

PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 50.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

CREDITORS SURPRISED.

BY THE SUSPENSION OF A BOOT AND SHOE MERCHANT.

They Decline Thirty Cents on the Dollar but will Probably Accept—For the Liabilities are \$39,000 of Which \$7,000 is Protected—Incidents of the Affair.

The creditors of Walter Mitchell, who keeps a boot and shoe store on Charlotte street refused to accept thirty cents on the dollar which his solicitor offered them. Since then they have been offered forty cents and they will probably accept that, indeed, they have not done so already.

Mr. Mitchell came from Moncton some years ago to open up a business in St. John. He made a good start and his business has increased steadily since that time. His store has improved in appearance, his stock has been greatly increased and his patronage has been so generous that everyone thought he was doing well.

The wholesale boot and shoe man evidently thought so, and so at this moment that they did, for they did not hesitate to supply Mitchell with all he wanted—in fact his credit was so good that he owed the trade \$32,000 at the end of 1897 and he might have owed them thousands more had he been inclined to buy.

Just to their surprise then when the announcement was made that Mr. Mitchell had suspended payment. It came like a thunder clap upon the local men though the wholesale people in Upper Canada say that they were not so much surprised.

In the brief statement of affairs Mr. Mitchell gave his creditors, he placed his liabilities at the surprising sum of \$39,000, of which \$32,000 was owing to the trade and \$7,000 to his brother and sister. This latter amount was secured by judgments against him. His assets he placed at \$19,000.

Upon the basis of this M. Mitchell, through his lawyer, Mr. R. G. Murray offered to compromise at 30 cents on the dollar. Mr. Murray took a trip west and saw the creditors in that section but they did not view his proposition with that favor that it was thought they would. Taking the stock at Mr. Mitchell's own valuation \$19,000 and deducting the \$7,000 secured to his brother and sister there would be a balance of \$12,000. A compromise of 30 cents upon his indebtedness to the shoe trade would amount to \$9,600 and leave \$2,400 for expenses in selling the stock.

That was no doubt the way it was figured out but the creditors refused to see it in that light and began to look into the business to see if something more could not be got out of it.

Representatives of several different firms came here and looked over the books of Mr. Mitchell. Among them were gentlemen from the Amherst Boot & Shoe company—the largest creditor—and Mr. Higgins of Moncton, another large creditor and Mr. McLeod representing an Upper Province house.

Opinions differ as to how books should be kept—some think that they should be kept in perfect order so that any accountant can understand them at a glance, and other business men think that if they are so they can understand them themselves that it is all right. Mr. Mitchell must have been of this latter class because the gentlemen who looked over his books were very much puzzled.

But they got all the information possible, and finally found out that Mr. Mitchell's sales during the last three months of 1897 were much less than they were for the corresponding months of 1896. In fact, they found that the difference amounted to \$6000. This was a tremendous falling off, especially in those months which are the very best in the year for the boot and shoe business. More than that, the business of Mr. Mitchell appeared to be as brisk as ever from the outside—people said he sold cheaper than other stores, and people will go where goods are cheap.

Mr. Higgins in looking over Mr. Mitchell's affairs, asked to see his bill book and Mr. Mitchell told him he did not keep such a book! No doubt this staggered Mr. Higgins, to think that any business man who had \$39,000 of paper out, should not keep a bill book, and he made some sharp remarks, whereupon, Mr. Mitchell became angry and high words passed between them.

It was a remarkable feature of Mr. Mitchell's business that he gave, but little credit. He did practically a cash business.

Many of his creditors thought they would find considerable assets on his books but to their great surprise there was only \$160 outstanding.

Mr. Mitchell was a great man for cheap sales. He was a keen buyer and quick to see a bargain. If a lot of goods was offered at 60 or 75 cents on the dollar Mr. Mitchell was fairly sure to snap them up and have a cheap sale. This is how he got the name of selling lower than other dealers and why so many people rushed there for that kind of goods.

The Amherst Boot & Shoe Company made an offer of 50 cents on the dollar for the stock but it was refused and when Mr. Mitchell and his friends found that 30 cents on the dollar would not be taken an offer of 40 cents was made. This means \$3,200 on the unprotected claims. It is understood that this offer was made through Mr. Mitchell's brother and that if it was not accepted the sheriff would go into the store under the judgments and take possession. It is also understood that the offer of 40 cents was cash.

GEO. KELLY'S BLOPHEM.
He Persuades Miss Nellie Stephenson to go West With Him.

Geo. Kelly, firmman, has caused a nine days talk in the North End and in some parts of the South, for that matter, by his courtship of an English girl, Miss Nellie Stephenson, with whom he soon became on such intimate terms that both of them left the city on the same train Tuesday afternoon for some point in the West.

This might have been all right had they been able to interview a minister before they went but as Kelly was a married man that was impossible.

Miss Stephenson must have been either a very innocent young lady or a very guilty one. Her friends, or rather those with whom she was acquainted—for she does not seem to have many friends now—say that she did not know Kelly was a married man. That is not a story that will be believed by many. Even if it is granted that she was a quiet sort of a girl and did not take much interest in the affairs of people; still she would have enough of woman's curiosity to find out something of the man who was paying her so much attention and with such serious intent.

More than this there are those who say that she knew all along that Kelly was married, and used to go to picnics and excursions in his company.

According to the story of the people in the house where the Stephenson girl was, the couple planned to go to England on the Gallia and be married there, but they found that would make too big a hole in their savings and abandoned it. Perhaps the fact that Kelly was out of work for some time before their departure had something to do with it too, for according to the story of Mrs. Kelly he had for some time previous when at work kept back part of his weekly earnings on the plea that he had not been paid. But Miss Stephenson had been careful of her earnings and it is supposed this was the source of funds for the couple's flight.

Those who have seen the Stephenson girl are wondering what Kelly saw in her to admire, and those who know what Kelly looks like are puzzling their brains to find out what the girl could see in him. But there is no accounting for taste, and so it has proved in this case.

Kelly has been married sixteen or seventeen years, and is a man of about 40 years of age. His wife does not seem to be much concerned over his action. She has not been going out much, and had not heard a great deal about his flirtation, and what she did hear it seems she did not believe or thought of no account. She has a daughter old enough to give her some assistance in the near future, but beyond that she has not much to depend upon save her own exertions.

AT A LOW EBB.
Athletic Sports in This City Are Not Encouraged in Any Way.

General athletics seem to be at a low ebb in St. John just now and have been in fact for the last few years. The amalgamation of the Bicycle Club and the Athletic Club the chief, in fact the only athletic clubs in the city, it was thought, would give an impetus to sports of the field and track but it has not done so. The Bicycle and Athletic club are now seriously considering the advisability of giving up the athletic grounds the coming season. It has proved a serious encumbrance to the club during the past year and if they had got

ten the grounds for nothing they would have still been out of pocket when accounts were balanced for the year. Of course they had very bad luck, rain interfering seriously with their afternoon meets and cold evenings in the fall diminishing the gate receipts at the electric light sports. It is plain that the public in this city have lost interest in sports, and the clubs have no assurance that they would do any better with the ground's next year. The rental is \$360 a year, which is considered to be rather high. The clubs are endeavoring to negotiate for a much cheaper rental and if they can secure this they may lease the ground for another year's experimenting. Whether the proprietors, the Gilbert estate and the agricultural society, will reduce the rental, or will prefer the very probable alternative of having the grounds lie idle, is yet to be determined. It will certainly not be creditable to the city if there are no athletic grounds in the city next year under the control of an organized athletic body, but the clubs can hardly be blamed if the public will not back them up and support them. The old promoters of sports have grown weary and no one seems to come forward to take their place. Cannot some young blood be found to step into the breach and start to boom sport? That is all that is required. If sufficient inducements were offered in the shape of really valuable prizes to induce the local athletes to emerge from their retirement and outside athletes from the lower and upper provinces and New England to come here, programmes could be prepared that would draw crowds, and sports would start to boom again. Who will be the hero to step forward?

MONCTON LATEST SENSATION.
A Young Clerk Arrested for Stealing From His Employer.

MONCTON, Jan. 19.—The following letters are self-explanatory, and now those who have been blaming Mr. Higgins of Moncton for hardness and cruelty, in dealing with the clerk accused of theft, and weeping over the sorrows of the persecuted Currie, are occupied in wondering what they are going to do about it. Certainly Currie made a magnificent bluff at innocence and succeeded in taking in all with whom he conversed on the subject. The case which came up in the police court yesterday morning was of course withdrawn. It seems to be another case of the good young man who erred, and incidentally deceived all his acquaintances. It is understood that Currie left town yesterday morning.

TO THE PUBLIC.
The letter below, which was presented to me in person Tuesday evening by this unfortunate young man, will be sufficient reply to a few parties who for the past week have been indignantly circulating the statement about town that my action in causing his arrest was hasty and harsh, claiming I had not sufficient evidence, etc.

Before taking the action I did I was sure of the evidence obtainable, as all sensible people might have known, and I sincerely trust the clemency shown him after he came to me acknowledging his misdeeds and pleading for his family's sake that the matter be not pressed further, will give him an opportunity to startle the error of his ways and that he will henceforth lead a more honest life.

L. H. HIGGINS.
MONCTON, JAN. 19.

MONCTON, N. B., Jan. 18, 1898.
L. H. Higgins, Esq., Dear Sir: I write you regarding the unfortunate position in which I am placed. There is no use in me denying the facts connected with this unfortunate affair. You have just and good cause for the course you have pursued in causing my arrest. For the last two years at least I have visited and broken the trust you have placed in me. I have sold goods to several persons in Moncton and elsewhere from your wholesale department, have taken the money myself and used it for my own purposes. I have shipped your goods from the wholesale department to very considerable amounts to people outside the city of Moncton for which you received no consideration, and the goods have been applied to my own purposes. I have also during that period urged one of your employees in your establishments to steal goods from you. I have paid him to take goods from your retail department for me. I humbly acknowledge my shortcomings. It is hard to have to admit that I stole from my employer, but such are the facts. I plead with you to overlook this unfortunate matter, not so much on my account as for those nearest and dearest to me, especially my mother.

(Sgd.) CLIFFORD M. CURRIE.
Canada,
Province of New Brunswick,
Westmorland, S. S.

I, Clifford M. Currie, of the City of Moncton, Westmorland County, Clerk, do hereby solemnly declare that the above statements are true and correct in every particular, and that the signature of Clifford M. Currie, to the above statement is my true and genuine hand writing, and that I had a full knowledge of everything contained in the above statement when I signed it, and I make this solemn declaration believing the same to be true and under the Canada Evidence Act, 1893.

Solemnly declared before me at the City of Moncton, Westmorland County, this eighteenth day of January, A. D. 1898.

(Sgd.) CLIFFORD M. CURRIE.
(Before me, David Grant, a Commissioner, etc., Supreme Court.

WHEEL WITHIN WHEEL.

PLUMBER McMANUS GETS THE MONCTON STATION SNAP.

Some Facts and Rumors of the Case From the Time the new Station was Talked Of—The Anti-Elis men are on top—The old Plumbing Case Again.

The story of the I. C. R. plumbing contract is as long as a plumber's bill. It is a regular old-fashioned three-volume novel and it appears to be entering upon the third volume row. This week the third-plumber has taken over this seeming white elephant in the line of big contracts, and history will alone disclose how he will make out with his price.

It is said that plumber's bills allot ten per cent for work done and ninety per cent for knowing how; when it comes to government contracts the percentage for work done is even smaller, for something must be charged for having a pull and the interviewing and manipulating incidental, so that altogether it comes quite high.

Nearly two years ago it will be remembered Messrs Rhodes, Curry & Co., of Amherst, got the contract under the tory regime for building the new I. C. R. depot at Moncton. The plumbing he gave to a Moncton sub-contractor, but owing to some difficulty the latter threw it up. Just about this time the liberal government came into power and the liberals concluded they would like to have something to say about the awarding of this plum of patronage. Tenders were therefore called for, from various liberal followers including James H. Doody and Peter Campbell of St. John. The latter had been in correspondence with Messrs Rhodes, Curry & Co., in the matter, and was daily expecting the specifications. But they did not come and the first thing he knew Mr. Doody had been awarded the contract. His tender, it was stated, was for \$11,000 or \$12,000 although the Moncton man had contracted for much the same work for \$7,000 or \$8,000.

Mr. Campbell proceeded to enquire into the matter to find out how it was he did not receive the specifications. He learned, it is alleged, that Mr. Doody received the specifications with instructions to pass them over to Mr. Campbell. Mr. Doody passed them over to Mr. Campbell, but not the Mr. Campbell. He handed them to Mr. Thomas Campbell, another plumber, who, it is said, put in a sky high figure, knowing that he did not stand much of a show as he labored under the disability of being a conservative.

Mr. Doody started his job and Mr. Peter Campbell commenced to pull strings to see if such methods of obtaining a contract should be countenanced. He corresponded with government officials and, it is said, placed the matter before the Minister of Railways. The result was that in October last, Mr. Doody discontinued operations. When interviewed he said that it was because he was waiting for the building to be more advanced before he went on with the heating. But there were others who thought that the cause was more deep seated than this and they were right.

Plumbing operations were suspended for some weeks and then a Moncton man came down and appraised the work that had been done by Doody, valuing it, so rumor says, at \$1300. Some of the piping had been laid and a lot of copper and other material, tools, etc., was on the ground. Mr. Doody says that he has got \$5000 out of it but this is questioned.

Then about the 24th of December new tenders were called for, to close on the 31st of that month. It is said that all the way from eight to fourteen tenders went in including those of Doody, Peter Campbell and Frank McManus, of St. John. The specifications made allowance for the work done and materials supplied by Doody and called for the completion of the job by April 1st, however, four weeks after the contract was signed.

On Tuesday morning last Mr. Frank McManus received a telegram stating that his tender had been accepted. It is said that the sum is very near \$10,200 which is considerably under Doody's price. Mr. McManus went to Moncton the following day to sign the contract. It is said that the event is a victory for the Blair wing of the liberal party in which McManus is enrolled, over the Ellis wing which numbers Doody among its stalwarts. This, however, is an open question.

Mr. McManus returned from Moncton Thursday where he went to sign the con-

tract, and he expects to commence work on Monday. It is learned from him that there were about seventeen tenders in so that the competition for the job was pretty keen. Mr. McManus did the plumbing for Sir Wm. Van Horn's residence at St. Andrews and he is to be congratulated in having secured this much sought for piece of patronage.

WENT WITHOUT THEIR SACQUES.

Two of the Ladies Went on Their Journey Minus Seal-skins.

Perhaps the most interesting episode, of this week was the seal-skin sacque incident when two St. John ladies, Mrs. G. Wetmore Merritt and Mrs. S. S. de Forest and two Nova Scotia ladies, Mrs. Henry Bauld, of Halifax and Mrs. Wm. Currie of Windsor, were prevented from going into the United States because they were seal-skin sacques and were unable to give proper references as to the pedigree, nationality and stamping ground of the seals from which they were killed. The regulations required that not only the Consul at the place of exportation but also the Treasury agent must be satisfied as to the seal in the garments not having come from the district of the North Pacific where the killing of seals was prohibited by act of December last. As the nearest Treasury agent is in Boston and if he had to come here every day or so to inspect a seal skin sacque great delay would ensue. Consul Myers telegraphed to Washington for a modification of the instructions so that he might be able to pass the seals if he was satisfied that they were made up previous to the passing of the act. This was granted by a telegram received by him Thursday night and now ladies will be able to wear their seal skins if they can obtain a certificate from the consul. Friction will therefore be at an end, for it does not require remarkable perspicacity to see when a seal skin is new or old, and Consul Myers is the most obliging and courteous gentleman. This episode in the line of international amities was referred to at Dr. Bourinot's lecture. Dr. Bourinot made note of the unwholesome act of the state of New York in expelling two or three Loyalist women from the state under pain of death. Dr. Stockton said that this had been equalled for if the United States had not expelled the women, they had at least expelled their seal skins, which are very dear to their hearts.

DR. BOURINOT'S LECTURE.

It was the Richest Literary Treat of the Past Year.

