

CUBA'S VAST RESOURCES.

A NATURAL WEALTH THAT SPAIN CANNOT DISSIPATE.

Her Contribution to the Government of the Mother Country Have Left Her Hidden Treasures Untouched—Her Virgin Soil and Her Minerals.

Most recent discussions of affairs in Cuba says the N. Y. Sun, have been about the progress of the war that the Cuban patriots have been waging for their independence. It has been asserted frequently by almost every public speaker that the war has made the island 'a howling wilderness,' and that should Spain win she would have gained nothing but the continued right to rule and tax a people already ground down to the point of starvation by unjust taxation, and because of these statements the questions most frequently asked have been: 'Why should Spain want to hold Cuba? Why should she, in her bankrupt state, spend almost \$100,000,000 in a single year to subdue a people who hate her rule, who never have submitted willingly to it, who never can be made to do so?'

In the interest of the heroic struggle of the patriots for freedom has aroused, sight has been lost of the wonderful natural resources of the island itself, of the wonderful fertility of its soil, of the millions of hidden wealth that taxation, almost to the point of confiscation, has made it unprofitable to secure from its hiding place. The Spaniards know these things, and in them they see the possibility of further plunder almost endless and almost limitless.

Raimundo Cabrera, in his book, 'Cuba and the Cubans,' says:

'Oh, we are truly rich!

'From 1821 to 1826 Cuba, with her own resources, covered the expenditures of the Treasury. Our opulence dates from that period. We had already sufficient negro slaves to cut down our virgin forests and ample authority to force them to work.

'By means of our vices and our luxury, and in spite of the hatred of everything Spanish which Moreno attributed to us, we sent in 1827 the first little million of hard cash to the Treasury of the nation. From that time until 1864 we continued to send yearly to the mother country two and half millions of the same stuff. According to several Spanish statisticians these sums amounted in 1864 to \$89,107,296. We were very rich, don't you see; tremendous wealth. We contributed more than \$5,000,000 toward the requirements of the peninsula war—\$5,372,205. We paid in great part the cost of the war in Africa. The individual donations alone amounted to fabulous sums.

'But, of course, we never voted for our own interests; they have been forced upon us because we are so rich. In 1862 we had in a state of production the following estates: Two thousand seven hundred and twelve stock farms, 1,521 sugar plantations, 782 coffee plantations, 6,175 cattle ranches, 18 cocoa plantations, 35 cotton plantations, 22,748 produce farms, 11,738 truck farms, 11,541 tobacco plantations, 1,731 apiaries, 158 country resorts, 243 distilleries, 468 tile works, 504 lime kilns, 68 charcoal furnaces, 64 casava bread factories, and 61 tanneries. Today I do not know what we possess, because there are no statistics, and because the recently organized assessment is a hodge-podge and a new burden; but we have more than at that time, surely we must have a great deal more.

'For a long time we have borne the expenses of the convict settlement at Fernando Po. We paid for the ill-starred Mexican expedition, the costs of the wars in San Domingo and with the republics of the Pacific. How can we possibly be poor? While England, France and Holland pay sums for the requirements of their colonies, Spain does not contribute a single cent for hers. We do not need it. We are wading deep in rivers of gold. If the fertility of our soil did not come to our rescue, we must perforce have become enriched by the system of protection to the commerce of the mother country. The four columns of the tariff are indeed sublime invention. Our agricultural industries require foreign machinery, tools and utensils which Spain does not supply, but as she knows that we have gold to spare, she may make us pay for them very high, and since our sugar is to be sold in the United States, never mind what they cost. When there are earthquakes in Andalusia and inundations in Murcia, hatred does not prevent our sending to our afflicted brethren large sums. We are opulent? Let us see if we are. From the earliest times down to the present the officials who come to Cuba amass in the briefest space of time fortunes to be dissipated in Madrid, and which appear never to disturb their consciences. This country is very rich, incalculably rich. In 1850 we contributed \$6,190,034; in 1840, \$9,505,877; in 1850, \$9,074,677; in 1860, \$29,610,779. During the war we did not merely contribute, we bled. We had to carry the budget of \$89,000,000.

'We count 1,500,000 inhabitants; that is to say, one million and a half of vicious, voluptuous, pompous spendthrifts, full of hatred and low passion, who contribute to the public charges and never receive a cent in exchange; who have given as much as \$92 per capita, and who at the present moment pay to the state what no other

taxpayers the world over have ever contributed. Does any one say we are not prodigiously, enviably rich?'

The bit of irony from the pen of a Cuban while intended to show the poverty that Spain has forced on Cuba, gives a deal of truth that goes to show the wonderful resources of the island and its people. They have been muled, as the writer says, and in spite of it they are still able to carry on a war like the present one. That in its infancy has cost Spain more than \$5 to every acre on the island. It can be valued in acres if the present destruction keeps up for there may be nothing left but the land to fight for.

A Sun reporter talked a day or so ago with a celebrated man, a resident of this city, who has large interests in Cuba and has travelled in all parts of the island, who knows its people and knows more about the possibility of their development under a proper government than does any other man in this city.

'The people of this country,' he said, 'have no idea at all of the natural resources, of the beautiful island. As it stands today it is worth \$500,000,000, not counting its value as a naval station, which in itself is almost incalculable, for it commands the Gulf of Mexico. The nation that controls Cuba controls the mouth of the Mississippi River. There is no denying that fact. But I don't care to speak of that feature. It is of the wealth of the island and its recuperative powers after such wars as have been waged there that you want to hear. The island contains about the same number of square miles as the State of Virginia. There are about 28,000,000 acres, and not five per cent. of the available land has ever been cultivated. Think of it. They have been growing and cutting sugar cane there for 300 years. By available land I mean land with a richness of soil exceeded nowhere in the world and equalled in but few lands, a soil in which almost anything will grow.

'Of the 28,000,000 acres, in round numbers, 17,000,000 are today virgin forests untouched by man. They are forests, too, of great richness. There are thousands upon thousands of acres of the finest woods that grow Mahogany grown there has been sold in New York city as high as \$850 a thousand feet. There are forty kinds of the very hard and cabinet wood. The forests alone are worth a mint of money. But it is not here that her great wealth is. It is in her mines and in the fertility of her soil. Her mines are in no higher state of development than her soil. The chief reason for that is the tremendous tax that the Government of Spain has put upon mining. Of every mineral taken out of the earth Spain has claimed 50 per cent. as her own. This practically prohibited mining, for the company that undertook it had to pay for the land and pay for all the labor, besides the expense of marketing the ore, out of the 50 per cent. that the Government would let it take. Just recently, however, there have been concessions made to American companies, and iron ore is being mined. The Government taking only five per cent. There are mountains of iron ore there. The supply of it is inexhaustible and the richness of it is unequalled. It is of the quality that is used in the manufacture of Bessemer steel. The recently discovered deposits equal or exceed those on Lake Superior, and are of equal quality.

'The geology and mineralogy of the island are yet but imperfectly known however. The Government has never paid any attention to such matters. Besides the vast iron deposits there are known to be great deposits of copper. Before the last war there were two great copper mines operated profitably even though the Government took half of all the product as its share and paid nothing for it. During that war these mines were flooded and they have never been pumped out. There are gold and silver, but in what quantities I cannot say. On many of my trips through the island I have been invited by Cubans to go with them and they would show me where there was gold. They have brought samples of both ores to me, but something has always happened preventing my accepting the invitations.

In the province of Santiago there are great deposits of manganese ore. The little investigation that has been made warrants the belief that there are millions of tons of it, and the ore is rich and of superior quality. There are great quantities of salt, too, but that is Government monopoly. Of agriculture, as I said, the soil will produce almost anything that is planted except wheat. Wheat has not been successfully grown so far. Sugar cane and tobacco are the two great staples that grow there as they grow nowhere else on earth. You can plant sugar cane there and cut it for thirty or forty successive seasons without replanting, and I have heard of that anywhere else in the world. I have sugar growing there, and the oldest inhabitants in the neighborhood of the plantation cannot remember by whom it was planted. I have myself cut crops from it for more than thirty years. It costs about \$30 an acre in Cuba to plant sugar. That is, the first year's expense from the time of planting to the time of cutting is \$30 and the average yield will be almost \$70 an acre. There are fields that will yield two or three times that much. That is that the

average for the whole island. And after the first year the cost is but \$10 an acre, and may be a shade under that. In Louisiana and in other sugar-growing regions no crop is looked for the first year. In Cuba you plant and cut in one year. The soil is everywhere peculiarly adapted to sugar. It is also peculiarly adapted to tobacco. So with coffee. I have drunk coffee in Cuba equal to the finest in the world.

'There is no gaining the richness and fertility of the soil of the wonderful island. Everywhere, from end to end and from side to side, it is rich in everything. Talk about the cattle of a thousand hills, there are a thousand cattle to a hill in Cuba. There are the ideal pasture lands of the world. We in the States talk of the climate of the island and fear the fevers and the diseases. Why, the climate is ideal. In the hottest summer the temperature is never so high as it is in New York and there is no severe winter. There are two seasons, the rainy and the dry. There are no extremes in temperature at all. As for the healthiness of the island, those fevers and those diseases that we fear have not penetrated the island at all. You seldom hear of yellow fever in Cuba, and when you do, it is not so bad a disease as typhoid is here. It is certainly not so frequent. It is in the coast towns like Havana that fever is so scourged. It sounds there because of the fifth that proper sanitary measures would prevent.

'Cuba is prodigiously rich in everything. She is rich in flowers, in fruits, in birds, in woods. She is rich in mines. She is rich in agriculture and in her riches lie her power of recovery, her power to wage war against her unnatural mother, even though she is made a barren wilderness. It is this natural richness that will enable her to recover quickly and become a power again. She succeeds in shaking off the shackles in which Spain has bound her.'

A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE.

FRIENDS THOUGHT THAT THE SPANISH LIFE WOULD BE SHORT.

At Last With But a Grain of Faith Her Mother's Sister Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and She is Now Cured.

From the Montreal Herald.

This world is full of change. There are changes that affect the constitution of the individual, changes that will come, we cannot avert their coming, but we may parry the unsalutary character of their influence. Womanhood in its inception is susceptible of changes that demand the most judicious attention and prudent care to ensure perfect development and happy maturity. These changes are so vital and so subtle in their character that unless the utmost vigilance and discrimination is exercised in the choice and application of remedial means, the results may be disastrous. The constitution may be undermined and the germs of disease fostered. Vigorous life is at the basis of all enjoyment and success. To be weak is to be miserable. It is therefore fundamental to every interest of humanity that life's red, hot stream be kept pure and healthy. Owing to neglect of these particulars many young women have allowed life to become a burden and a wearisome round of duties. Paint and venturism to perform ordinary household duty. What can be done to accomplish the rejuvenation of these unfortunate ones? There is a remedy widely known and loudly applauded, whose virtues are proclaimed on the house tops and whispered on the streets. Ten thousand mothers have recommended it and twice ten thousand daughters praise it. Read what one of them has to say. In the village of Lancaster there lives Mrs. A. J. Macpherson, widow of the late A. J. Macpherson, who was well and favorably known in the community. Some four or five years ago Mrs. Macpherson sent her five-year-old daughter to New York. While there she resided with her uncle, and attended school being only about sixteen years of age. The social life of her temporary home made rather severe demands upon her time, and being ambitious, she was anxious to make rapid progress in her studies. In each particular she enjoyed a covetable measure of success, but at no small cost. Many remarked her paleness and loss of color. She began to feel tired and weak after a little exercise, such as a short walk. Miss Macpherson's stay in New York lasted about two years. All this time she ate and slept fairly well. In the spring of 1893 she came home, and her mother could not but remark how changed her daughter was—pale and languid instead of being bright and rosy. Thinking that her pursuing school and perfect quiet, with judicious exercise, would restore the lost vigor and ruddy glow, it was participated in to the fullest extent. For a month this was tried, but still Miss Macpherson was as pale as before. Unable to turn of weakness and with an unsteady desire for sleep. At this juncture the family doctor was consulted. Iron pills were prescribed and a trip to the Thousand Islands taken, the stay lasting about six weeks, during which time everything was done to help her recovery. The friends with whom she stayed came to regard her recovery as extremely doubtful, and when she returned home her mother saw no improvement. One day while making purchases from a dealer in vegetables (the dealer) took the liberty of making some remarks about the health of Miss Macpherson, which was obviously displeasing. He strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but Mrs. Macpherson was not over credulous of the qualities of the Pink Pills, but they were purchased and used to the best advantage. Soon after beginning the use of the pills says Mrs. Macpherson, 'I thought I had a reddish tinge upon her cheek and in the

course of a week or so my daughter felt better. The tired feeling began to vanish and the abnormal sleepiness began to yield to the influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Continuing the use of the pills the progress of her restoration was continuous and complete, and her improved looks were the subject of favorable comment for some time. Today her health is all that could be desired, and both the young lady and her mother are firm believers in the medicinal virtues of Pink Pills and often recommend them.

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 have 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.

HANDSOME CALENDAR. On application, telling you how you may secure best business training, and good words from ex-students now holding responsible and high-salaried positions. The calendar is yours for the asking. S. G. SNELL, Truro, N.S.

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WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs and very aply describes their condition after venturing to perform ordinary household duty. What can be done to accomplish the rejuvenation of these unfortunate ones? There is a remedy widely known and loudly applauded, whose virtues are proclaimed on the house tops and whispered on the streets. Ten thousand mothers have recommended it and twice ten thousand daughters praise it. Read what one of them has to say. In the village of Lancaster there lives Mrs. A. J. Macpherson, widow of the late A. J. Macpherson, who was well and favorably known in the community. Some four or five years ago Mrs. Macpherson sent her five-year-old daughter to New York. While there she resided with her uncle, and attended school being only about sixteen years of age. The social life of her temporary home made rather severe demands upon her time, and being ambitious, she was anxious to make rapid progress in her studies. In each particular she enjoyed a covetable measure of success, but at no small cost. Many remarked her paleness and loss of color. She began to feel tired and weak after a little exercise, such as a short walk. Miss Macpherson's stay in New York lasted about two years. All this time she ate and slept fairly well. In the spring of 1893 she came home, and her mother could not but remark how changed her daughter was—pale and languid instead of being bright and rosy. Thinking that her pursuing school and perfect quiet, with judicious exercise, would restore the lost vigor and ruddy glow, it was participated in to the fullest extent. For a month this was tried, but still Miss Macpherson was as pale as before. Unable to turn of weakness and with an unsteady desire for sleep. At this juncture the family doctor was consulted. Iron pills were prescribed and a trip to the Thousand Islands taken, the stay lasting about six weeks, during which time everything was done to help her recovery. The friends with whom she stayed came to regard her recovery as extremely doubtful, and when she returned home her mother saw no improvement. One day while making purchases from a dealer in vegetables (the dealer) took the liberty of making some remarks about the health of Miss Macpherson, which was obviously displeasing. He strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but Mrs. Macpherson was not over credulous of the qualities of the Pink Pills, but they were purchased and used to the best advantage. Soon after beginning the use of the pills says Mrs. Macpherson, 'I thought I had a reddish tinge upon her cheek and in the

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Good Words From Old Students

The Mathematical Training alone I consider to be worth more than the cost of the course.—E. B. Jones, Head Bookkeeper for Messrs. Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

Now is a time to enter. Time lost Christmas week is made up to the students. Send for circulars containing terms, courses of study, etc.; also for circulars of the Institute. Thomas Dean, 15 and 16 City Market.

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Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

As is customary at this particular time of year all the church choirs in the city are busily engaged in preparation for the Christmas season services.

Local lovers of music will be all pleased to learn that Prof. White who was so well known as a violinist and who on so many occasions gave his valuable services, without charge, to the entertainments in connection with different churches, has well as to other projects none the less speculative, has obtained a position in a symphony orchestra in Buffalo, New York State.

While here Prof. White time and again demonstrated his versatility and generosity with his musical skill. I have heard that his present position is due primarily to the interest made for him by Prof. De Zielinski who will be remembered as visiting this city last summer, and who so kindly donated his services on the occasion of the complimentary concert given to Prof. White.

A concert given in the Queen square Methodist church on Thursday evening in which it is said, some of our best local talent took part, was held too late for notice this week.

The writer of the society news for PROGRESS, from Halifax last week notices a production of "Lara" by the Hispania club and indulges in some comments thereon that ought to be of much utility.

The comic opera "The Mandarin" will follow "The Geisha" at Daly's theatre, London. The libretto and music were sent over last week.

Madame Lillian Nordica has engaged Mr. W. J. Lavin a well known tenor, for her theatre tour.

Jessie Bartlett Davis started out her stage career determined to appear in nothing but grand opera, but she has gradually become converted. Her favorite role is Teresa, in, In Mexico. It is a very trying part, but the character is full of moods so intense and dramatic that she has fairly fallen in love with it.

Peter Tschaiakowsky, the Russian composer, had peculiar views about Wagner. During his visit to the United States he discussed the subject with W. H. Batchelor, the erudite musical director of the Francis Wilson opera company.

Wilham's colored minstrels, with W. S. Harkin as manager, appeared at the Bangor, Me., Opera House on last Tuesday evening.

Xavier Scharwenka's opera "Motsart-Unta" has been brought out at Wemiar under the direction of Stavenhagen, the pianist. The principal woman's parts were taken by Stavenhagen's wife and by the daughter of Joachim the violinist.

The final public funeral exercises of the late William Stenway were held in Liederkranz Hall New York. The following was the programme:

Funeral March by Mr. Julius Hoffmann. Address by Mr. Julius Hoffmann. Movement from the Requiem by H. Zothner. Liederkranz Male Chorus. Address by Mr. Carl Schurz. Quartet by leading artists of the Metropolitan Opera House. Prayer by the Rev. Dr. Eaton. De nunc in Frieden. Male chorus. Liederkranz.

There were fourteen pall bearers, among whom were: Mayor Strong of New York, the German Consul General and other prominent citizens.

Verdi became organist of the little sixteenth century church at Roncole when he was eleven years old. The salary was at first 36 francs a year which was afterwards increased to 40 francs. Verdi remained at the post six years.

Mme. Vanderveer-Green, who will shortly start on a tour of Canada as announced last week, sang at the jubilee performance in Toronto held recently. She made a marked impression—Madame Vanderveer-Green is a contralto.

Mr. Leo Stern, a distinguished London violinist and who was an intimate friend of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg is coming to Chicago under engagement to the orchestra of that city. He will play at several social functions in New York before he goes west. Mr. Stern intends sailing for the United States on the 30th inst.

Madame Fela Litvine appeared as Valentin in "Les Huguenots" with the Mapleson Company recently. It was not the lady's debut because she sang there with Mapleson over a decade ago. She is an artist of sound training and sings with authority and skill. Her voice is powerful and has a tendency to wobble and her lower tones are rich and pleasing. The lady is a Russian singer, is a blonde, is a sister-in-law of Edward De Reszke and has the physical stature of a Brunhilda. She is evidently a routinier says the Musical Courier.

Valborg Anderson, the young Danish singer, who is credited with a phenomenal voice, was for four years a nurse in a Copenhagen hospital where she used to sing to her patients.

It is said to be a well known fact that when Virginia Harned first met E. H. Sothorn she was a divorcee, but who her first husband was and when the plea of divorce was granted are matters of speculation.

A late Musical Courier tells the following good thing: at the Lamb's club the other night Maurice Barrymore was asked what he thought of the Barrisons.

"Nude, crude and rude," he carelessly replied. Caroline Miskel Hoyt, who is designated "one of the loveliest types of American womanhood on the stage today" has so far recovered from her recent severe illness as to be about again.

W. H. Crane has another winner it is said in "The Fool of Fortune." The play is by Martha Morton and is adapted from a German source.

Miss Ada Rehan has been appearing as Lady Gay in a revival of "London Assurance" at Daly's (N. Y.) theatre.

Fannie Davenport, at the American theatre New York is playing this week in the role of "Fedora." This is the role that first brought her into prominence. Fedora has not been played in New York for a number of years past. This is the last season Miss Davenport will play Sardon's "Fedora."

President Elect McKinley takes a great personal interest in the people of the stage. It is stated that W. A. Brady has been offered large inducements to produce "Tribly" in South Africa.

Henry V. Emmond the young actor and author of "The Courtship of Leonie" was the Little Billie in H. Beerbohm Tree's production of "Tribly" in London.

"The Cherry Pickers", the play in which Miss Ethel Mollison of this city takes the part of an Indian girl, reached its sixtieth performance last Monday night.

"Tribly" is said to be the greatest financial success in the history of the theatrical world and since its production in Boston Mass. about sixteen months ago, its gross receipts are estimated at over \$1,000,000.

Loie Fuller (La Loie) has purchased a raisin plantation near Fresno. Her receipts in San Francisco for three nights and one matinee exceeded \$7,000.

Madame Modjeska will, under the management of Al Hayman and Charles Frohman play but five weeks this season. Three weeks at the Baldwin theatre, San Francisco and the other two weeks among other cities in California. Her season will begin 21 January next.

