

PROGRESS.

VOL. XI., NO. 548.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

AN UNFEELING FATHER.

OLIVER CROMWELL DIAPER AND HIS LATE SON.

The Manner He Acted When Brought to the City Disgusted All the Friends of His Popular Boy Who was Buried to His Grave 20 Hours After Death.

The death of Frank Diaper on Friday night a week ago while not exactly unexpected by his intimate friends was considerable of a shock to those who only knew him well enough to appreciate his good qualities and like him for the pleasant manly bearing that characterized him. He was almost a stranger in the city as far as relatives go, but he had plenty of good friends, who have watched his success in the industry in which he was employed, the American Steam Laundry, from the time he first went there. If his death was a shock to his friends, the news that he was to be buried on the following day at 2.30 o'clock was a still greater surprise to

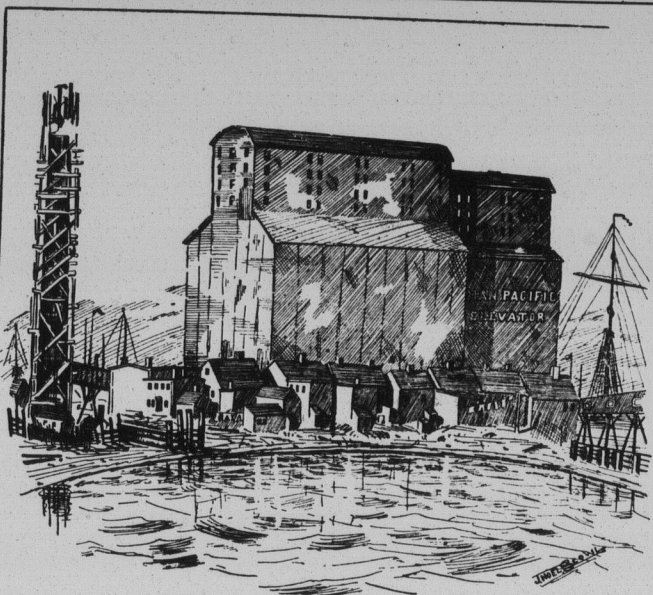


FRANK G. DIAPER.

A Popular Young Man Whose Early Death is Much Regretted by His Associates.

them, because many of them were thus prevented from paying the last tribute of respect to him whom they had associated with and liked in his lifetime. PROGRESS has no wish at any time to comment upon the arrangements or the treatment accorded to one relative by another, but the facts connected with this case are such that it seems justifiable to note a few of them.

Young Diaper was the son of Oliver Cromwell Diaper, and if the historical reputation of the man whom Diaper senior was named after has been handed down correctly it would appear that his parents could have chosen no more appropriate cognomen for him. Mr. Diaper is a commercial man and is on the road a good deal of the time. For a considerable period he lived in St. John, on Paradise Row, and one of his wives died there. And it is probable that public attention was directed to him for the first time because of the celebrity with which he put another woman in her place. This may be some index to that phase of his character, which his son's friends in this city would call heartlessness, and yet be mild. Young Diaper had been in ill health for some time,



THE NEW ELEVATOR ON THE WEST SIDE.

but he had fought and striven too long against the insidious attack of typhoid fever, that was coming upon him. When he had taken to his bed at last, he felt like many other young men, who are trying to pay for their past education and yet aiming to live at the same time, that he was not prepared financially to stand the strain of a long illness, and so he telegraphed to his father asking him to send him a few dollars. If he had mentioned the fact to his friends it would not have been necessary for him to have made this request. At any rate the money did not come and his friends employed a physician and engaged a nurse to see that the young man was attended to as carefully and as skillfully as if he had been in his own home.

Telegram after telegram was sent to his father telling him of the illness of his eldest son, but he paid no attention to them until at last the young man's physician sent such a telegram that it made it almost necessary for him to come at once. When he did arrive the condition of his son was so serious that almost the first thing that was suggested to him by his physician was that a consultation should be held to see if anything further could be done for the young man. His father, however, poo-pooed this idea, as well as the proposition to provide another nurse to relieve the one who had been at the patient's side night and day. It is hard to understand how a father could be so heartless as to approach his dying son's physician and demand of him, "How long this thing was going to last?" And state that "he did not want to remain here all the time as every week he lost was worth \$50 to him." It is little wonder that the physician told him that it was not necessary for him to stay at all, that the boy's friends had taken care of him all the time he was ill, and that there was no doubt but they would take care of him until the end. At

any rate, Mr. Diaper, senior, did not leave. Perhaps he thought it was necessary to remain to administer upon the \$1,000 life insurance that his son had taken out and made payable to his heirs and assignees. He did not forget to do that, but he did forget to make any reparation to the people, who cared for his sick son, who looked after the necessary expenses incurred in a serious illness of such length, or to even thank those who had devoted their time and incurred the risk of looking after his son. Those of the young man's friends who went to his funeral in the old burying ground on the Westmorland Road were surprised to see that he was interred in a grave where already one or two people were buried, and that the quantity of earth covering his remains could be measured by six inches at one end of the coffin and by twelve at the other. If anything was needed to complete the disgust they felt at the young man's father, this was all that was necessary.

HE GOT THERE ON TIME.

How the City Clerk of Fredericton Avoided an Awkward Position.

FREDERICTON NOV. 9.—Not a few people who attended the funeral of the late lamented City Treasurer Moore on Tuesday, were somewhat surprised that Colonel Marsh, the veteran police magistrate of the city did not occupy a more conspicuous place among the corporation officials in the procession. As a matter of fact the dauntless colonel instead of being well to the front, contented himself with a subordinate position among the general public with a minor official for a companion; though the colonel is reputed to be a very modest man, PROGRESS learned upon investigation that it was not modesty alone that is responsible for his not having occupied a more prominent place on this occasion and it is no fault of his that he did not.

The colonel when he attends a religious service, in his accustomed place of worship, which is quite often, invariably occupies a seat somewhere near the front row, and if he happens to be a little tardy in arriving at the sacred edifice, he knows that there is always room for him in front and governs himself accordingly. Now it so happens that the colonel is the senior officer in the service of the city of Fredericton, and as such considers that he is entitled, when there is a turnout of the corporation officials, to the position along-side of His Worship the Mayor. Not a few people agree with the colonel's view of the matter and are inclined to commend him for rushing to maintain the dignity of his high and responsible office on every and all occasions, as he invariably does when given a free hand.

The colonel would no doubt have been permitted to occupy the coveted place on Tuesday but for one thing. Another officer in the person of City Clerk Beckwith got there ahead of him. As city clerk, it is Mr. Beckwith's duty to affix his autograph to all documents bearing the city seal, along with that of his worship, and he naturally holds to the opinion that whatever honor there is in walking as the companion of the mayor in a procession belongs to him. When the city clerk gets the idea imbedded in his legal acumen that he is right on a particular point, it is pretty hard to convince him to the contrary, and un-

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

HE CHANGED HIS NAME.

THE REASON MACKAY'S LATE WIFE GAVE FOR THIS.

He Wanted to Claim Relationship With the Millionaire Mackay of California—He was Intended for the Priesthood But Became a Bank Clerk.

John Mackay is still in jail in Boston and so far as anyone knows he is likely to remain there for some time. He seems to take his position very coolly and in the solitude and quietness of his prison room he has had no doubt that opportunity to reflect that is oftentimes productive of good with any one. One of the results of his reflection was his marriage to the woman who was known in this town as "Beatrice Hatheway." Mackay's relations here with the woman he has made his wife in Boston are not easily described. As PROGRESS stated in a former issue, for some time back, he and the Hatheway woman lived on Prince William Street. They occupied a flat in the building one or two doors from the corner of Prince William Street and Market Square. Life with them was gay and always had that roseate hue that free and easy livers enjoy.

Rightly or wrongly, John Mackay had the name of being a careless father. He had a son and one or two daughters. The former was in ill health and appeared to have such a slight hold on the affairs of this world that everybody wondered how his father succeeded in getting the insurance policy of \$5,000 on his life. The insurance was placed however and his father saw to it that the premiums were paid. The boy was ill of consumption and when he passed away his father drew the \$5,000. His sister was also taken ill and it is stated, although PROGRESS has been unable to verify it, that her life, too, was insured. Whether this was the case or not, when her days were rapidly coming to an end, her father and his companion, the blonde Beatrice, were going from place to place in Nova Scotia intent upon business or pleasure—no matter which. The death of his daughter recalled the father and he took the remains to Fredericton and had them buried, but the fact that one of his children had died did not prevent the occupants of the flat on Prince William street from having the usual social and hilarious time that used to attract the attention of the passers by. It did seem strange to see a coffin come out of the door in the morning and to hear the sounds of revelry and music from the open windows of the flat in the evening. These things however did not seem to bother Mackay at all. He was making lots of money and spending it just as freely, but he was not making it fast enough by the ordinary means to suit himself, so he began to venture in the Honduras lottery. How he secured the ticket that has got him into the present scrape has been told again and again and it must be quite true that the articles about that matter in PROGRESS and other papers have attracted attention over a wide area, because from one of the towns

of Nova Scotia this week a note comes to PROGRESS stating that the name of John Mackay is not the one to which he is entitled. This correspondent says that his name is Mackey, and that he is of Irish descent and not of Scotch as his method of spelling his name would imply. But he says that Mackey adopted the name of Mackay some time ago, and he did this for the purpose of writing to the world famed millionaire of the same name in California and claiming relationship with him. After giving some particulars of this PROGRESS correspondent adds, "This was told me by his late wife in St. John."

It may surprise some to know that Mackey was originally intended for the priesthood. Up to a certain time in his life he had that idea, but instead of carrying out the wishes of his parents he followed rather the bent of his own inclinations and became teller in the People's Bank at Fredericton. His career there has been told again and again and it is not necessary to revive the story now, but it is told of him that he was one of the smartest bank tellers that ever handled cash in the province of New Brunswick.

SHRINERS' SNAP SHOTS.

Happy Remarks and Portrait Attempts in the Lewistown Journal.

The Lewistown Journal in its readable account of the Shriner's pilgrimage to this city says nice things of the first shriner they initiated, James R. Ferguson, of Mine



JAMES R. FERGUSON.

Who is Thus Illustrated in the Lewistown Journal as the First Provincialist Initiated into the Mysteries of the Mystic Shrine in St. John.

Host Willis of the Dufferin, Charles H. Jackson [and his luscious bivalves and in fact everyone they met and the city in general. The camera fiends of the party tried to get snap-shots of everything



A SHRINER'S SNAP SHOT.

Supposed to Represent Mine Host Willis of the Dufferin and His Favorite, "Pat." interesting and it all the pictures they got are as good (?) as those PROGRESS reproduces today from the pages of the Journal they must have an interesting collection. Still, they meant well.

They Wanted to Know.

Two ex-policemen called on PROGRESS this week.

They did not want to know much but what they did want to know PROGRESS could not tell them.

They wanted to know where the police fund was!

That is what PROGRESS has been asking the chief of police.

He does not seem inclined to tell.

He does not say he won't tell but he has intimated—not to PROGRESS but to others—that so long as this live journal keeps pegging away at him for information he won't give it.

These two policemen, strange to say, think they have some right to that police fund!

Strange to say, too, they think poor old ex-sergeant Owens, who has spent his life in the police service and who is now not long for this world, has some right to a share of the fund.

They asked PROGRESS if they couldn't take some way of making the chief and his co-trustees account for the fund.

They are not rich—in fact they are poor, and their share of the money would be

most acceptable to them now, that the winter is coming on.

So their main object in coming to PROGRESS was to find out if possible how much was due them and how they would get it.

All that PROGRESS could tell them was that the chief had made no statement of the fund and no one outside of himself and the officials in the Savings bank know anything about the amount.

"But how can we find out?" quietly asked one.

"Go ask the chief!" said PROGRESS.

Then both of them explained that there were reasons why they had better not ask the chief and strange as it may appear and wrong as it is, their reasons would satisfy anybody who understood the case.

"Then why not go ask the chairman of safety to inquire into the matter?" asked PROGRESS.

"He is away in New York!" replied the other as he picked up his hat "and won't be back for some days." Then they went out.

This is not the first ex-policeman who has asked questions of PROGRESS, but these men meant business. Look out for them, chief.

What Caused Her Death.

HALIFAX NOV. 10. The cause of the death of Francis Lee the young Newfoundland girl in the Victoria general hospital here, is as deep a mystery as ever. Up to the present time the medical men have not discovered the cause of her death. It seems unusually strange that this young woman should die in an institution of this kind, and with the best medical attendance, without some special cause being assigned for her death. The postmortem examination the physicians say did not reveal anything that would cause her death, and it did not what will? There seems to be a disposition on the part of all connected with it, to keep the matter as quiet as possible. The physicians will not talk about the case, and no information bearing on the immediate cause of death can be learned from anyone. The public in general are of the opinion that the doctors know more about the case than they care about giving out, but what reason they have for keeping such profound silence, is a mystery to all. There are many incidents in connection with this unfortunate girl's death, that should be explained. It is stated that she was admitted to the hospital with-

out the customary certificate from a recognized physician. No investigation has as yet been held, so as to bring the facts of the case out. The effects belonging to the dead girl were taken care of by the medical examiner, and it is understood that there were some letters found among them which will put a very different complexion on the state of affairs. Some of them it is understood will bring out disclosures of a startling nature. The official in whose possession they are at the present time declines to make them public just now. Why the father and mother of young Emerson should have kept this girl under their roof for such a time, is another matter which demands an explanation. The poor girl however, is now far from this world's cares and troubles, and her remains rest quietly in a pauper's grave in Fairview cemetery. The young man who was her lover when she was in her prime, never even offered to provide decent burial for her, which fact is not by any means commendable to him. The authorities say the matter is not going to be dropped by any means but if they are going to make any move, one would think that they should have proceeded long before this.

WAS THAT RACE SOLD.

SOME HALIFAX PEOPLE INCLINED TO THINK IT WAS.

Others say Lynch wanted to get even with his backers for previous shabby treatment—The Races Discussed in Detail—Some Suspicious Circumstances.

HALIFAX, Nov. 8.—Was the race sold? That is the question that is agitating the mind of the sport loving fraternity of this city at the present time, over the recent scull race between Harry Vail of St. John and Mike Lynch of this city. There are many of the opinion that it was sold, but no one dares to make a public statement that it was, as that would be a very difficult matter to prove. Those who have formed such opinions stick to them strongly, and nothing can make them believe that it was otherwise. To say the least they were many suspicious circumstances connected with it, and when one puts them all together they have to come to the conclusion that everything was not all right. No one has anything to say about Vail or that he had any hand in the matter, but it is the other side that the onus is on. It would be unfair to accuse Lynch of any wrong doing, as in the past every race that he has rowed was on the square, but still there is something in the minds of a large number that the last race was not rowed on its merit.

It will be remembered that PROGRESS some weeks ago, told how the backers of Lynch had treated their man, and at that time the oarsman made the statement he would never sit in a boat again for them. It was known that threats were made that the backers would be got even with some day, and it is this thought that has struck the minds of the public. The opportunity offered, and the day has come and gone. The combination was roasted without a doubt, and the pockets of many of the Lynch admirers were made empty by the outcome of the race.

When the match was made Lynch was not satisfied with the percentage that he was to receive in case that he won the race, and it was not until the very last moment that he consented to row for the amount offered him by his backers. It was a costly event for many of the sports, as not a few of them lost their hundreds which they were obliged to place at great odds to get it all out.

Previous to the race being rowed, it was freely circulated about that Lynch's brothers were betting all the money they had on their relative, but since then inquiries have been made about these bets, and the man has yet to be found who staked one cent with any of them.

Then again Lynch was prevailed upon by his brothers, and in fact by all of his relatives not to row the race when he did, but notwithstanding all those appeals, he rowed and met defeat.

What led the public to believe that the race was sold, was the presence of his father and one of his brothers in a boat at the turning point, just at the very moment when the mishap occurred. It seems strange no doubt for them to have been just at this place when the oarsman was thrown into the water. They were never there before, and why were they there this time, is what the public would like to know. It is claimed they are always on hand in case of an accident, but if this be so, then thanks to their better judgment, Lynch it is said cannot swim a stroke, and if the rescuers had not been there, then perhaps the outcome would have been far more serious than it was.

It is to be hoped that everything was run on the square, and that public opinion will come around and take a different view of the matter in the course of time. It is just such circumstances as these that tend to kill public sport. No matter who wins or loses, either one party or the other, is bound to be dissatisfied with the result, and there is generally more or less unfavorable comment from those who happen to have come out on the wrong end.

One St. John man, who is a relative of Lynch's and who frequently has occasion to go down to the bottom of the sea, came over with a pocket full of money and bet it on Vail, and as a result he was able to fill two pockets, with luscious dollars. He must have got the tip that it was going his way beforehand.

Since Vail has been there he has made a good impression on all, and he is particularly well liked. Every person speaks well of him, but that is more than they do about Walter Myra who loaned the St. John man his clasper shell to row in. The sports of this city have anything but kind words for him. He refused point blank to loan the same boat to a Halifax man, and to think that he would turn around and loan it to a St. Johner is something more than they care about discussing in public at the present time. The boat of course is his own private property, and he is at perfect liberty to do just as he likes with

it, but they claim that if a man from Halifax was to go over to St. John and ask for the loan of a scull boat to race one of their own townsmen he would receive such a reception that he would never go there anymore. Experiences in the past, they say, have taught them that, and it is doubtful if any changes have come about in recent years.

After the race was over strenuous efforts were made by Lynch's backers to get on another race with Vail, but the latter politely told them that he was not going to make any more matches for this season. He however has changed his mind since then, and he will give his opponent another chance to win back his lost laurels. The result is awaited with interest, as there is much speculation as to whose "turn" it will be this time.

FROM SLAVE TO EMPRESS.

A Little Slave Girl Changed Into an Empress of 400,000,000 Slaves.

Fortune has played many strange tricks in her time, but she was never in a more mischievous mood than when, by her magic she changed a little slave-girl into the Empress of 400 million slaves and the focus of the world's eyes of today.

Her life-story began half a century ago, in the stormy days of the Taeping rebellion, when the out kirts of Canton, where the little Yin Ling lived, were ravaged by lawless bands, and no life was safe. Here she lived with her parents and young brother in the direst poverty, glad if she could get a modest share of the daily bowl of rice and many days lacking even that.

Her father, Li Tzun, belonged to the poorest grade of Chinamen; and when even the rich were reduced to poverty his family was in danger of absolute starvation. It was at this crisis in the family fortunes that Yin Ling, then a pretty girl of fourteen, be sought her father to sell her as a slave that there might be one less to feed, and something to feed the rest on.

After a long struggle and many tears, the parents decided to part with her and one day Li Tzun taking his daughter by the hand, walked into Canton and knocked at the door of a great general, a cousin of the emperor.

The bargain was quickly concluded, and Yin Ling began her life as a slave, becoming in time sewing maid to Tidoo's wife.

A year passed, and the girl slowly blossomed into a rare beauty, which, allied with a sweet disposition and great intelligence, won the heart of her master and mistress, who became so attached to the winsome slave, that they adopted her as their own child.

Tutors were engaged for her, and her mind quickly developed as her beauty had done, until her fame spread as that of the most beautiful and attractive girl in Canton.

Tidoo, who was in high favor with the Emperor, was anxious to give his Royal master a present of great value in return for some step in promotion, and reluctantly he decided to hand over to the Emperor Yin Ling, who thus took her place among a thousand slaves in the Imperial palace.

Here again her great beauty carried all before it. The Emperor fell under her spell, and made her his wife, giving her a rank inferior only to that of Tsi An, the titular Empress. The young slave-girl is now Empress in all but name. The Emperor himself was her abject slave, and the greatest in the land prostrated themselves at her feet.

Her crowning glory came when a son was born to her, and she received the title of 'Tsi Thi' and the rank of Empress.

When the Emperor died Yin Ling, who had developed a strength of character as rare as her beauty, made short work of the Board of Regency, and mounted the throne in the company of her seven-year-old son.

By this time her parents had died and her brother, who was a simple farm laborer, was brought to the palace and dowered with the income of £25,000 a year.

The later history of this marvellous woman is known to the world; and that she retains her vigour if not her beauty is proved by her recent coup d'etat, in which she quietly deposed the Emperor and took the Imperial reins again into her own hands.

The New Brunswick Magazine.

The November number of "The New Brunswick Magazine," equally with the foregoing, establishes its claim to the popular favor it is receiving. Indeed, in quantity, if not in quality, it surpasses its past issues, giving sixteen pages more than the subscribers would have a right to expect. With its fifth number, the publisher informs us, it has "a much larger patronage than was ever gained by any of the provincial magazines of the past in a much longer period." A similar publication in Maine, The Bangor Magazine, had a like success, beyond that attained by any purely literary adventures. A work of local or provincial annuals will usually engage a list of patrons in any place. This among such publications is, however, of superior literary quality, and engages some of the best talent in the Maritime Provinces.

In the present number Rev. W. O. Raymond, M. A., continues his papers entitled "At Portland Point," and James Hanway appears with his third paper on "Our First Families," of whom the leading names are Blanchard, Lambert, Le Blanc, Babin, Brun and Bourc. W. K. Reynolds, the editor, gives an interesting account of the "Queer Burglar," who found too close quarters in the chimney of the Bank at St. John, in 1848. One of the most attractive of this group, and the most disheartening to reflect on, is that entitled "A Misplaced Genius," by Percy G. Hall. It suggests many thoughts, could we here express them. We trust the city of St. John may soon mark that grave located at "No. 1061, Juniper Path, Rural Cemetery," preserving the name and memory of Robert Foulis, who, in default of a wider fame and more substantial recognition, reflects credit upon, and deserves well of, the city of his adoption. A memoir on, with a portrait of the venerable Sir John Campbell Allen, "In the Editor's Chair," "Notes and Queries," "Provincial Chronology and Bibliography" and "The Early Name of Rothesay," make up a full and readable number. There is a promise of a special illustrated Christmas Number.

P. F.

Frankly Telling it Over.

He is a young man, whose unbounded assurance has ever been his chief characteristic. When he proceeded to talk to the practical old gentleman about marrying his daughter he was evidently prepared for the usual question:

"Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

The parent spoke this phrase with the air of a man who thinks he has uttered a poser. The suitor looked him in the eye.

"Let's talk this thing over," he said. "Do you think your daughter is equal to making a man a good wife?"

"Yes, sir. Her mother and I are both practical people, and we have given her a practical education. She can not only read Greek and play the piano—she practices three hours a day—but she can get a good dinner and make her purchases in market as intelligently as an experienced steward. Moreover, her abilities with the needle are not confined to fancy work. She's a treasure, and we don't propose to have any misunderstandings about her future."

"You were asking me if I thought I could support her in the style to which she has been accustomed."

"Well, I could. But I don't propose to. After she marries me she's not going to practice three hours a day on any piano. nor cook dinners, nor take back talk from market people. She's going to have all the sewing done outside the house, read what she enjoys, whether it's Greek or Choctaw and go to the matinee twice a week. It's time that girl was beginning to have some good times in this life."

Who Lives Longest?

"What class lives longest?" said an old insurance officer, responding to an inquiry. "Well, it is said that you can't be in a safer place than the church—that is to say, the clergy are at the top of the list in the matter of longevity. This is no doubt in part due to the fact that their sacred calling prohibits many of the irregularities by which laymen shorten their lives."

Next to clergymen come gardeners and farmers, then come doctors, then lawyers, and after them school teachers. Curious to say, painters and musicians come a long way down the list. People talk of the healthiness of London. The countryman, however, lives much longer than the Londoner; but then the Londoner and the inhabitant of small residential towns have a great advantage over natives of manufacturing districts, where the death rate is highest of all. No; the working man does not live long, even when he has an outdoor life. The mental worker lives longer than the manual laborer. Brain they say wears longer than muscle. And, of course, the brain-worker escapes many of the evils that tend to cut short the lives of manual laborers."

Smelling Fire 800 Miles Away.

Many people must at times ask themselves this question after reading some of the remarkable occurrences and discoveries of the present day, and the question would seem very appropriate when told that a fire had been smelt by persons 800 miles away, or when informed that, by the latest substitute for a smith's forge and bellows, thrusting a piece of iron into cold water made it red hot.

The facts as to this feat of long distance fire-smelling are recorded by a gentleman resident at St. George's Island, Bermudas, which is about twelve miles distant from Hamilton, the capital of the islands. One day heavy smoke was seen to be rolling up from that place, which was thought to be on fire. A telegram was sent there inquiring about it, but the reply came that there was no fire at Hamilton as had been supposed. In a short time St. George's Island was enveloped in smoke and there was a decided smell of burnt pine. When the next New York mail arrived it was learned that there had been a huge forest



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fire on the other side, the smoke and smell of which had reached a distance of 800 miles.

Good Goods, Well Advertised.

Going the rounds of the press is an item stating that the Royal Baking Powder Company is the largest advertiser in America. Of course, the business itself must be an enormous one to justify so great an expenditure in publicity. There is no fallacy more dangerous than that success can be gained by advertising an article of indifferent merit. But, given an article of the high-st quality like Royal Baking Powder, which when the house-keeper has once used she finds if she desires the best food she cannot do without, then the greatest measure of success is attained by keeping it continually before the public. Great merit and good advertising are both essential to make a product a great success. The Royal Baking Powder possessing the first, its proprietors have wisely used the second, and the result is apparent throughout the land. The Royal company believe that there is no medium for advertising like the newspapers, since in these enlightened days everybody reads them.

New Receipt for Cooking Bass.

Here is a new receipt for striped bass tried last week at a well known local resort: Take a three-pound bass, open and clean it; cut a piece of stale bread half an inch wide the length of the fissure, and placing it just inside; close the lips of the cut, and sew up with needle and thread. Take a larding needle, and with fat pork lard the fish well, and then squeezing the juice of half an onion into a wineglassful of good claret, make an incision in the back of the fish and pour in the wine. Sprinkle with pepper and half a pinch of salt; cover with a piece of buttered paper and cook in a moderate oven for fifty minutes; melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, thicken with flour, beat the yolks of three eggs, add a tablespoonful of sherry to the juice of half a lemon, mix slowly, constantly stirring with the butter, pour over the fish and serve. Have the dish hot and plate ditto, and when serving reject the piece of bread from the interior of the fish.

Dancers Greatly Differ.

'Good dancers are, of course, born, and not merely made by persistent practising,' remarked a gentleman connected with the ballet, recently. 'For all that, I am sometimes surprised to find how helpless are some really capable performers, without someone to invent dances for them. I know more than one who, if asked to give a different dance to a tune they have been using, could not do so in any circumstances. On the other hand, some performers seldom do their steps in the same sequence for two nights running, and they dance better when thus untrifled. It is just the difference between an actor who 'gags' and one who cannot introduce anything into the author's lines on the spur of the moment to save his life. To show you that there are natural dancers, there is one lady now playing who, at a moment's notice, executed a most successful dance without ever having had a lesson in her life.'

About Lord Dufferin.

Probably no man living has filled such a wide range of high offices and won so many distinctions as Lord Dufferin. Although he only took a pass degree at Oxford, he is now a doctor of four Universities. He has won the coveted Knighthood of St. Patrick and the Grand Cross of the Bath, the Star of India, St. Michael and St. George and the Indian Empire, in addition to a Marquisate and Membership of the Privy Council. He has been ambassador at the Courts of Russia, Turkey, Italy and France and Governor-General of Canada and of India. Lord Dufferin has been a Minister of the Crown as under-Secretary for India and Chancellor of the Duchy; and has also earned a reputation as a writer, speaker and scholar which would more than satisfy an ordinary ambition.