In a literary line the lecture by the distinguished writer Dr. J. S. Bourinot at Trinity school house on Thursday night was the event of the last twelve months. The house was crowded with a select and fashionable audience who came in response to invitation and they were put in excellent spirits for the learned lecturer told them that the Loyalists comprised the best people in New England and the creme de la creme of the Loyalists came down here. According to this the bluest of the blue blood of America must be located in the maritime provinces. The lecturer also said that the maritime provinces gave Upper Canada some of its best intellect. Dr. Bourinot is a Nova Scotian by birth but he did not state whether he included himself in the category. He had stated in the preface of his lecture that he was distinguished like all other Nova Scotians by innate modesty so probably that is why he remained silent as to himself. Mr. J. D. Hazen, however, supplied the deficiency for he told that Dr. Bourinot was the accepted authority on parliamentary procedure in both the Canadian and Imperial parliaments and he also drew the attention of the audience to the decoration of a companion of St. Michael and St. George which the lecturer wore on his ample bosom as a reward for his services.

Dr. Bourinot has all the capacity of voice and clearness of enunciation which over 20 years of service as clerk of the House of Commons is bound to give one. He is a stout gentleman with a florid face and beaming countenance. His lecture lasted two hours but it was a most interesting one, and he seemed to know the genealogy of every family of importance in Canada. He was heard with the closest attention, and people were sorry when he had finished.

Milliner Wanted.

Attention is called to the advertisement which will be found in Progress for a milliner and sales lady. The opportunity is an excellent one and any communications addressed to "Milliner" care of this office will be promptly delivered.

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AMONG THE SOCIETIES

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FORESTERS AND THEIR ORDER.

How Long it is Established in This Province and Under What Conditions—The Men who Compose the Membership—List of Officers, Past and Present.

Combined, the three Forester orders, the Ancient order of Foresters, the Independent order of Foresters, and the Canadian Order of Foresters, have enrolled under their banner a multitude of brothers united for fraternal and benevolent ends. The Ancient Order is the mother society and a schism in the ranks led to the formation of the other two.

The Independent Order was formed at Newark, New Jersey, on the 17th June, 1874. The American branch of the Ancient Order thought their rights were not sufficiently protected and they desired home rule. The Ancient Order with headquarters in the old country did not seem disposed to grant it and so the Independent Order of Foresters was formed.

In 1881 the order was reorganized and changed from a death assessment plan of insurance to its present plan. They began business under the new system, July 1st 1881, without a dollar in their treasury but increased at a rapid rate and now embrace in their membership role 125,000 persons with a surplus of two and a half million dollars.

The first Court established in New Brunswick was organized by Charles Punchard, D. C. S. C., in Moncton, in June 1883. Brother Punchard then proceeded to Dorchester and Sackville, where he instituted Courts. Then he went to Petitcodiac, Hillsboro and Albert where he organized Courts. Delegates from these six Courts met at Moncton, Sept 5th, 1883, and the High Court of New Brunswick was organized by the eminent Dr. Oronbyatekha, of Toronto, the present Supreme Chief Ranger, with the following executive officers:

- High Chief Ranger—R. A. Chapman, then Sheriff of Westmorland Co.
- High Vice Chief Ranger—J. E. B. McCready, then editor of the Transcript.
- High Secretary—Harvey Atkinson, Barrister of Moncton.
- High Treasurer—A. E. Oulton, of Dorchester, Judge of Probate.
- High Physician—Dr. Norfolk, of Moncton.
- High Counselor—H. R. Emmerson, of Dorchester.

The following have been the High Chief Rangers of the High Court of this province.

- R. A. Chapman, 1883-84.
- J. E. B. McCready, 1884-86.
- Herbert C. Creed, M. A., 1886-91.
- Lebaron Coleman, 1891-95.
- William Kinphors, 1896-97.
- Hon. Judge Wedderburn, 1897.

At the first annual session in 1884 F. W. Emmerson Sackville, was elected High Secretary and E. P. Eastman, Petitcodiac, High Treasurer. These brothers have held their position ever since.

The first Courts in St. John were La Tour and Loyalist organized about December, 1883, in the city proper and the North end respectively by F. W. Watson, D. S. C. R. The next Court to be organized in St. John was Court Frederick in Carleton by Messrs. H. C. Creed and F. W. Emmerson.

A number of the New Brunswick members of the order have occupied high positions in the Supreme Court. In 1884 Dr. George A. Hetherington was elected Supreme Vice Chief Ranger and in 1887 he was succeeded by Mr. Herbert C. Creed. In 1889 F. W. Emmerson became Supreme Counsellor and was succeeded in 1891 by the Hon. Judge Wedderburn, the present incumbent of that office. Several New Brunswick men have held appointed positions in the Supreme Court.

In July last there were in this province 188 Courts with 5,088 members, an increase of 509 for the year.

There are in St. John city ten Courts as follows: Loyalist, 121; LaTour, 125; Frederick, 268; Intercolonial, 1117; Rockwood, 1470; Ouanogondy, 1572; Martello, 1747; Epping Forest, 1755; Log Cabin 1761; Wygondy, 3012. There are six Courts in the County. The High Court meets in St. John next summer.

Ancient Order of Foresters.

This order is as its name implies an ancient order having been established in 1790 in England. It is also a very strong order having about a million members and its tendrils have shot out in all directions taking root in every corner of the globe, in Europe and America, in South Africa and Australia, even in far off India and

Windsor Salt
Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

Japan, in climes tropic and temperate. In Great Britain and Ireland alone there are over 4,000 courts with nearly 700,000 members. The order spends \$5,000,000 a year in sick benefits and has assets of \$70,000,000, of which \$20,000,000 is in cash. In England the order has its own life saving stations on Albion's rock bound coasts and its own wards in the hospitals.

The supreme body is the High Court of England. The controlling body in this country is the subsidiary High Court of Canada which has perfect autonomy. The order was introduced here about three and a half years ago, when Court McAdam No. 8085, was organized at McAdam by High Chief Ranger Perry, of Montreal. This court now numbers 70 or 80 members. Court Pride No. 8086, was organized immediately after at St. John, and since then courts have been organized at Woodstock, St. Mary's, Fredericton, three at Halifax, Truro, Amherst, Dartmouth two more in St. John.—Diamond Jubilee, No. 8577, and Excelsior. There are now about 800 members of the order in the Maritime Province district. The District Chief Ranger for New Brunswick is Mr. Geo. A. Hurd, of McAdam. At the last High Court meeting, Mr. Scott E. Morrill was elected a member of the laws and judiciary committee.

Beside the three subordinate courts there are in this city a ladies' court of the Companions of the Forest with about 35 members, and a boys' court with about 45 members. There are all told in this city about 800 members.

Canadian Order of Foresters.

This fraternal foresteric order is of purely Canadian origin and confines its operations to the land where the maple leaf and beaver emblem waves. The order was founded on November 25th, 1879, in Ontario and was incorporated on December 1st following. The membership of the order is now 26,000 with a surplus of nearly \$600,000.

The society was introduced into the Maritime Provinces on Oct. 10th, 1893, when Court St. John No. 470, was founded in this city. There are now in the city four additional courts, viz.—Union Jack, No. 549; Parrtown, No. 563; North End, No. 567; Yukon, No. 733. These have about 150 members. The other courts in the province are Madawaska and Westmorland, the latter at Moncton. There are several in Nova Scotia and two in Prince Edward Island. Mr. S. H. Cater is special organizer for the maritime provinces and is now engaged in organization work and it is expected that within a year they will have the thousand members necessary for the establishment of a district high court. Mr. Ernst Gartung, of Brantford, Ont., the superintendent of organization of the High Court, is expected here in March to carry on the work of extension and while here he will be banqueted.

BIG CHUNKS OF GOLD.

Some Famously Large Masses of the Golden Metal

While the nugget found in the Blue Jay pocket by the Graves brothers is likely to become famous for its size and value, it is not, as had been said, the largest one known in the authentic history of mining. This nugget stands, or rather stood—for it is now being minted—for about \$12,000, but saying nothing of the alleged Chilean nugget weighing 400 pounds Troy, the "Welcome" nugget of Ballarat, weighing 2,217 ounces 16 pennyweights, was sold for over £10,500 or nearly \$52,500. It is even a question whether the Graves nugget is the largest one ever taken from the soil of California. According to Hittell, a nugget was found at Carson Hill, Calaveras county, in November, 1854, which weighed 195 pounds Troy, and was worth over \$48,000. Between the two there is no great issue of values, but what there is appears to favor the earlier specimen.

The first nugget found in this state, the one which Marshall picked up was worth but 50 cents, and the next one discovered was but \$5. A soldier in Stevenson's regiment found the first large specimen, a mass of gold weighing between twenty and twenty-five pounds, while stopping to drink in a small affluent on the Mokelumne river. This nugget was taken east, where its exhibition confirmed the stories of California's wealth and added naturally to the public excitement there.

In 1854 the Oiver Martin chink, which was auriferous ore mixed with white quartz, was picked near Camp Corona, in Tuolumne county, in a hole which Martin had dug to bury a drowned comrade. It yielded \$22,270 and became the basis of a great fortune. In 1896 Daniel Hill, a pauper, found a \$14,000 nugget in Plumas county, and, coming to San Francisco, spent the proceeds quickly, \$5000 being squandered in one week's whirl.

With his money all gone, he went to Dutch Flats, Nevada county, and while washing his hands in a stream saw lying on the bottom a nugget of gold and white quartz, similar in size and shape to a baby's head. This brought \$15,300, and sent Daniel through a career of debauchery to the poorhouse.

The finds in later years up to the Blue Jay discovery have not been of a notable sort. In the fall of 1889 two tramps, who had been off a Southern Pacific freight train started to walk to Bakerfield, and found a battered nugget weighing 216 ounces on the way. In 1896 a chunk worth \$1400 was picked up in San Diego county, and there have been two or three discoveries on the Mojave desert. The majority of the finds have been accidental.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Dropsy and Heart Disease.

A great cure and a great testimony. "For ten years I suffered greatly from Heart Disease, Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells made my life a torment. I was confined to my bed. Dropsy set in. My physician told me to prepare for the worst. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave great relief, one bottle cured the Dropsy and my heart."—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y.

Kept Them Hidden.

"Were you and papa playing foot ball in the back yard, George?"

"Ye-es. Your papa was showing me how to tackle when he was half back on his 'varity team.'"

"Papa seemed provoked at you, George. He said you'd never learn to tackle low, and then he said you ought to come out and show your colors. Why don't you show your colors, George?"

"I don't want to." "Why what are they?" "Black and Blue!"

Mean Imagination About Maud's Hair

"Maud is going to give the Sunday school Christmas tree a lovely doll with real hair. Isn't it just like her?" "It isn't like her if it has real hair."

START RIGHT.

The winner in the race is well trained and gets a good start. To know your part in any business means self confidence, and this like the measles, is "catching," when you face the man who wants help. You have the benefit of my personal instruction. Ask for full information Free.

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

FOR SALE A nice young Parrot, good talker and whistler. Also Fox Terrier 7 months old, nicely marked. Please apply to Progress.

\$1,000 FOR A certain coin—\$2.00 each paid for rare American half dollars and quarters of 1883. We pay highest cash prices for thousands of old coins and stamps. For illustrated circular of the prices we will say you send 10c. silver to THE CELESTIAL COIN CO., Fredericton, N. B. Agents wanted.

WANTED First Class Milliner. Yearly earnings and good salary. Also wanted, first class sales lady for millinery department. Good salary and yearly engagement. Both wanted for a St. John, millinery department address "MILLINERY," care Progress office.

WANTED by an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to let us our business then to act as Manager and Sales Correspondent here. Salary \$800. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. Start a collection or send list. For particulars address Box 358 St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE A VALUABLE PROPERTY in the growing town of Berwick, N. S., known as "Brewer's block" and contains three stores all rented, also two tenements which can be easily converted into a Hotel. Good and a sale in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort and one of the most growing and prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opening here for a Hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. E. J. Harrison or W. V. Brown, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. Dawson 29, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our waterproof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Pargaley Building. 24 6-11

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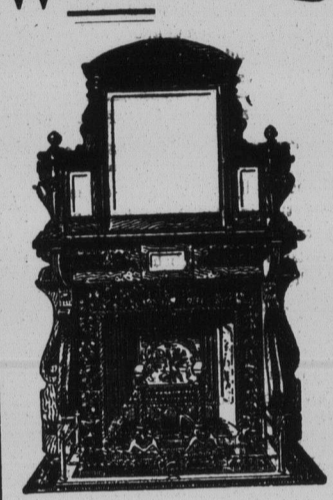
New Term Begins MONDAY, Jan. 2nd
S. KERR & SON
Old, Fellows Hall

FROM INDIA AND CEYLON...



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If you want a really fine, full flavored, rich "bodied" tea, to offer your guests, or for the family circle, get
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Elephant Brand—of course the more expensive grades are best—but all are good pure tea, and whether you get the 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. or \$1. per lb. grades any of them are
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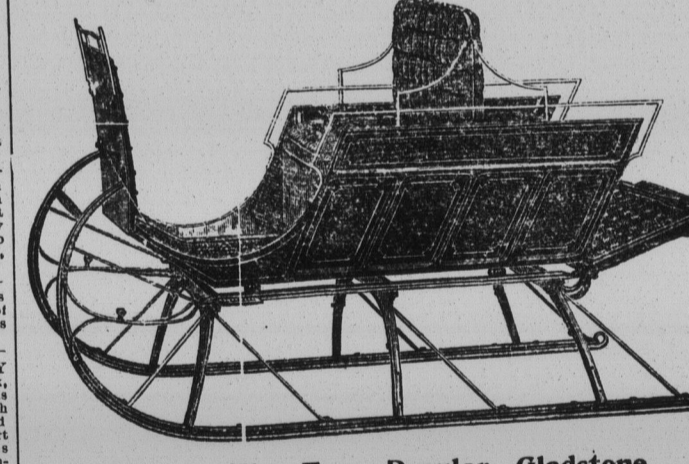
Wood and Slate Mantels



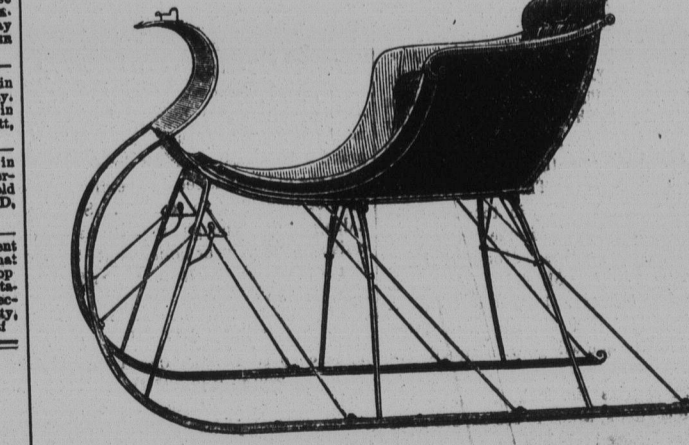
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We are now showing the most varied stock of Wood and Slate Mantels, and open Fire Places ever offered in Saint John.
When you need anything in this line we will be pleased to show you the goods and quote prices—As we have something to suit every requirement.
Full particulars and Catalogues sent by mail to those who are unable to visit our warehouses.

EMERSON & FISHER. Merry Sleigh Bells.

Snow is here and with it the same jingle of Sleigh Bells—They sound better from a good turnout, and John Edgcombe & Sons of Fredericton have the finest in the Country.



This is The Ever Popular Gladstone. Always a favourite with families—Always comfortable and a handsome turnout. The price is greatly reduced this year.



A Light Speeding Sleigh. Suitable for pleasure at all times and for a business man's business driving. Strongly built and easy to ride in. Then there is the "Common Sense Pung" which is a favorite with so many. A large stock to select from. Do not fail to write for prices or call upon

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Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The congregation of Centenary church had a pleasing surprise last Sunday evening when Miss Dottie Cole appeared as a soloist, rendering "Heaven my Home" in a manner that left no doubt of her ability as a vocalist.

The rehearsals for the Vocal Society's concert go on apace and I believe the most active interest is displayed by every one of the eighty members of the society. In connection with Mr. Rieger's appearance here a recent notice from the Times-Democrat of New Orleans may be interesting.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote the best, to my mind, is Il Trovatore, and Mario can charm with a tenor note the souls in Purgatory.

Rumor has it that Sousa is writing another opera, "Her Majesty," and that Walter Jones has been asked to star in it.

Isn't that a charming story that's going the rounds of the papers just now about the great musician, Handel. It is said that one Sunday at Church he attempted to dismiss a large congregation by playing the organ as they were passing out at the end of the service.