"Mr. Lightfoot" is the name of a new farce by Louis de Lange which received its initial at the Bijou, N. Y., theatre last Monday evening and in which Wright Huntington appeared in a light comedy role.

W. H. Lytell an actor who is well known in this city is coming to the Opera house here during the holiday season. His special piece is a production of "My Friend from India" a somewhat new play.

Miss Ethel Tucker and company were at the Norombega hall, Bangor Me, this week.

At the 50th anniversary of the French school at Athens, next year, a performance of "Oedipe Roi" will be given in the theatre of Dionysos, by Mmes. Sully and the Comedie Francaise company.

Coquelin Cadet has put through a new rule at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, by which each part in a play will be performed by every societaire entitled to act in it in turn. Hitherto only parts in classical plays were changed about, but henceforth the practice will apply to modern plays as well.

He is playing "An Enemy of the King" in the Quaker city to continuous large business.

In the play "The Lady of Quality" the principal role of Florinda a part much desired by several prominent American actresses, has been given to Miss Eleanor Calhoun to create. Mrs. Calhoun is a Californian by birth and is now about 35 years of age. She was born in 1862 and is related to the famous Calhoun family of the South. She is said to have a mixture of Spanish, Dutch and Irish blood in her veins. In having allotted to her this role of Florinda in Mrs. Burnett's impossible tale she is much envied. Miss Calhoun went to Europe 15 years ago and has had many engagements in England.

The Canadian Home Journal for the current month has a portrait of Miss Margaret Anglin now leading lady with James O'Neil. Everyone in St. John will be interested in this young lady's success—although she was born in Ottawa while her father was speaker of the Parliament—for the reason that her mother is a native of this city, and her father was the well known journalist and editor of the "Freeman." The young lady has much talent and her ultimate distinction is fully believed in. The Journal says "Miss Anglin is a remarkably pretty girl of twenty years. She has hazel eyes, a proud, expressive little face and a manner to which the Irish blood she inherits from her father gives attractive poignancy. In private life she is of sweet and lovable disposition."

CHAS. IN ENGLAND.

A Lapse in Their Visits Between the Years 1844 and 1896.

Queen Victoria was only 23 years old, although already the mother of two children, when last she received the visit of a czar, says a writer in the New York Sun. The news that the terrible Nicholas was coming, and that only two days hence, produced an extraordinary fluttering in the tame dove-cote of Windsor. For nearly twenty years this Emperor of Russia had been the most striking figure among the princes of Europe. The account of him still fascinates the imagination. Taller by half a head than most of his own picked guard, a powerful and well-rounded form, and straight as a pine, no other man of our century has so looked the part of an autocrat. His face, particularly in profile, was as exceptional in its regularity of beauty as Napoleon's, albeit of a wholly different order.

This face had a strange peculiarity. The eyelashes were curiously undeveloped, and of so pale a color that his big, bold, piercing eyes had the effect of no relief whatever. They frightened people who met their gaze. Still more did the tales that were told of him, of his colossal ambitions, his wild outbursts of savagery, his iron-handed grip upon the lives and thoughts and very souls of uncounted millions of subjects, impress the popular fancy of his time. It had been given out that he was to visit England some time in 1845, but now suddenly at the close of May, 1844, word came that he was to appear in London in two days' time. He liked to descend upon people in this abrupt and unexpected way; it was in keeping with his own conception of his character, and produced just the impression of irresponsible omnipotence which it pleased him to create, in small matters not less than in large affairs.

The girlish Queen and those about her were greatly excited by this unlooked-for apparition. Victoria filled her diary with wonder-struck exclamations points each day of his stay, and wrote long letters to her relative, King Leopold of Belgium, detailing her emotions during the eventful ten days. "He is certainly a very striking man," she wrote; "still very handsome; his profile is beautiful and his manners most dignified and graceful, extremely civil, quite alarmingly so, as he is so full of attentions and politeness. But the expression of the eyes, and unlike anything I ever saw before. He gives Albert and myself the impression of a man who is not happy, and on whom the burden of his immense power and position weighs heavily and painfully. He seldom smiles, and when he does the expression is not a happy one." Again, in her journal, the

Queen writes, a day or two later: "I don't know why, but I can't help pitying him. I think his immense power weighs heavily on his head."

I have been interested in recalling this impression of grave unhappiness which the first Nicholas produced upon the Queen. The strongest and most robust of men, with a giant's will and nerve of steel, he still found his burden too great. Now fifty-two years later, the Queen welcomes as a guest the great-grandson of that splendid, sombre first Nicholas, whom she could not help pitying. How infinitely greater must be the impulse to pity the second Nicholas, himself a frail, timid little fellow, and bowed under the weight of responsibility which from any point of view is manifold heavier than that which was carried by his ancestor in 1844!

REGULATED BY A STAR.

A Simple Way of Telling When a Time-piece Runs Accurately.

Some very old paintings that was brought to light the other day contains curious suggestions for making certain calculations that will interest many people.

An easy method of correctly regulating a timepiece by the stars is as follows: As the motion of the earth with regard to the fixed stars (those that twinkle) is uniform, timepieces can in a most simple manner be correctly regulated by the stars with greater facility than by the sun. Choose a south window, from which any fixed point, such as a chimney, side of a building, etc. may be seen. To the side of the window, attach a piece of card-board having a small hole, in such a manner that by looking through the hole toward the edge of the elevated object, some fixed star may be seen. The progress of the star must be watched and the instant it vanishes behind the fixed point, the observer must note the exact time it disappears. The following night the same star will vanish behind the same object three minutes and fifty-six seconds sooner. If a timepiece mark 9 o'clock when the star vanished one night the following night it will indicate three minutes and fifty-six seconds less than 9.

If the timepiece be faster or slower than the indication of the star, then it has gained or lost the indicated difference. If several cloudy nights follow the first observation of the star, it is only necessary to multiply three minutes fifty-six seconds by the number of days that have elapsed since the observation, and the product deducted from the hour of the clock indicates the second observation and gives the time the clock or watch ought to show. The same star can only be observed during a few weeks, for as it gains nearly an hour in a fortnight, it will in a short time come to the meridian in broad daylight, and become invisible.

In marking the observation care must be taken that a planet is not chosen instead of a star. Additional to the fact that of light of fixed stars twinkles while that of planets is steady because reflected, a sure means of distinguishing between them is to first watch a certain star attentively for a few nights. If it changes its place with regard to the other stars, it is a planet, since the fixed stars appear to maintain the same relative positions with regard to each other.

The First of these Monthly Competitions will commence January 1st, 1897, and will be continued each month during 1897.

\$1,625 IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH FOR Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS

As Follows: 10 First Prizes, \$100 Standard Bicycles, \$1,000 25 Second " \$25 Gold Watches, 625 Bicycles and Watches given each month, 1,625 Total given during year 1897, \$18,500

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM. Competitions to have no money "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect

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Advertisement for Sunlight Soap Wrappers. Includes details on how to obtain them, a list of prizes, and a table of names of districts.

Advertisement for Silk Mittens. Features an illustration of a hand in a mitten and text describing the product as a handsome holiday gift, available in three qualities for ladies, infants, and gents.

Advertisement for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Includes the headline "STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN" and text explaining the benefits of the pills for various heart and nerve conditions.

Vertical advertisement on the left side of the page for various goods including skates, kettles, and wine.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

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

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Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 12

TOLSTOI'S BANISHMENT.

The young Czar NICHOLAS is credited with the intention of banishing Count Tolstoi from the Russian Empire. The Minister of the Interior is said to have been charged with the duty of collecting evidence against the famous novelist and to have already material enough to condemn him, from the Russian point of view. The special laws in which Tolstoi is supposed to "menace the state and array class against class" are by advocating freedom of religious sects from Government restrictions and liberty of conscience, and by denouncing the despotism and militarism of the Russian system. The Czar is said to have been influenced most strongly against Tolstoi by his article on "Persecution of Christians in Russia in 1895," which was published in the London Times nearly a year ago, and has been circulated in the form of a German pamphlet throughout Central Europe and some parts of Russia. The Holy Synod was stirred to deep wrath by Tolstoi's biting criticisms of its religious intolerance and the Chief Procurator at once presented to the Czar a strong case against the author-reformer.

It may be in spite of all this however that these rumors are as unfounded as the many sensational reports that have long been in circulation concerning the fanatical whims and habits of Tolstoi himself. Tolstoi cannot have given the Russian government any new offence. In "My Religion" and "My Confession" he uttered his entire creed of non-resistance, forbidden even in "War and Peace," and actually proclaimed in "Anna Karenina". As one article of that creed preaches non-resistance to him that doth evil, the autocrat of all the Russias cannot fear such a doctrine. And as another article of Tolstoi's creed denounces war he cannot oppose Russia's peaceable attitude toward Turkey.

WILL HE GOVERN RUSSIA.

It is just as well to regard with some skepticism the report telegraphed from Berlin that NICHOLAS II. has determined henceforth to be his own chief Minister. Indeed, according to the story, he meant to go even further and to rule without any Minister at all, assuming personal control of the whole of the complicated foreign and internal affairs of his vast empire. With that end in view, it is alleged that he no longer consults with any but subordinates who are restricted to the submission of information uncolored by opinions being reserved to the sovereign himself.

It is of course, possible and natural that a young ruler, by this time awakened to a sense of his responsibilities should desire time to choose men qualified for offices so important as the Minister of Foreign Affairs and that of the Interior. To acquire beforehand some first hand knowledge of those departments may well be regarded as the indispensable condition of a wise selection. However, the internal and external problems pressing upon the St. Petersburg government have become so intricate, that, in the absence of prolonged experience, abilities almost superhuman would be required for a single man to solve them. No such abilities are attributed to the young Czar Nicholas II. and it may be taken for granted that even if it be true that for a time he means to try to rule without ministers, the experiment will be short-lived.

To what extent, and by what right, could the United States government intervene in Cuba? The answer to this question will require an examination of one of the most difficult topics in the law of nations. To those who only glance carelessly at the matter it may seem an easy thing to solve the problem; but statesmen who are moved by a due sense of the responsibility involved in the adoption of policies which may need to be asserted by force of arms will find the task less easy. The fundamental rule of international law is that no country has any right to interfere in the domestic affairs of another country; and since the Cuban revolt in its legal aspects is purely a matter of Spanish internal politics, the people of

the American republic have no right to interfere, unless their action can be justified by one of the recognized exceptions, to the general rule of non-intervention. Intervention is permissible on grounds of humanity but the right of a State to shape its own destiny would cease to exist if the law of nations should justify intervention by other States whenever they might be horrified by the cruelties practiced in the course of a war or an internal struggle.

Mr. JOHN BIGLOW in a recent published book entitled "The Mystery of Sleep" presents the popular notion that the sole object of "tired Nature's sweet restorer," is to repair the waste tissues of the body. In his view it has a far higher function in her, hering the spiritual development; and in general he contends that it is upon the duration and quality of the sleep that the spiritual well being depends. This theory may not be entirely original but it will strike the popular mind with all the force of novelty and tend to interest sleeping with a moral quality which has hitherto been denied it by the proverb makers and moralists in general.

Dr. Koch's mission to South Africa to investigate the rinderpest, or cattle plague, has not begun to attract the public attention which it seems to warrant. Although by no means fraught with human interest as were his studies of tuberculosis, his enquiry, into this widespread epizootic disease of the lower animals is likely to result in valuable discoveries for the world. As yet this curious contagious plague has been scarcely understood. A Royal Commission studied its etiology twenty years ago but bacteriology itself was then practically unknown. Dr. KOCH's will bring the most advanced scientific knowledge to bear on this ravaging African and Asiatic disease.

The reported discovery by PAUL D'ENJOY a French explorer of a hitherto unknown tribe of ape-like man, called the Moi, on the Indo Chinese frontier of Annam reads like a new chapter from "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS." The precise location by latitude and longitude, so far from dispelling in credulity, intensifies the notion that this country of the Moies lies somewhere between the grant realm of the Broddingsnags and the little kingdom of the Lilliputians. In Java, however, have been found veritable remains of a race whose ethnological features will afford some hint of an ape-like race in that region. A curious coincidence is that in Hindu mythology there is a monkey god, the great Hanuman.

Dr. NORDAU has written a new sensational work to appear as "The Battle of the Drones." The 'drones' of this book are, it seems, the financiers of the world who live on the money makers of the human hive. Dr. NORDAU has made a slight mistake in his symbolism. The financiers of modern civilization are the bees, so to speak, not the drones. They help the workers to stir up the product of their labors. With the establishment of its Bourse London's modern features began; and that great exchange centre of the world is still proud of its grasshopper crest.

A new language is to be added to those now taught in the halls of learning. It is the Malagasy, the speech of the natives of Madagascar and it has been added to the curriculum of the National School of Oriental Languages of Paris. There is a good deal more of a political than an educational aspect to this academic novelty since it emphasizes the fact that France is determined to enforce her administration upon the conquered realm of ex Queen RANAVOLO.

Grand Christmas Display. Christmas buyers would do well to call at McArthur's book store, 90 King street, and inspect his large stock of books, bibles, annals and miscellaneous books, children's books are shown in all styles, shapes and makes—bibles in all grades at 33 1/2 off regular prices—poetical works, from 25cts. to \$2.50 each, cloth books, full size, 10cts. to \$1.00 each, Christmas cards in 500 varieties, booklets and calendars, new and beautiful designs.

There is also a big line of Japanese goods from 10ct up. St. John souvenir china 10 cts. up. Leather poets from 75 to 99cts. each, just half price. Dressing cases, writing desks, collar and cuff boxes, all at reduced prices. Photograph albums in plash, celluloid and leather from 25cts. to \$7.50 each. Little gem salt and pepper, 25cts each. Fine china cups and saucers from 10cts. up. Also tops, dolls and games to numerous to mention.

Now is the time to purchase, have the bargains reserved for you. 90 King St. show rooms upstairs.

Mr. J.H. Plummer, publisher of Woman's World and Jenness Miller Monthly, offers \$150 in prizes to the persons making the largest number of words from the word "Industrious." See advertisement in another column.

Belcher's Farmers' almanac for 1897 is out, and contains the same reliable and general information. Its 250 pages are literally packed with information that should be in the hand of every Nova Scotian.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The River of Never to Be.

Out on this river the starlight shines, And the waters have murmurs low; And a voice that ever was sweeter far, Still hauntheth its tuneful flow. The gliding barges through mists of tears; Look sadly to night on me, With a backward glance and a last good bye On the river of never to be.

The beautiful star that hastened forth, To welcome you when you came; Has an anxious look in its watchful eye, And the language that knew your name. It seems to know me as here I long, For the one I shall no more see; Or clasp my heart in a long embrace, By the river of never to be.

The snow white moon moves chaste and clear, With its silver sandaled feet; Crossing the spruce wood path we loved, In a love that was pure and sweet, But that dear old path we know so well, And the shade of a sheltering tree; And the twilight, brings me my love no more By the river of never to be.

Night like the call of a soul comes down, O'er the waters deathly still; The dark night's spirit is speaking low, To my soul's responsive thrill, Here sorrow still lays her heart to mine, And with mine must in faith agree; We hear in the stillness lov's long farewell, By the river of never to be.

How lonely this broad, river's going, In its swift current there leaves us, As in its swirl current there leaves us, The air of some beautiful song, Thus gone on its waters for ever, That flow to a far distant sea; Good bye is the saddest word spoken By the river of never to be.

As I muse of this dreary night, And the stars are twinkling low, There comes to my soul the soul of a prayer, That ever with me shall stay, When my soul to its home must flee; When night clouds cannot arise as here, By the river of never to be.

By the river of never to be.

How lonely this broad, river's going, In its swift current there leaves us, As in its swirl current there leaves us, The air of some beautiful song, Thus gone on its waters for ever, That flow to a far distant sea; Good bye is the saddest word spoken By the river of never to be.

There was a boy I knew of, Whose clothes were made too small, He had a jacket always ratched him, And it did not fit at all. The sleeves were short and narrow, And the buttons didn't suit him, And the pockets wasn't right.

And so, this foolish fellow, Because his clothes were small, Was very cross and unky And he would not grow at all, For he said, "My jacket pinches, As everybody knows, You could hardly hear him speak, Can't be bigger than his clothes."

There was a little fellow Who was sick, and pale and thin; He had a body that was aching, But a mighty will within; His bed was always aching, And his bed was always aching, And he had a voice so feeble, You could hardly hear him speak.

"What!" said this little hero, "I will not have it so; Because my body pinches, Shall my spirit never grow? I will not mind the backache, I will not mind my head, If I can't be big in body, I'll be big in mind instead."

And so, with cheerful courage, He chased his pains away, And all the people saw him Grow from his tiny body, Till for his tiny body They didn't care a fig, Because his soul was big.

—Harriet Wight Sherratt.

IN THE CITY.

Unto my eyes the city nothing yields, Sound on some errand in the noisy street, I tread the thoroughfare in a dream I scarcely see the faces that I meet, If there be pleasing sights I cannot seem, To heed them, I am meaning of the fit.

Here she stalks shameless: here men's souls are thrall To tyrant Custom. Often have I cried, "What room have you for hours waste time for rest?" On one hand, want; the other wealth and pride; Strife, turmoil, trouble. Oh, the fields are best, The freedom of the fields is best of all.

Give me the simple, honest ways of men Who rear their heads as bravely from the flower, Whose lives are natural, whose hearts are pure As meadows streams. O love, recall the hours In solitude and silence most secure, Then come with me and find the fit again! —Grace Pearl Bronaugh.

A JUDGE'S STRANGE ACTION.

He Furnishes a Room in the Court House for his New Use It.

HALIFAX, Dec. 10.—The barristers at the court-house in this city have had something to gossip about for some time besides nice points of law. In the leisure between cases in court the thought of the gentlemen of the bar lately have been momentarily turned to the rather remarkable act of one of the solemn judges who is a power on the bench. The story goes that the judge took a notion that sleeping in the court house would suit his convenience or comfort to a greater extent than occupying his room at a hotel or elsewhere. This was rather strange in so dignified a man as Mr. Justice—of the supreme court of Nova Scotia. Yet it is the strange that often happens. There are two rooms in the court house that are not regularly occupied by any of the departments of the court, or the county administration. The judges set their eyes covetously on one of these in particular, and on the other the judge who is the prominent figure of this sketch set his eyes somewhat individually. This was made apparent, because of the way he monopolized the apartment in question. He fitted it out as sort of primitive bed-room. A bureau and stretcher were purchased and put in condition to rest the weary limbs, and tired brain of a justice of the court. It is said that with his own hands his lordship spread out the coverlet and other appurtenances on the little bed. Every eye in the court house, when the news spread of what the judge had done to domesticate the stern place, was quietly turned in the direction of the judicially tempORIZED chamber of rest, to see how the judge would enjoy his sleep. The barristers and court officials waited vainly for the night however, for so far as they

could learn his lordship was never known to pass the night on the bed he had taken so much trouble to prepare for himself. Why this neglect to use the comfortable resting place the gnawing legal minds that investigated could never quite understand unless it was that the difficulty of obtaining, amid so desolate exterior surroundings, the nourishing morning meal that even the soul of a judge desireth, proved insurmountable. It was possible to procure for himself sleeping accommodation in the court house equal to the best, but the furnishing of breakfast, ah, that was quite another thing. This indeed, proved something that could not be arranged.

The summer passed with the judicial bedroom unused during the night hours, so far as could be learned, and the long period of desuetude at least had its effect. The judge became disgusted so to speak, with his 'courtly' sleeping chamber in which he gave orders to remove stretcher and bureau, and whatever other paraphernalia of a bedroom he had gathered together. These were forthwith taken to an antion room, or at least away from the court house, and now the apartment is as vacant as the day before his lordship thought of becoming the personal purveyor to his own sleeping comforts. Yet the judge still keeps an eagle eye on the empty room.

This incident furnishes a rather interesting chapter in the judicial history of Nova Scotia. Another chapter may come to be written some day upon the powers, make up, and administration of the commission that manages the affairs of the court house. The building is owned by the County of Halifax but the government of the province contributed something towards the expense of its erection. Accordingly the province is represented on the commission. So is the supreme court bench. There is much grumbling in the municipal council on account of the conduct of the judicial and governmental position of the commission—especially of the former. The council appears to think that the judicial representative acts as if he himself were a majority of the commission; as if the Warden and councillors who serve with him were but puppets to carry out his wishes. Changes have been made more than once from this quarter, and orders given which would never have been heard of had the full commission been consulted. This is rather galling when it is borne in mind by those honest representatives of the county in the municipal council that no matter what orders are given they will have the pleasure of paying for them. The council may splutter and talk of repudiation but in the long run they pay over the cash. This was exemplified some years ago, for this trouble is not a new thing, when the judicial portion of the commission ordered a handsome and expensive carpet square for one of the rooms used by the judges. Something special was on at the time. There was a kick but the money had to be paid all the same, or rather two-thirds of it had to be paid, for the objections urged were sufficiently powerful to cause a reduction of 33 per cent in the price charged the council.

The changes are that at its session next month the municipal council will look carefully into the commission and its composition. Warden Staddon is just the kind of a man to do so when once he starts out.

