superceded by something newer, the corduroy vest, which is worked on canvas in the stitch familiar to most of us, but of which I cannot recall the name just now. I mean the stitch which was in raised blocks, or ridges when it was finished, and which had to be cut like velvet before the design showed. Well this same stitch worked in the finest of designs in the thickest wool with just a few threads of bright colored silk defining the lines, is all the rage for fancy vests, just now. After it is cut the ridges are like fine corduroy and each one shows a fine line of red, blue or yellow silk dividing it from the other. Such a vest is a beauty in present for any man, but the difficulty is that if you have it made up for him by his own tailor, who is of course, sworn to secrecy, it costs you a small fortune by the time it is finished. And if you simply work it for him and present it in the raw state, as it were, it is not of the slightest use to him until he pays out at least three dollars to get it made up, and no one likes to give a friend a present which will entail expense upon him, the worked vest seems to be pretty well barred out of the race unless one wants to spend something like five dollars, and that is more than the average girl generally has at her disposal for each one of the male friends to whom she wishes to give some little souvenir.

The very latest fad amongst women of fashion is going out in the rain without any protection whatever in order that the rain shall have unchecked access to their faces; it seems that a celebrated French specialist has recently written an article in which he announces that he knows of no face or complexion tonic equal to warm rain water fresh from the heavens. Consequently the belles of New York are to be met any rainy day now, promeneading the streets with their heads and their faces held well up, so that nature's own cosmetic may pour through the little gauze veils they wear. What a funny sight it must be! Just fancy how their bonnets will look limp and soaked and how their hair will come out of curl and the dye in those little gauze veils will be sure to run, and the rain will drip from their hair down their collars in little muddy streams, and they will get wet in the most disagreeable and uncomfortable manner.

On the whole it is rather a high price to pay for beauty, and if I wanted to court the influenza, and pneumonia microbes after that fashion I think I would prefer to woo him in my own back yard far from the eyes of my friends. Or, better still, I would catch the waters "fresh from the heavens" in a pail pour it over my thirsty countenance by the dipperful, in the seclusion of the bathroom. But of course there is no accounting for taste. This new fancy has taken so deep a hold upon the darlings of fashion in New York, that it has resulted in the invention of a regular rainy day dress, most of which is thoroughly waterproof, even the little toque which goes with it being made of a peculiar kind of Scotch leather which is especially manufactured to stand any amount of wetting. Decidedly it is nice to be rich, and be able to carry out all one's whims with as little discomfort as possible.

The present rule seems to be that the evening dress shall be as plain as possible and the reception, or street dress shall have all the ornamentation possible, lavished upon it. This is all very well for the woman whose neck and arms are so perfect that she needs no adornment save her own charms, but as she is in a decided minority the fashion is scarcely likely to be popular. There was a time not so long ago when one could go to a party in a dress cut square, heart shape, or low, and feel perfectly well dressed. But now there is little choice, a dress is either cut square across from shoulder to shoulder, and drooping very much at the shoulder itself; made quite plain, and without ruffles or frills to relieve the severity of the cut; or else it is high necked and trimmed in the most elaborate manner from waist to throat. The separate waist after a season of uncertainty seems to have taken a new lease of life, and to be occupying a more secure position than ever and once more the fashion plates abound in pretty designs for silk blouses, and blouses of chiffon, crepon and cashmere. The newest, and for slender figures the most becoming, are made with the front falling loose and flat in blouse effect to the waist line. The narrow belt and the full blouse giving the waist an absurdly small look. Some of the handsomest winter dresses are shown in velvet with skirt and sleeves to match and with a bloused bodice of fur. It sounds odd I know, but the effect is very handsome, and rich. A lovely gown of this type is of royal blue velvet as far as sleeves and skirt go, with a blouse bodice of ermine. The toque, cuffs and muff were all of ermine, and the effect was truly royal. Many cloth gowns are made with a sleeveless blouse bodice which can be slipped on at will, and which gives the effect of a fur bodiced gown, deep cuffs of the fur are added, and toque and muff of the same fur go with the costume. Such bodices are made with an invisible fastening, and cut away as much as possible in the plaiting at the waist, so that they are really not at all clumsy in effect.

Fur is also much used for vests, and last season's coat can be made quite swell and up-to-date by facing the collar revers, and cuffs with fur. Dresses for everyday wear are made of every material from the richest velvet which is often seen in street dresses to the plainest mohair. Plain cloth bodice goods of mixed colors, zeline, serge and chevrot, are all equally fashionable, and fur trimmings of sable and persian lamb are used for the handsomest costumes. Something bright-colored in the shape of trimming forms a part of almost every gown, and it is usually to be found in the bodice. The fancy silks or satin finished velvets are often used for the entire bodice or else for the sleeves and wide revers of the coat bodices, which often have vests of soft creamy lace, or accordian plaited chiffon. Wide lace has once more taken the place of the narrow variety so much used last summer, and it is seen in jabots, bibs and neck ruffles, as well as gathered into the wrist to fall in a soft frill over the hand.

Plain and striped silks are very fashionable as combination trimmings for cloth gowns. For instance a gown of dark blue cloth has a bright plaid silk under bodice and sleeves, over which there is a coat of blue with full epaulettes, and wide revers. It is open wide in front, and has a wide belt of dark blue velvet. Another dress has a skirt of dark blue zeline and a waist and sleeves of Oriental silk striped across with guipure insertion, and finished at the neck and belt with plain dark blue silk. A dress of black camel's hair is rendered very effective by a yoke of dull pink velvet striped around with silver braid, and a wide collar of black satin edged with chin-chilla fur and a band of the velvet trimmed with braid. A band of the same trimming is carried down the left side of the skirt. The bodice of a blue crepon gown has sleeves of blue lisse wrinkled over blue silk to the trills of lisse at the top. This lisse also forms the rest, and a wide collar of cream white basiste edged with lace turns over the dress at the neck.

