

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 20 1900

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Events of City Life.

The generosity of the aldermen sometimes is quite affecting. This was illustrated at the board of safety this week when Mr. Rhinehart and the temperance delegation presented their cases. Both of them sought the same object—a reduction in rent.

Mr. Rhinehart is a cartman and he wanted his rent reduced from \$50 to \$25. He made such a fair presentation of his case that the aldermen acquiesced in a pleasant way.

Then came the temperance poet. Mr. Woodburn was there and the Messrs. T. H. W. Mr. Everett, some others and Dr. Ellis.

It is not often that the latter finds his way into the common council committee room but he was selected as one of this rather formidable delegation. The aldermen settled themselves for something important. What they wanted it was hard to guess and when Mr. Woodburn arose and asked that the rent of the hall in the Market building be reduced from \$100 to \$50 a year a half smile crept over the countenances of his listeners.

The smile grew broader when he said that there were four meetings a week in the hall and that three temperance bodies united in paying the rent. These facts prompted some jocose remarks and Mr. Woodburn remarked incidentally that these bodies were trying to do good in the city though some of them might not think so. There was a good deal of laughter at this which the chairman renewed by hoping that there was no personal reference—as for himself everybody knew he took the pledge some time ago.

Mr. Woodburn was glad to hear this and he hoped that his good example was followed by all the corporation—mayor and aldermen. This made the laughter all the merrier and after some further remarks the delegation retired.

One of the aldermen with a passion for figures began to explain that four meetings a week meant fifty cents for each meeting and he thought that a small amount.

Then another explained that the same men belonged to all the temperance bodies and it came hard upon them to do all the paying.

Ald. Tufts however gave the true solution, as he said, of the case. He said that in these temperance bodies representatives could be found of all societies. There were Masons, Oddfellows, Knights of Pythias, Foresters—

“Any Hibernians?” asked a voice.

“Yes there are” answered Ald. Maxwell.

“Orangemen” continued Ald. Tufts.

A Voice—any P. P. A.'s (Laughter.)

Ald. Tufts—and yet the fact appears as if all these orders get along and the temperance bodies are so hard up that they have asked for a reduction of rent. It looks as if the temperance people were bad pay (Much laughter.)

Whether the aldermen came to this conclusion or not the request of the delegation was complied with.

### The False Report Friend.

The Saturday night report starter “bobbed up serenely” again last week with his little yarn direct from the seat of war. This time it was that General Warren with ten thousand men had crossed all the obstructing rivers and marched straight into Ladysmith, relieving the brave little garrison. All day Sunday the city was agog with the interest the report starter had aroused by his whole-cloth fabrication and it is well for that personage that he keeps his identity a puzzle—at least so say the telephone—pestered C. P. R. and Western Union telegraph companies. It is now nearly six successive weeks, that Monsieur the report starter has been engaged in his Saturday night sensations and there need be no undue anxiety or exultation tonight if a startling rumor spreads about town after the evening papers have been born.

### A Was-Being St. Johnite.

At least one St. John man has “taken the current when it serves” and is by no means going to “lose his venture,” and that is George Strang, formerly of North End and employed as a street car conductor until the Hesse accident. George went over to North Sydney, Cape Breton, some months ago and started a modest

little restaurant, but in order to keep stride with his mushroom growth of business in the favored twin towns, he has now quite an eating establishment and is making lots of money. He says great things about the two Sydneys and almost feels that he is an old citizen, the influx of strangers is so large. In the spring it is expected the rush Cape Bretonwards will be like the advance on Dawson City a year or two ago. Mr. Strang was in town this week and Mrs. Strang about a month ago.

### Where are the Authorities?

It seems a shame that in such a civilized community as St. John vandalism is allowed to be practiced so incessantly and under the very eyes of the none too energetic police. Gradually the town has become a ‘sure thing’ for the burglar and safe cracker and petty thieving is on the increase. The wilful destruction of property is also getting to be more of a sad than ever among the malcontents. A notable instance of shameful vandalism is that of Frank Henrion's home on St. John street West End. Mr. Henrion, who is well known as the professional diver coming from Halifax to live here when the Sand Point wharves were building, rented a pretty little house in Carleton and cosily furnished it. Of late he and his family have been residing in the sister city, as Mr. Henrion's work takes him there for a time. Since his departure his home has been almost ruined. The windows have been broken and altogether, the house made a target for missiles. Of late the snow storms have ruined the carpets and furniture within. Water pipes have frozen and burst, flooding the dwelling. In short the house is not habitable, all through the unchristian acts of a horde of badly bred and evil intentioned boys, and it is thought, men. Mr. Henrion, who arrived a few days ago to look after the house thinks he will have to remain in Halifax on account of the way his house has been made useless.

### A Radical Pastor.

Rev. Waring who has come to this city to assume the pastorate of Brussels street church is a young man who apparently does not intend to be bound by any formalities, at least as far as he thinks they will retard his work. On his second Sunday in his new church he, to the amazement of his flock, had had the pulpit, platform furniture etc. removed and nothing but the brass reading lamp left standing. At any rate the lamp is a fixture. The platform was bare save the carpet it had on it and the new minister moved about with ease and satisfaction. A small brass shelf attached to the reading lamp held his hand books. Mr. Waring promises more changes and his congregation are in a mood of anticipation.

### The Talk of Civic Politics.

There are likely to be plenty of men out for the office of mayor. PROGRESS has been assured already that Mayor Sears will offer again and that Mr. Moulson will be in the field. Now it is said by a prominent alderman that Dr. Daniel will be a candidate this year and PROGRESS was informed this week by a close friend of Mr. W. B. Wallace that he would be a candidate again. In aldermanic circles there is little activity on the surface. Mr. Leah Holder will, it is asserted, oppose Ald. McMulklin and Dr. Smith's name is freely spoken of as an opponent of Dr. Christie's. Ald. Allan cannot offer for Kings ward again as he has moved his place of business to Queens and it is probable he will be a candidate at large.

### Trying For Some Change.

Some of the aldermen hope that the city will be divided into wards before the next election. The opinions of the representatives differ and there is not likely to be much agreement by the time the house meets. It is said that if the ward idea is not carried out an attempt will be made to provide for minority representation. That means to present a bill to the legislature which shall name the number of protestant and catholic aldermen. PROGRESS could not verify the truth of this report but it is not the first time it has been heard.

## VOLUNTEERS FOR THE TRANSVAAL.



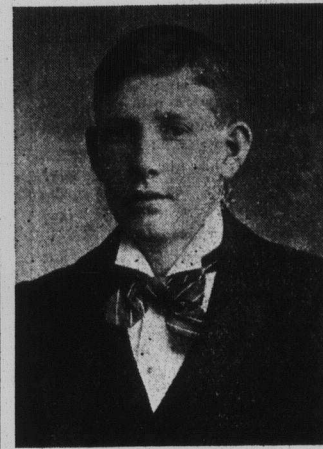
R. BRUCE MCFARLANE.

Age 20. A big hardy athlete, and famous left sider of the Fredericton Tartars, also a member of the 71st battalion. With the first contingent.



JAMES TIBBETS.

Age 23, son of Deputy Provincial Secretary of Fredericton and with the Newcastle Field Battery, and captain of the Tartar Baseball team. “Dick” is very popular.



ADRIAN TIBBETS.

Age 21, brother of James Tibbets, with the Woodstock Battery, a smart fellow and an athlete.



NORMAN McLEOD.

Son of Rev. Dr. McLeod, 21 years old and a student of 99 class, U. N. B. Captain of U. N. B. football team and winner of all-round championship trophy for athletes at this college in 1898.

Mr. John Boyle heard from  
TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS—  
A report has been circulated by some evil disposed person that I took of my hat and openly cheered for the Boers which is an absolute falsehood. Thanking you for your valuable space I remain  
JOHN BOYLE  
Fredericton Jan. 18th 1900.

## A Week's Sleep.

For over a week past Ebel Baird, the sixteen year old daughter of Mrs. Baird, Princess street, has been lying in a sleeping state at her mother's home, opening her eyes about every twenty-four or twenty-five hours when nourishment is given her, and then relapsing into heavy slumber again. Her mother and other members of the household do not feel at all alarmed about her condition as she was stricken with such excessive sleepiness last year as well, lying in an almost dead state for an extraordinary length of time.

Dr. H. G. Addy, the attending physician, said on Thursday that little Miss Baird was doing very nicely and although the trance-like spell was still upon her, he could see very encouraging signs of improvement, indicating to her gradual recovery.

Overwork at school and study, the doctor says, and a temporary collapse of the nervous system, has caused the fair sleeper to become so helplessly tired and her sleeping off of this exceptional erui, is about the only good remedy. Many friends have looked at her as she sleeps peacefully without any indication of suffering or pain. On several waking occasions she has spoken to her mother about the medicine being given her, comparing it with doses taken before. The conversation of one day is continued by her when she wakes up on the following day, nor does she realize how long she has been sleeping.

Mrs. Baird says her daughter is certainly getting better and will soon be all right again. The report that it was another case like the sleeping lady in Montreal is entirely unfounded and has caused a lot of annoyance.

### St. John Volunteers Feet Back.

In last week's issue of PROGRESS mention was casually made, during the course of an article about the refusing of trooper Williams by the medical officers, to several in the St. John quota who were known to be physically deficient. The officials at Halifax made a close scrutiny of the Winter port squad when they arrived and discovered one man in particular with a glass eye. He and

## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—Look at the Articles around this List of Contents.
- PAGE 2.—Red Cross Work—Statistics prepared for PROGRESS by Lady Tufts. Best Duty in New York and a portrait of the champion at full skating speed. Hay for British horses—Shipping from St. John for the “patient heroes.” Our boys at Halifax—Trooper D. A. Morrison, of St. John, fully describes their stay in the Garrison city.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and theatrical affairs of the week and what is to come.
- PAGE 4.—Editorials on the Fire Underwriters notice; Catholics on the Jury list; Fire escapes for School Buildings, and other subjects. Striking poetry of the day.
- PAGE 5.—City Society—Wedding of Miss Holden and Miss Vassie—Personal of the week.
- PAGE 6.—Halifax and Nova Scotia Society news.
- PAGE 7.—St. Stephen, Moncton, Fredericton and other New Brunswick Society news.
- PAGE 8.—Society news and bright Miscellany.
- PAGE 9.—Ship Laborers Work—Describing the new Society and their organization.
- PAGE 10.—The Cotton Mill strike—The story of the operation—Edward Kiplings portrait and his poem “The Absent Minded Beggar.”
- PAGE 10 and 11.—A Great Story “In Eruptive Gulls,” continued.
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading—Appropriate and carefully arranged matter for Sabbath day.
- PAGE 12.—A Nashvank Romance of olden days written by Lieutenant Edwin Oliver, of Fredericton—Miscellaneous reading.
- PAGE 13.—Women's Page—The latest fashions and topics interesting to women.
- PAGE 14.—How the Boers fight and other interesting war reading.
- PAGE 16.—Short story “A Young Hero” Births, Marriages and Deaths in the Maritime Provinces.

several others were sent back to St. John, most of them however because the contingent as a whole was overstrength. The men naturally feel greatly disappointed at not having a chance to carry out into action the loyal spirit with which they entered into the ranks and they return to their home discontented, but satisfied that they were sincere enough in their desire to uphold their honor of St. John and of the Empire. Some of them are, owing to these adverse circumstances, out in the cold as far as work is concerned and a very excellent opportunity now presents itself to those truly British spirit employers who dispense labor so largely, to show tangible appreciation of our boys and their loyalty by giving them something to do.

### WANTED TO SHOW HIS SOLONCE.

A Would-be Pugilistic car Motorman and his Inoffensive Victim.

The car conductors and motormen held a sleigh drive to Newcomb's and a dinner thereat on Wednesday evening last, and a right jolly good time they had too. Now our electrically inclined fellow citizens are hard working men and their only hours of leisure must be found between 11.30 at night and 6.45 in the morning, consequently when Vanwart's big sleigh got fairly under way with the jubilant party midnight was near at hand.

No thought was given for the peace and sound sleep of those citizens who have the misfortune to live in the track of belated sleighing parties and, although the night was cold,—bitter cold—the spirits of the car fellows were warm—very warm. The quaint old Clairmont House was reached about one o'clock and there the genial host had the tempting viands all awaiting. Needless to say, after a hard days work, the men were in a delightfully receptive state, and the fullest measure of justice was meted out to the good things “Billy” had prepared.

But, as often occurs at such occasions a few of the men became boisterous, one in particular, who wanted on several occasions to demonstrate to his mates what he had learned from his boxing master, the popular ex-pugilist, Jack Power. He danced and fiddled ‘for an opening’, as the up-to-date sporting writer has it, but evidently he found himself in the company of other than would be scrappers, at least men who do not fight for the love of the thing, because nobody took him seriously.

However, this pugilistic pupil, who used to superintend the dining tables of one of Star Line boats, became very fighty, and when the big sleigh pulled up at the car shed at 6.30 next morning, he started in to finish his imaginary bout, and attacked a fellow motorman, who is a popular fellow, severely beating him. The scrap was stopped by the other men and a doctor called. Surgical aid was necessary and now the big raw boned fellow holds the car service belt for unpopularity.

### Wanted a Plate of Beans.

A good story is told of a young man who works around a big office building on one of the principal streets. He was married some time ago. The event took place at 8 o'clock in the evening and much to the surprise of those who knew him the groom arrived at a well known restaurant two hours later. “Why Jack I thought you were to be married to night.”

“So I was” was the reply.

“Well what are you doing here if you were married.”

“Oh I just came down for a plate of beans,” and he had the beans.

### Keeping Her Before the Public.

Many people will remember that versatile little actress, Lottie Williams, the wife of E. R. Salter, the manager of the W. S. Harkins company, that was in St. John last summer. Her husband is an indelible advertising agent for her. The latest reminder he has sent to the press is a very compact card calendar for the year with Lottie Williams Salter's portrait on the other side and the statement underneath “During the past two years I have played every female character in Broadhurst's “Why Smith Left Home company.”

Undresses Made, Re-covered, Repaired Dressed 17 Waterline.

## OUR BOYS IN HALIFAX.

Their Daily Life and Routine Described by Trooper D. A. Morrison.

Of our arrival in Halifax I need not speak, as a number of the boys have written home about that. Our troop is very comfortably quartered in the Horticultural hall of the Exhibition building, which is heated by four large stoves. Our beds are composed of straw-mattresses and pillows, with one rubber blanket and four heavy army blankets for each man. We make up our beds on the long tables used for the fruit exhibit; we sleep very comfortably there, more so than if we were on the floor, but we must turn over.

The balance of our troop (4th troop, B squadron) arrived from Canning on Thursday the 11th, followed by 1st and 2nd troops, composed of the Winnipeg Dragoons with whom were also six of the North West Mounted Police, and twelve rough riders, on Saturday, the 13th. We went down to the station to meet the Winnipeg men who were all supplied with horses of the broncho type, none of these horses were shod, and it was a surprise to us to see them climb the steep ice covered hill to the exhibition building without a slip.

The first three days we were here were spent in becoming acquainted with our surroundings, and in seeing the sights of the city. There being no officers with us, ex captain Armstrong was acting sergeant. I must say I wish it had been possible for our own boys who have thrown up their commissions, to have retained them, as it would be a pleasure to serve under our own officers. Armstrong has made himself deservedly popular among the boys by doing everything in his power to make things pleasant and by granting passes to the boys when they wished to get out to see friends.

Picket duty began on Thursday night (the 11th); a stable picket of six men being appointed from 7 p. m. to 7 a. m. Relays of two men each, two hours on and four off.

Major Borden arrived from Canning on Friday, Saturday afternoon we were put through two hours of drill from ten to twelve, which consisted of bareback riding. As a result of this, our first trial here, three men were sent back. They were greatly disappointed, and it seems rather unfair to have allowed them to come this far and then be sent back.

Major Williams (Winnipeg) arrived Saturday afternoon to command our squadron. At his first visit to the grounds we were on parade, and he inspected the men. He has a fine appearance, a good voice, and is considered by some of the boys to be rather strict, but he is just the sort of commander we need. Since his arrival we have been under strict military rules.

The writer had his first experience of guard duty on Saturday night from eleven to one o'clock, and five to seven. The night was mild, so I did not find it as bad an experience as I had expected, although the last half hour became rather tedious.

Sunday the public were admitted, and the buildings and grounds were thronged with visitors. It is estimated that 10,000 people visited the grounds. Among the visitors I saw several St. John people. The N. W. mounted policemen and the bronchos seemed to be the centre of attraction for most of the visitors.

On Monday we got down to hard work; and since Saturday the place has assumed a more military appearance and things are being run on strictly military lines. At present this is the order of duties for the day.

Reveille at 6:30 A. M.  
Stables at 7 (consisting of watering, feeding the horses cleaning the stables etc)  
Breakfast at 8 a. m.  
Parade for drill at 10 a. m.  
Stables at 12  
Dinner at 1 p. m.  
Parade at 2 p. m.  
Stables at 5 p. m.  
Tea at 5:30 p. m.  
Retire at 7 p. m.  
First Post at 9:30 p. m.  
Last Post at 10 p. m.  
Lights out at 10 p. m.

Our new uniforms and kits were issued on Monday (the 15th). The men are all well pleased with them which are fatigue uniform of dark navy blue serge with red piping; forage caps similar to those worn by the 62nd, and close fitting tunic with white collar. Our kits contain one sweater, two suits of underclothing, three outside shirts, three pairs socks, two pairs gloves, two handkerchiefs, one pair of towels, one pair suspenders, one pair of soap and brushes innumerable, also necessary fixings for the care of the horses;

also knife, fork, spoons.

Some folks remarked upon the rough appearance of the bronchos, but one of the men retorted. These rough, and perhaps hard looking horses will be there at the finish. They are rather undersized, long haired, innocent looking animals but as two or three amusing incidents have borne testimony to, their innocence is only seeming. Upon their arrival, one of our boys in a spirit of mischief attempted to ride one of them back to stable from watering. He made a good attempt at mounting, but was no sooner on the horse back than he found himself thrown to his right front. After this he was content to lead him back to the stable. Monday afternoon one of Winnipeg Dragoons was thrown two or three times and had his face badly cut. And on another occasion when one

their ship was regularly employed in the western Atlantic trade, chiefly between New York and London, but her last voyage was from Leeds. It was in the big American metropolis that Capt. Cook received his orders to proceed to St. John.

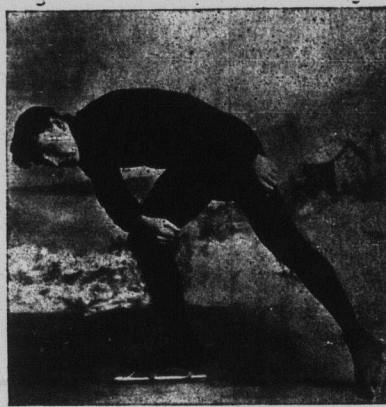
The "Massapequa" has a carrying capacity of 4500 tons. Hay will be the chief item in her cargo, although flour and canned goods are also to be sent out. The hay which has already arrived has been scrupulously inspected by Prof. Robertson of the Government staff.

It is expected the "Massapequa" will take about 33 days to run to her destination. She is easily a 10-knot craft and a steady plodder. It will be her first experience in South African water and needless to say, her crew and officers are delighting in the opportunity of this, even temporarily, entering Her Majesty's service.

### BART DUFFY IN NEW YORK.

He Skated Before Thousands and is Favorably Commented Upon.

Bart Duffy, the amateur champion skater, returned from his American trip during the latter part of last week, looking well and feeling in first class shape. During



BART. DUFFY.

of these wiry little animals had been taken to the armory to be fitted with a saddle, one of the rough riders after several ineffectual attempts to manage him gave it up, and ex-lieutenant Ryan, of the Canning contingent took him in hand. He was thrown once, but succeeded in mastering him and bringing him safely back to stable.

Fresh troops are arriving daily now, last night our stables being rather crowded, ex-lieutenant Parks, myself and one or two others moved our beds to the glass cases where the butter was on exhibition and found we could sleep very comfortably when 'put in a glass case'.

Our boys are now looking forward to two weeks more of camp life and drill here in Halifax, as the Montezuma has now been definitely declined, and the Milwaukee (of the same line) will take her place, sailing about February 5th.

We have nothing to complain of in the food given us. It is well cooked and plentiful. As a sample of one day's bill of fare, today we had for breakfast, fresh fried haddock, fried potatoes, bread and butter, coffee. For dinner, soup, roast beef, potatoes, carrots, pie, bread and butter, coffee. For supper, cold meat, fried potatoes, bread and butter, jam, coffee. Some of our friends will probably remember "The Iceman" ("Bob" McIntyre) who was so much in evidence at the Institute the night the contingent left St. John. I might say he seems to be enjoying life here, and is cultivating a vigorous appetite.

In fact all the boys are in good health and spirits and are able to do full justice to the things set before them at meal times.

The arrival of the mail is the event of the day. The boys crowding around the sergeant as he calls out the names of the fortunate ones.

The Mounted Police are splendid specimens of manhood, fine stalwart well built fellows. They wear broad brimmed, drab felt hats, with tight fitting regulation brown tunics and topped boots and spurs which give them a particularly smart appearance.

### GOES FROM ST. JOHN.

Hay and Other Provisions for South African Forces.

The big English steamer "Massapequa" which is to carry hay and other provisions direct to South Africa from this port for British forces, is indeed a staunch ship—a good type of the sturdy freight carriers produced by the Mother Country. She has been loading at the Government Pier, South End, since Wednesday last but will in all probability not be ready for sea until the latter part of next week.

One of these late stormy days a representative of this paper climbed aboard the big craft and found the officers a ruddy-faced lot of good-natured Englishmen, all of whom were British citizens. They said

his journeys in the screaming eagle's domain the genial ex-car conductor did a great deal to demonstrate the peculiar value of Mr. Robert Bustin's spring skate, which, it is understood, Mr. Fields has about sold to an American steel goods firm for a snug amount. The Americans will produce the skate from their factory, if the sale is consummated.

Whilst in New York Duffy says he skated on the Brooklyn and St. Nicholas Rinks and Central Park and was in no small degree a drawing card, although Bart made this remark with a modest modulation of the voice, and which he afterwards attributed was due to the fame already made abroad of St. John by Hughie McCormick, the Breens, and others. The papers "wrote him up" and pictured him on every excuse.

It was next to impossible to get on any matches, in fact if one was arranged; the American skaters would want unheard of handicaps. At that rate Bart thought it better to adhere to his skate demonstrating and let racing alone. Among the youthful flyers in the great metropolis is Sarony, son of the eminent photographer, and who is really a wonder for a 16-year old. He is coming to Canada this winter and perhaps as far as this city.

No local races have been arranged for Duffy yet, but before very many days elapse he will be chasing himself on the old Vic's ice at his usual lively clip.

Duffy has also had an offer from the management of the big ice carnival at Pittsburg. He is wanted for speed skating during the week of sport commencing the 28th but as yet the St. John man has not decided whether or not he shall go away, although the terms offered him are liberal and very tempting.

### Stays at Home.

The musical member of a musical family will appreciate a conversation reported by the Chicago News:

'Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?'

'Yes; I am a cornetist.'

'And your sister?'

'She's a pianist.'

'Does your mother play?'

'She's a zitherist.'

'And your father?'

'He's a pessimist.'

This reminds us of another fragment of contemporary talk.

'Don't you think' asked the young girl graduate, that Miss Spring is a charming protegee?'

'Well,' said Uncle Solomon, with deliberation, 'I guess she is a mighty sweet post-as! I'm sure her cousin, Miss Chalmers, is a charming paintress, and her aunt Luise is an excellent sculptress and her mother used to be a capable dishwasher. It is a talented family, hers is.'

## WORK OF THE RED CROSS.

Official List of Supplies Prepared by Lady Tilley for "Progress."

Lady Tilley has kindly furnished Progress with a complete and official list of all the hospital supplies made up by the Red Cross Society of New Brunswick, through the various branches, in this city, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Rothesay and Sackville, and which were shipped away to Halifax early in the week for transportation to South Africa with the second contingent. These goods are for the use of the Canadian soldiers who are wounded and stricken ill, and include every comfort of clothing desired by those laid aside. The appended lists are complete and more fully given than those published earlier by the daily papers.

On Monday last before the Red Cross cases were packed the goods were exhibited at Lady Tilley's home, Carleton House, Germain street. They filled several large tables, heaped high and were excellent examples of needlework.