A FAMILY QUARREL.

Two Members of the Fire Department Indulge in Little Pleasantries.

HALIFAX, Dec. 10.—No reporters were present at Monday afternoon's meeting of the board of fire commissioners, and it is just as well, perhaps, for otherwise the public might have had the details of a scene which would have gone far to lessen confidence in the arrangement of our fire department. What the commissioners saw and heard was a sanguinary wordy battle between Chief Connolly and Electrician Murphy. The chief found fault with the condition of the fire alarm, blaming the electrician for the condition of affairs, and a violently attacking that official. Murphy is not the kind of a man to take a rebuke patiently if he thinks it undeserved. He thought so this time, and retorted on Connolly, giving him back all he had said with full interest. The duel was on, and it was fought to the death with such a mass of wares of all kinds as half darkened the sky, made it next to impossible to prevent crosses and that sort of thing and Chief Connolly's indignation may have been inconsiderate. It transpired at the same meeting that goods had been ordered for the board by a variety of people and the bills presented for payment amounted to a couple of thousand dollars. This was a new surprise for the commission. The upshot of the row, and the bills, was the appointment of a committee consisting of Alderman Hamill on, Redden and Geldert, to define the duties and the powers of Chief Connolly, Electrician Murphy, caretaker Spellman, and of any other officials of the board whose duties require defining.

An Order From England.

The last steamer for London, Eng., going from this port carried a Fratte Piano for a London home. It was one of the latest productions of the Fratte Piano Company's factory, made of a choice piece of Brazilian mahogany, and containing all the recent improvements. It is a great credit to Canadian manufacture that a piano made in Canada should obtain such excellence as to be preferred by a London purchaser.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE CONGREGATION WAS SMALL

But the Preacher was Eloquent and His Words Will Accomplish Good.

HALIFAX, Dec. 10.—It was a unique spectacle, that was presented in the Halifax police station last Sunday afternoon, when Rev. F. H. Almon preached to a congregation of prisoners—of Saturday night 'drunks'. There were only three of those unfortunates locked up and only two of them would come out of their confinement into the open corridor to hear the preaching. So at 6 o'clock the rector of Trinity faced his congregation of two—one of them a catholic, the other a protestant; while the recalcitrant, who would not come within reach of the gospel, was an Anglican, an adherent of Rev. Mr. Almon's own communion. The sermon was earnest and loving. Perhaps it would be easy to preach over the heads of a congregation like that; surely it would be if it is possible to preach over the heads of high-toned congregations like St. Luke's or Fort Massey. But Mr. Almon spoke directly from the heart to the heart, and there was not a word of the sermon but what should have found a lodgment in the consciences of his two poor hearers.

Rev. F. H. Almon is a brother of Senator Almon, and there is no more devoted, self-denying minister in this city of forty churches than he. Mr. Almon intends preaching as regularly as possible in the police station on Sunday afternoons. Chief O'Sullivan acted as usher at this service and made all the arrangements that could be made for the comfort and convenience of the congregation. Mayor McParson had previously given permission to hold the service. More good may have been done at this little meeting than at all the services in the big, rich churches. Who knows?

"THE ELECTRICAL KISS"

A Thrilling Story by a Young Lady—Some of the Incidents.

Amongst the new novels of the month, issued by Hunter, Ross and Co. of Toronto is one by an entirely new author, "Djian Fergus" it is an open secret that this is the pen name under which a young Canadian girl—Miss Ida Ferguson of Moncton—has chosen to make her first entrance into the field of literature, and while the book must of course depend on its own merits for its reception by the general public, the fact that the author is of our own nationality, and that Canadian literature is in need of all possible encouragement should be a potent factor towards its favorable consideration by Canadians.

The author has performed the daring feat of laying the scenes of her story in the Canada of the end of the twentieth century and has managed the working out of her plot with great skill. The story is by no means free from the faults which seem to be inseparable from a first effort, and the keen critic would probably pronounce it unhesitatingly the work of an amateur; but Miss Ferguson has displayed a wealth of imagination, and an amount of originality in her treatment of the material at her command, which should go far towards neutralizing faults of style and construction which will almost certainly disappear with experience, which is called "First Ting or the Electrical Kiss." Briefly outlined, the story is this—Petra Bertram the heroine is an orphan born in China, of Canadian parents, and sent home, on the death of her mother which occurred when she was six years old, to be brought up by that mother's only sister, Mrs. Harrington, a well-to-do widow with two pretty daughters, who lived in Montreal. When she is seventeen her father dies in China, and from the meagre details of his decease which reach Canada, together with the fact that though he was supposed to be a very wealthy man, no news was ever received of disposition made of his property. Petra becomes convinced that he has been murdered and grows to woman's estate with a heart filled with resentment and bitterness against China, and everything Chinese.

The tale opens with a letter to Mrs. Harrington from a Chinaman of high rank and fabulous wealth, of which latter fact he is disposed to make the most, as he mentions it with questionable taste, in his letter, placing his fortune at the sum of one thousand millions. This gentleman's chief object in coming to Canada is to deliver a message to Petra Bertram, from his father who was with Petra's father when he died. His secondary object is to secure a Canadian wife, his father having enacted a promise from him on his death-bed, that he would marry a Canadian wife. He asks Mrs. Harrington's assistance to that end, and Mrs. Harrington with two eligible daughters on her hands is more than willing to grant him all the help in her power. She

A Physician's Pigeons.

The carrier-pigeon has been put to a new use by a doctor in Scotland who has a large and scattered practice. Says the London Globe.

When he goes on long rounds, he carries a number of pigeons with him. If he finds some of his patients require medicine at once, he writes a prescription, and by means of the pigeon forwards them to his surgery. Here an assistant gets the messages, prepares the prescriptions, and despatches the medicines.

If, after visiting a patient, the doctor thinks he will be required later in the day, he simply leaves a pigeon, which is employed to summon him if necessary. To this enterprising physician the keeping of carrier-pigeons means a saving of time, expense and labor.

Adroit Reply.

Doctor Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1848, upheld the dignity of his position in the fashion deemed necessary.

One day he drove up to the door of the House of Lords in a coach and four, with liveried coachman and two footmen. A Quaker, who knew him, addressed him: "Friend Howley, what would the Apostle Paul have said if he had seen these four horses and the purple liveries and all the rest?" The archbishop, who was seldom flustered, replied with a benign smile: "Doubtless the apostle would have remarked that things were very much changed for the better since his time."

New Use for X-Rays.

It is said that the X-rays have been successfully applied in France to the detection of adulterations of food, where the adulterants consist of some kind of mineral matter. The food to be examined is reduced to powder and spread thinly upon glass. An X-ray photograph of the glass reveals the presence of the mineral particles by the failure of the rays to penetrate them as they penetrate the other constituents of the powdered food.

Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Baking Powder PURE

... to make her house his home... decides that her eldest... shall be his bride.

... decides otherwise however, and from... moment of his arrival has neither... ears for anyone but the Under-... household the poor relation... Bertram. Loathing everything... as she does it is scarcely neces-... that Petra repulses him on every... and finally refuses him with...

... that the very original motif of... gerson's work is shown, and the... manner in which she carries out... scheme of action is truly ad-... The Chinese had made such an... electricity that by the end of the... century they have made wonder-... veries in the science leaving all... ions far behind them, and after... by Petra, the Chinaman asks... ever heard of the Electrical Kiss... she has not, and after explaining... arly every human body there... tain electrical vein, which, if... one of opposite sex immediately... one kissed to feel the most de-... ction for the kisser. She asks... vein is to be found, and is told... on the left side of the neck.

... always been credited with a cer-... netic power, I wonder if I possess... said Petra bending back her... thoughtfully rubbing that per-... neck where the electrical vein... according to Tash Tiny's de-... Quick as a flash the Chinaman... ward and kisses her on the spot... sult can be imagined, the girl... the ugly, undersized Chinaman... moment and is his willing slave... development of the plot can... the imagination of the reader.

... ily enough, the heroine who is... the darling child of the author's... around whom the whole plot is... not by any means the attractive... she is intended to be, she fails to... mpaty of the reader from the be-... nearly the last of the story, be-... kely self-conscious person, who... ray looking forward to some cause of... It may be her name that repels... is hard to take an interest in a... 'Petra.' But her character is... drawn, and the author spares no... make her attractive.

... take her attractive. The Chinaman, Jerry Arnold and Nurse... the strongest characters in the... the episode of the electrical... lated with a good deal of dra-... using chapters are particularly... scenes being pictured with great... and the young author brings her... fitting climax.

... rguson has steered successfully... goals and quicksands of scientific... sed tradition, and though the... ight condemn the tale on the... its improbability it must be re-... that the events described take... y one hundred years in the

... 'Tisa' Ting' is a very won-... k to have been written by one... a the ways of literature, and just... wings in the rarified atmos-... is often so hard to breathe;... author continues in the path she... out it is likely she will succeed... rves, and make a name for her-... a literary world. The book is... by leading bookstores. Cloth... 50 cents.

... A Physician's Pigeons.

... r pigeon has been put to a... a doctor in Scotland who has... scattered proof. Says the... obe.

... goes on long rounds, he carries... d pigeons with him. If he finds... patients require medicine at... rses out prescriptions, and by... e pigeons forwards them to his... Here an assistant gets the re-... scriptions, and the medicine... visiting a patient, the doctor... ill be required later in the day... leaves a pigeon, which is con-... munion him if necessary. To... sian physician the keeping of... ons means a saving of time, ex-... labor.

... Adroit Reply.

... lowley, Archbishop of Canter-... died in 1848, upheld the dignity... on in the fashion deemed nec-... he drops up to the door for the... rds in a coach and four, with... chman and two footmen. A... o knew him, addressed him: '... lowley, what would the Apostle... id if he had seen these four... the purple liveries and all the... bishop, who was seldom fluster-... t with a benignant smile, the... stle would have remark-... ge were very much changed for... ince his time.'

... New Use for X-Rays.

Best Liked Where Best Known

WELCOME SOAP

"We don't follow the leaders, But lead the followers."

That "Welcome" is the leading household Soap today, as it has been for 20 years in a great competition market like Boston, is surey convincing proof of its superiority over all other soaps.

THIS FACT is worthy the attention of all economical housekeepers.

BUT ONE QUALITY, and ABSOLUTE PURITY GUARANTEED

WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

METEOR

(PATENTED)

Corded Skirt Protector

Adapts itself to the latest styles in dresses. It is simplicity and good taste. "METEOR PROTECTOR" is worn on all skirts, and it undoubtedly has the largest sale of any velvet Protector.

FROM ALL MERCHANTS. IN 100 SHADES.

For sale by **MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON**

A Choice of Reading.

Look Carefully Through 'Progress' Periodical Club List.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN PRICE.

By subscribing through "Progress," Readers of Magazines and Popular Weeklies, Class Papers, Reviews, &c, can obtain the Two Periodicals at a Price that Speaks for Itself.

With much care PROGRESS has made up a club list of newspapers and periodicals which can be had at a greatly reduced price by those who subscribe in connection with this journal and through this office. While the inducement is primarily intended for new subscribers the same is open to present subscribers who will send us the name of a new subscriber, PROGRESS in that event being forwarded to the new subscriber and whatever periodical is chosen to the person sending the subscription.

NAME OF PERIODICAL.	PRICE.	WITH PROGRESS.	NAME OF PERIODICAL.	PRICE.	WITH PROGRESS.
Advertiser, Boston, daily.	\$6 00	\$7 00	Globe, (Boston Sunday)	2 00	3 25
Amateur Gardeners.	2 00	2 00	Golden Magazine.	1 00	3 40
Amateur Sportsman N. Y.	1 00	2 25	Golden Days.	3 00	3 90
Amateur Photographer.	2 00	3 15	Good Housekeeping.	2 00	3 20
American Horse Breeder.	2 00	3 50	Good News.	2 25	3 50
American J. of Education	1 00	2 15	Good Words, (Eng.)	2 25	3 40
Anthony's Photographic Bulletin.	2 00	3 15	Harper's Bazaar.	4 00	4 75
Arms.	4 00	4 25	Harper's Magazine.	4 00	4 50
Argonaut.	4 00	4 65	Harper's Young People.	2 00	3 00
Army and Navy Gazette.	7 50	8 25	Herald, (Boston Sunday)	2 00	3 25
Argyll.	1 10	2 40	Horse Review.	2 00	3 15
Art Amateur.	4 00	5 00	Houseman.	3 00	3 75
Art Interchange.	4 00	4 90	Journal of Education.	2 50	3 75
Art Journal.	6 00	6 25	Judge.	1 00	2 25
Atheism.	4 00	5 00	Judge's Library.	1 00	2 25
Babyhood.	1 00	2 40	Ladies' Home Journal.	1 00	2 50
Bayland.	5 00	5 50	Life.	1 00	2 25
Beecon, (Boston)	2 50	3 40	Littell's Living Age.	5 00	7 25
Blackwoods Edinb'g Mag. (E).	8 00	8 50	Little Folks, (Eng.)	2 00	3 25
Blackwoods Edinb'g Mag. (A).	8 00	8 50	Little Folks, (Am.)	1 50	2 75
Book News.	1 00	2 40	Little Man and Woman.	1 00	2 25
Boys Own Paper, (Eng.)	2 25	3 35	Live Stock Journal.	1 00	2 25
British American.	1 00	2 40	Longman's Mag.	2 00	2 90
Cassell's Family Mag.	1 00	2 75	McClure's Mag.	1 00	2 25
Century Mag.	4 00	5 10	Milliner's Guide.	2 00	3 00
Chambers Journal.	2 00	3 40	Munsey's Magazine.	1 00	2 25
Chatterbox.	50	2 00	New England Mag.	3 00	3 75
Chatterbox.	3 00	3 40	New York Weekly.	3 00	4 00
Christian Witness.	1 50	2 80	N. Y. Magazine.	50	2 00
Churchman.	3 00	4 90	North Am. Review.	5 00	5 75
Church Union.	1 00	2 15	Our Little Ones and the Nursery.	1 00	2 40
Clipeo, (Sport)	4 00	5 00	Pall Mall Mag.	4 00	4 60
Cosmopolitan Mag.	1 00	2 80	Peter's Mag.	1 00	2 25
Delineator.	1 00	2 50	Popular Science Monthly.	5 00	6 25
Donner's Family Mag.	2 00	3 15	Public Opinion.	2 00	3 05
Detroit Free Press.	1 00	2 25	Psalm.	5 00	5 75
Donahoe's Mag.	2 00	3 50	Puck's Library.	1 00	2 25
Dramatic Mirror.	4 00	4 85	Quarterly Review, (Eng.)	5 00	6 25
Dressmaker and Milliner.	1 00	2 50	Quarterly Review, (Am.)	4 00	5 15
Edinb'g Mag.	3 00	4 75	Scotsman.	2 00	3 75
Education.	3 00	4 00	Scottish American.	3 00	4 00
Educational Review.	3 00	4 15	Season.	3 00	4 00
Family Herald and Star.	1 00	2 25	Strand Magazine.	2 00	4 00
Family Story Paper.	3 00	3 90	Sun, (N. Y. Sunday)	2 00	3 40
Fashions.	4 00	5 00	Sunday School Times.	1 00	3 00
Field, (London)	10 00	10 25	Sunny Hour.	1 00	2 40
Friends Companion.	1 00	2 50	Tribune.	5 00	6 00
Fortnightly Review, (E)	7 50	7 75	Turf, Field and Farm.	4 00	5 00
Forest and Stream.	4 50	4 75	Witness, Montreal, daily.	3 00	3 10
Forum.	3 00	4 25	Witness, (N. Y. Sunday)	2 50	3 10
Frank Leslie's N. News.	4 00	4 85	Young Ladies' Journal.	4 00	4 75
Frank Leslie's Pop's Monthly.	3 00	3 80	Youth's Companion.	1 15	2 40



The assemblies which proved so enjoyable last winter have been re-organized and the first in the series was held on Thursday evening, and with Messrs. J. B. Warner, F. C. Jones, J. E. Keator, S. A. M. Skinner, R. H. Gordon, and C. McFar, Troop, in charge of arrangements it could hardly fail to be a success. The tables, laden with tempt- ing dainties, were nicely decorated with chrys- anthem and smilax; and one end of the room was costily arranged as a setting out place. Harrison's orchestra supplied, music for the following order of dances:—1. valse; 2. valse; 3. lancers; 4. lancers; 5. polka; 6. valse; 7. two step; 8. valse; 9. lancers; 10. polka; 11. galop; 12. valse; 13. 2. 2. 2. supper dances; 13. two step; 14. valse; 15. military; 16. valse; with many extras.

The ladies honored the occasion by wearing especially fresh and dainty gowns among which the following were especially noticeable:— Mrs. Stanley Ritchie, black and silver tulle over black silk. Mrs. Sayre, black and cardinal. Mrs. Simonds, white silk gauze over white silk, white lace, chrysanthemum. Mrs. Gordon Blair, pink and white tulle, white mousseline rose, pink carnations. Mrs. Betts, black silk, pale blue bodice white trimmings. Miss McKee, pink satin, pink ribbons, chiffon, pink and white roses. Miss Markham, pink silk, pearl trimmings. Miss Johnston, yellow silk, white lace. Miss Jennie Hall, yellow silk, spangled trimmings. Miss Winnie Hall, white spotted muslin, white ribbons, carnations. Miss Louise Skinner, black velvet, pink silk, ruffles. Miss Purton, black silk, white duchesse lace. Miss Kathleen Purton, black silk, black lace over dress, jet, crimson roses. Miss Edith Skinner, white muslin, Nile green satin trimmings. Miss Maud Skinner, white satin. Mrs. Sturges, black silk, white and silver tissue. Miss Yassie, cream dresden silk, roses. Mrs. Robert Cruikshank, black silk, yellow and silver gauze. Miss J. Vassie, dresden silk, purple velvet and chiffon. Mrs. McMillan, pink silk, white chiffon. Miss Allison Jones, heliotrope gauze, black chiffon. Miss Outram, black silk, chiffon and jet. Miss J. Vassie, black silk, chiffon and satin ribbon trimmings. Miss Travers, black satin, cream brocade and black satin bodice, with pearl trimmings. Miss Mona Thomson, pale green and white striped silk. Miss Mabel Thomson, canary silk, purple velvet and violets. Miss Keator, black silk, chiffon. Miss Brock, pale blue silk, black lace. Mrs. Parker, black satin, Indian trimmings. Miss Laura Harrison, black satin, white lace. Miss Randolph, black and yellow gown. Miss Tuck, pale blue and white silk, yellow satin, navy velvet. Miss Lewis, blue and white silk, blue satin, pearl trimmings. Miss Dunn, white crepe, white satin ribbons. Miss Christie, pink silk, white lace, pink carna- tions.

Miss Dever, black satin, lace, yellow ribbons. Miss Walker, pink silk, cream, satin ribbons. Miss Jessie Walker, cream silk and lace. Lieut. Col. McShane of Halifax was in the city this week a guest of Dr. Boyle Travers. Mr. G. Sydney Smith gave a whist party one evening recently to several of his gentleman friends. The whist club met this week with Miss Jones and accomplished considerable work. Miss Troop's friends are glad to know that she is recovering from her late illness.