Hats for little girls are generally in large

sizes and beaver and felt are the materials most commonly seen. They are trimmed with loops and bows of velvet and sometimes bright colored silk pompons, or a cluster of ostrich tips vary the character of the trimming. Covered hats are very fashionable for children of four and five years old and they are usually made of the cloth which is the chief material in their dress, or wrap. Such hats are trimmed with velvet bows and pompons, or small wings. Wraps for little folks are trimmed with chin-chilla fur, fox or ermine but the quantity of trimming used is very small, and the fur only shows in narrow stripes edging capes, collars and cuffs.

White fur seems to be a perfect rage not only for children, but also for adults, and the white thibet, which we are accustomed to connect with very small children is now worn by damsels and matrons who have long reached years of discretion. Of course it is perishable, but perhaps that is one of its charms, and at the worst it can always be cleaned. Elegant capes of white thibet fur, are shown with long lap fronts reaching to the knee. Little three decked capes of the same fur are finished with an ermine yoke and collar for the top cape. It is needless to say that such garments are very expensive, but of course they are lovely, and as theatre wraps, they are especially popular.

Domestic Ducks At Their Best.
Now is the season when domestic ducks are at their best, and if properly cooked they are exceedingly fine fare and a great addition to the daily menu. Probably the most general way of cooking ducks is roasting. Having plucked, drawn, and singed a young duck, cut off the neck and flatten the breastbone, skewer down the wings and legs, and fill the bird with the following stuffing: with two pints of bread crumbs mix six ounces of butter, two onions that have been scalded and chopped fine, one teaspoonful of powdered sage, and salt and pepper to taste. Do not stuff very full and sew up the opening firmly. Put some slices of pork on the duck and keep them in place by pinning down with wooden tooth-picks. Place in a baking pan with a little water and an onion sliced in it. Sprinkle the duck with pepper and roast in a hot oven forty minutes, basting frequently. The duck should be roasted longer if it is not young and tender. Serve very hot with currant jelly or a puree of apples.

Another Way.
Another nice and more delicate way of roasting a duck is to make a filling of bread crumbs, a very little mixed herbs, some parsley chopped very fine, a piece of butter the size of an egg, pepper, and salt. Mix thoroughly together with a beaten egg and fill the duck. Roast for forty minutes in a hot oven, or longer, according to the size of the duck. Serve with a brown sauce flavored with parsley.

Grilled Duck.
Young ducks grilled are exceptionally fine. Cut the duck open down the back and flatten the breastbone. Rub the duck with salt and pepper and put it on a grid-iron. Have a bright, clear fire and cook to a nice brown.

A Luncheon Dish.
A delicious luncheon dish may be made with the remains of a duck that has been previously cooked. Remove the meat from the bones and cut fine. Mix with this a piece of butter, salt, and pepper and the stuffing and any dressing that may have been left over. If there is not enough to moisten the mixture thoroughly use a little flour with lemon juice. Butter individual shells and fill them with this mixture; sprinkle bread crumbs over the top and place in a hot oven for ten minutes.

Fried Ducks.
An appetizing duck may be made with young tender ducks in the following way: Cut the ducks into six pieces each, wash each piece and roll in flour, sprinkle salt and pepper and a tiny bit of dry mustard over each, and then dip in a beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry in butter to a nice brown. Slice some small tomatoes and fry in the same dish with the ducks. Put the pieces of duck in the centre of a heated dish and place the tomatoes around them. Meanwhile cook some French peas, and make a border around the tomatoes. Scatter chopped parsley over the whole and serve.

Ragout.
To make a ragout of duck cut the duck into pieces large enough to serve, and place in a saucepan with half a pint of clear stock, season with salt and a little cayenne pepper, and let it heat slowly until it comes to a boiling point. Add half a can of mushrooms and one dozen pitted olives, and cook five minutes. Then add half a pint of Spanish sauce and cook until it again boils; then add half a tumbler of sherry or Madeira, and the juice of a lemon. Heap the pieces of duck in the centre of a hot platter, and arrange the mushrooms and olives around them. Finish the edges with triangular pieces of toast. Pour the sauce over the duck, and serve hot.

Devilled Duck.
A dish that is used a great deal at stag suppers, and generally liked, is devilled duck. To prepare it boil or roast a duck and let it become cool. Remove the skin and bones and cut the meat into moderate sized pieces. Boil the livers and mash to a paste and put in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of dry mustard, one teaspoon-

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The school boy can't get the exercise he needs without wearing his shoes out. It's expensive at best, but extravagant if you buy wrong. We make a special effort on our School Shoes. We honestly believe we give you more wear for the money than anybody else does. Such shoes cost too. The higher priced ones are very dressy. If they're unsatisfactory—you money back.
We can suit all shoe needs, all tastes, all pocketbooks. No matter how fine a shoe you want you'll find it here at prices that fit the quality.
Precisely the same thing is true if you want strong, long-wearing shoes in which there is no much style, but plenty of durability.

Waterbury & Rising,

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"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.
Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

R.I.P.A.N.S ONE GIVES RELIEF.

ful of salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, and two table-spoonfuls of lemon juice. Mix thoroughly and gradually, add two table-spoonfuls of melted butter and the same amount of water. In this put one and one half pints of the cold duck and one gill of Madeira. Place the saucepan over the fire and stir until the mixture is smoking hot. Turn on a hot dish and garnish with sliced lemon and sprigs of parsley. Send to the table as soon as possible. Serve with the duck thin pieces of buttered toast and olives.