A Good Watch Dog.

At sea, as most people know, time, instead of being reckoned by hours, is divided into 'watches' of four hours each. From four o'clock to six, and six o'clock to eight there are half divisions, nautically termed 'dog watches.' In an insurance case the counsel asked an old sailor at what time of day a certain collision occurred, and received the reply, 'About the middle of the first dog watch.' In summing up the case the barrister enlarged upon the information thus imparted as follows: 'You can imagine, gentlemen of the jury, the care which existed on this occasion, when,

as appears from one of the plaintiffs own witnesses, this valuable ship and her cargo, and the lives of passengers and crew, were intrusted to what, gentlemen?—why, to the mere watch of a dog!

When Birds Begin to Sing.

An ornithologist, having investigated the question of at what hour in summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing, states that the greenfinch is the earliest rarer, as it pipes as early as half past one in the morning, the blackcap beginning at about half-past two. It is nearly four o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon, before the first real songster appears in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush; and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally, the house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place on the list. This investigation has altogether ruined the larks reputation for early rising. That much celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise until long after the chaffinches, linnets, and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about.

His Brain Bell.

'You know,' said a man who writes things for a living, 'there's a bell rings on the typewriter when you get to the end of the line to warn the operator that the end has been reached and he must stop and take a fresh start. I have no bell in my brain, but I have something there that tells me with no less certainty when I have done my stunt, and it is time for me to stop for the day. And I sometimes wonder if the gentle reader doesn't think that my brain bell ought to ring earlier.'

Top (to young man at front door): 'Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again?'

Young Man: 'Yes, sir, but I haven't called to see the housemaid this time. I am the water-rate collector.'

Top (in a milder tone): 'I see. Will you please call again?'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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IS READY FOR DISTRIBUTION. We will be glad to send copies of it and our Shortland Circular to any address. Intending students will do well to enter as soon as possible, as our accommodations are likely to be taxed to the utmost.

EVENING CLASSES are now in session. Odd Fellows Hall, S. KERR & SON,

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

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

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Mr. Fred Berger, who directs the tour of Sol Smith Russell, was looking through some old papers the other day dating back to the time when he used to manage the Berger family of Swiss bellringers...

Madame Marie Harrison who has been here on several occasions will sing at a concert in Exmouth street church next Tuesday evening.

"The Seven Ages," a musical fairy play, based on Shakespeare's well-known speech in "As You Like It," by Seymour Hicks and Aubrey Hopewood, will be done at Daly's London Theatre next month.

Adele Ritchie is to make her first appearance under the management of Augustin in Daley, not in "The Greek Slave," in the part sung abroad by Marie Tempest, but in the principals prima donna role in R. A. Barnes' "Three Little Lembs" which is to follow "A Runaway Girl" at the Fifth Avenue.

The Sobrode Brothers and Sarony Lambert have named their new musical pantomimic comedy "A curious voyage."

Sofia Scatchi and her husband, Count Lolli, have been divorced in Italy.

"In A Persian Garden" the song cycle which has been attracting so much attention in musical circles recently in the United States, is announced to be performed this season in Toronto. The text is from Fitzgerald's translation of the celebrated "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam and the music is by Liza Lehmann.

Louis Gallet, librettist for Massenet and Saint Saens, has died at Paris.

Marie Barna who was here with Sousa during his first visit scored a great success in Berlin recently in The Flying Dutchman. She had already sung Wagnerian roles in America. Miss Barna is engaged to sing for the season of 1899 at Coburg and Bayreuth.

The question of musical examinations in Canada as proposed by the Associated Board of Examiners, London, England, is causing quite a commotion amongst the musical profession in Canada.

Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher, the new celebrated inventor and patentee of the Fletcher Music Method, Simplex and Kindergarten, is a native of Woodstock, Ont. She and her sisters, the Misses Florence and Lalego, received their musical education in Germany.

Notwithstanding the large increase in the attendance at the Toronto Conservatory of Music last year, reaching a total of 922, the number attending this season is much greater than at the same time in last season.

Another musician who has rapidly come into prominence in Canada is Signor Sajous. A pupil of the elder Lamperti, he brings to bear on his work the methods which evolved such illustrious artists as Albani, Sembrich, Campanini, Biepham and many others of corresponding calibre.

Lillian Blauvelt has made a successful appearance in Munich. Madeline Schiller the renowned pianist will make her reappearance in America on Nov. 29. She will be heard in an orchestral concert under the direction of Emil Paur, in Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

In speaking of a recent production of the Persian Garden in Chicago the Courier correspondence from that city says of an artist well known in St John 'Evan Williams, specially engaged to come here for the occasion, did yeoman service. Mr. Williams has a wonderful gift in that beautiful voice and sang the number allotted him with great power. His voice reminds me strongly of Edward Lloyd in its sweetness, and also for range.

Many of the Maine festival choruses have been enthusiastically reorganized for the winter's study of "The Messiah" and other works selected. The Wright Philharmonic Society, of Rockland, the Oldham Festival Chorus, the Bath Festival Chorus and the Bethel Festival Chorus are among those already at work.

Another Maine straw showing the effect of the recent musical festival is that the Belfast Band will form and maintain an orchestra of ten or twelve pieces, rehearsals to commence at once.

Mr. Winfred Goff who became quite a favorite while here with the Jaxon opera company is now with the International opera company and speaking of a recent production of Carmen, correspondence of the Musical Courier says "Winfred

BABY'S AWFUL HUMOR

My baby sister had a rash, causing her intense suffering. We had doctors, and tried everything, without a cure. It would scab over, crack open, a watery matter would ooze out and the scab fall off.

SPRINKLE CURE TREATMENT.—Warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle rubbing with CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

Goff scored a decided hit and was given an ovation. I predict for him a brilliant future. I don't know when I heard a voice that pleased me more."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Robinson Comic Opera company opens an engagement at the Opera house on Monday evening and during next week will present a varied repertoire opening with Said Pasha. The Company has just finished a six weeks engagement in Quebec and three weeks excellent success in Halifax.

Corbett is in vaudeville. Wilton Lackaye will star in "Charles O'Malley." Queen Wilhelmina is a clever amateur actress.

Only for three weeks may "A Colonial Girl" be seen at the Lyceum. Virginia Harned-Southern will then go away to learn nursery rhymes and how to rock the cradle, and her husband will take to the road.

The only novelty at the New York theatres this week is the Casino's new musical play, "A Dangerous Maid," adapted by Sydney Rosenfeld from the Viennese success, "Heisses Blut" (Hot Blood). The music is by Leopold Schenck and F. J. Eustis.

The bow-wows in Newburg, N. Y., are to have a new romantic drama tried on them on November 21. It is called "Vagabondia." Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal are the stars.

In the new Weber & Fields' "Cyrano de Bric-a-Brac," "The Christian" is also burlesqued as "The Heathen." Mrs. Ross in an imitation of Miss Viola Allen, as Glory Quayle carried off the honors. Miss Mabel Fenton, as Glory Hallelujah, gives a humorous imitation of Miss Viola Allen, overemphasizing Miss Allen's characteristics just enough to make the persiflage most amusing.

W. M. Wilkinson will next month launch a new comedy called "A Stranger in a Strange Land." It is by Sidney Wilmer and Walter Vincent. The scenes are laid in England, and the story is a satire on the Britisher's idea of America.

Anthony Hope and Edward Rose's dramatization of the former's "Simon Dale" will be one of the winter plays at the London Court Theatre. Charles Frohman will produce it in America.

Olga Nethercole has accepted from Max O'Reil, for production in America, a comedy-drama of modern life in three acts. Edwin Gordon Lawrence has given a preliminary performance of his Russian military drama, "For Her Sake," at the Lyric Theatre, Hoboken.

Lillian Russell is now on the high seas on her way back to America.

"The Yoshiwara" is the startling title of the new pantomimic play which Russ Whytal has written for Loie Fuller, soon to be produced in Paris.

The title of a new little London after-piece, "The Mugwump," dealing with domestic jealousy, is derived from the error of the suspicious wife who takes the American political slang term—her husband's nickname—to mean something—dreadfully immoral.

The hero of Leo Trevor's new comedy, "Brother-Officers," at the London Garrick, is Lieutenant John Hinds, who has won the Victoria Cross for bravery, but commits all sorts of gaucheries in society.

William Winter, in a criticism of "A Colonial Maid," says that E. H. Sothorn was "as hard as a barrel of horsehoes and his harsh and dry vocalism, in the utterance of feeling, would have an ice wagon."

Clara Thropp's starring tour collapsed at Frisco.

Norman Forbes is playing the role of Shylock during Sir Henry Irving's illness from bronchial catarrh and pleurisy.

The newest London theatre to be erected will be called "The Towers," and will be built in close proximity to the Tower bridge.

Among the authors from whom Manager Charles Frohman has accepted plays for production at the London Duke of York's Theatre, are H. V. Esmond, W. Gillette, Conan Doyle, Jerome K. Jerome, Alexander Bison, David Belasco, Addison Bright, Walter Frith and Louis H. Parker.

The Duke of Manchester is to become an actor. He used to act with Lord Rosslyn in an amateur company.

Sally Williams, a sister of Fritz Williams has quit the stage and gone into the millinery business in New York.

Montreal's new theatre, Her Majesty's, was opened with a great deal of eclat on Monday night. Several St. John friends of Mr. David Russel, the manager, were present.

His Better Half was presented successfully for the first time in America at Asbury Park N. J. a week or two ago.

Investigation has proved that the estate of the late Fanny Davenport was much overvalued. It is said that her husband Melbourne McDowell, will receive no more than \$25,000 and Miss Davenport's plays, about \$30,000 being divided amongst relatives.

The two little children who appeared in Mansfield's production of Cyrano de Bergerac, have been prohibited from playing by the Gerry Society. They had appeared before with Augusten Daly and Mr. Mansfield.

Philip H. Ryley is said to be most successful as I. McCorker in A Parlor Match.

The news that Bernhardt has added the part of Media to her repertoire was preceded by gossip as to her eccentricities while recently playing in the provincial towns of France, says the N. Y. Mirror. At Nimes she entertained the company in the ruin of the Roman arena, and declaimed as Theodora from the ancient stage of the ruin. This event would not have been characteristic had it not been public. It is added that the citizens getting wind of the affair, remained out of bed to witness it, and it no doubt pleased them the more because it cost them nothing but their accustomed rest.

Charles H. Hoyt's health is said to be failing since his wife's death.

Marie Bates was engaged by David Belasco to originate an important role in the production of Za-Za.

Viola Allen and her company presented The Christian before an invited audience of clergymen at the Knickerbocker theatre New York, last week.

Madeline Bouton is convalescent, after her long illness in San Francisco.

Robert Hilliard may star soon in a dramatization of Dr. Conan Doyle's novel, Rodney Stone.

Hattie Bernard retired from A Female Drummer in Chicago last week to undergo a surgical operation.

J. H. Phillips has assumed the management of A Wheel of Fortune.

Jean Chamblin has been engaged for Robert Cummings Stock company at Ottawa. Miss Chamblin is a clever young actress who made her mark last season as a member of Gillett's Secret Service company.

Lulu Labor is playing in Old Kentucky, in Boston and it is said has made a great hit as Madge, which part she plays splendidly.

"77" knocks out the GRIP Every Bad Cold

is complicated with Grip. When Grip prevails everything is Grip. At this season of the year Grip is in the air; Grip is everywhere. Colds are all mixed up with Grip. Note how your Cold hangs on, that's Grip; that's where it gets its name G-r-i-p hang on.

"77" knocks out the Grip and breaks up Colds that hang on. At druggists or sent prepaid; price, 25c, and 50c; large pocket flask, \$1.00. Dr. Humphreys' Manual at druggists or sent free. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York. Be sure to get HUMPHREYS

Ada Rehan's engagement in Cyrano de Bergerac was a success at the Tremont, Boston, last week. There were some criticisms about the condensation and transpositions, but the Hub was evidently charmed with her Roxane.

Modjeska has just closed a successful three weeks engagement in Chicago.

Lillian Tucker is still touring the South very successfully.

Alice Nielsen will not come to Boston until pretty well on in the season. Sol Smith Russell will present at Philadelphia on Nov. 21. Charles Kleins new comedy, Hon. John Griggaby.

Eleanor Kent, a handsome actress from San Francisco is playing Joanna in 1492 this season and is making a hit in the role according to the newspapers along the route.

LOST £1,500,000 IN A DAY.

Won it all Back in Five Years With Many Millions Added.

There are few stories in the romance of millionaires more remarkable than that of John Cudaby, of Chicago, who lost not only his entire fortune of £1,200,000, but £300,000 more, in a single day; and the next day resolutely set to work to pay the million and a half he owed, and win back his lost six millions.

Five years ago, when Cudaby was a millionaire in dollars six times over, he tried the foolish experiment of trying to double his capital by a "corner" in provisions. In four cases out of five similar attempts had involved the experimenters in ruin, but Cudaby, ever sanguine, hoped to prove the exception. Within six months he had bought 150,000 tierces of lard; and when later he increased his holding to 200,000 tierces, he naturally thought he had the markets at his mercy.

At this stage, in August, 1893, he was hard pressed for £100,000, a balance due on his purchases; and to his consternation he had found that he could not raise the sum anywhere. In vain he offered securities for two and a half millions of dollars. The Chicago banks were on the verge of bankruptcy, and the financial air was full of distrust.

The news of Cudaby's condition spread everywhere, and holders of provisions, anxious to get rid of their stuff before the impending crash came, flooded the markets. In a single day prices fell 50 per cent; men were seized with panic as they saw their fortunes vanishing, and many actually went mad on the floor of the Board of Trade.

It was at this terrible juncture that Cudaby had to give up the game and sell his enormous holdings at any price they would fetch. Within a single day all his hoarded six millions had vanished—nearly ten tons of gold—and he still owed something like £300,000 more.

A less resolute man would have "thrown up the sponge" and have retired from the fight a broken and discredited man. Not so John Cudaby. He immediately set to work to win back all he had lost and pay his creditors. He toiled like a slave, night and day, in connection with his packing-houses in Milwaukee and Louisville; and within a year had paid back \$150,000 of the sum he owed, and had given bills for the remainder.

He began to speculate again, and Fortune once more began to shower her favour on him. He could do nothing wrong, and everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. To-day within five years of his dramatic fall, he has cleared himself from debt; and, accumulating millions more rapidly than ever Armour or Rothschild ever did, he has won back more than the six million he lost.

Impoverished Blood.

A CONDITION THAT FREQUENTLY CAUSES MUCH SUFFERING.

Mrs. Henry Gifford, of Kentville, Proves the Value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in This Condition.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S.

The case of Mrs. Henry Gifford, of Kentville, who some time ago was cured of a distressing malady through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is of peculiar value as illustrating the rapidity with which this remarkable medicine operates. A representative of the Acadien who called upon Mrs. Gifford the other day to elicit information concerning her cure, found her to be a very intelligent lady, and a hearty advocate of the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Upon learning the object of his call Mrs. Gifford expressed herself as pleased at the prospect of having an opportunity to give publicity to her remarkable cure. "I have told all my friends about it," she said, "but have often felt that it was my duty to have a statement of my case published in the papers." Three years ago this spring my system was in a badly run down state. In this condition I was attacked by a heavy cold and an enlarged tonsil of great size and extreme painfulness was the result. For nine weary months I was unable to turn my head and my health became such

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that I could not exert myself in the least. Several physicians were consulted, but without the slightest benefit. The swelling was finally lanced but the operation only aggravated the matter as my blood was so impoverished that the incision did not heal but developed into a running sore. Despondency sized me and at times I almost wished that I was dead. At last by a happy chance I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using a few boxes the swelling disappeared and perfect health and buoyancy of spirits returned. Since that time Mrs. Gifford has had implicit confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and has used them for any physical disorder of herself or children with the same happy results.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed to you post paid at 50 c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

The Companion's New Calendar.

The calendars given by THE YOUTH'S COMPANION in former years to all subscribers have been remarkable for their delicacy of design and richness of coloring. But the Calendar for 1899 far surpasses any of those. The publishers have endeavored to make it the finest calendar of the country, and readers of THE COMPANION will not be disappointed in it. Those who subscribe now will receive not only the gift of the Calendar, but also all the issues of November and December, from time of subscription free. The new volume will be the best THE COMPANION has ever published. Among the contributions already engaged are "The Little Demons of War," by Hon. John D. Long; "Opportunities for Young Explorers," Sir Clements Markham; "The Boy with a voice," David Bispham; "The Wonders of Somnambulism," Dr. William A. Hammond; "Police Spies in Russia," Poultney Bigelow; and Where Living is cheapest, Hon. Carroll D. Wright. Fine illustrated announcement and sample copies will be sent to any one addressing THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, NOV. 12th

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

VAIL AND HIS VICTORIES.

PROGRESS' Halifax correspondent makes some statements to-day in his article on boat racing that would probably have been modified, if not omitted altogether, had he written what he did in the light of the last race rowed by VAIL and LYNCH. It seems to us that, viewed from the distance that St. John is from her sister city, there was a great deal of manly straightforward business about the three races. The regrettable feature connected with them is that there seems to have been some statements made that were intended to reflect, or made to reflect, upon the sporting fraternity of this city. These statements purported to come from VAIL himself, and even his denial and the re-assertion of them by the newspaper man who interviewed him does not remove the disagreeable impression that was made when they were first stated. St. John as a rule is never anxious to deny any of her sons, either when they are victorious or defeated, but it was truly a surprise to read the statement that VAIL made about those who supported boat-racing and other athletic contests in this city, because those in this city did not have the idea that VAIL represented St. John in any sense in the race with Brennan. It is quite true, though very many in Halifax did not believe it, that a number of generous people in this city raised the necessary \$150 for VAIL's first stake and the recollection of that should have prevented him from making even any assertion that would give a newspaper man a ghost of a reason for such a despatch to this city as he did. It is all over now and so are the races. VAIL has won two over LYNCH, who is supposed to represent the superior single scull talent of Halifax. St. John may congratulate him as a New Brunswicker on his success over the resident of another province, but they are not at liberty to claim him as a successful son and representative to this city.

BEAUTY NOT APPRECIATED.

"Should Nurses be Plain" was an interesting subject discussed at a convention of four or five hundred clubwomen a few days ago. The subject did not appear to be one of those upon the programme and the discussion simply came up in an informal way, by accident as it were, but leading, however, to some of the liveliest speeches that the members of the club were privileged to listen to. One lady was particularly hard upon the white capped young women who are supposed to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and carry out the instructions of the physician. Her experience, it seems, had proved that a pretty nurse in one house, supposed to be attending the mistress of the establishment was quite competent to talk to the husband at the breakfast table and so attractive that he did not mind prolonging the morning meal beyond its usual limits. This she felt to be wrong; an injury to the wife and a temptation to the husband that the ladies of the organization to which she belonged should protest and guard against in the future. Another lady's objection to the attendants of the sickroom seemed to be their type of womanhood and she said, "Ladies, do demand a higher type. These nurses go into our hospitals to study. Oh, my friends, so do our sons go into the hospitals as internes, and we want to have women there who will not lead our sons astray." Whether the tribute that followed this was one of laughter is not stated, but one lady who took it seriously came to the rescue of her sex and she said that she thought it was a slur upon one of the noblest bodies of women in the country. "I did not think," she said "that I had come to a woman's meeting to hear the old story of EVE tempting ADAM. If the poor sons of the hospitals wait for trained

nurses to corrupt their morals, they will go spotless to their graves."

The discussion was such a remarkable one in many respects that it attracted a good deal of attention, and it did not reflect the greatest credit upon the intelligence and spirit of those ladies who were so severe in their denunciations of the pretty woman in the sick room.

What a world this would be if beauty of face and grace of form were bars to such professions as are open to the gentler sex? It may be true that those who are so richly endowed by nature stand a better chance in the matrimonial market, but until they are ready to espouse matrimony, their plainer and jealous sisters would even debar them from earning their own living. If the ladies in this particular club who object to pretty nurses in their household would go down town to the offices of their husbands they might perchance see prettier faces than they found in the sick room. Now-a-days there are many positions in the ordinary business office that women can and do fill with great acceptance. It seems to us though that skill in her profession is not the only requisite for a woman in the sick room. A cheerful and, if possible, a lovely face does much to alter the atmosphere about an invalid. And the man or woman who cannot appreciate such gifts of nature and prefers to look upon a plain and homely countenance hardly deserves the ministrations of a nurse.

HE GOT THERE ON TIME.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Unfortunately for Colonel Marsh, he is firmly convinced that he knows his place in a procession. Colonel Marsh on the contrary is just as firmly of opinion that the learned city clerk does not know his place, and there the matter hinges.

Notwithstanding the pronounced views which he entertains on the question Mr. Beckwith, knowing that the early bird is liable to catch the worm, does not believe in taking any chances, so when there is a turnout he makes it a practice, to put in an appearance at the place of rendezvous a little ahead of time, to guard against a possible encroachment on his rights. He did this on Tuesday and captured the prize in the chagrin of the worthy police magistrate, who as above stated had to content himself with a subordinate position.

Giving The Burglars A Trip.

A provident and business-like man, on leaving Manchester for a holiday with his family, placed a placard just inside the hall door couched in the following language:—"To burglars or those intending to burgle. All my plated jewellery and other valuables are in the Safe Deposit Company's vaults. The trunks, cupboards, etc., contain nothing but second-hand clothing and similar matter too bulky to remove, on which you would realize comparatively little. The keys are in the left-hand top drawer of the sideboard—if you doubt my word. You will also find there a cheque to bearer for \$10, which will remunerate you for the loss of time and disappointment. Please wipe your feet on the mat, and don't spill any candle-grease on the carpets."

A Bridge of Coffins.

When the British forces were marching to Pekin in 1860, after the capture of the Taku Forts, one of the rivers became so swollen with the heavy rains that it was rendered almost impassable. While in this quandary a bright idea suddenly struck one of our officers. Being well aware that the Chinese generally order their coffins on the premises, and also that they are perfectly air-tight, he consulted with his brother officers, with the result that orders were given to search all the houses of the village, and collect every coffin. With the aid of a few empty casks, the soldiers constructed a pontoon bridge of coffins sufficiently strong to bear the artillery, and the river was thus passed in safety.

A Striking Case of Coincidence. A remarkable case of coincidence is mentioned in 'The Lancet.' The subject is a man of sixty, who has had six accidents chiefly fractures of the limbs, all of which occurred on the same date in various years, viz, August 26th. At the time of the first fracture he was ten years old; other place when he was thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen and sixteen respectively. After this last he vowed that he would never work on his fatal day, but guard himself instead, against all contingencies. Exactly twenty-nine years after the accident that so determined him; he actually forgot, went out to work, and broke his leg. And now, before leaving his house in the morning, he makes very sure that it is not by any chance August 26th.

Following the Rough Rider's Fortunes. "In my house," said a voter, "where they used to keep the war map hung up so as to be able to follow intelligently the course of the campaign in the war with Spain, they've got hung up now a picture of Teddy Roosevelt. The war is over, but they're following the political campaign now, and looking forward to a victory for the rough rider in that."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Our Sweet all Saints, My Vestal Virgin of our Sweet all Saints, That hallowed season of our fortunes quest, We took the crimson pathway fringed with gold— The waves along the Beau de Jour our steps carried. You were my vestal virgin and my saint— Walking in glory with me as the blessed do, Whose chaste affection like a twilight star, Fills our sad heart, with love for ever true. Our souls were glad, but leaves were sad, And we felt in their silent fall, The breath of that fateful last farewell. To the soul that is so appalling. We parted enraptured with life and love, And the beautiful words we said, Now all saints bring me my saint again, O thou of the blessed dead. Eyes that are closed and lips long sealed, Silent and hushed and still; My vestal virgin I welcome thee, In the light of a higher will. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

The Maples, Nov. 1. Before it is too late. If you've a gray-haired mother In the old home far away— Sit down and write the letter You put off day by day. Don't wait until her tired steps Reach heaven's pearly state— But show her that you think of her Before it is too late. If you've a tender message, Or a loving word to say, Don't wait till you are parted, But whisper it today. Who knows what bitter memories May haunt you if you die? So make your loved ones happy Before it is too late. We live but in the present, The future is unknown— Tomorrow is a mystery. Today is all our own. The chance that fortune lends to us May vanish while we wait. So spend your life's rich treasure Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken, The letters never sent, The long forgotten messages, The wealth of love unspent. For these some loved ones wait— So show them that you care for them Before it is too late. King Wheat. You may tell of your armored cruisers, And your great ships of the line; And your steamships and your battleships go Across the billowy brine. But thunder may the cannon boom To greet their faces untried. And for an hour they have the power To rule the frightened world. From ocean shore to ocean shore The gleaming steamships sail. And night or day, we hear away The ring of rushing wheels; Though the bulwark have left the plain, And Indian tents are furled, Not steam nor band of wailing command Can rule the busy world.

But where the hillside rises fair In terraces of green, And on the plain, where wind and rain Sweep fields of golden sheen, Where sturdy yellow stalks arise, With bunched heads and unfurled, Here you may see the great King Wheat. The ruler of the world. Oh, hills may shake and ves resound Beneath the flying car, And driven by steam and winds a-beam Our ships race fast and far; Cities may crumble 'neath the guns Which guard our flag unfurled, Yet all shall great King Wheat. For hunger rules the world.

Heart Graves. Are there only graves 'neath the churchyard Or in the crypt and vault in this world of ours? Nay; there are graves of a depth untold, That are not covered by churchyard mould. If the kind, green earth holds not all our graves, Say, do they yawn beneath sea-level waves? Not so! There are graves both deep and wide, That are not hid by ocean-tide. Then where do they lie, if they may not be In the fresh, green earth, or the deep, dark sea? In earth or in water these have no part; They are carried deep in each human heart. Every year as the months slip by, Some hope springs up but to drop and die; Then we haste to bury our dead away, In its dark heart grave from the glare of day. Every man as he lives his life, Has some joy crushed in its fevered strife— Some cherished aim or high desire Withered and blighted in the world's fierce fire. The truth and love that our manhood craves; Often fade and fall into early graves; As the tide flows from sea departs, We bury them in our aching hearts. Though the graves of earth be deep an wide, Though they cluster close 'neath the ocean tide, They are naught to the graves with bitter tears, We bury the hopes and the joys of our years.

The Baby on the Train. Everybody restless, Grumbling at the dust, Growling at the cinders, Pictures of disgust. Axle hot and smoking, Train delayed an hour, How the faces lengthen, Sullen, wrinkled, sore. Sudden transformation—vanished Passengers in smiles— Scowls and frowns have— In its dark heart grave from the glare of day. Every man as he lives his life, Has some joy crushed in its fevered strife— Some cherished aim or high desire Withered and blighted in the world's fierce fire. The truth and love that our manhood craves; Often fade and fall into early graves; As the tide flows from sea departs, We bury them in our aching hearts. Though the graves of earth be deep an wide, Though they cluster close 'neath the ocean tide, They are naught to the graves with bitter tears, We bury the hopes and the joys of our years.

Oh, the wind from the north shakes the leaves from the trees. There's a chill in the air and it's going to freeze. Sad but glorious to-day is the thought of the old. Of the calm, restful days that I plead for in vain— Just as joyless and cheerless as music can be, Like the heart-rendering moan of the piteous sea. Now the loss of a stove is a serious joke On the one who is flush or the man who is broke; But that grief isn't half as distressful to bear. As the letters from men having pencil to spare. What to do with the men having burners to sell, And they all are so sad at my loss, it is quite Most attractive and cheapest cold stores in the West; A hard task not to cry when I read what they write. They are all very kind men to the sad and bereft, But they all sell for cash, and that's where I get left.