Mrs. F. E. Hutton gave a large afternoon tea to a number of her lady friends on Friday afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock. Mr. G. T. Winslow of Montpelier, Vt., was here for a day or two this week. Miss Francis Timmins and Miss N. Gifford of Plymouth spent part of the week in this city. Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Nesbitt of Moncton were visiting city friends this week. Mr. W. Ketchum of Moncton, Maine, spent part of this week in St. John. An interesting entertainment is promised for next Thursday evening to those who attend the concert

in St. David's Sunday school hall on Simonds street. The small admission fee of ten cents should ensure a good attendance; a good programme in which the choir and other talent of the church will assist is promised to the patrons of the concert. Miss Barbara M. Finlay returned last Saturday from Boston where she has been spending a few months' holidays with brothers and other relatives. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McLean left this week on a visit to New York. Hon. A. E. McLellan was in the city this week on his way to Fredericton. Mrs. A. W. Edgecombe has returned to Fredericton after a pleasant two weeks visit to friends here. Mr. C. D. Coy of Carleton has returned from a visit to Fredericton where she was the guest of Mrs. George F. Gregory, Miss Ella Whitaker accompanied Mrs. Coy home. Miss Frankie Rutherford of this city spent Sunday with out of town friends. Among the St. John ladies Mrs. T. W. Bell has been in Moncton this week visiting Mrs. R. A. Borden. Miss Edith Nise arrived from Moncton this week to join her family who have recently taken up their permanent residence here. Mrs. Gillis of St. John has been in Salisbury visiting Mrs. John Gillis. Mr. C. D. Boss of New London Conn., was in the city for a short time this week. Rev. James R. Smith of Lamline N. F. was here over Sunday en route to Boston. Miss Short of St. Stephen who spent a short time lately with Hon. R. J. and Mrs. Ritchie returned to her home last Monday. Dr. Macrae's friends are looking forward with much pleasure to meeting him during the Christmas holidays, which it is expected he will spend in this city. Mr. D. Craghan of Newcastle spent a day or two here lately. Hon. B. J. Ritchie has rented the house recently occupied by T. Grey Merritt, on German street. Mr. Harold B. Babbitt of Fredericton was in the city the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. Eagles of Fairland spent Sunday in the city. Mr. F. W. Utton of Fredericton spent Sunday with city friends. Judge Forbes went to Carleton County the first of this week. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young of St. Stephen were in the city for a few days lately. Mr. C. W. Masters of Halifax spent Monday in St. John. Miss Myrtle Gunter of Fredericton is visiting city friends. Mrs. Thomas McMurray of Yarmouth is spending a short time here. Miss E. Peters returned the first of the week from a 2 weeks trip to Boston. Mr. F. B. Black of Sackville was visiting the city during the week. Miss E. J. Warr of Calais is visiting her aunt, Miss M. A. Harvey German street. Mrs. C. H. Jackson entertained a party of thirty friends one evening recently, for whose pleasure drive whist was provided. The first prizes were won by Mrs. W. Cahers and Mr. R. Straine, while the consolation prizes fell to the lot of Miss G. Mitchell and Mr. G. Slipp. At midnight refreshments were served. Mr. A. H. Beal arrived last week from Boston on a short trip. Mr. F. M. Anderson of Salmon river is paying a short visit to the city. Mr. T. W. Bell of Truro N. S. was here for a day or two the first of the week. Mr. Hans Copp of Port Elgin spent part of this week in St. John. A successful and interesting entertainment was given on Monday evening by the members of the camera club, the views shown were very much enjoyed. A well arranged programme was rendered during the evening. Consisting of selection by the Y. M. C. C. orchestra, recitations by W. W. Robinson, Mr. John Dolman, Mr. A. McMillan, Rev. W. W. Rennie and vocal music by Messrs Fred Bustin, John Salmon and Holder. Mayor Cropper of Fredericton paid a brief visit to St. John the first of the week. Miss Berta Davidson of Annapolis who had been visiting her sister Mrs. R. Colwell returned home last week accompanied by her little niece Miss Bertie Lowell. Mr. Howard McCoolly of Annapolis spent this week with city friends. Mr. John Rusak returned Monday from Richibucto where he had been called by the illness of his uncle Mr. J. Husk, who died on Tuesday after- noon. Mr. G. Athias spent Sunday in Richibucto. Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Eaton of St. Stephen spent several days here lately. Mr. Sedge Webber returned to Calais this week after a brief stay in this city. Miss Anne Collier has returned to St. Stephen after a pleasant visit to city friends. Mr. S. H. Flewelling, who has been staying with city friends returned to Hampton this week. Mrs. W. T. Scribner of Hampton spent a day or two here lately. Miss Mabel Holder has been spending a few days in Hampton with Mrs. A. W. Hicks. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bourne of Hampton spent Tuesday in St. John. Rev. Mr. Rennie paid a short visit to Hampton the first of the week. Mr. Thomas Wakeling went to New York last Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Chapman of Dorchester spent part of this week in the city. Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. A. B. Connell and Master B. Connell were a part of Woodstock people who spent Wednesday in the city. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wetmore who were married in Fredericton on Wednesday arrived in the city the same evening and spent a day or two here before proceeding on their wedding trip to New York Washington and Niagara. Mr. D. W. Campbell went to Montreal on Thurs- day afternoon. Rev. Mr. Hardwick was in the city Wednesday on his way home to Annapolis. Mr. J. R. Thompson of Providence was here for a short time this week. Mr. James Reid of Halifax spent a short time here lately. Mr. C. W. Chelver of Toronto was here for a day or two this week. Mr. A. N. Josted of Boston spent a few days in the city lately. Miss Han Cooper of Bath is spending a week with city friends. Mr. M. J. Foster of Savannah was here for a part of this week. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Kinross, and Mr. C. T. Kinross were among the invited guests at the Wed- more-Alton marriage in Fredericton this week. Among the other ladies and gentlemen who received invitations were: Mrs. and Mrs. M. V. Faddock, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Dixon, Mrs. and the Misses Vall, Mrs. Jasper Murphy and the Misses Murphy, Mrs. G. By- rone Taylor, Mrs. and Mrs. C. H. Cameron, Chief Justice Tuck, Mrs. and the Misses Tuck, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Millidge, Mrs. Quinton, Mr. T. W. Lee Dr. Holden, Mrs. and the Misses Holden and many others. Mrs. George MacArthur and children arrived last week to spend the Christmas holidays with rela- tives.

The Tramp—Well, Madam, there is no use of losing your temper over it. It isn't as if I asked you to prepare an elaborate dinner for me. An informal breakfast would have suited me. Good-morning. Good-morning!

Grip Here Again.

Dread Bacilli still came from Russia in 1889 still at work.

If You Have a Stubborn Cough and Sore Throat, You are a Victim.

Epidemic Checked by "77"

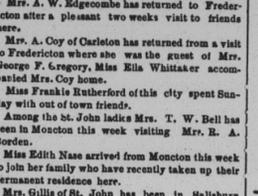
Grip is here again but it is here in a much milder form than it was in 1889 and 1890, when it counted its dead by the thousands on both sides of the Atlantic. The malady has been prevalent for per- haps a month, but it is only within the last few days that it has been recognized as our dread visitor from Russia, who came in December, 1889. At first the doctors passed the cases off as colds, but they have found them so stubborn and unyielding to treatment that they now are taking the more serious view.

LIKE A COLD, ONLY STUBBORN.

The symptoms as described by physicians in all parts of the city are first a slight fever with chill, followed by a catarrhal condition of the head, descending to the throat and even to the sinuses and bronchial tubes. In most cases there is a most dis- tressing and stubborn cough. The severer cases run for weeks unless checked by the use of Dr. Humphreys' Specific "77". "77" meets the epidemic condition and is the cure for all its manifestations. Taken early, cut it short promptly.

Small bottles of pleasant pellets, at your next pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for \$1.00. Med. Co., Cor. William & John sts. New York.

For SUPERIOR FLAVOR FRAGRANCE, BOUQUET, HEALTH PROPERTIES, DRINK...



Howe's Photo Bracket

A New Christmas Present

It has no equal as a case for Photographs or Ornaments. PRICES:

3 Spaces, - - \$1.00
4 " - - 1.25
5 " - - 1.50

Find the Institution Valiant, Mahogany and Curly Birch. Larger Brackets made to order.

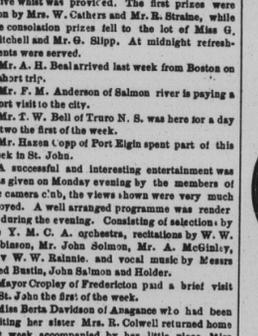
A FULL LINE OF CHRISTMAS GOODS

Send for Circular. **J. & J. D. HOWE,** Furniture Manufacturers, 88 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

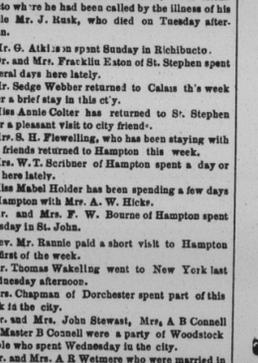
Merry Sleigh Bells

Winter is here and we are waiting for the snow.

HAVE YOU GOT A NICE SLEIGH?



If not, just look at this FAMILY LEADSTONE, Neatest and Handsomest Turnout made.



And then on this SINGLE SLEIGH—just the thing for comfort and for fast driving. Strong and Durable.

For prices and all information apply to

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Sea Foam

A Pure White Soap.

Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes. It leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE

It Floats.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and stores.

With the cold weather Halifax has grown a little more lively and last week was a more cheerful one than we have had for some time.

On the same afternoon Mrs. F. Jones gave a small tea for Dr. and Mrs. Dorman, a farewell entertainment as they leave shortly for England.

At the fair proper, there are to be eight or nine tables, including the refreshment table, and the wares to be sold are not only pretty, but cheap.

Our royal Italian visitor, Prince Luigi di Savoia, was made very little of a lion here, as he could accept no invitations official or otherwise.

Dec. 10.—An event of interest last week was the spelling match in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Wednesday evening.

KEEP THE SKIN SOFT AND WHITE WITH BABY'S OWN SOAP... BEST INGREDIENTS MAKE IT GOOD. BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest Carriages. PRICE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A Feather's Weight. When dough is ready to bake its lightness should be scarcely more than the weight of a feather. THE TILSON COMPANY, LTD., High Grade Cereal Foods.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I WAS CURED OF Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. I WAS CURED OF acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. I WAS CURED OF acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Night Calls at a Drug Store are not pleasant calls, but should you require a druggist any hour of the night, my NIGHT DISPENSER can be found at 6 Germain Street, REMEMBER THE STORE, ALLAN'S PHARMACY, 35 King Street.

which they have been busy during the summer months. Mrs. Arthur Dickey came home on Thursday from a visit to her friend Mrs. J. Douglas Hason of St. John.

Mrs. C. O. Tepper has returned from a visit to Montreal and is staying with Mrs. N. Tepper, Church street.

Mr. D. T. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman have returned home from a short visit to friends in Truro. Mr. A. F. McKinnon spent Sunday with his family.

Mr. R. F. Stark, formerly of the new drug store, was married recently in New York to Miss Maggie Mason Fletcher. Many friends in Digby will be wishing him much happiness and long life in married state.

Mr. J. J. Ritchie of Annapolis was in town on legal business last week. Mr. Eiderkin and bride of Port Grenville, were here on Friday, en route to Bermuda on their wedding trip.

Mr. John Rusk, who was stricken with paralysis last Tuesday, died yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mr. Wm. Hudson.

Mr. John Rusk of St. John spent Sunday in town, called here by the illness of his uncle, the late John Rusk.

Mr. Wm. J. Smith of Chatham is in town this week guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White. Mrs. Smith is a cousin of the late Mr. Rusk, as also is Mr. Gordon Livingston of Harcourt.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Editor of "Health." Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

Amie MacLean, Misses Thomas, Beattie McMillan, Grace Hanson, K. McCallough, Mary McDonald, May McDonald, Alice Crowe, M. Cox, May Smith, Misses Turner, Misses Blair, Miss Wetmore, Misses Nelson, Messrs. F. S. Yorston, W. A. Spencer, G. H. Williams, Cotton, G. A. Hall, F. L. Murray, W. F. McKay, A. V. Smith, W. A. Finch, Alex. McDougall, R. R. Stuart, H. McDougall, K. Vincent, H. Linton, G. Howson, F. McMillan, W. Crowe, J. Crowe, H. Snook, C. R. Coleman, H. Rev. Mr. Dykeman and family have gone to their new home in Toronto.

Mr. Eber Turnbull has been confined to the house for some days through illness. Mrs. R. L. McCormick has been visiting her sister Mrs. Wright.

Mr. J. J. Ritchie of Annapolis was in town on legal business last week. Mr. Eiderkin and bride of Port Grenville, were here on Friday, en route to Bermuda on their wedding trip.

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Skating Costume. Seasonable Garments of every description to order. ARTISTIC DRESS-MAKING AND Ladies' Tailoring. KEEFE, COSTUMER AND LADIES' TAILOR, KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

The funeral of the late Elias Raymond took place on Saturday and was largely attended. Mrs. D. F. Ishley of Philadelphia was the guest of Mrs. E. G. Evans.

Mr. James E. Buckley of the I. O. O. F. is spending a few days at home. Mr. James F. Cole of St. John was here on Monday coming from the north.

Mr. Patrick McCann of St. John was here yesterday en route to Richibucto. Judge Emerson of Sackville was in Harcourt on Monday.

It is Something Beautiful. The work we are turning out we defy anyone to beat it, no cracks or tears in your linen; we guarantee. Neck bands replaced and history darned, absolutely free.

For Your Health DRINK REAL FRUIT SYRUPS. Strawberry, Raspberry, Gingerette, Lemon, Lime Fruit. BROWN & WEBB HALIFAX, N. S.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. CLEANSSES FROM ALL IMPURITIES. ARRESTS-DEBRAY-PLEASANT-TO-USE. ABSOLUTELY-HARMLESS-ALL 25c. DRUGGISTS-SELL-IT-ZODESA-CHEN.

The Hat. represented by this cut is the newest thing in a WALKING HAT now worn in New York. We have it in Black and all colors, in finest quality Felt, at One Dollar and in Black Camel's Hair at same price.

THE PARISIAN, 165 Union St. COME AND SEE OUR STOCK.

Ferguson & Page. Always keep a full line of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry. Solid Silver and Silver-Plated Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Cases, Umbrellas.

Editor of "Health." PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. THE FIRM. Reasonable Garments every description. ARTISTIC. DRESS-MAKING. Ladies' Tailoring. KEEFE, AND LADIES' TAILOR, STREET, ST JOHN. PEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. THE HAT. The Dollar. PARISIAN, 165 Union St. SEE OUR STOCK. Jewels, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silver-Plated Goods, Broomes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Umbrellas. THE GREAT TWINS AND KIDNEY PILLS. INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.

FREDERICTON.

Engagements have been announced this season almost as if they had become an epidemic and singularly enough they have mostly been among those of mature years, a few days ago the news of the engagement of a senator of this city with a young lady of Nova Scotia was interesting society. The latest, however, that I have heard of, is that of a gentleman, a widower residing on George St. to a lady residing on Sunbury St. A wedding to take place early in January, will be of much interest in society circles and a surprise to many of the friends of the lady, the groom-elect not being at present the resident of the city.

Mr. A. Coy who has been here the guest of Mrs. George F. Gregory, returned to her home in Carleton on Saturday, accompanied by Miss Ella Whitcomb. Mr. O. H. Sharp gave a very enjoyable skating party on Saturday afternoon, after a long skate on the river, the party returned to Mrs. Sharp's residence where a delicious supper was served. Mr. Crookshank has received a cable announcing the safe arrival of his daughter, Miss Emma, in London on Dec. 4th.

Mr. Wm Chestnut has returned from a most successful hunting expedition in the West Indies. Friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. E. Byron Winslow is somewhat improved in health today. Hon James and Mrs. Mitchell of St. Stephen are here and will remain until after the funeral of the Governor.

Mr. Robert Blackmer is ill of typhoid fever at his home on Smith street. ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Messrs Ralph Trainor, and G. S. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Trainor's.

Dec. 9.—A very pleasant social event was the drive which was given by Mrs. James G. Stephens on Friday evening to a number of her lady friends. The same began at half past eight o'clock and continued until eleven. The prizes were won by W. F. Toad, and Mrs. Helen Grimmer, and Mrs. James Mitchell and Miss Hanson were presented with the "booby" prizes. Supper was then served and afterward some singing and instrumental music and the arrival of several gentlemen to escort their wives home, ended a most delightful evening.

her musical ability and talent has made her a general favorite. Mr. Scott Bradsh of Eastport, has been spending a few days in Calais. A telegram was received here yesterday by Mrs. William Grimmer containing the news of the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. James Bohun in Lawrence Mass. Mr. Bohun was an elderly gentleman, and has been ill for some time. Mrs. Grimmer intends to leave this afternoon for Lawrence. Mrs. Walter W. Innes' friends will be sorry to hear she has been quite ill during the past week suffering from a attack of fever.

Another wedding which will interest Moncton people, takes place this evening at Springfield, Mass, the principals being Miss Mabel Norfolk daughter of Mrs. Daniel Watson of Montreal, a commercial traveller, very well known in Moncton. Miss Norfolk's numerous Moncton friends will join with her much happiness.

Mr. W. C. Ross of Halifax spent Sunday and Monday in town, visiting friends. Mr. Ross was a resident of Moncton for some years, and is always sure of a cordial welcome here. Rev. J. Roy Campbell of the Methodist church in Halifax, preached an eloquent sermon at the evening services in St. George's church last evening. Mr. Campbell was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hamilton at the Hotel.

Mr. James L. Thompson, Jr. has returned to Danforth, Maine, after a short holiday. Miss Mary Short who was Mrs. Ritchie's guest during the time of the fire at Judge Ritchie's residence, returned from St. John on Friday. Mr. Sedes Webber returned from St. John on Thursday.

Mr. James Mitchell and Miss Mitchell returned from Portland on Monday last. Friends of Mr. and Mrs. James Murray will be sorry to hear their little daughter Marion still continues very ill, a victim to rheumatism. Miss Anne Cotter has returned from a short visit in St. John. Mr. Percy Gillmore arrived home from Halifax on Saturday. Mrs. R. L. Sloggett arrived from Montreal on Tuesday much to the delight of her numerous friends. During her stay she will be the guest of her mother Mrs. Bolton.

Mr. J. G. Gearing has returned from a business trip to Boston and other cities. The cutting rink has been flooded with water and the curlers are looking forward to enjoying their favorite game at an early date. Mr. E. B. Snow is in Halifax this week on a business trip, but returns to St. Stephen to spend the Christmas holidays. Fine skating on what is called "The Bog," in the vicinity of Milltown has attracted a number of young people this week to enjoy the delightful exercise.

Mr. Henry McFarlane of Halifax has been registered at the Windsor on this week. Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Pike will leave on Saturday for Baltimore Maryland where they will spend the winter with Mrs. Pike's parents Captain and Mrs. Gilkey. Rev. Dean Partridge is expected in St. Andrews today, and will lecture to the congregation of All Saints church on "Missions Work."

Mr. T. E. Blair has been the guest of Mr. A. Vaughan in Brook's New York, during the past week. The sudden death of Mrs. George Hannah on Monday morning at her home on the Lodge Road, was one of the sad events of the week. Mrs. Hannah had only been ill for a few days, and what was particularly sad, her husband was absent in Edmonston at the time, and was summoned by telegram arriving home on Tuesday. She leaves two sons, Messrs George Hannah and Walter Hannah, and two daughters Mrs. William Dinmore, and Mrs. Robert Dow. She was a member of the Methodist church, and was most highly esteemed by her friends. The funeral services will take place today conducted by Rev. Dr. Sprague of the Methodist church.

Mr. Patrick Collins and her sons Messrs Frank and Joseph Collins left on Monday for Philadelphia where they will reside. Mr. Patrick Collins will enter as a student at a dental college. Mr. E. M. Stacy of Waterville was here during the week on a brief visit. Miss Ellen Noble expects to leave for Paris, France, directly after the Christmas holidays, for the purpose of studying music and voice culture with a celebrated teacher in that city. Miss Nelson will probably remain in Paris for several months. She will be greatly missed among her friends, for

her musical ability and talent has made her a general favorite. Mr. Scott Bradsh of Eastport, has been spending a few days in Calais. A telegram was received here yesterday by Mrs. William Grimmer containing the news of the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. James Bohun in Lawrence Mass. Mr. Bohun was an elderly gentleman, and has been ill for some time. Mrs. Grimmer intends to leave this afternoon for Lawrence. Mrs. Walter W. Innes' friends will be sorry to hear she has been quite ill during the past week suffering from a attack of fever.

Mr. W. O. Sailer of Sussex, who was in the village for the past week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dunca McLaughlin, has returned home. Mr. David Herrett of Petticoat, is at present the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Fred Davidson, at "Waterloo Villa." Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Stockton and children spent Sunday with relatives at Newton. Mr. Howard McCully is visiting in St. John this week. Mr. A. Davidson spent Sunday in Havlock, the guest of Clifford Price, Miraguro. SALISBURY.

Dec. 8.—Mrs. Gillis of St. John is visiting her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Gillis. Mrs. H. L. Bunker spent Friday in Moncton. Mr. D. Baird visited Sackville last week. Miss Lew McMurphy spent Saturday in Moncton. Reverend Horace Estabrook of Petticoat visited his son Mr. G. N. Palmer on Saturday. Mr. Jack Garrow spent Sunday with friends. Mr. and Mrs. Morley Ely went to Albert County Monday morning. Mr. James Ward of Hillsboro visited friends here this week. Mrs. E. Moore was in Moncton on Saturday. Mr. A. E. Holstead of Moncton is visiting Mrs. L. A. Wright. Mr. P. Gray returned home last week. JIMMIN.

Women are more cunning than men in concealing gray hair and baldness, and are wiser in selecting antidotes. Hall's Hair Renewer is a favorite with them. An exchange prints an amusing story of an Irish laborer whom his employer set to hold the plow. Pat was new at the business, and the first attempt was anything but successful. "Look here," said the farmer, "that kind of thing won't do. The corn will be dizzy that grows in a furrow sown as that. Fix your eye on something across the field, and hold straight for it. That cow behind the gate is right opposite us. Aim at her, and you'll do pretty well." "All right sir," said Pat, and just then the farmer was called away to the barn. Ten minutes later he returned, and was horrified to see that the plow had been wandering in a zigzag course all over the field. "Hold on there!" he shouted. "Hold on! I told you to aim at the cow!" "And sure, sir," said Pat, "I did what you told me. I worked straight for the cow, but the creature wouldn't kape still."