Following is the make-up of the various boxes:—

### ST. STEPHEN BOX NO. 5.

- 14 flannel dressing gowns.
- 2 dressing jackets.
- 12 flannel night shirts.
- 20 will cotton hospital sheets.
- 14 fleecy night shirts.
- 17 sets of pyjamas.
- 20 prs. slippers.
- 13 Florence Nightingale bed jackets.
- 7 down pillows.
- 12 hot water bottles.
- 2 cases lime juice.
- 5 bottles bay rum.
- 9 lbs. castile soap.
- 1 box sea foam soap.
- 14 doz. invalid cups.
- 6 qts. cranberry jam for drinks.
- 4 bottles raspberry syrup.
- 9 lbs tobacco.
- 42 doz. safety pins.
- 1 gross pins.
- 2 doz. packages toilet paper.
- 8 1/2 doz. bath towels.
- 2 1/2 doz. handkerchiefs.
- 13 doz. testaments.
- Headache and comfort powders.
- Stationery.

### FREDERICTON BOX NO. 4.

- 22 hospital night shirts.
- 7 flannelette shirts.
- 38 flannelette night shirts.
- 10 white cotton night shirts.
- 15 pyjama suits.
- 12 Florence Nightingale suits.
- 19 pairs Indian slippers.
- 2 pairs wool slippers.
- 2 flannelette jackets.
- 2 pairs men's drawers.
- 2 undershirts.
- 19 pairs bed socks.
- 1 box bandages.
- 1 box adhesive plaster.
- 20 boxes wool soap.
- 12 housewives.

### ST. JOHN BOX.

- Following is contents of box 3.
- 3 doz. bottles lime fruit tablets.
  - 28 hot water bottles.
  - 25 rubber air pillows.
  - 4 rubber bed pans.
  - 2 doz. hair brushes.
  - 2 doz. carbolic soap.

- 21 lbs. castile soap.
- 1 doz. atomizers.
- 1 doz. bottles toilet water.
- 1 doz. bottles tooth powder.
- 1 doz. bottles Florida water.
- 12 yds. rubber sheeting.
- 1 doz. boxes mustard leaves.
- 3 doz. boxes vaseline.
- 6 doz. Fullers earth boxes.
- 86 packages stationery in each, 1 pad paper, 2 packages envelopes, pencil and sharpener.

- Large quantities toilet soap.
- 4 doz. packages toilet paper.
  - 1 doz. rubber ice bags.
  - 2 doz bottles Bovril.
  - 1 doz. bottles Abbey's salts.
  - 6 jars beef essence.
  - 6 boxes jubjubes.
  - 6 down Union Jack pillows.
  - Medical cases (for nurses).
- Part of these supplies were from Fredericton.

### ST. JOHN BOXES.

The following is the contents of boxes 1 and 2.

- 34 grey flannel shirts.
- 42 pajamas suits.
- 33 shaker flannel hospital gowns.
- Package of bandages.
- 78 Florence Nightingale bed jackets.
- 27 shaker flannel shirts.
- 74 hospital shirts.
- 164 doz. handkerchiefs.
- 164 colera bandages.
- 48 tam o'shanter.
- 12 caps.
- 36 esomach bandages.
- 15 bath towels.
- 50 yds. grey cotton (for bandages).
- 50 yds. canton flannel.
- 36 prs. hospital felt slippers.
- 6 prs. linen duck suits.

Lady Tilley says that as long as the war continues the Red Cross will go on and in all probability more calls for supplies will be made upon the New Brunswick Societies. Dr. E. Sterling Ryerson of Toronto is the Canadian president of the movement and he will go to South Africa to superintend the distribution of Canadian aid to the wounded.

More branches of the noble work are being instituted throughout the various sections of the province, under Lady Tilley's direction. The ladies are showing much enthusiasm in the work and are prepared at any word from Dr. Ryerson to duplicate their efforts of the past few weeks.

The officers of the St. John branch are:

- Lady Tilley, president.
- Mrs. Sears, Mrs. (Col) McLean, Mrs. (Col) Markham, Mrs. (Col) G. W. Jones, Mrs. E. A. Smith, treasurer.
- Mrs. Chas Harrison, Mrs. Keltie Jones, Mrs. Etough, Miss A'a Dunn and Miss Alice Walker corresponding secs.

'Yes,' said the returned volunteer, 'we were often forced to skirt a native town during a drenching rain.'

'Sort of a rainy-day skirt' giggled the girl who shops without an umbrella.—

# Sore Hands



Red, Rough Hands, Itching, Burning Palms, and Painful Finger Ends

## ONE NIGHT CURE.

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour. Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of dandruff and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Ointment, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disgusting, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO'S, Sole Props., Boston.

Cuticura THE SET

Music and The Drama

'Barbara Frietchie' is the name of a new march in 6-8 time that is having a wonderful rage in New York.

Sam Jones, the originator of the song 'Where Did You Get That Hat,' is now the manager of a Glasgow, Scotland music hall.

De Wolf Hopper has taken a lease of the Shaftesbury theatre, London, and is presenting 'The Charlatan' under the title of 'The Mystical Miss.'

Ellen Beach Yaw, who successfully created the leading role in the Rose of Persia, will not take up the part again as her health is not equal to the strain.

'The Light House by the Sea' is the title of a new musical sketch which is to be produced in Chicago for the first time next month. It is said to contain some startling novelties in the way of mechanical effects.

Mme. Webman, a new pianist from Vienna made her first appearance in England two weeks ago under the direction of Ernest Cavour. It is said she was appreciated as a cultivated and accomplished artist but did not display any extraordinary qualifications.

The latest London success, the Rose of Persia, has caught the public fancy to such an extent that Sir Arthur Sullivan and Captain Basil Hood who are responsible for the merry opera are again to collaborate for a successor to the Rose, when it is needed in the distant future.

'The Prince of Bohemia,' a new operatic comedy was given its first production in Boston on Jan. 10. The music is by Geo. Tracy, composer of Excelsior Jr. 'The Royal Twins' and other comic operas. It is said there is a little of everything in the Prince comedy, pantomime, satire, grand opera and some charming ballads.

John William Glover, editor in 1859 of the collected edition of Moore's Melodies, and founder of the choral institute of Dublin, died in the latter city last week at the age of eighty-six. In 1880 he was a violinist in the celebrated Dublin orchestra and afterwards director of the cathedral choir. One of his operas based by Edmund Falconer upon Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' was produced some years ago in Dublin.

The parts in the Oberammergau Passion Play have been distributed as follows: The elderly men have all retired, but the mayor, Lang, is still the leader of all. His part of the High Priest Caiaphas will be played by his son, Sebastian Lang. Anton Lang takes the part of Christ, while Joseph Mayer, who preceded him, will deliver the prologue. Anna Flunger is to be Mary, instead of Rosa Lang. The leader of the chorus is Jacob Rutz, who sang the part in the last performance. Sebastian Bauer is to be Pilate, while Thomas Rende, who was Pilate, will be Peter. The part of John will again be played by Peter Rendl. The actors of the smaller parts are almost all retained.

John Coates, who was specially selected by Sir Arthur Sullivan to sing his setting of Kipling's poem, The Absent-Minded Beggar at a leading London Theatre has undergone a change of voice and from a baritone he developed into a tenor. In consequence he has retired from the theatre where he was creating a stir and will devote his time towards learning the great tenor parts and music in the famous operas and pieces of the English and foreign stage. Coates is well known in America where in 1894 he made a hit in light opera both in Boston and New York. In 1895 he played to crowded houses in all the leading American cities. In Boston where he appeared with The Artists Model he was publicly presented with a handsome souvenir. He has had prominent parts in The Geisha, and also The Runaway Girl.

Among current New York rumors is one which refers to plans for a season of English Grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. It is stated that the projectors of the scheme endeavored to get Maurice Grau's co-operation and that subscriptions for a series of performances next season have already been secured. In discussing the affair the N. Y. Clipper says: "Mr.

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Gran has, according to statement, declined to take part in the venture, but, as his company will not occupy the house until late in the season, the promoters of the new enterprise claim that they will give their series of performances under the direction of Theodore Habelman. Mr. Habelman was, a score or more of years ago, a well known and highly favored tenor in grand opera in this country. He subsequently became stage manager of German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, this city, and for a number of years has held a similar position in Breslau. He is well fitted for the position to which report has assigned him, and his name employed in connection with the scheme has gained for it a degree of belief. In engaging the company it is claimed that preference will be given to American singers, but it is admitted that some German singers, possessing a knowledge of English, will also be found among the principals.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

That St. John still has a taste for good plays properly presented is evidenced by the increase in patronage extended to the Stock Company at the Opera House. Their presentation of Taming of the Shrew last week was a magnificent production heartily endorsed by good houses and the warmest commendation of all who witnessed it. The costuming was beautiful and appropriate, the stage settings tasteful and attractive—in fact these are two strong points of the company aside from its merit as a strong combination of artistic talent. Lady Windermere's Fan, a play somewhat after the style of the Crust of Society was played the first three nights of the week and later that great old English comedy, The School for Scandal, was the attraction. The company closes its fourth week in St. John this evening. Mr. Mawson, Miss Bonstelle and Mr. Webster have strongly entrenched themselves in popular favor and their every appearance is the signal for prolonged applause. Forbes Robertson has been quite ill. Sol Smith Russell closed his season of Jan. 6.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke is being starred in The Rounders. Lewis Morrison's Faust was in Worcester, Mass last week.

Thomas E. Shea, well known here is playing through Pennsylvania.

Martha Rudess is Robert Mantell's efficient leading lady this season.

Charles Wyndham is producing Cyrano de Bergerac in the English provinces.

The Bennett & Moulton company A, is said to be breaking all previous records.

Sidney Grundy says that Mrs. Langtry has made the success of her career in The Degenerates.

J. H. Shepherd author of the Senators Daughter, and the Moonshiners is engaged upon a new play.

Herbert Kealey and Effie Shannon have a new play that New York may see before the end of the season.

James O'Neill is playing in Boston, Mass. this week. His stay in Montreal was very successful.

Lincoln J. Carters, Under the Dome, has caught Texas and is one of the years successes in The Lone Star State.

John R. Rogers will shortly leave London for Russia, India, China and Japan for a tour with Mrs. Bernard Beere.

Vera De Noie has written two new plays for next season. They are called 'A Bandit's Son' and 'A Tory's Daughter.'

Captain W T Parkies at one time a power in the music hall world of London was found dead in his room at Kew recently.

It is said that Tod Sloane has signified his intention of backing DeWolfe Hopper for any amount in a new venture he has on hand.

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert recently celebrated her 80th birthday in New York, and actors, artists and authors called to congratulate her.

A sister of Joe Greene, the actor, who was a favorite here for two or three seasons, dropped dead in Cambridgeport, Mass, last week.

Edward Terry has not come to any decision regarding his American and Australian tours. He will appear in his own theatre in March.

Hans Ravene, a German actor, was instantly killed in Cleveland, Ohio, last week by falling down stairs in his board-house and breaking his neck.

James K. Hackett was seriously wounded in the hand while rehearsing for The Pride of Jennico in New York last week. He was practicing a fencing bout with another actor and for want of more suitable weapons they used a pair of sharp rapier.

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parrying a thrust Mr. Royce's rapier slid down the steel held by Mr. Hackett and coming in contact with his hand inflicted a deep and painful wound.

Amelia Bingham has been engaged for the role of Lady Winifred in Hearts are Trumps. This is the part which it was originally intended Ada Reben should play in the London production.

Wesley Mantell is preparing the scenic effects for the dramatization of The Merry Mucketeers which opens its season in Chicago on Jan. 15. The tour is booked for the Pacific coast and return.

William Ringold, the veteran English actor, has been compelled to retire from the stage through the failure of his eyesight. He was sixty-one years of age and has been on the boards since he was four years old.

W. A. Brady has purchased a play in which to star Mrs. Brady who is known on the stage as Grace George. The piece is an adaptation from the French by Harry St. Maur and is called Man and Wife. It is a serious drama with some very strong scenes and an excellent part for Miss George.

Alfred Shirley has rewritten the last act of The Absent Minded Beggar in order to bring the play into accordance with the present state of affairs in Atria. A play has been produced in Brussels by the way which is on the Boer side and shows the follower of Kuger downing the British at the end of every act.

Richard Mansfield has already decided upon his play for next season. It will be Shakespeare's Henry V. and the production will be made in New York in October. Next spring Mansfield intends to produce a play in which the central figure is King Frederick William of Prussia. He has also commissioned Stephen Phillips author of Paoli and Francesca to write a play for him.

Thomas Kite formerly parish clerk at Shakespeare's Church has just died in his 91st year. He had succeeded to the post held by his father and grandfather but resigned it about forty years. He was known to all the dramatic celebrities of half a century ago and had conducted to the tomb of the poet such celebrities as Edwin Booth, Hawthorne, Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Emerson and Macready.

The old question as to where Wilson Barrett sought inspiration for The Sign of the Cross having been revived in America and making in many cases a charge of plagiarism, Caleb Porter, Mr. Barrett's private secretary, has set the matter at rest for once and all. He has conclusively proved that the novel, Quo Vadis, to which it is said he owed his inspiration for his famous play was not published as a serial story

Second Contingent For Atria. Canada's second contingent for service in the Transvaal is a fine body of men, and will do honour to Canada. The 'Family Herald and Weekly Star,' of Montreal, with characteristic enterprise, have completed arrangements to have every member of this second contingent reported in that great paper by special correspondents. The 'Family Herald's' war news service is a credit to Canada, and is copied by many of the big American daily papers. 'Family Herald and Weekly Star' subscribers this year are certainly to be congratulated.

'I've sized up your hand,' remarked the potato as it was being planted, 'and I've concluded to stay in.'

'All right,' chuckled the farmer; 'I'll raise you.'

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until one year after the production of Barrett's play.

Paris is much interested in the change of base of the well known actor M. Gioutry who left the vaudeville to become a 'sociétaire' of the Theatre Francais. He will have a large salary and pension on retirement Gioutry was 'discovered' by Sarah Bernhardt in St. Petersburg and is considered the best stage lover in France. His fault is that he will ignore the other actors and declaim to the audience and this was very notably so in his appearance in the French version of Secret Service when he made most of his speeches from the edge of the footlights.

Jacob Litt, manager of the N. Y. Broadway theatre, has made arrangements to form an extensive organization known as the Broadway Stock Company, which will produce on a very elaborate scale melodramatic plays. A contract has been entered into with Cecil Raleigh, the English playwright, to furnish one melodrama a year, and in conjunction with this arrangement an effort was made to bring about a deal with the management of the Drury Lane theatre in England to produce their melodramas in this country on the same plan that existed between the late Augustin Daly and the English people. But the latter effort to secure enormous royalties from Mr. Litt by advancing their figures from 15 to 35 per cent caused the deal to fall through. Joseph Kilgour has been engaged to play the leading roles in the productions and other prominent actors and actresses are under consideration.

Henry George's First Friend. In the late seventies, Henry George, the single-tax reformer, came East from California. He was desperately poor and had but few acquaintances. Shortly after his arrival he lectured before the Saturday Ethical Club New York, where his brilliant oratory and shabby attire made so striking a contrast as to excite the sympathy of those present. After he left, the club appointed a committee to aid him in getting up a public lecture. Among others, the committee included Seth Low who was then engaged in business. He was in consultation at the time, and the committee were in a hurry, so he told them to send him a lot of tickets. They forwarded twenty to him the same day, and felt happy at having secured twenty dollars for the lecture fund. The next morning came a letter of thanks from Mr. Low, praising the lecturer's intellectuality and inclosing a check for \$250. The affair was a success, netting about \$300, so that President Low may be said to have been the first man to start Mr. George on his eastern career.

Twenty years later, in 1897 Mr. Low was the citizens' candidate and Mr. George the labor candidate for Mayor of New York. The latter made a vigorous campaign, and in all his speeches advised the citizens, if they could not vote for him, to vote for his friend, Seth Low; and on one occasion he said that if it had not been for the latter he would not be there as a candidate. Few understood his full meaning.

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W. T. H. FENETY, GEORGINA C. FENETY, FREDERICK B. SHARPE, Executors and Executrix H. G. FENETY, Solicitor.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 20

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

THE UNDERWRITER'S WARNING.

There is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question of fire protection. The notice of the underwriters, which appears in this paper and has already been generally read in the daily press is not couched in language calculated to soothe the feelings of the aldermen. We have learned from experience that some of our civic representatives are somewhat touchy and quite easily irritated and the gentlemen connected with the insurance business might have taken a hint from recent events and been more politic. But they rushed to their late and now, if we may judge from the speeches that have been made upon the subject, there is just a possibility that St. John may have an insurance department added to its already somewhat cumbersome civic machinery.

It is quite natural that the fire underwriters should wish St. John to be as thoroughly protected from fire as possible and their risks lessened. They demand that the water pressure shall be increased and, if the statements of the engineer are correct, this would involve an enormous expense. It has been pointed out—and there is no doubt a great deal of truth in the statement—that the portion of the county from which St. John draws its water supply is being rapidly stripped of its woods and this will naturally affect the quantity of the supply. Where then is the water to come from, Loch Monard Lake appears to be the only place and it is within the memory of a large number of people that the city gave away an important concession not long ago in connection with this very body of water. It is little wonder that the aldermen are alarmed at the prospect of another bill for land damages. Their unfinished experience at Spruce Lake has been most unpleasant and they hesitate before going ahead so blindly again.

If St. John becomes a large city—as we hope to see it in a few years—the necessity for an increased water supply would be apparent but the urgent need of the extension does not appear just now. The city has placed a pumping station at Silver Falls and the absence of complaint on account of scarcity of water on the higher levels has been noticeable this winter. Now, if the fire department is brought up to the standard recommended by the chief of the department the underwriters would no doubt be satisfied. We need a chemical engine, or two of them for that matter, also an improved ladder truck and, some say, another powerful engine for the south end. With these additions the people could depend upon greater safety than ever.

The West End was never so well protected from fire as it is to-day, and when the new water main is opened the underwriters should be able to take up the question of a reduction in the rates of insurance in that section. When the North End of the city is rebuilt, who will say that the danger of such a fire as took place there last summer, will not have greatly diminished?

The underwriters should bear in mind the fact that the fire department has been improved in many respects in a few years. The men are more comfortable, the engine houses are more modern, there is another salvage corps and a better supply of hose than has ever been in the possession of the department. It is not strange therefore that the implied threat in the notice of the fire underwriters should raise a breeze of indignation. If it succeeds in

making the aldermen act every one will be pleased.

THE JURY LISTS.

It is doubtful if Sheriff STURDEE ever gave a thought about the religion of the men he summoned to serve on juries, but now that his attention has been directed by the Freeman to the fact that fewer catholics are asked to do jury duty than their numbers in the community entitle them to, he will no doubt give more citizens of this persuasion the benefit of his attention after this. While jurymen are very necessary this duty of citizenship is not sought after by the active man of business. One dollar a day will not pay him for absence from his business and there are plenty of men who have requested the sheriff not to call upon them. There are other citizens, however, with nothing much to occupy their attention who are willing and, in many cases, glad to serve their country in this way and at the same time add to their income. Those who attend our courts must have been impressed by the fact that the same men are present in the capacity of jurymen session after session. Sometimes the name of "professional jurymen" has been applied to them. The work is congenial to them and it is contended by some that experience in the jury-room is of use to a man in arriving at a fair verdict. Be this as it may the sheriff will no doubt make a note of the reminder especially when he considers, as the Freeman says, that he is "an appointee of the provincial government which owes more or less to its catholic supporters in this city and throughout the province" and in the future will "remember the voice of the people as expressed in February last and seek to put catholics on rather than keep them off the lists."

"PEACE WITH HONOR" AGAIN.

At the minutes of that "Peace with Honor" meeting are placed upon the records of the city the historical society of a hundred years hence will have plenty of fun at the expense of the council of today. The discussion at the council meeting yesterday was not conducted in that calm frame of mind that one might expect. There is no doubt of the opinion of the people regarding the course pursued by Aldermen CHRISTIE and MILLIDGE. In spite of His Worship's assertion that the requisition was not presented to him these aldermen were obstinate in their contention that the meeting was legal and the minutes should be confirmed. They went even to the extent of overriding the Mayor's refusal to put the motion of confirmation. But having refused to put the motion confirming the minutes the mayor would have been equally justified in refusing to accept the motion to overrule his decision. The willingness of Alderman CHRISTIE to abide by the views of the people is well assumed. His narrow escape last year from defeat by a gentleman who has had nothing to do with politics does not argue well for his chance today. He is the most powerful man at the council because he is chairman of the two important and large spending departments—public works and water supply. Still this fact should not exempt him from paying the ordinary courtesy to the mayor of the city. His favorite expression that he "would not be bulldozed by the mayor" was coined soon after Mr. SEARS was elected to the office and his use of it has been frequent since. The case should be reversed however. It is the aldermen who tries to do the "bulldozing" and it is little wonder that the mayor objects. It is time the last word was heard on the "Peace with Honor" business.

PROVIDE FIRE ESCAPES.

The citizens are indebted to A. D. MCGOLDRICK, as chairman of the safety board, for directing the attention of the building inspector and the chief of the fire department to the fact that the large public schools are without proper fire escapes. They should be provided at once. Think for an instant what an awful thing it would be if a fire should start in one of the lower rooms in the Victoria school. Pupils are no doubt accustomed to fire drill but the little ones who now attend that building of many stories would be easily panic stricken.

We do not wish to alarm the parents but this appears to us something that should not be neglected. The cost of placing suitable escapes on all the school buildings would not be great but at any rate that should not enter into the consideration of the question. For years an iron ladder has been on the side wall of the Victoria school that a level headed fireman would hesitate to descend, much less young children.

The duty of the trustees is plain and if they do not see to it that fire escapes are provided the building inspector can compel them to act.

The chairman of safety did not confine his remarks to the condition of the school buildings but reminded the officials that they should inspect the opera house, hotel

and all places where a fire is likely to cause loss of life. Now that the subject has been brought up it should not be allowed to drop.

"Do you ever notice," asks the Lewiston Journal, "when travelling on a steam railway that every lawyer of prominence, no matter where he may reside, always has a pass? The fellows that draft the bills for our rural legislators and subsequently interpret the laws are carefully looked after by corporations likely to be the subject of legislation." In this country every lawyer is not a politician but those who are, are not forgotten by the railways. We know of representatives who travel on a pass from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to Ottawa and return on these magic bits of paste board and yet draw their mileage regularly. It was not long ago that an M. P.—he is no longer one—rented his annual pass regularly until it was taken from him!

They have a curious way of doing things in Franco. A short time ago in order to preserve some appearance of decency they arrested a caricaturist as he pictured Queen VICTORIA being spanked by PAUL KRUGER. The charge was outraging public morals but the court acquitted the accused on the ground that in spite of the grossness of the satire, it did not have the obscene character which would justify the charge.

The greatest possible attention should be paid to the outbreak of small pox in the province. It seems already to have spread to several localities and so far no effort has been made to prevent its introduction into the largest city in New Brunswick. We have daily trains and mails from the infected districts and yet there is no inspection of passengers or disinfection of mails. Surely this is negligence.

Congratulations to Mr. H. A. MCKEOWN upon his introduction into the government. There is not much money in being a "forecastle" member, but it may be a stepping stone to something better. His best friends will hope there is no necessity of an election on account of it.

Lawyers and judges often consistently differ in their opinion but what must be said of the New Jersey Recorder who held that Sunday shaving was a necessity and then fined the butchers for selling meat on the Sabbath. There are many people who think meat a necessity.

Hon. A. S. WHITE is no longer attorney general. The office will not suffer from the fact but it does not give the roads and bridges of the country greater attention than he did the law business of the crown the people will soon find a substitute.

Popular Skating Resort.

The effort of Manager Tufts of the Queen's Rink to keep his skating establishment fully up to the times and a most desirable place to attend, for even the most particular ladies, is being fully appreciated by the general public as the increasing attendance at that rink would indicate. Poor ice is indeed a rarity at the Queen's and this fact alone assures it of unbounded patronage. The dressing rooms are well kept and commodious and a corps of attendants look after the wants of those skating. Parents recognize the Queen's as a rink where they can send their children with perfect safety and in the evenings the delightful music of the Artillery band under Prof. Horseman makes the hours of special pleasure. Central, and run on purely up-to-date principles the Queen's is becoming more and more popular and with its Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday band programmes and Friday night hockey matches, it still maintains its past record as a most enjoyable resort. On Monday evenings the society folk have the rink for their Monday Evening Skating Club, and this coming Monday they will hold a carnival. Now that hockey has taken a boom once more and games with the sister city teams are being arranged, the Charlotte street skating rink is frequently the scene of great hockey enthusiasm, but even last night's big games did certainly not reach the high pitch of interest, which will be attained when the Winter Portites and the Woul-be Winter Portites get chasing the rubber.