Salad of Duck.
A delicious salad may be made with duck. Boil a duck until it is tender and remove the meat from the bones. When cool take a sharp knife and cut the meat into small pieces. Place in a dish and cover with port wine and put in a cold place for two hours. Cook half a can of small mushrooms and cut them in quarters. Have as much crisp cut celery as you have mushrooms. Fill a flat dish with lettuce leaves, and lay the pieces of duck on the lettuce, then the mushrooms and the celery. Garnish the dish with sliced cucumbers and stars cut from cooked carrots. Serve with French dressing or mayonnaise if preferred.

Fillets of Duck.
To make fillets of duck with stuffed olives remove the fillets of two ducks and cut them in nice sized pieces. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper and fry in butter. Take them up and dish in a border of puree of green peas. Fill the centre of the dish with olives that has been pitted and filled with olive-gras and heat them in some clear stock. Serve with this a browned sauce flavored with lemon.

A Delicious Sauce for eating with ducks may be made by beating a generous tea-spoonful of dry mustard into a tumbler of current jelly.
Preserved Tomatoes.
To make tomato preserves select small smooth tomatoes, yellow ones if you can get them. Scald, peel, and weigh them, and to six pounds of fruit allow five pounds of sugar, three lemons sliced very thin, and one quarter of a pound of ginger root scraped and cut into thin pieces. Place in a porcelain kettle and cook very slowly three hours. Put in glasses or jars, but do not cover until cold.

Tomatoes will be in season as long as they can be kept either in the grocer's cellar, or the thrifty housewife can ripen them in a sunny window, and with careful looking after fresh tomatoes will be at command until well on in November. I have known housekeepers who either bought, or gathered from their gardens, a bushel or two of the largest and finest green tomatoes which had been left out until the very last moment before the frost, so as to attain as much growth as possible. These were carefully spread out on sheets of paper in the attic, or some vacant room where the sun came in, and they ripened by degrees until nearly Christmas. Of course they lacked the flavor, and some of the firmness of tomatoes ripened in the open air, but they were very good all the same, and lent themselves to various ways of cooking in which the use of canned vegetables would be out of the question.

The Cosmopolitan Japs.
The Japanese are cosmopolitan people. Their political models are English, their religion is supplied mainly by America, their courts are modeled after the French, and their schools after the German idea.

A GRATEFUL LETTER.

A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LADY SPEAKS FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER SEX.

Had no Appetite, Was Pale and Easily Exhausted—Subject to Severe Spells of Dizziness and Other Distressing Symptoms.
TIGNISH, P. E. I., May 30th, 1895.

To the Editor of L'Impartial:
Dear Sir,—I see by your paper the names of many who have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I feel that I ought to let my case be known as I am sure that many women might be benefited as I have been. For a number of years I have been almost an invalid. I did not know the nature of my malady. I had a tired feeling being exhausted at the least exertion. I had no appetite and was very pale. I sometimes felt like lying down never to rise. A dizziness would sometimes take me causing me to drop where I would be. During these spells of

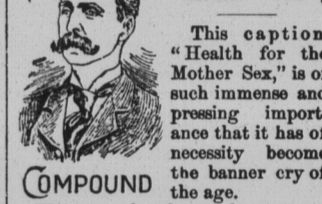


A Dizziness Would Overtake me. dizziness I had a roaring sound in my head. I took medical treatment but found no relief. My husband and father both drew my attention to the many articles which appeared from time to time in your paper concerning the cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I had no faith in them, in fact I had lost faith in all medicines and was resigned to my lot, thinking that my days were numbered in this world. Finally, however, I consented to try the Pink Pills. I had not taken them long before I felt an improvement and hope revived. I ordered more and continued taking the pills for three months and I must say that to-day I am as well and strong as ever and the many ailments which I had are completely cured. I attribute my complete recovery to the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and hope by telling you this that others may be benefited by them.

Mrs. WILLIAM PERRY.
After reading the above letter we sent a reporter to interview Mrs. Perry and she repeated what she had already stated in her letter. Her husband, William Perry, and her father, Mr. J. H. Landar, J. P., and fishery warden, corroborated her statements.—Ed. L'Impartial.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People make pure, rich blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. They cure when other medicines fail and are beyond all question the greatest life-saving medicine ever discovered. Sold by all dealers, but only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in loose form, by the hundred or ounces, are imitations and should be avoided, as they are worthless and perhaps dangerous.

ASTRA.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."



This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service. It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation. Four table-spoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

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I wish to thank the public for the liberal patronage bestowed on the late firm, and hope by entry in this notice to business to merit a continuance of the same.
Successor to Mrs. T. A. Vincent

TRICK RIDING ON WHEELS

Exercises the Ladies may Undertake for Practice This Winter.

"Trick riding" repeated the instructor, pulling a loop frame wheel up to him. "Well, that's easy enough if you only know how. The first thing that a woman should learn if she wishes to become a trickster is to ride with her hands off the handle bars. To do this one must not only understand steering from the hips, but must know how to balance with the pedals, as there is a great deal in that; in fact, first-class riders do a great deal of their work with the pedals. Remove one hand, say the left, and learn to control the wheel with the other. After you have accomplished this, ride with the right hand off the handle, too, but hold it in position to take hold readily if you should become frightened. Almost before you know you will be spinning around, with your hands hanging at your sides or resting on your hips. When riding with hands off women often become very much frightened if they find that they are about to run into an obstacle, and they clutch wildly at the bars, instead of leaning toward them and pressing hard on the pedals especially the outer one.

"Now for the real trick riding. Always see that your saddle is perfectly secure, and make up your mind to stick down in it. It's a great part of the battle. The next thing in order is to learn the fancy pedal mount, as is used in any number of tricks."