Lillian Carlsmith, who is singing one of the leading roles in "The Bride Elect" will be at the head of her own company next season, appearing in a new opera which is being written for her.

Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir Alexander Mackenzie have had the distinction conferred on them of being elected members of the Swedish Academy of Music, the important point being that the election was made by the whole body of membership, and not merely by a committee of the Academy.

Germany is about to send a musical mission to Italy headed by Arthur Nikisch, who has already had experience with the Bostonese, to spread the knowledge of the music of Wagner and Humperdinck.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give their fifth concert in Sanders theatre, Cambridge, Thursday evening, Jan. 27. Miss Anna Millar Wood will be the soloist.

There comes news from Italy of a performance at Milan of a Trilog, entitled "The Passion of Christ," composed by a priest musician. According to the Musical Courier, this priest, Lorenzo Perosi, is only twenty-five years old. At the age of seven he used to accompany on the harmonium the sisters who were chanting the hymns and at fourteen was a distinguished organist.

A new Sousa conceit, one of the most fantastic that that favorite conductor and composer has yet presented in his concerts, is an arrangement of his own, entitled "Over the Footlights in New York." In this curious piece the composer presents a choice melange of the music in vogue in a remarkably prolific period in New York, which filled the chief halls and theatres, from Carnegie Hall on the north, where Brahms was played, to Manhattan Beach, where Sousa himself directed his famous band.

band. Sousa in this bright work has led out the cream of the entire field from grand opera to vauville, in his best humor and inimitable style. He conceived the idea, made his own excerpts and has strung them in a highly original potpourri.

Nita Carite, is singing the role of Filippa in DeKoven & Smith's opera "The Fencing Master" which is being given this week at the American, New York.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mrs. Richard Mansfield is ill, and may not act till next season.

Nat Goodwin will shortly produce "Richard Savage," a tragedy by Madeline Lucette Riley.

Venerable Mrs. Gilbert will, it is rumored, retire from Daly's company at the end of this season.

Sarah Bernhardt has written from Paris to Charles Frohman asking him to submit to her next season a route of three months in the United States. Mr. Frohman has

Massachusetts General Hospital is going to New Orleans to recuperate and is ready for the Boston engagement of "The Belle of New York" at the Boston theatre in April.

A bill before the New York Legislature will permit performances in New York theatres on Sunday.

William Gillette and his company will sail for London about April 1 to appear at the Garrick theatre on April 15 in "Too Much Johnson."

Miss Ada Rehan, supported by the Daly company, will play her annual Boston engagement at the Tremont theatre this season.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will give an elaborate scenic production of "A Winter's Tale" next season.

Tommaso Salvini gave an entertainment in the Goldina theatre, Venice, recently in aid of the fund for the erection of a monument to Gustav Modena the great Italian actor.

present a new version of Camille. She has decided to give, during the same engagement, a new three-act Italian comedy, "Infielto," by Roberto Bracco, which she has had translated into English for her. The piece is a light one and will call into play abilities exactly opposite to those needed by the Damas drama. A young man of the world, in banter with a clever woman, asserts that her faithfulness is not beyond storm, and that if they were alone safe from interruption, in his apartments, for instance, he could destroy it. She answers that she will visit him there. He naturally suspects something like willingness on her part, but, as she enters her first words are, "So you think you can make me an unfaithful woman, do you?" in a tone which makes his position a difficult one. Miss Arthur is pleased with the literary quality of the play, thinking it exceptionally well written.

The Ethel Tucker Company had dates at Elizabeth N. J. 10 15 The Lillian Tucker Company is touring the South and

LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN'S CORSETS.



Just opened a large and choice assortment of Ladies, Misses and Children's Corsets and Corset Waists. In the latest makes and at popular prices. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King Street.

room at the Adelphi and declared that she would never appear upon the stage again, she was making no vow born of hysteria, for the latest news from London is that Miss Milward has gone into permanent retirement.

William Ross the celebrated oarsman is giving exhibitions on a stationary rowing machine, at Austin and Stone's museum, Boston.

Robert Mantell's Canadian engagement has been cancelled owing to the severe illness of Mrs. Mantell.

Joseph Kilgour, at one time with W. S. Harkins, is playing in "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" and meeting with excellent success.

Fannie Rice declares that she will have a theatre in New York within a year.

The Miles Stock are meeting with splendid success and played to first-class business in Peekskill N. Y. last week.

James O'Neil is playing to moderate business only in the Southern States.

OH! THE TORTURE

And Distress When the Skin is on Fire With Disease.

All the stinging, aggravating, burning and itching accompaniments to the dozen or more skin diseases which haunt humanity are allayed like magic by the use of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application relieves piles eczema, salt rheum, itch, tetter, ringworm in a trice. Never fails to cure.

Hopeless Task.

"What strange methods some men adopt to get wives," she remarked as she looked up from the newspaper which she had quietly appropriated as hers by right because she was first at the breakfast table.

"What's happened now?" he asked. "Why, a New York widower has made application for one at the Barge office where the immigrant's land," she explained. "He says he wants a woman who is thoroughly respectable, of kindly disposition, fairly good looking, good to children, obedient—"

"Hold on!" he interrupted. "What's that last?" "Obedient."

"He might as well give up."

Russia's National Soup.

Russia serves its national soup of beef, boiled cabbage, sour cream and fermented beef juice and it is ready to be eaten any time during the day. A huge roast pig, served with boiled buckwheat, cooked with liver and the heart of the pig, is the principal dish at dinner. With this is eaten a cheese creamed with butter, sugar and raisins and colored eggs also grace the board.

"77" FOR GRIP

A Hard Cold.

Richard J. Wall, who has a large prescription drug store in Brooklyn, says: "I have many recommendations for you '77' for Grip and Colds."

Mrs. W. J. Wallace, Wallingford, Conn., says: "My mother, an old lady of 76, was twice prevented from having Pneumonia by taking 'Seventy-seven' in time."

32-A 25c. vial leads to a Dollar Fiasco.

As drugists or sent on receipt of price. Ask for Dr. Emmett's Specific Remedy of all Diseases at your Druggist or Mailed free. Humphrey's Medicine Company, New York.



MRS. LANGTRY AS LADY MACBETH.

complied with her request, giving her terms that cannot help being satisfactory to even the querulous Sarah. As Bernhardt's recent productions have been on a very extensive scale, it may be surmised that she will visit only the principal cities. Mr. Frohman's services in this connection do not mean that he is to be the star's manager. His interest in her forthcoming American tour is purely sentimental, just as it is, for instance, in the case of Julia Marlowe, who is managed by his lieutenant, Charles B. Dillingham.

Lillian Russell, Della Fox and Jeff. De Angelis will be seen for the first time in Boston in "The Wedding Day," Monday evening, Feb. 7.

A newspaper man Mr. E. H. Clement, editor in chief of the Boston Transcript is the author of "The Princess Matilda," which is to be produced this month in Boston.

The London Daily Telegraph has started a Terrier memorial fund, to provide a lifeboat bearing his name.

Dan Daly who was lately injured by a fall and has been receiving treatment at the

The ordinance in Boston against the wearing of hats in theatres is now seriously and uniformly enforced. Every woman is required to take off her millinery.

A grand production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is being prepared at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, by special arrangement with Daniel Frohman. Mr. J. L. Seelye, known here, will be in the cast. Mr. Seelye had the part of Mr. Chapton O. C. in a revival of "Jim the Peasant" at the Castle Square last week.

Australia is raving over a new dramatic star, Miss Lillian Wheeler. She is the only daughter of a notable Australian journalist.

The Harlem (N. Y.) Republican Club presented Catharine Linyard with a pair of garters. The committee during a performance of the "Whirl of the Town" placed them on her limbs. This play has been shelved and Miss Linyard has joined "The Belle of New York" Company.

Julia Arthur is not content to rest on the laurels of her Florida Wildairs. It is now announced that when Miss Arthur returns to New York on April 25 she will

played a very successful opening engagement in Lynchburg, Virginia.

E. H. Barstead Jr. and Annie Lyle, his wife, are with the Sawtelle Dramatic Co.

Harry Lindley will shortly return to Vancouver, B. C., from Alaska, having nearly completed his arrangements for an Alaska circuit, embracing Juneau, Skagway, Dyes, S. Michaels and Dawson City, N. W. J.

The latest cable declares that Laurence Irving's play is a failure, and that Sir Henry will not play it again. Young Irving is said to have enacted the role of Peter the Great after a hot argument with his father behind the scenes. London playgoers are said to be much incensed over what they call Sir Henry's bogus story about a throat trouble, and it is declared that he is daily engaged in rehearsing a new play written by Trill, for which the author predicts great things.

When in the first frenzy of her grief and terror at the murder of her old friend, William Terris, Jessie Milward stood beside his body where it lay in the dressing

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN 22nd

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

GOOD MEN REQUIRED.

Civic politics have not begun to disturb the minds of citizens as yet, but no doubt there is much quiet discussion as to who is capable of filling certain positions in the civic circle, and it is quite right that the people of this city should give such a matter much thought and much attention. Hitherto they have given too much attention to provincial and federal politics and too little to the affairs of the city. Of how much importance is it that we should have a good mayor and a good aldermanic board!

It is all very well to get good men to go to Ottawa and to Fredrickton but we must remember in selecting our civic representatives we are looking after individual interests—after civic interests—rather than those of the whole country. And it has been shown that St. John has to depend upon her own exertions very largely. The talk and promises of federal representatives and cabinet ministers is all very fine but we listened to the talk and hugged the promises for years and nothing was done until the board of aldermen began to build wharves and improve the harbour.

Therefore look out for good men. There are some important projects on hand involving large expenditure and it is well that the best judgment of the citizens should be brought to bear upon them. There are many good aldermen in the council now but there are others who can be replaced by better men. It would not require a magnifying glass to find them but perhaps their own judgment and the opinion of their friends may not make it necessary to pick them out.

Absent-mindedness, a trait often shown by scholars, is exemplified in the case of Librarian SPOFFORD of the National Library at Washington. A year ago it was discovered that he was short in his accounts \$30,000 which sum he at once paid into the treasury. In removing SPOFFORD'S desk and office furniture into the new library building, \$800 in cash, many checks and postal money orders, some for sums of \$500, were found. A number of these orders calling for hundreds of dollars were issued as long ago as 1870. According to the regulations many of these orders were out of date, on account of expiration of the date, but they will be paid. Mr. SPOFFORD had carelessly thrust checks and postal orders received for copyrights into desks and drawers, and there they have remained.

Is a reputable lawyer justified in defending a murderer or other criminal whose guilt is clear, and from every standpoint must be considered an enemy of law and order, and a menace to society. Suppose that through some technicality a villain escapes the consequences of his crime? Suppose that his criminal instincts lead him into the commission of other crimes against innocent men and women? Upon whom should the responsibility be placed? Can the lawyer who has opened the door of escape from punishment in the first instance be free from blame.

Dr. NANSEN appears to be booming the Arctic regions as a great health resort. According to his testimony, the atmosphere of the frozen zone is free from all disease germs, and no such thing as bacilli or microbes can survive there. It will have to be admitted that this is a handsome recommendation, though to be sure it is somewhat hampered by the danger of freezing to death.

A clever photographer "doctored" a snap shot of an informal royal family group taken at Dramstadt and produced a new and ostensibly official picture representing the Kaiser and the Czár with their arms

affectionately entwined. In Berlin they buy it by the gross. In St. Petersburg it has been forbidden by law. One Capital's meat is another Capital's poison.

"I believe in the interview," says WILLIAM HOWELLS. So do most authors and others who have anything to sell. Much as they detest notoriety, they eagerly seek to get themselves interviewed by the newspapers. Distinguished men sometimes even condescend to write interviews with themselves and ask the press to publish them.

Rev. SAM SMALL has decided that civilization is a failure, but does not say what he intends to do about it. Unless SAM means to act, it would perhaps have been just as well to let us go on thinking that we were the people, and that civilization is the best thing going. These iconoclasts ought to be run in.

Woman's sphere in Germany is pretty large. In the Empire three women are employed as chimney sweeps, thirty five as slaters, seven as gunsmiths, 147 as copersmiths, 379 as farriers and nailers, 309 as masons, eight as stone cutters and 2,000 in marble, slate and stone quarries.

In England every prisoner is guaranteed the right "to communicate with his solicitor before trial." A man recently arrested in London for a felony case can neither read nor write and is dumb. Can he be convicted legally.

A California court has ruled that a wife can be compelled to support her husband by labor. Women in the far west, it seems already has secured more than equal rights.

A Pennsylvania court has ruled that a woman need not swear to her age in open court. This decision ought to decrease the annual perjury output very materially.

Mrs. DAISY VIOLET FLOWER of Missouri has been sued for a divorce. Her husband must be thinking of picking another bouquet.

THOMAS A. EDISON JR. is developing skill as an inventor of devices to utilize electricity. So much the better for the world.

After stripping Cuba of happiness and almost of people Spain now wants to throw over it the cloak of political amnesty.

Germany has taken the cue to go ahead in China, while the cue of that unprogressive country is to hang behind.

Alaska is the land of gold and cold. Which will pan out the bigger remains to be decided.

Winter was halt over on Monday the seventeenth.

OFF ON A VACATION.

The Mullin Case Has Been Taken off the Boards.

The Mullin case has been taken off the bill boards for a vacation, with prospects of commencing a brisk season again in the spring. This celebrated case came on again at the presbytery this week, when Mr. Mullin assumed the role of injured dignity. He was not present, in fact was very distant. His reception of a document sent him by the presbytery asking certain things was very distant, for he did not reply. In the spring a "catchist" will be appointed to Stanley, when a renewal of hostilities may be expected. Some of the clergy at the presbytery thought the reverend gentleman should be corrected for not deigning to notice their communication, but it was concluded to reserve their ammunition. Rev. Mr. Rinnie thought that the rule of "spare the rod, spoil the child" had been indulged in too much in this case and they should have corrected him a little more soundly and made him feel the severities of the church discipline more. An interesting feature of the discussion was when one reverend gentleman thought they should be very careful in this matter because they did not want to compromise the succeeding generations who would have to deal with this case by any hasty action. This sounds very much like an admission that the church courts are slower in action than even the court of chancery.

PROCESSION WAS UNBROKEN.

How the Motor Man Outwitted the Electric Car Conductor.

It was the other day when a large fraternal society funeral was passing along Main street, North End, that an incident happened aboard one of the St. John Railway Co. cars. One contingent of the procession was passing when the car appeared on the scene. Not wishing to break up the ranks the motorman stopped the vehicle. "Two bells" from the man at the other end,

ordered the car started again, but not feeling disposed to disperse the procession the motorman remained inattentive to the signal.

"Are you going to start that car?" came from the conductor preemptorily. "Not until the parade passes," calmly answered the man at the handles.

"Well then I'll start her myself!" angrily replied the cash-collector, suiting the action to the words by springing forward to the motorman's apartment. He was fooled, however, for just as he was about to grasp the levers, the car-engineer with a victorious laugh quickly removed the handle from the motor-box and put it in his pocket.

TALK OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

Dean Carmichael in the Pulpit. Last Sunday I had the privilege of hearing a sermon preached by the Rev. Dean Carmichael, of Montreal, who stands in the front rank of Church of England preachers. An old man you would call him—but in the pulpit his voice rings with fire and enthusiasm of youth. He was earnest, eloquent, impressive; but best of all, he had the genuine Irish brogue, so rarely observed in public men.—Stroller in Halifax Echo.

Very Much to the Point. One would think that Nova Scotians would be delighted to honor the memory of the greatest statesman their province had produced, but to their eternal shame they have neglected—if they have not refused—to provide the paltry amount required to raise a monument. We can squander ten or twenty thousand dollars in big shows which satisfy nobody, but we will not contribute to honor the memory of one of our country's great men.—Halifax Paper.

Look Out for Yourself Now. In connection with the publicity which we have given and are giving to various matters in our town's life we may say that we have no axe to grind ourselves, save that we are endeavoring to assist the plaintiff in the case of Right versus Wrong, and that we intend to exercise the rights of the press as, in a measure, a custodian of law and order. That which is against the law of the country and pertains to its evasion should be exposed.—Digby Courier.

Martin Butler's Congratulations. Mr. Patrick Burns and wife are old enough to know better but it seems that they have not given up the notion of increasing the population of Canada, as a fine baby boy was born to them only a week or so ago. Promptly every year of their married life have this good couple added their quota to the population and they do not even know the extent of their numerous progeny, as they gave up counting when they had reached a dozen. All the same we extend to the boy a hearty "congratulations" and trust he will live to do honor to his family, his church and motherland.—Butler's Journal.