Her Children Were Her Jewels.

The advantage of keeping cool under trying circumstances was illustrated by the conduct of Mrs. Joseph Palitzer, when she found herself enveloped by the smoke of her burning residence. Instead of giving way to her emotions, she calmly went to the chambers where her children were located and conducted them from the burning house in safety, while her companion and the governess gave way to fright and lost their lives. Some very choice objects of art were destroyed by the fire, three fine portraits of Mrs. Palitzer, by Caroline Duran, Leon Bonnat and Munkacey, re-

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

respectively, being among them. There are some rare bronzes and tapestries, too, among the missing, but quite likely Mrs. Palitzer's jewels will be recovered from the ruins. These include a diamond necklace, bought at the sale of the French crown jewels for which Mr. Palitzer paid \$120,000; and Mrs. Palitzer's famous pearl necklace, valued at \$150,000.

Never Sated.

The traditional attitude of the pessimist toward all things is represented thus in a dialogue with a Georgia farmer, reported by the Atlanta Constitution: 'How do you like this weather?' 'Not much; I'm feared it's goin' to rain.' 'Well, how's times with you?' 'Sorter so so—but they won't last.' 'Folks all well?' 'Yes; but the measles is in the neighborhood.' 'Well, you ought to be thankful you're a livin'.'

A Boston Herald Joke.

The elopement, some time ago, of the Princess Chimay with the gypsy who bore the name of Janos is now followed by the announcement of the forthcoming wedding of the Countess Chimay to Count Hanyadi. This conjunction of names is something quite laxative.

The Missing Link.

We're getting very chummy with old England, yes, sirree! We speak of ties of blood that none can sever; The poets tell us we must clasp our hands across As brother men, forever and forever.

Of Lexington and Concord, and likewise Bunker Hill, We've ceased to speak with fervid exultation. While 'rebels' such as Washington produce a sudden chill Whenever they're dragged into a conversation.

'They say' that England helped us out in our affair with Spain. And know you well that men and ships to back us; The bluff she made, they tell us, was sufficient to restrain The other nations eager to attack us.

And now, 'they say,' we're paying back the mighty For while we cannot fight those Afrikanders, We try to have Victoria feel in some way, 'don't we'd love to give her loss some underhanders.

Whenever we hear the Boers have plied the British in a heap, Our depth of grief we can't refrain from showing; We gather on the common, where our tears like rain we weep, Until the frog pond fills to overflowing.

We're glad to see our mighty lands in loving concord join, And know your words have not a speck of frost on; Perhaps some day proud England's child, Miss Canada can coin A quarter dollar for street car fares in Boston. —Boston Globe.

The Man With the Hoe.

Lo, here I stand, the independent man, The first of men, who won, when Times was young, By strength of arm, from Nature's miserard grasp, And needful thing: for those who loathed to me. And down the leading axis of his brain Have multiplied inventions numberless, Evil and good, but none to supersede My trusty hoe. While thousands have risen and gone To darkness, it shines brighter than of yore When forged by Tubal-cain.

Ye bookworms pale, Why point at my slant brow and rugged hands? I breathe the dewy freshness of the earth In open fields resonating with the song And jubilation of bird and beast—while ye, Dot-dot-voe, in some noisome plains with cheerful homes, Work for yourselves—live healthily, content, On your own land's productions. Doing time, The last cursed anarchist will pass from earth. —Eric Ducean.

After the Battle.

It was out in the rain and the wind and the groans I tended the wounded, for an I friend; I thought with myself that the very stones Of the grim valley side, If they could, would have cried, 'Doctor! don't touch them; let death make an end!'

And presently, propped by a boarder gray, A gray and grizzled old Boer I saw; He who a right hand had blown away: He was quiet and calm.

He was reading a Psalm From a blood-stained book of the ancient Law. 'Make haste and help me,' the old Psalm ran, 'Deliver me I beseech thee, O Lord! Let those who seek my hurt to a man Be put to shame.' That so thy name Be great upon all who trust Thy word.

'For an I, Lord; Then knowest how poor; This hand shall never hold a sickle again, Lord, enclose me I beseech thee the gray beard Boer; Carry not home! To take me home! Lord, have I thee, and help me out of this pain.

And there, as he prayed in the rain and the wind, To the gray old Boer from the Orange Free State The man who had fought for cattle and kind With his sons, and sons? Sons less than their guns To free his land from the men of their hate—

There came at his call to the God of the Psalm The Helper of the help'less after the fray. And his face grew pale with a wonderful calm, And the Psalm book dropped: And the blood had stopped.

And the pain and the sorrow had passed away. —H. D. Rawnsley

(After one of the late battles in Natal, an old Boer was found badly wounded, propped up among some rough boulders upon a kopje side, his rifle was laid idly by him, and the old man appeared to be waiting for death, as a quietly reading his Bible.)

Biography machines were busy during the Dasey celebration in New York, and many unconscious persons had their pictures taken. Now that the pictures are being exhibited, faces are sometimes recognized with mixed emotions. One such case is related by the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Among the treasures displayed by a biograph man in the Crescent City is a series showing a crowd of spectators surging along lower Fifth Avenue. The figures in the foreground include a chubby young man in a Scotch cap, holding a box camera in both hands and evidently taking snapshots at the throng.

He appears at the lower right-hand corner of the scene, crosses rapidly toward the left, and just before the film ends, turns his face so that he is looking directly at the people in the theatre, and smiles.

This individual was immediately recognized as a young man whose abrupt departure from Orleans not long ago was the cause of great grief among numerous creditors and overconfident friends. He passed as a newspaper correspondent, and developed a good deal of talent as an abroad 'beat.' When his counterfeited presentment flashed into motion on the biograph screen a deep groan went up from victims in several parts of the theatre. Most deeply grieved of all who saw the first exhibition in New Orleans was a man himself in the photographic line. He not only recognized the chubby young man, but he recognized the camera in the young man's hand as one stolen from him just before the youth so hastily started for the North.

O'Connell's Charge.

Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish agitator and orator, had a contempt for physical danger. On a certain occasion as his only surviving son has recently narrated in Temple Bar, a meeting had been convened, and a large crowd assembled in a room on the first floor of a building in a small city in Ireland.

O'Connell was about to address the people when a gentleman, pale with fear, made his way to the platform and hoarsely whispered:

'Liberator, the floor is giving way! The beams that shore it up are cracking, and we shall all fall through in a few minutes!'

'Keep silent,' said O'Connell; then, raising his voice, he addressed the assembly:

'I find that the room is too small to contain the number who desire to come in, so we must leave it and hold the meeting outside the building.'

At this a few rose and went out, but the majority retained their seats. Then O'Connell said:

'I will tell you the truth: you are Irishmen, therefore brave men. The floor is giving away and we must leave this room at once. If there is a panic and a rush to the door, we shall all be precipitated into the room below, but if you obey my orders we shall be saved. Let the twelve men nearest the door go quietly out, then the next twelve, and so on till all have gone. I shall be the last to leave.'

His instructions were obeyed to the letter, and he waited, patient and calm, till all had gone out in safety. Then he walked quietly by across the sundering, cracking floor, reaching the door just as the shattered beams gave way. And thus, by the force of his strong will, a terrible accident was averted.

Yes—What

A good story is going the rounds at Harvard College, concerning a last year's graduate; a dutiful son and an industrious student, yet withal a somewhat illiterate youth. At the beginning of his concluding year, father, who was just setting out for Europe said to him:

'Now, Harry, you get your degree, and I'll send for you to come over and travel all summer.'

Harry was delighted. 'Father,' said he, 'I will.' He studied faithfully all the college year, and in June went through, with flying colors. Then he cabled his father:

'Yes.'

But the father, alas! had forgotten his impulsive offer. He mused over the message, wondered, and then cabled back:

'Yes, what?'

The son was in turn perplexed, not being a well-trained lad, he did not remain long in the dark, and fired by dutious zeal cabled back:

'Yes sir.'

Letters of explanation followed, and he is now making the grand tour.



FOR ADDITIONAL NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Programs for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.

Monroe & Co. Barrington street. Cor. George & Granville Sts. ...

Nothing but military enthusiasm this week, no gaily except what is connected with the second Canadian contingent.

The death is announced of Mrs. Gossp at the age of 60 years. She was the daughter of the late George J. Smith, at this city, who died here in the building in which Mrs. Gossp died.

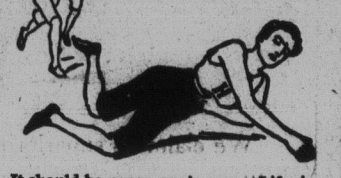
WOLFVILLE, N. S. Miss Tina Caldwell has gone to Ottawa. Miss Dixon is visiting her father, Rev. R. F. Dixon, rector of St. John's church.

Weymouth, N. S. Mr. Selwyn Journey has arrived home. Mr. Fred Hogan, D. S. returned from Lynn last week.

DIGBY. Miss Nellie Parry of Clementsport, is in town. Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Short were in Hantsport this week.

TOUBA GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Ointment Tablets. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure.

The first part of an athlete's training relates to the care of the stomach. The nourishing quality of his food is considered.



It should be every one's care. Life is a struggle for the prize of success. The man who wins must take care of his stomach.

Incessant dull headache aggravated by cutting, fatulence, gnawing in the stomach, heartburn, acid eructations, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, mental depression, sleeplessness; these are only a few of the symptoms of a weak stomach and an enfeebled condition of the digestive and nutritive functions.

The dealer's after the dollar and the customer's after the cure. Its dealer with his eye on the dollar who proposes substitution. Let the customer keep his eye on the cure and insist on "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not gripe. They effectually cleanse the system of accumulated impurities.

Digby on Saturday to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Saunders.

Windsor. Mr. John Keith is in Sydney, C. B. where he will remain a few days.

GREENWICH. A pleasant social event took place on Thursday evening last, when a number of young people met at the residence of Capt. Palmer and enjoyed a very pleasant evening in dancing and whist.

ANNAPOLIS. Miss Alice Carr spent several days last week with friends in Bridgetown.

Digby. Mr. Richard Carr and son Everett also spent a short time in Bridgetown.

Windsor. Mr. Irving Hall, of J. G. Hall & Co., attended the funeral of Mr. Baker, at Yarmouth, and afterwards visited Windsor.

Windsor. Mr. Frank, who has been spending the holidays with his sister, Mrs. Carver, has returned to Dalhousie college, Halifax, to pursue his medical studies.

Windsor. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham Stewart, Halifax, leave on the 25th, of this month for a trip to the West Indies, where they will visit St. Vincent, St. Kitts, and other points, remaining until May, Capt. and Mrs. Morris will visit Halifax before the 25th, for the purpose of saying good-bye.

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YARMOUTH. Jan. 17.—Messrs. Bowman and Samuel Crowell and Bradford Richards have returned to Acadia.

YARMOUTH. Mr. H. F. Hammond, the energetic and faithful agent in Boston of the Yarmouth Steamship Co. who came here to attend the funeral of his late chief, is registered at the Grand, and will remain in town until Wednesday.

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Embroider with Brainerd and Armstrong Wash Embroidery Silk, put up in tangle and knot proof holders; nearly 400 shades. "Blue Book" for three "holder" tags or a one cent stamp—tells how to embroider fifty flowers and leaves. Corticelli Silk Co., Ltd. ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

Calcium-Nickel Fluoride FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry. Manufactured under Mexican patent by THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico. Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale. Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM CROUP is the most deadly of all diseases of children. It gives very little time in which to seek remedies. A little tiredness—a cough—feverishness—stifled coughing—even at this LIFE IS SAVED if this critical period the club rooms at Bonad Hill and a very pleasant evening was spent by those present.

Puttner's Emulsion Excellent for babies, nursing mothers, growing children and all who need nourishing and strengthening treatment. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharges, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor.

Buc-touche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buc-touche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

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

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

J. D. TURNER. THOS. L. BOURKE

ITCHING... In any Form... zema, Salt... Is Rele... and Pe... ly C... Dr. Chase... One of the stron... remedy can have... medical profession... ment for the ill... mended. Such in... Chase's Ointment... DOCTO... Before the int... Ointment doctors... not cure Eczema... usually reported to... for piles. Now th... want and know of... I of course they... patients what they... give the treatment... but nevertheless t... from these offices... and recognize it... for piles and itching... DOCTORS... Canadian doctor... than their Americ... Dr. Chase's Oint... the strict laws at... have their an... if you are... wondrous virtues... ask your family p... record in the pes... strongest terms... Dr. C. M. Har... No physician... lego the claims... Chase's Ointment... by curing where... We know the... meet all the r... standard of wea... high esteem wh... gently we ender... Dr. Chase's O... cure any case of... all dealers, or H... Toronto... Dr. Chase's Sy... pointing for throa... Chase's Catarrh... dealers.



SOCIAL and PERSONAL

people have had the hall thoroughly renovated and floor waxed for the occasion. At first it was intended to have a house party, but the invitation list grew to such proportions that a larger floor was engaged.

George Lamb of the North End has returned from the lumber woods quite ill and is living at Mrs. Odell's Main street.

Mr. J. A. Tilton of the firm of Smith & Tilton left by the C. P. E. Tuesday afternoon for a trip to the Pacific coast. He will be absent several weeks.

Miss Cha. Iton who has been visiting her mother on Mecklenburg street has returned to her hospital duties at Pittsburg, Mass.

Miss Mabel's own accountant of the Maritime Premium Co. has been quite ill at her home King street east for about a fortnight.

William Gregory of Duke street has returned from Houlton, Me., after several months visit.

West End. Mrs. Walter B. Brown of West End, entertained a large number of her married and single friends at her home on Wednesday evening last, the few hours being most pleasantly spent in dancing and whist.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McKellar, Mr. and Mrs. H. Chip Olive, Miss Annie Ervin, Miss Bessie Ervin, Miss Rina, Miss Tina, Miss M. P. Ke, Miss Ena Adams, Miss Nellie Adams, Mr. Charles Tilley, Mr. Dale, Mr. Appleby, Mr. Geo. Brown and others.

Miss Ena Adams of West End, entertained a large party of friends in honor of Miss McPeake this week.

Two popular young residents of Carleton have decided to enter the realm of wedded bliss, and quite soon too. They will at once go to housekeeping.

Miss McPeake of West End returned to her studies in Boston on Friday last.

A number of West side young people have instituted a whist club and meet from house to house each week. Mrs. Brown is chaperone.

Miss Mabel Thompson of Carleton leaves shortly for Moncton.

Mr. D. W. Clark of West side has been confined to his home for some time with a severe cold.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

But some stubborn people wait until "down sick" before trying to ward off illness or cure it. The wise recognize in the word "Hood's" assurance of health.

For all blood troubles, scrofula, pimples, as well as diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the effective and faultless cure.

Blood Purifier—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, and find it beneficial for myself and baby. It purifies the blood and strengthens the system." Mrs. HENRY WALL, Clinton, Ont.

Strength Builder—"Myself, wife and children have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it strengthened us. It relieved me of a lame back." DAVID McGEORGE, caretaker, Colt Institute, Galt, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

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

Mr. B. B. Fullerton acted as best man. Rev. J. C. Sillar, assisted at the ceremony which was performed by the father of the bride who gave his daughter away. Many valuable presents were bestowed on the occasion in which the bride is held, there being no invited guests.

As the train was moving out the children waved their flags and sang "The Maple Leaf Forever" and "God Save the Queen" and three rousing cheers for Chaplain Lane went up from the throng. Parrsboro Company No. 7 were drawn up in line as a guard of honor.

The first meeting of the whist club for the season took place at the Evergreen hotel on Monday evening.

Miss Nellie Gillespie and Mr. Buchart were the fortunate prize winners. When the games were finished refreshments were served and then dancing indulged in for an hour or two, the floor of the large dining room being all that could be desired for this.

Rev. Robert Johnstone went to Halifax on Monday to return on Friday.

Dr. W. D. McKeane received the sad intelligence by telegram on Friday night of the death of his son in Los Angeles. There is a very general feeling of deep regret at the death so early in life of G. Norris MacKenzie, an exceptionally clever young man, who was held in the highest esteem everywhere that he was known and sincerest sympathy goes out to his sorrowing parents, his sisters and brother.

Mrs. MacKenzie was with her son in Los Angeles. Miss Marion MacKenzie came home from Mt. Allison on Saturday to remain a short time.

Mr. A. W. Copp is back from St. John where he has been for several weeks.

Mr. W. H. Lane who has been at home for a few days returns to North Sydney on Thursday.

Misses Sadie Cook and Fannie Price went back to Acadia Seminary and Miss Minnie Gillespie to Mt. St. Vincent on Wednesday.

The Normandy Barber.

There is a proverb which insinuates that 'travellers' tales' are always open to suspicion. Therefore we do not vouch for this one, reported by a Paris correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch, on the authority of a friend who had just visit Normandy. He tells me that in a little village up there he was shaved once by a woman barber. To moisten the soap she spat on it, like a bootblack on his blacking.

'Is that the usual way of making a lather?' he asked her.

'No,' replied the tonsorial artist, 'we only do that with strangers. That's our regular way,' and she pointed to a sister barber who was shaving a peasant in an adjoining chair.

My friend looked around and saw a graceful illustration of the local fashion. The other woman was spitting on the man's cheeks and moistening the brush in that way.

Starling

A Kansas exchange reports the following incident as having taken place in one of the villages near Topeka: A woman, in making her usual preparations for supper, took a teakettle to the cistern and pumped it full of water. Then she carried it to the kitchen and set it on the stove. In a few minutes she heard a most remarkable splashing in the kettle and turned from her work to examine into the cause. Just as she was about to raise the kettle, a snake stuck its head out of the spout. With an excusable scream the woman seized the kettle, ran out into the yard, raised the lid

and poured out the water and with it the scalded snake. The reptile writhed slowly away, but whether it survived its hot bath is not known. If it did, and if it knows anything, it will stay out of cisterns in future.

The Travellers' Plate.

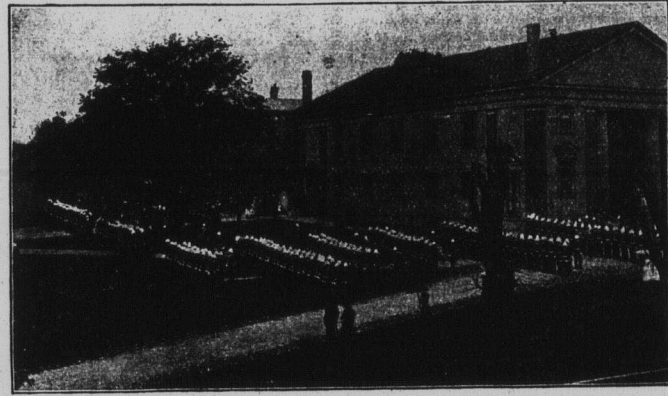
Connoisseurs of china are invited to sympathize with an Indianapolis woman who, says the Sentinel, bought in Dresden a plate that she would not have parted with for several times its price. She dared not trust the plate in her trunk, or even in her satchel, but had it carefully wrapped and tied and carried it about in her hand. She guarded that plate as if it were made of diamonds.

She carried it all over Europe, down the Rhine and through Germany, through France, Italy and the British Isles. She had it in her hand when she landed in the Union Station at Indianapolis and kept hold of it, 'just for luck,' till she reached her house.

"There," she said, "thank goodness I've brought that thing home unbroken!" and she forthwith set precious plate down so hard on the marble topped table that it broke into twenty eight pieces.

A Modest Request.

Ambition is an admirable trait, but it is not the single qualification for success. Among bigly ambitious youths must be numbered a German who for several years had been apprenticed to a cooper. The young man felt that constant copying was not compatible with his hopes for the future. Accordingly, and after deliberation,



Sunday Church Parade of Regulars at Halifax.

a few months ago he addressed a letter to the head of the great Rothschild banking-house at Frankfort, setting forth at some lengths his strong dislike for his trade and asking to be accepted as 'an apprentice millionaire,' promising diligence and all application in learning the business. The young man is still a cooper.

Why Apples Were High.

The retail trader's efforts to account for the prices of his articles are sometimes interesting. The New York Weekly tells of a housekeeper who asked a marketman: 'Why are apples so high in price?' 'Cause they're scarce, ma'am.' 'But,' she protested, 'the papers said the

PUBLIC NOTICE.

New Brunswick Board of Fire Underwriters.

ST. JOHN, N. B., 12th. January, 1900.

The unsatisfactory condition of the existing means for extinguishing fires in this city having been brought to the notice of the Common Council by this Board in July last, and no material improvement having yet been made, either in regard to the water supply or the equipment of the Fire Department, the citizens of St. John are hereby notified that the preparation of a new tariff of rates for Fire Insurance in this city will be commenced on the First of July next, and that unless such improvements be made in the water supply as will secure an increased general pressure of at least twenty pounds; the distributing mains of the city increased in size, and the requirements of this Board as regards the equipment of the Fire Department carried into effect without further delay, a general increase in all city rates will be made to cover the existing conflagration hazard.

By order of the Board of Fire Underwriters.

PETER CLINCH Secretary.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. It features an illustration of a woman in a long dress holding a bar of soap. The text promotes the soap as economical and suitable for delicate fabrics, highlighting its ability to remove dirt without scalding or rubbing. The brand name 'SURPRISE' is prominently displayed in a decorative box.

Annual Statement. Bank of Nova Scotia, 31st Dec., 1899.

Financial statement table for the Bank of Nova Scotia. It is divided into three main sections: ASSETS, LIABILITIES, and PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT. The ASSETS section lists items like Specie, Legal Tenders, and Notes and Cheques. The LIABILITIES section lists Deposits on Call, Deposits by other Banks, and Drafts between Branches. The PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT shows the balance from the previous year, net profits, and dividends.

crop was so enormous that apples were rotting on the trees all over the country. 'Yes'm. That's why they're scarce. It didn't pay to pick 'em!'

The Gunner's Wife.

Among the traditions of the British navy one centres about a woman. She was the wife of a gunner serving on board the flagship of Rodney, when that famous seaman attacked the French fleet off the island of Dominica. By collusion among the sailors, the woman was smuggled aboard before the fleet left England, and her presence was not discovered until the great battle was in progress.

Rodney was on the quarter-deck, when, looking down, he saw, to his amazement, a woman aiding the service of a gun of the main battery. In the heat of the battle, the admiral overlooked this extraordinary breach of discipline, but when the fight was won, he summoned the woman to his presence.

'What are you doing here?' he demanded, with sternness.

'Fighting the French,' she answered boldly. 'My husband was wounded and dragged below, so I took his place. Do you think I'm afraid of the French, just because I'm a woman?'

The admiral's discipline weakened for once. He reprimanded the woman, but his words were gentle. The gunner's wife called on the ship which carried to Eng-

land the news of Rodney's victory, and in her pocket were ten guineas from the admiral's purse. We wash and iron from 80 to 100 straight pieces such as sheets, tablecloths, towels, napkins etc., for 50c. All over that number 1c each. All wearing apparel 30c per doz. Ring up Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works 28 to 34 Waterloo, Phone 68.

Queen's Rink

Conveniently situated on

Charlotte Street.

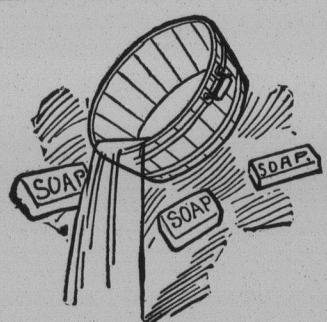
AN IDEAL RINK FOR A GOOD SKATE.

Perpetually Good Ice.

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

Hockey Matches on Friday Nights.

SINGLE ADMISSION.



Out of the Washtub.

All linen does not come out from the washing with evidence of the same degree of intelligent attention.

You will find our laundry work entirely satisfactory. Men's linens laundered by us are perfectly handled. All our work is carefully done, but we give special pleasure from the appearance of the shirts, collars and cuffs we turn out.

Phone 214 or postal brings out our team.