"Illustrate it for us," demanded the embryo trickster. "Well," continued the instructor, showing exactly what he meant, "have the left pedal three-fourths up and stand on it on the left side of the machine. Put the left foot on the pedal, and rest the right foot directly back of it, with the toes turned toward the wheel. Swing yourself forward and slide into the wheel."

"...hat's the easiest-looking thing I ever saw," commented an elderly woman, and the instructor smiled knowingly.

"The vault," he continued "is very graceful for a woman, and several members of the Michaux Club do it to perfection. Have the left pedal down at its lowest point, take three quick steps forward, pushing the wheel with you, and, on the fourth, spring into the saddle, catch your pedals, and go on your way rejoicing. Riding with the front wheel reversed is a difficult trick for women, but a number of them accomplish it with ease."

"D. you reverse it before you mount?" asked a girl with large blue eyes. "Heavens, no, you goose!" exclaimed the embryo trickster.

"I've seen that done often, and it is reversed while the wheel is in rapid motion."

"That's right, and a double motion can be made, which is to turn the wheel clear around to its original position without stopping, or a single motion of half turn may be made. In this instance the handle bars are turned exactly to the rider. The secret of turning the front wheel is to do it at exactly the right minute, when the right pedal is forward and parallel with the left."

"How in the world can a woman learn to ride on one side of a wheel?" asked a stout woman, who looks very much as if she couldn't even learn to ride on two sides of one.

"Start exactly as you do in the fancy pedal mount, but when the time comes to swing into the saddle, instead of swinging in put the right foot on the step, throw the body to the right in order to balance well, and keep it in line with the wheel. When well under way, throw the left foot from the pedal onto the coaster and fly around to your heart's content and to the admiration of every woman who can't do it. All the weight is really on the step in doing this trick, and it is exceedingly tiresome at first. When one grows tired, however, all she has to do is to bring the left foot back from the coaster to the pedal and, as it descends, springs into the saddle."

"Still another trick is to mount from the front wheel turned in the same direction; hold it firmly, place the left foot on the hub, and, as you catch the right pedal, get into the saddle—both must be done at once—straighten the front wheel. This is very difficult, for it is ten times harder to mount when the wheel is standing still than when it is in motion. There's one trick that I've tried to teach many women, and not one has learned it. That is to stand up on a wheel when motionless. The requires a keen eye and much nerve. The weight is shifted from one pedal so rapidly as to be almost imperceptible, and in this way the balance is maintained."

"Could a woman learn to do those things in skirts?" inquired a tall, angular girl. "Yes," was the reply. "All of the things that I've shown and described can be done on a loop frame by a woman in skirts, and there is nothing undignified and ungraceful in such acts, either. Really, I think if a woman is going to ride in crowded city streets it is advisable for her to put some attention to trick riding, because it gives her perfect control over her wheel and school her in acting rapidly, which serves her a good turn in case of an emergency. The women who wear bloomers and riding diamond frames can learn to do many more tricks, however. For instance, the so-called women who in bloomers could be taught to ride with the right knee in the saddle and the left leg extended in a graceful, upward angle; but how could a woman in skirts do that? Then the rider mounts the pedals, and proceeds to make the "level go round" in a way that would prove satisfactory to even Budge and Teddy."

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TRAINING A YOUNG DOG.

Some Simple Tricks That May be Taught by Patience and Perseverance.

Here are some simple tricks to teach a dog. Keep him tied up or shut up for an hour or two, and when you wish to let him out for a walk make him ask to have the door opened. He will run at the door; hold it open about an inch, and say, "Say please," then when he whines you bark like a dog and again "Say please," he will soon bark, then let him out, and in five minutes get him in the house again on some pretext and make him ask again. To make him "trust" is another easy trick. Make him sit down on his haunches, place a piece of sugar on his nose, right up to the eye, and say impressively, "trust," still keeping hold of his nose, by and by gently letting it go, but seeing that he keeps it tilted up so that the sugar does not fall or roll off. In about two minutes say, briskly, "paid for," and let him eat it. It is in the intonation of the voice that the secret lies, and the trick may be so well taught that the owner may go into another room and still the dog will "trust" until he hears the "paid for." To teach him to sit up try him in the corner of the room, and very patiently work with him for a few minutes at a time, until he learns to control the posterior muscles so as to sit up. Then go a step further, after he can sit alone anywhere, and put a pair of spectacles on him, tie a handkerchief around his head, and make a bang of the fringe of his ears, put a pipe in his mouth, and a folded newspaper on his outstretched paws. Above all, do not tire the dog with too long a lesson.

To teach him to "carry" take a light stick, place it in his mouth, walk with him, and will jump for it, but do not let him have it right away, keep him jumping for it, and then as a great favor let him carry it again. Then advance to fetching the stick. Throw it away and teach him to bring it to you. If very obstinate impress him that there is a lump of sugar or liver at your end, take him to the river and let him paddle around and get accustomed to it; if you can get a boat take him out ten yards from the shore and let him jump out; place him on the bank and pretend to leave him until he gets free, teach him to fetch sticks and search for them, following the waves of your hand. Then teach him to dive by gauging the depth of water and fastening food that he is fond of to a thin thread fastened to a stone; let him understand the food is there, and then throw it and the stone in where the water will cover the food about six inches. He will duck for it with his head, and be increased until finally he will fetch white stones, etc.

Teach him to walk on his fore legs, trundling him about like a wheelbarrow, using his hind legs for the handles until his fore legs are quite strong, and then hold a stick under his hind legs so as to support them, while he runs a step or two on the fore legs. By and by he will get up on his fore legs as soon as his hind legs are touched with a cane.