Why is a pretty girl like UNGER'S LAUNDRY? Because she always pleases the gentlemen. 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

THE QUEEN'S FRIEND.

A Little Incident of the Queen's visit to Wesley Hospital.

Near Southampton, in England, stands Netley hospital, the huge home built under the Queen's especial patronage for the soldiers of the British army sent home wounded in her wars, it is jokingly asserted that if the whole army were to be sent home Netley would be big enough to shelter them all. It is the very abiding place of health and comfort. It stands with its countless wings on a high grassy plateau, in the full sunshine overlooking the glistening waters of the Solent. Inside are an array of surgeons and nurses, and every appliance for the cure and ease of the invalid soldier.

A few months ago the queen visited this hospital, and was pushed in her chair through the crowded wards, stopping now and then to speak to some poor wounded fellow. At last, at the sight of one pale-faced lad she stopped before his cot, and asked a question concerning him of the governor. He had been shot through the lungs in Africa, having thrown himself before his captain to defend him, for which act of bravery he had received the Victoria cross.

The queen looked at him in silence a moment, as if questioning how she could further recognize his valor, and then extended her hand to him. "Good-by, my friend," she said. Her chair was rolled away, and the queen's visit was over; but the young sergeant was thereafter a marked man among the other patients. Many of them had won crosses and decorations; but the queen had laid her hand upon this man and called him—friend. As long as he lives, Englishmen will respect him who gained this honor.

"Sorter Promise'ous Like." On a certain farm in the north considerable damage has been done to the fences by early morning trespassers in search of mushrooms. The other day a twelve-year-old youngster, the son of the one and only socialist in the neighborhood, fell into the farmers' clutches. The latter offered to release him if he would promise not to offend again; but the youngster was the son of a socialist, and held 'views.' "Father says," he remarked calmly, "as them 'pre mushrooms, is as much our'n as your'n. You didn't sow 'em! They grew promise'ous like." "Oh, that's it, is it?" retorted the farmer. "Very well, here's summum else in 't hedge as I didn't sow, and yo' can hev the benefit on't." With which he cut a serviceable switch from the hedge and administered a thrashing to the youngster. "Noo then," he remarked, when he had finished, "just you trot off 'ome an' tell your father as Aw've a duck-pond on 't farm. Aw never sowed that, nar dug it ayther, for that matter. It coom sorter promise'ous like, and if 'e'll just stroll round Aw'll see as 'e got his share o' it!" The socialist made no claim.

In a Treacle Trap. The tragedy actually took place in Liverpool. He was wearing what is known as a 'top hat,' and one many sizes too large. Entering a shop where, amongst other delicacies, treacle was vended, he asked to be supplied with so many pounds of the same. "Have you got anything to put it in?" asked the shopkeeper. The customer, with an abstracted look common to forgetful people, replied he had not, but, as though the ingenious idea had just struck him, added, "Never mind; put it into this," at the same time handing his old chapeau.

The grocer sniggering at the ridiculous situation, proceeded to weigh out the treacle, and then bent forward to count the change for the sovereign the buyer put down. An instant later and the 'customer' had fixed the vendor's head within a sticky prison. "Stop thief!" the latter screamed, but before he could grope his way to the street, the eccentric purchaser had possessed himself of the contents of the till and walked leisurely away. The treacle ran down to his ears, and passer-by were too much amused at the grocer's 'strange freak' to promptly render 'first aid.'

Apologised For. A little time ago a wholesale firm received the following from one of its out-of-town customers: "Please to tell me no the Price of A good Charrage." No member of the firm, nor any of its employes, could tell what was meant by a 'charrage,' and the dictionaries failed to throw light on the meaning of the word. Finally, the letter was returned to the sender with a polite note asking for a definition of the word charrage.

In reply came the following lucid explanation: "Dere Citiz.—The letter was rote by mi clurk, me Being Buzzy, an' I Reegrit that his ignorantz shoold make you so much Trubbel. He is a pore Boy, hoo you must egguse on account of his not Having went to skool but little; therefore He speled the word rong. It is 'Karridge, insteod of charrage.' Please egguse his ignorantz, and lett me no what a 2 sete 2 boarse, kovered Family Karridge will cost." The 'ignorantz' of the clerk was excused, and the price of the 'karridge' duly sent.

Some Will be Disappointed. It is scarcely conceivable that the publishers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, will be able to supply all comers with their beautiful premium picture, "The Thin Red Line," the most thrilling and life like battle picture in the annals of the British Army. The picture is reserved for Family Herald and Weekly Star readers. None other can have it. It is said by those who have seen the scramble that the rush for the picture is phenomenal.

Teaching Business. If any of our readers are at all skeptical as the feasibility of teaching business in the school room exactly as business is done by the best houses in this community, the management of the Currie Business University extend to them a cordial invitation to visit their school and see the students at work. Such a visit could serve to settle the matter once for all.

Housekeepers

have been vexed when using cream of tartar and soda to find their work uneven. If sometimes good, at others the biscuit and cake will be heavy or sour or full of lumps of soda that set the teeth on edge. Flour, eggs and butter wasted. This is because the cream of tartar is adulterated or cannot be used in the proper proportions. Food always sweet and light can be assured only by the use of Royal Baking Powder exclusively. Royal is absolutely pure and healthful and does even work at every baking.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

They Never Took Mustard.

An Englishman, fond of roaming about the world, says that he was once on a large steamer, where he had for his fellow-passengers many Brazilians and Portuguese. It was the first time that he had encountered individuals of either nation, and he was curious. "What sort of people do you find them?" he asked the captain one day, as they paced the quarter-deck together. "Well, sir," he answered, "they're a queer lot, and that's the truth of it!" "How so?" "For one thing," said the captain, "they all of them, man, woman, and child, squeeze their feet into boots that it gives a man the cramp to look at."

"And what besides?" "The captain turned short upon the speaker, as if the second development of nationality was really almost beyond his patience. "When they eat roast beef, sir, they won't take a bit of mustard with it. Now, that's a fact!"

Wasn't a Flyer.

In the course of a running down case heard in a county court recently, plaintiff stated that defendant, a cyclist, was riding about fifteen miles an hour. This estimate, however, was considerably over the mark if the rest of the evidence was to be relied upon. "He worn't riding no fifteen moiles an hour," said one important witness. "Why, for more'n three moiles he'd been riding alongside of my carrier's cart!" "And how fast might that travel?" demanded the plaintiff's solicitor. "Oh, a lang way in a lang while. You see my 'oss ain't so young as 'e wor'!" "What age is he?" "Risin five an' twenty," was the reply; 'an' for the last ten year 'e ain't been 'zactly a flyer. However, 'e goes fast enough fer me. Yo' see, it doan't pay to go tearin' across country at mebbe six moiles a hour wi' a dozen baskets of eggs on 't cart."

Such Ballast is Best.

Experiments conducted with a view to finding out the most suitable material for ballast in railway construction prove that gravel, with a fair amount of pebbles mixed with it gives the best results. In some countries broken stone is used, it being claimed that this is not nearly so dusty in use. At the same time the noise of trains passing over rails thus laid is considerably increased. All sorts of tests are employed in such investigations, the material being subjected to countless heavy blows, and tried dry, soaked with water, frozen by artificial means, and partially thawed.

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Preparations for Trinity's annual tea and sale occupied the attention of most of the younger society ladies this week to the almost total exclusion of other forms of entertainment.

Among the ladies who had charge of booths and tables were Mrs. J. M. Robertson, Mrs. A. Curvey, Mrs. George McLeod, Mrs. L. B. Harrison, Miss Kate Disbrow, Miss Mary Warner, Mrs. C. E. Scammell, Mrs. Wm. McAvity, Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Mrs. Hatch, Miss Gillies, Miss Stevenson, Mrs. H. Scovill, Mrs. J. Jordan, Mrs. H. H. Pickett, Miss Holden, Miss Isabel Jarvis, Mrs. J. M. Hay, Mrs. J. H. McAvity, Mrs. C. H. L. Johnston, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. F. J. G. Knowlton, Mrs. Lordy, Miss Mabel Jerran, Mrs. Alfred Porter, Mrs. J. M. Taylor, Mrs. Fred Titus, Mrs. Charles Holden, Mrs. John McMillan, Mrs. W. F. Harrison, Miss Allison Jones, Miss Yroom, Miss Florrie Schofield, Miss Babel McAvity, Misses Parton, Miss Disbrow, Miss Northrup, Miss Bruce, Miss Stevens, Miss Fisher and Mrs. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pullen whose marriage took place the first of the week in Newark, N. J., arrived here on Wednesday afternoon; Mrs. Pullen's reception days are announced for Monday and Tuesday of next week.

Mrs. W. H. Jones who was confined to her residence at Torryburn with an attack of pneumonia for a week or two, is much better and was able to be in town for a short time the first of the week.

Mrs. Hedley Barbour returned from Fredericton this week where she has been visiting friends. Mrs. I. J. D. Landry who for some weeks has been confined to her residence with bronchial trouble is able to be around again. The golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. John Belyea of Carleton occurred on Tuesday evening and the event was duly observed by their friends among whom they are held in high esteem. Those who called to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Belyea on their fifty years of married life included: Mr. James Belyea, Mrs. Belyea, Mr. Henry Anthony, Mrs. Anthony, Mr. John Treacart, Mrs. Treacart, Mr. John Tibbitts, Mrs. Tibbitts, Misses Tibbitts, Miss Annie Anthony, Miss Mary Anthony, Mr. S. Belyea, Mr. Elwood Armstrong, Mr. H. Belyea, Rev. Mr. Higgins, Mrs. Higgins, Mr. D. C. Wetmore, Mrs. Wetmore, Mrs. Parker, Miss Parker, Mr. C. E. Green, Mrs. Green, Mr. J. W. Peters, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Ernest McLeod, Mr. S. Fitzpatrick, Miss Julia Anthony, Mr. Frank Belyea, Mrs. Belyea, Mrs. Carney, Capt. Anthony, Mr. Fred Belyea, Mrs. Belyea, Miss Ada Anthony, Mrs. Martha Belyea, Miss Gertrude Anthony, Mrs. Allan, Miss Lillian Belyea, Mr. James Anthony, Mr. Herbert Belyea, Mrs. Belyea, Mrs. M. King.

The Misses Edwards of Charlottetown were among the week's visitors to the city. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cohen and Miss Cohen of New York spent part of this week in the city. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Keith were here from Havrelock for a few days during the week.

Mrs. B. G. H. spending a few days with city friends and will not be back this week. Miss Mary Taylor returned the first of the week from a pleasant stay in Boston.

Miss Nellie McGivern is spending a little while in Annapolis with her uncle Judge Savary. Mrs. W. H. Mitchell arrived here Saturday from Charlottetown where she has been staying for a while with friends. Mr. Mitchell will join her in a few days and they will then go to their future home in Hamilton Ont.

Alderman McGoldrick left this week on a visit to New York. Mrs. J. S. Johnson and Miss Russell of St. George spent a few days in the city during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Crookill came over from Digby this week for a short visit to city friends.

Mavor Tacker of Parrsboro paid a brief visit to St. John during the week.

The Misses McLaren have returned from a visit to their brother who resides in Liverpool. The passage was an extremely rough one, and the steamer Labrador was three days overdue, this occasioning much anxiety to those who had friends on board. The members of Clan McKenzie entertained a large number of their friends very pleasantly on Tuesday evening of this week at a most enjoyable concert in the moot room of Oddfellows hall on Union street. The cosy room with its picture decorated walls was filled with the invited guests of

the clergymen and the excellent programme was thoroughly enjoyed. It closed with Rev. Mr. Rennie who presided humorously called their natural anthem "Auld Lang Syne." The programme was as follows and it is needless to say every selection was thoroughly Scotch: Song, Mr. Alex. Hinesing; violin solo, Mr. Goudie; song, Miss Crawford; song, Miss Wilson; piano solo, Miss Colbrant; selection on bagpipes, Alex. Cruikshank; reading, Rev. W. W. Rennie; clarinet solo, Wm. Cameron; song, Thomas White, Jr.; song, C. K. Macdonald; reading, R. Gibson; song, Joseph Macdonald; Miss Macdonald was the accompanist of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William Vassie are expected home from Scotland the last of this month.

Mr. A. W. Marshall and Miss Marshall of Boston are spending a week in the city.

The ladies of Brussels street church propose giving their annual supper and entertainment on Thanksgiving evening and are already at work perfecting plans for the success of the affair. No doubt the success which has attended it in the past will be repeated.

Miss Etta Millican spent a few days with Mrs. J. M. Taylor at Rothery this week. Miss Millican has just returned from Truro where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. F. L. Fuller.

Miss Ethel Waterbury arrives next week on a three weeks visit to friends.

Mrs. G. Fred McLean is seriously ill at her home on Summer street.

Mrs. B. M. Pike and Mrs. J. C. Pike came up from Eastport for a day or two in the city this week.

Dr. Stockton returned from Ottawa the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gillespie are home from their wedding tour.

Mrs. Gluchrist of this city has been the guest of Mrs. Hiram Finley in the guest of her sister Mrs. A. W. Edgercombe of Fredericton for a week or two.

Mr. J. G. Sullivan and Miss Sullivan of Lorraine Ohio, were among recent visitors to the city.

The friends of Dr. Roberts of the North End will regret to learn that he is suffering from diphtheria, contracted from one of his patients. The disease is quite prevalent in the North End of the city.

Next week will likely be devoted largely to the theatre going the Robinson Opera Company promising some very interesting pieces during the engagement which may possibly be extended into the following week. Among the operas to be produced are: La Fiasca, Chimes of Normandy, Robert Macaire, Fra Diavolo, Gircio-Gircia; and The Queen Lace Handkerchief. Ollivette and La Mascotte will be given as matinee performances on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Chrysanthemum show at the Rockwood park greenhouse has attracted many visitors this week all of whom feel that they have enjoyed a veritable treat. The beautiful, graceful blooms abounded in great profusion and displayed almost every shade of color in white, cream, deep crimson, pale pink, maroon and yellow. The chrysanthemum show was one of the chief social events of the autumn season in previous years, and its cancellation this fall is a matter of deep regret. By the way the windows of Mrs. Jones establishment on Germain street have been filled this week with some very gorgeous chrysanthemums, cut and potted and these flowers together with an unusually elegant display of roses, have attracted a great deal of admiring attention.

Mr. Harry Ervin of the Daily Telegraph was in Halifax this week, an interested spectator of the Vail-Lynch race which took place on Wednesday on Bedford Basin.

Miss Nevins is in Moncton the guest of her sister Mrs. J. W. Workman.

Mrs. James McMurray and Miss McMurray are visiting Mrs. G. C. Palmer at the latter's home in Moncton.

The members of the Misses Hall's dancing class enjoyed a very pleasant little dance last Monday evening at their rooms corner of King and Germain streets. A number of invited guests were present and an interesting programme of dances made the evening pass very quickly. The Misses Hall are adding new members weekly to their already large class of pupils.

The death occurred on Tuesday night of Mrs. Pugsley, wife of Mr. William Pugsley of this city at the age of 76 years. Though Mrs. Pugsley had been ailing for some time she was only seriously ill for a short time. The members of Mrs. Pugsley's family who survive her are her three daughters Mrs. J. M. Smith, Mrs. Gaspard Tapley, and Mrs. R. B. Humphrey and two sons Hon. William Pugsley, who was in Ottawa at the time of his mother's death and Mr. D. A. Pugsley of Rothery. The late Gilbert Pugsley was also a son of the deceased lady.

News of the marriage of Mr. Ernest W. McCready formerly of this city caused a great deal of pleasant surprise among his friends in St. John all of whom will extend to him and his bride the warmest congratulations. The Elmsira, N. Y. Star Nov. 3 has the following account of the marriage: "Today at twelve o'clock noon at Cameron, N. Y., were married Miss Francis May Annabel, formerly of Elmsira, and Ernest W. McCready of the reporter's staff of the New York Herald. Miss Annabel is well known in Elmsira and was a graduate of the well remembered college for young ladies in Elmsira. Mr. McCready has had exciting experiences, especially during the war with Spain and events preceding it. He was on the battleship Texas Three Friends when it was chased by the Spanish gunboat, and when Cervera's fleet was destroyed Mr. McCready happened to have left the Herald dispatch boat and was at the time on the battleship Texas, having gone aboard to interview the captain. The well remembered first exclusive account of the battle appeared in the Herald and was cabled to-day. Mr. and Mrs. McCready will live at 101st street and Central Park after a short wedding trip.

Mrs. C. A. Strickton has as her guests this week Miss Keith and Miss Julia Keith of Fredericton. The ball to be given by the St. Andrews society will take place in the Assembly rooms of the

Mechanics Institute on Wednesday, November 30th. It will be a large affair and is already exciting much pleasurable anticipation.

The Epworth League of Carleton Methodist church held a pleasant entertainment in the church school room on Wednesday evening of this week. At the close of the following excellently rendered programme, refreshments were served: Piano duet, Misses Bessie Baskin and G. Couzle; solo, Mr. Fred James; duet, Misses Retallick; readings, Miss Stratton; solo, Mr. Sorley; clarinet solo, Mr. W. G. Stratton; solo, Miss Jennie Sinclair; piano solo, Miss Retallick.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Goodwin gave a recherche little supper on Wednesday last in honor of their cousin Miss Nettie Goodwin who has lately returned from Germany, and her friend Franke Lincheus. Covers were laid for fourteen and the tables which were tastefully decorated with pink ribbons and chrysanthemums elicited much admiring comment. Miss Goodwin accompanied by her friend left the city on Friday afternoon for Kingston Ont., where she intends spending the winter with her brother Prof. Goodwin.

Mrs. Alfred Isaac left the latter part of last week for New York on a visit to her sister Mrs. Bennett.

Mr. A. C. Fairweather left last Saturday for Ottawa to attend the session of the supreme court. Miss Fairweather accompanied him.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Holly returned recently from a most enjoyable trip to Boston.

A party of friends numbering about forty-five assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McCluskey Westworth street, last Friday evening for the purpose of congratulating them upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The good will and esteem of the guests also found expression in many pretty silver gifts. The invaders had also provided themselves with baskets of dainty refreshments and after an evening of vocal and instrumental music supper was served. Among the guests present were:

- Mr. H. Dunbrack
- Mrs. Dunbrack
- Mr. F. Holman
- Mrs. Holman
- Mr. R. A. Courtney
- Mrs. Courtney
- Mr. Charles Hargrave
- Mrs. Hargrave
- Mr. Williams
- Mrs. Williams
- Mr. L. M. Robinson
- Mrs. Robinson
- Mr. A. Linden
- Mrs. Linden
- Mr. F. A. Courtney
- Mrs. Courtney
- Mr. A. E. Dunbrack
- Mrs. Dunbrack
- Misses Allen
- Mrs. Godard
- Mr. C. H. Peters
- Mrs. Peters
- Mr. F. Godsoe
- Mrs. Godsoe
- Mr. A. S. Cook
- Mrs. C. Golding
- Mr. H. Crockett
- Miss Godard

Mr. Alex. Jardine left Wednesday for West to join her husband who is located near the Yellow Stone Park.

Miss Eliza Dowling has returned from a long visit to Mr. and Mrs. James H. Foster of Shannon settlement. Miss Susie Foster came back with her for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Russell, Jr., Miss Russell and Mr. T. B. Blair, returned Thursday from Montreal.

Mrs. J. Verner McLellan of King street East, is entertaining her sister Mrs. Albert Webster of Shediac.

WINDSOR.

[Pleasure if for sale in Windsor at Knowles Bookstore and by the Book and Novelty Co.]

Nov. 8.—Miss Frances Woodworth entertained a large number of her young friends at a dance an evening last week. The house at Clifton is particularly well arranged for a dance and all fortunate enough to be present pronounced one of the brightest functions held for a long time. Some of the guests present were: Miss Paulin, Miss Lawson, Misses Kinneer, Miss Pratt, Misses Black, Misses Ouseley, Mr. John Dimock, Mr. Phil Dimock, Mr. Claramont Mr. Colin Locke, Mr. Vernon Eville and a number of the students of Kings.

Colin and Mrs. Weston of Halifax spent Sunday at the Victoria here.

Mrs. George Wilcox returned from New York on Monday, where she has been visiting her daughter.

The whist club had its first meeting for this season at Mrs. Norman Dimock's on Monday evening. The members are, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Paulin, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dimock and Mrs. Ouseley, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dimock, Mrs. Jamieson, Dr. and Mrs. Ryan, Miss Nagle, Miss Lawson, Miss Paulin, Mr. Sangster.

Mr. Townshend of Amherst spent a few days here last week.

Miss Louise Blanchard returned from St. Johns Nfld on Tuesday where she spent the summer with friends.

The marriage of Miss May Smith and Mr. MacDonald the station master at Wolfville takes place at the residence of the bride's parents on Tuesday next.

Mrs. George Geldert received the sad news of her father's death which took place at his residence at Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Geldert left on Monday to attend the funeral returning on Tuesday.

In Chrysanthemumiam.

Say, there, You rosy buds And lilypods, And sweet peas, And daisydowndillies, And pansies, And geraniums, And all you other Nice Nancies of the flowering world, Will you please go sprinkle yourselves, And turn your weeping eyes on Me? No.

The effulgent and iridescent full back Of the Floral Field? The only blooming Football player In the whole botanical business? There's nothing Of the modest little violet style In my ornate And flocculent physiognomy, And when it comes To throwing bouquets, I rather fancy I'm a whole plate Of cold slaw Myself!

Don't I seem To strike you that way? I am also A shrouded sunburst of glory, And when I rise and shine There is but one light By which my footstep Of the feet and fading Flora Are guided; That? The Chrysanthemum! —W. J. Lampton.

We never know how little we value a thing, until the bill comes in.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

WE ARE GETING UP

A choice selection of assorted A. A. Chocolates and Bon-bons in pound packages for what parties etc., or ring up 506 and have one sent

McCluskey's - 47 King St.

There's Nothing in Welcome Soap But Good Soap, Pure, Hard Soap.

There's nothing to make the linen streaky, no alkalis to injure the finest textures. The lather forms quickly and copiously, and wash day is a pleasure instead of a drudgery. Try it in the next wash — most economical soap to use.



Save the wrappers and send for premium list.

Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

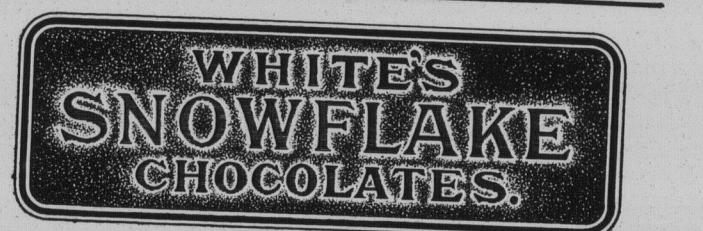
Brilliant, Lasting Colors. The colors you get from those English Home Dyes (Maypole Soap that competes in quality not in price) are brilliant and absolutely fadeless.

You wash and dye at one operation with them—thus you see how permanently and strongly the colors must of necessity take hold of the fibre of the silk, satin, cotton or wool that you are dyeing.

The operation is quick, clean and sure.

Maypole Soap Dyes.

10 cents of best druggists or grocers—15 cents for black. But you must insist on having "Maypole."

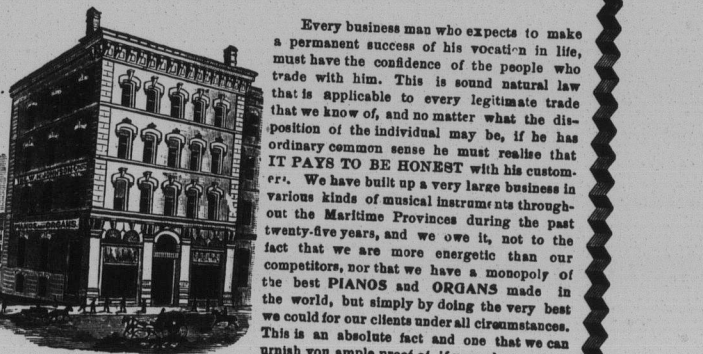


Blue Flame Oil Stoves. SAFE AND DURABLE. 2 or 3 Burners. Burns with a clear blue flame, without smoke, and a heat of the greatest intensity. Burners are brass, and so made that wicks can be replaced in a few minutes as in an ordinary lamp. Wicks are 10 inches in circumference and should last one year. Patent Wick Adjustment keeps the wicks from being turned too high or too low. Frames and Tops are made of steel and cannot be broken. Oil Tanks are placed where they will not heat and there are no perforated plates or braces surrounding the burners to retain any char or oil-soakage, thus preventing odor.



THE McCLARY MFG. CO. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER. If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

Confidence



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

The W. H. JOHNSON CO. Ltd., Halifax.

A Thanksgiving Delicacy.

Individual moulds of that rich, delicate table jelly that those English Jelly Tablets will please you and your guests as much as they do the Nobility in England.

And, too, nine tenths of the work is already done for you—hot water is all you'll need.

Lazenby's Jelly Tablets. Best grocers sell 12 varieties of them.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

On Monday evening of last week there were several Halloween parties, with all the usual honours of masquerading, bobbing apples, and every mystic (and untrustworthy) method of discovering your future partner in life.

Cards are out for a large afternoon party at Bishopsthorpe on Thursday next, where Miss Courtney will be the guest of Mrs. Wickwire.

On the same afternoon Miss Chipman had a large tea which was one of the pleasantest of the week, and much enjoyed by her large circle of friends.

Dr. W. Slayter R. N. is here on leave, the guest of his mother Mrs. Slayter.

Dr. and Mrs. Wickwire have gone on a short trip to Western Canada, to visit their son, Mr. W. Wickwire, who is farming in Manitoba.

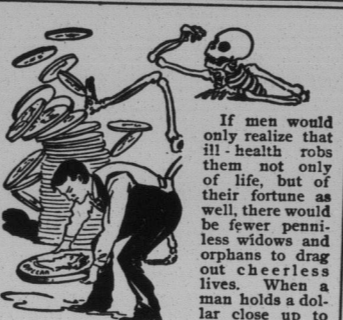
The officers of the Royal Canadian Regiment have postponed their ball for a month on account of the sad news of the death of their brother officer, Mr. Keating, in Africa.

There were several tea after the football match Saturday afternoon, two being given by bachelor hosts in the parsonage and one by a lady whose football team is celebrated.

NEW YORK.

Nov. 10.—Preparations for the coming Horse Show afford the requisite apology for the return to town of many well-known people.

The cards for the wedding of Miss Josephine E. Brooks and John R. Livermore will be sent out directly after the Horse Show.



Nov. 9.—This is one of the off weeks in society circles, no weddings to record, no social functions of any kind taking place, and a general settling down for the winter which, however, necessary it may be, is rather depressing as far as society happenings go.

It is a fortunate thing that the ladies of Moncton take such an interest in the sports of the opposite sex, as the rink, the Hockey games and the curling rink never fail to draw crowds of fair spectators.

The admirers of Madame Marie Harrison are looking forward eagerly to her appearance in Moncton next Wednesday, when she gives one of her always popular concerts in the Opera house.

A basket social in aid of the Methodist Sunday school of that place was given in Moncton last Wednesday evening, a number of well known Moncton people taking part.

Mr. J. B. Allen of Cape Tormentine who has been spending a few days with friends in town returned home on Saturday.