THE GREAT DEMAND for a pleasant, safe and reliable medicine for the relief of the throat and lungs is fully met in Bickel's and Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and effectively in all cases of colds, coughs, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is put at a price that will not excite the poor from its use. "I tell of my tandem yesterday," "Hurt you?" "No, fortunately, my wife was under me!" "Many happy returns of the day, grandpa; and mamma says if you give us each half-a-dollar we mustn't lose it!"—Boston Courier. "Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbia, Ohio, writes: 'I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and had Farmer's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gentle and Cooling, and rolled in the Flax of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste. It is true that Pidge is financially embarrassed?' He is a fully in debt, but it doesn't seem to embarrass him any!"—Chicago Record. A New York religious journal intimates that some persons contribute to missions according to their means rather than according to their means.

THE undersigned having been appointed agents for the sale of Cheque Bank Cheques, are prepared to sell them in any sum, from one shilling up to £1000. If your children moan and are restless during sleep, complain when awake with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Gray's Worm Expeller is the best medicine for these pests, and once having the little sufferers. "I wonder why there is such a deep-seated prejudice against secret marriages? Why, society always feels that it has been cheated out of an exhibition."—Chicago Post. Uncle Grant—"When you are as old as I am, you may say you will have more foresight than you've got now." Nephew Smart—"Y—just when I am too old to have anything to look for or to do." The Brightest Flowers must die, as young lives endangered by severe colds, and colds may be preserved by Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Ointment, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short, all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this soothing preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sore throats, piles, kidney difficulties, and is most economic. First Village Guest—"Do you believe that awful story that they are talking about Miss Finn's Second Village Guest?—Yes, What is it?"—"N. Y. Weekly."

SPECIAL VALUES IN Electric Seal Capes. Estimates given on Special Garments in Fashionable Furs. Fur Garments remodelled at mode cost. DUNLAP, COOKE & Co TAILORS AND FURRIERS, AMHERST, N. S.

TRADE MARK DR. JAEGER'S Sanitary Woolen Underwear. The only Hygienic System of Clothing for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children. CAN NOW BE OBTAINED IN CANADA. Send for Illustrated Price List. We pay express charges on prepaid orders of \$10. DEPOT, 63 KING STREET W., TORONTO.

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

Cafe Royal, DOMVILLE BUILDING, Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets. Meals Served at all Hours DINNER A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM CLARK, Proprietor.

IMPERIAL TRUSTS Co. OF CANADA. NEW BRUNSWICK OFFICE, 47 Canterbury Street, St. John. F. S. SHARPE, Manager. Transacts all business usual to Trust Companies, including that of the executors or trustees, or as agents of same, management of estates, collection of rents and interest, negotiation of mortgage loans financial agency, etc.

Cheque Bank Cheques. THE undersigned having been appointed agents for the sale of Cheque Bank Cheques, are prepared to sell them in any sum, from one shilling up to £1000. If your children moan and are restless during sleep, complain when awake with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Gray's Worm Expeller is the best medicine for these pests, and once having the little sufferers. "I wonder why there is such a deep-seated prejudice against secret marriages? Why, society always feels that it has been cheated out of an exhibition."—Chicago Post. Uncle Grant—"When you are as old as I am, you may say you will have more foresight than you've got now." Nephew Smart—"Y—just when I am too old to have anything to look for or to do." The Brightest Flowers must die, as young lives endangered by severe colds, and colds may be preserved by Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Ointment, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short, all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this soothing preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sore throats, piles, kidney difficulties, and is most economic. First Village Guest—"Do you believe that awful story that they are talking about Miss Finn's Second Village Guest?—Yes, What is it?"—"N. Y. Weekly."

Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Collections Made, Remittances Prompt, Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 " Lamb's Tongues. At 10 and 25 King Square. J. D. TURNER. WINES. Arriving ex "Escalona" "The Nicest" For sale by THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

BLAIR & Co., Bankers. Crockett's Catarrh Cure. A positive cure for Catarrh, Cold in the head, etc. PRICE 25 CENTS. Prepared by THOS. A. CROCKETT, 65 Princess Street, cor. Sydney. NIGHT CALLS—Ring bell at 98 Sydney Street, next door below St. David's Church, T. A. C.

Painting! That well-known Painter and Decorator, Cornelius Gallagher is prepared to take orders for Painting and Decorating. Work guaranteed to be satisfactory and prices reasonable. CORNELIUS GALLAGHER, 99 St. Patrick St.

A HAPPY ENDING.

Christmas Eve.—It was a very trying day in the great departmental store and as a consequence the employees were not in a happy frame of mind. In the first place it was uncomfortably warm for December; secondly, the store was thronged with people; thirdly, the grand orchestra, hired for the occasion, were 'murdering' their limited repertoire. Nevertheless, one of a dozen girls in charge of the counter at which the holly and mistletoe were sold, seemed quite contented. Several times she glanced at the big clock on the wall behind her. At last one of her companions remarked in an injured tone 'I'm sure I don't see how you can keep so calm, Lena, when the rest of us are just flurried.'

few moments the sweet joy of three years' of trusting love. At one o'clock they parted and Lena went back to the store. During the afternoon she went about her work with so great a pain at her heart that she wished she might die. The motto, 'A Merry Christmas,' framed in holly and mistletoe, hanging close by the big clock, seemed to look down upon her in bitter mockery. She could never be bitter again. Six o'clock—closing time—came at last. On her journey home she recalled her first meeting with Phil, just after she had come to the great city with her mother and father. It was such a wondrous change from the little country town wherein she was born and had lived until her twentieth year. Her home was a quiet one, and not very bright, for it had felt the pinch of poverty. Then Phil had come into her life and somehow city skies shone brighter and life's roadway seemed smoother. The years had gone by swiftly, happily. A certain day, not long since past, stood out with a clear joyous glow; the day when Phil told his love and had slipped on her finger the 'dearest' engagement ring. Sometimes she had wondered why Phil, who had come to the city shortly after herself, spoke seldom of the years intervening between his early manhood and the time he met her. She had not doubted him for that, but now she understood. In a vague way she tried to assure herself that Mrs. Darlington had more than once proved a staunch friend, and her story, together with a shadowy mingling which had troubled her at times despite Phil's strong love, convinced her and hardened her heart. When Phil called that night she did not meet him at the door as was her wont. Mrs. Douglas showed the young man into the little parlor and excusing herself, left him alone. Phil waited and wondered why Lena did not appear. Presently she came, her dark hair disarranged, her features contracted by mental suffering. In her arms she bore a number of books, some photos, and dainty bric-a-brac. Phil, who had risen on her entrance, recognized them as presents he had given her. She placed them on a little table by the window. 'Dear heart,' he said, 'what is the matter?' She laughed hysterically. Phil was pained and mystified. 'What does this mean?' he asked. 'Take them away,' she answered wearily, 'I never want to see them again.' She sat down in a chair by the table. 'What does it mean?' he demanded again, hoarsely. She did not answer. He stepped looking at her. When she became conscious of his gaze she averted her head. 'Go away. You are hurting me.' Her tone was one of entreaty. 'You have no right to treat me in this fashion,' he said hotly, 'and, stubbornly, I will not go before you offer some explanation.'

Liver Ills Hood's Pills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 'Lena,' gently. 'Don't interrupt,' she broke in. 'A good woman saved him. You were a gambler then?' His face paled as he answered slowly. 'Yes.' 'A professional gambler, I believe,' she went on, 'a drunkard, too.' 'Not that,' he cried, 'I swear—' 'Ah! you only drank occasionally. Your calling demanded a clear head and a steady hand.' 'Since I have known you—' he began. Again she cut him short.—'But you generally called the men you played with intoxicated.' 'That will do,' he murmured, 'I will go.' 'Not yet!' she commanded, with strange inconsistency. 'You shall hear me to the end.' He faced her again. 'The police know of you.' 'Never.' 'Figured in the police court,' she added quickly, 'I know that. You took good care to av it such notoriety.' He was grimly determined now. 'Go on,' he said. 'You were a blasphemer.' 'God forgive me,' he answered reverently. Her courage failed her. She sat down again and covered her face with her hands. 'You do not deny it,' she sobbed, 'and I would have believed you against the world. Oh! Phil, I believe I can trust you again.' He let her cry for a while, then when she seemed calmer he asked, 'Do you remember the night we first met?' 'Yes,' she answered, almost inaudibly. His voice was steady and dispassionate as he continued, 'I had promised to go to a card—a gambling party, you would call it—that night. In your presence I forgot my promise.'

'No, dear,' she answered slyly. His face flushed, his eyes glowed. He bent over her and kissed her hair. 'No, he continued more hopefully. 'No, And now I will go. The firm have offered me a responsible position in their New York branch. I leave town next week. I had thought—that 'but,' weakly, 'that is past. Perhaps some day you will forgive me and trust me again. But, whatever happens—there was a ring of triumph in his voice—the old life cannot call me back. I can thank you for that. I shall live as I have lived for the three happiest years of my life. Let us say good-b—'

SURPRISE SOAP NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP until they try. It's the easiest quickest best Soap to use. See for yourself.

GENERAL GRANT'S YOUTH. Some of the Youthful Character Traits of the Famous General. Hamlin Garland, in McClure's, tells of certain traits shown by Gen. Grant, in his youth, which presaged the distinction he was to win in the service of his country, in his greatest crisis. Some of the good people of Georgetown, Ripley, and Batavia, however, go far in their attempt to show how very ordinary Ulysses Grant was. A boy of thirteen who could drive a team six hundred miles across country and arrive safely; who could load a wagon with heavy logs by his own mechanical ingenuity; who insisted on solving all mathematical problems himself; who never whispered or lied or swore or quarrelled; who could train a horse to pace or trot at will; who stood squarely upon his own knowledge of things without resorting to trick or mere verbal memory—such a boy, at this distance, does not appear 'ordinary,' stupid, dull, or commonplace. That he was not shrewd or easily valued was true. His unusualness was in the balance of his native judgment, and at his knowledge of things at first hand. Even at sixteen years of age he had a superstition that to retreat was fatal. When he set hand to any plan or started upon any journey, he felt the necessity of going to the turn of the lane or to the end of the furrow. He was resolute and unflinching always; a boy to be trusted and counted upon—sturdy, capable of hard knocks. What he was in speech he was in grain. If he said, 'I can do that,' he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but also that he had thought his way to the successful end of the undertaking. He was, in fact, an unusually determined and resourceful boy. There was something mysterious in his power to communicate to a horse his wish. He could train a horse to trot, rack, or pace, apparently at will. When he was about eleven years of age he made a reputation among the boys by riding the trick pony of a circus which came in trailing clouds of glorified dust one summer day, like a scene from the 'Arabian Nights.'

K D C MEN OF THE DAY K D C

Who have used and recommended the renowned K. D. C. Prominent men who would not lend their names and support to a thing of this kind unless actual experience had convinced them of its efficacy.

- Rev. Dr. Adams, Auburndale, Mass.
Rev. Dr. McLeod, Thornburn, N. S.
Rev. Dr. Wilson, St. John, N. B.
Rev. Dr. McDonald, St. Agnes DeDandee, Que.
Rev. T. C. Mellor, Rural Dean, Guyaboro, N. S.
Rev. A. Murdoch, M. A., L. L. D., Watford, Ont.
Rev. P. C. Hadley, Boston, Mass.
Rev. Joseph Hogg, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Rev. D. M. Connell, Glasgow, Scotland.
Rev. Father Shaw, P. P., Lakeville, N. S.
Rev. Geo. I. Low, Almonte, Ont.
Rev. E. C. Baker, Bloomfield, Q. C., N. S.
Rev. J. Fotheringham, Glentel, Ont.
Rev. W. H. Madill, Alton, Ont.
Rev. Thos. E. Archer, Burgoyne Bay, B. C.
Rev. Benjamin Hill, Pigeon, N. S.
Rev. Henry Burgess, River Philip, N. E. I.
Rev. David Price, Tyrone, P. E. I.
Rev. H. McMillan, Elmsdale, N. S.
Rev. J. Leishman, Angus, Ont.
Rev. W. A. Newcombe, Thomaston, Maine.
Rev. T. Watson, Coborne, N. S.
Rev. Joseph White, Maleta, Man.
Rev. Isaac Baird, Templeton, California.
Rev. Geo. H. Long, Boissevain, Man.
Rev. W. E. Hassard, Bruce Mines, Ont.
Rev. J. Clark, Baso River, N. S.
Rev. Wilson McCann, Rector, Omeeme, Ont.
Rev. Wilson McCann, Rector, Omeeme, Ont.
Rev. L. E. Roy, St. Joviet, P. Q.
Rev. H. N. Parry, Chester, N. S.
Rev. J. McLeod, Vancouver, B. C.
Rev. M. E. Siple, Whitevale, Ont.
Rev. Alfred Barham, Chapeau Ont.

THE CANADIAN HOME OF K. D. C. It is nearly six years since K. D. C. first made its bow to the people of Canada, and though only sparingly advertised, its great merits have become known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as the remedy for indigestion. Not only has K. D. C.'s fame spread over Canada, but it is known and in use in almost every state of the union, the West Indies, Great Britain, New Zealand, and has also found its way into many other parts of the world. K. D. C. is sold at 35c. and \$1.00 per bottle. We MAIL FREE to any address samples of K. D. C. and Pills. K. D. C. Co., Ltd, New Glasgow, N. S. UNITED STATES OFFICE, 127 State Street, BOSTON.

- Rev. J. Franklin Parsons, Cathart, Ont.
Rev. Thos. Cumming, Truro, N. S.
Rev. Charles Quinney, Phillipsburg, Ont.
Rev. Charles Cocking, Goodwood, Ont.
Rev. T. Dunlop, Alliston, Ontario.
Rev. Job Roadhouse, Neustadt, Ont.
Rev. Arthur Golding, Stony Mountain, Man.
Rev. T. W. Leggett, Brooklin, Ont.
Rev. D. W. Pickett, Round Hill, N. B.
Rev. A. O. Watts, Inverness, P. Q.
Rev. A. B. Johnson, Westmeath, Ont.
Rev. D. L. Joslyn, Seal's Bay, Ont.
Rev. J. W. Gardner, Crystal City, Man.
Rev. W. J. Croft, Guyaboro, N. S.
Rev. J. F. Trollope, New Glasgow, N. S.
Rev. Isaac Baker, Laurel, Ont.
Rev. J. K. Moran, Meadford, Ont.
Rev. W. E. Wallace, Arden, Ont.
Rev. N. B. Dunn, Little Current, Ont.
Rev. T. B. Layton, Osborne N. K.
Rev. M. P. Freeman, Truro, N. S.
Rev. W. Mason, Billtown, N. S.
Rev. E. Strachan, Georgetown, P. E. I.
Rev. E. W. Roughley, Ravensna, Ont.
Rev. T. Campeau, P. P., Wood, Ont.
Rev. N. E. Mashul, P. P., St. Alphonse, N. W. T.
Rev. J. H. Morehouse, Farham, Ont.
Rev. E. Y. Bourque, P. P., Ingersoll, Ont.
Rev. J. Ball, St. Alexandre, Ont.
Rev. Alfred Barham, Fullerton, Ont.
Rev. E. P. Lewis, Champlain, Ont.
Rev. W. H. Ness, Bertriville, P. Q.
And a host of other prominent persons prove the unequalled merits of K. D. C.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR ALL STOMACH TROUBLES. The K, D. C. Pills are splendid for the Liver and Bowels. Try them.....

Sunday Reading.

TOTHER AND WHICH.

Tother and Which were two little kittens, but which was Tother and which was Which no one knew but Mollie Johnson.

Tother and Which and Mollie were a good deal alike besides being black. They were all three round and fat and jolly, and full of play.

Everybody used to laugh at the virtues Mollie discovered in Tother above those belonging to Which. Tother's eyes were prettier, she lapped her saucer of milk more neatly, and she had a gentler purr.

One day Mollie woke up from one of her cozy naps to hear voices from the window near her, and as she stroked Tother she heard above the lazy, contented purr of the kitten the voice of Dr. Ryder, a returned missionary who was staying at the home of her mistress, and even little Mollie's heart was stirred as he told of the sorrows of the children in the land he came from.

Then Mollie heard a great deal about helping them by self-denial. What was self-denial, Mollie wondered? She knew she did not have any, but she wished she had, for the loving little heart wanted to help.

'Oh!' was all Mollie said when told that self-denial meant giving up for the sake of some one else what you wanted yourself.

Molly had understood that the next day, at church, Dr. Ryder would preach, and a collection would be taken up for his missionary work in Africa.

There was a smile passing over the big church when, after the sermon had commenced, a funny little figure wearing a red hood and wrapped up in Mamma's big shawl, one end of which trailed behind, walked the entire length of the church, and sat down alone in a pew at the very front.

Every one smiled—who could help it? The kitten stretched up its head, gave one little mew, and then curled down in the basket. In the midst of the smiles, Dr. Ryder rose, and, though he smiled too, there were tears in his eyes.

Now a most unheard of thing happened. He stepped to the edge of the platform and said, 'Which kitten is it, Mollie?' and when Mollie answered, 'Tother,' such a speech he made about what self-denial might mean, and what it had meant to one little girl! Mollie did not understand what he

was talking about, but she saw the baskets taken up and carried around again. After church more than one hand was laid on her head, and Master Tom said she had preached the best missionary sermon he had ever heard.

But Mollie did not know what he meant. —'Sunday School Times.'

NEITHER WAS THE SON.

A Father was not interested in Good Work and he was punished.

Some years ago I approached a man of means, asking him to help the Young Men's Christian Association in the town where I lived. It was a modest effort—to be one of a hundred men to give ten dollars a year.

The natural poetry of which every man is possessed, and which finds its clearest expression in his religious faith, can be suppressed for a time—but never destroyed. The endeavors of an Ingersoll may bring forth consternation and apprehension in the minds of such who understand not the innate emotional life of man.

IT IS WHAT WE DO.

Not What We Say That Will Help to Shape the Lives of Others.

It is not what we say as much as what we do, that will bring others to Christ. 'We must preach as we walk.' Many of the best sermons are sermons without words.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost, that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done, that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Believe Also in Me.

There is no journey of life but has its cloudy days; and there are some days in which our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way, or even read God's promises.

Follow Him. Follow after Him, though it may be at an immeasurable distance. Follow Him in His long endurance and His great humility. Follow Him with a bold and cheerful spirit in the happy and glorious victory which He had won over sin and death; and in the end thou shalt find in Him the true communion and fellowship which He only can give.—Dean Stanley.

The Art of Silence.

We must check the angry word before it rises to our lips. St. Alphonsus Liguori says that the infallible rule for preventing angry speech is to keep absolutely silent until our anger has quite subsided.

time and thought to the correction of the tongue. Here is another old maxim: If wisdom's ways you'd truly seek, Five things observe with care...

But there are many who will tell us how and when and where to speak; what we learn for ourselves is the art of silence—the most inoffensive of all arts.

The Life of the Soul.

No man can measure the life of the soul in the coming eternity, nor set a limit to its growth and expansion. No man can prophesy of the celestial glories which will dawn upon it from age to age along the track of that great future.

Duty in Faith.

The natural poetry of which every man is possessed, and which finds its clearest expression in his religious faith, can be suppressed for a time—but never destroyed. The endeavors of an Ingersoll may bring forth consternation and apprehension in the minds of such who understand not the innate emotional life of man.

Walking With God.

'Walking with God' means to be in accord with His purposes, to be directed by His holy will. In a certain sense these words are to be taken literally, for they convey and are impressed in no other way.

Never Lost.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost, that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done, that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Repentance.

The act of repentance is the undoing of a man's regret. Repentance comes after seeing the truth. You cannot feel rightly unless you see rightly. It is astonishing how much power is in the assertion of the gospel, the sinner's conversion comes from what the mind sees.

Destroying Hope.

Hope is an element of man's spiritual life. It is a function of health. It has to do with the health of the body. But, as man grows on the side of his manhood, hope has its deeper roots in the moral life.

Follow Him.

Follow after Him, though it may be at an immeasurable distance. Follow Him in His long endurance and His great humility. Follow Him with a bold and cheerful spirit in the happy and glorious victory which He had won over sin and death; and in the end thou shalt find in Him the true communion and fellowship which He only can give.—Dean Stanley.

THE STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHOR.

His First Accepted Article a Disappointment to Him in Print.

'I told you a few days ago, you may remember,' said the struggling young author, 'about how I had sold an article, my first, and I was waiting for the pleasure of seeing it in print.'

'It was a good little article, if I do say it. It contained an idea, and I had wrought it with care; and I had constructed for it a head that was in keeping with it.'

'Apart from the fact that the article was mine, its acceptance was a source of gratification to me for quite another reason. I had sent to the same publisher a dozen articles before, which had been uniformly returned. The acceptance of this article, which was, I thought, the best thing I had sent, showed not only that the manuscripts submitted were read, but also that here they were read with care and discrimination by men who knew a good thing when they saw it.'

'The article itself was as I wrote it, and of course I was pleased with that; but my heading was gone and another was put in its place. The new head was brief and vigorous. I concede that willingly, but I don't think it was so good a head as mine; and the name, my pet signature, to which I had given so much thought, was gone entirely. I didn't know first but what it might be on the back or around somewhere, and I looked over on the next page for it, but it wasn't there, it wasn't anywhere: it was just clean gone.'