When these tricks are mastered keep him in practice in them; do not let him forget them, and then you may teach him almost anything but to talk. It is the first trick which are the hardest, at every succeeding trick will be learned quicker and easier. Remember above all things that the most all be taught with kindness. No matter how live-temper or obstinate or annoying a dog may be, never strike him—would all you wish, but never strike him. There is no excuse for striking a dog, for they are infinitely more tractable than children and infinitely more anxious to learn.—Inter Ocean.

REPORTERS' ABBREVIATIONS.

There is a well-authenticated story current in the reporters' gallery of a strange freak of a telegraph clerk in the transmission of the report of a parliamentary speech by Mr. Forster to a daily paper in Bradford. The subject of the speech was education; the word "children" was frequently used, and for the sake of brevity, the clerk substituted "kids," trusting that the alteration would be corrected by the operator at the other end of the wire. The message, however, was not only written but printed just as it was transmitted. Imagine the faces of the right honorable gentleman's constituents when they read the next morning: "You know of Wordsworth's profound saying, 'The kid in father to the man.' I need not dwell on the vital importance to the community of imparting a sound moral and secular education to kids in their impressionable years. It is I, the kids that this bill is introduced, and, asking the House to remember that the kids of this generation will be the fathers and mothers of the next, I confidently appeal to it to support our proposals."

Here is another good blunder: "Lord Chancellor Eldon once indignantly denied in the House of Lords that he annually received £5,000 in perquisites accruing from cases of bankruptcy, and declared that never during any one year had his income from that source exceeded three-fourths of the amount. The reporter in his haste used the contraction '3/4' for three-fourths. The learned Lord solemnly declared that during no one year of his office had his income from that source exceeded three shillings and fourpence."

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MOZART AND HIS WORK.

He Was Poor and Unrecognized in Life But His Name Will Live.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in Salzburg, January 27, 1756. He was carefully trained by his father, who gave up his position as court musician to train his young family.

He is one of the first examples we have of extraordinary genius manifested almost in infancy. At five years of age he composed a concerto for the piano of which a critic said: "Its only fault is that it is too hard for the average performer." He also, about that time, played second violin at a concert. When only six years of age the father took him and his gifted sister on a concert tour lasting several years; they traveled all through Germany and Italy and also visited Paris and London. His triumphs were many, his improvisation and piano sonatas being especially admired. When in Vienna he was much admired by the little Princess Marie Antoinette, that ill-fated queen of France. The admiration was mutual, and he naively told his father he should marry her as soon as he was old enough.

Mozart was made honorary member of the Academies of Bologna and Verona, and received, at the age of thirteen, an order to write the opera of "Mitridates," which was successfully given in 1770 at Milan. Several other minor compositions were passed in Paris with his mother. A letter to a friend, written from there, contains the following sentence, which might well serve as a motto to any young man: "I have such a sense of religion that I shall never do anything that I would not do before the whole world." Here we have the key note to his character. If he had never written a score of music this would entitle him to honor as an honest man—as a moral man, that rare av of the present day.

Most of Mozart's masses were written before his return to Germany at the age of twenty-three. After this he devoted himself to the operatic school. "Idomeneo" was his first work for the lyric stage. "The Marriage of Figaro" was completed in 1786, and during the next year he wrote "Don Giovanni." The overture to this opera was written and scored in less than six hours. "The Magic Flute," completed in 1791, was composed for Schikaneder, a Viennese manager. The text is from a fair tale. It was a great success, and made the fortune of the manager; yet he only paid Mozart a small sum for his work.

Like Mendelssohn, Mozart's domestic life was very happy. He married Constance Weber, at the home of Baroness Waldstatten, in 1782. Although their life was one continual struggle with poverty and sickness, they appear to have been content. During these years, while composing some of the world's most famous operas, he was often obliged to make concert tours in order to procure the necessities of life, and often he pawned the presents he received for food and medicine.

Thus does this world reward genius!

In 1791, when Mozart's health was sadly broken, one night a mysterious stranger visited him and left an order for a requiem to be finished within a month, then departed without telling his name. Weakened by sickness, Mozart clung to the idea that it was a visitant from the other world warning him to compose his own requiem. The visitor was afterwards found to be Count Walseck, who wished for a memorial of his wife, whom he had recently lost. But before the requiem was finished the composer died. On a stormy winter's day he was laid to rest in a pauper's grave in St. Marx churchyard. No stone marks the place, for it cannot be located.

Mozart's greatness is acknowledged by all his contemporaries. Meyerbeer, Weber, Mendelssohn, Rossini and Wagner always praised him in no measured terms. While Haydn once said to Leopold Mozart, the father: "I tell you, on the word of an honest man, that I consider your son the greatest composer that I have ever heard. He writes with taste, and possesses a thorough knowledge of composition."

After his death the world rang with his name and fame, and today the name of Mozart is one of the first in musical history.—Marguerite Lyndeth, in The Housekeeper.

Silver Bullets in Alaska.

How little Uncle Sam knows even yet concerning the riches of his vast Northwestern territory is strikingly exemplified in the projected expedition of Alaskan prospectors, who think they are on the scent of the new El Dorado. Their hopes had been aroused by a strange fact. The Indians who come to the Kneke River trading posts at the head of Cook's Inlet have been found carrying bulks moulded out of silver and other metals. Silver bullets are certainly a startling new phase of the free silver question. Silver in the West has not yet depreciated to such a ratio that settlers can afford to shoot game with argentiferous missiles. An assay of these bullets has discovered 65 per cent of silver in them. The approaching search for the supposed silver fields at the base of a peak back of the Spirit Mountain will, if nothing more, open up a hitherto unexplored region, and important new truths concerning Dyakut Alaska may be brought to light.—Pittsburg-Public Record.

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A MAN'S DESTINY.

"I have something to tell you," said Richard Thorne, when the departure of her other callers had left him alone with his hostess...