Mr. J. E. B. Foster of Dorchester arrived in town last week, called by the serious illness of her brother Mr. T. V. Cooke, late general storekeeper of the I. C. R.

The numerous friends of Mr. A. G. Bishop of the merchant's bank of Halifax, who has been so ill for the past five weeks with typhoid fever will be glad to hear that he has sufficiently recovered to be able to leave the hospital.

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THE HORSE CAN'T

tell his desires or he would request the application of



Tuttle's Elixir

To his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897.

Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses.

I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

BOBITY FOR FUN.

BOBITY THE GREAT GAME.

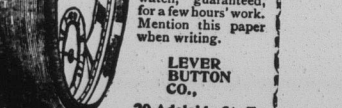
BOBITY Sold Throughout Canada as the Game of Games.

BOBITY If your dealer does not handle the great game of

BOBITY WRITE..... G. A. HOLLAND & SON, Manufacturers, Montreal.

Trade supplied all over Canada with

Bobity, By G. A. HOLLAND & SON, Manufacturers, Montreal.



FREE We give this fine watch, chain and charm, for selling two doz. LEVER CO. LAR BURROUGHS, at ten cts each.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Has special virtue in healing diseased Lungs & restoring flesh and strength, to those reduced by wasting disease.

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

DUNN'S MAKE OF HEADCHEESE, SAUSAGE and BOLOGNAS. The Purest and Best.

R. F. J. PARKIN, Union St. - Telephone, 1037

What is the Good

of good printing? You can probably answer that in a minute when you compare good printing with poor. You know the satisfaction of sending out printed matter that is neat and ship shape and up-to-date in appearance.

PROGRESS PRINT. PRINTERS, St. John, N. B.

Moose, Dear, Partridge, Dean's Sausages, Snipe. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING. 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE

TO CURE A COULD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 26c

A DECORATIVE ART.

An Interesting Idea for Amateur Photographers.

Many people nowadays look upon the photographic camera as a companion indispensable to the enjoyment of a holiday and Dame Nature has to suffer attempts, more or less successful, from enthusiastic operators to catch the fleeting expressions of her various moods.

None but those who have 'gone through the mill' can conceive the breathless excitement of the moment when the negative under development first reveals its picture, the joy of discovering that it is a 'good one' and the trial of temper consequent upon making the discovery that a dozen views have been taken upon the same plate.

But when the prints are toned, finished and complete the interest almost invariably flags, and they are put away to be forgotten in succeeding expeditions in search of fresh fields to conquer. This is from some points of view to be regretted, as there are several methods by which the labors of the amateur photographer may be turned to more lasting account.

There are, for instance, many dainty pieces of furniture which might be embellished with photographs taken specially with that object in view, and their framing in would afford delightful opportunities for amateur workers in wood, leather, metal and even embroidery to give evidence of their taste and skill. The introduction of such a subject as that represented by the center of the first cut to the panels of, say some of the small wall cupboards or brackets to be found in almost every home, with suitable decorative frames of carved or poked worked wood on leather or repousse copper, is well worth while.

But the number that could be thus disposed of is comparatively small. We must look for other objects to which the remaining ones may be applied, and they are not difficult to find. What prettier idea than that birthday and Christmas cards should be treated in this manner, enriched with scenes familiar to the sender and recipient alike. For this purpose facilities in the artistic manipulation of leather, metal and other like materials could be dispensed with, and skill in the use of pen, or pencil would amply suffice to secure a happy result. The pretty study in the second cut gives some idea of what may be done in this direction and suggests many possibilities. It will be seen that the corners consist of a simple conventionalization of the growth forming the centre, a plan which may be commended as one which would do much to develop the designing powers of those who undertake it, familiarizing them with natural forms and leading to an appreciation of their proper value as motifs for decoration.

Some photographs are naturally more suitable for decorative application than others, and when specially taken the subject should be elected and arranged in view of the position it is destined to occupy. It may be accepted as a general rule that breadth of effect is desirable. Sprays of ivy or bramble, branches of fruit blossom, sea holly, 'honesty' (the red pods), teazle and such like, arranged with judgment, come out extremely well, while flowers of almost every kind, so placed as to bring out the silvery half-tones of their delicate petals; shells, seeds, dried grasses, fruit and seaweed thoroughly repay any trouble expended upon them. As regards the printing papers to be used for this class of work, for large studies rough surfaced bromide paper may be recommended, and for smaller ones matt surface printing out paper will be found satisfactory. The tones of the latter accord well with black and white, and their adoption is therefore desirable in the case of photographs intended for albums or cards where they are to be surrounded by ornamental borders executed in that medium.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Split, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.



Eyes Tested Free

—BY—
EXPERT OPTICIANS.

The best \$1 glasses in the world.

Everything at cut prices.

Open evenings till 9 o'clock.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.

25 King St. St. John, N. B.
Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

Left Prostrate

Weak and Run Down, With Heart and Kidneys in Bad Condition—Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." MRS. SUMMERVILLE, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 for 60.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, reliable, beneficial. 25c.

Very simple.

In the course of the customary evening chat, one of the company remarked that a certain firm had made arrangements for consuming the smoke that had darkened the landscape in the neighbourhood of their factory.

"But how are they a-going to do it, Joe?" demanded an interested listener.

"Aw don't know," confessed Joe. "Ye'd better ask owd John. E's bound to understand it!"

As a matter of fact, 'Owd John, was an ignorant on the point as his neighbour, but he had no intention of admitting it.

"It's this way," he explained after a thoughtful pause. "As the smoke descends up the chimney there's a patent 'sort of fan arrangement' wot makes what they call a vortex. This 'ere vortex jigger grabs the smoke, souses it with water, and whisks it round at such a rate wot it clags into a lump same as if it were makin' butter in a churn. This 'ere lump of smoke gits 'arder an' 'arder till its coal agin, and when the piece of coal gits heavy enough it drops back into 't' fire and gits burnt agin. It's vary simple when ye've seen it done, and understands it."

Dignity and Impudence.

A certain eminent bishop belonging to a church was once attacked by a Prussian lieutenant, who had more impudence than brains, and thought he could succeed in making the ecclesiastical luminary look foolish. Said he to the bishop—

"Do you know what is the difference between a bishop and a donkey?"

"No," said the other; "what is it?"

"A bishop wears his cross in front, and a donkey wears his on his back."

"Ah, indeed," said the bishop composedly; "and do you know what is the difference between a lieutenant and a donkey?"

The lieutenant thought and thought, but could not find anything witty to say.

"I do not know," he said at last.

"Neither do I," said the bishop quietly. "It was not the bishop that looked foolish."

Crusading.

A football captain could not raise a team to go to a town five miles away, so he wired to that effect to the secretary of the opposing team.

"Can't let you off," answered the secretary. "Crowd waiting already."

The captain made another effort to get his men together, but without success, and was once more obliged to wire his inability to come.

Domestic Economy.

At the meeting of school teachers and others from various parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the following story was told by the chairman.—An overlooker in a mill, with a family of seven, sent his eldest child to the mill as soon as the law allowed her to go. She received the standard wage of fifteenpence a week. At the end of a week she left. Thereupon the employer sent for the father and asked the reason why. "Well," he answered, "we thought it would be cheaper to keep her at home, for the week when she was at work and had to get up at half-past five, she moaned an' groaned so much that it waken'd all 't' other childer, who ate more food afore breakfast-time nor fifteenpence came to."

Couldn't See It.

Seated in the bar parlour of the 'Cock and Fester' on a recent evening was a little group of labourers whose daily task was over. They were engaged, when not actually imbibing, telling tales—an occupation which seemed to give them great satisfaction to judge by the hearty shouts of laughter which now and then shook the room. Presently one of them narrated a story the point of which was missed by one of the listeners.

"Where does the laugh come in?" he inquired. "I don't see the p'int?"

"In course you don't!" added one of the others; "it yer did ye'd keep it to yourself and drink it. I pity any pint it you once see it!"

Marked.

Hoon: "Easyton is very courteous to his wife, isn't he?"

Mrs. Hoon: "Oh, yes; he treats her almost as politely as if she were a total stranger."

Grateful.

There are many varying ideas of what gratitude is, and in what way it should find expression. It is reported that a French soldier, who had served in the Franco-German War, meeting his former commander some years later, expressed gratitude to him.

"Don't you know me?" he asked eagerly.

"No my friend," said the former officer.

"Why, sir, you once saved my life!" exclaimed the other.

"Ah! how was that?"

"Why, sir, I served under you at the Battle of—, and when you ran away in the beginning of the fight, I ran after you, 'till I might have been killed. I've always thought of you as my preserver—my benefactor. Bless you!"

Heating Iron in Cold Water.

The apparatus for heating iron in cold water is remarkably simple, and consists of a small portable water tank, to the metal lining of which is attached one of the wires of a powerful battery. The other wire is attached to a pair of tongs with insulated handle, which are used in immersing the iron to be heated in the tank. A strong current of electricity does the rest; the resistance caused by the cushion of hydrogen formed round the iron causing such intense heat that, within eighteen seconds, a half-inch screw bolt is raised to white heat. Only the portion of iron actually immersed in the water is effected by the heat.

Signs of Winter.

"Speaking of signs of winter," said a city dweller, "there are plenty of signs besides the falling leaves, the shortening days and the steadily declining thermometer. I saw one yesterday in a load, a whole truck load of sah sifters. There's signs of winter for you, a lot of 'em, and when I think of the hundreds of people that will be getting up next winter on frosty mornings and shaking cinders with those sifters and picking out the coal scuttle, why, I'm glad I live where there's steam heat and a gas range. My flat may not be a palace, but it beats getting up and sifting ashes all to thunder."

Precautionary.

There was a trial for murder in Ireland in which the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case and directed the jury to return a verdict of "Not guilty."

A well-known lawyer, however, who wished to do something for the fee he had received for the defence, claimed the privilege of addressing the court. "We'll hear you with the greatest pleasure, Mr. B.," said the accommodating judge; "but to prevent accident, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

Ready to Illustrate.

When Cardinal Manning was lying in state, an unsympathetic passerby ventured the remark—

"I don't know why they are making all this fuss about him. What did he ever do to deserve it?"

"An' is it what did he ever do, ye mane?" said a pugnacious Hibernian near him.

"You come outside an' take off yer coat, an' I'll show ye."

Will Agree.

"They ought to get on well together after they are married. They are both interested in the same thing."

"What?"

"Him."

Snuff: "You and Jinks don't seem to be as thick as you were. Does he owe you money?"

Bluff: "No, not exactly; but he wants to."

"Do not put your feet on the cushions," is an injunction read occasionally in a railway carriage; "or you will dirty your boots," was found added the other day by a cynical traveller.

Mrs. Bliffers: "Your old friend has such a sad face. Why is it?"

Mr. Bliffers: "Years ago he proposed to a very beautiful girl, and—"

Mrs. Bliffers: "And she refused him?"

Mr. Bliffers: "No. She married him."

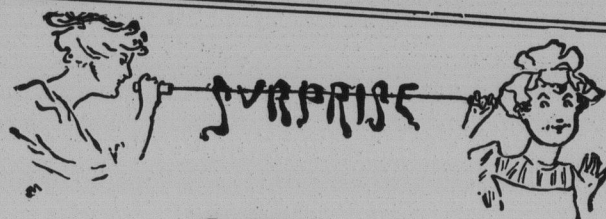
"Paddy do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the owner of a jaunting car.

"Sure I do," was the answer. "Wasn't it I upset yer honor in a ditch two years ago?"

WANTED.

The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns, Moncton, Sackville, Campbellton, Chatham, New Castle, Dalhousie, Shediac, Woodstock, and Saint Andrews. To the right men, liberal contracts will be given, address

C. T. GILLESPIE,
Manager for New Brunswick.
P. O. BOX 128 - St. John, N. B.



Telling the Truth

about SURPRISE SOAP. How much labor it saves—how sweet and white it makes all linens and cottons as well as other clothing—how smooth and nice it leaves the hands—and then 'tis cheaper in every and any way you look at it. These advantages can't be overlooked. Use it yourself; tell your servants its merits—have them use SURPRISE—it will benefit both.

It is satisfactory and saving all around. READ the directions on the wrappers.



Rain-Proof... Dress Goods.

Some of the most beautiful street dresses worn are rain-proof—absolutely rain-proof—yet nothing about their appearance indicates their nature, and even the closest examination of the goods fails to reveal it.

This make of goods is known as Cravenette. 'Tis made in light and medium weights—in Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor, Black—six colors.

'Tis porous, cool, absolutely odorless and beautifully soft and pliable.

All Dress Goods Houses keep it.

Cravenette

The Rain-Proof Dress Goods.

S.H.&M.



BIAS BRUSH EDGE

The ONLY Skirt Binding with an Indestructible Wearing Edge, a Rich and Elegant Facing and a Natural Curve conforming perfectly to the shape of the skirt.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

AMONG THE CHARITIES.

INSTITUTIONS ABOUT WHICH VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN.

The Little Girls Home on Brussels Street and the new Maternity Hospital—Pearl Ross Makes the First Mentioned Lively by Her Numerous Eccentricities.

A quiet charity which is only heard of occasionally is the little Girls Home on Brussels Street. It has been in existence for seven or eight years and in that time has given shelter to a large number of children until they had found homes elsewhere.

The Home is situated at the lower end of Brussels street and at present there are ten inmates whose ages range from five to twelve years. The residence is owned by the Turnbull estate and is given rent free while used for its present purpose.

On the first floor are kitchen, dining room, parlor and play rooms, and the second contains the childrens and matrons bedrooms.

The institution is supported by voluntary and solicited contributions. Since its establishment the Home has changed matrons a number of times, and it can readily be understood that those who hold the position do not always find it the most pleasant of undertakings. These frequent changes are hardly conducive to the success of the Home; at present it does not seem to be particularly prosperous or well cared for, though the little inmates seem very happy and deeply attached to Mrs. Anderson the woman who is now filling the position of matron. The thought which naturally comes to the casual visitor to the Home is, whether in this city of orphan asylums such an institution is necessary or can be carried on successfully.

There are a number of ladies on the board of management and they no doubt have given the matter very serious consideration and are fully convinced that the charity is a practical one.

The little girls in the Home are all bright docile children, and with one exception give little trouble. That exception is Pearl Ross of Fredericton. Pearl is pretty well known in St. John now, though she has only been here a short time. She is eleven years old though she looks about eight, and has as pretty and innocent a face as one could wish to see. Her abundance of fine brown hair, her large brown eyes with their heavy black lashes, are her great charm, and her chief accomplishment, next to her ability to get away from her guardians, is a wink. It is a doubtful accomplishment to be sure but that doesn't trouble Pearl, and she is always anxious to try it on every one she meets.

The Capital was altogether too small for this youthful wanderer. There was a certain monotony about the place that didn't suit her, and besides there was no fun in getting lost in the same old places year in and year out. The police officers didn't think there was any fun either in being called on week after week to hunt up a girl with a mania for wandering and when they declined to have anything more to do with her Pearl was sent to St. John for safe keeping.

It is a larger field for her operations and she has succeeded in exploring a good part of it in the few weeks she has been here.

She made her debut at Moosepath park a day or two after her arrival and attracted a good deal of attention. While the matron of the Home, some police officers and two or three others were looking for the little girl, she was calmly taking in the races from a seat among the most select of the spectators.

Little Miss Ross has never displayed any very great religious tendencies but a few Sundays ago she disappeared in that mysterious manner peculiar to herself and this time she attended eleven o'clock service at the Cathedral. If Pearl would only elect to spend her off time in church going there would be no cause for anxiety on the part of those who have her in charge, but that form of amusement is altogether too tame. She has visited all parts of the city on her own hook and generally turns up at the police station safe and sound when she decides that she has seen enough for one day.

For two weeks now the truant has been on her good behaviour and those interested in her have begun to hope for her reformation, though the experiences of the past month or two have naturally prepared

them for any surprises that Pearl may spring upon them.

A month or two ago PROGRESS told of the good work being done by the S. A. Rescue Home in this city and of the intention of the Army to a maternity hospital, an establishment entirely distinct in its object and workings from the institution on Elliott Row. When the Rescue Home was first organized it was thought that it would fill all requirements, but the care needed by the children admitted interfered seriously with the officers work of looking after that particular class of fallen women whom the Home was originally designed to succor.

Adjutant Jost has lost no time in carrying out the army's idea of a separate home for unfortunate girls and other offspring, and the result is the new hospital at the corner of Crown, and King street east. The house is in one of the quietest parts of the city; it is large, bright and airy, and commands a splendid view of the bay. A pleasant dining room, a kitchen fitted with all necessary requirements, a large pantry, coal and vegetable cellars, are on the basement, while on the ground floor are a large sitting room for the inmates and a spacious reception room. Other rooms on this floor will not be used just at present. Upstairs rooms are devoted to the use of the officers, nursery and inmates. All are bright, healthful and cheery apartments comfortably furnished and with a decidedly homelike looking, suggesting nothing of the cold charity so often met with in institutions of this kind. The formal opening of the hospital took place on Thursday evening upon which occasion a number of prominent citizens were present and expressed their hearty sympathy with, and endorsement of the scheme.

DIDN'T SEE THE SIXTH MISS SMITH

Sorry for it, Although Five at Once Proved too Many for Him.

The train stopped at the small prairie station only long enough to let one read the name, and, at one end of the sign, the distance in miles and tenths from Denver, the same reckoning at the other end dealing similarly with Chicago. To residents of these small prairie towns these stops may be indeed as important as they seem to think them, though travellers scarcely look on them as anything but a means of determining just how much behind time the Overland is and what is the probability of missing the connections. The chance acquaintance who had been siding to make the trip less dreary by droll chapters of unpublished memoirs looked out of the window too late and asked the name of the station. When it was told him he scanned the small cluster of houses with great interest. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I wish I knew what house the Smiths live in."

That seems an idiotic sort of thing to say of any town, the probabilities being so great that many houses are occupied by bearers of that ancient name. This seemed not to dawn on him, for he made matters worse by continuing: "If there were only time I should like to take a stop-over and go to see them; I shall always feel that I have lost something out of life so long as I have not met the sixth Miss Smith."

After such challenges as this there was only one thing to do; he must be asked to tell the story which was behind his show of interest in this wayside town.

"Some time ago I had bonded the most beautiful proposition up at Cripple Creek you ever saw; prospect in good mineral, gold almost at the grass roots and in a good country over at the back of Bull Hill. It was a ninety-day bond and I was just pouring out cash to make what I could out of the ground itself, while I was all the time working like a giant to get the money to take up the bond with. You know how that is with us in Denver; we haven't got the money to buy such mines outright; we've just got to let other folks in to help us. Just then I was working for a man from this very town; he had some money to invest and I was walking on tiptoe so's not to scare him away from my proposition. While he was making up his mind—he made up his mind against my proposition—I couldn't take up the bond in time and had to let it go, and the next man to bond it is taking out \$20,000 a month.

"Well, I was waiting to hear from him and praying that nothing would happen to shoo him off. He was always writing me letters to ask this question or that in the most cautious sort of a way, and I was spending lots of money answering his ques-

tions by wire. One day I got another of these letters which covered much the same ground as the others, but down at the bottom he said that his niece, Miss Smith, was going to be in Denver the very day I got the letter, and would I call on her at the Brown Palace, because she was a stranger in Denver?"

"I've known some splendid bits of financing mines to depend on just some simple thing like that, and I wasn't losing any chances. So that afternoon I went around to the Brown and asked if Miss Smith were there. Of course they know me pretty well there, so I thought it was only a little bit of joking when the clerk replied, 'They are, Colonel.' My card was sent up, and I waited in the small reception parlor. In a short while in came a young lady with my card in her hand.

"Oh, I'm so glad that you called," she said. "Uncle said you might be too busy, or out of town, but it is pleasant to feel that you almost know somebody in a strange place. Sister told me to say that she'd be right down."

"Before I had spoken a single word another young lady came in and extended her hand to shake mine very cordially. 'I had only just come in from a little walk when your card was brought in, and I hoped you wouldn't mind waiting while I took off my jacket and hat. It seems so good to meet a friend of uncle's here in Denver; sister is anxious to see you she's been lying down, but she'll be right down."

"There was no opportunity to say anything. I had not even quite succeeded in getting seated again when a third young lady came sailing into the parlor. 'I hope you will pardon me for delaying you so,' she said, 'but I had been lying down, and I just had to smooth out my hair. But, anyway, I'm not the last; sister says she'll be right down.'

"By this time I was rapidly becoming a wreck; it was my very first experience at a social continuous performance; never before had I paid a friendly call on such a consecutive young lady. This time I neither attempted to say a word or sit down. I just turned my eyes toward the door, and promptly on schedule the next sister entered just as cordial as her predecessors. She, too, was glad to see a friend of whom uncle spoke so highly, and she had sent the maid to fetch her sister, who was looking at the cabinet of minerals downstairs, as she was fond of mineralogy and geology.

"Then the geologist and mineralogist hurried in to join this family group. That made five of them, all of approximately the same age, all with a strong family resemblance which they had maliciously heightened by dressing exactly alike. The aggregation proved too much for me. I mumbled something about the pleasure of making such a voluminous acquaintance; probably I looked as stupid as I felt. If it had been Miss Smith or if it had been two Misses Smith or two Miss Smiths might have shown them attention. But you cannot take five out for a ride or to the theatre or any such thing. Well, I tried to brace up, but it was no use; the combination was overpowering, so I got up to leave. All five chorused, 'Oh, must you go? We hoped you could stay a little longer. Sister will be so disappointed; I know she was counting on seeing you, but she has gone out to look at the city. Call again and see sister.'

"Now you know why I am curious as to the residence of the Smiths. The mining deal fell through, perhaps because I did not wait to see the other sister. And, too, I go about with a sense of incompleteness because I have not yet seen the sixth Miss Smith."

Two Faults.

At a certain country chapel the other Sunday morning there was a good congregation to hear a new minister who had been appointed to officiate. The preacher did not make a very favourable impression, to judge by the remarks of some of the villagers after service. One official of the chapel, wearied of the complaints, turned to an old man who had remained silent till now. "What do you say, John?" he asked. "Have you any fault to find with the new minister?"

"He's got two little faults," answered John, "an' only two."

"An' they are?"

"Fust, he ain't no preacher," responded John.

"An' the other?"

"Second," went on the old man grimly, "e'll never make one."

Mr. Staybolt's Philosophy.

"We may at first," said Mr Staybolt, 'be judged by our peculiarities; but in the course of time we are pretty sure to be estimated according to our merits, the peculiarities being lost sight of altogether or counted on such only. Hence it behooves, us not to waste too much time on the gargoyles, but to bump ourselves mostly over a firm and solid structure.'

A MAN WITHOUT A NAME

SET ASHORE ON THE BAY OF FUNDY COAST FORTY YEARS AGO.

Since Then he Hasn't Spoken an Intelligible Word, and no one Knows Whence he Came or who he is—The Government Votes a sum for his Support.

The blue books published by the Government of the province of Nova Scotia are, as a rule, pretty dry reading, and that called the Financial Returns is one of the driest of the lot. Yet there is one line in the Financial Returns behind which lurks one of the strangest mysteries, which, after forty years, still remains a mystery. The Financial Returns give all expenditures from the office of the Provincial Treasurer—that is, all expenditures made by the province of Nova Scotia. One line reads: Jerome.....\$104 00

Few, if any, members of the present Legislature know what it means. They only know that it has been there for many years, and therefore some one is receiving \$104 every year, but who and what 'Jerome' is or why he should receive anything they do not know. The item was there in the old days before confederation—before there was any Dominion of Canada and Nova Scotia was a separate colony.

One day, forty years ago, the people living about the narrow strip of rock and land on the Nova Scotia side of the Bay of Fundy, known as Digby Neck, observed a ship on the horizon. Her movements were unusual. She seemed to be aimlessly hovering about the same place. When darkness came she was still there and her mission was an object of much speculation to the fishermen whose little cottages were the only residence in the neighborhood of that rugged shore. Next morning the vessel was gone, but there was a man, or piece of a man, on the beach. His legs had been cut off above the knees. The work had been recently done and by a skilful hand. The wounded stumps were carefully bandaged. The man was apparently about 19 years old, with soft, flaxen hair and blue eyes. His white skin, delicate features and shapely hands betokened that he was probably well born and well brought up. His underclothing was of finest linen and his other garments of good material, but of cut differing from that of any people the fishermen had ever seen. He seemed to be suffering from the effects of some terrible shock. Beside him on the beach were a small keg of water and a bag of ship's biscuits.

He was taken to one of the cottages and nursed and cared for. He gradually recovered, but was gloomy and silent. His vocal organs seemed all right but if the guttural sounds he uttered were meant for words, nobody could make out what they meant. Pedlars who were from abroad, and seafaring men who had a smattering of foreign tongues went to see him, but his language, if language it were, was strange to them all. Perhaps no effort was made to teach him English, or perhaps his sullen disposition rendered him unapproachable, or the shock to his system when his legs were cut off dulled his mind so that he could not learn. Certain it is that although forty years have passed since he was marooned in the mysterious manner described, he has never conveyed to any living being by speech a single thought. There was not a letter or paper of any

kind nor marks on his clothing to give the slightest clue to his name, home nationality or history. The people called him 'Jerome,' because they thought some of the sounds he made with his voice resembled that, but except for this he has remained for forty years a man without a name. In time the poor people of the village felt they could no longer bear the burden of the wail's maintenance, and they applied to the authorities to relieve them of him. The poor Commissioners of Digby Co. did not see why they should bear the load. He certainly was not a Digby county man. They accordingly applied to the Legislature of Nova Scotia to take care of him. Pending investigation the Legislature appropriated the sum of \$104 for his maintenance. Investigation failed to discover any more than was already known, and the grant was continued year after year.

'Jerome' lives now with a respectable French Acadian family near a place called Saultnierville, on the Bay of Fundy shore, in Digby county. It is on the main post road of the province, and in bygone years passengers by coach would stop to see and inquire about the man, but in times they got so accustomed to seeing and hearing of him that they would simply wave the hand to him as he stood in front of the house sunning himself. He has always been very fond of warmth, as though he had come from a hot climate. In the summer he basks all day in the sun. In the chilly weather he huddles behind the kitchen stove.

He is still the silent, gloomy man he was when he first landed, keeping to himself, eating at meal hours such food as is placed before him, never attempting to read or write, and never having given any indications whether he can do so or not.

Various stories of a mutiny on a vessel, of a stolen hair being put out of the way, of a nobleman whose estates are in the hands of another are among the versions of the mystery which have had credence from time to time, but none of them was ever more than mere guess. 'Jerome's' early history remains to this day a mystery and, although he enjoys good health, age is now coming upon him, and it is doubtful if any solution will ever be found unless this account should reach the eye of some one who was on the vessel from which it is believed he was landed and he should make known the facts concealed now for half a century.

The old coach days have long since passed; the railway which now runs from Yarmouth through the land of Evangeline does not go near the shore, and Jerome and his weird story are forgotten except to the few in the immediate neighborhood of his quiet home, where the people still speak the French of the Norman and Breton peasant of 200 years ago; where the men do a little fishing and farming, the women wear the French kerchief and simple garb of the old Acadians of Evangeline's day.

Welcoming Fresh Cares.

'As far as fresh cares are concerned,' said a man of mature years, 'as I grow older I rather welcome them. They blot out the old cares completely, and so show how unsubstantial they were, and I know that in due course these new cares will be supplanted by others, and will as completely give way to them. Thus I am constantly reminded that our cares really don't amount to much, except as we imagine them great, and I expect to see the day when I shall give but scanty room to them and not be disturbed by them at all.'