'Well, do you know it hadn't even occurred to me that the article might not be printed just as I wrote it; and when I first saw it, just for the moment it kind of hurt me. Here was the first good thing I had so hoped would be the first good thing in my literary crown. Simply used as a shingle on another man's house. But I know my shingle, if the public don't; and there's some satisfaction in that.'

A CRIPPLE FROM RHEUMATISM.

Cured by a few Doses of South American Rheumatic Cure—Miscellaneous Fact.

Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of a well-known manufacturer of Highgate, Ont., says: 'For many years I was sorely afflicted with rheumatic pains in my ankles and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctored for years without much benefit. Through I had lost confidence in medicine I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight, the first dose gave me more relief than I had had in years, and two bottles have completely cured me.'

LONGS TO BE A SLAVE.

A Southern Negro Who Wants to go into Bondage Again.

Some of the letters that Mayor Thacher gets are curiosities in their way. People from out of town who wish to find out anything in the city of Albany invariably write letters to the mayor. It doesn't make any difference what the information desired relates to, the mayor, they think, ought to know.

TAKEN WITH SPASMS.

A Collingwood Resident Tells How South American Nervine Cured His Daughter of Distressing Nervous Disease.

The father of Jessie Marchant of Collingwood tells this story of his eleven-year-old daughter: 'I doctored with the most skilled physicians in Collingwood without any relief coming to my daughter, spending nearly five hundred dollars in this way. A friend influenced me to try South American Nervine, though I took it with little hope of it being any good. When she began its use she was hardly able to move about, and suffered terribly from nervous spasms, but after taking a few bottles she can now run around as other children.' For stomach troubles and nervousness there is nothing so good as South American Nervine.

A Kneety Problem.

Fond Wife—'What are you worrying about this evening?'

Husband (a young lawyer)—'An important case I have on hand. My client is charged with murder and I can't make up my mind whether to try to prove that the deceased was killed by some other man, or is still alive.'

WHY THEY DO NOT PASS.

Kidney Disease Prevents Hundreds of Apparently Healthy Men From Passing a Medical Examination for Life Insurance.

If you have inquired into the matter you will be surprised at the number of your friends who find themselves rejected as applicants for life insurance, because of kidney trouble. They think themselves healthy until they undergo the medical test, and they fail in this one point. South American kidney Cure will remove not alone the early symptoms, but all forms of kidney disease by dissolving the uric acid and hardening substances that find place in the system. J. D. Locke of Sherbrooke, Que., suffered for three years from a complicated case of kidney disease and spent over \$100 for treatment. He got no relief until he used South American kidney Cure, and he says over his own signature that four bottles cured him.

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

AURORA ON THE YUKON.

The Unwarming Light Flashes on Frozen Rivers and Great Snow Banks.

During the winter months the aurora on the Yukon is very brilliant, and intensely beautiful. It commences early in the fall, and lasts, with more or less brilliancy, throughout the long Arctic winter.

The whole phenomena of waving wreaths, flickering flames, rays, curtains, fringes, bands, and flashing colors, the strange confusion of light and motion, now high in the heavens, then dropping like curtains of gold and silver lace, sparkling with wealth and rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, penetrating dark gulches and darting through sombre green forests, lighting the whole landscape as with a thousand electric lamps, form a picture of which words can convey but a very poor idea.

This unwarming light, as it flashes along the frozen rivers, the great banks of snow, and reveals the huge mountains of glistering ice and black lines of fir, indeed is of the purest Arctic cast, and causes one to button his coat closer over his chest, and with a shiver he is glad to seek a light of less brilliancy, but one of life giving warmth.

At the breaking up of winter the hours of sunshine are rapidly increasing, and continue so until midsummer, when the sun beams forth twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, while on the high mountain peaks it is for a period of several days in June not entirely out of sight during the twenty-four hours. During the months of July and August the weather becomes very warm, and even hot, and miners are glad to seek a shady retreat in which to do their labor.

Royalty Out Hunting.

The Prince of Wales is a great hunter of partridges, the hand raised birds that have to be clubbed up and stoned to make them fly from men.

The Prince of Wales is a great hunter of partridges, the hand raised birds that have to be clubbed up and stoned to make them fly from men. The way the Prince hangs over the soft birds is a caution. He has several guns and a couple of men in a blind with him to load the weapons. Shooting in this fashion the Prince kills several hundred birds before noon. Recently he and a party of friends succeeded in bagging in a single morning 2,000 of the partridges, and in the afternoon they got a thousand more.

Like the Prince, the German Emperor does nothing in a half way.

Like the Prince, the German Emperor does nothing in a half way. William II. has better opportunities than the Prince of Wales. Instead of shooting a thousand or so of little birds the Emperor goes on a grand hunt after big game, and shoots birds between the rushes of the deer and like beasts. The Emperor has the game laid out in lines between which he may walk and inspect the carcasses, and the lines are numerous. Three hundred or so of roe deer, dozens of wild boars and stags, and hundreds of birds make a respectable bag.

Horse Dealer—I warrant this horse sound and kind.

Horse Dealer—I warrant this horse sound and kind. Possible Buyer—How about speed? Speed? Well, I'll tell you. Old man Crimes died the other day—died rich, you know—and it was understood that his will was to be read at the house after the funeral was over. Well, sir, I was out on the road with this horse that day, and bang me if I didn't beat the Crimes family back from the cemetery. N. Y. Weekly.

ONE KNOWS easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP, til they try. is the easiest quick-est best Soap to use. See for yourself.

Ulysses, however, was a plump boy ant a good runner. He made no attempt at the kangaroo, but was deeply interested in the trick pony, which had been trained to throw off any boy who attempted to ride him. He was a very fat boy pony with no mane, and nothing at all to hang about the other boys try and fail, and at last said, 'I believe I can ride that pony.'

Ulysses looked on for awhile, saw several of the other boys try and fail, and at last said, 'I believe I can ride that pony.'

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Less actual experience had

- Cathart, Ont.
Truro, N. S.
Phillipsburg, Ont.
Goodwood, Ont.
Alliston, Ontario.
Neustadt, Ont.
Seely's Bay, Ont.
Stony Mountain, Man.
Brooklin, Ont.
Round Hill, N. B.
Inverness, P. Q.
Wemesh, Ont.
Crystal City, Man.
Gayaboro, N. B.
New Glasgow, N. S.
Laurel, Ont.
Meadford, Ont.
Ardon, Ont.
Little Current, Ont.
Osborne N. K.
Truro, N. S.
Billtown, N. S.
Georgetown, P. E. I.
Ravenna, Ont.
Wood, Ont.
St. Albans, N. W. T.
Farnham, Ont.
Ingersoll, Ont.
St. Alexander, Ont.
Fullerton, Ont.
Champlain, Ont.
Berenville, P. Q.
Fortaupique, N. B.

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NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERPAX TELLS OF AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SCOTT.

A Letter That has Recently Come to Light in Which he Denies the Authorship of the Waverly Novels—The Usual Way in Which the Letter was Etitled.

The 'Independent' for Nov. 19 brings to the public attention the least desirable of all memorabilia concerning Sir Walter Scott, since the tendency must be to diminish the esteem with which his multitude of admirers wish to regard him. Gen. James Grant Wilson produces what he terms a 'remarkable letter,' addressed to 'Samuel Warren Esq., 4 City Road, London,' and now in the possession of his son, the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, D. D., Rector of St James Church, N. Y. This document, written seventy-three years ago,—while the authorship of the 'Waverly' novels was yet undisclosed is an answer to an adroit attempt, as it would appear, on Mr. Warren's part, to possess himself of a secret so widely coveted. Scott was generally suspected; and the man who could make the 'Magician' betray himself might triumphantly announce what would cause all care to tingle. Warren certainly did an ingenious thing, which put Scott to his trumps, and we fancy must have roused in him some secret indignation. Warren was 'then a young medical student,' who 'was preparing, during his leisure hours, a work which a few years later appeared as a serial in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Before its publication in the 'Edinburgh periodical' he wrote a letter from London, dated July 26th, 1823, to Walter Scott, asking as the author of 'Ivanhoe,' 'Kenilworth,' 'Rob Roy,' and other of the 'Waverly' novels, if he would kindly advise him as to the best method of publishing the imaginary work ('Diary of a Physician') on which he (Warren) was at that time engaged. Scott's reply is certainly explicit and well calculated to turn aside the anxious enquirer. It is dated at Abbotsford, 3rd August, and is in the following terms:

Sir: I am favored with your letter of 26th which some business prevented my sooner replying to. I am not the author of those novels which the world chooses to ascribe to me, and am therefore unworthy of the praises due to that individual, who ever he may prove to be. It is needless, therefore, to add that I cannot be useful to you in the way you propose: indeed, if you will take my advice, you will seek no other person's judgment or countenance in the project of publishing which you entertain, than of an intelligent bookseller who is in a good line in the trade. Although no great readers, supplanting to particular taste, those gentlemen whose profession is to cater for the public acquire much more accurate knowledge of what will give satisfaction to the general reader than can be obtained by a man of letters in his closet. They have also ready access to good judges, and their own interest presuntively commands them to give as much encouragement as possible to genius, or any thing approaching it. Excuse these hints from one who has had some experience, and believe me, Sir, Your most obedient servant,

WALTER SCOTT. The generous reader, who rejoiceth in the truth, and to whom not only Scott the author, but Scott the man, has been an object of admiration, will regret not only the writing of this letter, but also the occasion by which it was elicited: but more than all, the usefulness of its publication. It is only fitted to the purpose of detraction, and the only reason for its revelation is that suggested by the Laureate's bitterest strain:

Proclaim the fault he would not show; Break lo-k and seal; betray the trust: Keep nothing sacred; it's but just The many-headed beast should know. Such is the bent of the time, and no reputation is too precious to be made a sacrifice, if anything lies under the cover to be revealed. We can fancy what many will say: 'If that letter had been in my possession I would not have given it to the public.' But who knows, with certainty, but that the most steadfast would yield to the spirit that cries, 'Give! Give!' and is still unsatisfied.

Scott had probably more than fanciful reasons for keeping his secret. It is true, he did not guard it very jealously among his friends. The Ettrick Shepherd must have been persuaded beyond conjecture, before he had his copies labelled, 'Scott's Novels'; and the author's factious correction was probably accompanied with a smile of admission. One by one, such of Scott's intimates, in the Old Country and in America, as he felt he could trust, were satisfied as to his authorship,—among them Washington Irving and Fitz-Greene Halleck, who, as Gen. Wilson says, 'on his return from Europe, in January, 1823, sent the novels to the binder with directions to title them Scott's novels.' There was one other, of whom we have on a former occasion written in these columns,—Hew Ainslie (1792-1878), who wrote 'The Ingleside,' 'On W! The Tattan,' and many other sweet Scottish songs. When a young man he was employed in the Register House, Edinburgh, where on one occasion Scott, as clerk of the Court of Session, in lieu of handing him a court document, gave him a chapter of the 'Heart of Midlothian,' which Ainslie returned, remarking: 'This is the wrong paper, Mr. Scott.' Ainslie, as he assured the writer, never betrayed the secret, nor made any allusion to the incident until the authorship was announced. To have written a novel, however successful or powerful in the estimation of certain religious people was a detraction; and probably such a literary reputation may have been little assistance in the social and official circles amid which Scott was accus-

tomed to move. But for whatever reason, he strove to guard his secret from the public, and only admitted his authorship of it then famed and universally admired novels, when compelled to do so by his financial failure.

Hon. Charles H. Collins has written much to us concerning the caves, and mounds, and other natural and archeological wonders in the neighborhood of his home in Southwestern Ohio. The far West has numerous attractions of the sort on a more gigantic scale; but the rocky gorge of Brush Creek, and the Forks of Paint show Nature in such blondest majesty and beauty as may well win the steps of the tourist. Hon. Henry W. Hope, who resides in the very centre of the Cave region,—and who is the proper expositor of its varied charms, and the historic and legendary associations therewith,—has sent us a set of photographic views of the Rocky Fork of Paint,—the most prized scenic attraction of Highland County. Today we have received the poem given herewith, which the author declares 'a real experience, not a myth!' Mr. Collins writes: 'The foregoing happened over forty years ago, in Clermont County, Ohio. Our friend, Henry W. Hope, had a similar experience a few months since in opening a mound near Paint Creek.'

The Tumulus. (A Reminiscence of Boyhood.) With ardent hopes, while life was new, We comrades tramped each weary mile, To us 'mid scenes as weird and strange, As haunted foot-prints on the Isle; We searched the depths of forests grim For mounds within whose ashes bed The warrior hands of mythic days Entombed their Jewelled kingly dead. Fair rose the dawn of autumn time, On woodlands crowned in red and gold, Where garnered spoils of centuries Were crumbled in the piling mould; Our wandering steps passed rapidly o'er The barbed wrecks of storied sligh, While naught but rustling lizards stirred, And, swiftly gliding, fled in flight. From skyward heights we heard the bark O squirrels calling to and fro, And from the distant hills the caw Of southward flying carrion crow: The unseen graces drummed from the cope, Or whirling rose in terror wild; While droning insects monotone To sleep the fairy glens beguiled.

Uncertain yet, with eager hearts, By thickets dense and overgrown We traced the long and devious trail, Guided by youthful hopes alone; Our vandal hands forced wood and wold, Our ruthless feet crushed dainty shrubs Which bloomed beside the lonely way. We dug—we trenched, for many a day, Till weak and weary, sick and sore; And found, with all our labors past, Some crumbled bones, and nothing more! Who reared the mound, and whose the bones? Our toiling quest gave no reply:— No sign, no sound, no syllable From crumbling bones, or earth, or sky. Vale—vain our toil, and dead our hopes! The dusty mass beneath the mound To us, as to the sages wise, Its story and its fate unfold. No voice called forth from ancient night These spirits to revive their clay; No power unraveled the scroll of Time Its hidden secret to betray; But all we saw and all we knew Of warrior kings, or wealth galore, Were ashes, and a dusty mass Of crumbled bones, and nothing more.

'Massey's' for December completes the second volume of a Canadian periodical that promises continuance, and compares quite favorably with Munsey's, McClures and other attempts to furnish an attractive and popular monthly at a moderate price. Beside the publication of Crockett and Anthony Hope, we find a gratifying array of Canadian authorship. Bernard McEvoy has an illustrated article on 'Laurence Alma Tadema.' 'The 2nd Ottawa Field Battery, Canadian Artillery,' by Major A. S. Woodburn, and 'George Du Maurier,' by W. T. Thorold, are also articles, with illustration; appealing to diverse classes of readers. Prof. Wm. Clarke, D. C. L., gives his third article, 'With Parkman Through Canada.' Miss Pauline Johnson's prize story, 'The Dorelicot,' appears in this number, and a Christmas story, 'The Vigil of Francis Bourne,' by Fergus Hume. One of the best of all brief things in these pages is the Quatrains by Martin Butler, entitled, 'Lie,'

A struggle, a cry, a pain; We enter this life's abode— A struggle, a cry—again We stand in the presence of God. There are poems, ornamentally printed, and decorated by the artists F. H. Bridgen and C. M. Manly, A. R. C. A., by William Wilfred Campbell, ('The Humming Bee,' Mrs. Harrison, [Serena], ('Christmas, 1896'); G. E. Theodore Roberts, ('My Hearth Friend'); Bliss Carman; ('A Lyric of Frost'). We are a little surprised to find in the department entitled 'The Literary Kingdom,' something about 'the pedantry of Wadsworth.' Who is Wadsworth? Is there in the mind of writer and typographer some confusion of the names of Wordsworth and of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, that the blunder chronicled above turns up so persistently? Then the proof-reader, who came after was not afflicted with the 'super-sensitive eye.'

Mrs. Grundy, of the Tri-mountain, we found in a state of unusual agitation during the term of our staying at Boston recently. It was all about the acceptance of 'The Sacchante' by the Board of Commissioners of the Public Library. But the protesting peoples, who have stumbled at the name of

this gleeful form of grace, will be reconciled when they have long enough surveyed it in the centre of the Court, with the fountain playing about it.

The recently-erected Art Museum at Springfield Mass, is in itself a work of art as well as of architecture. So light and cheery and so home-like it seems within and without, that the visitor who comes once will feel the attraction, and desire to come again. It is not yet crowded to confusion with articles of all kinds. Indeed, it was built mainly for a proper display might be had for the Smith collection which it is expected will be donated to the city. A richer exhibition of arms, ancient and modern, especially of eastern nations, perhaps is not to be found in this country. The paintings are few, but choice, luxuriously framed, and with the wall-space yet at disposal are so arranged as to produce the highest artistic effect. This building, the Public Library and the recently-opened Park, are possessions of which the city may well be proud.

It is the fortune of but few ministers of the Gospel to maintain for a period of fifty years so harmonious a relation with one church and community as that of Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, with the church of the Pilgrims and the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. But the doctor is in every respect an exceptional man and minister. He has walked and lived in the golden mean, enjoying the confidence and esteem of men in all estates of life. He has lived on terms of the most delightful intimacy with clergymen of all denominations in his own city, and in New York, and no scrimonious or controversial spirit has ever marred their intercourse. He is the master of a most fascinating style of oratory, and in a city that has known such pulpits as those of Beecher and Chapin, his has for many years been a principal attraction. His Semi-Centennial Sermon, entitled 'The Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God,' as it appears in the N. Y. Independent for Nov. 19th, is an excellent example of his luminous, expansive, and thoroughly evangelical style. It well repays the reader's attention, by reason equally of its manner and its matter.

A matter of Business. Mamma—Freddy, you've been a very good boy lately, I'm glad you are beginning to learn that we should do to others what we should have them do to us. Freddie (contemptuously)—Learning nothing. If you want to know what I'm doing, I'm getting popular with Santa Claus.—Harper's Bazar.

'Odoroma,' synonymous with perfect teeth, sweet breath and rosy gums. Druggists—25 cents.

What Progress Print Can Do.

Following is a list of some of the work done by PROGRESS PRINT, with a few prices quoted to give you an idea.

Remember, these prices include Stock and Printing

Commercial Printing!

We always keep in stock a large assortment of different grades of Envelopes, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Letter Heads and Statements, and can quote prices with any printer.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Envelopes, \$1.10 per M up; Bill Heads, 1.25; Statements, 1.35; Note Heads, 1.10; Letter Heads, 1.50.

Society Printing!

Now is the time for the different Societies and Social Assemblies to arrange their Winter programmes, and in doing so, if they will give PROGRESS PRINT a call for their Printing, it will keep the expenses down.

We have elegant Sample Books with the latest designs in English and American Programmes and Invitations. FOR WEDDINGS. We have the LATEST styles of type and stock for Invitations, Announcements and Cards.

Book and Pamphlet Printing can be done by PROGRESS PRINT reasonable and quick. We are especially adapted for this kind of work, having a large stock of type and printing paper to suit all. It will pay you to call on PROGRESS before placing your order.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Gummed Labels, \$1.25 per M up; Dodgers, 50c per M up; Posters, \$2.00 per hd. up; Note Circulars, 1.50 per M up; Tags, 1.25 per M up; Private Postals, 2.25 per M up.

Miscellaneous Printing!

29 TO 31 CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

AMERICAN WINES.

Little Variation in the Annual Production of the United States.

Tales of a ruined wine crop, or of a plentiful wine crop, breaking all records, are not rare from other countries, particularly those in which the wine interest is considerable; but in the United States there are no sudden and spasmodic changes, for the production of American wines continues year by year to be almost the same. By the census of 1880 the number of gallons of wine produced in the vineyards of the United States was 23,500,000. By the Federal census of 1890 it appeared that the vineyards of the United States produced in year, ten years later, 24,300,000 gallons, and in the estimate of the American Consul at Havre, made for all the countries of the world in 1891, the product in that year was 23,700,000. Last year it was 23,500,000 gallons.

It is this steadiness of production which may account, in some measure, for the lack of development of the American wine trade. The figures certainly seem small when compared with a product of 700,000,000 gallons each in France and Italy, 600,000,000 in Spain, 250,000,000 in Austria, and even 125,000,000 in Portugal, a small country, not as large as the average American State. About two-thirds of the native wine produced in the vineyards of the United States comes from California, and New York follows second with 2,500,000 gallons in a year, Ohio with 2,000,000, Missouri with 1,250,000, and Virginia with 500,000. The wine product of the other States, with the exception of Illinois, is almost insignificant. California produces most largely the red wine sold in the table d'hote restaurants as vin ordinaire of France, and Missouri and Ohio wines are for the most part cheap American substitutes for genuine German Rhine wine. There are many varieties of wines grown in New York State, but the lighter white wines predominate, and some of these are thought to be palatable, though, as the figures show, the sales of New York wines are not extensive.

American wine is not very largely exported, the total for the last few years

averaging about 900,000 gallons a year. American wines are imported into Canada, and into some European countries; but in the latter they are used more largely for blending purposes with native wines than for direct consumption, if the statements of some importers of foreign wine are to be believed, and certainly there is no general market for American wines abroad, the non-wine producing countries of Europe, England, Ireland, Scotland, Denmark, and Sweden being otherwise supplied. A considerable amount of native Russian wine is made in the southern part of that country. A formidable substitute for wine, long the universal drink in Paris, is absinthe, the consumption of which has doubled in the French capital since 1885 and now amounts to 3,600,000 gallons a year.