He was disappearing. "Take," he answered, turning round; "he's a very decent fellow. I perfectly understand her—any one preferring—"

in a strange voice. For in a moment self-reproach and shame, in that he had taken an act of pure good nature as done to gain selfish ends alone, took the place of his resentment and filled his heart. Starting to his feet, he stood resting his elbow on the mantelpiece, looking down at the pretty brown head and long lashes that swept the flushed cheek; and his voice was deep and trembling when he spoke.

as boarder of the city's prisoner was up, Jailer Jones walked round to the city treasurer's office and presented his account. The treasurer looked over the items. "E-m-m-m! Flour, cornmeal, sugar, coffee—what's this rye? I hope you don't mean whisky, Mr. Jones. Whisky for prisoners? Why, that is scandalous!"

Those who are inclined to underrate the Turk as a soldier would find profitable reading in the story of the siege of Kara, 1855 where a small body of Turkish troops commanded by Gen. Fenwick Williams of Nova Scotia, Col. Lake, Maj. Teesdale and Dr. Sandwith, four Englishmen, sustained a siege by a Russian army of over 35,000, and only surrendered after months of desperate resistance, when they had eaten up every rat in the place and were literally famishing. The siege began on the 16th of June and the place held out to the 28th of November. To the credit of the Russians it should be said that they fully recognized the sterling bravery of their opponents and treated them with marked consideration. Williams and his brave companions were promoted and honored.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

DIED. Halifax, Nov. 28, Marie Jones, 40. La Bay, Nov. 10, 9 Union, 40. Dabnison, Nov. 20, R. Bertwood, 58. Riverport, Nov. 16, R. Bertwood, 58. Newelton, Nov. 7, Parker Smith, 60. St. John, Dec. 1, George P. Jones, 59. Liverpool, Nov. 20, Dr. G. A. Smith, 48. Tangle Creek, Nov. 19, James E. Marshall, 65. Union Point, Dec. 1, David B. Duke, 22. Malden Mass Nov. 25, Daniel Gayton, 67. Midland, Nov. 23, Mrs. Wm. Duncan, 71. Beach Meadows, Nov. 11, Jacob Trellis, 60. East Ferry, Nov. 2, Benjamin Stanton, 75. Lakelville, Nov. 20, James E. Marshall, 65. North Creek, Nov. 21, Thomas W. Hall, 41. Lockport, Nov. 15, Capt. Daniel Cronin, 65. Florioville, Nov. 20, Lela A. Hasty, 17. Kemp, Nov. 21, Edward Perkins Freeman, 84. Westville, Nov. 25, Mrs. William Johnson, 60. Louis Head, Nov. 10, Robert Currier Abbott, 55. Upper Pe-1, Nov. 16, William B. Tompkins, 88. McAdam Junction, Nov. 24, John Mowatt, 42. Milton, N. B., Nov. 27, May L. McMoran, 33. Eastman, N. B., Nov. 20, William Barry, 20. Six Mile Brooks, N. S., Nov. 20, Oliver Gordon, 74. South Knowlesville, Nov. 8, Frederick W. Sim, 57. Marblehead, Nov. 9, Cynthia wife of L. T. Falvey. Upper Weeds Harbor, Nov. 17, Samuel Matton, 42. Wootville, Nov. 27, Beane, daughter of C. C. Vaux. Eastport, Me., Nov. 19, Mrs. Elizabeth White, 84. Lute Cove, Nov. 25, Annie, wife of David Paster, 70. St. John, Nov. 20, Catherine, wife of Henry Dwyer, 31. St. Paul, N. S., Sarah M. widow of Daniel Cameron. Amherst, Nov. 21, Millage, son of Charles Black. Meadows, Nov. 15, Lydia A. wife of Henry Meredith, 69. Grand Falls, P. E. I. Nov. 12, Rodrick McDougall, 82. De p Brock, Nov. 2, Eliza J. widow of D. D. Fordy, 75. Fremont, Nov. 25, Catherine, widow of Robert Smith, 74. Liverpool, Nov. 7, Ivy May daughter of Starr and Mary Eyer. Wootville, Nov. 23, Mrs. Wallace, widow of Wm. Wallace, 67. Halifax, Nov. 27, Mary, widow of the late John McCarty, 64. St. John, Nov. 30, Jane Frazier wife of John Hamilton, 75. South Mountain, Nov. 12, Jane wife of Alexander Archibald, 20. St. John, Dec. 1, Lydia daughter of Robert and Lizzie Stewart. Weymouth, Nov. 23, Sarah A. widow of H. D. Ruggles M. D., 80. Pleton N. S., Nov. 19, Maggie wife of John A. Heston, 25. Caribou River, Nov. 20, Maggie F. wife of Andrew K. McKeally, 42. Belleville, Nov. 15, Phillomine daughter of P. J. Potter, 3 months. Forest Hill, P. E. I. Nov. 21, Maggie, daughter of Wm. McPherson, 25. Heston, Nov. 25, infant child of Harvey and Catherine Mader. Iron, Nov. 27, Nina M. daughter of Samuel and Phyllis Hutchins. West Baccaro Nov. 9, Alfred son of Benjamin and Maggie M. D., 3. Bridgetown, N. S., Nov. 15, Jane C. widow of William J. Galt, 69. Lower French Village, Nov. 27, Mrs. Cliff widow of Jonathan Cliff, 69. New Glasgow, Nov. 27, Augustus M. son of S. M. and Lizzie McKenzie, 8. Milton, Nov. 14, Melford B. infant son of William and Edith Ford, 4 months. Westville, N. Y., 21, Arthur Penrhyn, son of Rev. Robert and Mrs. Luning, 18. Waterville, N. S., Nov. 2, Edward M. Marston, 70. Weymouth, N. S., 27, Charles McKean, 60.