A good story is going round about President McKinley. A reporter on a Washington paper was sent to interview him respecting a matter the President was not at liberty to reveal. On being told that the information could not be given, the pressman said: 'You know, if I go back without what I came for I shall lose my place.' The President, who had known him for years, said, 'If they discharge you, I'll make you a consul.' They did, and the President kept his word.

THE MAN WHO LIVED.

He should have been dead.

But he wasn't, because—

"There's nothing succeeds like success." There is no withstanding the living argument of the man who should be dead, who isn't dead, but who would be dead, but for a preserving medicine. That's about the of the Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio. He was afflicted with one of those colds that have, thousands of times over, culminated in consumption, when not promptly cured, sumptive, whom he had not expected to mend. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral had "helped him wonderfully." It helped the editor just as wonderfully, giving "almost instant relief." But read his letter:

"About two months ago, I was afflicted with a bad cold, and, meeting a friend, he advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I had not expected to see alive for several years. I concluded there must be merit in this preparation. I accordingly bought a couple of bottles, one of which I kept on my desk all the time. This is certainly the best remedy for a cold I ever used. It gives almost instant relief, and the J. C. Ayer Co. are to be congratulated on possess-

ing the formula for such a very valuable remedy."—W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor, The Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio.

To preserve health prepare for sickness. Keep a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral handy, on the desk, in the office, on the shelf or in the closet at home, and you will have at hand a remedy that is capable and even life. There is no malady so prolific of evil results as a neglected cold. There is no medicine so promptly effective in curing a cold and absolutely eradicating its effects, as Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Every traveller should carry it. Every household should keep it. It cures every variety of cough, and all forms of lung trouble, and all forms of lung trouble, croup, and whooping cough, are promptly cured by it, and it has in many cases overcome pulmonary diseases in aggravated forms, when all other remedies failed to help and physicians gave no hope of cure. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Aid on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

* A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS. *

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CONTINUED. CHAPTER XLV.

SIR GERALD VISITS MADAME SANTANELLO.
One cold morning, Sir Gerald Vere was walking down the principal street of Eastingtoke, when the brass-plate which announced that Madame Santanello might be consulted daily met his eye.

He paused, and finally came back to the clairvoyante's door.
'Shall I go in and see her?' he muttered to himself. 'I don't really believe in it; but that prophecy of Madge's was very wonderful. I should like to hear what this woman would say!'

He rang the bell, and, having gone through all the needless preliminaries, found himself standing alone in the bare room with the grinning skull, and the curtain that looked like a pall.

Madame Santanello came to him there, emerging, majestically, from behind that mysterious curtain, just as she had done to Kate and to Vi.
She looked a little paler than when they came to consult her a fortnight ago, but her manner was as majestic and as awe-inspiring as ever.

Sir Gerald, whose nature was peculiarly impressionable, fell under the magnetic influence of that manner at once.
All the latent superstition within him sprang suddenly into active life.
He was more than half disposed to place implicit faith in whatever this woman might say to him.

One keen glance she cast into his face when she first entered; and, if her own had not been so singularly immobile, one would have said she felt a species of satisfaction at seeing him there.
She went through the usual formula of looking at his hand with much seeming interest, then prepared the saucer of liquid and gazed into it for fully five minutes without speaking a word.

Finally, she turned to him, and, in an abrupt voice, asked him the very question she had before addressed to Kate—
'Do you wish me to tell you the whole truth?'

'By all means, madame!'
'Very well. It is unnecessary for me to speak of your past, save to remark that this present year is the most eventful of your life. The most important thing I have to tell you is, that your line of life is crossed by two influences—the one good, and altogether beneficent; the other, although not in itself evil, antagonistic to you, and likely to cause you much trouble.'

'There is now about your path one who is your guardian-angel. Yield to her, and your future will be happy.
She paused, frowned a little, as though she saw some image which displeased her, then added, slowly—
'If it were not for that other influence, your life could not fail to be a happy one. I see, in connection with you, everything that can tend to make it so. Health, wealth, love. All these are yours. But there is a shadow I cannot quite understand. It threatens you, and yet it is possible it may pass away without materially injuring you. If only you can escape from the influence of that person, whose line of life is antagonistic to your own, all may yet be well.'

Sir Gerald had listened to this mysterious utterance with an alternately flushing and paling cheek.
There was a gleam of excitement in his dark brilliant eye.
'Tell me one thing,' he said, in a voice which he tried in vain to keep quite firm and steady. 'This person you speak of—is it man or woman?'

'Woman!' said the clairvoyante briefly.
'After a moment she added—
'Seek not to meet her—never cross her path. There are signs that she may disappear from the horizon of your life. Should this come to pass, seek not to detain her. Let her once be removed, and there is nothing between you and perfect happiness. But if your paths meet and conflict, then beware!'
And with that solemnly uttered warning, she turned and left him, disappearing behind the black velvet curtain.

CHAPTER XLVI.
LOUIS ROCHEFORT.
Lady Vere looked a little pale as the winter approached, and not quite so sweetly cheerful of countenance as was her wont.
Sir Gerald declared she had never recovered from the strain she insisted on imposing on herself when Kate Lisle was ill. It might be so.
At any rate it is certain that, up to the time of Kate's illness, she was bright and well, and that, after that illness, she lost something of her lovely color, and had sometimes a weary, troubled look, as though she were not quite well.
She declared she was well, however, and although refused to consult a doctor.
Kate, on the other hand, was in excellent health again, and had gone back to The Towers.
Christmas was drawing near, when, one morning, Lillian looked up from her letters with a little exclamation.

'What is it, dear?' asked Sir Gerald.
'I am so surprised,' she said, while a slightly troubled look fitted over her face.
'You remember my telling you about my cousin Louis—the one who had those wonderful adventures in Egypt?'

'Yes. Of course I do.'
'Well, this letter is from him. I hadn't heard from him for ever so long, and now he writes to tell me he is coming to England.'
'Oh! Well, we shall be very glad to see him here, of course.'
'Do you really mean that?' asked Lady Vere looking at her husband a little anxiously.

They were breakfasting alone that morning, Lady Ruth being confined to her room with a headache.
'Now, why shouldn't I mean it? he asked laughing a little at her serious look.
'I—I thought you might not want to have Louis here!'
'My darling, I shall be delighted! From what you tell me of him, he seems a very fine fellow, and I don't doubt he'll be a great acquisition to our Christmas festivities. Write at once, and say we shall be very glad to see him. We'll show him how we keep Christmas in Hampshire.'

'I hope you'll like him, Gerald,' said Lady Vere, still a little anxiously. 'But—but I'm not quite sure.'
'Well, my dear, even if I don't there'll be no very desperate harm done. But I should be sorry to seem lacking in courtesy to any relation of yours.'
'You are a great deal too good to me, Gerald,' said Lillian, softly, while a sudden wave of color overspread her face.
And so Louis Rochefort was invited to Vivian Court, and it was settled that he should arrive a week or two before Christmas.

The day of his arrival was bitterly cold, and snow was falling fast.
Sir Vivian was a great deal too careful of his young wife to suffer her to drive to the station to meet her cousin, especially as she had not seemed quite strong lately; but he himself went, generously anxious to show all possible courtesy to Lillian's kinsman.
As he walked up and down the platform, before the train came in, he wondered what his visitor would be like.

Lillian had said he was handsome and clever, but he fancied she did not particularly like him, cousin though he was.
Since Sir Gerald had proposed that he should visit them, she had said very little of him, but in their honeymoon days she had told many stories of the Cousin Louis stories of his pluck, audacity, and cleverness, which had interested Sir Gerald, and made him wish to see him.

'My darling is so very delicate-minded,' he was saying to himself, as he paced up and down the platform. 'If this gay dashing cousin went over so like out of the beaten track, she would be horrified. But I've no doubt I shall think him a capital fellow.'
At this moment the train steamed in.
Sir Gerald, hurrying along the length of it, saw the door of a first class compartment thrown open by a hand as white as a woman's, and the next moment there stepped on to the platform a very slenderly-built man of slightly over middle height.
He was enveloped in an overcoat bordered with rich fur, and, even in the first hurried glance, Sir Gerald could see he was exceedingly handsome.

His complexion was a clear, pale olive, his nose slightly aquiline, his eyes dark and brilliant, reminding Sir Gerald of Lillian, and his air one of great distinction.
'Louis Rochefort, of course?' said Sir Gerald, stepping up to him.
'Yes. And I have the pleasure of speaking to Sir Gerald Vere?'

And then the two men gripped hands, with an air of being mutually satisfied.
'And how is my Cousin Lillian—perhaps I ought to call her Lady Vere?' said Rochefort.
'Certainly not. Lillian is fairly well, thank you. She says she is quite well; but I sometimes think she is delicate. That was why I wouldn't let her come to the station.'
'I'm glad you didn't. Whew! how cold it is. You'll excuse me for abusing your precious climate at a start; but, really, it's a stinger!'
They were outside the station now, where a high dog-cart was in waiting, a groom holding the head of a spirited horse, which champed at the bit and pawed the frozen ground, impatient to be gone.
'Your luggage?' asked Sir Gerald, seeing that Rochefort was preparing to take his seat.
'Oh, my man will see to that! I'm answered, carelessly. 'We needn't wait.'
And then Sir Gerald noticed a slight, dark man, who had followed at a respectful distance, and now stood awaiting his master's orders.
'Valet?' was written all over him.
'The baronet concluded that this cousin of Lillian's must be decently off to be able to afford the luxury of a man servant.
'I thought you wouldn't care for a closed carriage,' remarked Sir Gerald, as the horse started off at a tremendous pace. 'I hate them myself!'
'So do I. There's no pace to be got, do as you will. This is what I like, now!'
And, accepting the cigar Sir Gerald offered him, he lighted it, told his arms, and gave himself up to the pleasure of being whirled through a blinding snowstorm, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.
Sir Gerald was very much disposed to like this cousin of his wife's.
There was a quiet geniality in his man-

ner, which he found very attractive, and when he told some fascinating story of adventure he had met with last year, he showed himself the possessor of all the qualities which go to make a good raconteur.
'He's the finest specimen of a Frenchman I've ever seen,' thought Sir Gerald, 'and speaks English like a native.' 'I'm very glad he's come!'
It was dark when they reached the Court.

Lamps had been lighted, and a very pleasant picture the great hall made, with a roaring fire at each end, casting a ruddy glare on the beak-in rugs, and on the trophies of the chase which adorned the walls.
But the very prettiest bit of the picture was the young mistress of the Court, who had come into the hall to receive her kinsman.
She was standing in the full glow of the firelight.
Her tea-gown was of thick white silk, bordered with dark fur.
Her cheeks were faintly flushed, her hair shone like gold.

Rochefort stepped up to her, and, with a graceful inclination of the head towards Sir Gerald—as though asking his permission—kissed her on the lips, then held her arms' length from him, and looked critically into her face.
'Why, Lily!' he said, 'little Lily, I believe you have grown!'
'I have, it wouldn't be so very strange seeing I was only seventeen when last you saw me!' she said, laughing, and flushing a little.
'Seventeen! Time flies so fast. You were in the pension then. How pleased you were when I came to see you—best pleased of all when I got madame's permission to take you for a walk. Do you remember?'

'I remember you used to take me for a walk sometimes, but I don't remember being so wonderfully pleased, as you say,' she answered, smiling, though Sir Gerald thought she did not greatly care for these reminiscences.
'You were such a shy, demure little Lily in those days? You are a queen-lily now in the valley. You are a queen-lily now. You have blossomed into a beautiful flower little cousin.'
And he bowed before her with mock ceremony, a look of deep admiration in his eyes.

'Easy to see he was well-pleased and proud to note the sweetly imperial beauty of his young cousin—perhaps none the less pleased because it had won for her a high position in the land.
He must have been hard to please, indeed, if he had not found it pleasant to come, as a guest, to such a house as Vivian Court.
All through the evening, Rochefort went on winning golden opinions for himself.
At dinner he was introduced to Lady Ruth, and quite charmed the heart of the gentle little spinster by the graceful courtesy of his manners.
Little Sylvia, who had most earnestly petitioned to see the visitor, was as pleased with him as Lady Ruth was.
As to Sir Gerald, he had made up his mind, before the night was over, that Louis Rochefort was one of the nicest fellows he had met in all his life.
He had been in Egypt during the Sudan war, had penetrated as far as Khartoum, and had marvellous tales to tell about the Arab hordes, the Darvishes, and the ancient Egyptian race.
It was evident he had been in many a desperate adventure, but he never seemed to talk of himself, or only in the most careless fashion.
Whatever might be Louis Rochefort's faults, self-glorification was not among them.
Curiously enough, the person who, according to all the laws of nature, ought to have looked with most kindness of the visitor seemed to regard with secret disapproval.

This was Lady Vere herself.
She was perfectly courteous towards him, she accepted nothing, as hostess, which might promote his comfort; but she could not be said to greet him with that gracious, almost affectionate, warmth which usually exists between cousins who are on good terms with each other.
Sir Gerald noticed this, and taxed her with it in a tone of good-natured reproach.
'Lily—he often called her by that pet name when they were alone together—'Lily, your not very fond of your cousin?'
'They were in her boudoir, late at night. She was undressing her jewels as she sat before the fire; he was standing opposite, watching her with a look of tender love. She looked up at him, quickly as though a little startled.
'How do you know that, Gerald?' she asked.
He laughed.
'My darling, you are such a transparent soul, that you can conceal nothing. Now tell me why you don't like your cousin?'

'But I do like him, Gerald!'
'Yes, in a way, I suppose you do. He's your near relation, and blood's thicker than water. But, apart from that, you don't care for him greatly. Oh I can see it in your eyes, sweet-heart, when you look at him! I could see it when he kissed you this afternoon.'
'Gerald, how you watch me!'
She smiled, but a little rose-flush mantled her cheek, as though she was embarrassed, nevertheless.
'Don't we always look at what we love?' he questioned, softly, coming to her side, and resting his hand caressing on her soft shoulder. 'But, Lily, you've been evading my question all this time. What has Louis done to vex you? There's something I'm sure.'
'I tell you, you'll only laugh at me!'
'Well, then, I think—I fear—Louis is cruel. That's why I don't like him very much.'
'Cruel?—in what way?'
'I don't quite know. Sometimes, when I look at him, I think I see something cruel in his eyes. And once, when I was a girl at school, he—killed a little dog I loved; and I think I've never quite forgiven him.'
'How was it? Tell me, Lily.'
And the husband's hand pressed the wife's shoulder very tenderly.
'It was his dog, but I loved it dearly; and it was even fonder of me than it was of him. He was very stern with it, trained it to obey his lightest word. And one day the poor little thing disobeyed him. I forgot what it was he wanted it to do, but it picked it up in his arms, and went out of the room with it. I begged him not to beat it, and I shall always remember his look—so cold and cruel—as he answered me. 'No, Lily, I shall not beat it!' he said, 'simply because chastisement is no good for disobedience of this kind!' and then—'

'Then what, dear?' Sir Gerald said, as she paused, though, in truth, he guessed the end of her story.
Lillian shivered, and covered her face with her hands.
'He shot it, Gerald! She said, in a low voice. 'Poor little Fidele—who loved him so! I have never quite liked Cousin Louis since.'
'My Lily, you are so sensitive,' said Sir Gerald, 'according to your sweet code of morals, it's a sin to kill a fly.'
'Yes, it is, if the fly loves you. Gerald, you know quite well that you wouldn't have done that!'
'Perhaps not. Different men have different ways. Your cousin isn't the first man who has shot a dog for disobedience. You'll have to forgive him, dear.'
Sir Gerald spoke lightly.
He himself was the most tender-hearted of men, and kindness was the only law he used with the animals under his control.
But he knew enough of other men's methods not to be greatly shocked at that bygone act of Louis Rochefort's.
Some men, as he knew, were wonderfully stern with their dogs, and, in a moment of great anger, a man, not naturally and wantonly cruel, might choose to punish canine disobedience with death.
'You'll have to forgive him, dear?' he repeated, as he stooped to kiss his wife.
'But she did not answer—only shivered a little again, as though at the very memory of that cruel act of her cousin Louis.

CHAPTER XLVII.
ROCHEFORT TAKES A HORSE.
The very next day, Kate drove over to the Court with Vi Muggleton.
Rochefort was not in the drawing-room when the visitors were announced.
He came in through the conservatory five minutes later, with little Sylvia on his shoulder.
They had been plying each other with flowers, and the child was radiant with happiness.
Rochefort looked radiant too; his pale, olive skin, was slightly flushed with his exertions, his dark eyes were even more than ordinarily brilliant.
He did not seem in the faintest degree decomposed as he walked into the draw-

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ing-room with the child on his shoulder and found visitors there.
Lillian introduced him.
Kate, as she noted his slender figure and dark, handsome face, could not but recall the words of Madame Santanello: 'The man to whom you will ultimately unite yourself is dark and slender, and he will come from foreign lands.'
She recalled that strange prophecy with something like a shudder; and then, as a feeling of repulsion to Rochefort swept over her, she remembered that that, also, had been foretold.
'At first you will feel a repulsion to him,' the clairvoyante had said; 'but, ultimately, you will love him passionately, and will be willing to pass through fire and water to be his wife. The Fates have said it!'
How vividly Kate remembered every word!

'It is impossible it should ever come true!' she whispered to herself. 'Impossible! monstrous! How foolish of me to think of it!'
Again she looked at Rochefort, and again that shiver of repulsion thrilled through her veins.
He sat down in an easy chair, with Sylvia standing at his knee.
A pleasant smile played around his well-cut lips, and lit up his eye.
He looked the very personification of ease and grace as he leaned back in the velvet-cushioned chair, laughing and talking to the child.

Vi Muggleton and he were soon chatting gaily, and, after a time, Kate could not but own he possessed great powers of fascination, as she listened to the stories he was telling of his adventures in other lands.
'He is certainly very clever,' she thought 'but I'm sure I should never like him.'
Thus she tried to fight down a lurking dread that the clairvoyante's prophecy, so wonderfully true hitherto, might be fulfilled to the bitter end.
Sir Gerald liked his visitor too well to pick a fault in him; he did, however, think sometimes that there was about Rochefort just the merest touch of effeminacy.
His hands for instance, were white as a woman's, and no woman could have been more daintily fastidious in all matters relating to the toilette than he was.

'A fine fellow, clever and witty, but just a shade womanish!' was Sir Gerald's thought, occasionally, as he watched him.
But, before Rochefort had been a week at Vivian Court, Sir Gerald saw cause to alter his opinion.
One afternoon, he and Louis went round to the stables.
Among the horses there was a coal-black one, of great beauty, which Rochefort greatly admired.
'By Jove, that's a splendid creature!' he said, and would have advanced nearer, but Sir Gerald drew him back.
'Don't go near him, Rochefort!' he said. 'He's a perfect devil, and is sure to kick out if you do.'
Rochefort looked at the horse critically. It was a truly noble-looking animal, with perfect limbs, and a coat that had all the gloss and sheen of satin.
'Who rides him?' he questioned.
'Why, to tell you the truth, no one can—no one here, at any rate. I took a fancy to his looks, and bought him, little thinking he would turn out such a vicious brute. The man who sold him deceived me. There isn't one of the grooms that can ride him; and I confess I can't. He's perfectly unmanageable. I mean to sell him as soon as I can.'

'That would be a pity. You don't often see a finer brute than that. If I were you, I'd never part with him, just because of a bit of temper.'
'A bit of temper! It's more than that. I tell you he's a perfect devil!'
'I wish you'd let me have a try with him.'
'My dear fellow I wouldn't have you mount him for the world. I know so well you'd come to grief!'
Rochefort smiled.
'I know I should do nothing of the kind. Now look here, Vere. I never yet saw the horse I couldn't manage; and I should really like to tackle this brute of yours. Come, old fellow, you won't refuse me that pleasure?'

'If you really think you can manage—' began Sir Gerald, doubtfully.
'Every horse can be managed. One only wants the knack of doing it. Once make them feel they've met their master, and they'll be as gentle as lambs!'
'Ah, there's the rub! The deuce of it!
Continued on Fifteenth Page.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.
Substitution the fraud of the day.
See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Sunday Reading

The Thinning Banks. The day grows lonelier; the air is chillier than it used to be.

Familiar names in childhood given None call us by save those in Heaven; We cannot talk with later friends

Al! the day grows lonelier here. Thank God it doth not yet appear What thrill of perfect bliss awaits

The days grow lonelier, the air Hath waitings strangely keen and cold. But women in, O glad, O rare,

Close up, O comrades, close the ranks, Press onward, waste no fleeting hour! Beyond the outworks, lo! the banks

THEIR LESSON.

How the Beauty of Plants Influence the Moral Nature.

A story is told of a woman who lived a rather careless life in a home none too clean or comfortable. One day she found a beautiful, snow-white lily lying upon her table.

But flowers and trees and grass have definite lessons for the child, if its parents and teachers will but help it to interpret what it sees.

"Flower in the cranial wall, I pluck you out of the cranial wall;— I hold you here, root and all in my hand,

Plants may be made to teach children the moral relations of the universe. To begin with, they are serviceable in the economy of life.

Little children should be led to understand the usefulness and sacredness of life as it appears in the grass, flowers, and trees. It should be taught to destroy no living thing carelessly; but rather to preserve and multiply the plant life of the world.

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here.

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Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S., Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

influence of truth and goodness that should go forth from every human life.

WITH GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOR.

We Should Share all Our Joys With God and Our Fellowman.

Someone has said: 'We never fully enjoy any blessing until we have consciously shared it with God.' This I am sure is quite true, and I am sure also that there is a companion truth which ought to be written right beside this one.

'What has this to do with the Aborigines in America?' It has to do with all God's children—your brothers and sisters and mine in the family of humanity.

study so exactly in the person of the Christ "who is the image of the invisible God" that we shall be happiest when we are saving others for his Kingdom.

His Mother.

There are two classes of people that particularly need our kindness, the very young and the very old; those that have borne the heat and burden of the day, and are walking along through the twilight looking for a place to rest.

'The Time is Short.'

Perhaps there is no shock so terrible as the sudden announcement that one's active life has reached its limit. Very few, even of the best of people, have done all the good unto others that they desire to do, or have planned to do.

here, find their saddest reflection in the thought that much of the Christian work they fully intended to do can never be accomplished. Here is, perhaps, to many the strongest motive for prompt and daily attention to current duties.

The time is short— If thou would'st work for God, it must be now; If thou would'st win the heavens for thy brow, Redeem the time!

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender, And soon with me the labor will be wrought; Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender—

The time is short. —Zion's Herald.

Gems of Thought.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.—George MacDonald.

You cannot, in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true if the habit of your life has been insincerity.—F. W. Robertson.

Patient work with a holy aspiration behind it, these are the materials out of which saints and heroes are made. The man who whimpers and complains of ill luck comes to naught.—George H. Hepworth.

Downfall.

Men say to-day of one who sinned, "What may this mean? What sudden madness overtook His brain, that in a moment he forsook Rectitude which until yesterday Had made his life a beacon by the way To common men?" I answered, "We but look On surfaces. Temptations never shock One soul whose secret, hidden forces lay Firm anchored in the right. The glacier bides For ages white and still, and seems a part Of the eternal Alps. But at its heart Each hour some atom noiseless jars and slides, Until the avalanche falls with thundering weight,— God only knoweth the beginning's date."

His Birthday Gift.

When Mrs. Ransom went away for a fortnight's visit, she called her two boys to her and said firmly, 'Now, Rob, I want you and Ned to promise me that you will not tease papa to take you to the football game next week. If he wants to go he might wish to go with some friend, and not have the care of the little boys like you. And don't forget that you are to give papa something bought with your own money for his birthday.'

The boys promised, and mother departed. The fact that the birthday and the football game occurred on the same day seemed particularly unpropitious. But the day before, Rob had a sudden inspiration, the glow of which was soon shared with his brother.

On Mr. Ransom's plate at breakfast the next morning was a somewhat soiled envelope on which was printed in painful letters, 'Happy Birthday.'

Opening it the beneficiary found two dingy quarters wrapped in a half-sheet of

paper which bore the words, 'To by a ticket for the Game.' And looking up, he encountered the gaze of four wistfully hopeful eyes, whose owners had no reason to regret their strategy.

HEART STAGGERS.

Here's Confession of Intense Heart Suffering and Weakness That Made Life One Long Dreadful Nightmare—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was the Saving Agent.

Mr. Thomas Cooke, 260 Johnston St., Kingston writes thus of himself and how Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart helped him: "I have used in all six bottles of this great heart remedy and it has completely cured me of heart weakness, from which I suffered severely for years. Prior to using it the slightest exertion or excitement would produce severe palpitation and nervous depression. To-day I am as strong as ever, and without one symptom of Heart disease."

Only Natural.

Angry Manager: 'What did you mean by smiling in that death scene?' Actor: 'With the salary you pay death seems a pleasant relief.'

A ten cent package of Magnetic Dyes and very little work will make a new blouse of your faded silk one—try it.

Some men are born liars, while others are compelled to acquire the art.

HEART PAINS

The Heart and Nerves are Often Affected and Cause Prostration of the Entire System.

A Kingston Lady Testifies to Her Experience in the Use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

People who suffer from any disease of disorder of the heart nervous system, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Smothering or Sinking Sensations, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Pain in the Head, etc., cannot afford to waste time trying various remedies, which have nothing more to back up their claims than the bold assertions of their proprietors.

These diseases are too serious to permit of your experimenting with untried remedies. When you buy Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, you know you have behind them the testimony of thousands of Canadians who have been cured by their use. One of these is Mrs. A. W. Irish, 92 Queen Street, Kingston, Ont., who writes as follows: "I have suffered for some years with a smothering sensation caused by heart disease. The severity of the pains in my heart caused me much suffering. I was also very nervous, and my whole system was run down and debilitated."

"Hearing of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills being a specific for these troubles, I thought I would try them, and therefore got a box at McLeod's Drug Store.

"They afforded me great relief, having toned up my system and removed the distressing symptoms from which I suffered. I can heartily recommend these wonderful pills to all sufferers from heart trouble."

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Notches on The Stick

"To write a simple song that, springing out of the heart of one, shall touch the affection and linger in the memory of many, is no inconsiderable achievement, and one worthy of applause. It is seldom the lot of even good rhymers to accomplish this; and, when it is done, it is often with complete unconsciousness on the part of the author of having produced anything worthy of especial recognition. No poet has said, 'Go to, let us write an immortal song of the home affections.' Or, if so, has he succeeded? Nay; but Payne, heart-hungry, as instinctively as a singing bird, voiced a world's universal longing. Had Key any thought save to express his mood of patriotic exultation? But a nation goes on singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

"These are my sons—the sons of Maine!" So exults Ellen Hamlin Butler. Maine has her sons, of whom she is proud, in all the departments of power and service. Poets she has such as Longfellow, Neal and Willis. She has also her singing daughters. A list of note-worthy names occurs to us, of women of the Pine Tree State, who have given us sentiment woven with melody in forms now permanent and familiar. We think of Florence Percy, [Elizabeth Akers Allen,] and her exquisite song, the sweetest of tributes of departed motherhood:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child again just for to-night! Mother, come back from the echoes shore, Take me again to your heart as of yore."

We think of Francis Loughton Mace, whose girlhood's hymn, "Only Waiting," the world insists on remembering; of Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, who led us "Stepping Heavenward," with her prayer in song, devoutly tender,—

"More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee!"

of Elizabeth Oakes Smith, and her, "The Same Old Song:"

"Mothers out of the mother-heart Fashion a song both sweet and low— Always the same dear mother art, Rocking the baby to and fro; Always the lazy, loving croon Hummed in a dreamy undertone."