A Perfectly Frank Statement. (From Martin Butler's New Years Editorial.) While our prospects for the future are bluer than at the commencement of any year since we have started the paper we are not going to complain. It does not do any good. Our friends, knowing our condition will patronize us to the best of their ability and help us along as far as they are able, as they have nobly done since the beginning of our difficulties; and we must say that we were surprised to find out that we had so many friends as we have, as we have done nothing to merit such kindness as has been shown to us by them.

A Fortunate Nova Scotia Town. Dartmouth, N. S., has had twelve years of prohibition. Not prohibition as the word is generally understood, but for twelve years no liquor licenses have been granted within the town. Many attempts have been made to obtain the required number of signatures to petitions, but without success. For several years past no one has had sufficient courage to even ask for signatures and the town has been given over to prohibition.

The Latest Jingle in Halifax. One might excuse the sentiment of the following verses, recently sung at an amateur performance in Halifax, but what shall be said of the poetry!

Reuben, Reuben, I will travel By the fast line to St. John, But I'll be careful not to go there Till I know the log has gone. Cynthia, Cynthia, you'll not go there, For the log will still be there, When St. John has moved its harbor, And removed its mud banks bare. Reuben, Reuben, I would like you To become an alderman, And get the smoke test in good order, Behind the plumber, if you can. Cynthia, Cynthia, I am ambitious, I am going to be mayor, And tend all functions and all tea fights, And give the policemen a good scare.

How He kept Tally.

There had been a football game in the village of Skedunk, between the high-school eleven of that place and a rival aggregation from the neighboring town of Ripley. Tommy Hunter, of the high-school boys, was confined at home in consequence of injuries received in a practise game a day or two before, but he had abated nothing of his interest in the sport, and as soon as his father came home in the evening of the eventual day when Ripley and Skedunk met on the gridiron field he bawled out: "What was the score, father?" "One broken rib, three bloody noses, one dislocated shoulder, and one torn ear for the high-school boys; and two broken shins, two blackened eyes, one cut lip, one broken finger, and three teeth knocked out for the boys from Ripley," answered Mr. Hunter, who was not an enthusiast in the matter of football.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

They Live and Love us Still. Where are the dear ones who have gone, Since first the old year came; Outside time's gel ten door alone, Announcing his royal name. Though absent, lo the gift is theirs, To walk this earth at will. We have this comfort in our tears, They live and love us still.

The wild sea may be dark and cold; The waves of sorrow call; As if sweet voices loved of old, Were sobbing in them all. But listen love a little space, You saddened soul must thrill; And think that in their vacant place They live and love us still.

The temple veil we cannot lift, We cannot see inside; The midnight sky may have no rift, Yet there our own abide. And 'till the day an Angel's hand, With more than mortal skill; Shall lead us to the cloud's land, They live and love us still.

Perhaps at times in deepest grief, And patience giving way; We ask the Lord for sweet relief, And in our anguish pray. Fond hope may here be firm and sure, Yet doubt our hearts may fill. Then comes the message, child endure, They live and love us still.

Ah where are they whom years unkind, Have hidden from our sight; Whose gentle selves we cannot find, Who were our soul's delight. Though from our heart our bitter woe, Like tears of blood distil; The precious words of joy we know, They live and love us still.

Perchance when some fond soul has fled, And left the house in gloom; We scatter roses o'er the dead, So like them in their bloom. The brighter paths their footsteps roam, We shall not see until,— We find at last in that dear home, They live and love us still.

CYPRUS GOLDS.

The Dead Barbarian King. I A voice in the banquet hall, Where is the king? Here, in his silent lyre, Here, in the hair of his cup, That glistens as red as fire, When the strong wine filled it up; Rubies glowed at its base, Diamonds flashed at its rim, When the young king's handsome face Laughed as he touched the brim— He was indeed a king!

II A voice in the chamber, Where is the king? Hark! how the silence falls, While the livery sky grows gray, And swiftly from out these halls, The glad light fades away, Leaving for shapes and hue Shado's of a spectral guise, Seeking the spaces through Him of the dauntless eyes,— O he was grand, He was in truth a king!

III Voices in the garden, (The child's cry by the fountain) Where is the king? The moon uprises strong, And the night bird sings its lay, As it did in summer long; When our royal bard held sway; The fountain drowns the time, Gurgles, and plash and drip, It sings through the sultry noon, When the king touched cup to lip.— Ah! he was kind,— He was a brave, dear king.

IV (The slaves cry from the bower.) Where is the king? This rose of all the year, That dreams of his touch alone; Now bends in its beauty near, It's bud to a blossom grown; The fawn he proudly bore Yet missed his kindly touch, And the hound on the palace floor Sits shivering for him overmuch.— The king! the king! Where, O where is the king? —Mary E. Blanchard.

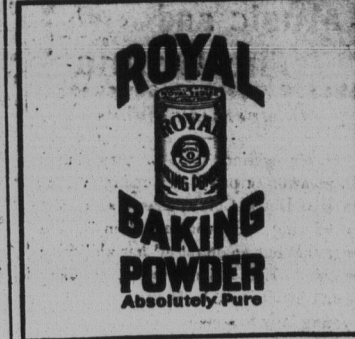
New Year, 1898. I have not caught a glimpse of your face, Nor a word from your lips, New Year; Yet I open my door with a friendly grace, And I bid you sweet welcome here. Come in, While the peals of the greeting bells bring I have said good-bye to the vanished year. To much that I loved and knew, With tender dream and sigh and tear— I have only warm smiles for you. And hope That casts for us both its horoscope!

You are shy and strange as a timid guest, Draw near to my fireside, friend, And loose your sandals and sit and rest; For here, at your journey's end, My heart Has set the gates of its love apart. What are the unknown gifts you bring? A newer light on the way, A truer and sweeter song to sing And a braver word to say? Ah, well! Time alone can the message tell.

I will not question. The door stands wide. Pilgrim of God, be thou Swift to enter and fair to bide. And the bell is silent now, And prayer Floats far and wide on the still, sweet air.

The Path Across the Fields. Aron me was the beauty Which only summer yields, The shadow of the woodland, The bounty of the fields. The gleam of shining waters, The murmur of the sea— The varied book of Nature, All opened wide for me! Amid these scenes of beauty I found a pathway there, All I needed and I found, A hard and brown and bare. No dainty gown swept over, The foot in gallant array Along the narrow limit The tread of Toll had made.

But weary man and woman At morn and eve did pass Beside the way unshod, Amid the sunburnt grass, Their step was slow and heavy, Their garments bore the soil Of the hard world's grim work day— They walked the way of Toll. So close against our pleasure Is the undertone of Care, Of those who, all unsheltered, The heat and burden bear. And the fair summer memory Sweet harvest to me 'tis, Yet ever lives the picture Of the path across the fields!



ORIGIN OF THE BUCCANNERS.

They Were Peaceable Beef-Traders Until Persecuted by Spain.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton contributes to St. Nicholas a series of sketches of "The Buccaneers of Our Coast." In his first article Mr. Stockton says:

The first pirates who made themselves known in American waters were the famous buccanniers. They began their career in a very commonplace and unobjectionable manner, and the name by which they were known had originally no piratical significance. It was derived from the French word boucanier, signifying a drier of beef.

Some of the West Indian Islands, especially San Domingo, were almost overrun with wild cattle of various kinds; and this was owing to the fact that the Spaniards had killed off nearly all the natives, and so had left the interior of the islands to the herds of cattle, which had increased rapidly. There were a few settlements on the sea-coast; but the Spaniards did not allow the inhabitants of these to trade; with any nation but their own, and consequently the people were badly supplied with the necessities of life.

But the trading vessels which sailed from Europe to that part of the Caribbean Sea were manned by bold and daring sailors; and when they knew that San Domingo contained an abundance of beef cattle, they did not hesitate to stop at the little seaports to replenish their stores. The natives of the island were skilled in the art of preparing beef by smoking and drying it—very much in the same way in which our Indians prepare "jerked meat" for winter use.

But so many vessels came to San Domingo for beef that there were not enough people on the island to do all the hunting and drying that was necessary; so these trading vessels frequently anchored in some quiet cove, and the crews went on shore and devoted themselves to securing a cargo of beef—not only enough for their own use but for trading purposes; and thus they became known as "beef-driers, or buccanniers."

When the Spaniards heard of this new industry which had arisen within the limits of their possessions, they pursued the vessels of the buccanniers wherever they were seen, and relentlessly destroyed them and their crews. But there were not enough Spanish vessels to put down the trade in dried beef; more European vessels, generally English and French, stopped at San Domingo, and more bands of hunting sailors made their way into the interior. When these daring fellows knew that the Spaniards were determined to break up their trade, they became more determined that it should not be broken up; and they armed themselves and their vessels so that they might be able to make a defense against the Spanish men-of-war.

Thus gradually and almost imperceptibly a state of maritime warfare grew up in the waters of the West Indies between Spain and the beef-traders of other nations; and from being obliged to fight, the buccanniers became glad to fight, provided that it was Spain they fought. True to her policy of despotism and cruelty when dealing with her American possessions, Spain waged a bitter and bloody war against the buccanniers who dared to interfere with the commercial relations between herself and the West India colonies; and in return the buccanniers were just as bitter and savage in their warfare against Spain. From defending themselves against Spanish attacks, they began to attack Spaniards whenever there was any chance of success, at first only upon the sea, but afterward on land.

To be Kept Secret.

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he: "Gibbs is a good man; he is capable, he's most fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of representative we need. He once saved my life from drowning." "Do you really want to see Gibbs elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do, indeed, I'd give anything to see him elected," answered the bore. "Then, never let anybody know he saved your life," counseled the solemn-faced man.

Positively All Done by Hand.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and Dye Works. Phone 58.

The hair of the head to be an ornament to the wearer should receive painstaking care, and if its color is faded, Hall's Hair Renewer should be applied.



There has been no cessation in the gales which whirled in the New Year and the past week has been filled with merry making of various kinds.

On Tuesday and Wednesday Mrs. S. A. M. Skinner received wedding callers and the ladies were out in force to welcome the charming young bride who is a valuable acquisition to social circles.

On Wednesday evening the whist club was entertained at Miss Skinner's, the following members being present, Miss M. Robinson, Miss E. E. Parker, Miss E. Furlong, Miss L. Holten, Miss E. Skinner, Miss E. Tack, Miss T. McLaren, Miss E. McLaren, Miss M. Vroom, Miss Fielding, Messrs. Peter Clinch, Percy Clarke, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Lockhart, J. Pandy, H. Vroom, Bruce Scovil, H. Travers, J. Robinson.

Miss Bayard was a guest of honor at luncheon given by Mrs. George Jones on Wednesday. Covers were laid for ten and the table was exquisitely decorated. The pleasant affair was in honor of Miss Bayard's marriage to Mr. Kirkwood which takes place today. The wedding will be a home one and the honeymoon will be spent in Halifax.

Mr. D. Carlisle Clinch entertained a party of about sixty young people on Thursday evening from five to ten o'clock for the pleasure of her boys, Messrs Douglas and Archie. Several grown ups came in during the evening, and there was no death of fun and jollity.

Mrs. James Harding gives a large tea today (Friday) to her friends, which will no doubt bring out a goodly assemblage despite the very unfavorable state of the weather.

Miss Grace McMillan and Miss Agnes Carr are among the exodians of the past week, the former going to Quebec for a visit to friends and the latter going to New York for a four months stay.

Mrs. Straton leaves for a few weeks for Ottawa to reside permanently. Mrs. Straton has always been an important member and great favorite in social circles, and much regret is expressed over her removal.

Miss M. Robinson is a guest of Miss Vroom for a few weeks.

Mr. F. W. Suenor, M. P. P. of Moncton was in the city for a day or two this week.

Mr. J. D. Falgouty is at a little while in the city the beginning of the week.

Stephen branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia, having recently been transferred to that branch.

Miss Nellie Townsend of the North End left this week for New York where she will spend the rest of the winter visiting friends.

The Iron and Hardware Association held its third annual dinner at the Dufrain Hotel last Tuesday evening. The tables were very handsomely decorated with potted plants and cut flowers, and the menu well filled with the dainties as well as the most substantial things that could be prepared.

Among the members of the association and their friends who attended the dinner were the following gentlemen: Mayor Robertson; D. J. McLung, president; W. E. Turner, S. Hayward, J. C. Robertson, James M. Cook, A. T. B. Robinson, W. O'Farly, H. A. Drury, J. A. McAvity, J. H. McAvity, C. B. Allen, Geo. Horton, T. C. Lee, Thos. Bell, George McDonald, A. T. Thomas, John Keefe, P. McMichael, J. P. McIntyre, George Ketchum, E. Coates, J. E. Whitaker, H. G. Rogers, Alfred Markham, W. L. Hamm, A. M. B. Swas, M. E. Agar, J. E. Wilson, Geo. Beverley, J. J. Barry, secretary.

Mr. George McPhail and Mrs. McPhail were a newly wedded couple who spent part of their honeymoon in this city.

Rev. E. Lewis Smith came down from Shediac in a few days during the week.

Mr. A. Saerwood of Hillsboro, N. B. was in the city on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. D. Egan is in Fredericton visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. James Tibbits for a few weeks.

Mrs. O. Green Campbell and son Donald, are so in the celestial where they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Gregory at Elmshade.

Blighing parties have been numerous during the week and the evening air has been very fresh with the revelry of the merry-makers.

Mr. E. D. Reid of Parrsboro, N. S. was in the city for a day or two during the week.

Mr. A. J. Heath has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to resume his duties at his position.

Messrs A. G. Blair Jr. and Hon. William Pugsley returned Monday from a visit to Ottawa.

One of the drives of the season was that given by Mr. Francis Mackay on Tuesday night last. The party assembled in front of the court house and were driven to the Lake View club of which Mr. Mackay is a member.

The party consisted of the following gentlemen: Mr. Mackay, Mr. W. P. Bonnell, Miss Bertha Wilton, Miss Estelle Sharp, Miss Minnie Simpson, Miss Lulu Estey, Miss Ebel Hays, Miss Mabel Hawker, Miss Liza Hawker, Miss Maggie Chaley, Miss Bessie Barnes, Miss Carrie Barnes, Miss Mary Barnes, Miss Queen Estabrook, Miss George Currie, Miss Carrie, Miss Addie Allen, Miss Ellen, Miss Ella Jordan, Miss McChaskey, Miss Jordan, St. Stephen, Miss Ella Francis, Miss Eva Estey, Messrs Wesley Davis, C. E. Kerstead, L. F. Bay, Fred Simpson, Harry McChaskey, Chester McChaskey, S. B. Tompson, A. S. Cook, A. E. Jordan, A. W. Estey, A. Stevens, R. Heustis, L. Heustis, Fred Jones, Robert Johnston, E. H. Bowman, E. R. E. Smith, C. F. Francis, S. S. Francis, H. S. Francis, Dr. W. P. Bonnell, and A. C. Smalley.

FAUCONNER is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweed's, Bookstore, and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Jan. 19 - The first of the Assembly Club dances came off on Friday evening at Esman's hall, and was unanimously voted the dance of the season.

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WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest. THE Correct missing word for December was "JAREFUL" and the winners were: Miss Fanny Reed, Maryville, N. B. First Prize \$ 5.00 Cash; Mrs. Withwell, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B. Second Prize, 7.00; Mrs. John McS. Morrison, 7 Golding Street, St. John, N. B. Third Prize, 3.00.

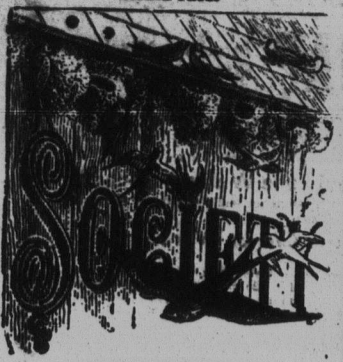
Fry's Cocoa is the economical household Cocoa because of its absolute purity and concentrated strength. It is delicate in flavor and rich in the nutrition it furnishes to body and brain.

The St. John Millinery College. 85 Germain Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Offers a thorough, Practical, Scientific and Complete course of High grade work.

What Do You Think of it? A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents. We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to Progress for \$2.50.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines. Interchangeable Parts. Large Bearings. Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

On Monday evening of last week a whilst club of which the Lieutenant Governor and the General are energetic members met at Government house to dine and afterwards indulge in a game of whist.