American Laundry,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

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

They

Steady plodding, despite the croaking criticism and the disported "taken" is city to live in. For universe of any size will linger as little door. "Hard times" chronological treatise in this comparative tucked snugly away, never feel the pinger, or the abject wretchedness.

Each succeeding year sees the rate with which throughout the variety of it too, it seems a City was among the ones have a lot to be ashamed to say, the still in evidence, viewing local prospects end of the telescope minimized picture piping however are general content and

The milling industry of its chief supporters der manufactures End and suburbs thousands every a more limited degree months. Directly mills is felt, but most of them close that a host of families, were [de until spring, living the hard-earned end of the summer.

stunted the growth northern end of the instances were ob might be termed half of the twelve phase has appeared over there, as we town; namely the ment.

For the first few tory as the Winter alphaslaboring at St organization comp city proper reside not have a share if they secure it, did the Shiplabors unfairness of this unemployed taxpayer he at length instit distribution of the the establishing of er's Society.

The rivalry with attacks made upon the newcomers ad fair share of the length got it. A the old Union's f summer and 83 l were reduced to 1 and 80c. in win were secured from the newcomers and well.

The first winter fill the month of showing that they men and as profic this city, their greater until no Royal Mail line (ster), the Manch line to Glasgow s

As many as tot at one time and with utmost des the required time But now to g view of the little bor, that part of for which our civic politicians About four hun St. John Shiplab whom are const steamers. Each work available a received someth Fully half, if not employment at summer time.



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1900.

## They Make "Good Times."

Steady plodding, unseasonal St. John despite the croakings of a few pessimistic citizens and the disloyalty of a host of expatriated "talent" is nevertheless a goodly city to live in. Perhaps in no city in the universe of any size does the proverbial wolf linger as little at the proverbial door. "Hard times," the real thing, is a chronological freak and all classes of people in this comparatively small metropolis, tucked snugly away in the far east of Canada, never feel the pinch of prolonged hunger, or the abject want, so common in more pretentious cities.

Each succeeding year unfolds more good-natures for the people of St. John and at the rate with which work is being provided throughout the various seasons, and plenty of it too, it seems as though the Loyalist City was among the chosen indeed. Citizens have a lot to be thankful for, and yet, shameful to say, there is the belittling class still in evidence, whose only vocation is viewing local prosperity through the wrong end of the telescope, and carping up in the minimized picture thus presented. Their pipings however are drowned in the hum of general content and busy industry.

The milling industry in St. John is one of its chief supports. The colony of lumber manufacturers in the extreme North End and suburbs dispense livelihoods for thousands every summer and in a much more limited degree throughout the snowy months. Directly the benefit of these mills is felt, but there was a time when most of them closed their doors in winter that a host of men, most of them with families, were destined to remain idle until spring, living with all frugality upon the hard-earned and carefully saved funds of the summer. This state of affairs stunted the growth of certain parts of the northern end of town, as families in many instances were obliged to live on, what might be termed half-wages during each half of the twelve months. But a new phase has appeared on the labor question over there, as well as in other parts of town; namely the Sand Point employment.

For the first few years of St. John's history as the Winter Port of Canada the ship-laboring at Sand Point was done by an organization composed almost entirely of city proper residents. North Enders did not have a share in the work, nor could they secure it, so strong and loyal a front did the Ship-laborer's Union present. The unfairness of this stand and the rights of unemployed taxpayers in the Portland district so impressed Mr. Nelson Parlee that he at length instituted a movement for a distribution of the work which resulted in the establishing of the St. John Ship-laborer's Society.

The rivalry with this organization and attacks made upon it are well known, but the newcomers adhered to their plea for a fair share of the ship-laboring and at length got it. A cut rate war was started, the old Union's figure of \$4.00 per day in summer and \$3.1-3c per hour in winter, were reduced to 35c per hour in summer and 80c. in winter. Recommendations were secured from the Board of Trade by the newcomers and from other sources as well.

The first winter season they did nothing till the month of April, but by clearly showing that they were competent workmen and as proficient as can be secured in this city, their share of the labor grew greater until now they are leading the Royal Mail line of steamers (Elder Dempster), the Manchester line, the Donaldson line to Glasgow and the West Indies boats. As many as four boats have been in port at one time and yet all have been fitted with utmost despatch, and put to sea at the required time.

But now to get at a dollars and cents view of the little Klondike across the harbor, that part of the winter port business for which our Conservative, Liberal and civic politicians have striven so earnestly. About four hundred men belong to the St. John Ship-laborers Society, over 200 of whom are constantly engaged aboard the steamers. Each man gets his share of the work available and those working full time received something like \$15 per week. Fully half, if not more of those in regular employment at the Point are millmen in summer time.

With the departure of every steamer somewhere in the vicinity of \$1,000 is left behind in wages, and \$2500 per week is about the correct amount of money distributed for labor in the new Society.

The Winter Port season extends from Nov. 22nd, to about April 30th, or about twenty-two weeks in all.

and among the bosses are: Fred Daley, Charles Parlee, David Daley, Wm. Stanley, Abraham Watters, and Herbert Parlee. It is this work at Sand Point with its frequent pay days and small armies of laborers that helps to preserve the happiness, peace, plenty and quietness that is becoming more and more characteristic of St. John.

All Right but the Names.

A salesman in a local chinaware establishment is responsible for the following: 'A day or two ago,' said he, 'a lady came in the store and began to examine

## That Cotton Mill Strike.

Last Monday afternoon just about as the evening papers were being "made up" for the press and all the "copy" for the day was in hand, a squad of humans of various sizes and somewhat grotesque in attire congregated on the corner of Newspaper Row and Church street. Their mutterings and excited pantomime were not long un-

dozing nature of their foreman, an American by the appropriate name of Loomis. They claimed that he never lost an opportunity of telling them they were "bum weavers" and "no good." If any of them would make a bad "end" of goods his fire was more than exacted, they say. In fact the unpleasantness of the situation, attained to such proportions that the easy going Englishmen would stand it no longer and they made a formal complaint to the manager of the mill.

With this action on the part of the men Loomis promised them all their discharge and to import Halifaxians to fill their places. He prevented others from leaving their work by locking them in their several rooms. Those who struck were, for some reason or another cut adrift by the management and are now out of work.

Strange to say Tuesday's Sun in about four lines says the men wanted more pay but that's not the story the men told the representative of this newspaper the afternoon before.

A Favored Officer.

General Methuen, whose first attempt to relieve Kimberley proved so signal a failure, up to that time could boast of being one of the luckiest officers of the British army. Everything seemed to come his way. His full name and title is General Lord Paul Sanford Methuen, K. C. V. O., C. B., C. M. G., J. P., and he is the third of the Barons Methuen. As a boy he was sent to Eton. In 1862, while still a lad, he was appointed a lieutenant in the Scots Fusilier Guards. His rapid advance after that can scarcely be accounted for on the ground of mere merit. In three years he became captain and adjutant to his regiment. Then he was sent on special duty to the Gold Coast, and in the following year assumed the rank and station of brigade major of the Home District. After the Ashanti War he was appointed military secretary to the commander-in-chief in Ireland, and in the same year, 1877, was sent out to Berlin as military attache there. The year 1884 saw him in command of Methuen's Horse with the Bechuanaland Field Force, under Sir Charles Warren, and rewards again fell to him in the shape of mention in despatches and the bestowal upon him of the C. M. G. For a long period after that he fulfilled the duties of adjutant-general in South Africa, and in 1890 was promoted major-general commanding the Home District till two years ago. He was Lord Methuen when he went out to the Tihrah in 1897 and witnessed the subduing of the rebellious Afridis and Orkzais on the Indian frontier.

Vain Egrot.

The wisdom of letting well enough alone seems to be the moral of this dialogue, quoted by the Chicago Tribune.

'Did you step on one of those weighing-machines when you were downtown Johnny?'

'Yes'm. weighed myself on two of em.'

'What did you do that for?'

'Wanted to be sure about it.'

'Did you weigh the same on both?'

'No'm. Fifty-nine pounds on one, and sixty-one on the other.'

'You foolish boy! You've wasted a cent on one of the machines, and you don't know which one.'

Catchy Advertising.

'People who live in glass houses,' wrote the real estate dealer who was at work on a three sheet poster announcing a free excursion, 'are the biggest fools on earth to do so when they can buy good wooden houses at the figures at which I am offering them in Groundsomehurst.'

Then he held the manuscript at arm's length and admired the penmanship and the boldness and vigor of the conception.

'I think that'll fetch 'em,' he said.

Nirvana.

A little girl, who was trying to tell a friend how absent-minded her grandpa was, said:

'He walks about, thinking about nothing, and, when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember.'

An Irishman on being told that a certain kind of stove would save half the coal, said: 'Then shure, I'll take two of 'em, and save it all.'



RUDYARD KIPLING.

Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar" was this great poet's contribution to the patriotic relief fund. It originally sold for £1.500 but since amassed more money.

The Absent-Minded Beggar.

When you've shouted Rule Britannia, when you've sung God Save the Queen, When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth, Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tin-bourline For a gentleman in khaki ordered south? He's an absent-minded beggar and his weaknesses are great, But we and Paul must take him as we find him. He is cut on active service wiping something off a slate, And he's left a lot of little things behind him.

(Chorus.)

Duke's son, cook's son, son of a hundred lines, (Fifty thousand horses and foot going to Table Bay), Each of 'em doing his country's work, And who's to look after their things? Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay, pay!

There are girls he married secret, saking no permission to,

For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did; There is gas, and coals, and vittles, and the house rent falling due, And his more than rather I holly there's a kid. There are girls he wed with casual, they'll be sorry now he's gone. For an absent-minded beggar they will find him, But it aint the time for sermons with the winter coming on. We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him.

(Chorus.)

Cook's son, duke's son, son of a belted ear, Son of a Lambeth publican, its all the same to-day, Each of 'em doing his country's work And who's to look at or the girl. Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay, pay!

There are families by thousands, far too proud to beg or speak, And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout, And they'll live on half of nothing paid 'em punctual once a week, Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.

He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his regiment didn't need to send to find him. He chuck'd his job and joined it, so the job before us all!

Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him.

(Chorus.)

Duke's job, cook's job, gardener, baronet, groom, (Mews or palace or paper shop, there's some one gone away.) Each of 'em do his country's work, And who's to look after the roof? Pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay, pay!

Let no man manage so as later we can look him in the face And tell what he'd very much prefer, That while he saved the empire his employer saved his place And his mates, that's you and me, looked out for her, But we do not want his kiddies to remind him That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddy hammered Paul. So we'll help the home our Tommy's left behind him.

(Chorus.)

Cook's home, duke's home, home of a million-air, Fifty thousand horses and foot going to Table Bay! Each of 'em doing his country's work And what have you got to spare? Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay, pay, pay.

Allowing, after the season has closed, \$2500 had been paid out to the men, each week the sum total would mount up to nearly \$50,000, which if divided by the number of men constantly employed, viz: two hundred, would allow to each laborer the snug sum of \$250, or a steady wage of over ten dollars weekly throughout the season.

The membership of the Ship-laborer's Society is with the exception of 75 men living in Carleton and 25 in the city proper, largely North Enders. A few are outsiders, most of them paying taxes. The sole condition of membership is, that the applicant must be a British subject. Mr. Harry Sellen is President of the organization, Nelson Parlee is Secretary and the general official. He instituted the Society and has done much to bring it and its claims successfully forward. There is an Executive

some fine cups and saucers. Nothing suited her. At last, however, she found some that pleased her, and smiling innocently, said: 'Now, these are very nice, and I like the way they are made, with different names on them. If I could find some with the names I want, I would take them, but all I see read 'Tom and Jerry.'

There are Others.

'You have such a limited field of operations,' said the sociable ant that had entered in through the little round opening. 'Do you never long to see the great earth outside?'

'The earth?' contemptuously exclaimed the worm in the hickory nut, looking at the white wall of richness surrounding it. 'Why, I've got it right here.'

This pleasing little story teaches that there are other kinds of anti-expansionists.

noticed in that newsy newsy, neighborhood, where the very air seems electrified with what journalistic critics call the "news instinct." Visions of a column 'story' on a big milling strike, a pro-Boer movement or equally good "stuff" appeared before the watchful eyes of half a dozen day reporters and several graphite masters whose energies are spent in making the morning editions readable. If the strange aggregation was looking for publicity they were indeed displaying keen strategy, for in shorter time than it takes to tell the newspaper representatives were in among them playing their questions here and there to find out the cause of so unusual a demonstration on their peaceful by-way.

The story in a nutshell was this: About a dozen weavers employed in Park's Courtney Bay cotton mill had struck on account of the alleged unfairness and bal-



ment. ec., 1899. 1,62,570.00.

LITIES.

\$4,986,800.66
9,213,963.69
215,004.05
1,670,968.50
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1,780,900.00
2,162,570.00
30,566.57
78,173.01
\$19,638,306.43
\$30,542.36
301,032.03
\$331,574.39
\$141,007.82
10,000.00
150,000.00
80,566.57
\$331,574.39
\$1,725,000.00
287,570.00
150,000.00
\$2,162,570.00

iron from 80 to as sheets, tablecloths, for 50c. All over. All wearing apparatus up Ungars Laundry Cleaning Works Phone 58.

's Rink. niently ted on te Street. FO: A GOOD SKATE. ily Good Ice. Thursday Evening afternoon, the Artil- attendance. es on Friday Nights. ADMISSION.

# With Serpent Guile.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

## CHAPTER V. CONTINUED.

"Come, you must tell me," Sir Gavin said, in the masterful tones she always felt so powerless to resist. "Was it in any way connected with me?"

"With you! How could it be?" exclaimed Osla, with pretended surprise. "But, if you must know," she added, desperately, "and I had a disagreement, and—and—we thought it would be better to part."

"And you will not tell me any more, eh, Osla?"

"There is no more to tell, Gavin." Then, after a moment's silence: "I am so glad you have forgiven me for my strange conduct that night. I was afraid I had offended you past all pardon."

"I think it was I who ought to have sought your forgiveness, child. I behaved to you like a brute. If I had not been a senseless ass, I should not have gone as I did without a full explanation. I was very near returning; only, the Douglas pride kept me away."

"I am very glad it did," Osla cried, with a little shiver, as she thought of the terrible risk he would have run.

"Then you would not have cared to see me?"

"I did not mean that. I meant—I thought—"

She stopped; how could she speak while he looked at her like that?

"You silly child! do you think you can deceive me just as you like?" Sir Gavin said, coming nearer to her. "Why don't you say that it was for my own sake that you wished me to keep away? I have had a talk with Marjory about the breaking of that cream jug, and what she said about your aunt made me suspect that I was in considerable danger just then. Tell me the truth. Did you let it fall by accident?"

Osla could not tell him a direct lie, and she was obliged to reply in the negative.

"Ah! and what was in it? I had no idea that your esteemed relative dabbled in such arts. Did she intend to make an end of me, or only to drug me and get the money she wanted?"

"Please don't ask me any more; I can't tell you, Gavin," replied Osla with a shudder.

"Well, we'll let it drop if it distresses you," Sir Gavin answered, gently. "But now I want to talk to you on another subject; one I have wished to speak to you of ever since I came here; only I have never found you alone before. You don't think I shall let you remain here do you?"

"Not remain here! Oh! why not, Gavin?" He noticed with a feeling of intense pleasure, that she made no attempt to question his right to interfere. "Why do you wish me to leave? Surely it would be unwise to throw up so good an engagement?"

"But, if I could tell you of one which would suit you better, would not that influence you, Osla?"

"Yes, perhaps," she replied, slowly.

"But would it not seem unfair to Lady Hamilton?"

"You silly child!" he said, putting his hand caressingly on hers as it lay on the table near him. "Don't you see that your being here is purely a matter of business on both sides? Lady Hamilton would not wish you to stay if you did not suit her, and, therefore, it cannot be unfair if you leave because—as the maids say—you wish to better yourself."

"I suppose you are right, Gavin," returned Osla, with a sigh. "But I don't see how I can do better, and I should not like to find myself obliged to take a lower salary."

"You mercenary little creature!" laughed the baronet. "However, I can promise you shall not have less. I intend to speak to you about this when I was at the Red House; only, I'm de a fool of myself instead."

"You shall not say that!" put in Osla, quickly.

"It is the truth, anyway," he replied.

grimly. "However, if you are willing to overlook my folly, I will not refer to it again, as it is certainly a rather humiliating subject. Osla, can't you guess what kind of situation it is I want you to take?" he added, coming close to her side.

"I—I don't know," faltered the girl looking helplessly into the handsome face so near her own.

She hardly dared hope that she could read it aright, and that he cared for her.

Sir Gavin looked tenderly for a moment at the pale face, and then, suddenly putting his arm round her, he drew her to his heart, saying as he bent his head till his lips almost touched her cheek: "I think you do, dear; you know that I want to provide for your future—that I want you to be dependent on no one but me. You will consent, will you not, little one? You will be—"

The door opened suddenly, and Osla had only just time to escape from his embrace before Mabel Sinclair came in.

But her crimson face, together with the extreme annoyance exhibited by Sir Gavin, left the intruder in no doubt as to what was passing.

Was she too late?—had he already proposed to his cousin, or was he only about to do so?

Mabel asked herself this, with a fierce pang of jealousy.

She must find out, and, utterly regardless of all delicacy, she said, with a loud laugh—

"I declare you looked as though you were rehearsing a love scene. Positively, if I had not known what old friends you two are, I should have feared I was de-trop."

"How can you talk like that, Miss Sinclair?" murmured Osla, with a look of distress, while Sir Gavin turned away towards the window, too much disgusted at Mabel's coarse pleasantry to speak at all.

But she was satisfied the broadest proposal had not been made, or the baronet would not have kept silence; and very soon afterwards, under pretence of asking Osla's advice about some lace, she contrived to get her out of the room, leaving Sir Gavin to rail at his folly in not having put the momentous question to the girl he loved, instead of wasting the precious moments in talking of other things.

## CHAPTER VI.

For the two ensuing days, Sir Gavin could find no opportunity of resuming that interrupted conversation.

But Osla was not impatient; she trusted him entirely, and had quite enough to occupy her in thinking of her new and wholly unexpected happiness.

Gavin had asked her to be his wife! It was almost too wonderful to believe. She was thinking of the glorious future before her, while she sat h-ping little Barbara to finish a handkerchief sachet she was making as a Christmas present for her mother, when suddenly the child said—

"Miss Graham, darling, do you think Sir Gavin is going to marry Aunt Mabel?"

"Please talks nonsense!" replied Osla, with a thrill of indignation that anyone should dare to say such things of the man who had asked her to be his, "and it was very wrong of her to speak to you on such a subject at all," she added, gravely.

"She didn't say it to me, Miss Graham. She was talking to aunt's maid, and Honorine said she had been expecting it, for they were always together."

"Well, never mind, dear; they were very silly to talk like that, and you must not take any notice of such things. Now, run and find Yolande, and tell her to come and help with this work while I read some more of that fairy tale to you."

Later in the day, when she was sitting alone in the schoolroom, she received a visit from Miss Sinclair, who had excused herself from accompanying the other ladies to the ice on the plea of slight indisposition.

But her real reason was quite different—she had found out that Osla intended to remain at home, and she feared lest Sir Gavin might return to the house and meet her alone.

Also she had a scheme of her own to carry out.

"I am quite tired of my own society, and have come to inflict myself on you, Miss Graham—that is, if you will allow me to invade your domain," she said, laughingly, as she came in.

Osla would far rather have been alone, but, of course, she could not make her visitor welcome.

"I think this is almost the coziest room in the house," Mabel continued, as she drew her chair close to the fire and placed her feet on the fender.

"It is a very pleasant room, agreed Osla. A bit more talk on different topics, Mabel said, in her most winning manner—

"I want you to do something to please me, Miss Graham. Will you do it?"

"You must tell me what it is first, please, Miss Sinclair," smiled Osla.

"How cautious you are! Do you think I am hatching a plot against the state, and want you to become my accomplice? But don't be afraid; it is nothing very dreadful, Janet has been telling me that you decline to come to our ball next week, and I want you, as a very great favor to me, to reconsider your decision."

"It is very kind of you to wish it, Miss Sinclair, but I fear I cannot."

"But why will you not come? Janet cannot bear the idea of your spending the time in solitude while we are enjoying our-

elves."

"Oh, I shall be quite happy; and a grand ball like that is hardly for a dependent like me," Osla said, quietly, but firmly.

"What nonsense! You really must come! Now do, please, be reasonable, dear."

At last, Osla was forced to give way to her persuasions.

"Ah, that is right!" cried Miss Sinclair, approvingly. "I was beginning to think I must mention someone else's wishes as an additional inducement; though, I must confess, she went on, with a little self-conscious laugh, and a significant glance at Osla, "that I felt just a wee bit jealous that he should have been so very anxious I should succeed in my mission."

"I really do not know to whom you allude, Miss Sinclair," said Osla, somewhat stiffly.

"Don't you really?" asked Mabel, with a simper.

"I speak of Sir Gavin."

"Do you mean that he asked you to persuade me to be present?" inquired Osla, with a rising color.

"Yes, he did indeed, dear."

Miss Sinclair told the lie unblushingly. All that Sir Gavin had said on the subject was, that he hoped Osla would alter her mind.

Osla remained silent.

What did it mean? she was asking herself. Why should Gavin commission this girl to tell her his wishes when he might so easily have done it himself?

Miss Sinclair noticed the pain and perplexity on her rival's face, but, concealing her delight, she said, suavely—

"But perhaps you don't care for dancing? You don't think it wrong, I hope?"

"Not at all. I like it very well, but I have never danced much."

"I will undertake that you shall do plenty next week, then," promised Miss Sinclair. "You shall dance every dance. I will tell Janet to see that you do not lack partners, and I will make Sir Gavin dance two or three with you."

"You are very kind, Miss Sinclair, but perhaps he will not care to be disposed of like that."

Osla spoke coldly.

"Oh! but he will; he will do anything I ask him," was the audacious reply. "You must have seen that, Miss Graham."

Osla felt as if an iron hand were crushing all life from her heart as she listened to this assertion.

Could it be true?

Was it possible that there could be any foundation for the servants' gossip which Barbara had repeated to her?

No; she would not believe it.

Gavin was not the man to play with a woman's affections; and had he not asked her to be his wife?

But suddenly it flashed across her that he had not done this; he had told her he loved her, and asked her to trust her future to his care.

Was it only a brother's love he felt for her, and did he only intend to offer to provide for her so that she might not have to work for her living?

Yes, she saw it all now; this was what he meant, and her love for him had led her into this mistake.

She must conceal her folly at all costs, and she remarked, with a calmness which surprised herself—

"You are engaged to Gavin, then, I suppose, Miss Sinclair? I wonder he has not told me."

Mabel blushed, and looked somewhat confused; this direct question was decidedly awkward.

"Now, that is too bad!" she said, resolving to put a bold face on it. "You make me feel ashamed of having said so much; but, after all it is nonsense for a girl to pretend she does not know when a man loves her. Still, I must confess we are not actually engaged; but he has said enough for me to be certain of his intentions. Janet and everybody quite understand; but, of course, this is in confidence. I would not, for the world, have him know what I have said—a woman must always pretend innocence to a man, or he will not like it. You know what I mean, don't you, dear?"

"I shall not be likely to tell him, Miss Sinclair."

"I know I might trust you," came the answer, in effusive tones. "Gavin has often told me what a staunch friend you are." Then, finding Osla had no remark to offer, Miss Sinclair rose from her chair, saying: "Now I must run away, or I shall not have time to get my hair done before Janet and the rest come home."

She was about to leave the room when she stopped suddenly exclaiming—

"There! I have been talking so much to you."

she was alarmed lest she might betray her secret.

She would not go down to dinner at all, she decided, and, as soon as she had schooled herself into composure, she went to Lady Hamilton's room to ask her to excuse her.

Sir Gavin smiled when he noted her absence.

"Silly little thing! she is shy about meeting me before the others," he thought tenderly.

But when he found she was not in the library, and after waiting an hour, still she did not come, he was both pained and disappointed.

Surely he could not have been deceiving himself.

No Osla was not the girl to permit a man to say love-words to her, if she did not return his love.

There must be some mistake.

As soon as he returned to the drawing-room, Mabel beckoned to him, and made room for him on the couch, at her side.

She had been waiting impatiently for him that she might play her trump card.

"I was wondering where you were, Sir Gavin," she remarked, innocently.

"I have been in the library, and I did not flatter myself I should be missed," he replied.

"You knew better than that," murmured Mabel, meaningly.

Sir Gavin took no notice of this.