We think of Harriet Prescott Spofford, and her song of "Old Glory;" of Anna Averill and her woodland melodies of thrush and song-sparrow; of Ella Maude Moore, and her "Rock of Ages," that floats namelessly the world of newspaperdom around; of Elizabeth Cavazza, and her "Slumber Song;" of Celia Thaxter, and her "Little Besch Bird;" of Hannah Augusta Moore, and her "Calling the Cows;" and Caroline Dana-Howe with her score of melodies.

"So long as leaf by leaf the roses fall," writes Mrs. Beedy, "Maine will cherish in loving remembrance the name of Caroline Dana Howe. Through the law of recompense

"Many are cradled into poetry by wrong, And learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Mrs. Howe says of "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall." "It was written in Boston in 1856, while under the shadow of a great affliction." The inspiration came to her as she watched the dropping of the rose petals in her friend's garden. Lying mouldering in the flower-bed they were suggestive only of decay; but Mrs. Howe's prophetic eye saw that which seemed decay was transitory. The fallen rose leaves were enriching the soil for a brighter bloom. Out of the ashes of her own heart there flamed up—

"We shall find some hope that lies Like a silent germ apart, Hidden far from careless eyes In the garden of the heart;"

and thus was ushered in one of the heart songs that will never die. In its appeal to other hearts it will ring on adown the ages, awaking

"Some sweet hope that breathes of spring, Though the weary weary time, Budding for its blossoming In the spirit's silent clime."

Caroline Dana was born, more than half

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a century ago, in one of the pleasantest rural sections of Maine, and in one of its most beautiful villages—that of Fryeburg. To her eyes there is no dearer, lovelier spot on earth than that she apostrophizes caressingly.

While yet in early childhood her parents went to the city of Portland, where her father kept a provision store; yet in the summer seasons, returning to their home beside the Saco, they kept their love for the place, and ever renewed their delight in its delicious scenery. But Mrs. Howe has also a deep attachment to the city by the sea, where the greater part of her life has been passed. "She has for many years been identified with the literary work of the city. Her ready pen, intelligent criticism, keen wit, and kindly heart, make her a favorite with all circles. Young writers find in her a helpful friend. Mrs. Howe is much sought after by her lady friends, in the vicinity of Portland, who often claim her for a week, making their home centres for literary gatherings during her visit. Many happy groups have been entertained and instructed by the vivid and interesting recitals of her own experiences. Boys can have no more delightful entertainment than Mrs. Howe's personal reminiscences of army life. She was one of the only party of women allowed to go to the front during the late war. Mrs. Howe is a busy woman; has written much more than she has published. Many of her songs have been set to music. She cherishes among her personal friends many of the literary people of America. She was presented with the favorite pen of Whittier, as a testimony of the friendship between them." Mrs. Howe's regard for the "city of her love," may be determined from these opening stanzas of one of her poems:

"The heavens unfold to Casco's lifted wave Their richest gems of amethyst and gold, Where blazoned like some grand old architect, The broad horizon bounds its realms unrolled."

"O sunny bay! upon thy sheltered breast, Whose deeps unknown are sobbing evermore, Swift sails are borne like white-winged birds, to test

Yon broad Atlantic rides, from shore to shore. 'O'er arched with glory from resplendent skies, Bramhall and Munjoy, as twin-sentinels, May overlook our growing enterprise From east to west, and hear our sweet-toned bells."

"One sunny slope is fresh with mountain air; And one lies broad to islands manifold, Where Nature hangs her summer pictures rare, Framed round in sunshine, as with burnished gold."

Her earliest contributions were to the Portland Transcript; and though the children of her brain have been sent far and wide among others, this journal has continued her frequent and particular medium of communication with the public. A story for boys, a volume of some 200 pages, from her pen, passed through several editions, and attained to a considerable popularity. In 1885 a volume of her collected pieces, under the title, "Ashes For Flame and Other Poems," was issued at Portland and had a kindly reception by press and public. In the department of song there is perhaps no writer more familiarly known than Mrs. Howe, many of whose hymns and briefer lyrics have been set to music by Kotschmar and other composers. She has written much for special social and benevolent occasions, and these occasional pieces, if not her happiest, are characterized by elevation of tone and elegance of diction.

Early in the present season we received from this gifted and genial lady a little souvenir in silver and gold, which was soon after followed by these words of explanation:—

"I had known that some day I should seek you out, though still a stranger, with a small gift in my hand bearing most-unquestionable stamp of your ownership beyond all others I had known. I will give you its history, as far as realized.

My father during my childhood kept a grocery and drygoods store combined, as was then the custom here. When I was some ten or twelve years old a new customer, evidently a lady by birth and education as my father believed, came into the store for provisions—the simplest only. He learned from those living near that she occupied but two rooms, had a husband of doubtful habits who was seldom seen at home, and who evidently made her life

wretched. She kept her own counsel, however, and won the regard and pity of all about her; none doubted her worth and evident superiority. One day she came to the store in great trouble, and with tears asked my father if he would let her have some articles she named, and take as security a small article she brought until she could pay him; when she drew forth this small scent box (as we afterward called it). He at first declined taking it, saying she might have the provisions without security; but she insisted upon his retaining it until the bill was paid. She said, amid her tears, that it came to her as a heritage from her father, having been held by his ancestors—the Lockharts—for nearly a hundred years. I can well believe that, for it must have been a dainty treasure in those early days, being the purest of metal throughout,—I have had it tested. She added that they were much in fashion among the nobility; and this one had contained a fragrant pod of some tropic growth, which had been lost. She did not call it a 'scent box,' however, but by some Scottish name, long forgotten by me, but which you may be able to recover. He took the box, gave her the provisions, and with these a written pledge that she might redeem it at any time.

"Immediately after we went on our summer vacation to my birth place, the lovely Fryeburg. But on our return she was gone—none knew whither, nor did we learn more, ever. But my father never ceased to feel confidence in her honestly, only regretting that he had not done more for her, and that he could not restore the heirloom, evidently so treasured. There were not so many rich keepsakes then as are now afforded, and this was a delight to me—a thing of silver and gold, too precious for me to have in keeping until some years had passed. Then it was given in trust to my keeping, and nothing I ever possessed has held just the peculiar value of this.

"Let me say that I am frequently called upon to appear before our clubs, (in the city, and out, as well), and often asked to take my treasures' along;—such as dear Mr. Whittier's favorite pen, that came to me, his letters, and various other valuable relics; the rebel bullet, for instance, that didn't kill me at City Point, in war-time, though it scorched my left ear in passing, as if it meant destruction. But, with all these mementoes, and various others, often went the little silver box, with its history, and bearing the Lockhart name, (than which there is none more euphonious.

"Does this all seem childish to you, perhaps? Well, to me 'there is a sacredness about it that I can only feel, but not explain; and who knows but that sorrowful lady, once possessor of this, will know it has come into the family keeping once more? For—belonging to me since girlhood's years—no one living has any valid right or title to its possession save what I may bestow. . . ."

The years hasten us away, with our possessions, and often before them; but may it yet be long before No. 353 Cumberland St. shall be bereft of an inmate who brings so much honor to the city of her residence and to her native State of Maine.

PASTOR FELIX.
Destruction of a Legend.
Mr. Moncre D. Conway, in the Athenaeum, writes on a historical topic of no minor importance. In a recent letter to the London Times, where an interview with Bismarck is printed, this is what the chancellor is reported to have said: 'Frederick the Great was the first European sovereign who recognized the independence of the United States.' Mr. Moncre D. Conway declares this to be an amazing statement. He writes: 'While Louis XV. not only recognized American independence, but allied himself with it, and sent over the officers, money and ships without which that independence might have remained a paper declaration, Frederick the Great

never uttered a word of sympathy with Washington or with his cause, but Hessian troops were sent over with Frederick's tacit consent to crush independence. Vain efforts were made by d'Alembert to elicit from Frederick some opinion about the American revolution.' Did Bismarck, asks Mr. Conway, believe in that legend that Frederick sent a sword to Washington with the message: 'From the oldest general in the world to the greatest.' The conclusion of the note is striking: 'There was no such word or message. I once asked Carlyle if he knew of anything said or written by Frederick out of which the legend might have grown. He replied: 'Nothing, whatever. There is not the slightest foundation for it.'

NO USE FOR A BAROMETRE.
Not If You Have Red Ants and Watch Them Says a Man From Steuben.
'If you have any red ants about your premises,' said a veracious county man, 'you won't need any barometer to tell you whether its going to rain or not—not if you keep your eye on the red ants. I found that out long, long ago. A colony of these lively and persistent little insects settled in my back yard, where they made their nest in the ground and proceeded to carry out whatever mission they had. One day I noticed them scurrying up out of the hole in the ground where they lived, each ant carrying a little white thing in its mouth, which I soon discovered was one of the colony's supply of ants' eggs. The weather had been very dry for weeks, and there was at that moment no more sign of the long drought being broken than there was that an earthquake was going to set things tumbling. I noticed that the ants went in a steady stream toward the house, which was only a few feet away, where they climbed on the back porch, disappeared beneath an old trunk that was there, came out without the eggs and hurried back to the nest after another lot. This curious transfer of eggs from the nest to the hiding place beneath the trunk on the porch occupied nearly all day. It was a puzzling me not a little when an old friend of mine from the town of Woodhull, where they know everything, happened to drop in to see me, and I mentioned the singular action of the ants to him.

'That's the best news I've heard this year!' said he. 'It'll rain before morning and it'll be a soaker, too! Those ants know it and they've just moved their eggs from the nest to save 'em from being drowned out. That's all. They'll always do it just before an old soaker of a rain, like the one that'll be here some time to-night. Red ants know a heap about the weather.'

'I didn't take much stock in my friend's explanation of the ant movement, although he did come from Woodhull, but I was waked up some long time in the night by the noise of about the hardest downpour of rain that I had almost ever heard. It rained right along for two days, and it wasn't an old soaker then I don't know what an old soaker is.

'Red ants and Woodhull against all creation!' said I, after thinking the matter over.

'The weather came on nice and bright after the rain, and everything was dried off in the course of a day. Then what did those ants of mine do not note all of those eggs from the shelter of the trunk on the porch back to the nest in the ground and deposit them in their subterranean cells again, all in fine shape and condition for hatching a future colony, which they wouldn't have been of their custodians hadn't been boss weather prognosticators and put them out of the way of the coming flood. After that I kept my eye on my red ants, and they never failed to warn me during their season of the approach of a hard rainstorm, much to my profit. Watch your red ants, if you've got any, and throw away your barometer!'

Getting Accommodation Free.
'I can't say that everything in your English hotel system is quite up-to-date,' said an American waiter at a large London hotel, 'But there is one advantage your hotel managers have over ours. Everybody who uses your hotels has to pay for it.' 'Why certainly,' said the writer, in some surprise; 'People do not expect to be accommodated at hotels for nothing.'

'Ab, you do not understand,' said the Yankee. 'We have in America what are called 'hotel loafers.' They are generally men in good position; but they will walk into a hotel, use the smoking-room, and other apartments, write their letters on the hotel stationery, and have their correspondence addressed there, and all without spending a halpenny in the place.

'We're obliged to put up with it, for it has grown into a recognized custom, although our hotel managers don't approve of it. I can quite understand that with your English notions of hotel-keeping it must strike you as singular.'

men earn good wages, taking four or five shillings a day for about the four hours they are at work. Sometimes they get special employment at big houses, or for important dinners, or maybe they want a little holiday. Then they stay away and send one of their colleagues instead.

"Being a superior, expert lot of men, this arrangement doesn't cause us the slightest inconvenience. If one man stops away, another equally useful, is certain to appear in time to take his place, and so, often see a fresh face, this involves no trouble at all to us. I only wish other classes worked on the same lines."

The average age at marriage of the Queen's daughters and granddaughters was a little over 21. The Princess Royal, who was married at 18, was the youngest bride and Princess Beatrice, who waited until 28 the eldest. The Queen's sons exceed this average by 6 years, and kept their freedom until they reached the age of 27.

With the possible exception of Mr. Byroe, there is no finer linguist in the House of Commons than Professor Jebb, M. P. for Cambridge University. Even Mr. Gladstone had to yield the palm to Professor Jebb, who can converse as fluently in Greek and Latin as in his own tongue.

Catarrah of the Eyes.
The last stage development of Nasal Catarrah Japanese Catarrah Cure goes away past the points where even specialists on the disease have been able to reach. It's a penetrating, soothing, healing and strengthening compound, allaying the inflammation and healing without leaving the slightest bad after-effects. The only guaranteed Catarrah cure. 50c at all druggists. 119

Sprains

Bruises, Sore Back, Burns, Scalds, Neuralgia, Headaches, Lumbago, Sore Throat, and every other ailment where outward application is wanted to give quick relief.

MR. MACK WHITE, the well-known trainer of the Toronto Lacrosse Club and Osgoode Hall Football Club, writes:—"I consider Griffith's Menthol Liniment unequalled for athletes or those training. I have used it with the best success, and can heartily recommend it for lame back, stiffness, soreness, sprains and all forms of swelling and inflammation."

GRIFFITH'S MENTHOL LINIMENT
RELIEVES THE INSTANT APPLIED.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS—25 CENTS.

Pay a Little More

when buying silver plated knives, forks and spoons and get the best—the kind that will last a generation.

It is stamped as follows:
W. ROGERS

This mark is our guarantee of best possible quality. Sole manufacturers
SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.
Wallisford, Conn. U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada.

weak lungs

There are many people who catch cold easily—whose lungs seem to need special care and strengthening. Such should take
DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.
It so heals and invigorates the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes as to render them capable of resisting colds.

"I was troubled for years with weak lungs," says E. J. Furling, Lower Woodstock, N. B., "and could not get any relief, but on trying Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, it acted splendidly, healing and strengthening my lungs." Price 25 and 50c. at all dealers.

KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS
STAMPED
1847 ROGERS BROS.
ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE
Meriden Britannia Co.
THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

After coughs and colds the germs of consumption often gain a foothold. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will not cure every case; but, if taken in time, it will cure many. Even when the disease is farther advanced, some remarkable cures are effected. In the most advanced stages it prolongs life, and makes the days far more comfortable. Everyone suffering from consumption needs this food tonic.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Chat to . . Boys and Girls.

A STORY OF THE GRAND FALLS.

(Concluded.)

Since the rescue of Pierre, the good people of the Indian settlement had done little but minister to him. Then the young hunter harnessed his horse and placed a bed upon the wagon for the noble old habitant, who begged that no time be lost, till he should see his son and daughter, to rejoice in their mutual safety and deliverance.

They were not at their own farm house, but Julia stricken dumb with grief, was under the kind care of Jean's family. Alphonse, sick and sad at heart was below the falls with a score of sympathizing villagers—for what purpose I need not say.

But the villagers returned, most of them to Jean's house, poor Alphonse with them, just as Pierre raised his bruised, battered form from his stretcher, cried out in joyous voice.

"Cheer up, mes enfants, I am safe, all safe," and with bowed heads and grateful hearts they answered in reverent chorus, "Thank God, thank God."

THE END.

The Battle of Life.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,

Go while it is called today;
For the years go out, and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river where two worlds meet;
They go, to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty too, assigned,
Step into the front with a cheerful face,
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never may do again—
Work for the lotiist, lowliest men,
Work for the plow, plane, spindle and pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers
With garlands of poppies and lilies flowers,
In wreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy
Temptations without, and within;
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven might wear,
Will beckon you on to sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, and breastplate, and shield,
In the cause of right and truth.

And go out to the battle of life, my boy
With the peace of the gospel shed,
And before high heaven do the best you can
For the great reward and the good of man
For the kingdom and crown of God.

It is worth while to remember, that nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation. To ridicule the dress, manners or oddities of our neighbours is wit of the cheapest and easiest kind; and we can all be satirical if we give the reins to our ill nature. The jest, so amusing to ourselves, may however, inflict a deep wound upon a sensitive nature, while it seldom fails to bring retribution upon the author. A young man in a train was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the next seat to him. "Yes," said his neighbour, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would be sure to make fun of it."

A Little Queen.

She stood beside her cottage gate
A little queen.
Unsed to folk of high estate—
Nay, never with the rich and great
So much as seen.

No ruler she by right of birth,
No princess throned
Among the mighty ones of earth;
But hearts that valued modest worth
Her virtue o-need.

The children prized her soft caress;
In homes demesne
She held her court; and when distress
Could be assuaged by helpfulness
A village maid, yet none the less
A little queen.

Professor Max Muller says that the title of queen "is the old word for Mother." He also cites a translation of the Bible made in the 4th century to prove its mean-

BUY
Coleman's Salt
THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

ing at that early date as wife, or woman. The queen was in fact in a special sense "the woman" or "the wife" the highest of women and the highest of wives in the kingdom. To my girls I would say, that if they will strive to imitate the highest and purest type of womankind they may all be queens in their own homes and hold the loyalty of many loving hearts.

AUNT BELL.

THE FRILLS OF FASHION.

White silk waists are the thing to wear with your blue cloth skirt and coat, and a very pretty touch is given with a narrow belt and necktie of blue mauve velvet ribbon. The collar band should be of tuckered white silk, and the velvet, an inch and a half wide, is carried around the lower edge and tied in a short bow in front. A pretty model among the white waists has a yoke back and front where it points down to the belt, covered with lace and outlined with a band of white silk embroidered with blue.

Some of the newest coats are made sacque shape and so long that they reach within nine inches of the bottom of the skirt. A fichu shaped collar and cuffs of of fur are the finish. French women are wearing pointed wraps of cloth to match their gowns. Fur and bands of velvet are the trimming.

A pretty theatre waist of pale yellow silk opens in front over a vest of black satin covered with cream lace. The edges of the silk down either side are trimmed with a braided pattern carried out in black silk cord, and the collar band is of satin covered with lace. The belt and cuffs are of black satin.

The new silks are exquisite in color and finish, having a wonderful sheen; so soft and deep that it must be a part of the entire fabric and not simply a shine on the surface. How much there is in a name remains for the purchaser to discover, but something in satin called 'Cotele d'Or' has a crosswise cord, is very heavy, and comes in beautiful light colors. Princesse satin woven with a fancy surface of small squares is very elegant for coats and wraps. 'Satin Roxane,' very glossy, is another variety, and there is a new moire very attractive in the marking and softer in finish than the old silks of this kind.

Whole volumes might be written about the variety in neck gear in sight, but the latest is a small edition of the crinkled bow made of black velvet and pinned to the collar band in front. Ribbon four-in-hands are very pretty, of course, and to make variety tie the ribbon in a very short bow, leaving the ends to hang straight down to the waist. Another fad is to fasten the in side edges of the long ends together with gold studs, first making eyelets in the ribbon, of course.

If you have any old cameo pins or bracelets, have them mounted in gold clasps or buttons for a finish on your cloth gown. Fancy buttons are a great feature of fashion, and some of them are of enamel, beautifully painted; antique silver, set with rhinestones, and large buttons of velvet covered with real lace.

The newest things in the way of hair ornaments for evening wear would make a squaw open her eyes in amazement. They are marvellous to behold, even to the most civilized woman. These ornaments are high and broad, and are composed of mixtures of brocade silk, satin, chiffon, tulle, jet, spangles, mock gems and what-not—only manufacturers can tell. One style has broad outstanding wings of some thin material, elaborately spangled or jewelled, and from its centre rises a bunch of aigrettes that would make the average Audubonite's hair stand on end, representing as it does the destruction of not one, but many herons. When a woman mounts one of these the effect is nothing short of startling. She looks for all the world as if some bird had mistaken her coiffure for a resting place. Ornaments with outstanding ears of satin, silk or a similar material are held in place by means of a handsome hairpin, and still another style is made of narrow, shirred velvet ribbon with wire woven in to make it stand up in fetching loops. Hair ornaments were never so exaggerated as they are at the moment, and unless they take a tumble before the opera season begins, more man will be inclined to legislate against them as he was inclined to do against the theatre hat.

Miss Tailor-Maid wears a string of coral beads on the outside of her severe collar. Those of pink coral are considered preferable, and if one has not been fortunate enough to inherit a strand, it is only a matter of dollars and cents to obtain a beauty from a jeweller. These beads give a needed touch of brightness to a dark severely cut costume.

Tiny flat purses, made of handsome satin in Dresden patterns, are very new. They are mounted in gold and are worn on long and decidedly heavy gold chains.

Woman wears her winter hat at one extreme or the other, either so it almost shows her back hair from the front or cuts

her forehead and eyes almost entirely from view. When a woman can wear a hat off her face at all it is very becoming, but when she can't, it is horrid, so the sex says. There is an old and very safe rule to follow in this matter of selecting hats, and it is that the chapeau should never follow the direction taken by the nose. She of a straight nose is indeed a lucky mortal, but straight noses are scarce, so most women in purchasing a hat have to study the natural bent of this feature. When a woman with a turned down nose dons a hat that rests almost on it, she may not know it, but she looks amazingly like a parrot, and the woman with a decidedly turned-up proboscis looks equally as ludicrous in a hat that flares off the face. Hats like hair, so authorities declare, should be worn in the style most becoming to the individual.

Fancy waistcoats are in vogue not only for women but for men. Woman went to keep them all to themselves, for they do not like to see men disporting themselves in brocade satin, silk and the like. These are the materials effected by very swell men. Some of their waistcoats have even a touch of color.

'Fancy vests for men may be a fad,' remarked a woman who keeps up with masculine styles as well as her own, 'but they will never become a fashion. Gents may adopt the fancy vest, but men will not. Anything conspicuous in the way of wearing apparel is considered bad form by the really swell and well-dressed man, and there isn't the slightest danger of his taking to the big-flowered waistcoat, or that of shiny satin for that matter. He certainly won't if he learns how a woman detests it, and why should not she criticize his dress if she sees fit? He certainly does not spare her feelings about her fashions.

At last military grey stationary has been supplanted by a bright blue paper, with a purplish cast in it. In dress goods the shade is known as bluet. Conservative folk will not like the new paper, for it is rather glaring in color, but it is toned down by white stamping. Envelopes remain a little longer than they are broad, and lettering is a trifle larger than formerly.

PHILPOTS RELEASE.

Sciatica Rheumatism a Double Compound in the Realm of Pain Torture, but South American Rheumatic Cure Drives it Out and Never Misses.

A few weeks ago while on a business trip to North Bay I was seized with a severe attack of sciatica rheumatism. Hearing of the wonderful cures effected by South American Rheumatic Cure I procured a bottle and inside of three days all the pain had left me, and when I had taken one bottle I was completely cured. I think it the greatest of remedies, and shall be pleased to communicate with any person wishing more particulars of my case.—EDW. PHILPOTT, Cannington, Ont.

Juvenile Irresponsibility.

There is an aged man down in the southern part of the state, says a Denver paper, who has reached the ripe old age of 102. He has a son 81 years of age who stays with him and sees that he is well cared for. There are some funny stories told of the strangely mated father and son, and one of them will bear repeating. The old man likes his swig of whiskey pretty regular, and is very fond of having his visitors partake with him. On one occasion recently he sent his son down to the town about a mile away for a bottle of 'elixir,' and to the old gentleman's disgust he was away

The Kola Asthma Cure.

Positive and unlimited confidence in the Kola plant as nature's sure remedy for Asthma has been abundantly sustained in the many remarkable cures obtained through the use of Clarke's Kola Compound. It is a great discovery. Endorsed by the medical profession everywhere. Over 500 cases absolutely cured in Canada. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists.



Priestley's "Eudora" Cloth

is softer, richer, with greater width and weight than any Henrietta. Ideal in the richness of its surface glow and draping qualities. It is the perfection of a

Black Dress Fabric

It will not grow rusty—its dust-shedding qualities are absolute. Matchless in delicacy of texture—unsurpassed in its wearing service. Silk warp. Wrapped on the varnished board, "Priestley" stamped on every fifth yard.

The Improved Henrietta

Sold by Dry Goods Dealers Everywhere.

longer than it seemed necessary for him to be. "I wouldn't worry about it, grandpa," said the visitor, in a manner intended to placate his feelings.

"No; I ain't worryin' any," was the quiet reply, "but that is the way it always goes when you send a kid after anything."

A STRANGE STORY.

But it is as True as it is Wonderful.

Dr. William Sharam Cured of Kidney and Urinary Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills After Doctors and Other Remedies Had Failed.

MURRAY HARBOR SOUTH, P. E. I., Nov. 7. This town knows no happier man than Mr. William Sharam, one of our prosperous merchants.

A person who saw Mr. Sharam two years ago, would not know him, if they met today. He is a changed man. He is robust and healthy, strong and vigorous, his brain clear and active, and his body strong and sturdy enough to carry out the projects his brain devises.

Two years ago he was a weak, frail and sickly shadow of his former self. Kidney Disease and Urinary trouble had sapped his strength, undermined his constitution, and utterly worn him out, mentally and physically, and he was so weak that he could hardly help himself. The pain he endured was terrible.

First one doctor, then another, was called in, but they all failed to help him. Different remedies were used, but they also failed.

At last Mr. Sharam decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. For the first time in years he enjoyed sound sleep after the first few doses. Day by day he grew better till finally health and strength were fully restored.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have thousands of cases like this to their credit. They have cured whenever they have been used. They act directly on the kidneys, which are the controlling power of the Urinary system, and which Dodd's Kidney Pills strengthen and stimulate to such a degree that they are enabled to do their work thoroughly. In a word, Dodd's Kidney Pills assist and reinforce Nature, and cause her to banish all Kidney and Urinary diseases.

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

THE ROSES WERE DRUGGED.

How Travellers on a Train Were Robbed by a Clever Scheme.

It may be all right for heroines to make their adorers tremulously happy by presenting them with roses. The novelists and dramatists must not be robbed of all their stock in trade. But it behooves the nineteenth century man to be particular about the roses he accepts, or rather about the girl who gives them. A short time ago a man and his two sisters were alone in a compartment on a German railway. At a station an elegantly dressed, thickly veiled woman entered the carriage, carrying a superb bouquet of roses. When the train started, she asked her fellow travellers if they would object to her closing the window. The man hastened to close it for her, and, in moving to get out of his way, the stranger dropped her roses. He picked them up for her; and thanking him charmingly, she asked him to keep one. Then, turning to his companions, she graciously offered each of them a few of the flowers. Naturally the courtesy was accepted; and the next thing of which the travellers were conscious was that the train had arrived in Berlin, that their veiled companion had disappeared, and that all of their money and valuables had gone with her. Of course, the roses had been drugged.

The police have discovered that the criminal is a young man, and that he has conducted a number of daring robberies in similar fashion. One must admit that it is

the refinement of robbery, and, if one must be robbed at all, the rose method is preferable to sandbagging or garroting. If St. John citizens should meet young women who would insist upon showering roses upon them, they would doubtless welcome the change from cruder forms of hold-up. But, after all, one may as well fight shy of veiled women with roses.

Severe.

Roger, the celebrated French tenor, was exceedingly proud of his profession, and was apt to take offence at the least slight. On one occasion he was engaged for the sum of sixty pounds to sing at the house of a rich financier, who thought it the correct thing to have the principal singers of the day at his house-parties. Roger sang his first song magnificently, but not the slightest attention was paid to him, the guests talking their loudest. Presently the host thought it about time for another song, and sent for Roger, but he could not be found, and was seen no more. On the following day Mr. Pliatus was surprised to receive from Roger notes to the amount of eighty pounds, with the following words: 'I have the honour to return the sixty pounds which I received for singing at your party, and I beg to add twenty pounds more for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests.'