IN THE DROEBER HEAVENS.

An Interesting Month for Star Gazing—Venus to Mer Loveliness.

December is an interesting month for star gazing, particularly if one can reinforce the naked eye with a good opera glass or a field glass. At 10 o'clock in the early evenings of the month and 8 o'clock at its close, some of the finest constellations are above the horizon, while over us and about us is a host of smaller objects, interesting to study even with unassisted vision. Facing the north, at the hour indicated, we may see the great dipper, or, as our English friends prefer to call it the plow, barely above the horizon, directly beneath the pole star.

Above the pole, and nearly overhead is Cassiopeia, the lady in the chair, a constellation easy to recognize from the configuration of its five brighter stars, which give one the idea of the chair part of the figure. On our right, midway between the horizon and the zenith, is Capella, or the kid, a star of the first magnitude in the constellation Auriga, and on our left, nearer the horizon, is Vega, in the lyre, also a star of the first magnitude.

As we face the east, bringing Capella on our left, we have directly in front of us the Pleiades, about half the horizon, and below this cluster and slightly to the right is Aldebaran, 'the bull's eye' the principal star in the group called Taurus. Orion is now rising in the exact east, with its three

brilliant forming the "belt," almost perpendicular to the horizon.

Toward the south the lone star Fomalhaut, in the southern fish, as the only conspicuous object, while low in the west, Altair, in the eagle, and to the right of this star, and at a higher elevation, is the splendid constellation Cygnus, the swan, sometimes called the northern cross. The great square of Pegasus is nearly overhead. The moon is now on the 6th, passes to its quartering on the 12th, is full on the 20th, and at its last quartering on the 27th. There are seven conjunctions with the planets during the month, most of which present a large amount of clear space between the two heavenly bodies to be of much interest to us. On the 12th Saturn is in full conjunction with the sun and therefore for the rest of the year numbers with the morning stars the vacancy thus created among the evening stars being taken on the 28th by mercury, when on that date is in superior conjunction and move toward its far eastern swing, in which motion it is continuing as the year closes.

'Odoroma,' the perfect tooth powder, goes further and lasts longer than any other. Druggists—25 cents.

Could it be?

A group of veterans belonging to a Grand Army Post in New Hampshire were talking over the state of the country during the recent hard times.

One of the company painted the government in such dark colors that a certain Mr. A., who is of an excitable temperament, overwhelmed by the recital, broke out with the following tragic exclamation: 'Comrades, is it possible that we died in vain!'

Advertisement for Indian Woman's Balm. Includes illustration of a woman and child, and text: 'Sleep, Sound and Refreshing. visits the nursing mother and her child if she takes. INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM'

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Text: 'DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS - CURE BACK-ACHE. ONE PILL A DOSE. 25¢ A BOX'

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I never could understand the mania some people have for attending the exhibitions of trained animals; nor why the same should be considered highly moral and instructive entertainment to which every properly constituted father and mother should take their children, and those who, like Mrs. Alfred Lamale of Dickon's fame, have no children to take should hasten to gather together their nephews and nieces, and all the youngsters they can borrow, and hie them to the chaste and elevating show! I did not want to go to the circus at all," says the pious church-going mother, "but I really thought the children ought to see the manager; you know it is really an education in itself. So I went entirely on their account."

Now to me the managerie is by far the most objectionable part of the circus. There are people who object very strenuously to the moral effect of the young lady in tight boots who rejoices in the title of "Queen of the Air," and who dallies with the trapeze and performs wonderful things in the shape of leaps for life and aerial convolutions generally. Others hold up their hands in righteous indignation over the terrible example set by a dazing young person arrayed in spangles—and not much else—who has now the affections of all the crowned heads of Europe by her wonderful feats as a contortionist. While the bold manners of the "Equestrian Queen" who kicks up her pretty heels on the back of a piebald charger and wears abbreviated skirts that are little more than strouces serving as a setting for the better display of her well developed lower limbs makes them shudder with offended modesty.

I don't feel that way myself in the least! I believe the ladies of the ring are very often quite as good as many who sit in the reserved seats and criticize them, and we have it on the best authority that these brilliant hours are frequently respectable mothers of families, who are supporting a large brood of children by their exertions in the sawdust ring. Even when they are really the giddy girls they seem I cannot see that they are any more reprehensible than the chorus girls in an opera, and if they elect to earn their living in the hardest way man or woman can choose, why that is entirely their own affair and if they enjoy the small need of applause they have spent in learning their craft, why Heaven knows the poor things are entitled to any compensation within their reach, which will make their hard lot more endurable. But the managerie! That is what always seems to me the demoralizing part of a circus. There you see the tragedy, the squalor, the awful brutality of circus life. The elephants climb on tube, and group themselves into impossible positions at the fierce command of their trainer, the horses fire off pistols, and perhaps one terrified pony walks a sort of slack wire, while three of his companions play see-saw, on a stout plank. The ring master never forgets to crack his whip with ominous chirpness at the least sign of shrinking on the part of the performers, and all the time the look of abject fear, or sullen resignation never leaves the eyes of the animals.

The lion tamer armed with his short iron bar enters the cage of his 'pets' with a great show of bravado and a brave display of parti-colored trunk hose, and slaked doubtless. He proceeds to put the lion and lioness through their paces with graceful ease, but he is careful never to take his eyes off his playfellows for a moment, and he never turns his back to either of them by any chance. What smouldering fire I have seen in the depths of those half-curved eyes! What smothered hate, what murderous lust for blood! How they loathe him, that loyal pair, and with what joy they would tear him limb from limb and lick up his blood once they got the chance. They get it too, occasionally and then there is one less animal trainer in the world, that's all!

From the beautiful Bengal tiger treading his ceaseless round of eager, despairing search for some way of escape from the prison he loathes down to the wretched hyena chained to the ground by a four inch chain which never allows him to lift his head, from the hour of his capture until death sets him free, there is but one sentiment amongst those miserable captives—a bitter hate for their captors, mingled with a despairing longing for freedom. And to me there is but one lesson to be learned from watching them, and that is a lesson in cruelty, a lesson in man's abuse of the power over the lower animals, which has been placed in his hands for some inscrutable purpose, and therefore consider all such exhibitions demoralizing. I have seen but one managerie in all my life from which I derived any pleasure, and that was the one connected with Sells Brothers' circus. The animals in that collection were certainly almost as well off, as the haughty denizens of the London Zoological Gardens. They were fat and sleek, almost contented with their lot, and they were not afraid of their keepers. I saw a leopard, one of the most unamiable of beasts, who was lying half asleep near the

door of his cage, reach out a lazy paw to attract the attention of a keeper who was passing, just as a spoiled cat will do, when she wants to be noticed by her mistress, and the keeper responded in a most matter-of-fact manner, by passing a moment scratching the lovely creature's jaw and tickling him under the chin.

I talked to that keeper, and he told me a good deal about his charges. I asked him if it was a common habit to take such liberties with the animals, and he said it all depended on the animal.

"You see ma'am a good deal depends on the disposition of the beast himself. They are for all the world like any tame creature or for the matter of that like people; some are naturally ugly natured and some are easy to get on with. Now here's 'Prince' turning to a large African lion in the next cage, 'Why you could do almost anything with him; you could stroke him yourself as likely as not,' he added rubbing the huge creature's broad nose while he spoke—'But then Prince is a very good natured lion, and some of the others, none of us but their own keepers would dare to touch'."

It was a pleasure to look at these creatures after the wretched specimens one sees with most circuses, and the troop of performing seals were really an unmixed joy to me! Fond as I am of animals I laughed till I really cried at the lady who played the banjo and as for the tenor soloist—why I can hear him now! They were not afraid of their trainer those queer ambitious folk and the way they were regaled on fish cutlets during the performance, and the delighted manner in which they stole from each other, did one's heart good. But this was a rare exception to the common run of trained animal exhibitions, and whenever anyone says to me, "Oh I really must go to see those dear things act, I am so fond of animals" I want to answer "Then stay away from it unless to go home with a headache!"

I see that my gifted contemporary, and I hope I may say my friend—"Kit" of the Toronto Mail and Empire has been giving her opinions on this very subject lately, and she and I, are of one mind about trained animals, as we invariably are, where God's dumb creatures are concerned. "Kit," and I, must have been attending the very same criminal show, only I went last summer, sorely against my own inclinations and entirely in a professional capacity, but we both came away, with the same impression on our minds—which was, to quote "Kit's" own words, that "exhibitions of trained animals should be forbidden in this age of progress and refinement. Of course "The Professor" tells you impressively that all the wonders he has wrought with his beloved friends are the result of the most perfect patience, combined with unvarying kindness and love and he comes before the curtain and opens the evening's entertainment with a most thoughtful, convincing and touching sermon on kindness to all animals and the magnificent results to be obtained from the same. He speaks so feelingly and withal shows such a knowledge of his subject that you would be tempted to applaud him to the echo, if you had not been at a few exhibitions of the same kind before, and did not know what a bumbug he was."

If it is all done by kindness why does the dog fail to go through his trick quite correctly crouch at his master's feet in the agony of supplication with more than a man's soul in his imploring eyes? Why does he drag himself back to his appointed place and sit there in apprehensive dejection if he is not sure of punishment for his failure? Why does the cummy dog who is apt to slip and lose his footing strain every nerve in a pathetic effort to balance himself and shrink nervously as from a blow every time his kind master approaches him? I do not know of many things more pathetic than the strained anxiety in a dog's eyes when he is called upon to perform a trick he is not very sure of, or the nervous attempt at conciliation he makes when his heart tells him he has not pleased his tyrant. I have not failed to note the covert blow administered to a shrinking dog when he was attempting some task beyond his strength, or the sudden despairing rage of a monkey when, goaded to desperation he has burst forth into furious snarls and chattering and made frantic efforts to bite his dear friend and protector. I know just a little about dogs too, and I cannot read a dog's feelings by his expression I must be dull indeed, after all the experience I have had.

We have a dog of our own, and if I had the same amount of brains for a woman, as that lad has for a dog, I should consider myself well endowed. He does not speak our language but that is only because he has a very poor opinion of it as a vehicle for thought, and he believes that talking has a tendency to make people deceitful; and does any number of clever things. He really was educated by kindness alone, and he takes an intense pride in his performances. In fact he is getting conceited in his own cleverness and loves to show off; but one trick which he hates is shutting the door, and though he always

does it on principle, he never fails to express his feelings on the subject by barking furiously all the time, and slamming the door with all the emphasis of an angry woman—but he is not afraid, to go through the hated trick to please his master, and not for fear of a flaw, and he serves to illustrate the real power of kindness and love in training animals.

I often wish if we're in my power to administer to the professional animal trainer a little of the same sort of kindness that he mete out to his victims, and I wonder still more often whether God has not gathered up all the wrongs and sorrows of the dumb things He made, and will not demand one day from man, a strict account of his stewardship towards them?

So the doctors really say they are sorry the big sleeves are going out, and predict a sudden depression in feminine spirits caused by the loss of buoyance in their sleeves. I never knew before that our spirits depended so largely upon the environment of our arms! Well, it is a comfort to think that if small sleeves are sad for the spirits they are at least good for the temper, and will save much irritation and inconvenience, besides enabling women to feel more independent than they have felt for some years past.

The other day I was sitting in my sanctum scribbling away busily when I happened to glance up, and see a friend of mine emerge from her front door with a very worried expression on her face, glance anxiously up at our windows and hurriedly cross the street with the evident intention of coming in. It was a very cold day but I observed with surprise that the more only her indoor dress, and carried her coat on her arm. The front door opened and a plaintive voice called— "Could you help me a moment?" I thought she had been taken suddenly ill, and rushed to help her on with her coat— "Everyone is out but myself," she explained— "and I had to come over and get you to help me, or stay in, and I am sure I shall be glad when the sleeves get skin tight again, and one can get into her jacket without calling in the neighbors to help." It is certainly a mistake for a woman to have any garment so inconveniently made that she cannot get into it unassisted, but when fashion decrees a thing no one ever thinks of protesting, and we all accept her edicts with becoming weakness.

Another fashion which is really worse than the huge sleeves ever were, is that device of the Evil One—the dress which hooks on the shoulder and under the arm! You see a dress on some graceful woman which fits her just a trifle more than her skin, and though you notice that the fastening is not in a very convenient place you are contented enough to see that you will look quite as well in it as she does. So you go to your dressmaker forthwith and order your new autumn dress to be made in just that manner. She thinks it will be just the thing to show off your figure to advantage, and during the subsequent fittings you never dream of what fate has in store for you. She hooks you in so skillfully, and it looks so easy that you feel certain you can get into it alone, with a little time and patience. Then the dress comes home and you have no time to try it on just then but you give particular directions that it was not to be tight, you have no misgivings, and are ignorantly happy. Then you are a little late in dressing for church next Sunday and have to hurry a little; but all goes well until you begin to fasten your new bodice, and then—I will draw a veil over what happens. Suffice it to say that you will be lucky if you get into it at all, even with the assistance of your whole family. I have one of these dresses, and I know. Did it take the two strongest male members of our family fifteen minutes working in alternate "tricks" to get that blessed gown fastened? Well rather! There is not one solitary hook that I can reach myself; no one that is not thoroughly familiar with the build of the gown can ever find the loops, and I have to expel all the air from my lungs and do without breathing until I nearly have apoplexy before it can be induced to meet. Worst of all I can never hope to get into it alone; our neighbors are nearly out when I need them most, and even when they are at home I do dislike running across the street with my dress unfastened. I cannot afford to keep a maid solely to hook up my gown and tie up my bonnie brown hair, and the wretched garment fits so well that I won't have it altered in any way. But yet there are women who will persist in asserting that we are quite as sensible as men!

My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. Finally, a week ago, I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and the first application showed the curative effect of the remedy, change is very marked, the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured. (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON, 115 Ann St., Toronto.
Sold by all dealers, or on receipt of price, 50c. Address, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO.

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Unsuited Customers

Are the kind we like to get hold of, those who have been looking into other stores without finding what they wanted. The SHOES they seen were not right in shape, or the quality was not what they wanted. Perhaps the price was too high. Some dealers consider this class of customers hard to please, but such is not the case. The dealer did not have what they wanted exactly, and eventually they find us. The dissatisfied look disappears in a few minutes, and a permanent customer is made one who doesn't spend time looking around, but comes direct to

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Our lines of Ladies' Dress Slippers, ranging from \$1.25 to \$2.00, are elegant goods for the prices.

SUBJUGATED GAIETY.
The Leading Feature of Gentlemen's Attire for the Coming Winter.

It may not be gainsaid that golf—as the ultra-fashionable game—has been an important factor in gaining for the Scotch goods the precedence that otherwise might not have been attained. Subjugated gaiety, as a result, will most aptly designate the colorful tendency that imbues and accentuates the fabrics for gentlemen in the autumn and winter of 1896. Certain it is, however—and surely welcome without—that there is an overweening radiance about the commingled color jottings of the "Scots" that even the black background and sombre dominant colors in innovation shades of brown, gray, and green cannot completely quell. The Scotch goods are in a series of stripes effects in plaids—formed by 1/8 inch stripes crossing at 2 1/2 inches intervals. The backgrounds, while sombre in tone, are punctuated at intervals, more or less apart, by miniature jottings in a variation of bright colorings that infuse the requisite enlivenment.

There are perhaps fifty differing designs—generally in indissoluble plaids—of which four in markedly diversified patters have been selected for "discription." The first is a Havana brown background, upon the surface whereof is an interbreeding of butternut yellow in delicate tracery; the plaid-effecting stripe in a quelling shade of deep blue. The second is in black background, with a profusion of intermingling bold green jottings, evoking a rare innovation shade of gray-green, illumined with pin-point jottings of brownish red. The third is in an innovation dark green heather background, with dark brown-plaid-effecting stripe, enhanced by jottings of deep orange and ochre. The last of the "Scots" is a reddish brown background; with cinnamon-red-double-stripe-effecting plaid, and wide spaced pinhead jottings of topaz and amethyst. The two last mentioned designs radiated palpably.

The Irish stripe-plaiding effects are really more in the ultra-fashionable groove than the Scotch goods. The plaid is 2 1/2 inches in width and well defined. There are backgrounds in innovation brown, gray, and blue, with a plurality of green—as typical of the "old sod"—consorting with a commingled of stripes and color jottings in dark blue, topaz, heliotrope, wine color, and cayenne red. The surface of this texture is by all odds the rougher—on which the enlivening hues disport themselves in

positive rebellion against obscurity. As a matter of fact, it may be said that the Irish plaids in every way are, than the "Scots," more distinctive.

I will vouchsafe that the individualistic four-button double-breasted waistcoat will play a very important part in the ensemble. It will be worn invariably—and in the ultra patterning—with the double-breasted frock coat. It will be worn also with the black cutaway sack, and English walking coats. There is such a wide range of variability in the textures that only a selection from the positive innovations may be adjudged. There are silk and worsted combinations galore. Indeed, this texture prevails with few exceptions. Black backgrounds are in the lead, with a small but select following in shades of brown, blue, and green. While many of the decoration colors employed in the suitings are seen in the waistcoatings, there is a goodly modicum of jottings that were not. These will make their appearance on this occasion.

There is a covert color basket weave with light blue silk jottings one-half of an inch apart, and a smarter tan covert waistcoating with miniature jottings, halved in bright red and lavender. There are two high novelty patterns each in two phases. The first, a black background, having a raised, waffle-like surface of worsted, with miniature red pinpoint-like jottings, traversing the interstices. She second phase is a blue background, the interstices traversed with canary silk pinpoint line jottings. The second high novelty is in a raised, crinkled, worsted surface in the phase; a black background with blue silk pinhead grouped jottings 1 1/2 inches apart. The second phase is in a wide brown background with blue silk pinhead grouped jottings of lilac and cardinal. The last named a chef d'œuvre of the art of color blending. There are two score more of these purchase-inducing patterns.

A distinct flavor of the fine arts pervades the neckwear. Among the variations in bright figurings many are akin to those employed in the suitings and waistcoatings.

The fabrics are aptly titled. There is a fabric antique, in Renaissance background colors, discarded for centuries, and revived laudably—one may adjudge—to ameliorate the brilliancy of the decorative color figurings. There are two new colorings in the enhancement that outglitter all the others on this high novelty texture Egyptian tulip, a lustrous yellow, and what must be designated Etrurian—a deep reddish orange, which but for its lustre is an exact replica of the decoration on the antique Greek vases—commingling with dark blue, deep wine, and other complimentary figurings. Tissue de Peris is in a woven semblance of the costly India shawls and cashmeres, a luminous sheen completely covering the fabric. This is in a score of patterning, and just half that number of the costly fabric antique. The cryptograms are puzzling artistic and might as well have been transcribed from the obelisk. However erratic the idea may seem, it affords rare opportunities for novel and effective color blendings. The plaids de Paris are dominantly the Scotch tartans, three-inch plaids in all the Highlanders' colors—with a 1/6 inch jagged edge stripe forming a connective series of diamond-shaped designs, two inches in length and the width in proportion to the figuring—in black shimmering silk, serving in the strong contrast, to accentuate the brightness of the plaids with a dash of Persian volatility.

There may be from these offerings selections that will be thoroughly on rapport—if rightly chosen—with the Scotch and Irish suitings. The sack suitings will be made with peaked lapels in consonance with the double-breasted waist-coats that will cross just below the upper shirt button that it will be worn with. The length of the coat will be three-quarters over the hip. There will be slit pockets in the sack suitings, as no decoration is necessary. They will be made to fit easily.

The English walking suits. The coats will be long in the waist and short in in frocks within the three-button cutaway effect, with laps over the pockets and in length coming just down over the hip. The lapels will be peaked, as the double-breasted waistcoat is part of the suiting. If an individualistic waistcoat is worn the design must be chosen in a contrasting color. Buffalo horn buttons will go with both the mixed suitings.

The double-breasted frock coat will be about one-third longer in the lower than upper portion, which will bring it down to just above the knee. It will be in contradiction to the sack and English walking

coats—made to fit snug to frock that will impart that distinctive flare that prevailed with the gentry in this country in 1836, when high collars were worn on the coats, necessitating stocks, and the very much bell-crowned hat that was doffed with an almost ground-touching sweep of deference.

The dress coat with wide silk covered peaked lapels, the double-breasted, four-button white waistcoat, showing a wide exposure of shirt front and three shirt studs or buttons—for this is a set complete—will continue to prevail. The fashionable collar will be 2 3/4 inches at maximum height. The cuffs will be linked.

The colored shirt should not have a place in the calendar of belongings for gentlemen in the autumn and winter of 1896, because with neckwear and suitings there will be an ample sufficiency of coloring, and the colored shirt will constitute an overdoing that would endanger its future. This would be a matter of regret, for worn at the right time and in the right way it is an acceptable attribute of attire.