He was not ignorant of her preference for him, but he had never encouraged it, and, just now, his whole thoughts were of Osla.

It was no easy matter to keep up an indifferent conversation, and, at last, he said—

"Is Osla unwell, Miss Sinclair, do you know? I do not see her, and she was not at dinner."

"I daresay she does not feel in spirits for company this evening, poor girl," returned the traitress, with pretended sympathy.

"What has happened?" questioned Sir Gavin, anxiously.

Have you forgotten that Percy Carleton, the rector's son, went away this afternoon?"

"But what of that? How does it concern my cousin, Miss Sinclair?"

"Don't you know? I am sorry I mentioned it, but I did not think she would have kept it secret from you, though I knew it was not to be publicly announced just yet."

Mabel spoke with affected annoyance.

"Please explain. I really don't understand," said Sir Gavin, with impatience.

"She is engaged to him, you know," Mabel said, demurely.

"What! Osla engaged to that fool! It is impossible!" exclaimed Sir Gavin, incredulously.

"Now, you are too hard on him," Mabel cried, reprovingly. "If he is not always very wise, I am sure he has shown himself so in the choice of a wife. Miss Graham is charming."

Sir Gavin felt too much bewildered to speak, and she went on—

"He has gone to the Cape, where a distant relative of Mrs. Carleton has offered him a good appointment in connection with some mining business. He has behaved very well, for he held back from Miss Graham till he got it, though, of course, everyone could see what his feelings were. I think it was so nice of him not to try to bind her to him while he had no prospects."

Matters were only definitely settled between them a day or two ago, and yesterday he brought her a lovely engagement ring; did you not notice it last night? If all goes as they hope, she is to go out to him in about two years' time. You seem quite surprised."

"I am very much surprised," Sir Gavin answered, sternly.

"Well, it is strange she has not told you, said Mabel.

"Very strange, I think, though of course I am not her guardian."

Mabel was delighted at his evident anger; things were going just as she wished them.

But she hid her triumph, and went on, with pretended anxiety—

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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of Gavin that I quite forgot one of my chief reasons for coming here. This is your birthday, is it not? Zolande told me it was."

"Zolande is a little chatterbox, I must warn her not to talk so much. She discovered the interesting fact when she was looking at a book of mine the other day," explained Osla, unwillingly.

"Then you will let me offer you my best wishes, and this trifle as a keepsake, will you not?"

As she spoke Mabel drew a small morocco case from her pocket and placed it in Osla's hand.

The latter was by no means willing to accept a present from Gavin's future wife, but she could not refuse without positive rudeness; and so, murmuring her thanks, she opened the case and displayed a ring of curious and striking workmanship.

"This is far too costly for me," she said, as she gazed on the flashing gems of which it was composed.

"Indeed it is not," returned the giver, decidedly. "Nothing can be too good for Gavin's cousin, and you must keep it; otherwise I shall think you do not like the idea of my being his wife."

"You must not think that," put in Osla, hastily.

"Then you must promise to wear my ring. Let me put it on,"—and taking Osla's hand she placed the ring on her finger. Now I really must be off," she added, and almost ran out of the room.

As soon as she was gone, Osla sank into a chair and tried to think.

But it was impossible, with that cruel pain gnawing at her heart; she could only feel—

She had but one consolation—that she had been prevented from betraying her love to Gavin; if Miss Sinclair had not entered the library so opportunely, she would have done so, and what would he have thought?

She sat there, lonely, stricken, and ashamed, till a little bustle on the stairs, and the opening and shutting of doors told her it was time to dress for dinner, and then she went wearily to her own room.

When she entered the dining room, later, the conspicuous ring still flashed on her finger.

CHAPTER VII.

The next day, there was a shooting-party—the largest of the season—and all the gentlemen, as well as many of the ladies—Mabel Sinclair among these—left the house at a very early hour.

The covers to be beaten were those beyond the moor, and it was nearly dusk when the sportsmen returned.

The ladies at once went to the drawing-room to have tea, but most of the gentlemen partook of stronger refreshments in the gun-room, and then the whole party trooped upstairs to prepare for dinner.

Sir Gavin was a few minutes behind the others, and Osla heard him talking with unusual seriousness to Yolande as he came along.

Just as they were opposite the school-room door she heard him say—

"Now, postman, attend to your duties, and a moment after, the child, screaming with laughter, rushed into the room, and handed her a note.

What had Gavin to write about? Were things settled between him and Miss Sinclair, and did he mean to inform her of it thus? Osla asked herself as she tore it open.

It was very short, only a few lines:

"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,—Will you contrive to be in the library about half-past eight? and I will come to you when all I know to get you to myself, but I can not, and I want your answer to the question I had just put to you the other day when Mabel Sinclair interrupted us. I want to hear you say it, dear. You see I am making very sure what it will be, but I am so vain that I cannot think you will refuse."

"Yours ever,  
"G. DOUGLAS."

Osla kissed the precious writing again and again, but one the less was she determined not to grant Sir Gavin's request; she would never be alone with him again if she could help it.

It was kind of him to wish to provide for her, but she could not accept his charity and she doubted if she had strength to resist his persuasions.

An even greater fear oppressed her—

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Sunday Reading

A Story of the Parables.

Scripture for January 14; "In the far country." "A certain man had two sons and the younger of them said... Father give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country."

It is characteristic of undeveloped moral character that it fixes its imagination upon people, things and countries that are far away, and the prodigal son has his exact counterpart in the prodigal church and the prodigal state.

When a young man begins to rebel at the restraints of a good home he is getting ready in his mind, to go abroad. The restlessness, if he would only consider it is really a warning to his better part to honor his father and mother and stay at home. Coming disgrace casts its shadows before. The familiar places seem cramped and commonplace. The near friends irk and irritate. He resents the affectionate anxieties of those who love him. He feels himself misunderstood and reasons by his own peculiar logic that he would be better off with strangers who would neither understand nor care for him. He longs to hear the last of cleanliness, culture, conscience, character; calls counsel 'scraping,' admonition 'nagging,' and wants to be off—as if one did not owe it to himself—known or strange—to be a gentleman. What he needs, he thinks, is liberty—the kind that swine have, to go unshackled and unkempt, to root where they will, eat what they will, lie where they will, rise when they will, being asked no 'questions for conscience sake.' Happy for him then if he has a wise father, or at any rate a poor one! For if then he should come into 'liberty' and money it would be 'not many days after' before he 'gathered all together and took his journey into a far country.'

The travelling world is in general a straggling procession of parvenues, bound nowhere but away from home, wasting their substance—soul, body and spirit—in uncontrolled and undirected living. And the things that ails nearly every one of them is that he has gotten away from the indispensable chastening of home and friends before he had a conscious moral character, and so, having no spiritual business, no spiritual capital to manage, he makes no investments, but simply squanders, until he becomes a discontented swine-herd of his own fleshly lusts, or, at the worst, a hog set up vertical.

Here are some of Jesus' wonderful condensations of language; the younger son gathered "all" together. As who should say: 'There is nothing small about me! All' is none too much for me to blow in for an inclination. An old man, or a weak man, or a mean man might hold back something, but here everything goes! And it is just as well, I reckon—this 'allness of the prodigal, for he runs into 'a mighty famine' sooner that way, and he is not apt to start back home until he has 'spent all.'

Took 'his' journey! There is a lot of keen, sad humor there. We all do it. Eve bore her ill-matched sons in severity, and murder came of it. But since her time the Cain has been born in the same baby with the Abel, and if it is not watched right well, runs away with it, alive, 'into a far country.'

Not all leave home. Not all can. Some stay and set up 'a far country' right there—the 'riotous living,' the 'famine,' the 'swine,' and never get back to their father's house, though living and dying in it.

More have, by good luck or good management, but a brief spell of the distemper, the milder and less stubborn symptoms, beginning with the selfishness which says without words, 'Give me the portion of goods which belongeth to ME.' The extravagance that disregards the labor, care and sacrifice of parents, the animalism that turns duty and judgment out of doors and lives for what it 'likes,' and so forth, until by some rude shock, or aid of friends, or solitary thinking or suffering or enjoying, they come to themselves and start home.

The prodigal church is not so easily described, but differs little. Having a job lot of principles settled by a dogma only partly understood and not realized at all, it holds the batch, like a bulldog, and fights them separately, until it gets honey combed with doubts and loses religious

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manners, together with socialism and competition, and at length has the impudence to say to society. "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to ME," and holds itself a thing apart, too good for the crowd. And having gotten a division, gathers all together and goes 'into a far country.'

This accounts for the ease with which one can interest Christian people in 'foreign missions' who cannot be touched with any feeling of near-by infirmities. There are a hundred men ready to spend and be spent against Confucianism in China to one that can be gotten even to consider license Republicanism at home.

This accounts, too, for the profound convictions many have about the Sultan, the Czar, Oom Paul and Joseph Chamberlain, who are convictionless devotees of saloon-made chief magistrates in their own land.

Only recently the whole nation was fairly tympanit to with tenderness for Dreyfus and his family. When the same nation was selling pillage rights to the saloons to loot and rifle homes as innocent, beneath our very eyes.

Last August it was reported that some whaling ships were liable to be caught in the ice of Bering sea, and with all haste the government sent relief, and while the rescue ship was on the way the saloon caught a hundred thousand homes, and no policeman took one quicker step, no governor made a protest, and the Christian President puffed his 'perfectos,' signed the act of Congress that gave Alaska over to the tender mercies of the liquor traffic, and said to the anxious bishops, 'Pray for ME.'

So it is that a great denomination can be rent in twain by some small heresy about something in Deuteronomy, unknowable then or now, while the minder of the saloon lives and thrives unchecked wherever 'Old Glory' waves. I mean no possible disparagement of 'foreign missions.' I only point out the blame and the pity of it, that the church that holds such high conduct in foreign parts should hire out to traitors, thieves and office brokers here. These are hard words, but not careless. For I hold in all thoughtfulness that the man who falsifies the returns of an election is a traitor, and that the man who deceives a voter is a thief, and that the man who seeks office by connivance at his country's open enemies is himself an enemy. And of such is the kingdom of the old party politics that now enragabonds the voting church.

This great country was well-born, a Samuel in expressed political ideals, but has turned out an Ichabod in 'practical politics.' It was founded by the fathers 'for the glory of God,' and today it speaks not to him except to say, 'Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.' There is but one God in politics—'Prosperity,' and money in his prophet. In the increasing power of self-seeking and the unclean the younger nation has gathered all together, bade adieu to the old ideals, and in practice become alien to herself in birth and in plighted word. Vainglorious in a hotch-potch 'liberty,' which we have not thought it necessary to work out line by line, action by action, trade by trade, caucus by caucus, election by election, to realization in common honesty; we feed swine in the capitol and would fain fill our bellies with the husks they eat, slaves to the vilest patronage.

But the old landmarks are not removed, the old ideals not forewarned. When they have suffered enough the people will be true. There is a mighty famine in this land. We have spent all. There is a lower degradation possible to Christian voters. The spirit of the people, starving and beggared as it is, sick of waste and lust and dishonor, is coming to itself and

saying, softly as yet, but penitently and fervently, 'I will arise and go unto my father.'

shall He?

An old man sat on his veranda one autumn evening, with the son of a former schoolmate. The visitor was a flipper young fellow, and talked much of his doubts about religion. The old man did not argue with him.

'It isn't worth while, Robert,' he said. 'You are only repeating what other men have suggested to you. You have not begun to think and feel for yourself.'

Robert was insistent and finally asserted that the doctrine of a future life was all a dream. 'Death is death,' he said. 'When the breath goes out of the body the soul comes to an end.'

His aged host led him into his library, and showed him a portrait on the wall—a noble, saintly face.

'Do you see her?' he said. 'Can you guess what she has from her face—how high her intellect, how tender her nature, how near to God? I was her only son. She was and as I have never married, she always will be, the only woman in the world to me.'

'Well, she is dead. And you say there is nothing of her left in the world—nothing? Why, look here, Bob. A common weed, with coarse leaves and colorless flowers of no special use or beauty. But that weed grows in every country. It grew centuries ago; it grew before the flood. It is the same now as it was then. It has come down through countless ages, seed after seed, the same growth, the same flower, the same thorns, unaltered.'

'And if God,' he said, rising in his earnestness, 'if God has kept that little weed unaltered since the beginning of time, shall He extinguish the soul of my mother—the souls of all mothers—full of His truth and love, made in His likeness, who have done His work in the world? Shall the poor matter, in its meanest types, last, and the soul, which represents His intelligence and His spirit, come to an end?'

A still, small voice.

Conscience, in its healthy state, is the most restless part of the human make-up. Like the true prince in the story, it cannot sleep if the slightest pressure weighs upon it.

Eighteen years ago a woman boarded a train on the Wisconsin Central Railroad. She was going to a neighboring town, and carried in her pocket a mileage book with which to pay her fare.

For some reason the conductor was hurried, and as he went through the car, the new-comer escaped his glance. Involuntarily, a temptation came to her. She sat still and said nothing. At the next station she got off the train, owing the railroad company sixteen cents.

At first she laughed over the matter, but as time went on, it began to look more serious. She was fundamentally a good woman. The community respected and liked her. Her life was blameless and she was charitable to the unfortunate; but the trivial secret debt remained upon her mind.

Last summer she determined to be what every one supposed her to be, perfectly honest. She wrote a letter to the Wisconsin Central Railroad Company and told the whole story. She enclosed sixteen two-cent stamps, which paid her debt and the interest upon it for eighteen years, and more than all, she was brave and true enough to sign her name to the letter.

The company recognized her courage, and a few days later she received from them a note expressing their high appreciation of it.

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The reason there is so little originality in the world is that ninety-nine per cent

SMOTHERING SENSATION.

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"I have suffered for some years with a smothering sensation caused by heart disease. The severity of the pains in my heart caused me much suffering. I was also very nervous and my whole system was run down and debilitated. "Hearing that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills were a specific for these troubles, I thought I would try them, and got a box at McLeod's Drug Store. They afforded me great relief, having toned up my system and removed the distressing symptoms from which I suffered. I can heartily recommend these wonderful pills to all sufferers from heart troubles. (Signed) MRS. A. W. IRISH, Kingston, Ont.

LAXA LIVER PILLS cure Biliousness, Constipation and Sick Headache.



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Healthy, happy girls often become languid and despondent, from no apparent cause in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with palpitating hearts after slight exercise, so that to merely walk upstairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short dry cough leads to the fear that they are going into consumption. Doctors tell them they are anæmic—which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that?

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Mrs. M. N. Jones, Berthier, Que., writes:—"My daughter, aged fifteen has been restored to good health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She was very feeble, her blood was poor and watery, and she was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness, and always felt tired. After using four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is enjoying as good health as any girl of her age, and we are glad to give the credit to your medicine. Mothers will make no mistake if they insist upon their young daughters taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Do not take anything that does not bear the full name of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." It is an experiment and a hazardous one to use a substitute. Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

of the people see things as they have been led to see them. The hundredth man is a stronger character, or has stronger mental vision, and so sees those things for himself and from his own view point. The ad writer can be as original as the poet or painter if he will give his originality a chance. If he will use his own eyes for seeing the goods he is going to advertise and the forget that anybody else ever wrote an ad about such goods the probability is that he will say something that never was said before. We don't say this is the surest way to make a business bringing ad: it is merely to make an 'original' one—Brains.

NERVE PARALYZED.

Nervous Prostration so Severe, Lost Power of Hands, Side and Limbs, but South American Nerve Rest of Disease and Saved her.

Minnie Stevens, daughter of T. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Co., of London, was stricken down with a very severe attack of nervous prostration, which resulted in her losing the power of her limbs. She could not lift or hold anything in her hands, and other complications showed themselves. Her parents had lost hope of her recovery. She began taking South American Nerve, and after taking twelve bottles she was perfectly restored, and enjoys good health to day. Sold by E. C. Brown.

PREVENTION OF EPILEPSY.

How to Treat and Prevent Attacks of the Dread Disease.

Physicians are coming more and more to regard epilepsy as in general a symptom of disease or injury of the nervous system, rather than as a disease in itself. This is a distinct gain for the subjects of this condition, for instead of drugging them in every case with nauseous remedies, physicians now search for the cause of the trouble and endeavor to remove it.

In some cases the fits are due to pressure on the brain, and resort has sometimes been had to the operation of trephining the skull to relieve this pressure. It is only in rare cases, however, that a surgical operation offers any hope of relief, but the attacks may often be diminished in number or prevented by less drastic measures.

Whatever the cause, the convulsions in epilepsy are almost always made more frequent by excessive fatigue, either of mind or body—especially of mind. An epileptic should avoid severe mental labor. While in school his tasks should be light. He should never be allowed to emulate the other boys in his class, but should take two years at least to learn what is usually embraced in a one year's course.

He must be protected from anything which might excite violent emotions, either of joy or sorrow, and his playmates should never be permitted to tease him or arouse his anger.

In the choice of a vocation let none be selected which will demand hard study or concentrated and long-continued thought. The life of an epileptic ought to be absolutely regular. His food should be nourishing but simple, an excess of meat being strictly avoided, and no highly seasoned or spicy food should be allowed. Strong tea and coffee and alcoholic liquors even wine and beer, if taken at all, must be in very small quantity. Overeating is also to be avoided, several light meals a day being preferable to one or two hearty

ones. Constipation must never be allowed to go untreated.

The hours of sleep should be long, and the bedroom window should always be partly open in order to secure pure air, even in midwinter.

This is the way in which we ought all to live, but to the healthy an occasional exception is allowable,—hard study, fatiguing exercise, a little too much to eat at Thanksgiving dinner, and the like,—while to the sufferer from epilepsy every deviation from the straight and narrow road of hygiene is fraught with peril.

125 MEN ENTRENCHED.

From the Inroads of Dreaded Ocatarrh—What Dr. Agnew's Ocatarrhal Powder Did For Mr. LeBlanc He Proves Will Do For Others.

Alfred LeBlanc of St. Jerome, Que., was a great sufferer for years with catarrh of a very severe type. Dr. Agnew's Ocatarrhal Powder rescued him when everything else had failed. To-day when he goes to his lumber camp with his 125 men this great remedy is considered as much a necessity to comfortable camp life as such a thing else. It relieves cold in the head in ten minutes; prevents the growing of catarrh germs, and when they are sown, it cures them. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Unpleasant Bedfellows.

The adventures of naturalists in odd corners of the globe rival the experiences of explorers in variety and interest. Dr. Maximilian Schumann, a Belgian naturalist, journeyed through Mexico, not many years ago, and here is one of the reminiscences which he brought back with him:

I had gone a day's journey on horseback from the city of Zacatecas toward the southeast to examine some ancient Toltec ruins. I arrived at my destination late at night and lighted a fire within the ruins to make my supper. After eating I spread my blanket and lay down. When I awoke in the morning, my first impulse was to stretch out my hand. I threw it out from under the blanket, and as I did so it almost touched a big, poisonous rattlesnake, quietly coiled by my side. I escaped by the merest chance. Looking toward my feet, what was my astonishment to see six other rattlesnakes coiled at intervals over my body. The reptiles did not belong to the variety commonly known in California, but were of a peculiarly poisonous species found in hot regions. When I lighted my fire in the evening, it was too dark to see the snakes, which, I presume, had crept along the walls. The altitude of the ruins is nearly eight thousand feet, and so the nights are cold. My fire had attracted the reptiles. When they approached it they found my bed, and discerning the warm blankets, crawled up on them and went to sleep. I extricated myself from the blanket with infinite care. Once on my feet I was no longer afraid of the reptiles, but as I already had specimens of them in my collection, I killed them all and nailed them to the adobe wall with my card on each.

WHEN HEART FAILS.

Life's Charm Vanishes—No Case of Heart Disease Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Will Not Believe in 30 Minutes, and Permanently Cured.

Thos. Petry, of Aylmer, Que., says that for about five years he was a constant sufferer from acute heart derangements—endured untold pain, was unable to attend to his daily work, any exertion caused great fatigue. He was recommended to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One bottle did him great benefit; four bottles drove every symptom of the trouble away from him.—Sold by E. C. Brown.

OM food age O. DYNE MENT used tion tion ation girls grown age. ve than ment. My hildred, th, Me. ggesta. Mast. bt betray her dinner at all, she had school- she went to ask her to ex- noted her ab- y about meet- thought ten- s not in the hour, still she been deceiving to permit a r, if she did ke. the drawing- and made t her side. mpatently for trump card. you were, Sir ntly. and I did not mised,' he re- t,' murmured of this. our preference encouraged it, ights were of eep up an in- at last, he nclair, do you she was not at el in spirits for girl,' returned sympathy. questioned Sir Percy Caerleon, this afternoon? does it concern a sorry I mean- she would you, though I ically announced annoyance. y don't under- impatience. , you know,' that fool! It Sir Gavin, in- on him,' Mabel is not always shown himself Miss Graham bewildered to e, where a dis- on has offered in connection He has be- hold back from it, though, of what his feel- no nice of him while he had itely settled be- ago, and yester- ly engagement last night? If is to go out to e. You seem ed,' Sir Gavin has not told you, hough of course his evident an- t as he wished , and went on, (NITE PAGE.) And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, no knife, please onials & 130-1300 LARON MEDICINE Toronto, Ontario.

## A Nashwaak Romance.

How a Gallant Young Frenchman Fought For and Won His Bride from a French Pirate.

(WRITTEN BY LEUT. S. EDWIN OLIVER OF FREDERICTON.)

If ever a man looked sorely perplexed it was Ferdinand Lescarbot, as he disembarked from the canoe in front of his house on the St. John, at what had been the year before, Fort Jemseg, but owing to the removal of the French commander, Villebon with his garrison to the better situated Fort Nashwaak, was now garrisoned only by Lescarbot, his wife and daughter and his servants. And truly he had cause for perplexity, for but three days before he had had a visitor in the shape of Pierre Champdore, the captain of the privateer or, more properly speaking, private sloop, Le Beauce, who had come to visit his old friend, and having become enamoured with Etienne Lescarbot had asked her hand in marriage.

Ferdinand Lescarbot for many years had been in command of one of the vessels employed by the French Government for the protection of the fur trade between the Canadian colonies and France. At length becoming tired of the life, he had married a daughter of one of the officers at Fort Lstour, where, after residing for some years he had removed up the river St. John, to his present home. Having obtained a large grant of land he had built a house and settled down to the life of a gentleman farmer, protected by the vicinity of the fort from the marauders of all nations that infested the coasts of Acadia and made things lively for the settlers. He had been living there for ten years and had seen his daughter Etienne grow up from a child of eight to the tall and graceful maiden, beloved by all the residents of the fort, and especially by Gaspar Charmin, the captain and part owner of the vessel which once a year brought over ammunition, etc., from the mother country to the different French settlements. His suit had prospered and it had been settled that on his next arrival, which was expected every day that the two were to be united.

In the meantime, however, an unexpected claimant had appeared in the person of Pierre Champdore, who having heard of a wealthy settler who still resided at the abandoned fort had come up to relieve him of all responsibilities and anything else he could lay his hands on, but discovering in Lescarbot a former friend, had spared him, on condition of Etienne marrying him. Lescarbot told him the circumstances of her betrothal and begged him to forgo his claims, but for a time apparently [without success, but when Lescarbot imprudently informed him of the expected arrival of the 'St. Etienne' he promised to give him a week to consider the matter and depart with his vessel down the river. As soon as he was gone his late host made his way up river to Fort Nashwaak, where he laid the case before Villebon and begged him to send some soldiers to protect him till Charmin should arrive, but the sparsely garrisoned fort was too short handed as it was and the only comfort the commandant could give him was the proposal that he should remove his wife and daughter to the Nashwaak and leave his property behind, as there was no means of conveying his furniture and effects up, or that he should wait trusting that the 'St. Etienne' with Charmin would arrive before 'La Beauce.' Nothing further could be done, and with feelings of apprehension for the future Lescarbot returned to his home, where, telling his wife the ill success of his trip, they sat down to consider what was best to do.

At length they decided to remain, hoping that in case of Champdore arriving first they would be able to keep him waiting long enough to allow Charmin to come and release them, as the 'St. Etienne' being well armed and manned they thought there would be little danger of Champdore attempting to carry out the threats which he had made as to burning and destroying their stock and buildings if his demands were refused. Slowly the next three days crept on, but nothing appeared to their anxious eyes till the afternoon of Thursday the 12th of June when the sharp eyes of Etienne caught sight of the masts of a vessel looming majestically up river through the fog which had covered the river all morning.