In Case.

One of the stories of Tennyson's peculiar abruptness and unconcern of manner, which might well have been termed rudeness if the intention to offend had existed, lately been told. The poet's elder son, now Lord Tennyson, had been born at Richmond, and the poet's friend Henry Hallam, the famous historian, came down from London to stand as his godfather. Before the service Mr. Hallam asked—

'What is to be the child's name?' 'Hallam,' answered the poet.

'Oh, I don't like surnames for christian names,' said Hallam. 'Why not call him Alfred?'

'What if I were to call him Alfred,' answered the poet, 'and he were to turn out a fool?'

He had not asked the historian what his feelings were likely to be in such a contingency, nor did he take any account of them at the time.

Six and Half a Dozen.

In districts where the only wells are artesian, the necessary depth of these sources of water-supply is often something appalling. A traveller relates that he once met a farmer driving a wagon-load of water.

'Where do you get the water?' asked the traveller.

'Up the road about seven miles,' answered the farmer.

'And you actually drag water seven miles for your family and stock?'

'Yes.'

'Why in the name of common sense don't you dig a well?'

'Why, because it happens that it's just as far one way as it is the other—that's why.'

.. DRESS .. CUTTING ACADEMY.

Metric System Taught
By MRS. E. L. ETHIER,
88 ST. DENIS ST., MONTREAL.

Directors of the Cutting Class at the Council of Arts and Manufactures of the Province of Quebec.

Pupils are taught at the Academy or by mail, in a short course, how to cut and make all kinds of women's wearing apparel. Full particulars upon application.

LATE HOURS AND STRONG DRINK.

What the Doctor Said to His Friend on the Subject.

Evil Effects of Late Hours and Strong Drink Banished at once by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, Which Cool the Blood and Soothe the Nerves.

"I tell you, my friend," said the doctor to his companion the lawyer, "we are accustomed to grin and bear a great deal of pain, that we need not endure. Take, for instance, the young fellow who is in the habit of having a 'good time' (so called) at night. He stays out late, and perhaps drinks good a deal. Next morning he is feverish, nervous, and suffers a violent headache. The liquor he drank is blamed for all this, when the late hours he kept should bear an equal share of the blame. However, he goes to work and endures the tortures of that headache and nervous excitement all day. 'Now he need not do so.' 'What!' interrupted the lawyer. 'He

need not bear the penalty for his transgression?"

"He can prevent, or remove the penalty," answered the doctor. "If he had taken one or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, on his return home, or if he had carried them with him, and taken a couple, just after his lunch, he would not have suffered a single twinge of pain."

"You appear to have a very high opinion of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," remarked the lawyer.

"I have, and my high opinion is based on experience. I have found that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, by their action on the food in the stomach, and on the various glands of that organ, and the liver, will cool the blood, ensure perfect digestion, calm the nerves and soothe the excited brain, while they give fresh strength and vigor to the body. There is nothing like this for this purpose."

"They cost only fifty cents a box, at any drug store, and are worth their weight in gold."

SEE IS A "VISITING JEWELLER."

Goes to People's Houses and Resets Their Old Jewellery—A Pearl Doctor.

A young English woman whose card is inscribed 'Miss Blank, Visiting Jeweller,' is a New York pioneer on a path which promises to lead to fortune; for in this the second year of her venture she can boast a long list of patronesses, containing many well-known names.

Shortly after she found herself obliged to do something to make money she chanced to see a quantity of old-fashioned jewelry which a friend had inherited. In spite of their clumsy, out-of-date settings the beauty of the stones inspired Miss Blank. She began to make sketches of different ornaments in which they might be set, and so pretty and original were her designs and so much ingenuity did she show in planning the rearrangement of the stones that her friend exclaimed: 'Why you are a genius! Here is your vocation. You must go about, ask people to get out of their old odds and ends of jewelry, and then show them what beautiful things those same odds and ends would make.'

This suggestion was not lost on Miss Blank, whose fancy was at once taken by the idea of such an artistic and pleasant pursuit. She got the necessary letters of recommendation and without delay set to work. Her first step was to introduce herself to business, cheerfully remarked the country storekeeper to Farmer Jason as he added up the amount of the latter's purchases.

'Yes; he has,' answered the farmer. 'He sees an advertisement in a city paper where kin jine a detector agisty by a sending on five dollars. So he sends the five, which, by the way, he was savin' up to spend at next year's fair. In answer he gets a tin badge an' a diploma which authorizes him to roam th' wide world and detect. The morning after he become a detector he come down to breakfast late and says in a mysterious voice: 'I detects something wrong in the way this yere bacon are fried!' His mother takes a clothes stick an' shows him where he is on a false clue. After breakfast he thinks he detects something under the barn, and allows he'll investigate. There is a polecat under the barn, an' until he gets the clothes off'n th' boy and burries them, anyone in th' country could have detected him. Then he puts on his best clothes and goes out to detect th' feller that stole Jabe Wilson's bay mare last week. He rides over to put on the bay mare after he has caught th' teller an' put him in th' lockup. Up to th' pike he meets a feller what says he knows where th' mare is, an' it my boys lends him th' bridle he will go an' get her. My boy lends him th' bridle an' aint seen th' feller since. I think he was th' boss thet!'

'Do tell,' said the open mouthed storekeeper. 'Yep. Th' boy is home now a wearin' that tin badge, an' we've put him 'e' detectin' bene' nest, and he's perfectly happy.' 'Well, well!' said the storekeeper, sympathetically. 'Don't be too hard on the boy, neighbor. Lots 'o them city detectors makes heap wuss mistakes than he did!'

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Very Large. A single young man heard the banns called in church one day. Perhaps he had not always been very attentive to the service, or perhaps marriages were more fre-

quent than usual that season, for the ordinary announcement seemed to make an impression on him. At dinner that day he observed thoughtfully, as it commencing with himself: 'They must be a large family!'

'Who?' asked the company, for the speaker was a silent man, and one whose remarks were few and far between. 'Why, those Spinsters!' he answered gravely. 'There was another of them called in church today.'

He thought it was a proper name. But he was right. The Spinsters are a large family.

The Flushing Touch. 'Have you finished that address of mine on 'Modern Progress'?' asked the great man of his private secretary. 'Yes, sir,' replied the brainy hreling. 'Have you put in everything you could think of relating to the subject?' 'Yes, sir; I have made it very exhaustive. I don't think anything further could be said.'

'Very well, just say at the beginning that I regret that, owing to the brief time allotted to me, I shall be unable to go as fully into the subject as I could wish,' and let me have it.'

Tender Corns. Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless, and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine 'Putnam's Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

He was one of these husbands who have never had a day's illness, and it annoyed him to hear his wife giving away to a fit of spasmodic coughing. 'Less of that, please,' he demanded irritably. 'It doesn't becom you. Do you know what C—, the great philosopher, said to his wife when she was gasping on the sofa like a fish on land? He said, 'Ye'd look better w' your mouth shut, Jane—very much better.'

'Where does Mr. C— live?' asked the wife. 'Live, madam! Pray don't you show your ignorance. He's been dead some years.'

'In that case, please give me his widows address,' the suffering woman promptly retaliated. 'I'll call and congratulate her!'

'The ill-natured husband gasped in his turn.

INCALCULABLE GOOD, AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done me an incalculable amount of good. I think they are the best, surest and quickest acting cure for nervousness, unhealthily action of the heart, insomnia or sleeplessness, anemic or impoverished blood, loss of appetite, general debility and ill-health. For nine years, before I commenced taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, my heart was weak and in an unhealthy state. Its action was so much impaired that I could not walk across the street without suffering great distress, my heart fluttering and beating so rapidly that I could scarcely breathe, causing faintness, loss of strength, and leaving my nerves all unstrung. My sleep was very much disturbed, I had no appetite and there was little strength or vitality in my blood; I was always excessively nervous.

I have now taken three boxes of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills and since taking them I have not been away from my business an hour. Before taking these pills it was a frequent occurrence for me to be away from business. As a result of taking Dr. Ward's Pills my heart is perfectly healthy and strong and gives me no distress or trouble whatever. They removed all nerve trouble, made my nerves strong and gave me healthy sleep. These pills also made my blood rich and strong and gave me a healthy appetite. Dr. Ward's Pills have given me perfect health, restoring my lost strength, in place of continual ill-health, weakness, heart trouble and nervousness. In justice I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine. Signed, Miss N. Millward, Walton St., Port Hope, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO. Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

50 Highest Awards OVER ALL AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN COMPETITORS

TO Benson's the best POROUS PLASTER

When juries of scientific experts and thousands of sufferers cured, so unanimously decide BENSON'S the best Porous Plaster, you have the surest guarantee they will quickly relieve Sciatica, Backache, Muscular Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Other Lung and Chest Difficulties, Kidney Affections, etc.

The only efficiently medicated plaster and external remedy worthy of confidence. Price 25c. each. Learning, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'Chaplain,' said a soldier boy who had received a delicacy, 'I've been wishing the stone in that peach hadn't been so large!'

Mamma: 'It must have been three o'clock this morning when the baby woke up?' Papa: 'Yes. He overslept himself.'

Nelly: 'I believe Grace has a thorough knowledge of chemistry.' Irene: 'Yes, indeed. Why, she could analyse her own complexion.'

He (ardently): 'All the world loves a lover, dearest!' She: 'You haven't met papa yet, have you?'

Watson: 'Where is your umbrella in this terrible storm?' Watson: 'I forgot it.'

Watson: 'How careless of you! I wanted to borrow it.'

Observed Them.—Composer: 'Did you hear the lament and despair in my tone poem, "Tantalus," that I just played out?'

Listener: 'No; but I noticed them on the faces of the audience.'

Mrs. Wilkins: 'Arthur, you used to say you loved the ground I walked on.'

Mr. Wilkins: 'Yes, I know I did. Your father owned all the land in that vicinity.'

First Enthusiastic Bicyclist: 'I ran into a pedestrian this afternoon and knocked him down.'

Second Enthusiastic Bicyclist: 'What was the matter; wasn't he ringing his bell?'

Mrs. Gableton: 'I only speak my mind.'

Poor Gableton (with surprising spirit): 'Yes, but you change it so often that it keeps you talking all the time in order to speak it.'

'What is the first thing to do in order to equip myself for service in our navy?' inquired the Spanish youth.

'Well,' replied a member of the Cabinet 'for a starter I should advise you to take swimming lessons.'

'I suppose you get a lot of honeymoon couples billing and cooing here?' asked the inquisitive stranger of the landlord of a favourite week end resort.

'Well, ye-es,' replied the man of experience, 'plenty of cooing. I manage the rest.'

'I see that Barnes Torner's new farce comedy is said to have much more literary merit than the general run.'

'So I hear. I'm real sorry to. I hoped poor old Barney had struck something that would win.'

'Madam,' smiled the doctor, 'your husband is well again. His liver is in perfect condition.'

'I know it. He paid the bill for my new fall hat without a protest and then asked me if I didn't think I would better get a nice winter wrap of some kind.'

'Where is your mother, Johnny?'

'Playing golf.'

'And your aunt?'

'She is out on her bike.'

'And your sister?'

'She is gone to the gymnasium.'

'Then I'll see your father, please.'

'He can't come down now. He is upstairs giving the baby a bath.'

Professor Thinkout was about to be married, and had just received an invitation to his own wedding, which he had absently-mindedly mailed to himself.

'Well, well,' he mused, 'what does this mean? My fiancée's name on a wedding invitation! The faithless hussy! And great Legarithmst!! There's my name on it, too. Either she's untrue, or I'm about to be a bigamist.'

Mrs. Farmer Whitelore (sighing)—'Only think! Josh Johnson has bin going with Sally Simpson for nigh fourteen years an' they haint married yet!'

Mrs. Florence Swamproot (indignant)—'Yes! And Mister Josh Johnson wants to be plucky careful and git a move on him or she'll right up and jilt him! You can't trifle much with them Simpson gals, let me tell yew!'

A wealthy German of Tangier has purchased a number of plots of land in the town from the Moors.

'Your gardens are pretty but scattered,' remarked an Englishman to him recently. 'Yes,' he replied; 'they happen to be on the sites of the forts which England must build when she occupies Tangier. England will pay me for my pretty gardens. I shall return to the Fatherland comfortably fortunate.'

Cynthia—'Here's another letter from Hiram at college. He wants twenty dollars more to buy more school books.'

Benben—'Great Dimples! That boy'll put a mortgage on the farm yet. What books does he want now?'

Cynthia—'Here's the list: "Gilligan on Tackling," "Short Rules for Bucking the Centre," "The History of the Game," "Lessons in Funting," "The Signal System," and "First Aid to the Injured."

'Resourceful? Well I should say he was. Why, his children got hold of a half finished sketch and a bottle of ink yesterday.'

'Well?'

'Well, of course they didn't do a thing to the sketch.'

'Of course not. But where does his resourcefulness come in?'

'Why, another artist would have given up and begun all over again, wouldn't he?'

'Naturally.'

'Well, this one just sold the thing as it was for an impressionist picture.'



This famous coffee is carefully selected from private plantations having established world-fame reputations for producing the choicest berries. Is it a wonder, therefore, that

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee never fails to give the most absolute satisfaction? Their seal and signature on each pound and two-pound can in which it comes is a guarantee of perfection.

HARD TO STOOP.

Backache and Kidney trouble make a Halifax lady's life miserable.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER.

It would be well if every lady in Canada understood that pain in the back and backache were nothing more nor less than a cry of the disordered kidneys for help. Hundreds of ladies have found Doan's Kidney Pills a blessing, giving them relief from all their suffering and sickness.

Among those who prize their health highly is Mrs. Stephen Stanley, 8 Cornwalls St., Halifax, N.S. She says that she was troubled with a weakness and pain across the small of her back, which was so intense at times that she could hardly stoop.

Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills she got a box, and is thankful to say that they completely removed the pains from her back and gave tone and vigor to her entire system. Mrs. Stanley also added that her husband had suffered from kidney derangement, but one box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him.

No one afflicted with Backache, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Gravel, or any kidney or urinary trouble need despair. Doan's Kidney Pills cure every time—cure when every other remedy fails. Price per box, 50c; for 3 boxes, \$1.50, at all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

NO WONDER THEY ARE SO POPULAR.

Ever increasing in popularity. Ever extending their name and benefits, TURKISH DYES are welcomed in every household in the land. They do so much, and do it well. Never throw away an old garment as long as TURKISH DYES are in the house or town. TURKISH DYES will make it new, whatever the condition, and whatever the age. And when once it is thus made new, it will remain so. TURKISH DYES are the most brilliant dyes in the world, as they are the most lasting.

They are the only dyes that stand the work. They are brilliant first, last and all the time.

Send postal for 'How to Dye well' and Sample Card to 451 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Largest sales yet!

WHY? Because the public know that

Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN

RED PINE

is the best and safest cough medicine in Canada or U. S.

Honest 25c. bottles.

Sold everywhere.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO. 424 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

Continued from Tenth Page. is, they so often contrive to transfer that feeling to you? 'Not a bit of it. Now see here, Vere. Will you let me have a chance with that brute?' 'Of course I will, if you really wish it.' Sir Gerald, as he spoke, beckoned a couple of grooms to approach. 'Mr. Rochefort will ride Sultan!' he said. 'Bring him out, if you can.'

It was, indeed, a work of difficulty to get the animal out, for it kicked, and reared, and showed its teeth in the most vicious manner imaginable. A bite or a kick seems almost inevitable. When Rochefort approached, it struck out with its hind hoofs, paced and reared, and all but succeeded in extricating itself from the hands of the two grooms who stood one at each side of its head.

With one swift movement, Rochefort vaulted into the saddle; but the moment the animal felt him there, its rage became tremendous. It went down on its haunches, it tried to throw him over its head, it kicked and reared, and plunged with increasing violence, while its eyes rolled wildly, and its wicked-looking teeth were bared.

'You'll never do it, sir,' said one of the grooms, respectfully. 'I've never seen such a demon as this beast is. I'm sure and certain he'll do you a mischief, sir, if you try to stick on him.'

'Let go his head!' said Rochefort, colly. 'Don't mind me. I'm all right!' The grooms hesitated, glancing at their master for instructions.

To them it seemed sheer madness for this slim, white-handed gentleman to attempt to corpe with that fierce and maddened brute.

'Give him his head, if you please!' repeated Rochefort, with just a touch of peremptoriness in his tone.

And, as no prohibition came from Sir Gerald the grooms obeyed.

Rochefort stuck his spurs—he was booted for riding—into Sultan's sides, at the time administering a stinging cut with his whip.

The animal ceased its kicking and plunging, and, instead, tore out of the stable-yard with the speed of lightning.

Down the carriage-drive it dashed, sparks flying from its hoofs, its head held high in air, its ears laid back, its eye wildly rolling.

'I wish I hadn't let him go,' muttered Sir Gerald, regretfully, as he walked towards the house.

'He'll come back feet foremost, that gent will. You just mark my words,' said the senior groom to his subordinate, when Sultan, with its rider, had thundered out of sight.

'Do you mind how it sided up against that wall with Jim, and nearly crushed his leg into a jelly? Well, that's what it'll do with this Mr. Rochefort if he sticks on. It not—'

And the old groom shook his head grimly, by way of finishing the sentence. Sir Gerald, a little anxious and uneasy in mind about his guest, walked slowly into the house, and found Kate Lisle and Morewood, with Lillian, in the library.

They had just driven over from The Towers, and Lillian was urging them to stay to take tea with her.

'Where is Louis?' she asked, as her husband made his appearance alone.

'Why, he would ride that brute, Sultan. He's off with him. I on'y wish he may come back safe.'

'Sultan!' exclaimed Lady Vere, in horror. 'Why, Gerald, I thought you said it was sheer suicide for anyone to attempt to ride him.'

'So I did, and so I think,' replied Sir Gerald, with a troubled brow. 'But, when a guest specially asks to be allowed to ride a certain horse, how can a man refuse him? I told Rochefort of the risk he ran, but he didn't seem to care the toss of a button. He declares he can tame the brute. He's an awful plucky fellow, you know. There's no mistake about it!'

'Shall we go out and watch for him?' said Lady Vere. 'Kate, what do you say?' 'With pleasure!'

Lady Vere rang for wraps. Her maid brought her a seal skin cap and cape.

Kate was still wearing her hat and cloak. And so the whole four went out on to the terrace, and paced up and down there, awaiting the re-appearance of Sultan and his rider.

It was beginning to grow dark, when the sound of hoofs was heard.

Lady Vere shivered a little, as though with cold, and wrapped her cape more closely round her as she leaned on the balustrade and peered into the gloom.

'I see him!' she said, breathlessly. 'He is riding rather slowly; but I feel sure he is safe!'

Another moment or two, and Rochefort could be plainly seen.

He had emerged from the shadow thrown by an avenue of leafless trees, and was suffering the bridle of the horse to hang loosely, as he brought him, at a leisurely pace, along the carriage drive.

Catching sight of the little party on the terrace, he took off his hat, bowing low, with the imitable grace of a Frenchman.

'Let us go down to him!' said Sir Gerald.

Descending the steps of the terrace, they were just in time to greet Rochefort as he dismounted.

The grooms, who had been waiting about, in eager expectancy, came forward to receive the horse from him.

They uttered exclamations of amazement at the change which had been wrought in the animal.

One Little Tablet

One quart of milk, a little fruit juice or flavoring, a total outlay of about 6 cents and an expenditure of about five minutes time, and one of the most delicious, as well as nutritious desserts imaginable (enough for a whole family) is supplied. As a tempting delicacy for invalids, Junket made with



Hansen's Junket Tablets

Weak stomachs which refuse to retain other food almost invariably retain Junket. Sold by grocers and druggists in packets of ten tablets at 15 cents. Booklet containing 33 recipes accompanies.

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

No need to ask which had been victor in the contest! Sultan's satin coat was seamed with many a weal, the foam around his mouth was frothed with blood.

Quite evidently he had been severely punished; quite evidently, too, his punishment had tamed him.

He stood meekly, with down-bent head, trembling very much, but perfectly docile.

When the groom took hold of the bridle and led him away, he made no resistance, but followed as obediently as a dog.

'By Jove!' Rochefort said, 'something wonderful! I exclaimed Sir Gerald. I never saw such a thing in all my life.'

'Are you hurt?' asked Lillian, anxiously. 'Not a bit!' declared Rochefort, lightly. 'He wasn't half so bad as you think. It's only the knack that's wanted. I assure you I'd very little trouble with him. But, bear in mind, he should have killed me before I'd given it. I meant to make him know who was master—and I did.'

The lovely colour in Kate's cheeks deepened a little, her eyes were bright with eagerness—ay, and with admiration, too.

She was a girl who greatly admired deeds of daring, and Rochefort's courage made the blood flow swifter through her veins.

It was against her will she admired him, but she did admire him all the same.

'Come into the house!' said Sir Gerald. 'You must be awfully knocked up!'

'Indeed I'm not!' said Rochefort, laughing. 'Certainly, he did not look in the least degree either excited or exhausted.'

He strolled into the house, laughing and chattering gaily; and then straightway challenged Morewood to a game at billiards.

CHAPTER XLVIII. PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

As time went by, Kate became very friendly—intimate even—with Louis Rochefort.

How this had come about she herself could hardly have told, for, assuredly, at the commencement of the acquaintance, she had felt an absolute repulsion towards him.

But the truth was, there was a nameless something in his manner which fascinated most women.

His courtly deference was in itself a charm, and when one added to this his gifts as a raconteur, there was small wonder for surprise that he was almost a universal favorite.

Perhaps the only person who did not greatly like him was John Morewood, and even he had to own to himself that there seemed no reason for his dislike.

As Christmas approached, the Muggleton girls were wild to have amateur theatricals.

Kate Lisle was almost as enthusiastic as they were, and, as for Louis Rochefort, he was simply willing to do whatsoever was required of him.

Never had his good-nature appeared to greater advantage than it did now. One morning the four girls drove over to Vivian Court, to consult Lady Vere upon the all important subject.

They found her in the library, with her husband and Rochefort, and the discussion immediately became very animated.

'Sir Gerald, you will help us—won't you?' said Vi, eagerly. 'We thought of playing Romeo and Juliet. It's very ambitious of us, we know; but, then, nothing else is quite so delightful.'

'If you can squeeze me into a minor part, I sh'ldn't mind,' said Sir Gerald. 'But, remember, I draw the line at Romeo. Don't think of casting me for that!'

'Oh, but you'd look the character so splendidly! I think you would just make a perfect Romeo!'

'No, no!' he said, laughing. 'I utterly decline to be dragged to the front in that way! I'll be Tybalt or Peter, or the friar, if you like, but not Romeo. But there's Rochefort here, who'll do the thing in style for you. His looks fit for the part quite as much as, if not more than, I, and his histrionic powers are just the thing. Now, don't you contradict that, o' d fellow. Do you think I've forgott'n how you spouted Hamlet the other day.'

Vi who was the head and front of the management, ran up to Rochefort, with both her pretty hands outstretched appealingly.

'Mr. Rochefort, will you play Romeo?'

'I will attempt it Miss Vi, on one condition.'

'And that?'

'Is that you play Juliet?'

'Oh, no! that isn't in my style a bit. It wants someone tall and stately and impassioned to be Juliet; and I'm none of those. Comedy parts are my forte, I think. I'm going to play the nurse. But you'll be our Romeo, won't you, Mr. Rochefort? We've been counting on either you or Sir Gerald, and you see how disobliging he is!'

'Do with me as you please!' said Rochefort, with a smile and a courtly bow. 'I'll certainly play Romeo, if you've sufficient confidence in me not to fear I shall spoil the whole performance. But who is to be the fair Capulet—the star of my idolary?'

Vi crossed the room to where Lillian sat.

'Dear Lady Vere, we want you to play Juliet!'

Lillian made a start, almost an alarmed gesture.

'Oh, no, dear! Please—please don't ask me!'

Her voice was almost imploring; the glance of her beautiful dark eye was imploring, too.

'But why not?' insisted Vi, in a disappointed tone. 'We made sure you would help us. You would look the part so beautifully, and you are so clever. We all say you would make an ideal Juliet. Sir Gerald, come and help me to persuade Lady Vere!'

'I'm afraid it's no use,' replied Sir Gerald. 'Lillian has such a deeply-rooted antipathy to anything of the kind, that even my persuasions would be of no avail. Eh Lillian?'

And as he spoke he cast a loving glance at his beautiful young wife.

'It isn't that I object to other people playing,' she said hurriedly. 'On the contrary, I shall enjoy seeing you all. But for myself, I must decline. I could not—oh, I could not appear upon a stage!'

Her voice and look were very earnest. A faint flush had mantled her cheek, a suspicion of tears seemed to be gathering in her eyes.

'Don't think me rude or unkind, or disobliging,' she said, after a pause. 'A very painful episode in my life was connected with theatricals. It is that that makes me say I could not bear to stand upon a stage.'

After this they, of course, forebore to press her, and she herself, looking tenderly at Kate, who sat beside her, said—

'You need not go far to find a Juliet. Surely you could not desire a more lovely or graceful one than Kate?'

'No, no!' Kate protested, laughing. 'But Lady Vere's suggestion met with so much favour, that she was, at length, compelled to yield.'

A very few minutes of discussion definitely settled the matter.

Kate was to play Juliet to the Romeo of Louis Rochefort.

That afternoon Morewood, as was his custom, rode over to The Towers, to see his betrothed.

It so happened that, as he entered the house, he met her coming out, looking very charming in her seal skin cap and coat.

'I was just going for a run in the grounds,' she explained.

'May I go with you my pretty maid?' he asked, with a tenderly admiring glance. 'Indeed he must have been singularly cold-hearted lover, who could have helped admiring that graceful, sweet-faced girl.'

She responded in a tone as gay as his own.

'An't it please you, fair sir!' she said, and made him a little mock curtsy as she spoke.

'Come, then, little woman!'

And he tucked her hand affectionately within his arm, thinking, as he did so, what a pearl among women was this sweet, fair maiden to whom he had plighted his troth.

It was a pleasant afternoon.

The sky was as blue as ever it could be in early spring; the robin-redbreast hopped among the leafless boughs; the snow lay untrodden, on the roads and fields.

Its pure whiteness enhanced the delicious blueness of the sky.

It was a fresh, bright, inspiring day—a day to clear the mental cobwebs from the brain, or moody thoughts and feelings from the heart.

To be Continued.

'If it wasn't for me,' said the big boy who was trying to make the small boy understand his lesson, 'you'd be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island.'

Sores Healed.

Nothing like B.B.B. for healing sores and ulcers, no matter how large or how chronic they may be. B. B. B. applied externally and taken internally according to directions will soon effect a cure. It sends rich, pure blood to the part, so that healthy flesh soon takes the place of the decaying tissue.

'I had been troubled with sore fingers and sore toes around the nails. The salve I was using did not help me and I was getting worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using nearly two bottles my sores were all healed up. I consider B.B.B. a wonderful blood purifier.' ENOCH G. HORST, Bloomington, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

The Very Proteus of all Diseases.

IT IS COMMONLY KNOWN AS GRIPP.

Paine's Celery Compound the only Medicine that Can Cope With the Dread Visitor.

The old enemy gripe is now prevalent in many sections of the land, and, as in the past, it is the same old insidious foe—cruel and deadly.