On Monday evening there were several skating parties as everyone seemed determined to make the most of the excellent weather.

On Wednesday evening there was a small dance, for young people, which was well managed and a great success.

Mrs. Montgomery-Moore had a large evening party on Thursday from 9 to 11 o'clock. A great number of people were present as it was a New Year's party, and of course very comprehensive.

There were all sorts of toilettes to be seen, some very pretty gowns being worn. Mrs. Montgomery Moore herself was beautifully dressed in very pale lavender brocade, and another very pretty brocade was worn by Mrs. Townsend.

There is to be a ball on Friday evening at the Halifax hotel by the Garrison Artillery which is certain to be a very excellent entertainment.

Mrs. Montgomery-Moore is organizing an entertainment, consisting of various tableaux for the benefit of the Aberdeen Association.

Mrs. J. Walter Graham son of Cap. Graham of Dartmouth, was married to Miss L. G. Lygas, youngest daughter of William Logan of Middle Musquodobiit, at Roxbury Mass., recently Rev. H. J. White performing the ceremony.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co.]

On Monday night the Quadrille club gave their second dance last Thursday night, and it was a great success.

Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, Mrs. E. A. Randall and Mrs. B. F. Porter were the chaperones for the evening, and discharged their onerous duties to everyone's complete satisfaction.

Among others present were, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fuller, Mrs. Homeo, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McLaughlin, Miss McKay, Miss McNaughton, Misses B. Aglow, Miss Thomas, Miss Smith, Halifax, Miss Dauphin, Miss Hilliard, looking as usual lovely in white silk with

Miss Nora Blanchard, Misses Fraser, Miss Catherine, Messrs. W. Weston, Horsey, Williams, McKay, A. V. Smith, V. Jamieson, Webster, J. Stanfield, W. Crowe, F. F. Snook, E. Stuart, W. Shannon, F. L. Cotton, F. B. Skene, H. C. Yell, L. Smith, H. V. Bigelow, W. McKenna, E. Dimock, H. G. E. Clark, E. Varcoe. The music was a feature of the evening Mrs. Hill presiding at the piano.

The whilst club was entertained last night by the Messrs. Snook, Pleasant street; among the members present were:—Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Gourlay, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Prince, Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, Misses Hilary, Miss Lettie, Miss Uvalacke, (Mt. Uvalacke) Misses Sigler, Misses Dauphine, Misses Thomas, Messrs. McNeil, Miss Jessie Smith, Miss Henley, Messrs. Hall, W. D. Dimock, Horsey, Bigelow, Williams, Cotton, J. Stanfield, F. Stanfield, A. McDonald, F. L. Snook, Dr. McKay, Maj. Lettie.

The large party given last Thursday night by Mrs. W. H. Snook for Miss Jessie's friend, was an immense success and did not break up until about two a.m.

On the same evening Mrs. W. C. Sumner entertained a large number of young people for her brother Mr. Chas. Bettie.

The young people's dance at Mrs. Irvine's last Friday night, was a repetition of former pleasant evenings given by this popular instructor in the art of the quadrille.

was thoroughly enjoyed by the many young people, who were present:—Misses Minnie McKenna, Helen Fowler, Gertrude Danks, Mari Shaffner, Emma and Harriet Bigelow, Lulu Archibald, Tudie Cummings, Ethel and Jessie Savidge, Mam' Snook, Ida and George Blair, B. J. Smith, Gertrude McIntosh, Kate Gladwin, Alice Harris, Bertha Melanor, Messrs. Harry Donkin, Harry Manny, W. Butcher, D. McCurdy, D. Smith, Bert and Wm. Gladwin, Douglas Cummings, Alf. Crowe, Charles Harris, John Hay, Bert Smith, F. Tupper, Jamie McRobert.

To the regret of her many friends here, Mrs. Geo. Daniels who was a guest of Miss Dogget, Halifax Road, received an unexpected summons home to Moncton yesterday, because of the sudden illness of her son M. Roy Daniels.

Miss Blenkinsoe entertained a large party at drive whist last Friday evening, in honor of Mrs. Will Blenkinsoe, one of our new young brides.

A jolly party of young people, chaperoned by Misses H. C. Blair and H. W. Crowe, at the invitation of Mr. David McCurdy, of the Halifax Bank, drove to his home in Clifton, the residence of Mr. Jan. McCurdy, last night.

There was a large function at "Ashleigh House," last night; Mrs. Bent was giving a large whilst party.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall, R. E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

JAN 19.—After the meeting of the town council on Monday evening Mayor Whitlock invited the council and the various town officials, to partake of a sumptuous supper at the Windsor hotel. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the menu was a most excellent one.

By proposing Mayor Whitlock and was responded to by Judge God Save the Queen. Mr. Almon I. Todd then proposed the Legislative bodies which was responded to by G. W. Ganong M. P., Hon. George F. Hill and J. D. Chipman, M. P. F. Mr. Chipman then proposed the health of Mayor Whitlock who replied in a very happy manner.

THE HURRYING FEET OF WOMEN. The new-born infant's cry, tells the story of woman's sympathy for her sister-woman.

If women would only spread the medical gospel, that a woman is unfitted for wife-hood and motherhood as long as she suffers from weakness or disease of the distinctly womanly organism, there would be less necessity for the sisterly sympathy that a woman receives when she is in the throes of child-bearing.

A woman who is thoroughly strong and healthy in a womanly way has to suffer comparatively little pain and sickness when she becomes a mother. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity and gives them health, strength and elasticity. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It banishes the discomforts of the faint-hearted period and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless.

"I am now real well," writes Mrs. Lillie Hubbard, of Merrill, Lincoln Co., Wis. "I have been doing my own household, including washing and ironing. I hardly ever feel the pain in my side unless I lift hard. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two bottles of 'Pleasant Pellets.' I have not been taking any medicine for over two months. This is the first time I have been well enough to do my work for over three years. Your medicine is all that helped me."

Send at one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing and customs only, for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. It is the most popular medical work in the English language; it contains a thousand and eight pages, and over three hundred illustrations. It is a great storehouse of valuable information, and a veritable medical library in one volume.

sponsored by Judge Culley. Messrs. H. M. Webber of the Courier and A. G. Boyce of the Calais News presented to the town to the Press. The party broke up soon after midnight by singing Auld Lang Syne and God Save the Queen. Mayor Whitlock retired from the position of chief officer of the town and leaves the post to be contested for, by Messrs. George J. Clark and Almon I. Todd. The election for town officials takes place on Wednesday of next week.

Both of the gentlemen who are candidates for the Mayoralty are popular and have many friends and the election will probably be one of keen interest and excitement.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom pleasantly entertained a few intimate friends of Thursday evening last. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young gave a very delightful party in the Grand Army hall on Friday evening which was greatly enjoyed by the young society element.

The game of sixty three is the popular game of the season, among those who play cards for amusement; although we have had but few large parties this winter, yet every evening one hears of numerous small parties indulging in this lively interesting game.

The "Klondike Tea" will be given tomorrow evening by the young ladies who are members of the society known as the "Z" overwriting sold and served at the tea will be yellow, in representation of the gold found at the Klondike.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Young invited the ladies and gentlemen of the DeMott club to spend this evening with them at their beautiful home "Dover Hill"; much pleasure is anticipated by those who are invited.

Miss Maude Marks has invited the young ladies whilst club to spend tomorrow evening at her home. This club meet weekly and are becoming expert whilst players.

The Hampton Curlers are in town today indulging in a friendly game with the St. Stephen curlers. It is heard with pleasure by her friends in St. Stephen, that Miss Blanche W. Hudson has been most successful in her profession in Yarmouth Nova Scotia, and is soon to give the entertainment known here as the "Olla Podriga," which was given so admirably in the St. Croix hall, Calais, last winter.

Mrs. S. H. Raymond is spending a few days in town. Miss Edith Foster, of St. Andrews has been the guest during the past week of Miss Alice Graham.

Letters have been received here from Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock announcing their safe arrival in the City of Mexico, the day after Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock made the journey by ocean from Boston to Mexico.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Waterson on the birth of a son.

Miss Addie Storv has gone to Bangor Maine, to spend a fortnight with her friend Mrs. Frederick Morrill.

Mr. John Black visited St. John on Monday accompanying his daughters, who were enroute to the E. J. Hill school, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Willard Pike most pleasantly entertained the members of the F. U. S. club at her pretty home on Tuesday evening.

The marriage of one of our charming young society ladies to a popular young business man of Calais is announced to take place early in February. Dr. Frank Blair has recovered from his illness and able to attend to his practice again.

Rev. Dr. McKenna is expected home from Chatham this week. Congratulations to Rev. W. C. and Mrs. Gouche on the birth of a daughter.

Misses Margaret and Esther Black left today for Windsor Nova Scotia, to resume their studies at the Edgell school.

Rev. W. W. Hopper, Maine state missionary occupied the pulpit in the Union church on Sunday. Miss May Morris of St. Andrews is the guest of Mrs. Frederic MacNichol.

Mr. Everett Young is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young this week. Miss Jean Smith of Windsor, N. S. is expected here this week to be the guest of Miss Alice Graham.

Mr. E. B. Snow is in town on a business trip this week. Mr. W. B. Foster entertained the Park society on Saturday.

The Current News club enjoyed a very pleasant meeting at "Hawthorne Hall" with Judge and the Misses Stevens on Wednesday evening.

The Travellers club met at the residence of Mrs. Elwell Lowell on Monday afternoon, I hear it was an unusually pleasant meeting.

Miss Mattie Harris' dancing afternoons at the Grand Army Hall are largely attended and promise to be the most popular amusement for the young society element and children this winter. Miss Harris is teaching a number of new and graceful dances, and her annual exhibition at the end of the term will be prettier and more interesting than ever given by her.

Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Eaton and Miss Irene Eaton left on Thursday for Florida, where they go to the benefit of their daughter's health, and intend to remain in that sunny state until the frosty season is past here.

Mr. George H. Eaton has been visiting Boston this week. Mr. and Mrs. Fredric T. Pote and Mr. and Mrs. Irving McAllister left on Thursday for a trip to Bermuda.

Mrs. Frank P. Woods is visiting friends in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Retta Ross has gone to Yarmouth Nova Scotia where she will be the guest of her aunt Mrs. Edward Parker.

Miss Albert E. Neill is now in New York City visiting her friend Mrs. Bradley Eaton. Miss Nelie Stuart of St. Andrews who has been Miss Ethel Waterbury's guest has returned home.

Mr. Frank E. Amsden's friends gave him a cordial greeting when in Calais during the past week. Mrs. Cella Brown is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. C. N. Vroom.

Miss Mattie Young has gone to Jacksonville Florida to spend the winter. Mr. W. D. Cochran has returned to Boston after a visit of several weeks at home.

Miss Julia McGilchay gives a musicale at her residence this evening. Mrs. Hosen Grimmer, Miss Florence Sullivan, and Mr. Bernard McAdam are among those who are on the programme to sing.



Mr. George Babbit, arrived here on Monday to take the place of Mr. Harry Graham, as accountant in the Bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. Graham is reported to be promoted and sent to a branch Bank in another city.

Mrs. Hays Grimmer, gave a musical at her residence on Friday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd, and Mr. and Mrs. James G. Stevens.

GRAND MANAN.

JAN. 17.—Mr. Clarence Newton has returned to St. John, to continue his studies at Business College.

Mrs. Frank Hucks of Lubec is a guest of her mother Mrs. J. L. Guptill.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wooster went to Boston by Thursday's boat. Miss Maude Hutchins, who has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Gupill, returned to her home in Milltown last week.

Miss Julia Covert will be a passenger by Thursday's boat for New York, and will remain all winter there attending one of the best art schools.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Deih McLaughlin arrived here from St. Stephen on Friday and are guests of the former's parent, Mr. and Mrs. James McLaughlin.

Gaily the bell of St. Paul's church rang on Saturday evening when the marriage of Mr. J. D. McDowell and Mrs. Annie McKay was celebrated. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. S. Covert in the presence of a large number of friends.

The bride wore a very pretty white dress. Immediately after the ceremony the newly wedded couple drove to their future home, amidst showers of rice and merry peals of the bell. SHAWKEE

RIOBUDO.

JAN. 19.—The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Storer after a few days of severe suffering died on Friday night last; their friends sympathize with them in their sad loss.

Judge Wells of Moncton was in town Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Archie Irving of Badouche spent last week and part of this in town.

Miss Mar to Beattie of Kouchibouguac is visiting in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Robertson. Mr. Robert Laggie of Loggieville was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Phinney returned from Sackville on Thursday last, having accompanied his sister Miss Anna Phinney where she has gone to attend the Ladies College.

Miss Annie Robinson of West Branch is in town the guest of Mrs. Wm. Lawson at the parsonage. Mrs. Geo. Jardine is visiting friends in Moncton.

A floating rumor has it that there are to be some early spring weddings in our midst. Conductor Horne of the I. C. R. was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Hiram Thompson returned to Chatham on Tuesday after a pleasant visit at his home. Mr. W. W. Short's friends are pleased to see him out again after his illness. AUBURN.

Vapo-Cresolene
For
Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds,
Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet, send for it.
"Have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have instructed every family under my direction to secure one." "Is of great value in Diphtheria." "It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive." Sold by all druggists.
VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO.
90 Wall St., N. Y., City.

Elegant Ribbons

Seems to be the most fitting phrase to apply to the New York RIBBONS now on display here.

We can safely say that at no other time has the critical RIBBON BUYER ever been asked to see a more attractive assortment. Attractive in Superb Finish, Startling and Beautiful Color Blendings, and that indefinable charm that comes from Highest Grade Pure Silk Quality.

For Christmas Presents these Ribbons will make

STOCK BOWS
FOUR-IN-HAND-TIES,
...AND...
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
and clever Milliners are ready to make the Bows Free of Charge.

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163 Union St.,
ST. JOHN.

NERVOUS INVALIDS

Find great benefit from using

Puttner's Emulsion
which contains the most effective Nerve Tonics and nutritives, combined in the most palatable form.

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

CROCKETT'S....
CATARRE CURE!

A positive cure for
Catarrh, Colds in
Head, etc., Prepared
by

THOMAS A CROCKETT,
162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Tongues and Sounds

Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 28 King Squar.

J. D. TURNER.

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

W. C. BUDMAN ALLAN.
Chemist and Druggist.
35 King St. St. John, N. B.
Telephone 289.

Stock Still Complete PURSES.

We have just received a nice stock of English Purses, Card Cases, Cigarette Cases, etc.

—ALSO—
Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Eye Glasses and Spectacles.
See our stock at

A. R. CAMPBELL,
64 Germain Street.

FERGUSON & PAGE
41 KING STREET



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) Friday and Saturday of last week. The youthful bride received her guests in a lovely gown of pink silk and looked charming. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Winifred Williams.

Mrs. E. W. Jarvis of Toronto arrived in town last week called by the sad intelligence of the death of her father, Mr. J. L. Harris. Mrs. Jarvis is accompanied by her infant son and is spending a few days with her mother.

Mr. C. J. Omasa of Bill'sboro spent a day or two in town last week.

The funeral of the late J. L. Harris took place on Thursday afternoon from his late residence on Queen street to the rural cemetery. The procession was one of the largest, if not the largest ever seen in Moncton, or indeed in Westmorland county.

All denominations and classes seemed eager to pay a last tribute of respect to one who had been so valued a citizen, and from other places were present, notably Messrs. J. DeWolf Spurr and W. M. Jarvis of St. John, Senator Wood, H. A. Powell, M. P., and Charles Fawcett of Sackville, E. C. Tait of Shediac and H. W. Palmer of Dorchester. The pall bearers were Dr. E. B. Chandler, Senator Wood, I. W. Blaney, J. DeWolf Spurr, R. A. Berger and Alexander L. Wright. The services at the house were conducted by Rev. J. M. Robinson, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian church, of which Mr. Harris had been a member for many years.

Assisted Rev. John Prince, Rev. W. B. Heuson and Rev. J. E. Brown and were most touching and impressive, the choir of St. John's church opening the service by singing "Jesus Lover of my Soul," and closing with "Lead Kindly Light."