There were a few minutes of heart-rending suspense, and then her heart gave a joyful bound, as she recognized the vessel of her lover. In a short time it came to anchor, and a boat was lowered and came swiftly towards the shore, and Etienne was enfolded in a warm embrace, and relating the story of their fears. As she told it Gaspar's face grew dark, and turning to her father, he told him to get all their things packed as quickly as possible and

to get them all on board as just before reaching the harbor at the mouth of the river he had been attacked by two vessels in one of which he had recognized Lescarbot's description of 'La Beauce.'

After a sharp fight he had been able to beat them off but had lost many of his men in doing so, and had been pursued up the river and was probably then but a few hours in advance of the enemy. As his cargo was so important it was necessary to proceed at once to the fort where with the help of its garrison and guns he would have little fear of the result.

In a few hours everything was packed and carried on board, and the journey was continued through the gathering darkness. Gaspar and Etienne standing together in the house so wrapped in each others company that all else was forgotten, till a sailor coming forward reported that the fog was lifting, and looking around they beheld a scene which caused Gaspar to rush to the helm. The breeze, blowing straight up river had lifted the fog as a veil and the silvery moon lit up everything with her soft light, making each little ripple dance and glitter and appear like waves of quicksilver, and the dark woods on shore look more gloomy and sombre than before, and making the white sails look ghastly and shroud-like against the dark outline of the masts and spars. But behind them there was something which inspired feelings of anything but pleasure, for on the one shore back a couple of miles stood Fort Meahook, while disappearing behind St. Anne's point were two vessels coming up river, evidently with the intention of cutting them off from the fort. To go on was simply to court destruction, to turn back was nearly as bad for through sickness and fighting the crew of the 'Etienne' numbered scarcely thirty men, while both her antagonists at the day before had seemed covered with men. In the fog they had passed the fort without perceiving it and before they could get back where the guns of the fort could afford them material assistance, with the wind blowing up river, their chances would be small indeed. The other alternative was to run the 'St. Etienne' in the mouth of the Nashwaak, send a man to the fort by land, and bring back enough soldiers to defend the vessel. This course was decided on and with great carefulness the vessel was steered into the narrow opening and secured.

It had been Gaspar's intention to send back Etienne and her mother with the messenger, but as he noticed how the vessel was hidden in the dark shadow of the trees which overhung the banks, on either side, he came to the conclusion that it would be safer to keep her on board than to risk the dangerous journey through the woods, short as it was, with such a slender escort. Besides the 'La Beauce' and her consort had been out of sight behind the point when he had run in, and it was very probable that they would pass on up stream without noticing their chase, and even if discovered it would be easy to land the women. So after drawing the vessel as close as possible to the bank, and preparing the guns so as to be served with the best effect in case of being discovered, they waited.

Around them everything was redolent of summer. The soft, warm breeze murmuring through the branches, with a soothing peaceful sound, while the shadowed waters of the Nashwaak looked silent and black save when the breeze, swaying the leafy branches above, allowed now and then a shaft of light to tremble for a moment on its bosom, and made the air odorous with the breath of wild flowers.

Then slowly stealing up, came in sight the 'La Beauce,' the water scarcely rippling at her bows, not a person appearing on her deck, but at the portholes stood grim, ominous shapes. The crew of the 'St. Etienne' lay clustered on the deck, Gaspar and Etienne close up against the bulwark, so in case of discovery she could be removed to shore at once. The first vessel passed, and a sigh of relief went up from all on board. Her consort was close in rear, and appeared as if she too was about to pass without noticing anything, but just as she was fairly opposite a movement was noticed on her deck and then suddenly a bright flash and a thunderous 'Bang' came from one of her portholes followed instantly by a crash, and a shriek, as a sound shot tore through the side and deck of the 'St. Etienne.'

Gaspar sprang to his feet raising Etienne

and to his horror perceiving that a sharp splinter had struck her shapely arm causing a deep gash, from which the blood was crimsoning her dress. Knowing that his men would understand his action he carried her across the deck, and springing ashore made his way rapidly through the woods a short distance, till an open space was reached where, kneeling, he staunchly the wound as well as he could, and then stood for a moment listening to the cannonading which was rapidly growing heavier when a discordant laugh caused him to look up, and there stood Champdore, sword in hand, watching him. Gaspar instantly drew his sword and rushed at him, and their swords clashed fiercely together as they strove each to gain the mastery. The combatants were both good swordsmen, and for a while the victory seemed uncertain, but Champdore at length received a cut in the shoulder which caused him to lose blood rapidly, and growing weaker and weaker, his sword was beaten down and his skull split by a heavy blow. He had landed a short distance below, with a small party intending to cut off the crew of the 'St. Etienne' after the vessel was captured, and with that object in view had spread out his men through the woods, and suddenly and rage prevented him from calling for assistance when he perceived his rival.

Gaspar once more proceeded with his still unconscious burden in the direction of the fort when he was met by a party of soldiers under the guidance of the messenger he had sent delivering Etienne over to two of them to be taken back. He turned and lead the reinforcement to the river. By the time he had arrived the engagement was at its height, and the din and continuous roar of the cannon almost deafening.

Arranging his lines on the banks where the fire would have most effect, he returned on board where his presence cheered and reanimated his men and the enemy seeing their chance of success were getting smaller each moment, at length drew off, and made their way slowly down the river receiving a salvo from the guns Fort Nashwaak as they passed.

After some trouble the St. Etienne was got out of her hiding place and though considerably damaged reached the fort, where Gaspar's anxiety was quickly set at rest. The marriage was postponed however for a month till Etienne was quite restored to health, when they were united by the priest before returning to France.

The survivors of the party that had landed were most of them captured or killed the next day, but the Indians who captured them brought in nothing but scalps, nothing of the intentions of the attacking party could be obtained and the garrison after a few days of extra watchfulness gradually forgot amid the new and stirring events the story of the attack.

Lescarbot and his wife remained for some time longer at Fort Nashwaak, and at length accepted a military post in Quebec.

### "We are all Eve's Daughters"

Sighed a pretty woman, whose husband had just scolded her for catching cold by attending a Christmas dance in a low-necked dress. "Then Adam's son's Cough Balsam must be the very thing to cure you," said a witty bystander. 25c. all Druggists.

### "Tommy Atkins's Tummy"

During his period of service a British soldier is entitled to three-quarters of a pound of fresh meat and one pound of bread daily; and when on active service the meat is increased to one pound, and a free ration of groceries and vegetables is also issued.

The average bullock, when slaughtered and cut up by the army butchers, will


## Leg A Solid Sore.

When it comes to healing up old running sores of long standing there is no remedy equal to Burdock Blood Bitters.

Bathe the sore with the B.B.B.—that relieves the local irritation. Take the B.B.B. internally—that clears the blood of all impurities on which sores thrive.

Miss D. Melissa Burke, Grindstone, Magdalen Islands, P.Q., says: "It is with pleasure I speak in favor of B.B.B. which cured me of a running sore on my leg. I consulted three doctors and they gave me salve to put on, but it did no good. Finally my leg became a solid running sore. In fact for nearly a month I could not put my foot to the floor."

"I was advised to use B.B.B. and did so. Three bottles healed up my leg entirely so that I have never been troubled with it since."



### MANY A WOMAN'S LIFE

has been saved, much needless suffering avoided or relieved by the wise counsel and advice given by Mrs. J. C. Richard. The rich and the poor, as well as the learned and unlearned, have been alike educated in the construction and functions of their special delicate organs, have been warned against the countless causes of disease and shown the way to restored health, love and happiness. Mrs. Richard has just published a book entitled "Woman's Life in Health and Disease" which will prove of much interest to daughter, wife and mother. A limited number of copies will be given FREE to all who send 10 cents (stamps or silver), to cover cost of mailing. Write today for a copy.

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

yield 700 pounds of meat; and 1,343 bullocks must die to provide the troops with one's day's rations. Supposing that the operations in the field occupy six months, and the soldiers get fresh meat twice a week, then, in round numbers, 70,000 bullocks must be butchered.

This fresh meat must be eked out with no less than 10,400,000 pounds of salted or preserved victuals, and we get a grand total of 14,500,000 pounds, or 6,500 tons of bullocks!

The army eats up 80,000 pounds of bread daily, and bread contains a quarter of its weight in flour. In twenty six weeks it will require 8,640,000 pounds of flour, or 65,000 bushels.

Supposing the beef averages 5d. a pound all round—rather than over the mark—we have an outlay of £325,000. Add to that £18,000 for the British army's daily bread (at 1s. per stone of 14 pounds) and a further £212,000 for vegetables and groceries, calculated at the rate of 3d. a day per man, and a single army corps will eat up £550,000 in six months!

### VICTORIA'S PRIVATE MUSEUM:

Information About a Little-Known Room in Windsor Castle

There is at Windsor Castle a private museum which is of very recent date and in the formation of which, her Majesty has taken an immense amount of interest. Its treasures are in many cases of unique value both from their associations and their intrinsic worth.

In 1896 some workmen engaged in tearing out a set of apartments that had long remained unused, and which were situated in the tower, came upon some old lumber, as they imagined it to be, in a passage which was quite blocked up with it. On closer examination, however, the 'lumber' turned out to be a collection of most interesting and valuable relics, whose very existence had been forgotten for generations.

Her Majesty took great interest in the find, and, in conjunction with the inspector, conceived the idea of making a private museum of these and similar treasures in the lower vestibule, an apartment near the galleries entrance on the ground floor.

It was just at this time that Sir Herbert Kitchener, now Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, paid a visit to Windsor on the conclusion of the Dongola expedition in 1897. He brought with him several trophies of the campaign, which the Queen promptly ordered to occupy the first case of her new museum. These treasures consisted of Wad Bishara's red banner with its tin rattle, which was captured at the battle of Firket; also a crusader's sword, found in his house, and with a Spanish motto in German characters, which says "Do not breathe me without honor." In this case, too, the Queen has placed the Afghan trophies presented to her by Lord Roberts ten years previously.

The second contains several notable articles, chief of which is a fine specimen of executioner's axe, which has evidently seen great service and which was given to the queen by Sir William Congreve, who invented the war rocket.

The next case has a unique collection of beautiful feather cloaks formerly belonging to some chiefs of the South Sea Islands. On a charming network are sewn feathers so minute that they form a smooth, finished surface in black, yellow or red colors. Most of these are single feathers of a very rare species of parrot, and each of the magnificent cloaks has been valued by experts at not less than £10,000. On further inquiry it was found that they had been given by the king of the Sandwich Islands, in 1824, to his Majesty, King George IV.

In the fourth case are a great set of Nepalese knives and daggers used in our Indian Frontier campaigns by the Ghoorka and similar tribes. The 'Kokri' or Ghoorka, fighting knife, which the native uses in preference to the sword or bayonet, it is well worth attention.

Case No. 5 displays the head and skin of an enormous India lion, around which have been grouped the ancient Hanoverian standards of the first three Georges: some weapons of the Zulus taken at Isandhianna some finely caparisoned saddles of war horses, and a 'sampil' or blow tube, used to shoot poisoned darts by the natives of Borneo.

The next collection is a very fine and

unique one, being that of a succession of spurs, of all shapes and sorts, from the Wars of the Roses till to day. With these are placed six pieces of plate which formerly belonged to the Thirty second Regiment. They will at once strike the spectator's attention by their extraordinary shape, being twisted in to most fantastic arrangements. This was due to the effects of shot which struck the regimental plate chest during the siege of Lucknow.

Case No. 8 may be said to represent war weapons of various countries. They are old muskets and blunderbusses of the Prussians, French, Hanoverians, Russians, Portuguese, Spanish and English. Also African war hatchets and hammers, together with bundles of spears and arrow-heads of the North American Indians. Then there are the shields and weapons of Asiatic savages, as well as of such nations as the Chinese and Japanese.

Had Catarrh since Childhood But Catarrhs are now Cured 81a.

Ulric Breaunt, of Sweetburg, Que., says: "Since childhood I have been afflicted with Catarrh of the throat and nose and never knew what relief meant till I tried Catarrh-cure. Two bottles completely cured me, and I have not one single symptom of Catarrh now. I can heartily recommend Catarrh-cure for Catarrh, and would advise all sufferers to get an outfit at once and be cured as I was." Catarrh-cure is sold at all druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. POISSON & Co., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

### One Good Hit Deserves Another.

A comedian in a Paris theatre recently made a great hit out of a painful incident. While indulging in a bit of horseplay on the stage he struck his head accidentally against one of the pillars of the scene upon the stage. The blow caused a flutter of sympathy to pass through the audience.

"No great harm done," said the comedian. "Just hand me a napkin, a glass of water, and a salt cellar."

These were brought, and he sat down, folded the napkin in the form of a bandage, dipped it in the glass, and emptied the salt-cellar on the wet part.

Having thus prepared a compress according to prescription, and when every one expected he would apply it to his forehead, he gravely rose and tied it round the pillar.

Catarrh of the stomach—Could often be prevented had the patient with a stomach and digestive organs predisposed to weakness, been stimulated by some pure, wholesome power as contained in the vegetable preparation of which Dr. Voa Staa's Pineapple Tablets are prepared. But the world is finding it out—medical science is making rapid strides—and the sufferers are not having their pockets "bled" for a cure. 50 tablets 25 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

### Perment Impertinence.

"Sly, Mister, do you want your bag carried?" asked a boy, running after a man who was hurrying along the street, evidently bound for the railway station.

"No, I don't," answered the man, a little sharply.

"I'll carry it all the way for a nickel," persisted the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried," said the man, quickening his pace.

"Don't you?" said the boy, breaking into a trot to keep abreast of his victim.

"No, I don't!" said the man, glancing fiercely at his small tormentor.

"Well, then, mister," said the wrobin, with an expression of anxious and innocent inquiry on his round, dirty face, "what are you carrying it for? Why don't you set it down?"

He got the bag, and a dime.

AFTER A COLD DRIVE a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer mixed with a glass of hot water and sugar will be found a better stimulant than whiskey. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

### Not Afraid of Exertion.

Mistress (to new footman)—One thing more, Jean. Your predecessor, whom I have discharged, was constantly paying attentions to the parlor maid—

Footman (interrupting)—Yes, madam, I'll take his place in that matter—certainly!

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL may be taken with most beneficial results by those who are run down or suffering from after effects of influenza. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Frills of Fashion.

All the latest models in dress gowns are very much trimmed on the bodice with intricate embroideries of gold and silver thread, silk and chenille and various applique designs of velvet, lace and silk.

Something novel among the new cloth gowns is a bolero with a turn down revers collar of fur opening over a vest of white satin with bands of velvet projecting partially over it from either side of the jacket.

Costumes which are quite as important as any on the list for special occasions are the wedding gowns, even though they are made of the inevitable satin.

The simple waists for morning wear are much as they have been, tucked and plaited to suit every fancy, but one new model which is very effective and a relief from the endless tucking, shows a double box pleat in the center of the front and back and one at either side half way between these and the sides.

All sorts of picturesque ideas are carried out in the bridesmaid's costumes, and it is one of the season's fancies to dress the maid of honor exactly like the bridesmaid, the only difference being in the color of the bouquet she carries.

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

white satin with transparent yoke and sleeves of white chiffon shirred in very tiny tucks. A finish of chiffon edged with narrow white silk fringe was draped around the shoulders, fastened at one side with a bunch of yellow roses, and chiffon frills also edged with fringe trimmed the skirt.

A bridesmaid's gown shows a touch of white silk gipure over a white chiffon skirt, and chiffon drapery around the shoulders, below some folds of silk which give a yoke effect. White cloth is employed for the bridesmaid's gown, and here is a quaint example, stitching being the finish on the skirt while the white silk bodice is covered with lace, falling to the waist line in jacket form.

The doom of the separate waist has been pronounced with a great flourish of trumpets regularly once or twice a year for some time now, but as yet there is no sign of its waning popularity.

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back, form one style which is very pretty with a broad lace yoke, and some of the new sleeves are laid in tucks or plaits up and down, exactly matching the bodice.

Gray cloth gowns, in the same shade of gray, are especially chic just at the moment, and the novelty in contrast and trimming is a flowered silk called Regence.

Dainty handkerchiefs in pale colors embroidered with white are pretty trifles which are exceedingly effective if we match the prevailing color in the costume.

Crocheted beaded silk bags are unearched again in great numbers, and the old-fashioned shapes are copied despite the fact that they have been relegated to the treasure chest so long.

Autumn leaves and grapes are used in millinery.

White taffeta silk stitched in rows with silk matching the color of the cloth, is used for the yoke, and a deep band around the skirt of a blue cloth gown, crossing this band with narrow bands of cloth is very effective.

Buy a tulle hat trimmed with crepe rose if you want to have something which will be of use and in style next summer.

Evening slippers, if they are really swell, match the gown this season, and are embroidered in pearls and rhinestones. However, the black satin and patent leather slippers are always in good taste.

Aeroplane, a soft light crepe, is a fashionable and very pretty material for evening gowns, and it is also used in millinery.

Dress trimmings of rose pearl designs mixed with steel, silver, crystal or gold beads are one of the novelties. Rather attractive trimmings, too, are made of a flat mohair braid nearly half an inch wide, interspersed to form different designs.

One of the most effective things in neckties to wear over a French collar or a stitched white satin stock, is made of soft taffeta silk fully a yard and a half long. The middle, where it passes around the neck, is a little more than an inch wide and it gradually widens to a quarter of a yard at the ends, which are cut slanting.

Silver-mounted chataine bags are made of suede leather, embroidered with steel beads, each one riveted on by hand.

The Old Lady Who Could Not Be Fooled.

Miss Elizabeth Alden Curtis, the talented niece of United States Attorney-General Griggs, and one of the latest verifiers of the Rubryat, has a penchant for scientific pursuits, and takes great pleasure in mountain-climbing, forest searching and geologizing.

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

"The Universal Perfume." For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. AND FURNISHERS TO H. M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK, Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

Household Linens

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

Robinson & Cleaver BELFAST, IRELAND

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pili Cochis, Pennyroyal, &c.

plumbago. Miss Curtis, after explaining, left the veranda, giving the quartz to a benevolent-looking, spectacled old lady.

Poverty's Day Dreams. Richard Whiting, whose remarkable studies of life in the East End of London have made so marked an impression upon the reading public, gained his knowledge of the subject by living among the workers as one of them.

Why? asked Mr. Whiting. "It isn't because of her horses, because if I were Queen I would have a donkey-car with red wheels; and it isn't because of her band of musicians on horseback which goes a head of the 'oras guards, for I'd much rather have a Hitalian with a 'and organ; but just think, if she wakes up at three o'clock in the morning and wants a bite to eat she can touch a bell and have beef and boiled cabbage right away."

How Saccharine was Discovered. Of the many great chemists of the world none perhaps is better known than Dr. Constantine Fahlberg, who some years ago discovered that curious chemical, being so intensely sweet that a single grain is said to be equal to several hundred times its bulk of the best white sugar.

Light or dark blue cottons or silks can be dyed black, Magnetic dye black, gives a handsome, permanent color.—Price 10 cents.

Light or dark blue cottons or silks can be dyed black, Magnetic dye black, gives a handsome, permanent color.—Price 10 cents.

Tommy Kutun: 'Papa, what is repartee?' Mr. Kutun: 'Repartee, my boy, is a very clever answer when you say it to anybody, but a very rude answer when anybody says it to you.'

Wife: "I declare, Fred, I am almost ashamed to go out with this hat on. It isn't at all the style." Fred: "Is this Bridget's day out?" Wife: "No." Fred: "Then why don't you borrow hers?"

Bacon—It's hard to hear that girl sing without being moved. Egbert—Yes; I understand four families who have lived next door to her have been moved after hearing her sing.

You say the man stole your umbrella? Well, I don't want to be too sure about it. He may have been the original owner.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 750, Fifth Avenue, New York.

First Expert.—'The prisoner is clearly guilty. Note his furtive bearing and shifty eye.'

Second Expert.—'Yes there is no doubt about it. Did you notice how brazenly he stepped up to the bar, and his shameless stare all about the courtroom?'

It has always been asserted that some of the novels bearing the signature of Alexandre Dumas the elder were written by his assistants. One day when Dumas pere met Dumas fils on the street he asked him whether he had read his latest novel. 'No,' said Dumas junior. 'Have you?'

He: 'I have rather taken a fancy to the English mode of spelling, as compared to ours.' She: 'Yes?' He: 'Yes, indeed. Take 'parlour,' for instance; having 'u' in it makes all the world.'

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You say the man stole your umbrella? Well, I don't want to be too sure about it. He may have been the original owner.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 750, Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Boer as a Fighter.

J. B. Robinson, millionaire mine owner, who was brought up in South Africa, gun in hand, and who fought side by side with the Boers in the Basuto war, and was for long the intimate associate of the Boer leaders, has been commenting on the war as conducted up to date. He praises warmly the bravery displayed by the British in their charges against entrenched Boer positions, a bravery which, he says, can best be realized by those who knew what kind of man the Boer is.

'The war,' he says, 'has demonstrated that the man with the gun, provided he knows how properly to handle it, is the force that rules the world. No bravery, however, great, can overcome him. England has not yet realized, and your generals refuse to understand, what a man armed as the Boer is armed, and trained as he is trained, can do against the bravest men who try to storm his position. Remember that the Boer is taught from boyhood to hit his living mark, and to hit it in the right spot. When I was a small boy a shotgun was put in my hands, and I was encouraged to fire at birds. When I got a little older I had my double-barrelled hunting piece, and as parties of us went out the elders would show me just where to fire so as to pierce the game behind the shoulders when running at full speed. This is the training the Boers have had, and one man, taught in this way, can successfully resist a hundred men who try to rout him out from an entrenched position. On the other hand, twenty men who are poor shots can be driven from their position by twenty-five determined opponents.'

As an example of what Boers can do in the way of holding a strong position by dint of courage and marksmanship. Mr. Robinson gives an experience of his own in the Basuto war. Potgieter was out with a scouting party of thirty men, and found himself between two large parties of Kaffirs. Four of the little commando tried to get away trusting to their well-bred horses, but only one got through, and he could not make his way to the laager to give warning. Potgieter and the remaining twenty-six men galloped for a small ridge, and getting there in time, at once started throwing up stones in a semi-circle to form a rampart of defence. Mr. Robinson goes on:

'They had only raised the rampart two feet high when the Kaffirs were on them. Potgieter quickly issued his orders. The men had dismounted, and two held the horses behind the ridge. "No one is to fire until after me," the leader said. "I will bring down the chiefs, so many of you are to fire at the horses, and the remainder are to shoot down the dismounted men when they get on their feet." All the Kaffirs were mounted, and they rode up to the little band in apparently irresistible numbers, the chiefs, gay with their war plumes and heavy with Kaffir beer, at their head. The first body that had been sighted consisted of between four or five hundred men, and a second strong force was afterward discovered in the rear. Potgieter let them approach to within seventy-five yards and then fired. Down fell chief after chief. The rifles of his men rang out, and all the horses of the leading men stumbled, shot through the breasts. The fire was so resistless that the charging party edged off to the right and the left, and made a circle in retreat. Again the Kaffirs came on. They were armed with rifles, and a number of them kept up a rifle fire at the sides while the mounted forces again charged forward. But the result was only the same as before. They would draw off, their chiefs exhorting them by the valor of all their forefathers, by the great deeds of Moshabe, not to allow so puny a band to defy them. As the hours passed there came a rampart of dead Kaffirs and Kaffir horses all around the Boers. Once the charging party got so close that when the horses were shot two of them plunged right over the kraal, into the Boer horses behind, before they fell dead, nearly causing a stampede among the horses of the scouting party.

'The fight started at 8 o'clock in the morning. By 2 o'clock five or six of the Boers were so exhausted they declared they could do no more. Their mouths were parched, their tongues were swollen with intolerable thirst. Their arms ached so that they could hardly move them, and they were stiff in every limb. They said: "We cannot fight any longer," but he laughed at them. "Put two pebbles in your mouth," he said. "That will lessen your thirst. If you cannot fire any more, let me have your guns. You keep them loaded, and I will do the shooting. We must fight or die; there is no escape." And so he heartened them. The fighting kept on till 6 in the evening, and then the Kaffirs drew

MOST MIRACULOUS HEART CURES.

Mrs. Thos. Cooke, of Kingston, After Suffering Intense Pain and Distress of the Heart for Seven Years---Is Cured Almost Miraculously by

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart--- A Remedy Which Saves Lives Everyday that Have Been Proclaimed

By Physicians Beyond Human Aid---It is a Powerful, Harmless Heart Specific and Can Work Wonders in Half-an-Hour.