The late eminent English physician, Sir Morell MacKenzie, held that gripe was the result of "poisoned nerves." Sir Morell compares it to an extraordinary disturbance in the telegraphic system produced by a thunder-storm, which is nothing compared with the freaks played by the living conductors in the human body when the governing centres are out of gear.

It is certain that the majority of medical men now agree about the theory of "poisoned nerves," which explains the almost infinite variety of the attacks that mark the disease. The profound impression made on the nervous system by the poison explains all the after effects of the malady, and more especially that curious loss of vital energy experienced by victims of gripe.

In past seasons, when gripe was epidemic, the ablest and most thoughtful doctors prescribed Paine's Celery Compound, a medicine that acts directly on the nerves of the body, cleansing them from all deadly poisons, toning and bracing up the entire system. In this way fresh vitality is quickly bestowed and sound health restored.

The mysterious visitor gripe may pass many of us this autumn and winter; we have, however, no guarantee that we shall be spared, so that it behoves all to be prepared for the arch enemy.

To those who are run down, weary, tired, sleepless, nervous, who have periodical headaches and debility, we say, "Use Paine's Celery Compound to fortify the system for all emergencies." Physically strong men and women are not readily attacked by disease; the well and weakly mortals are the first victims. At this time precaution and prevention are all-important; the banishment of nervousness, sleeplessness, languidness, debility and headache should be first thoughts with old and young.

To safely guard against gripe and all other common diseases, Paine's Celery Compound is the one effective medicine—the only sure preventive of danger.

Do not be misled by dealers who attempt, for the sake of large profits, to substitute something they call just as good; where health is concerned there is no other medicine that can take the place of Paine's Celery Compound and give satisfaction to those who are anxiously desiring a new life.

South American Fleckpockets. Practice makes perfect even in wrongdoing, and in the use of what seems to be very awkward means. A writer in the Boston Transcript says: The Gauchos, or dwellers on the extensive plains of Buenos Ayres, are marvellously dexterous with both hands and feet. Many of them have acquired, through long practice, such skill in using their toes instead of fingers they can fling the lasso and even pick pockets with them.

Some time ago a Frenchman, who was fishing in one of the rivers of Buenos Ayres, was warned to be on his guard against the light-fingered natives. He forthwith kept a vigilant watch upon his companions, but, nevertheless, one day when his attention was close riveted on his float a wily Gaucho drew near, and delicately inserting his foot, extracted the Frenchman's hooks and other valuables from his pocket.

What to Eat. And enjoy it and feel comfortable after it, is the all day, everyday wait of the indigestion patient. Advice—Eat wholesome things, don't worry, and take Dr. Von Stan's Pepsin Tablets to aid Nature in doing the stomach work. They're a mild tonic, act gently on the bowels, they prevent and relieve distress. Pleasant and positive. 35 cents.

Expecting too Much. A drill sergeant was unpopular among his men. They found him too particular. One day he had on hand a party of recruits whom he was putting through the funeral exercise.

Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed funeral cortege among them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying, as he did so: 'Now, I'm the corpse. Pay attention!'

Having reached the end of the line he turned, regarded the men with a scrutinizing eye for a minute, and then remarked: 'Your hands is right, and your heads is right, but you haven't got that look of regret you ought to have.'

Japan's Commerce Augmenting. Since the Chino-Japanese war the commerce of Japan has shown a remarkable increase as compared with other periods in the history of the empire. Her imports last year were valued at \$44,940,000, an increase of about \$5,000,000 over those of 1896; the exports reached \$46,059,100, which is an increase of \$12,500,000. The share of the United States in the aggregate is set down at \$25,050,000, while Great Britain has a little over \$30,000,000. Japan's trade with Australia is also improving rapidly, last years total representing an increase of 33 per cent, on the figures of 1896. There is also noted a tendency of imports to increase and of exports to decrease.

NOVEMBER DYEING.

Success, Profit and Pleasure When Diamond Dyes Are Used.

Thousands of city and country women and girls will dye during the month of November. Old dresses, costumes, capes, jackets, wraps, shawls, and clothing for men and boys will be brought from attics, closets and boxes, and prepared for the dye bath.

It is safe to assert that every wife, mother and daughter who has heard of the wonder-working Diamond Dyes will use them in preference to any other make of dyes.

It is unnecessary to dilute upon the many grand results that users of Diamond Dyes obtain. A few years will tell the story. The Diamond Dyes will make the old things look as fresh and as good as new, and will give colors that sun or washing cannot fade. The unfortunate women who are induced by some dealers to buy imitation and adulterated dyes will certainly suffer loss of money, time and materials.

There is profit in home dyeing only when the Diamond Dyes are used. See that you get the "Diamond" from your dealer; refuse all imitations.

General Kitchener's Rapid Rise. It has taken but ten years for Gen. Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener to rise from a place as a major of engineers to the position of major general in command of a division of 25 000 men, and free the Sudan from the tyranny of the Khalifa. Like Lord Wolsley and Lord Roberts, he is of Irish birth. As he is but forty years of age, his career has hardly begun, in the opinion of the military authorities of Europe.

Hardly What She Seem. 'All shoppers are not what they seem,' said a large retail tradesman to the writer; 'and there are some women of irreproachable dress and manners, and who do their shopping in the smartest of broughams, who are nothing more nor less than private detectives employed by rival firms. Competition in business is so keen nowadays, that the utmost ingenuity is needed to keep pace with competing firms; and a common expedient is to engage one of these professional shoppers to visit shops doing the same kind of business as that of her employer, to find out prices, fashions, tempting novelties, and generally to pick up what information she can as to the rival's business methods. Her instructions are to

see in what line of goods her employer is being undersold; and she is empowered to order any new gown or article of millinery of which her employer has no "model." For this purpose it is essential that the lady should be above suspicion, and that in dress and speech she should command the attention given to the best type of customers. In return for these services she gets her expenses with a salary from £300 to £400 a year; and from her employers point of view she earns it.'

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MY SIN.

When I was a young man I fell in love, as young men generally do, with the girl who came handiest. This particular girl happened to be Belle Burton, and I devoted myself to her, rode with her, boated with her (it was a country place where we met), walked with her, talked with her, begged her for the roses she wore in her hair and tried (in vain) for I was no poet, to make sonnets not only to her "eyebrows," but to her hair, her cheeks and her lily white hands. In fact, I went through the pretty dream of first love as most young people do, and it ended, as it generally does, in an unpleasant awakening.

One day a stage arrived at the hotel with a dozen dashing New Yorkers for passengers. The next one of them obtained an introduction to Belle Burton. There was no doubt whatever that he was handsomer than men usually are, or that his grace and accomplishments were equal to his personal charms. Handsome Arnold he was generally called, and girls went into raptures over his large, long-lashed eyes and blonde mustache, and men feared his broad shoulders, deep chest and splendid proportions. For my part I hated him from the first, for no sooner had he appeared upon the carpet than Belle seemed utterly to forget my very existence.

I suppose she had never cared anything about me, but she had flirted with me while there was no better fun to be had, and I was not old enough to know that the man she loves is the one no woman ever flirts with. With Arnold she was rather grateful as he approached her. She blushed when his name was mentioned, and cared for nothing in which he had not some share. In fact, it was as plain that she was in love with him as that he was devoted to her; and there was no doubt in any one's mind that all this would end in a wedding. It was a good thing, said the old people, for poor Belle Burton had nothing. For my part, it seemed to me that all the luck was Arnold's.

I had never thought myself very ill-looking before, but now I was wretchedly conscious of all sorts of deficiencies. I looked in the glass many times a day. I spent half my criticizing my countenance, and longing vainly for the charms of handsome Arnold. I could not hope to possess them, even should I use all the hair oil and cosmetics of the advertising column of the daily paper, and bribe to my aid the tailor who has understood the art of padding the shoulders; but next to having a fairy transformation effected for my benefit, I should have been pleased to see Arnold lose his beauty. I hope I've been forgiven for it. I scarcely can forgive myself, but I could have prayed that some ban might fall upon him—that he might break his limbs, or catch the small-pox or somehow spoil his complexion or figure.

I was not a wicked, wicked fiend by nature, by love, which when it is the most humanizing emotion of the soul, is most likely to develop all the evil emotions of one's nature when it comes to grief. I should have taken my departure and put myself out of the way of hourly torture but I did not do so wisely. I lingered about the place and did small things to spite the happy pair—intruded on their tete-a-tetes, managed to force the society of some excellent and loquacious matron or some troublesome child upon them, looked daggers in contempt at him and forgot to pass the butter to her. At last a grand chance for annoying him occurred. He was a good rider and proud of his accomplishment, and he had a restive, nervous animal which he boasted no one could ride but himself. I had heard him declare himself perfect master of the creature, who had never given him serious trouble save once, when suddenly brought into the presence of an artist, who was sketching under a white umbrella.

"That," said handsome Arnold, "was something Prince could not understand and it made him do as he held the bridle." As he came prancing up to the gate, or rode away with an air, I used to wish for an artist with a white umbrella. I desired to see that fellow unseated and indignantly turned into the mud. That would have made me happy; and once when he had offended me more than ever by his gallant style of riding, I scouted out into the field—cursing him in my inmost soul—when what should I spy in the middle of the grass, intent upon a bunch of clover, but a fat pre-Raphaelite artist, in a white suit, a flapping hat and a white sketching umbrella that would have frightened the clergyman's gray mare, who was nearly as old as himself, in being a runaway.

I rushed toward this artist with enthusiasm. I took off my hat to him. I said: "Sir, I rejoice that one of your glorious profession has at last visited us. You love the minute I see. Have you noticed the spider webs on the blackberry bushes at the turn of the lane, the dew sparkling on the silvery film, the delicious fruit glowing beneath—have you seen that, sir?" The pre-Raphaelite artist scratched his head with his brush, and said: "Well no, I ain't."

"Will you come and see it, sir?" I said. "Will you make it immortal on your canvas?" The pre-Raphaelite artist replied: "Well, I wouldn't mind." I did not care what he said, so that he came. My object was not art, it was the white umbrella. I desired to have him seated where the eyes of handsome Arnold's restive Prince would fall upon him as he turned the corner of the garden walk, and to that very spot I beguiled my artist and there stationed him, and when he had settled with Chinese precision to his spiderwebs and blackberries bid myself bebind a tree to enjoy the comic scene I fully expected would follow.

I heard handsome Arnold bid adieu to the ladies. I heard the platter of his horse's feet upon the road, and in a moment more I saw him come gayly on, a smile upon his handsome face, a rich color on his cheek—youth, health, strength and happiness expressed in every curve and outline of his statuesque form. The next instant Prince had seen the white artist and the white umbrella. And then—then, heaven forgive me, not the amusing spectacle of handsome Arnold's discomfiture that I had hoped to see. He kept his seat while Prince, rearing and plunging, dashed wildly away with him toward a precipitous path along the cliff side, and vanished like a mad thing, with his rider still upon his back, going straight toward a certain awful precipice which overhung the rocky river shore below.

I cannot go on. They picked him up just alive, no more, at the foot of the precipice; and they carried him, a mere mass of broken bones and bleeding flesh, back to the hotel. Late at night I crept softly on my way to bed, and passing Belle Burton's door, heard these slow, heavy sob that tell of a breaking heart issuing thence. "He cannot live," the messenger had said, and I was, perhaps, doubly a murderer. I thought seriously of adding to my crime by committing suicide that awful night.

But poor Arnold did live. He had a wonderful constitution, unbroken, as all the men who knew him knew by disipation of any kind, and it is hard to kill such a man. He lived, and strength returned to him at last; but no one would ever call him handsome Arnold any more. He had fallen on his face on the horrible jagged rocks, and during his fall all his bonny brown hair had turned gray. No one would know him; and so powerfully had his beauty faded, his sweetness affected even men of coarse nature, that they uttered these words for the most part with tears in their eyes. As for myself, I would rather have seen a ghost.

Yet the sight was forced on me. One day I received a note from him, asking me to come to the hotel, and it was signed—Henry Arnold. I had no choice. I could not refuse. I went to him in a great armchair in the room to which the water showed me—as he rose and advanced toward me, I saw that he limped heavily—I wondered that I did not die. I felt the blood leaving my face, and I saw the hot flush rise to his, as he noticed the shock he gave me. But he only said: "Sit down. It is kind of you to come."

I staggered to a chair and I saw nothing for a while; yet through it all, I wondered what he thought of my strange conduct, and hated myself for my weakness. At last he spoke: "I see how I—how my appearance affects you," he said, very sadly. "It is a horrible thing that I am trying to grow used to. I wish I had broken my neck. Of course any man would under the circumstances. But I did not ask you to come that I might say that to you. I want you to take a note from me to a lady at your aunt's house, if you will be so kind I choose you because you are, as it were, one of the family, and you will be very careful and kind. It is Miss Belle Burton. I hoped to marry her one day. Of course all that is over now. No one would—no woman could—overlook my hideous appearance."

His voice broke a little, but he went on bravely: "So I have written to her. I do not want her to see me, and I shall go abroad in a week or so, and—you'll tell her—you've seen me, you know. I have loved her very much. I always shall; and this is terribly hard." He broke down entirely there, and took a letter from his bosom and put it into my hand. "Give it to her," he said and turned away. I took it from his hand and left him. I went straight to Belle Burton. I found her in the garden, and I told her from whom I came and gave her the missive. She read it through gravely, but without tears. Then she looked at me with eyes that had such a solemn, holy look in them as one would hope to see in an angel's.

"Edward," she said, "he says he is irrevocably altered; is it so?" "Yes," I answered. "Do you know what he has written?" she said, softly. "I guess what it is." "My poor boy!" said she. "As if any thing would change me but a change in his heart. Will you take me to him. Edward? I must go at once." "Command me," I said. She caught up the wide straw hat on the bench beside her and drew on her gloves, and took my arm. I never loved her so well as I did then, but, for once, it was with a perfectly unselfish love. I knew what she was about to do and I blessed her for it.

And so I took her to him; my hand opened the door of his room for her; my eyes saw—yes, and gladly—that however that changed face might affect others, it only made her love for him more tender. I saw her rush into his arms and hide her head on his shoulders; and then I went softly away and hid myself where no one could see me, and cried like a baby.

"Ah! well, that is a good while ago, and they have been very happy. The big fellow is almost as graceful as ever, and as for his face—I do not think it would matter much to me what my face was if any one loved it as well as Belle does him. I go to see them sometimes, and my mad fancy of kneeling down and offering my share in the horrible affair of the past is quite abandoned. Besides, Belle's daughter is sixteen now, and if an old fellow of thirty-six—ah! well, who knows what may happen in the future. Only that would be another story quite, and I need not tell it here. It is written, it is written."

FIVE SNOWSTORMS AT ONCE.

A Startling and Grand Panorama That Moved Before Virginia City.

"Virginia City," said Sayre Noble, a Nevada ranchman, "is pretty well up in the world, as any one knows who has ever been there, and there are few localities in all the Rocky Mountain region from which a wider range of country can be taken in at one view. Owing to that fact, some very beautiful, striking and unusual sights are frequently seen by the dwellers in that favored city, almost within sounding distance of the clouds. I have witnessed some of them myself, and one in particular I remember. In fact, it was a sight that no one having seen could ever forget. It was a moving panorama, grand and impressive in the extreme, being no less than five distinct snowstorms raging among the mountains and deserts to the eastward, while in the city not a flake of snow was falling. The storms represented all degrees of fierceness, and covered an area of at least 100 miles. The one furthest to the east, and at the same time the most northerly one, was apparently passing directly over the forty-mile desert. It was as black as a thunder cloud, so dense was the whirling body of snow, and was, perhaps, ten miles in diameter. Any one in the midst of it would have been willing to swear that a snowstorm must be raging over the entire continent, but just to the north of it several tall, stately peaks rose out of the fierce storm and towered above it in full splendor of sunlight. The high hills that lay beyond the storm were shut off from sight as though by a gigantic black curtain.

"Nearer, and to the southward, another storm, not so black and fierce as the first, but still dense enough to hide all the region behind it, was in less active progress. It crept along toward the east, reaching from the level of the Carson Valley upward to the very cloud whence it came, high in the heavens. Still nearer, and between the city and the mountains of Como, a lighter storm yet, only one two or three miles in width, passed on its way. Through this the mountain peaks could be seen dimly, as in a thin fog. A mile further south a fourth snowstorm, smaller in area than even the last one, but as black and tempestuous as the great blizzard that, with the forty-mile desert raged in awful fury. All behind it was hid as with the pall of the blackest night. Miles away, further up to the southward, the fifth storm, a vast and violent one, was sweeping along, covering and hiding a range of thirty miles of high hills.

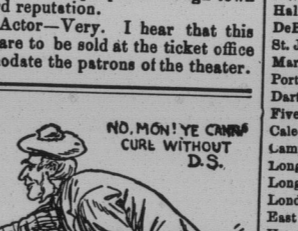
"Between these several storm bodies hills, plains and mountain peaks stood revealed as far as the eye could see, all lying in the glory of a late October sun. The gleaming peaks that rose golden far above the black masses of storm as they raged in fury at the mountain bases and far up their rocky sides made a particularly striking and awesome part of that strange picture."

Nervous About Her French. "I want a copy of Victor Hugo's master piece," said the lady who had entered the bookseller's shop. She expressed herself thus vaguely because she is nervous about her French. "I don't think we have any book of that name," responded the youth behind the counter. "That is not the name of the work. It merely describes it," rejoined the customer. "Published lately, ma'am?" "It was published many years ago. Surely you have Victor Hugo's greatest work?" "I don't know, ma'am. What's the name of it?" "Lay Me Say Rabble," replied the lady desperately. "Oh, you mean 'Les Miserables,' said the youth triumphantly. "Yes'm," we've got it."

Accommodating. First Actor—The people of Tough-town have a hard reputation. Second Actor—Very. I hear that this year eggs are to be sold at the ticket office to accommodate the patrons of the theater.

DIED. Sussex, Nov. 3, Ann Perry, 81. Boston, Oct. 20, Roderick N. Shaw. Halifax, Nov. 4, Mary J. Lincolf, 19. Berwick, Oct. 25, Warren Beeler, 19. Tower Hill, Oct. 25, Annie Black, 60. Moncton, Nov. 2, Simon Cormier, 80. Portland, Me., Nov. 3, John Bond, 23. Yarmouth, Oct. 31, James Murray, 73. Woodstock, Oct. 24, Naomi Taylor, 73. Apohqui, Nov. 2, Pansy E. White, 35. East Chester, Oct. 22, John Rafuse, 81. Hilltown, Oct. 25, Am'ls C. Smith, 49. Shelburne, Oct. 26, Mrs. Elson King, 79. Shelburne, Oct. 26, Mrs. Sybil Perry, 80. Annapolis, Nov. 2, George Richardson, 71. Digby, Oct. 20, Miss Mianie R. Mallett, 28. DeBert, Oct. 20, Mrs. Sarah A. Enlish, 60. St. John, Nov. 5, Annie Beatrice Acheson. Marshalltown, Oct. 25, Ross Robicheau, 34. Port Morien, Oct. 27, William W. Brown, 74. Dartmouth, Nov. 3, John M. O'Donoghue, 17. Five Islands, Oct. 23, Laura Belle Morrison, 23. Caledonia Mines, Sept. 27, John McKinnon, 82. Campbell, Oct. 22, D. Bolton Brown, 3 months. Long Cove, Queens, Oct. 30, Joseph Martin, 62. Long Creek, Queens Co., Sept. 30, John Secord, 74. London, Oct. 15, Margaret, wife of Robert Moore. East Florenceville, Oct. 22, Ella Mand O'Leary, 57. Hanover, Mass., Oct. 24, J. Richmond Bars, M. D. Kemp, Oct. 30, Emeline, wife of Thomas Kellor, 55. Berwick, Oct. 28, Mary Eliza, wife of W. W. Ellis, 40. East Boston, Mass., Oct. 21, Miss Fannie Crowe, 40. Five Mile River, Oct. 20, John M. Anthony, 20 days. St. John's Nfld., Oct. 24, Alice, wife of Michael Tracy, 60. Westport, Oct. 23, wife and infant son of Joseph Denton. Halifax, Oct. 31, Annie S., widow of Hon. M. J. Power, 59. Central Argyll, Oct. 31, Georgie, wife of Mr. Harry Prosser, 25. Harmony, Oct. 24, Nancy, widow of Matthew Archibald, 88. Halifax, Nov. 3, Honor, widow of the late Matthew Dunsword, 89. Portland, Me., Oct. 25, Annie, wife of John F. Allingham, 62. St. John, Nov. 5, Hannah, widow of the late John C. Little, 87. Roseville, Big Onahs, Aug. 12, Captain William Melkjohn, 61. Baker City, Oregon, Aug. 10, Amy, wife of J. Milton Melkjohn.

NO MON'Y CAN' CURL WITHOUT D.S.



WEAR Trade D Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Sussex, Oct. 27, to the wife of Lois Keith, a son. Liverpool, Oct. 4 to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Seidon, a son.

Carsonville, Oct. 29, to the wife of Frank Ross, a son. Paradise, Oct. 26, to the wife of Rev. E. L. Steaves a son. Kentville, Oct. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Neary, a son. Yarmouth, Oct. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob E. Dudge a son. Annapolis, Oct. 29, to the wife of Hugh Hale, Jr., a daughter. Annapolis Oct. 29, to the wife of Chas. Lewis a daughter. Halifax, Oct. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Acklow a daughter. Moncton, Nov. 1, to the wife of Chesley Rushton, a daughter. Truro, Oct. 27, to the wife of J. W. Angwin a daughter. Mosherville, Oct. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Casey a daughter. Sackville, Oct. 26, to the wife of Charles E. Carter a daughter. Clark's Harbor, Oct. 24, to the wife of J. E. Swim a daughter. Yarmouth, Oct. 29 to Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Crowell a daughter. St. John, Nov. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. David Marshall a daughter. Bay View, Oct. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Adams, a daughter. Tenny Cape, Oct. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Huntley, a son. Tuxedo, Oct. 28, to Mr. and Mrs. John Richardson, a son. Sandy Cove, Nov. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Morehouse, a daughter. Clark's Harbor, Oct. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Berry, a daughter. Port Morien, C.B., Oct. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McChish, a daughter. Clark's Harbor, Oct. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Nickerson, a daughter. New T. Aker, Digby Co., Oct. 24 to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bleakney, a daughter.

MARRIED. Seattle, Oct. 11, R. C. Martin to Fannie Stratman. Selma, Oct. 20, by Rev. S. J. McArthur, Sidney Clark to Jane Smith. Rockingham, Oct. 20, Fred J. Reed to Hattie Barnes O'Donnell. Amherst, Oct. 20, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Walter Wood to Laura Fuller. Amherst, Nov. 2, by Rev. D. McGregor, Wm. F. Fillmore to Hattie Hill. Mahone Bay, Oct. 24, by Rev. F. Frigings, Charles Knickie to Minnie Croft. Goldsboro, Oct. 16, by Rev. W. I. Fowler, Dennis Clyde to Carrie Bacanus. Sydney Mines, Oct. 26, by Rev. D. McMillan, W. E. Grant to Sarah McClain. Cook's Brook, Oct. 26, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Mr. Frank Frame to Mary Cook. Amherst, Nov. 1, by Rev. J. H. McDonald, Robert H. Walker to Maud Tucker. Waterville, Oct. 20, by Rev. A. Whitman, James Hebb to Susan Sweeney. Brookville, Oct. 26, by Rev. A. G. Downey, Allen W. Water to Clara A. London. Lincoln, Nov. 2, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, Parker Merrill to Julia Wisely. Halifax, Oct. 20, by Rev. William Ainley, Charles A. Gibson to Carrie Robinson. West Northfield, Oct. 16, by Rev. L. McCreery, John A. Hardy to Lou Falkenau. St. John, Nov. 2, by Rev. T. S. Fotheringham, John E. Stackhouse to Jennie O. Reid. St. Martins, Oct. 26, by Rev. Fr. Coughlan, Frank F. Leashian to Alice B. Quinn. Sydney, Oct. 31, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, John A. Morrison to Maggie A. Morrison. Shelburne, Oct. 16, by Rev. Douglas Hemmeon, John A. Hardy to Janet S. Shurrits. Halifax, Nov. 1, by Rev. H. McPherson, James A. McConnell to Annie E. Macdonald. Hansport, Oct. 26, by Rev. S. R. White, Frank St. John, Nov. 5, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, Alexander Chy to Sarah Margaret Jane Whelan. Portland, Me., Oct. 25, by Rev. W. S. Ayres, Frank Orestes Smith to Lou Berland Fulton. Upper Hamptstead, Nov. 2, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Harry H. Ferguson to Fannie J. Sapp. Caledonia, Nov. 2, by Rev. J. R. Macdonald, Alexander F. Jordan to Corinne H. Hoills. Sandford, Oct. 22, by Rev. G. W. MacDonald, Clement Solloway to Mrs. David Thurston. Florenceville, Oct. 26, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Arnold W. Porter to Sarah Elgin Bradley. River John, Oct. 15, by Rev. J. W. Lawson Gordon, John Baxter Robertson to Susan J. Gould. Wallace Station, Oct. 18, by Rev. I. W. Shepherson, Charles A. Davies to Margaret McDonald. Annapolis, Kings Co., Nov. 2, by Rev. C. W. Hammond, James Edward Aador to Margaret McLeng. Fenwick, Cumb., Nov. 1, by Rev. Robert McArthur, Henry A. P. Smith to Malissa M. Smith. East Boston, Mass., Oct. 26, by Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, James E. L. McLaughlin to Charlotte A. Martin.

St. John, Oct. 30, Mary A., widow of the late Samuel Lane, 77. Nelson, B. C., Sept. 14, Alvin Barnhill, son of George Barnhill, 44. Shelburne, Oct. 20, Bertha, daughter of Colin and Elmore Wesley, 11 years. Kentville, Oct. 27, Joseph William, son of John and Maud King, 1 month.

Star Line Steamers. Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8.35 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 o'clock a. m. for St. John. St. John, Oct. 27, Joseph William, son of John and Maud King, 1 month.

CHANGE OF SAILING. On and after Monday, the 26th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 6.30 (local). Returning will leave Indianstown same days at 8 p. m. local. CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship at Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Lve. Halifax 8.00 a. m., Tuesday and Friday. Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., ar. Halifax 6.45 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.30 a. m., Mon. and Thurs. Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.32 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., ar. Digby 9.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 6.40 p. m. Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying B. express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth. S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and steamiest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express. Returns leaving Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 10 a. m. Unusually fast service on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Express Trains. Steamer and Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars can be obtained on application to City Agent. S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrboro. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a. m. from the Furber and Walker Express Trains and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFINS, Superintendant.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898 the Train of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 7.00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.00 Express for Sussex, Montreal..... 18.50 Express for Sussex..... 18.40 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex..... 5.30 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 10.25 Accommodation from Pictou, Chene and Moncton..... 11.25 Accommodation from Moncton..... 12.40 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. THANKSGIVING DAY! Excursion tickets on sale to Megantic and points West thereof on November 22nd and 23rd; and locally on Atlantic Division on November 23rd and 24. All good for return until November 28th at SINGLE FARE for the round trip. Further particulars of Ticket Agents. A. H. NOTMAN, A. St. Geol. Passer. Agent. St. John, N. B.

St. John, Oct. 30, Mary A., widow of the late Samuel Lane, 77. Nelson, B. C., Sept. 14, Alvin Barnhill, son of George Barnhill, 44. Shelburne, Oct. 20, Bertha, daughter of Colin and Elmore Wesley, 11 years. Kentville, Oct. 27, Joseph William, son of John and Maud King, 1 month.