The floral tributes exceeded in number and beauty anything of the kind ever seen in this city, the flowers being literally piled over and around the coffin. Amongst the most noticeable were a large and very beautiful bouquet of carnations and white carnations, with the letter G in white hyacinths, from Keith Lodge of Freemasons of which Mr. Harris was a past master. A triangle of red and white carnations, bonardia and maiden hair fern, from Bettsford Royal Arch Chapter of which he had been a Past High Priest. From Ivaloe Preceptory Knight Templar of which he was a charter member, a large wreath of carnations and small succubus a maltese cross of carnations, hyacinths and lily of the valley.

A beautiful anchor, from Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Greenhalgh of Montreal. A wreath from Mr. and Mrs. Harry De Forest, of St. John. Cross from Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hanington. Wreaths from Mrs. Misses Humphrey, spray of carnations from Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blair of St. John. Wreath from Mr. H. A. Whitney. Wreath from Mr. and Miss G. Mass, of Montreal. Besides numbers of bouquets, and cut flowers. There were two hundred carriages in the procession the streets through which the funeral cortege passed were literally lined with people. Flags flew at half mast, and blinds were drawn as a mark of respect both for mourners and deceased.

IVAN.

PARRSBOBO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.]

JAN. 18.—Mrs. J. G. Holmes and Mrs. Percy Holmes entertained on Thursday an artist and on Saturday a geography party. The trophies were carried off on the first evening by Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Macee while Mr. Russell Bess and Mr. Tabot D. Dowd were the lucky and unucky prize winners on Saturday evening.

Some of the young people have founded a what club which had its first meeting, a very enjoyable one, at Mrs. Woodworth's last evening.

Mrs. Cook gave a large reception on Tuesday evening in honor of her son Mr. Frank Cook and his bride the latter wore cream cashmere and lace and looked exceedingly well.

Dr. McDougal is taking a post graduate course in Baltimore. Dr. Hayes of Springhill will supply his place here.

The sorrowful news was received yesterday of the death of Mrs. Lawson Jenkins of tephoid fever at the residence of her parents at Five Islands. Mrs. Jenkins went to visit her parents and was taken ill there.

Miss Ray Gillespie has returned to school at Mt. St. Vincent.

Miss Alice Aikman went to Springhill on Tuesday to remain until after the ball on Thursday.

Colonel and Mrs. Blair of Nappan have been spending a few days with their daughter, Mrs. Holmes.

Miss Ella Corbett, has returned from Boston. Mr. George Corbett is visiting his son at Novalles, Quebec.

Mrs. Beverly, of St. John is staying with her daughter Mrs. A. B. Reid. Miss Cameron of Pictou has lately been the guest of Mrs. Reid.

Mr. Oustrit, has returned to Halifax, Mrs. Oustrit is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Spencer.

Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Cole of Dorchester are guests of Capt. and Mrs. Cook.

Mr. Harold Johnson has been here from Sackville for a few days.

Mrs. T. Coates of Amherst and her daughter Eva are visiting friends here.

Mrs. W. W. Black of Amherst and Mrs. Gilmore

They All Come Back

"There are fads in medicine as well as in other things," said a busy druggist, "but the most remarkable thing about Hood's Sarsaparilla is that customers who try other remedies all come back to Hood's, and this is why the enormous sales of this great medicine keep up while others come and go in a short time."

"Why is it?" "O, simply because Hood's Sarsaparilla has more real curative merit than any medicine I ever sold." This is of daily occurrence in almost every drug store. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured more sickness, and made more happiness through restoration to health than any other medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the standard—the One True Blood Purifier.

It cures Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. See Hood's Pills.

of St. John have come on account of the death of their brother's wife.

Rev. Mr. Munro of Oxford spent Sunday with his sister Mrs. McLean.

DOECHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

JAN. 19th. Dorchester has at last wakened up and we are having quite a round of gaiety.

On Friday evening Mr. P. A. Landry entertained a number of guests with progressive whist, which seems to be the popular form of card play this winter. It was not a very large affair but it was thoroughly enjoyed by every one.

On Saturday evening Mrs. H. J. McGrath entertained a few married friends with whist in honor of her guest Mrs. Waldon.

The entertainment given on Tuesday evening in Hickman's Hall, by Miss Laura H. Shreve of St. John, assisted by local talent was very successful in every respect. Following is the programme:

PART I.

1. Piano solo Etude de Concert,.....Godard Miss Blanche Hanington.

2. Vocal solo, The Holy City,.....Stephen Adams Miss Laura H. Shreve.

3. Reading,.....Selected Mr. E. H. McGrath.

4. Violin solo, Cavatina,.....Raff Miss Laura H. Shreve.

5. Vocal solo, A strain of music,.....Carter Miss Maude Hanington.

PART II.

6. Reading, Debating society,.....Eugene H. Hall Miss Laura H. Shreve.

7. Vocal solo, Lullaby, Violin obbligato,.....Helms Miss Constance Chandler.

8. Whistling solo,.....Cricketer the Leavitt Miss Laura H. Shreve.

9. Vocal solo, Life,.....Blumenthal Miss Constance Chandler.

10. Uncle Podger hangs a picture,.....Jerome Miss Laura H. Shreve.

Of course the gem of the evening was the vocal solo by Miss Maude Hanington. Her full contralto voice was heard to great advantage in her song, "A Strain of Music; her encore "A Creole Love Song," was very taking, and was heartily applauded. Miss Hanington has been in Boston for the past year, under one of the best vocal instructors in that city, and has done wonders in that short time. She intends going back again early in February; we predict great things for her future, and wish her every success in her work. Miss Shreve, of St. John was splendidly received, her song, "The Holy City," was lovely, and her readings were, very funny, she is an excellent mimic and excels in humorous recitations her whistling solo—was quite a new departure—was very well received—and heartily enjoyed. Miss Blanche Hanington's piano solo as usual was very well played. She also filled the important part of accompanist in her usual good style. The vocal solos of Miss Constance Chandler were very sweetly sung. Mrs. Lucie McGrath was unable to take her part and Miss Chandler kindly consented to fill in the gap. She was heartily encored and sang as the first encore "Funchinello;" as the second the old Jacobite favorite "Charlie is my darling." Miss Shreve is to be congratulated on the success of her undertaking and deserves great credit for the pluck and energy she has displayed in getting up this concert.

Miss Edna Lawton leaves tomorrow for Amherst where her parents have taken up their residence. She has become such a favorite that she will be much missed.

Miss Constance Chandler returned from Moncton last Saturday.

I regret to confirm the rumor of the intended removal of the Rev. J. D. McKay to the Coburg street Presbyterian church Halifax, it will be hard to fill his place in Dorchester. He has won the respect of all members of the community.

Miss Knapp has gone to New York for the remainder of the winter. Mr. Knapp has rented his house to Mr. N. W. Brown principal of the school. Mrs. Brown returned from Hopedale last week.

Mrs. A. E. Oulton, entertained a few friends on

Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Hickman, Mrs. H. H. Schaffer of Moncton, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hickman, Mrs. George Robinson of Digby, Miss McCarthy and others. Several invited guests were attending the concert and so missed an enjoyable evening.

Mrs. George Robinson of Digby, is visiting her sister Mrs. A. E. Oulton.

Mrs. Schaffer of Moncton is spending a few days with Mrs. C. S. Hickman.

PERSONAL.

ANAGONE.

JAN. 18.—Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McLeod were visiting in St. John last week.

Mr. A. Davidson and Miss Davidson were in Petitcodiac on Saturday the guest of Miss Webster.

Messrs. J. A. McArthur and Albert Sears of Sussex are in town this week on business and are putting up at Chris. Smith's.

Miss Brown of Fredericton is visiting at Mr. and Mrs. E. Douglas Hanson's F. Woodiac.

Mr. M. B. Keith left for St. John on Saturday to attend the Currie Business College.

Mrs. E. J. Harrington was in Moncton last week. The touchstone of Davidson was in Petitcodiac on Saturday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hanson and Mr. Gilbert Davidson was visiting at Mr. Geo. A. Jones on Saturday.

MosQUITO.

A Song to the Men Who Lose.

Here's to the men who lose! What though their work be ever so nobly planned. And watched with anxious care. No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand; Content is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose! If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet, Courage is easy then; The king is he who, after fierce defeat, Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose! The ready plaudits of a fawning world Ring sweet in victor's ear; The vanquished banners never are unfurled— For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose! Here's to the men who lose! Here's to the men who lose! Here's to the men who lose!

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CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

When You Order.....PELEE ISLAND WINES.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. GASTROTON, July 26, 1897. DEAR SIR—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, taking every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your PELEE WINE, which I am delighted to say has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think to much can be said in its praise, and so house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from La Grippe and Debility with like good results. I am yours gratefully. JOHN C. CLOWES. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SCOVIL, Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.

trees which will eventually make building material or railway ties. In many places a thick young growth has appeared beneath the few old trees remaining, which is regarded as a most promising sign. Throughout this forest the landscape effect is paramount, as through it wind many miles of pleasurable drives, and no cutting must be done which will in any way tend to mar the beauty of the scene. In fact entire hillsides which were formerly under civilization are being, or have been planted in young trees. This is not done as an advisory forest measure, since the cost of planting is entirely to large in proportions hoped for return, but merely as a soil covering, a garnish for barren hills, a soil to obscure ever-deepening gullies, to cover what are now blots on the landscape. Many of these pleasure drives are expected some day to form a part of an arboretum, or rather an arboretum is to be planted on either side of the drives. That is all the trees which can be gotten to grow in the climate of Baltimore are to be planted along these roads.

Trees from everywhere are to be tried, both native and foreign, from the southern hemisphere as well as the northern. The nursery is now stocked with thousands of specimens ready to be placed along the arboretum roads. The arboretum, however, has nothing to do with the forest, as it is for beauty, or study, or a matter of experiment in the department of various trees at Baltimore: while the forest and its entire management, so far as compatible with its utilization as a portion of the landscape gardening, is to secure a continuous income from woodland. For a great many years the products of the Baltimore forest must be of a low grade—fuel, and often fuel of a poor quality—the chief efforts of the management being directed toward starting a young wood of desirable kinds of trees, cord wood. At present the cutting amounts to only a few thousand cords a year. This is hauled to the river from the hills on either side, and from there is floated to Asheville, where it is caught in a boom. This method of transportation is cheaper than hauling with wagons. The roads from the forest to the river are constructed so as to be down grade all the way. Though the roads are only of earth, they are carefully graded and have no steep places. This permits very large loads of cord wood to be carried.

The cutting of the wood is to be so distributed that what is cut during a given period, say ten years, will not exceed what will have grown during that time. At present the annual cutting is less than what is being yearly added by growth, so as to permit the woods, which are two thin, to thicken up, and much of the cutting being done is with the object in view of removing old trees or defective ones, which by their shade are interfering with the growth of young trees beneath them. Does it pay? So far the Baltimore forest has been paying for the improvement cuttings which have been made, as well as for operating expenses, and the possibility of increased returns is greater each year. The conditions surrounding the Pisgah forest are so different from those existing in the Baltimore forest, and it has been under forest management such a short time that but few important results have as yet been obtained from it.—Raleigh (N. C.) Observer.

A Safe System. A young man of perhaps not too honest purposes in life was in pursuit of a tailor who would not be likely to press him too closely for his bills, and was recommended to a certain man. "No," said the tailor, "I never send bills to nice people." "You're just the man for me!" said the youth. "But," added the tailor, "if people do not pay without being pestered with bills, I conclude that they are not nice people, and send the bills right along!" The young man concluded that he would try another tailor.

Christy Minstrels. The Toronto Saturday Night tells the following story of Dean Vaughan. He had been preparing some colored clergy men for mission work, and had invited them to dine with him in the Temple. On that day Mrs. Vaughan waited an hour in the drawing-room for her guests, but none came. At last she mentioned to the butler that it was odd that the invited guests did not appear. "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "and what's odder still, I've done nothing all the evening but turn Christy Minstrels away from the door. Imaginative Eyesight. After General Forrest's raid into Memphis, large stories were told about his heroism and the marvellous doings of his troops. One of the best illustrations of the admiration inspired by the general came from a negro soldier, who claimed to have seen him, as he rode up in front of the Gayoso Hotel. He began telling his companions how Forrest looked, and finally came to the appearance of his horse. "I was a-stan'n' right in dis alley," said he, "when I seen him come up. He rid his boss right up to de hotel; an' I'm-tellin' you de truf—he hitched his horse right to de second story banisters. I seed him. I tell you I seed him!"

THIS CANCER CURE. The following regarding the Home Cure of Cancers, speaks for itself: Toronto, October 7th, 1897. GENTLEMEN.—I hardly know how best to express my appreciation of your valuable Home remedy "Vitalia." Some time ago I noticed a tumor in my right breast as large as a cup which caused me much trouble. The physicians called it carcinoma, and in June I heard of your "Vitalia" and began using it at once, and now the cancer is entirely gone, my general health much improved, sleep better, appetite better, feel much stronger, and the pain and soreness is all gone and my breast is now entirely cured. I now do my own work, including washing and ironing, and I feel "Vitalia" has been the means of saving me from much suffering, and I am always glad to speak a good word for your Home treatment. Truly yours, MRS. MARY LOWE, 131 Edward st.

"The Light of The World OR OUR SAVIOUR IN ART" Cost over \$100,000 to publish. Contains nearly 200 full-page engravings of our Saviour, by the great masters. Every picture is reproduced from some famous painting. Agents are taking from three to twenty orders per day. The book is so beautiful that when people see it they want it. The Hermitage, Prado, Uffizi, Pitti, Louvre, Vatican, National of London, National of Berlin, Belvedere and other celebrated European galleries have placed their greatest and rarest treasures at our disposal that they might be preserved for this superb work "FIRST GLANCE AT THE PICTURES BROUGHT TEARS TO MY EYES," says one. "I cleared \$150 last week's work with the book," says another. "Some high grade man or woman should secure the agency here at once," says every editor. "as \$75 can soon be made taking orders for it." Nearly \$100,000 expended on new plates for edition coming from press. Also a man or woman of good church standing can secure position of Manager and Correspondent of this territory, to devote all his time to employing and drilling agents and corresponding with them. Address for full particulars A. P. T. ELDER, Publisher, 275 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

LADIES EVERYWHERE.... Admire the NEW COSTUME FABRICS for '97, made by the..... Oxford Mfg. Co., Oxford, N. S. T. O'LEARY, RETAIL DEALER IN..... Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars, 16 DUKE STREET CHOICE SCOTCH WHISKEY LANDING 35 Cases.....Old Malt Liquors, 50 ".....Ulster's Special Reserve, 100 ".....Scottish Bard. Wholesale. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET, Pigeons AND Lettuce. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

In The Rubber World. Years of experience, skilled labor, and best materials have placed the name..... "GOODRICH" at the top. In the construction the GOODRICH RES FLEX SINGLE TUBE has all these points in its makeup, and combined with Rigid Inspection assure purchasers of a safe investment. Remember there are No tires just as good. Our Catalogue explains why Dealers Quoted. American Tire Co., Limited Toronto.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1898.

How We Went To London.

The Personal Experience of a Member of the Canadian Jubilee Contingent.

By J. Scott Robinson, Col-Sergt. No. 9 Co., 68th Batt'n.

With the history of her jubilee contingent all Canada is familiar. The glories of the spectacles, which its members beheld or in which they figured more or less prominently have been elaborated in glowing rhetoric. The incidents of the expedition have been narrated at length. The preliminary training and out-fitting at Quebec; the delightful voyage across; England with all its charms and stirring scenes of those all too short weeks; the magnificent pageants; the service at St. Paul's; the stupendous naval review at Portsmouth; the mighty military display at Aldershot; the last look at the receding shores; the return voyage and the final disembarkment all these have been described time without number with widely diverging degrees of skill and pictorial power in every periodical in the length and breadth of our fair dominion. But of those events as they appeared to the individuals who comprised that body; of the every day life and personal experiences of those who bore the burdens (grievous too they were) in the heat of the day lit is or nothing had been said. In the ensuing paragraphs as a member of the Canadian Jubilee Contingent I propose to make a cursory sketch, necessarily fragmentary, of those things which impressed themselves most strongly upon my mind. Not that they are intended to voice the general expression of the contingent; but merely to present the facts as they appeared to the individual and not the facts in relation to the whole unit of which he formed a component particle.