Kingston, April 26, 1899.---Mr. Thos. Cooke, 260 Johnston street, Kingston, tells this wonderful story of his sickness from heart disease, and what he considers

his almost miraculous recovery by the aid of that good angel of modern medical science---Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. He says: "I suffered seven years from a very acute form of heart disease. I experienced great weakness; had another sensations: palpitations so badly that one in the same room could hear the heart thumps. I had great nervousness and depression at times, suffered excruciating shooting pains. Could not stand the

slightest exertion or excitement. I tried many remedies recommended to me, and consulted best physicians on my ailments, and nobody gave me any hope of permanent recovery. But one day I read of a cure by this wonderful remedy which seemed just to be my own case repeated. I got a trial bottle and derived great benefit from it. I concluded to continue, as it promised a complete and permanent cure, and when I had used six bottles not a vestige of the trouble remained, and although that is a year and a half ago there has never been the slightest symptom of a return of the trouble."

You can readily verify this or any other testimony of the curative powers of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, for the commendations for it comes spontaneously and unpoliticly, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are given out of the "fulness of

the heart" in being snatched from the snare of so distressing an ailment as heart disease in any form.

If modern medical science has given to the world a remedy---a cure---that thousands have used and have tested the curative powers of after having suffered for years, and had been pronounced hopeless case---if, as a last resort, even it has proved such a boon, what an amount of suffering would be spared if when the slightest uneasiness of the heart is experienced Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart were used! It has never failed to do what it promises. It gives relief in the most acute forms of the disease in less than 30 minutes. It not only stimulates a healthy heart action, but it heals the diseased organs, gives vitality, tones the whole system, and it's not claiming too much to say "IT MOST WORKS MIRACLES."

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves cold in the head in ten minutes---it will cure the most acute and disgusting forms of Catarrh, no matter how long standing. Dr. Agnew's Ointment acts like magic on Itching, Irritating Skin Troubles, such as Eczema, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, and will cure Piles in from 3 to 5 nights---35 cts.

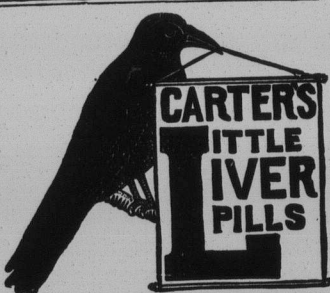
Dr. Agnew's little pills for Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness---20 cts for 40 doses. Sold by E. C. Brown.

off. The Boers quickly took advantage of the opportunity. They knew that their one hope was to get clear away, for ammunition was running short, and if the Kaffirs surrounded them during the night they would be done. Half their horses had been shot by the Kaffirs, but the hungry, aching and thirsty men got two each on the remaining horses and made a detour home.

They should have been back in the laager by 6 that night, and when they did not come, though all the other scouting parties returned, we grew anxious. We organized relief parties, and set out hunting for them. They were too far away, and the wind was blowing in the wrong way, so that he could not hear the sounds of firing in the camp. We went out, firing at intervals. At last they heard our shots, and signalled back. When we came up to them they could hardly move. We poured brandy down their throats, and cheered them, and got them in. But we had no idea of the wonderful battle they had fought. They said little about it for they were too exhausted to speak. It was only next day when we came up to the field of battle, and saw the great number of dead, and dying, that we knew what deed they had done.'

After telling this story Mr. Robinson added: 'Perhaps this incident will help you to realize: what sort of fighters the men of South Africa are. Yet against such men our generals have blindly hurled their infantry, to be shot down like sheep. The madness of it! To see so much courage in our British troops thrown away, and for nothing at all. We do the Boers no damage. Up to now their losses have been infinitesimal.'

An Advertising Truth. Spasmodic advertising is better than no



SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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

advertising, but the best results, viewed in any light, come from persistently keeping before prospective buyers the information which interests them.---Dayton (O.) Journal.

AN AGED GENTLEWOMAN.

Queen Victoria's Kindness to a Visitor Who Suffered as She Did.

Queen Victoria is a very old lady, but she does not neglect those gentle courtesies that have caused her all her life to be loved by those who know her. Old servants may grow very old in their attendance upon her before she thinks them sufficiently aged to be set aside for younger attendants.

Eighty-two is a good ripe age for a housekeeper, but Miss Thornton, who has been the Queen's housekeeper for over forty years, would not have felt called upon for so small a cause to resign her position. Unfortunately she grew deaf---too deaf to hear the orders that were given. 'I could not say "I beg your pardon" to her majesty and ask for an order to be repeated,' she herself said in speaking of her reason for resigning.

How much real care the Queen has for this old servant was shown by her thoughtfulness at the time of the last jubilee. In the midst of all the confusion and excitement she did not forget to order that tickets should be furnished to Miss Thornton, admitting herself and a friend to a private room in the palace, a room where there was a window in full view of the jubilee pageant.

Here the two old ladies could sit and watch without fatigue the departure of the Queen and her gorgeous escort, and her triumphant return after her progress through the city. By the Queen's special order refreshments were served to the housekeeper and her friend, and they were treated as honored guests.

Others beside Miss Thornton have found when they came in contact with the Queen of England, that she was a woman possessed of that kindly tact and consideration for others that made them see in her the woman as well as the queen.

The late Mrs. Keeley used to tell with pleasure of the time when she had the honor of being received by her majesty. On being presented she excused herself from making a low courtesy by saying: 'Your majesty, I have rheumatism in my knees and I cannot courtesy.'

'Mrs. Keeley,' replied the queen, 'I can't either.'

Mrs. Keeley was at once put at her ease by the homeliness of the remark, and the touch of nature made the woman kin.

It would be Dangerous Here.

The G. J. Johnson Cigar Company of Grand Rapids, recently placed in an open carriage a man made up to represent Oom Paul, and the likeness was lifelike. Drawn by horses that were gaily bedecked in colors of the South African Republic, on the front seat a liveried coachman, accompanied by a bugler, coming down the street it made an attractive sight. They will see this in introducing on the market a five-cent cigar which will be called the Oom Paul.---Profitable Advertising.

Ready-made Punishment.

According to the Omaha Bee, the people of Dawson City have adopted a novel and effective cure for crime. It is a

monster wood pile, of a size to awe the most hardened offender. A man convicted of any offense is compelled to saw wood. He saws ten hours a day steadily, day after day, until his sentence expires. He must saw regardless of the weather. In the most intense cold, the hardest rain, the fiercest snow storm, he is compelled to continue sawing; and if the day has not ten hours of light, lanterns are provided to enable him to put in a full day. When the pile of sawed wood begins to get low, the authorities sentence men for very slight offences, and the natural result is that everybody is kept on his good behaviour.

TRAVELLER TALKS.

J. H. Ireland the Well-Known Commercial Traveller, Interviewed at the Queen Hotel, Halifax.

In Excellent Health and Spirits---Back No Longer Bothered With Spasms, Highly of Dadd's Kidney Pills.

HALIFAX, N. S. Jan. 15.---When Mr. J. H. Ireland comes to Halifax he generally stops at the Queen Hotel, and there the reporter found him.

Mr. Ireland is one of the oldest travellers on the road and is known from many parts of Canada to the other. The many friends Mr. Ireland has made in his journeyings will be glad to learn that that genial gentleman is no longer troubled with his back as formerly.

'I am entirely free of all that,' said Mr. Ireland to the reporter, when asked about it.

'How did you get rid of it?' asked the reporter.

'Well,' said Mr. Ireland, 'on my trip to the Maritime Provinces last winter I was complaining everywhere of Backache and one day somebody advised me to use Dadd's Kidney Pills. It was the one medicine that struck me as a specific for the disease and I got some. The pain in my back was severe and it had been with me for some time. Well, I didn't have to take one box before I was completely cured.'

'Then you think Dadd's Kidney Pills will do what they are advertised to do?'

'Well, as for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Urinary and Bladder Complaints, Heart Disease, and all those other forms of Kidney Disease, for which Dadd's Kidney Pills are recommended I can't say authoritatively, not having had any personal experience. But judging from the way they cure Backache it is entirely likely they will do exactly as advertised. In my own mind there is not the least doubt of it,' concluded Mr. Ireland.

A Woman's View.

One of the best expositions of women's rights which we have seen of late comes from 'Short Stories.'

'Now, Mrs. Bradwell,' said a gentleman of my acquaintance, 'we have several hours before us, and I wish you'd just explain to me in full your position with regard to woman's rights.'

Mrs. Bradwell did not take many hours about it. 'I think,' she said, 'that every woman's right is to fool one good man into the belief that she is the best woman ever made. That's my position in full.'

A Bad Watch.

Sometimes the Chinaman coins a phrase which might well be adopted by his English-speaking neighbors. Wing Lung the proprietor of a flourishing laundry had a watch which habitually lost time; so watch

is hand he hid him to the nearest watchmaker.

'Watchee no good to Wing Lung now,' he said, briefly showing his property across the counter. 'You fix him.'

'What's the matter with it?' asked the watchmaker.

'On watchee too much by 'n' by,' said Wing Lung as he took his leave without further waste of words.

How Wars Begin.

Tommy was reading the war news. When he finished he came over to his mother and said:

'Mamma, how do wars begin?'

'Well, I suppose the English hauled down the American flag, and that the Americans

Here Tommy's father intervened. 'My dear,' he said, 'the English would not.'

Mother: 'Excuse me, they would--'

'Now, dear, who ever heard of such a thing?'

'Pray do not interrupt!'

'But you are giving Tommy a wrong idea!'

'I'm not, sir!'

'You are, madam!'

'Don't call me madam I won't allow you!'

'I'll call you what I choose!'

'I'm sorry I ever saw you are so--'

Tommy (going out): 'It's all right; I think I know how wars begin.'

Some Churchill Family History.

Winston Churchill, the war correspondent of the London 'Post,' whose escape from Boer captivity made such a sensation derives his Christian name from his ancestor, Sir Henry Winston, of Stadiah, in Gloucestershire, whose heiress married John Churchill, the grandfather of the famous Duke of Marlborough. This marriage, indeed, first brought the Churchills into high social position. The father of the great duke was Sir Winston and Sir Winston has always been a favorite Christian name in the Marlborough family. Lord Randolph Churchill gave the name Winston to both his sons. The elder, now in South Africa, is Winston Leonard, and the younger John Winston.

Client---That little house you sent me to see is in a most scandalous condition. It is so damp that moss positively grows on the walls.

House agent---Well, isn't moss good enough for you? What do you expect at the rent---orahs?

GROUPS, COUGHS AND COLDS are all quickly cured by Pny-Pectoral. It lessens the cough almost instantly, and cures readily the most obstinate cold. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

'We want low gas,' remarked the man who was dissatisfied with his bill. 'I agree with you' spoke up the lover, who thinks there is something fascinating about a blue spark.

FROM ALL OVER CANADA come letters telling us of the great benefits derived from the use of The D. & L. Mastic Plasters in cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

Sponge---Talk is cheap. Kestick---You seem to think so, from the way you use my telephone.

'You must promise not to Graham know I have told you Gavin; indeed, I should not have if I had not thought you knew. I shall not mention the matter at all,' was the cold reply. Mabel congratulated herself on the success of her deceit. She had made the baronet the girl he loved was secretly another, while Oala regarded affianced to her---Mabel. 'I have only to keep up his that white-faced upstart, and soon ask me to be his wife, mattered to herself when alone room. 'Just as a chess player man, so I am moving those tiny little while the game will be

CHAPTER VII. Any approach to flirting or was especially abhorrent to the shock of finding that, who admitted him to declare his love ally belonged to another, qu feelings toward her. Instead of his former kind displayed the most chilling words her. She found this change in hard, but she had yet to learn something worse than cold at his hands. One afternoon, just as was setting out with all her part in a skating tournament Oala to fill in some cards or had left in the library. This task was soon completed the girl still sat there, recalling but happy moments when held her in his arms, and, as supposed, asked her to be his. Presently the striking of her, and she rose to return room. Just as she was crossing the via came in. The pallor of his face, stiff way in which he moved, something was wrong, and in alarm, 'Oh Gavin, what have you had an accident?'

'Yes, a slight one---not face about,' he returned, towards the room she had 'But what is it?' she him. 'I had a fall---someone el and I have put my shoulder fortunate enough to get anyone knowing about the grooms I met a doctor, and he will see Don't let me detain you.' 'I am sure you are in there nothing I can do, Oala, pitifully, not notice desire to be rid of her. 'Nothing except to be replied roughly. 'I am Moreover, I should advise your sympathy for the right to it---I do not appreciate Oala looked at him for a paining face, and then, word, turned, and left the

On Christmas Eve, Sir ing in the grounds---alone for Mabel Sinclair gener be somewhere near him joined by Lady Hamilton. Her usually bright eyes and after a few minutes indifferent subjects, she 'Can you tell me why so anxious to leave us?'

'What Oala wishes to Hamilton?' exclaimed the ping and looking at her 'Yes,' she told me quite thought she was set most amazing part is the reason. She thinks it will say. I thought, pe enlighten me, Sir Gavin. Indeed I cannot. I do it any better than you.'

'If I could do anything comfortable, I would d Hamilton seat on. quite fond of her, and I never got on with any before. Will you try to see for this strange deed? 'I fear that would be not tell you, she would to trust me, and I am she would not resent any, Sir Gavin replied. 'Why? Have you a Lady Hamilton. 'No, we have not qu slow reply. 'I thought perhaps it is very impertinent marks, but I fancied y other seemed somewhat and the clue to this n that.'

'I must admit that quite friendly lately, L do not think that can with it. Lady Hamilton did for some moments; abruptly. 'What did you ta Gavin?'

'We did rot talk out a forced laugh. 'But tell you all about it,' veration. 'I asked h and 'And she refused,' ton. 'That explains a bad of you to drive a ness the children of with a touch of repro not let her alone!'

CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.

'You must promise not to let Miss Graham know I have told you this, Sir Gavin; indeed, I should not have done so if I had not thought you know already.'

'I shall not mention the matter to her at all,' was the cool reply.

Mabel congratulated herself heartily on the success of her device.

She had made the baronet believe that the girl he loved was secretly engaged to another, while Osla regarded him as all but affianced to her—Mabel.

'I have only to keep up his anger against that white-faced upstart, and he will very soon ask me to be his wife,' the schemer muttered to herself when alone in her own room.

'Just as a chess player moves his men, so I am moving those two, and in a little while the game will be mine!'

CHAPTER VIII.

Any approach to flirting or light conduct was especially abhorrent to Sir Gavin, and the shock of finding that, while she had permitted him to declare his love, she had actually belonged to another, quite changed his feelings toward her.

Instead of his former kindness, he now displayed the most chilling courtesy towards her.

She found this change in him bitterly hard, but she had yet to learn that she had something worse than coldness to endure at his hands.

One afternoon, just as Lady Hamilton was setting out with all her guests to take part in a skating tournament, she asked Osla to fill in some cards of invitation she had left in the library.

This task was soon completed, and then the girl still sat there, recalling those brief but happy moments when Sir Gavin had held her in his arms, and, as she had then supposed, asked her to be his wife.

Presently the striking of a clock roused her, and she rose to return to the school-room.

Just as she was crossing the hall, Sir Gavin came in.

The pallor of his face, and the slow, stiff way in which he moved, told her that something was wrong, and she exclaimed in alarm, 'Oh, Gavin, what is the matter? Have you had an accident?'

'Yes, a slight one—nothing to make a fuss about,' he returned, coldly, moving towards the room she had just left.

'But what is it?' she asked, following him.

'I had a fall—someone skated into me—and I have put my shoulder out. I was fortunate enough to get off without anyone knowing about it. One of the grooms I met has gone for a doctor, and he will soon put it right. Don't let me detain you.'

'I am sure you are in great pain; is there nothing I can do, Gavin?' asked Osla, pitifully, not noticing his evident desire to be rid of her.

'Nothing except to leave me alone,' he replied roughly. 'I am not fond of a stir. Moreover, I should advise you to keep your sympathy for the person who has a right to it—I do not appreciate it.'

Osla looked at him for a moment with a pining face, and then, without another word, turned, and left the room.

On Christmas Eve, Sir Gavin was walking in the grounds—alone for a wonder, for Mabel Sinclair generally contrived to be somewhere near him—when he was joined by Lady Hamilton.

Her usually bright face was clouded, and after a few minutes' conversation on indifferent subjects, she said—

'Can you tell me why Miss Graham is so anxious to leave us?'

'What Osla wishes to leave you, Lady Hamilton?' exclaimed the baronet, stopping and looking at her in amazement.

'Yes, she told me so last night. I quite thought she was settled here; but the most amazing part is that she will give no reason. She thinks it is best if all she will say. I thought, perhaps, you could enlighten me, Sir Gavin.'

'Indeed I cannot. I do not understand it any better than you.'

'If I could do anything to make her more comfortable, I would do it gladly,' Lady Hamilton went on. 'I've really grown quite fond of her, and the children have never got on with any governess so well before. Will you try to find out her reason for this strange decision?'

'I fear that would be useless; if she will not tell you, she would be no more likely to trust me, and I am by no means sure she would not resent any interference from me,' Sir Gavin replied, cautiously.

'Why? Have you quarrelled?' asked Lady Hamilton.

'No, we have not quarrelled,' came the slow reply.

'I thought perhaps you had. Of course, it is very impertinent of me to make remarks, but I fancied your manner to each other seemed somewhat strained lately, and the clue to this mystery might be in that.'

'I must admit that we have not been quite friendly lately, Lady Hamilton, but I do not think that can have anything to do with it.'

Lady Hamilton did not make any reply for some moments; then she asked, abruptly—

'What did you fall out about, Sir Gavin?'

'We did not fall out,' he answered, with a forced laugh. 'But perhaps I had better tell you all about it,' he added, with some vexation. 'I asked her to marry me, and—'

'And she refused,' put in Lady Hamilton. 'That explains all. It is really too bad of you to drive away the best governess the children ever had,' she added, with a touch of reproach. 'Why could you not let her alone?'

'I should have done so had I anticipated the result,' Sir Gavin declared, grimly. 'Nevertheless, I do not think you must accuse me of being the cause of this sad case which, as all this happened some days ago, and Osla knows quite well that I

Women's Ailments.



Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys.

The poisons that ought to be carried off are sent back into the blood, taking with them a multitude of pains and aches.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life.

Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N.B., says:

'Some time ago I had a violent attack of La Grippe. From this, severe kidney trouble arose, for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received little relief. Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills highly spoken of, I began their use and in a short time found them to be a perfect cure. Before taking these pills I suffered such torture that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and have removed every pain and ache.'

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Constipation and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

should not pester her with attentions which would be both dishonorable and insulting.'

Lady Hamilton was puzzled. She could not see how any attention Sir Gavin might pay his cousin could be either the one or the other, but she could not ask any more questions, so merely remarked—

'Well it is all most incomprehensible, and most annoying, too; the children are so fond of her, that it will be difficult to get them to take to another governess as it will be to find a suitable one. I really quite dread having to tell them she is going away. But it is no use trying to keep her against her will, and so I must resign myself to the worry I can see before me.'

'I wish I knew why she wants to go,' Sir Gavin remarked, in a troubled voice. 'Did she say what she meant to do, Lady Hamilton?'

'She intends to return to her uncle for the present.'

'I cannot understand it. I should have thought she would have been glad to remain here till she went out to Caerleon.'

'Till she did what?'

The surprise in Lady Hamilton's voice called Sir Gavin's attention to the slip he had made, and he said, hastily,

'I ought not to have said that; that news was told me in confidence.'

'Well, there is no harm done. I am quite safe, you know; so please say it again, Sir Gavin,' Lady Hamilton requested, coolly.

'It is scarcely fair to make me repeat my offence, Lady Hamilton, but I said I thought she would have been glad to join me, remained here until she went out to join Percy Caerleon—to marry him, I mean.'

'You think she is engaged to him?'

'Yes, I thought you knew all about it.'

'All I know is that—pardon my rudeness—you are talking great nonsense, Sir Gavin. Percy Caerleon is no more engaged to her than he is to me. Why, everybody knows that he is devoted to Minnie Hastridge—they have been all the world to each other ever since they were children. There is no positive engagement between them, it is true, because Colonel Hastridge would not hear of it till Percy had some certain income; but it is quite understood all the same, and that is why he has gone to the Cape. He expects to have an assured position in about two years, and then, no doubt, they will get married.'

'Are you quite certain that this is correct, Lady Hamilton?'

'Of course I am; it is quite an open secret. Anyone can tell you—'

The arrival of a servant to announce a visitor prevented her saying any more, and Sir Gavin was left alone to meditate on what she had told him; but the more he thought, the less he seemed able to understand it.

On one point only did he feel quite certain—Osla cared nothing for him. If she had, she would not have treated his note with such contempt.

He must see her, and had out her reason for wishing to quit Brashead.

It was to avoid him, then he must leave at once; he could not again be the cause of her being thrown unprotected on the world.

So little as relished the prospect of such an interview, he at once returned to the house.

But only to be told by the servant, whom he requested to take a message to Osla, asking her to see him, that she had gone to help the young ladies from the rectory to decorate the village church for Christmas Day and would not return till after lunch.

he felt he could not stand the never-ending flow of small talk with which she generally entertained him, and so, to his surprise, he escaped to the library as soon as lunch was over.

He had not been there very long when Barbara came running in for a book.

'Oh, are you here Sir Gavin?' she exclaimed. 'And isn't Aunt Mabel here?'

'No, did you want her Bab?'

'Oh, no! But she is always with you since you hurt your arm. Does she not bother you dreadfully?'

'Sir Gavin felt guilty, but he promptly said—

'No; certainly not Bab. I think she is very kind to have pity on me.'

'Do you really?' replied Barbara, doubtfully. 'I shouldn't want her Yolande and I don't like her. I hope you won't marry her, Sir Gavin—I wouldn't if I were you.'

'Marry her! What put such an idea into your head little one?'

'I heard the servants say it—only, Miss Graham told me I must not repeat anything they said—and afterwards I heard Aunt Mabel talking about it herself to Miss Farquharson. She said she thought you would not be long before you asked her. Miss Graham was crying after I told her that, Barbara went on, quite unconscious of the startling nature of the revelations she was making.'

'She said it was because her head ached, but I think it was because she did not want you to marry Aunt Mabel. Of course she would want you to have a nice wife as you are her cousin—and you are, are you not?'

'Miss Graham's cousin? Decidedly I am, Bab.'

'I knew you were,' cried the child, triumphantly, 'but aunt told Miss Farquharson you were not really; and, as soon as she was married, she would put a stop to all nonsense of that sort between you. What did she mean, Sir Gavin?'

'I don't know, Barbara,' he answered. 'And, in truth, he did not; it all seemed totally inexplicable.'

Surely she must have misunderstood; it was impossible that Mabel Sinclair could be so double dealing.

'I don't believe Aunt Mabel likes Miss Graham one bit, though she does pretend to be so fond of her, and gave her that ring,' Barbara remarked shrewdly, after a moment's silence.

'Ring! What ring?' asked Sir Gavin, quickly.

'Why, that funny one, with the big blue stone in the middle, and all those queer colored ones round it. Miss Graham has been wearing it ever since. Haven't you seen it?'

'But it was Percy Caerleon who gave her that,' exclaimed Sir Gavin, almost involuntarily.

'I know he did not,' returned Barbara, confidently. 'Miss Graham told me herself that auntie gave it to her, and she never says what is not true. Besides,' she continued, 'I have often seen it in Aunt Mabel's jewel case. I asked her one day why she did not wear it, and she said it was such an old-fashioned thing. I don't think it was very nice of her to give what she did not like herself as a present, do you, Sir Gavin?'

'No, I do not, Barbara,' he replied gravely.

'And you won't marry her, will you, even if she does want you to?'

Barbara, returning anxiously to her original question—

'Most decidedly I shall not.'

The answer was uttered in a tone that boded ill for Miss Sinclair's schemes.

'Oh I am so glad,' cried the child, with a comical air of relief, 'because you are so nice; you ought to have a nice wife. If I were quite big and grown up, I shouldn't mind being your wife myself, Sir Gavin. Miss Graham will be glad when I tell her you are not going to marry Aunt Mabel.'

'But you must not tell her, Barbara.'

'Why not?'

'Because if she heard what we have been talking about, little women, she would be very angry with us both.'