BORN. Truro, N. v. 29, to the wife of H. Hyde, a son. Ams, Nov. 18, to the wife of Amos Dickson, a son. Freeport, Nov. 27, to the wife of E. A. Haines a son. Tiverton, Nov. 25, to the wife of Edgar Outhouse a son. Bedford, Nov. 20, to the wife of C. W. Connell, a son. Weymouth, Nov. 26, to the wife of J. H. Cook, a son. Sheburne, Nov. 25, to the wife of Lewis Ryer, a son. Lockport, Nov. 18, to the wife of James Moore, a son. Pilsant Lake, Nov. 22, to the wife of John Robbins, a son. Freeport, Nov. 27, to the wife of Albert Thurber a son. Salisbury, Nov. 17, to the wife of Stephen Taylor, a daughter. Weymouth, Nov. 26, to the wife of F. Steadman, a son. Weymouth, Nov. 26, to the wife of A. Bourque, a daughter. Middleton, N. S., to the wife of Ralph Lantz, a daughter. Springville, Nov. 15, to the wife of Capt. Patterson, a son. Bridgetown, Nov. 17, to the wife of James Dodge, a daughter. Harvey, Nov. 18, to the wife of Capt. George Reid, a daughter. Isaac, (Arb.) Nov. 21, to the wife of S. Osborne Giff, a son. Moncton, Nov. 20, to the wife of Rodrick E. Donald, a son. Heston, Nov. 15, to the wife of Abram Jeremy, a son. Parrisboro, Nov. 21, to the wife of Capt. Charles McKeally, a son. Marguerite, Dec. 1, to the wife of Rev. Horace E. Dobbie, a son. Truro, Nov. 29, to the wife of Alexander Robbins, a daughter. Halifax, Nov. 27, to the wife of Capt. Wm. Hayden, a daughter. Parrisboro, Nov. 20, to the wife of James Murdoch, a daughter. Sydney, C. N., Nov. 12, to the wife of Murdoch Smith, a daughter. Weymouth, Nov. 26, to the wife of Rev. R. H. Taylor, D. D. a son. Tiverton, Nov. 22, to the wife of Simonson Outhouse, a daughter. Windsor Fort, Nov. 21, to the wife of Leslie Taylor, twin, boy and girl.

MARRIED. Mumram, N. v., Nov. 25, Lorang Waino to Julie Lauder. Memphamont, Nov. 25, Timothy White to Madeline Laundry. Plympton, Nov. 25, Frank Duncett to Mary McManis. Moncton, Nov. 20, by Rev. W. W. Brewer, Charles Gray to Mary McPhee. Shediac, Nov. 27, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, Apollonia Poirer to Elsie Hues. River Harbour, Nov. 14, by Rev. Wm. Ryan, Arthur Ripley to Ida Anderson. Kibbura, Nov. 27, by Rev. H. F. LePage, Arthur Woodruff to Etta Grant. Chatham, Nov. 27, by Rev. H. T. Joyner, John McCreath to Annie Dick. Salisbury, Nov. 23, by Rev. Abram Perry, Frederick Lewis to Edith O'Brien. Lower Escomore, Nov. 6, by Rev. A. Gray, James S. Graham to Laura Perry. Pleton N. v., 27, by Rev. Father Chisholm, Charles E. Lorne to Sarah E. Arch. Heston, Nov. 23, by Rev. W. Camp, Archibald Ferris to Annie McDonald. Lalar Ferry, N. v. 21, by Rev. John Geo. Foran, J. Fraser to Emma Oxner. Fort Le Niou, Nov. 27, by Rev. Geo. Fisher, James C. Mill to Jane McKeen. Brockway, N. v. 10, by Rev. J. A. McLean, Charles W. Vast to Elizabeth Little. Central Grove, N. v. 10, by Rev. E. A. Allaby, John S. East to Marjorie Fyfe. Granville Ferry, Nov. 30, by Rev. L. Daniel, Albert McCab to Estie Parker. Halifax, Nov. 27, by Rev. G. G. Forbes, James A. C. Mill to Jane McKeen. Colliet to Laura M. O'Brien. Canterbury, Nov. 25, by Rev. Thos. Todd, Harold L. Grant to Minnie L. Moore. Richmond, Nov. 29, by Rev. C. Currie, Alfred H. Merson to Jessie Buckley. Bridgetown, Nov. 25, by Rev. F. M. Young, Leonard Dinning to Carrie Leasley. Granville Ferry, Nov. 30, by Rev. F. M. Young, Asa Withers to Bessie Eaton. West Pilsant, Nov. 20, by Rev. Fr. Duchesneau, Henry Casare to Louise D'Arcy. Fredericton, Nov. 28, by Rev. Fr. McDevitt, James Dever to Estelle Boney. Capla, Nov. 29, by Rev. G. F. Haines, Frank McKean to Edna M. Doherty.

BUNKDOWN BOB.

With the year three things had happened at Squawhollow that had never happened elsewhere. It had, so far as was known, been incorporated by legislative act. It had erected a new court house and jail. Last, it was had over heels in debt.

BORN.