For months preceding we had heard of the proposed contingent and with what a yearning had we longed to be thought worthy to become one of its numbers. Till like a thunder-clap came the notice from our respective captains to hold ourselves in momentary readiness, and to await further orders from head quarters. It seemed too glorious a prospect to be real; and we scarce dared breathe an intimation of our coming good fortune, lest that very breath should dispel the golden illusion. But the day eventually came when in company with our fellow representatives we boarded the train armed with a ticket which bore the unmistakable stamp of QUEBEC, and the realities of the Canadian Jubilee Contingent had begun. These realities I must confess began to bare something of their rosy tints. Our imagination had drawn for us only one aspect of the scene. We felt reproachful when we found that second class fare was considered good enough for the chosen representatives of Canada, and that the repose to be obtained, curled up in a car seat, was deemed sufficient refreshment for a soldier of the Queen. We were moved to indignation on the journey to Quebec, but in that city itself we were excited to a bitter wrath.

[In due time we arrived at our destination and treading the devoted windings of its abominably narrow streets with the invaluable aid of profuse directions volubly given in French—bad French, everybody says, who doesn't understand it—we found our way to the Citadel. Passing the blue coated guardsmen at its entrance, we reported ourselves to innumerable officers, clerks and non commissioned officers, who didn't know who we were, where we were to go, or in fact didn't care a hang. So we left the "horse soldiers", who accompanied us, to work out their own salvation and went in search of a redoubt. Him at last we found, and in a drenching rain (that is, what we took to be a drenching rain—I discovered afterward from a native of Quebec that it was merely a drizzle) he piloted us to a long, damp, dingy tunnel, lighted by two wicks at one end and a row of loop-holes at the other. Along the sides of this tunnel were rows of cots; in the centre stood a couple of tables, and above the cots ran a line of shelves heaped up with a quantity of clothing and accoutrements. In the room were seated twenty men, some of whom were busy with the scabbard bayonets and buttons, and others at the table, mending leathery coats of pipe-cloak, and caps which seemed capable of absorbing infinite quantities of the stuff.

without showing any appreciable degree of whiteness. We attained a greater intimacy with the perverse ways of these same new belts shortly afterward. Our guide sang out to a swartly individual who answered him in a gruff voice marked by a very peculiar accent. This person he introduced as our section commander and left us to his tender mercies. He was a sergeant from one of the military schools and in common with his three confederates (their being four sections to a company each under the direction of a N. C. O.) the exalted nature of his position had so puffed him up that this instrument of petty tyranny became odious to a degree to those over whom he was placed in charge.

The sergeant pointed us to the only remaining cots in the room and these we scanned for some time, sunk in profound cogitation. The lower extremity of the "cave" was flooded by a stream of water which trickled through a gap in the arch, thus keeping our bedding in a charming state of humidity. We examined the leak and felt our beds; visions of pneumonia and rheumatism floated upon our imaginations. We complained to our section commander, who made some reference to feather bed soldiers and spring mattresses. Then we accepted the inevitable and betook ourselves to the "stores" to get our equipment. Cold and damp as they were we developed a surprising affection for those beds and learn't to pronounce hearty execrations upon the head of the innocent trumpeter who found it within his painful duty to insert the mouth of his instrument inside our door and make the interior of the barrack room resound with the doleful notes of the reveille. These beds, however, had the property in common with all sleeping contrivances devised for the discomfort of soldiers of requiring much acquaintance with their devilish ways before we can sleep on them. The first night a novice lies on one of them (he never sleeps the first night) the invariably falls off. He may possibly fall off during several successive nights but by dint of assiduous application he at length acquires the habit of maintaining his equilibrium. Then he finds his clothes absolutely unmanageable. Engaging them however in desperate nightly struggles he is eventually able to assert his supremacy and the trumpeter alone disturbs his slumbers.

We were mostly N. C. O.'s. I think the infantry boasted proudly of a single Private. We had a few Corporals but most of us bore golden chevrons, many wore the colors and one even held the rank of sergeant major. Yet we, who had been accustomed to receive the homage of our own companies, had to shoulder our rifles and do squad drill like raw recruits. It may have been necessary; but it did not cater to our pride to say the least. We were abundantly offered and every one of them seemed to have the burden of our training lying heavily upon his conscience. Up and down the "Hogs Back", as the Artillerymen called their parade ground at the Citadel, we were driven; back and forth over its rough, uneven surface with the scalding sun blistering our burning faces and our new "soldier boot" accomplishing the same results upon our feet; the section commanders yelling themselves hoarse; the sergeant major, who possessed a voice like the blast of a foghorn, howling till he placed his vascular system in jeopardy; the adjutant shouting personalities from across the parade, with a troop of subaltern officers bringing up the rear, and sandwiching in disparaging remarks whenever they could make their trivialities heard. Our work at Quebec was undeniably very arduous and the exertion of our instructors unnecessarily severe. There can be little doubt that if the Canadian contingent did not acquire that degree of excellence in drill to which it might have attained, the solution lies largely in the fact that some

Short's Dyspepticure. Cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 35c. and \$1.00. From O. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

of these instructors seemed to be possessed by the fixed idea that the sole end and object of its expedition was to give the British Army a series of lessons in skilled manoeuvres. But we survived the ordeal and the day of embarkation finally arrived. The entire populace seemed to have gathered on the wharves to wish us bon voyage. We sang "An'd Lang Syne" and other songs of a hypocritical nature; but I do not know that any of us were moved to a great depth of anguish when the lofty cliff which upholds the grim old citadel swept out of sight behind the Isle D'Orleans.

The "Vancouver" on which we made the outward voyage, was crowded to her utmost capacity and the quarters available for accommodation were—well—they were cramped. To every eight men was allotted a sort of crate in which when one of its occupants desired to turn round the remainder had to get into bed. Each compartment contained four banks of bunks which were arranged for the express purpose of affording the utmost facilities for bumping ones head and developing a highly finished style of profanity. The floors being covered with a mixture of tobacco juice and saw dust, we were forced for the most part to dress in our beds. Impossible! Not a bit of it. It was simple enough after you had learned to perform your toilet upon one section of your anatomy at a time, with your back bent double, your legs twisted into semi-circles and your head screwed out on a horizontal plane at right angles to your body. Getting out of the "substrate" of bunks likewise presented some delicate features which might not be anticipated. Of course there was always the alternative of rolling out but owing to the afore mentioned tobacco juice that method was fraught with some objectionable features; and consequently did not attain to any degree of popularity among us. As a preliminary proceeding it was of prime importance to discover whether the upper bunk was occupied. If so, you cautioned its owner against expecting to leeward. Then projecting yourself over the edge, if anyone did not accelerate your progress at this juncture by stepping on your neck, a dexterous movement precipitated your feet upon the floor, whereupon you straightened up, bumped your head as a matter of course, knocked down a belt and bayonet on your toes, and you had disengaged yourself from the coils of your couch. The first part of the voyage was delightfully smooth; so still indeed that its deceptive calm encouraged many a reckless warrior to deliver himself of rash avowals regarding seasickness. During this lovely period we were frequently paraded for the amusement of the saloon passengers who doubtless enjoyed the somewhat unique spectacle. But at length there came a dismal time when there were neither men to drill nor officers capable of utterance, other than the dolorous exclamation—"Steward!" The arch enemy of voyagers, insidiously, and in the dead of night, assailed the proud cortege and laid it low. Groans, pitiable indeed, wrung from indomitable spirits, clove the aromatic air and cries for mercy ascended on high from the bosom of the great deep. But after the prostration ensuing upon the first onslaught, the Canadians rallied with an astonishing vigor and utterly routed their miserable foes; so that with the first sight of old Ireland, were forgotten the memories of that desperate struggle.

With what intense interest did we watch the outlines of Erin's rugged shore taking definite form upon the misty horizon, with the hills of Donegal rearing up their verdant peaks from out the swelling billows. Pass Fry's Island and Loch Swilly we ploughed till bits of bunting fluttered at the peak and an answering signal at Malin Head told us that in the next jinking Ireland should rear its ugly crags above the foam. Canada would know that the Vancouver had borne her contingent safely to its destination. Laying the mouth of the Foyle, a silvery ribbon in the shadowy coast, we spurt past the Giant's causeway, visible only to our imagination, rounded an island and straight away for the Call of Erin, the mouth of the Mersey and Liverpool, upon whose towering docks every variety of craft converged. Speedy packets scuttled across our bows; sailing vessels reeled and staggered in our wake and big liners leaping up from the south poured forth twin columns of wreathing steam. Blue of the sea, white of the sky, upon the decks, donkey engines roared, captains creaked, cables rattled; such a din and uproar! Everybody running hither, thither, tripping over trunks, bumping into deck hands and falling down stairs, everybody in everybody else's way; every thing jumbled into the topsy turvy coops; knocking down rifles, stepping into helmets, stumbling over kit-bags, boot blacking, brass polish and pandemonium!

But out of this chaos eventually came order; and, all arrayed in flaming scarlet with the most lustrous buttons, dazzling belts and glistening bayonets, the whitest helmets and the blackest boots that the militia department could supply and infinite furniture could make resplendent, we stood rigidly at attention upon the upper deck ready for disembarkation. Here, after receiving some excellent, though superfluous advice from our section commanders regarding our department we were startled by a vision of an erratic little English officer, with a huge mustache and a very large eye-glass, who burst through the cabin door, saluted like a mechanical figure, rattled off a few words to the commandant, Colonel Aymer and vanished. Whether it was due to the exertions of the automaton or not I cannot positively state, but very shortly after his disappearance we found ourselves told off to the various compartments of a train standing at the station platform of the landing stage. A few moments later and two swift engines had borne us away from Liverpool in its smoky pall and we emerged into the entrancing panoramas of an English landscape. While we glided along, a tide of romance swept over our memories as its flood gates were opened by a rustic mill, now by a picturesque cottage, a dreamy river or the crumbling ruin of an ivy trekked stronghold. The second installment of these interesting experiences will appear in the next issue of PROGRESS and will embrace the events of a sojourn in London and of the jubilee.—Ed. PROGRESS.]

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NOT AFRAID OF MAN BATES.

How Three Sandwich Islanders Disposed of a Big Shark.

'The Kanakas of Honolulu,' says a naval officer in the New York Sun, 'do not appear to be the least bit afraid of man-eaters, and they will occasionally tackle them single handed, with nothing but a long knife for a weapon. I was attached to a gunboat anchored in Honolulu harbour a couple of years ago. We were coaling ship preparatory to making a cruise of the islands. The big coal lighters, loading a hundred ton or so of coal, were loaded at the dock and then towed to the side of the ship. The coal was hoisted into the bunkers from the lighters by men forward. Well one of the lighters was overloaded at the dock, and when it was brought alongside the ship ready to be made fast, it began to settle, turned over and sank in twenty feet of crystal clear water, taking about 125 tons of lump steaming coal with it. Of course, the coal didn't belong to the ship until it was aboard of the ship, in accordance with the terms of the contract, and so the coal dealer had to stand the loss. He employed about twenty Kanaka men to dive for the coal and bring as many big lumps to the surface as they could get hold of. A lighter was anchored beside the ship to

receive the coal thus regained from the bottom. The Kanakas worked without any sort of diving apparatus, and they got eighty tons of the coal, too. Suspended from strings around their necks each had a long, sharp knife for sharks. They'd hang over the side of the lighter for a minute, give a couple of twists to their legs, and after a minute or so they'd reappear at the surface of the water with a hunk of coal in their arms. Then they would heave the lump into the lighter and go down again.

A group of officers were standing at the gangway watching the men prepare to go to work one morning after the coal raising had been going on for a couple of days, when we noticed that there seemed to be a commotion among the Kanakas. They began to jabber excitedly in their queer, musical language and to feel of the sharpness of their knives hanging around their necks. Their eyes were keener than ours, and they had seen a man-eater asleep directly under the lighter. Three of the Kanakas, magnificent giant muscled men, the pick of the gang, took the strings from their knives, grasped the knives in their right hands, stepped over the side of the lighter, hung to the gunwale with their left hands for a second or two, and then, altogether, they gave that queer wriggle to their legs and disappeared. In about five seconds big bubbles began to come to the surface of the water, and about five seconds later the bubbles took on the size of blood.

'That settles our Kanaka, if not the whole three of them,' said we on the gangway. But the Kanakas in the lighter only smiled. The next thing we saw was a gigantic shark thrashing the water crazily on the port side of the lighter, and incarnadining the sea within a radius of fifty feet with its blood. Then the three Kanakas came up, all in a bunch, like a trio of jacks-in-the-box, with contented smiles on their bland faces. The shark thrashed around without any eyes for five minutes or so, and at the end of that time it was as dead as a salted mackerel, the whole eighteen feet of him. The three Kanakas had tackled him altogether as he slept, had driven their knives into his vulnerable parts, and before the man-eater had a show to pull himself together he was as good as dead.'

To be Bought in America

Japan's railway companies are to duplicate their lines early in 1898. In consequence, arrangements are about to be made by which great increases of rolling stock, locomotives and other material will be made every year to 1903. In the case of one company alone it is estimated that this duplication, with the extra rolling stock, etc., will cost \$15,000,000, and no less than 300 locomotives and 4000 passenger and freight cars will be required. Much of this material is to be purchased in the United States.—New York Tribune.

Electricity in America.

According to statistics the number of yearly telephonic conversations in the United States is 75,000,000; of telegraphic messages, 65,000,000; of arc lights, 1,000,000; of incandescent lights, 15,000,000. There are several hundred thousand electric motors and 1,000 electric railways. It is estimated that to 2,500,000 persons in this country electricity contributes a means of livelihood.

'Ye see,' said Aunt Dinah, when she was asked why she had not been present at meeting, 'de ix ob de case am, honey, E was a-meanin' for to went; but de going was so awful bad dat I just couldn't come.'

Sarsaparilla Sense. Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas. But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.

The White Cockade.

Since, in the opinion of all reasonable men, no further attempt is ever likely to be made to place one of the Stuart family on the throne of Great Britain, at least by force of arms, I can, now, without prejudice to any one, tell the story of the strange adventure which brought me face to face for the first and last time with Charles Edward Stuart, commonly known as the Young Pretender.

Late in the afternoon of Sept. 22, 1750, I received the following letter:

DEAR FRIEND: By the time this is placed in your hands I shall be at sea on my way to Antwerp. It is all over. Under the name of John Douglas the Prince has been in London for nearly a week, and nothing has come of it. There is no prospect of a rising. Gentlemen of quality and influence, however devoted to the Prince, have no mind to risk their lives and estates by marching on London unless supported by a strong body of regular troops, believing that exile, or more probably the scaffold, would be the sure and certain end of any such rash undertaking. To speak the plain truth, I am much of that way of thinking myself, and, having wife and child, will not draw my sword until I perceive some fair prospect of success.

I write to warn you of that which concerns you nearly. The other day the Prince came unexpectedly to a party at Lady Primrose's, greatly to the consternation of her ladyship and of most of her guests. Indeed, he met with but a cold reception from any but your betrothed Miss Kate Gordon, and her cousin, Andrew Macintyre, who were both present.

Miss Gordon went down on her knees before them all and kissed his hand. It was very bravely done and moved him greatly, but, indeed, it was scarcely prudent. Macintyre followed her example, and I heard him whisper to the Prince that if his Royal Highness would deign to honor his poor house with a visit this evening (ye 22d) he would meet with a very different kind of welcome. Learning that Miss Gordon would be present, the Prince consented.

Now a word in your ear. This Macintyre is not to be trusted. I have information from a sure source that he is a spy in the pay of the government, and that the man with one eye, the odious creature, Donald Fraser, who follows him about like a shadow, is, if possible, a more infamous wretch than himself.

The house is in a lonely situation, and I am convinced that these scoundrels are concocting some plot to betray the Prince, and are making use of Miss Gordon's grace and beauty and well-known devotion to the Jacobite cause to entice him into a trap. I tried to give the Prince a hint of this, but he listened to me coldly, and, indeed, of late he has become notoriously impatient of advice from his best and truest friends.

That Miss Gordon should be made an accomplice in this villainous scheme will, I know, be hateful to you, and I doubt you will do what lies in your power to prevent it. Yours most faithfully,

Matthew Fielding.

My blood boiled as I read this letter. I was no friend to the Stuarts, and, indeed, cared little whether the Pretender was taken or not; but that Kate should be involved in this infamous plot was indescribably painful to me, and I resolutely determined that she never should be it word or act of mine could prevent it.