'No indeed she would not,' declared Barbara, with an air of conviction. 'She never is angry, she only looks grave and sorry when Yolande or I do anything wrong.'

'All the same, you must not tell her, Bab,' insisted Sir Gavin. 'You don't know what mischief you would do, he added seriously.'

'I won't if you think it would hurt her,' promised Barbara, earnestly. 'I love her so much.'

'And so do I, pet.'

'I may tell her that may I not? She always says she likes people to love, so that will not make her cry.'

'No, no, Bab, I think you must leave me to tell her that. I don't want you to tell anyone; so give me a kiss, and promise me that you will keep it quite a secret.'

'Of course I will, if you want me to,' promised the child, throwing her arms around his neck, and kissing him vehemently.

'Thank you, little one. You have been my good angel today. You have done me the greatest service imaginable, and saved me from a world of trouble. You don't understand rather, I mean, as to me, never mind, Bab, you will some day. Has Miss Graham come home yet?'

'Yes, she's in the schoolroom. She's had her mamma calling me, she said, but there is mamma calling me, she said, I kept her waiting, she would not take me.'

And Barbara, after bestowing another kiss on her favorite, ran off, leaving Sir Gavin to his own meditations; and they were by no means pleasant ones.

He could see now that he had been the dupe of a designing woman.

Good heavens, what if he had married her!

If little Barbara's unconscious chatter had not roused him to a sense of his position, he would doubtless soon have com-

Seal Brand Coffee

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ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

promised himself beyond the power of drawing back, and this was what the arch-traitress intended.

'No doubt she filled that poor child's with lies, too, and that is the reason she has been so strange lately. What a fool I was to think she could care for Caerleon!'

he muttered, savagely. 'I wish that jade were a man, that I could tell her what I think of her; one can't be unwell to a woman. It makes my blood boil when I think how she has tricked me, and my poor little Osla, too. I must go and find my darling at once.'

CHAPTER X.

Osla sprang to her feet with a look of alarm when Sir Gavin entered the school-room.

A tete-a-tete with him was the one thing she dreaded beyond all else.

'Why, Gavin, I did not expect to see you,' she said nervously.

'No; if you had, you would have run away, I suppose, as you have kept out of my way so much that as I particularly wished to see you, I had to invade your domain. Put away your work, and listen to what I have to say.'

'But I want to finish dressing these dolls for the children,' objected Osla. 'Can't you tell me this evening what you want?'

'You love me as a woman loves the man she is willing to marry?'

Gavin, you have no right to ask me such a question? Osla said, reproachfully.

'It is cruel—dishonorable—when you are engaged to Miss Sinclair.'

'I am not. I—'

'It is just the same—you will be,' interrupted Osla, indignantly. 'She told me so herself.'

'And she lied, as she did when she told me you were going to marry Percy Caerleon,' broke in Sir Gavin, passionately.

'Gavin! She could not have told you that.'

'But she did, and I believed it until a few hours ago,' he replied.

'No; the drawing-room is scarcely the place for a private conversation, and I want to finish the one we began in the library the other day.'

No, please don't speak of that again, Gavin,' cried the girl crimsoning with shame.

'But I must, Osla,' replied Sir Gavin, firmly. 'Something has come between us since and I want to know if you love me?'

For a moment she was silent.

Then she said desperately—

'What an odd question! Of course I love you, Gavin; how could I help it? You are like a brother to me.'

'You know I don't mean that. Osla, do you love me?'

'Oh, how could you?'

'Why not? You believed her when she told you I was engaged to her, so why should I not believe what she said to you?'

'It is horrible! Why should she have told such falsehoods?' asked Osla, wonderingly.

'You little goose! It is all quite plain. She had taken a fancy to be Lady Douglas and she thought that, by telling you I was not free, and deceiving me with that cock-and-bull story, while she bound us both to secrecy, she would keep us apart, and attain her desire. But never mind that now,' he continued, putting his uninjured arm round her waist. 'You have not answered—do you love me?'

Osla did not reply, but overcome with shyness, tried to free herself.

'You will hurt my arm if you struggle like that, and I don't mean to let you go,' remarked Sir Gavin, coolly.

This had the effect of making her stand passive in his embrace, but that was all.

'Come Osla, dear, don't tease me. Do you love me?' he whispered, softly.

'Yes.'

'But it required a lover's ear to catch that low-breathed answer.'

'My darling! And you will be my wife?'

'You can't really want me,' Osla said, wistfully. 'I am—'

'The one woman I mean to have,' he answered, with a laugh, as he stooped and kissed her again and again.

'I've behaved shamefully to you little one,' he said, after some moments passed in this pleasant occupation, 'but you have been rather hard on me. Why did you take no notice of my note?'

'I thought, after what Miss Sinclair had told me, it was better not,' Osla faltered, with a hot blush as she remembered all she had imagined that night.

'The people would say disagreeable things.'

'I am glad you credited me with being a fool rather than a knave, but you might have had a little more faith in my good sense. However, we will never mistrust each other again, will we, my dear one? Now tell me how soon you will be my very own.'

'Gavin, are you sure you really want me; that you are not taking me because you saw I loved you?' she asked, looking earnestly at him.

'Do you take me for a modern Don Quixote, or what, that you think I am so willing to sacrifice myself?' he asked, laughing.

'No, I want you because I love you, my darling,' he added, fondly.

His reply satisfied her, and she nestled contentedly against him, talking of the future they were to spend together, till the sound of the returning carriage was heard.

'Oh, Gavin! There is Lady Hamilton; do make haste and go down before she gets in,' she cried, springing from his hold.

'Do you think I am ashamed?' he asked, laughing at her scared face. 'I feel quite proud of having won you, little one, and I went on, tenderly, and I mean to tell Lady Hamilton about it at once.'

'Oh, Gavin, must you?' asked Osla, shyly. 'I am going to leave Brashead in a month. I told her about it yesterday.'

'I know; you were going to run away from me,' he answered, teasingly.

'Yes; oh, Gavin, I could not bear to stay when I thought you did not even feel friendly towards me! I wanted to ask you why you had changed so, but I did not dare.'

'You are a sad little coward! But never mind, I don't mean to give you the chance of running away. I shall announce our engagement at once. It is only right that Lady Hamilton should know; and, besides,' he continued, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, 'I am looking forward to enjoying Miss Sinclair's dismay when I tell her that you are resigning your post here in order to accept that of mistress of Invergethen Castle.'

An Enterprising Merchant.

A town which has played its part in history for more than one hundred years ought to be forgiven for being a little sleepy by this time, although its newer neighbours may be inclined to poke fun at it. It is told that a Bladenburg merchant was dazing in his store one day, when a little girl came in with a pitcher and asked for a quart of molasses. The merchant yawned, stretched himself, half opened his eyes, and then said, in an injured tone,

'Well, aint there nobody what sells molasses in Bladenburg but me?'

Should be Abolished Here Too.

Eighty-one business firms, including all the leaders in every line in Western, R. I. have signed an agreement that they will not, under any circumstances, advertise either directly or indirectly, after Dec. 1, 1899, in any local publication not issued as often as once every thirty days. In plain English this is a united agreement to abolish so-called programme 'advertising.'—Newspaper Maker.

A CARD

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used. A. Chapman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

S. Waters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.

C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.

N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.

C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

ES.

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A YOUNG HERO.

Mother why are you always so sad about Xmas, when everyone else is so bright and jolly?

'Because my dear boy, the saddest events of my life have occurred at this time of the year; and so each Xmas returns it brings me my saddest memories.'

'Tell me about them mother, and let me help you to bear them. I share all your joys why should I not also share your sorrows?'

'I have often thought of doing so, Harry but did not like to bring even a shadow on your bright young life. However I think you are old enough now to appreciate this great sacrifice and let it influence your character; so this Xmas eve I will tell you the story of my noble boy hero.'

'Oh mother! A real true hero? Tell me quickly!'

'Yes, dear, as true a hero as was ever burned at the stake. My first sorrow came on Xmas eve, for twelve years ago to-night your father died suddenly in the full prime of his manhood and left me with two children—Fred a boy of twelve, and you a baby of a few weeks old. I had lost several children between you two, so consequently Baby Harry seemed a precious charge to be guarded and watched over with more than ordinary care.'

When dying your father said to Fred, 'I leave your mother and baby brother Harry in your charge, Fred; promise me that you will guard them well and prove yourself the manly boy I think you are.' Fred took his father's words to heart and he was proud of his charge and very kind of little brother Harry, as he always called you; and no one could have been more faithful in looking after you. He was always ready to amuse you when I was busy, and would leave his play or the most attractive book at your slightest call. He was such a help and comfort to me that sad and trying year.'

'We lived on a new farm about ten miles from my father's farm, and the road lay through a thick woods which was infested by wolves, and dangerous at night, and even in daylight if the fierce brutes chanced to be particularly hungry. A few days before Xmas mother sent word by a neighbour who was passing—letters were rare in those days,—for me to drive the boys over and stay till over Christmas with them. She thought it would cheer me to get away from my home at that sad anniversary, and mingle with those who were bright and happy. We went and Fred enjoyed his visit amazingly; he was the life of the family party of aunts, cousins and grand-children. But he never neglected you. No fun or pleasure could draw him away if you seemed to wish him to stay. The day after Xmas we started for home, as I was afraid to trust the man who was locking after the stock any longer. It was very cold and I thought he might neglect them. Fred drove and I carried you in my arms. We had dallied at the last till it was late in the afternoon when we got started, and the dusk soon overtook us. 'Drive fast,' I said to Fred, 'for we may be followed by wolves,' and my heart sank as I thought of the last time I had driven through these woods after dark; my strong, brave husband was by my side and I had no thought of fear. Now, alas I had only a boy for a protector, a brave reliable boy, yet only a boy in strength and judgment.'

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'I don't know, dear, he did not say. We were speeding along, the bells jingling, the horse's feet crunching the hard snow, when suddenly cut on the clear frosty air rang that deep cinnabar which once heard can never be forgotten. The wolves were on our track, God help us, and we were just in the thickest part of the wood, with no house within sight or hearing. Fred had heaved them once and instantly recognized the terrifying sound. He turned white, but did not seem to lose his courage or presence of mind. 'They seem a long way off, mother, we may beat them yet,' said he. Then lashing the horse to its fullest speed he kept a sharp watch behind. Not a word more was spoken, but the fearful baying gradually came nearer and more distinct. Suddenly the leader of the pack appeared in full view and as he sighted his prey he leaped into the air and gave a fierce, resounding howl to signal the pack to hasten forward to the banquet.'

My mother had loaded the sleigh with Xmas cheer of all kinds—a large piece of meat, fowls, mince pies and cakes. I suddenly thought of them, and setting my baby down between us I dragged the piece of meat from under the seat. This was difficult to do and took time as the sleigh was rocking with the galloping of the horse and I could hardly keep my balance. 'Hurry mother!' shouted Fred, 'they are nearly here.' When I raised my head and looked behind the sleigh, what a sight met my eyes! The whole pack had reached us their eyes glaring like balls of fire, their fierce hungry jaws open with sharp, white teeth abraded, and all seemingly ready for the expected feast. I stood a moment as well as I could and making a big effort, threw the meat back as far as my strength would let me. The horse rushed madly on his nostrils dilated and snorting with terror such snarling and growling, and fierce fighting for the treasure! We could hear the crunching of the rib bones, and the sound filled me with horror as to our probable fate. 'Get out the turkeys mother,' shouted Fred above the noise of the snarling and growling, 'but only throw one; we can keep them off as long as the food lasts.'

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'I have often thought of doing so, Harry but did not like to bring even a shadow on your bright young life. However I think you are old enough now to appreciate this great sacrifice and let it influence your character; so this Xmas eve I will tell you the story of my noble boy hero.'

'Oh mother! A real true hero? Tell me quickly!'

'Yes, dear, as true a hero as was ever burned at the stake. My first sorrow came on Xmas eve, for twelve years ago to-night your father died suddenly in the full prime of his manhood and left me with two children—Fred a boy of twelve, and you a baby of a few weeks old. I had lost several children between you two, so consequently Baby Harry seemed a precious charge to be guarded and watched over with more than ordinary care.'

When dying your father said to Fred, 'I leave your mother and baby brother Harry in your charge, Fred; promise me that you will guard them well and prove yourself the manly boy I think you are.' Fred took his father's words to heart and he was proud of his charge and very kind of little brother Harry, as he always called you; and no one could have been more faithful in looking after you. He was always ready to amuse you when I was busy, and would leave his play or the most attractive book at your slightest call. He was such a help and comfort to me that sad and trying year.'

'We lived on a new farm about ten miles from my father's farm, and the road lay through a thick woods which was infested by wolves, and dangerous at night, and even in daylight if the fierce brutes chanced to be particularly hungry. A few days before Xmas mother sent word by a neighbour who was passing—letters were rare in those days,—for me to drive the boys over and stay till over Christmas with them. She thought it would cheer me to get away from my home at that sad anniversary, and mingle with those who were bright and happy. We went and Fred enjoyed his visit amazingly; he was the life of the family party of aunts, cousins and grand-children. But he never neglected you. No fun or pleasure could draw him away if you seemed to wish him to stay. The day after Xmas we started for home, as I was afraid to trust the man who was locking after the stock any longer. It was very cold and I thought he might neglect them. Fred drove and I carried you in my arms. We had dallied at the last till it was late in the afternoon when we got started, and the dusk soon overtook us. 'Drive fast,' I said to Fred, 'for we may be followed by wolves,' and my heart sank as I thought of the last time I had driven through these woods after dark; my strong, brave husband was by my side and I had no thought of fear. Now, alas I had only a boy for a protector, a brave reliable boy, yet only a boy in strength and judgment.'

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My mother had loaded the sleigh with Xmas cheer of all kinds—a large piece of meat, fowls, mince pies and cakes. I suddenly thought of them, and setting my baby down between us I dragged the piece of meat from under the seat. This was difficult to do and took time as the sleigh was rocking with the galloping of the horse and I could hardly keep my balance. 'Hurry mother!' shouted Fred, 'they are nearly here.' When I raised my head and looked behind the sleigh, what a sight met my eyes! The whole pack had reached us their eyes glaring like balls of fire, their fierce hungry jaws open with sharp, white teeth abraded, and all seemingly ready for the expected feast. I stood a moment as well as I could and making a big effort, threw the meat back as far as my strength would let me. The horse rushed madly on his nostrils dilated and snorting with terror such snarling and growling, and fierce fighting for the treasure! We could hear the crunching of the rib bones, and the sound filled me with horror as to our probable fate. 'Get out the turkeys mother,' shouted Fred above the noise of the snarling and growling, 'but only throw one; we can keep them off as long as the food lasts.'

We were going at great speed—your father always loved a good horse and this had been his favorite,—and were fast increasing the distance between us and the snarling wolves, but we knew the meat must be nearly consumed. I rose again

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Hantsport, Dec. 20, to the wife of Harry Salter, a daughter.  
Bridgetown, Jan. 8, to the wife of Lewis Michie, a daughter.  
Truro, Dec. 21, to the wife of Wm. McKinlay, a daughter.  
Weston, Jan. 4, to the wife of Capt. R. Payne, a daughter.  
Digby, Dec. 24, to the wife of Eri McGregor, a daughter.  
Yarmouth, Dec. 14, to the wife of Wm. Smith, a daughter.  
Lunenburg, Jan. 7, to the wife of Alvin Himmelmann, a son.  
Tiverton, Dec. 11, to the wife of Murrel Outhouse, a daughter.  
Bridgetown Jan. 1, to the wife of James Dodge, a daughter.  
Clara's Harbor, Dec. 16, to the wife of Wm. Crowell, a son.  
Lower Stewiacke, Jan. 5, to the wife of J. Sutherland, a son.  
Clara's Harbor, Dec. 23, to the wife of David Crowell, a son.  
Medford, Mass. Nov. 30, to the wife of Wm. Trevery, a daughter.  
Tiverton, Dec. 10, to the wife of Joel Blackford, a son.  
Bridgetown, Jan. 8, to the wife of Twining Rodenberger, a daughter.  
New Richmond, P. Q., Dec. 28, to the wife of Rev. Jas. McCurdy, a son.  
Harrowfield, Ont., Dec. 26, to the wife of Rev. David Fleming, a son.

Testimonium Pauperatum.  
Doctor: 'Do you know that the majority of physicians are comparatively poor men?'

Gibbs: 'No, I wasn't aware of that: but I know some of them are awfully poor doctors.'

Unwelcome Confirmation.  
'Only a fool would argue with a woman!'

'Precisely!' was her only answer.

Canada's Best People Say It Is a Marvelous Health Giving Prescription.

It Keeps People Strong and Well in Winter Time.

Paine's Celery Compound is truly nature's remedy; it cures when all other medicines fail.

Paine's Celery Compound is prescribed every day by our ablest Canadian physicians.

Our best druggists recommend Paine's Celery Compound to their patrons without the slightest hesitation; they know it possesses life-saving virtues; they have noted remarkable cures from its use, and its immense sales prove its popularity.

Canadian clergymen of all denominations speak of Paine's Celery Compound with enthusiasm and gladness, and recommend it to their parishioners.

Paine's Celery Compound purifies and enriches the blood, regulates the nervous system, promotes perfect digestion, gives sound and refreshing sleep, healthy appetite, and that regular life which guarantees contentment and happiness.

The use of one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound will convince any sufferer that it is a banisher of disease that has no equal.

Mrs. Gabbie—You don't seem to consider my opinions very valuable.  
Mr. Gabbie—My dear, I consider them so valuable that it shocks me to see you giving them away so promiscuously.

'Dauber says he is wedded to his art.'  
'He evidently thinks he is, or he wouldn't mistreat her so shamefully.'

When a man gives cat to gossip, He with a smiling face Is sure to make remarks about The woman in the case.

But he overlooks the fact That since the world began There's been no woman in a case In which there was no man.

BORN.  
Halifax, Dec. 28, to the wife of G. Vall, a son.  
Amherst, Jan. 9, to the wife of E. McFay, a son.  
New York, Jan. 3, to the wife of L. Lewis, a son.  
Amherst, Jan. 8, to the wife of Richard Soy, a son.  
Halifax, Jan. 8, to the wife of T. Ridgway, a son.  
Paraboro, Dec. 27, to the wife of T. Sullivan, a son.  
North Sydney, Jan. 7, to the wife of Joe Salter, a son.  
Bear River, Jan. 8, to the wife of Wm. Brimton, a son.  
Lunenburg, Jan. 2, to the wife of Herbert Knox, a son.  
Hants Co., Dec. 8, to the wife of George Pines, a son.  
Lunenburg, Jan. 8, to the wife of Rupert Kaulbach, a son.  
South Alton, Jan. 6, to the wife of Albert Corcoran a son.  
Yarmouth, Dec. 27, to the wife of Joseph LeBlanc, a son.  
Lunenburg, Jan. 8, to the wife of Archie Kalbach a son.  
Kentville, Jan. 9, to the wife of James Rooney, a daughter.  
Bear River, Jan. 4, to the wife of Wm. Miller, a daughter.  
Moncton, Jan. 8, to the wife of Philip M. Gaudet, a daughter.  
Dorchester, Jan. 12, to the wife of James Friel, a daughter.  
Bedford, Jan. 11, to the wife of Geo. Roche, a daughter.

London, Ont., Dec. 31, Sarah, widow of J. In Crick 81.  
Yarmouth, Dec. 28, Eleanor, widow of Smith Atkins, 78.  
Sydney Mines, Jan. 8, Annie, widow of Donald McAnlay, 78.  
Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 4, Sarah L., wife of Gasper Drilling, 68.  
West Falmouth, Dec. 24, Eugene, wife of Armand F. Surot, 68.  
Moncton, Dec. 23, Elizabeth, widow of Anthony Woods, 78.  
Yarmouth, Dec. 28, Willard Farish, son of Edward Bridges, 3.  
Digby, Jan. 2, Lena, youngest daughter of Alfred Handspiker.  
Halifax, Jan. 10, Elizabeth Hillon, widow of T. A. Edwards, 61.  
Loch Lomond, C. B., Dec. 18, Ann, wife of Philip Chisholm, 88.  
Hants, Jan. 4, Mary Ann, daughter of late John McDougall, 77.  
Hyde Park, Mass., Jan. 6, Harriet, widow of Campbell Wyman, 80.  
Harmory, Queens, Dec. 23, Annie E. wife of Zebeth F. Masard 40.  
Hants, Jan. 10, Edith Mary, wife of Commander Trombridge.  
Halifax, Jan. 8, Agnes M., infant daughter of E. Y. and Alice M. Langdon.  
Cheverie, Dec. 28, Francis M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rodenck Rowe, 2.  
Yarmouth, Dec. 31, Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Crosby, 20.  
Halifax, Jan. 6, Isabel Munro Fitzgerald, widow of late John Fitzgerald, 88.  
Halifax, Dec. 31, Gilbert James, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert E. Ring.  
Yarmouth, Jan. 6, William Willard, only son of W. and Elizabeth Duerden, 2.  
Digby, Jan. 3, Harold Richard, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGrath.  
Fawcett Hill, Westmorland Co., Jan. 9, Green, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Fawcett, 8.

MARRIED.  
Bellisle, Jan. 3, Fred Walkup to Jessie Dodge.  
Bellevue, Jan. 1, John Nicholson to Zilla McLean.  
East Chazy, Dec. 23, Wm. Misener to Jessie Conrod.  
Welsford, Dec. 23, by Rev. D. Simpson, Rufus Palmer.  
Mira, N. B., Dec. 19, Hilda McDonald to Flora McDonald.  
Point Wolfe, N. B., Dec. 25, Harry Wilbur to Bessie Hickey.  
Mobile, Ala., Dec. 14, Capt. N. V. Munro to Della May Bouslog.  
Windor, Dec. 21, by Rev. A. Shaw, Fred Riley to Orissa Davison.  
Truro, Dec. 27, by Rev. R. Strathie, John Dunbar to Annie McKee.  
Pictou, Jan. 10, by Rev. T. Cumming, Jas. Hirtle to Agnes Young.  
Truro, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. McLeod, Scott Clifford to Lillie Taylor.  
Digby, Dec. 27, by Rev. B. Nobles, C. Morrill to Albert Bishop.  
Sydney, Jan. 6, by Rev. J. Forbes, Alex. Buchanan to Annie Waddon.  
Lunenburg, Jan. 4, by Rev. H. Dickie, Jas. Faulkner to Minnie McLean.  
Trask, Jan. 11, by Rev. J. Freeman, Aaron Blauvelt to Lillian Mood.  
Springhill, Dec. 21, by Rev. J. Bancroft, Jas. Doukin to Maggie Black.  
Beaver Brook, Col., by Rev. F. Coffin, Alfred Watson to Lina Sanderson.  
Lower Selma, Jan. 9, by Rev. J. Cox, David Pratt to Mrs. Harriet Hines.  
Halifax, Dec. 27, by Rev. R. Smith, David Hartling to Clarissa Hartling.  
Boston, Dec. 23, by Rev. A. MacKinnon, R. L. McCabe to Helen T. Clark.  
Boston, Dec. 18, by Rev. A. MacKinnon, Frank Cook to Flora McLean.  
Westville, Jan. 1, by Rev. R. Cummings, James Guy to Henrietta Oliver.  
Yarmouth, Dec. 27, by Rev. E. Allaby, Gilbert Crooks to Stella Landier.  
New Glasgow, Jan. 8, by Rev. A. Rogers, John Smith to Matilda Bowden.  
Boston, Dec. 20, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Wm. Young to Carrie Ferguson.  
Gore, Hants, Dec. 20, by Rev. W. McKay, John Gustafson to Helen Grant.  
Westville, Jan. 1, by Rev. H. R. Grant, Charles Casley to Charlotte McKay.  
Bridgetown, Dec. 27, by Rev. F. Greenorez, Jesse Hoy to Minnie Messenger.  
Newport, Jan. 3, by Rev. R. Armstrong, Mark Scott to Gladys Flemming.  
Springhill, Dec. 21, by Rev. John Ger, Robert McCleary to Louisa McLean.  
Orangeton, Dec. 12, by Rev. J. Rose, Duncan McKenzie to Maggie Gillis.  
Lunenburg, Dec. 23, by Rev. G. Leck, Selena Rowkey to Ann O'Grady.  
Paraboro, Dec. 27, by Rev. W. Lane, Rev. Chas. M. Mack to Annie Fallerton.  
Roxbury, Dec. 20, by Rev. A. MacKinnon, Chas. Rogers to Cassie Mac