Truro, N. v. 29, to the wife of H. Hyde, a son. Ams, Nov. 18, to the wife of Amos Dickson, a son. Freeport, Nov. 27, to the wife of E. A. Haines a son. Tiverton, Nov. 25, to the wife of Edgar Outhouse a son. Bedford, Nov. 20, to the wife of C. W. Connell, a son. Weymouth, Nov. 26, to the wife of J. H. Cook, a son. Sheburne, Nov. 25, to the wife of Lewis Ryer, a son. Lockport, Nov. 18, to the wife of James Moore, a son. Pilsant Lake, Nov. 22, to the wife of John Robbins, a son. Freeport, Nov. 27, to the wife of Albert Thurber a son. Salisbury, Nov. 17, to the wife of Stephen Taylor, a daughter. Weymouth, Nov. 26, to the wife of F. Steadman, a son. Weymouth, Nov. 26, to the wife of A. Bourque, a daughter. Middleton, N. S., to the wife of Ralph Lantz, a daughter. Springville, Nov. 15, to the wife of Capt. Patterson, a son. Bridgetown, Nov. 17, to the wife of James Dodge, a daughter. Harvey, Nov. 18, to the wife of Capt. George Reid, a daughter. Isaac, (Arb.) Nov. 21, to the wife of S. Osborne Giff, a son. Moncton, Nov. 20, to the wife of Rodrick E. Donald, a son. Heston, Nov. 15, to the wife of Abram Jeremy, a son. Parrisboro, Nov. 21, to the wife of Capt. Charles McKeally, a son. Marguerite, Dec. 1, to the wife of Rev. Horace E. Dobbie, a son. Truro, Nov. 29, to the wife of Alexander Robbins, a daughter. Halifax, Nov. 27, to the wife of Capt. Wm. Hayden, a daughter. Parrisboro, Nov. 20, to the wife of James Murdoch, a daughter. Sydney, C. N., Nov. 12, to the wife of Murdoch Smith, a daughter. Weymouth, Nov. 26, to the wife of Rev. R. H. Taylor, D. D. a son. Tiverton, Nov. 22, to the wife of Simonson Outhouse, a daughter. Windsor Fort, Nov. 21, to the wife of Leslie Taylor, twin, boy and girl.

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THE MCCARTHY CASE.

Another Dispatch Confirming This Remarkable Recovery. Had Bright's Disease—Was Given up to Die—But Well—Called Dadd's Kidney Pills His Doctor and stays cured. Special to the PROGRESS. Ottawa, Dec. 5.—A dispatch from Richmond reached the Citizen and Free Press here and copied by both of them was the first news, to a wide circle of interested friends of the recovery of Mr. J. McCarthy, harness maker, of the place, from a hopeless condition of Bright's disease. His friends had expected to hear of his death at any time. Legally direct with Richmond confirmed the fact that his shop was open and that the late patient was Bright's disease and that it was that he owes his life to Dadd's Kidney Pills" was asked. "Yes. He gives that remedy all credit, and he had quit the doctors and took no other medicine," was the answer. "Mr. McCarthy had been running down for some time from Bright's disease and, after hearing of another remarkable cure in the same vicinity, to use Dadd's Kidney Pills." "He was not disappointed, and after a few weeks recovered his shop." "Such were the replies confirmatory of the original dispatch concerning this remarkable cure. It seems only necessary for any person desponding of life to get all other remedies and use Dadd's Kidney Pills. Out of over a million boxes sold there has never been a complaint that Dadd's Kidney Pills has disappointed expectations. Mr. McCarthy calls these pills his doctor, and so they are; and are used at present in a million homes in Canada. For a case fight Those who are inclined to underrate the Turk as a soldier would find profitable reading in the story of the siege of Kara, 1855 where a small body of Turkish troops commanded by Gen. Fenwick Williams of Nova Scotia, Col. Lake, Maj. Teesdale and Dr. Sandwith, four Englishmen, sustained a siege by a Russian army of over 35,000, and only surrendered after months of desperate resistance, when they had eaten up every rat in the place and were literally famishing. The siege began on the 16th of June and the place held out to the 28th of November. To the credit of the Russians it should be said that they fully recognized the sterling bravery of their opponents and treated them with marked consideration. Williams and his brave companions were promoted and honored. A Household Necessity. There are so many mishaps, of almost daily occurrence, when such a remedy would be of the greatest value for instant use, that a bottle of Dr. Manning's German remedy should be always at hand. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at fifty cents per bottle, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City. "D'you see I'm a dom'd fool!" said he, thrusting his head out from between the blankets of his bunk. "Here I is almost Christmas, cold as blue blazes and a foot of snow on the ground. Go chase yourself. I've got four months to serve, and I'm going to serve 'em, see?" "You're a joker," said he, "I want to resign. Tass caused tramp over there at the jail is easing me out of house and home." "Why don't you turn him loose?" "I'm going to serve 'em, see?" "I can't let him starve in jail, yet the infernal town won't feed either of us." In this dilemma the City Solicitor was consulted. "Can't I kick the fellow out?" asked Jailer Jones, after the situations had been discussed. "Yes, you could. But suppose he brought suit against you for assault and against the town for damages because of breach of contract? A awkward situation, don't you see?" "The fellow won't be able to draw our pay for over a month, anyhow. We cannot afford to test this lazy lout until spring nor dare we kick him out. I don't see anything for it but some kind of a compromise." Next morning a group of three presented themselves before Bankdown Bob, hats in hand. "What's the matter?" exclaimed Bob. "I've got your city's case and had been discur, after the city's case had been stated. "D'you see this I'm going to turn out in such weather as this?" "Confound it," suggested the solicitor, "perhaps we can make it worth your while. What will you take to jump on the next dog freight that bumps along?" "You'd better be wuz less nor two hundred dollars." "Min, you are crazy. You are lucky to get off as it is. Take a double X and skip ut." Bankdown Bob knew how to haggle, and he made over fifty dollars, only after a bit in hours' hot haggling. The town officials nearly bankrupted themselves to "be the amount, but breathed more freely at Bankdown Bob had waved farewell from the tail end of a dog-faring cattle car. "So long, gents again," he cried. "You may let me or me back again about next December." "If he shows up in a century, let us burn him alive," quoth the Mayor. "Amen!" was the general response, fervently uttered.