The hats are in a conservative trend for the first time in several seasons, and therefore becoming. Happily the abnormal toothpick-pointed alone are on the wane, and best of all, there is a strong likelihood of the obliterating of the D-F collar, by which is meant that that paradoxical neck circle that is a stand-up or a turnover stand-up collar—whichever the disordered intellect of the designer wishes to convey. However, it leaves an uncomely vacuum on the band; it is uncomfortable, far-fetched; there is no reason or sense in it—therefore the D-F collar.

The new colors in gloves are: Oxford tan, cinnamon tan, orange tan, and lemon tan. The white pearl velvet continues to be the correct glove for evening wear, and the pearl gray velvet with semi-formal attire. There is a heavy white glove for the opera—correct and serviceable on wintry nights.

It is always fashionable to have nice white teeth and sweet breath. The use morning and evening of "Odorama," the perfect tooth powder, assures this, and leaves the mouth in a delightful state of freshness. "Odorama" is sold by refined people everywhere. Druggists—25 cents.

Neighbor—Well, Patrick, I'm glad your master is dead. He was an old skinflint anyway.
Patrick (indignantly)—Faith, an' I bet if he wor alive you'd not be after sayin' your wor glad he wor dead!—Ha! lem Life.

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forming the "belt," almost peculiar to the horizon.
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CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS
CURE BACK-ACHE
WILL A DOSE. 25¢ A BOX

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JOCKO'S SUNDAY OUT.

He Released the Parrots and, of Course, There was a Time. A sad-faced monkey with a fringe of agricultural chin whiskers got out of his cage in a bird store lately and, owing to the absence of every one from the store, he was not put back in it again until about 12 o'clock at night.

His first act on escaping from his cage appears to have been to let out the parrots in the store, and the color scheme created by their release seemed to please the monkey immensely, for he attempted a closer acquaintance with them. The parrots, however, were coy, and sought the cages at the top of the store, so that the monkey was only able to pull out the tail of one of them. After this, the artistically arranged cages in the window caught his eye, and for awhile he amused himself by piling these up in a heap on the floor, but soon he longed again for the pleasures of the chase. There were several rabbits in the store, which he let out and chased round and round, finally choking them to death.

The monkey picked them up and ate them, and then pushed over another globe, perhaps just to see if it would make as pretty a noise as the other. Then he chased the parrots some more, and pushed over more globes until there were none left. After this he seems to have discovered the supplies of different kinds of bird food at the back of the shop, and began pulling these packages to pieces and throwing them at the parrots.

It was this performance which attracted the attention of two policemen. Looking through the window, they saw what was wrong inside, and as the door was locked, and there was no time to go for the owner, they broke the glass in the door and gained an entrance in that way. It hardly seems credible that a man of ordinary girth, to say nothing of a policeman, could get through the narrow place, but it is on record that the policemen did actually go in this way, for they chased the monkey at least an hour before they succeeded in getting him back into his cage. He showed marked agility in avoiding them, bounding from the floor to the cages at the side of the room, and from one side to the other, until their eyes stuck out of their heads in their attempt to follow his movements. Finally they determined that the monkey was better at the game than they were, hunting around, they found two sticks about six or eight feet long. With these they stirred up the monkey when he got upon the cages at the side, but the trouble was that at the same time they stirred up the parrots and when they had done this they could hardly tell which was monkey, which were parrots, and which were policemen.

Finally the monkey was cornered and then driven along the wall and into his cage, and the policeman crawled out again through the hole in the glass. The store this morning looked like moving day, but the cause of it all was wholly unimportant, and in as good condition as ever, except that he was drinking a good deal of water.

Deaf to all but the Telephone. A walking telephone caused considerable merriment in the business houses of Oak Park yesterday lately J. C. Chester of Glendive, Mon., was the curiosity, and the speaking tubes and 400 yards of wire that are carried upon his person caused no little excitement among the pedestrians. A sign upon his breast which read, 'Yell 'Hello, and I wait for bell ring', made him conspicuous as he walked about.

Chester is an inventor and deaf and dumb. He says he is on his way to Washington, D. C., to secure a patent on his contrivance, which assists deaf persons to hear and dumb persons talk. He needs money to get there and ask for assistance. He asks by means of a little tin whistle, through which he blows and breathes at the same time. The sound thus produced is very distinct but resembles a Punch and Judy dialect. He receives the reply through a miniature telephone transmitter. The telephone is connected with the ear by four feet of insulated wire and receives its current from a dry battery carried in the hip pocket.

Chester says he is a graduate of the Columbus (Ohio) Deaf Mute Asylum and carries credentials purporting to be signed by Prof. C. M. Fulton of that institution. His journey thus far from Montana has occupied six weeks, he says, and he expects to make Washington during the coming month.

'Do away with your booted superstition,' pleaded the missionary. 'Oh,' said the King of Mbwipa, 'if you insist, I will. I was just about to say that as you were the 13th missionary who had landed here this year, perhaps I had better not—but have your own way?' 'Why dwell longer on the scene?'—Indianapolis Journal.

science

Science is "knowing how." The only secret about Scott's Emulsion is years of science. When made in large quantities and by improving methods, an emulsion must be more perfect than when made in the old-time way with mortar and pestle a few ounces at a time. This is why Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil never separates, keeps sweet for years, and why every spoonful is equal to every other spoonful. An even product throughout.

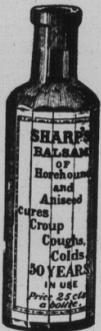
In other emulsions you are liable to get an uneven benefit—either an over or under dose. Get Scott's. Genuine has a salmon-colored wrapper.

Manufactures Royales de Corset, P. D. French P D Corsets Awarded 10 Gold Medals and Diplomes d'Honneur.



The celebrated P D Corsets are unrivaled for perfect fit, beauty of finish and style, and have received the highest awards at all the important exhibitions during the last 20 years. Obtainable from all leading dry good stores in every variety of shape and style.

WHOLESALE ONLY. KONIG & STUFFMANN, 10 St. Helen Street, Montreal.



SHARP'S BALM OF GOSHAWK. Cures Croup, Coughs, Colds, 30 YEARS IN USE. Price 25 cents a bottle.

TURKISH DYES EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FAKE THEM. Have YOU used them? If not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two or any other make.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 80 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue.

DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. HARRISON'S GOLDEN SPECIFIC. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without harm, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victim. SOLE DISPENSERS: GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

MENTAL FATIGUE relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

A CANINE CORPS.

The dog corps will soon be established in many armies. The dog corps is a thing accomplished in Germany. It will soon be a part of our own army. The English are preparing for it, and secretaries of war the world over will make appropriations for the dog corps in every ambulance service. The part which the dog will play on the field of battle is so stupendous in importance that the wonder of it is that no one has thought of it before. He, a trained, faithful fellow, probably a St. Bernard, will be turned loose while the battle is in progress to find out the wounded.

On the field of battle a wounded man is a wounded man, but all soldiers know that a wounded officer is misused more than a private, and that his life is worth more in war than that of a simple man in the ranks. The dogs of the ambulance service will be wonderfully trained for their work. They will be able to distinguish the officers, to tell the color of the uniforms, to know localities on the field and to tell the dead from the living.

In the German army, where the dogs are employed, every officer has upon his jacket the scent of anise. This is very penetrating. A few anise seeds sewed in the lining of a coat will send it to a dog's delicate sense of smell once and forever, though it will not be noticed by anybody else. A trained dog on the field of battle will know when an officer falls. Running through the dead and dying, the faint and the fallen, he will pick out the officer unerringly, and hastening back with his cap, or his glove, or some little article taken from the injured officer, will summon the ambulance surgeon to his aid. There will be dogs trained for the anise scent who will do nothing else except ferret out those of high rank who are down and who must be saved at any cost.

But the general training of the dogs is for all the wounded. A dog school, not less strict than a military academy for boys, is the place where these dogs get their training, and from which they graduate with rank. At the word 'seek' these dogs rush out from the ambulance wagons into the battlefield and are gone. In a minute they come flying back with a helmet. Clutching the coat of the ambulance surgeon they hurry him away to the wounded man, and he, after seeing the man, decides whether the litter shall be brought, or how the man can be assisted to the wagons, or if it is too late.

There is one point that never has to be taught the dogs. And that is the question of life or death. By very instinct a dog knows when a man is dead. In the dog's military academy no dog has ever been known to make a mistake. When an avenger person could not tell at sight if a man were dead or living, a dog will know by the unfailing instinct of a sniff. A touch of the wolf muzzle to the man's face and the discriminating dog will turn away from a lifeless body and refuse to go near it again. With this one point so much in his favor by nature the dog becomes much more easily man's ally in battle.

Instead of the great vocabulary which the family dog learns the battle dog is taught only a few words. One of these is 'water.' Around his neck is tied a canteen of brandy and one of water. As he reaches the man upon the ground he pauses over him and sniffs critically at his clothing. If the fallen soldier is only stunned and faint from loss of blood he says 'water,' and the dog bends low for the soldier upon the ground to help himself. He knows the dog's training and knows what to say to his four-footed friend. Having refreshed himself with a swallow he struggles to his feet, and, half carried by the big dog, reaches the rear, where he is cared for. If too wounded to walk he says, 'carry,' and the dog hastens back after the surgeon.

At first it was thought that the dogs would give the same aid to friend and foe alike; but this was found to be incorrect. Upon experiment with two army coats, a red and a blue, it was found that the dogs either did distinguish color or were able to tell the coat from the scent of the cloth. Two perfectly new army coats were laid side by side and two intelligent St. Bernards taught to bring the one and leave the other. Time and time again they responded perfectly to their orders to 'seek!' Other coats were then brought in and mixed together. The dogs had been taught to 'seek' the red coats and they picked them out with wonderful rapidity from the pile of garments of both colors. It might have been the scent of the red dye that guided them. Perhaps they could tell red by looking at it. Anyway, they did it; they made no mistake.—N. Y. Press.

The physician pondered the case for a few minutes before he ventured an opinion. 'I think your husband needs a rest more than anything else,' he said at last. 'If he could be convinced of that.' But he refuses absolutely to listen to me, doctor.' 'Well,' returned the physician, thoughtfully, 'that's a move in the right direction.'—Chicago Post.

I WAS CURED of Rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. HARRIS. I WAS CURED of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. SWAN. Lt.-Col. C. CROSS ROAD. I WAS CURED of acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MARKHAM. C. S. BRILLING.

Constipation

is a disease which afflicts over 75 per cent. of the American people. It is a dangerous disease because it not only poisons the blood but causes headache, depression, and dulls the intellect. Then follow chronic headache, loss of appetite, slow digestion, nervousness, bad breath, dizziness, complexions and low spirits. It will eventually bring on liver and kidney disease in some incurable form. But sufferers from this dreaded malady are speedily

Cured by Warner's SAFE Cure and Warner's SAFE Pills. Leading physicians the world over, have acknowledged this fact, and thousands of people throughout the land have testified to it.

Warner's SAFE Cure puts a stop to backaches, headaches, constipation, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, tired feelings and sleeplessness. It builds up the exhausted system. It is a sure cure for liver and kidney complaint in any form, and the only remedy that has ever been able to cure Bright's disease. If you are feeling the need of such a remedy, you cannot do better than try this king of remedies, the great

Safe Cure

Ladies! You will save time and patience if you USE Glapperton's Thread

It is STRONG, EVEN, RELIABLE. WILL NOT BREAK NOR SHRINK. ALL DEALERS SELL IT.

Thos. Davidson Mfg Co. MONTREAL, MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELLED WARE, COPPER WARE, NICKEL PLATED WARE, GALVANIZED WARE, STAMPED WARE, RETINUED AND PLAIN TINWARE, LITHOGRAPHED BOXES AND SIGNS. WRITE FOR PRICES.

Give the Baby a Chance

Martin's Cardinal Food

The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids. KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed

Newest Designs. Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street, 1st door south of King.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer) is complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It can be sold in two parts—one part containing Hand Press, Type, up to the last on the Galleys. The second part consists of the Adams Power Press, Motor for driving it; and press is capable of printing 10,000 per hour. The plant is in perfect order, and is a perfect horse power. As this plant now stands, it is a perfect horse power. To be sold on accommodating terms, and the building will be complete in all its appointments. To be sold at the book store of W. T. L. PERREY, opposite the Post Office, Fredericton, N.S.

THE FARRING OF THE TRAPPER.

Fur-bearing Animals Becoming Scarce and Profits are Small.

Among the changes that an advancing civilization and a senseless denudation of forest land are creating throughout the length and breadth of a great continent, none are more conspicuous than pertaining to the fauna of this country. The solitudes of the great primeval forests, that formerly abounded in wild game, beautiful birds and fowls of the air, and valuable fur-bearing animals, are now nearly as deserted as the great Western plains where the buffalo long since left nothing but traces of his existence behind. Trappers find it more difficult to obtain their furs each season, and along with the sportsmen they retreat further into the cold regions north of us, penetrating into the wilds of British America, where life in winter is scarcely endurable.

The fur trapper has had his days in the United States, and as a product of past conditions he is disappearing as surely as the game which he has hunted. In the great northern belt of States bordering upon the Canadian line he is found in dwindling numbers, vainly striving to make a living in his precarious calling, and bemoaning the times when it was an easy matter to find enough animals in his traps each day to keep him supplied with money. It is now the work of a week to gather the skins that formerly came to his trap in a day.

The popularity of furs has not declined. In fact, they are more in demand than ever, and fashion decrees that they shall be worn every winter on garments for men and for women. Most of them command a higher price than ever in the history of civilization, but the trapper does not profit so much by this change as might be supposed. The fur-bearing animals are disappearing faster than the prices for the furs advance. Other unsettled regions of the globe are being explored to help supply the markets of the world with skins, and science is doing everything in its power to utilize the common skins of the domesticated animals. The fur of the cat, dog, sheep, lamb and other animals of our barnyard and household has already become valuable commercially, and through the dyer's art and the currier's skill the wearers of cheap furs are utterly deceived.

It is not an easy matter to ascertain the relative value of the important furs, but those taken from the forests and woods of this country are much higher than in former days. The silver fox, that abounded so plentifully in our northern woods, is now a comparatively rare animal, and from \$100 to \$200 are paid for first-class specimens. The darker the fur of the silver fox the more valuable it is, and consequently the further north the trappers go the better luck they have. Those over the Canadian border trap more and better silver foxes than can be found anywhere in the United States, although northern Maine and the Michigan peninsula have yielded some excellent silver foxes. Owing to the great demand for this fur, the animals have been trapped and hunted so persistently that they are very scarce, and the few remaining ones are more timid and harder to catch than the common red fox.

Bear skins generally come next to the furs of the silver foxes, and they run all the way from \$40 to \$70 apiece for the fur. Dealers grade the skins according to their idea of the value, and the trapper is not always sure that he will receive the highest quotations even after he has shipped his booty to market. The cross fox fur comes third on the list, and is generally worth from \$15 to \$20, according to size, general beauty, and richness of color. The fur of the Otter is nearly as valuable and a good specimen will command \$18 either at the country store or in the city markets. The beaver is not worth more than \$15, the wolverine \$10, the lynx and black racoon \$6, and the common wolf and marten \$5. These are the principal fur-bearing animals caught by the trappers in this country, but a long list of cheaper ones are brought to market, such as the mink, skunk, badger, wildcat, red and gray fox, muskrat and rabbit. The prices paid for these vary from a few cents to several dollars. The rabbit skins are so cheap that the trappers would not take the trouble to express them to the cities if it were not for the fact that they can be packed in with the others at no extra cost.

The skins of the deer, moose, elk and antelope must not be confounded with those of the strictly fur-bearing animals. The former are sold as skins and hides, and not as furs, bringing so much a pound. Deer hides usually bring from 20 to 30 cents per pound. As most State laws forbid trappers killing these animals except during a very short season, there is not so much profit in hunting them as the prices offered would seem to warrant.

The trapper is essentially what his name implies, and not a hunter or sportsman. The shotgun is not his implement, for this tears and injures the skins and furs. The trap and skinning knife are his chief articles of trade. The traps are usually divided into three classes—marten, deadfalls, and steel traps. The steel traps vary in size from the small ones set to capture the little muskrat, to the large double-spring arrangements known as grizzly bear traps. These latter are mammoth affairs, weighing forty pounds, and with rows of sharp teeth spread sixteen inches apart. When the jaws of such a trap close upon any creature they are pretty sure to break the leg and hold the captive prisoner until relieved by

some outside person. The grizzly bears have been known to tear the heavy traps from their moorings and drag them a mile or more through the forests, but they have never been known to pull the leg away from the relentless teeth.

The deadfalls are made both for large and small animals. In the small horsehoe enclosure a tempting bait is fastened on a delicate trigger, which, when slightly moved, lets down upon the animal's back a number of heavy logs. These fall squarely upon the back or shoulders of the hungry creature, and either break it or crush out the life. The animal caught in a deadfall rarely lives to tell the tale. The wary animal, like the fox, can seldom be induced to enter a deadfall, for their instincts make them suspicious. Snares are used for catching a variety of small animals, and they are arranged in a great variety of ways, the most common of which is with the spring pole.

The trappers visit these snares, deadfalls, and steel traps every morning, travelling through the woods in the bitterest cold weather and often returning without a pellet of any great value. Hard work, rough fare and little pay are his rewards, and there is little wonder that he complains. He sees his industry shrinking year by year, and without any possible improvement in the future, he realizes that the doom of his class has been sounded. Another generation and he has gone, along with the Indian fighter, the prairie scout, and the buffalo hunter.—Philadelphia Times.

"I Have Had Rheumatism for years, and Nervilline is the only remedy that has done me any good." So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Park, Minn. His testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nervilline—the great nerve pain cure.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 847 ROGERS BROS. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX '847' IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Architectural DRAWING TO WORKINGMEN PROFESSIONAL MEN AND YOUNG MEN. We will give you the best advice and low time for your work. Free Estimates. We will give you the best advice and low time for your work. Free Estimates. We will give you the best advice and low time for your work. Free Estimates.

FREE TO BALD HEADS. We will give you the best advice and low time for your work. Free Estimates. We will give you the best advice and low time for your work. Free Estimates.

DOMINION Express Co. Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe. REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES.

Table with columns for destination, weight, and rate. Includes destinations like Windsor, Hamilton, and Montreal.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packing on all lines with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

A CHRISTMAS POCKET.

His mother named him Solomon, because, when he was a baby, he looked green; and then she called him Crow because he was so black. True, she got angry when the boys caught it up, but it was too late. They knew more about Crow than they did about Solomon and the same named.

ache and indigestion. So that business suffered. In the fig business the ripe ones sold well, but when one of Crow's customers offered to buy all he would bring of green ones for preserving Crow began filling his basket with them and putting a layer of ripe ones over them. His lawful share of the very ripe he also carried away in his little bread basket.

PLEASANT TO TAKE Every-Mother DROPPED ON SUGAR. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES COLIC CROUP COUGH COLIC COLIC

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES COLIC CROUP COUGH COLIC COLIC

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH DO NOT BE DECEIVED

RAILROADS. Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 7th September 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

'Good mornin', sir! That was a l. Little Crow dreaded that walk to the gate more than all the rest of the ordeal. And yet, he says, it gave him courage.

Button Timepieces. A buttonhole watch is obviously a very useful and ornamental fashion. This unique timepiece, can always be kept in sight and enable one to answer a question as to the time with the minimum amount of trouble.

MARRIED. Brockville, Nov. 28, Thaddeus Harvey to Maggie Lake. Truro, Nov. 27, by Rev. H. F. Adams Harris Nell.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Christmas and New Year's HOLIDAYS. EXCURSION TICKETS will be on sale as follows: To Toronto and Montreal via Quebec and Montreal.

At last it was Christmas Eve. Crow was on the back 'gallery' putting a final polish on a pair of boots. He was nearly done, and his heart was beginning to sink.

When making preparations for your trip, don't forget your teeth. This will at once suggest 'Odorama' the perfect tooth powder.—Druggists 25 cents.

DIED. Truro, Dec. 3, John Lewis 82. Halifax, Dec. 2, Johanna Redigan. St. John, Nov. 8, Margaret Quinn 46.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after 23rd Nov., 1896, the Steamer and Trains of this Railway will run as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY.

Plants AND CUT FLOWERS. Shipped to All Points At all Seasons. Nova Scotia Nursery Lockman St., HALIFAX, N. S.

BORN. Timah, Nov. 25, to the wife of J. Davis, a daughter. Parramore, Dec. 2, to the wife of A. W. Jackson, a son.

STEARNS. 1896 1896. The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED), For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

INTERNATIONAL I. S. S. Co. TWO TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON. COMMENCING Sept. 21st the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Boston, Friday, Oct. 10th and Monday, Oct. 20th.

ODOROMA. Sweetens the Breath, Whitens the Teeth, Preserves the Enamel, Prevents Decay. THE ARMA CHEMICAL CO., Toronto, Ont.

STEARNS. 1896 1896. The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED), For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth. The Shortest and Best Route Between New Scotia and the United States. The quickest time, 10 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

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