Yet it was no very pleasant task for me to interfere in the matter, for there had already been a sharp quarrel between Kate and myself with regard to this Macintyre and her passionate devotion to the cause of the unhappy Stuarts. She was an orphan, and Macintyre, being her cousin, had undertaken to act as her guardian, a piece of presumption which I bitterly resented, for I had good reason to believe that he hated me, and meant, by fair means or foul, to supplant me in Kate's affections, and win her and her small fortune for himself. But he had been out with the Highlanders in '45, and the courage he had then displayed and his hypocritical professions of attachment to the Prince, cast a glamour about him in the eyes of a young and romantic girl. Nothing I could say would induce her to put an end to their friendship, and we had finally parted with bitter words on both sides.

But Fielding's letter drove my anger to the winds. Come of it what would I was resolved to go boldly to Macintyre's house and insist upon her leaving it at once. I would escort her to the lodgings of my aunt, Lady Chester, who would, I knew, receive her gladly.

So I buckled on my sword, procured a coach and drove quickly to Macintyre's house, which lay some distance from the city. Within 200 or 300 yards I alighted, and, leaving the coach hidden in a lane near the road, walked forward by myself.

In spite of my antipathy to Macintyre, I confess there had been moments when I could scarce believe him capable of the infamy of which Fielding had accused him; but when in the gathering dusk I reached the gate in a high stone wall which encircled the spacious garden, all my doubts vanished at the sight of the isolated house, the lighted windows of which were barely visible through the thick foliage of the trees that surrounded it on all sides. No cry for help would be heard beyond the walls. The victim once inside that lonely building, and sword or bullet might do its work and none be the wiser.

My heart beat quickly as I passed through the gate. Such a man as Macintyre was not unlikely to clutch at any means of getting rid of a dangerous rival, and I knew well that I carried my life in my hands. I thought I might be refused admittance, but the gate stood wide open

and no one appeared or challenged me. But that brought me little comfort. It is ever an easy matter to enter a trap. It is when you seek to leave it that the difficulties begin.

Still I went doggedly on, though as I approached the house I was confident that I could hear a faint rustling in the bushes to right and left, as though invisible spies were stealthily dogging my footsteps. Then a thing happened that confirmed my worst suspicions. The door suddenly opened and was swiftly shut again, but not before I caught a glimpse of two or three figures slipping hurriedly inside. What could these things mean if they did not indicate treachery and foul play?

I am not ashamed to say that my limbs trembled and the cold sweat stood on my forehead, as, after a moment's hesitation, I set my teeth, and stepping quickly forward, knocked at the door. It was opened by a man with a very evil and forbidding countenance and but one eye. He was no other than Donald Fraser, the detestable parasite of Andrew Macintyre, against whom my good friend Fielding had particularly warned me. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to me that his greenish gray eyes sparkled with a kind of malignant triumph at the sight of me. I think a spider might so regard the fly that ventured innocently among the meshes of his web.

Yet he readily made way for me to enter and went at my request to tell Kate that I wished to speak with her. He was gone some time and I was sure that he was informing Macintyre of my presence before carrying the message to Kate. It would have surprised me little had I been refused speech with her; but presently I could hear her fresh, girlish voice, high and sweet and clear, singing 'The White Cockade.'

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my riel
My rippin' to me and mynning wheel
To buy myself a tartan plaid,
A broadsword, dark, and white cockade.
O he's a rascal, roving blade!
O he's a briske and bonnie lad!
Betide what may, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

She sang it defiantly as she came down the wide staircase, a flush on her brave young face, her eyes shining with a kind of passionate enthusiasm, the sweetest maid, it seemed to me, in all broad England, and to my mind, at that moment, the loveliest. She seemed like a reckless child playing with fire, and I could have snatched away the white cockade she wore at her breast and crushed it beneath my heel.

Yet as she came nearer I was convinced that she was but playing a part, for more than once I noticed her glance apprehensively about and I felt her hand tremble as I clasped it in mine. Yet even at that moment, in a position, as I believed of imminent peril, my heart leapt with joy to perceive that all trace of the coldness that had been for some time between us had passed away, and that she was unfeignedly rejoiced to see me.

'This is a pleasure I did not anticipate,' she said in a formal voice, and with a slight side glance at Fraser, who stood again leaning beside the door. 'Will you come this way please?'

She led the way upstairs, and I followed her into a sitting room brilliantly lighted with wax candles as though for the reception of a distinguished guest. I closed the door behind me and was about to speak to her, when she laid her finger on her lips, and taking one of the candles, looked beneath the table and behind the couch and even opened the door of an empty cupboard and glanced hurriedly inside. She was very pale, and the candle trembled in her hand as she returned it to its place. Then she suddenly sank into a chair, covered her face with her hands and broke into stifled sobs.

'Why, Kate,' said I, 'this is not like you. What is the matter?'

'Indeed, I—I scarce know, Frank,' she faltered, raising her pale face and smiling faintly through her tears. 'It is very silly and childish of me, but I—I am frightened. Andrew and his mother are out, and all the servants have been sent away, and I have been alone in the house for hours, with no one to speak to but that odious wretch, Donald Fraser—and—and I got nervous and began to think I could hear strange noises, whisperings at the door, and footsteps on the stairs, until I was quite sure there were strange men in the house. I thought one might be in the cupboard there, watching us and listening to all we said. I think it must have been fancy. If not, what can it all mean?'

'I fear there is no doubt of what it means Kate,' said I, 'and the time has come to speak plainly. I have learned to-night the young pretender, Charles Stewart, is coming here. I see you have tricked yourself out in all your finery, with the white cockade on your breast, to meet him. Oh, Kate you foolish child, can't you see that this vile man, this glib, plausible, double-faced spy and traitor, Andrew Macintyre, is using your pretty face and innocent enthusiasm to lure the unfortunate young prince into a trap?'

In spite of her white face, and startled eyes, she did not exhibit the anger and incredulity I had expected. Was it possible that she had already begun to distrust Macintyre?

'Oh, Frank,' she exclaimed, despairingly, 'surely this cannot be true. I have thought of late he was growing lukewarm, that his zeal for the cause had cooled, but he could not be capable of such treachery as this—indeed, he could not. I cannot believe it. Nevertheless I could see that in her heart she did believe it.'

'The man is a spy,' I said, impatiently. 'I have it from a sure source, and there can be no doubt about it. Moreover, there are men lurking in the garden and about the house. I heard them snick among the bushes, and saw them slinking through the door. They are here to catch the Prince, and we are potatoes to prevent them. No one will believe you if you insist on this. If you do not wish your name to become infamous, your best course, away this minute, I have a coach waiting, and will take you to my aunt's lodgings. I will bribe Fraser to let us pass before your

cousin returns, or, if necessary, run him through the body and trust to escape in the darkness.'

She wrung her hands in agony. 'Oh,' she cried, 'that I, who would give my life to save the Prince, should have been tricked by this base wretch into betraying him. Oh, this man, this man! I did not think such men lived in the world.'

'Come, come,' I said, impatiently, 'we are wasting time and there is not a moment to lose. Your cousin may return at any moment. We must go at once.'

'And leave the Prince to his fate,' she exclaimed, 'without making one effort to warn him? I cannot do it, Frank; indeed I cannot do it. I should leave and despise myself ever afterward. I must do what I can to save him, and I know you will help me, Frank. You will help me, Frank, will you not?'

Now, what was I to do? As I have said, I was no Jacobite. To interfere in the matter was against both my principles and my interests. If it became known that I had assisted the Prince to escape I should embroil myself with the Government and ruin my career if I did not risk my neck. But yet—ah, well, what man with any heart could listen to the cold dictates of prudence when moved by the sight of that innocent child's face, quivering with pain and shame, and those sweet, tear-filled eyes gazing beseechingly into his? I may have been rash, disloyal, what you will, but I could not do it. God knows that, however foolish I may have thought her in the past, I loved the girl infinitely more, if that were possible, for her fidelity to the unfortunate Prince in his hour of need. Yet I knew well that it was a desperate business, and likely to end badly for both of us, however it ended.

'If we think of any plan that has the least chance of success I will do what I can to help you Kate,' I answered, 'but for my part I can see no way but one, and that is to intercept him before he reaches the house. For God's sake, let us get out of this vile place. The air chokes me. It reeks of treachery. Come, get your cloak, and—'

'Hush!' she exclaimed suddenly. In the silence that followed I heard steps on the path outside, a loud knock, and then the tramping of feet and the sound of voices in the hall. Kate sprang to the door which commanded a partial view of the hall, and opening it cautiously, looked out.

'Is it the Prince?' I asked breathlessly. She turned and closed the door and leaned against the wall white and trembling.

'No,' she faltered, 'it is Andrew Macintyre with half a dozen strange men—course, brutal looking wretches, with swords and pistols. Oh, Frank what is to become of you? He hates you. He told me so to-day. He threatened what he would do to you if I did not give you up. Fraser will tell him you are here, and he—they may kill you. Hush! I hear his foot on the stairs. He is coming here. You must hide—somewhere—anywhere—in the cupboard—quick, get into the cupboard.'

'But Fraser will tell him I am here,' I expostulated.

'Perhaps not,' she exclaimed pushing me in her excitement toward the door of the cupboard. 'They are not so friendly as they appear to be. Quick—quick—he is coming.'

Yielding reluctantly to her entreaties, I stepped inside, leaving the door slightly ajar so that I might see what passed. Then she sat down at a harpsichord, and began to sing a rollicking Jacobite ballad, as gayly and gallantly as if the Prince had been present with all the clans around him:

I swear by the moon and stars so bright,
And sun that places sorry,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd give them a' for Charlie,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie,
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

She was still singing when the door opened and Andrew Macintyre came in. I fully expected to see him followed by his gang of hired ruffians, eager to cut my throat, but he was alone, and, to my astonishment, did not appear to suspect my presence. He was a handsome fellow, tall

TIRED? OH, No.
This soap
SURPRISE
greatly lessens the work
its pure soap lathers freely
rubbing easy does the work.
The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabric
SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

and well built, though I never liked the cast of his features, his thin, cruel lips and cold blue eyes.

'Ah, Kate,' said he, and I fancied I could detect a faint sneer in the tones of his voice, 'I thought I heard you singing. Upon my soul, your voice sends the blood dancing through my veins. 'Tis more inspiring than a bugle call. If you would ride at the head of the troops singing your battle songs with the white cockade on your breast, the King would soon lend him to victory, who would not live or die with Charlie?'

His eyes dwelt on her with a look that made me grind my teeth and grip the hilt of my sword. I would have given all I possessed to spring forward and settle the matter with the cold steel, but I knew that with a shout he could bring his cut-throats upon me, and my death would leave Kate defenceless in his hands.

Kate was ever quick-witted and ready of speech, but the sure knowledge of his treachery and the tragic situation in which she was placed seemed to freeze the words on her lips. She bent her white face over the harpsichord and I saw her fingers trembling as they wandered over the keys. I think 'twas the bitterest moment of my life. I could neither get her away from the house nor warn the Prince. I was not, I think, devoid of courage, and enjoyed some reputation as a swordsman, and yet I was absolutely helpless. I could do nothing that was not utterly reckless and foolhardy, and stood there grinding my teeth in impotent fury while this loathsome spy and traitor made love to my betrothed.

Macintyre glanced at the clock.

'Some few minutes to the hour at which his royal Highness promised to be here,' he continued in the same tone of subdued mockery. 'Let us have another song, Kate. Let us have something to stir the blood, something about the gathering of the clans, and the fluttering of the kilts, the flash of the broadswords and the skirl of the pipes. 'Twill raise the Prince's spirits if he hears you. He was dashed by the coldness with which he was received at Lady Primrose's. We must give him a heartier reception to-night.'

I think from the malicious twinkle in his eyes that he knew she suspected him, and was plying with her as a cat with a mouse. Her cheeks flushed, and I thought she was about to give an angry reply, but with an effort she controlled herself, and began to play a spirited prelude. But at that moment he held up his hand.

'Hush,' he said, 'I hear voices at the door. I think he must have arrived.'

He turned away and stepped hurriedly to the window. In a moment Kate was on her feet, darted an appealing look at me, pointed to him, and rushed to the door. I was in the room, sword in hand, before she reached it. But I was no quicker than he. I saw the gleam of his eyes and the flash of his sword before I was half way across the room. He parried the savage lunge I made at him, and leaping aside with the agility of a cat, rushed after Kate. Through the door and along the passage she went like a deer, he close on her heels and I on his. When she reached the stairs she seemed to fly down them, and beyond her I caught a glimpse of the Prince stepping into the hall.

'Go back,' she cried, 'go back. You are betrayed. Go back.'

But she was too late. Clang went the heavy door, out from the adjoining rooms sprang half a dozen men with naked swords, and there in the middle of the hall, surrounded by a ring of steel, with a sobbing girl at his feet, caught like a rat in a trap, stood Prince Charlie.

Whig as I was, I cannot describe the sick feeling of pity and shame that overwhelmed me at the sight. 'Twould have been a fitting death for the hero of Prestonpans and Falkirk to die sword in hand on the battlefield, but it was heartbreaking to see him betrayed and trapped by this scowly crew of spies and traitors. And still keener was my pity for the innocent child who was sobbing at his feet, crushed with shame that her devotion to his cause should have been made the bait to lure him to the scaffold.

He stood perfectly still, pale and with flashing eyes, but without a trace of fear.

'Well, Mr. Macintyre,' said he, 'this is a strange welcome. May I beg you to inform me what I am to understand by it?'

Brought face to face with the man he had betrayed, even Macintyre lost his nerve, though he tried to brave it out.

'You may understand,' he began, and then his eyes fell and he looked moodily at the floor. 'I think the situation explains itself,' he said, glumly.

The Prince drew himself up and looked at Macintyre with unutterable scorn and contempt.

fool, do you suppose that I have walked blindfold into your clumsy trap? Look around you?'

Almost before I realized what had taken place, I saw Macintyre turn white, and heard the sword drop clattering from his nerveless fingers, while his accomplices glanced round about seeking a way of escape. All eyes had been fixed on the Prince, so that the men who now stood sword in hand at every door and at the head of every passage had come upon us unheard and unseen.

At a glance I recognized the faces of several well-known Jacobite gentlemen, both Englishmen and Highlanders, and I saw at once that Macintyre had been cleverly caught in his own trap, entangled in the very meshes of the web he had spun to entrap the Prince. These were the men who had lurked in the garden, who had stealthily entered the house, and the author of this plot within a plot—Donald Fraser who had betrayed the betrayer, was now leering triumphantly at Macintyre from his post behind the door. Macintyre caught a glimpse of his grinning face and his eyes gleamed with diabolical fury.

'You bound,' he exclaimed, 'this is your work.'

'Yes,' said the Prince coolly, 'you forget what most of your kind would do to remember, that it is as easy to set a spy upon a spy, as upon an honest man, and much easier to find those who will betray him. I pretended to fall into your trap in order to trap you, lest good friends of mine should suffer in future by your treachery. It would be but bare justice to hang every man of you, but your lives shall be spared for the present if you instantly lay down your arms. Take their weapons, gentlemen.'

The conspirators were so thoroughly cowed that they gave up their arms without a struggle. In the meantime Kate had whispered a few words to the Prince and he beckoned me toward him.

'I find that I owe you a debt of gratitude for your conduct this night,' he said graciously, 'and I sincerely trust that at some future time it may lie within my power to repay you.'

Then he turned to Kate.

'As for such loyalty as yours, Miss Gordon,' he said, 'a poor exile has no fitting reward. Nay, I think the only reward I can give you is to release you from further service to a race so unfortunate as mine. Pardon me.'

He took the white cockade from her breast and handed it to me.

'See,' he continued, 'I give it into the keeping of your future husband, and I pray that you will not wear it again unless he himself pins it upon your breast. My errand here is accomplished, and tonight I leave London. Sleth and avarice have eaten away the loyalty of those who should have flocked to my standard. They wish to save their estates, and will not thrust their heads into danger, though they would be willing enough that the poor Highland lads should leave their bones on another Culloden moor. But I will have no more useless bloodshed, please God, and so sail for France till better times. Farewell.'

Kate could not speak for the sobs that choked her, and I—well, I feel no shame at the confession—knelt and kissed his hand with tears in my eyes. 'Twas the last we ever saw of Prince Charlie, the bravest and most unfortunate of all the Stuarts.

Toward Macintyre and his accomplices he behaved with his usual clemency. They were released when it was too late for them to interfere with his departure.

I have still the white cockade Kate wore on her breast that night, but I think even she has lost all desire to wear it again; for it was the hour of the once gallant Prince he true, his best friends might wish that he had died at the head of his brave Highlanders on Culloden moor.

A Higher Compliment.

'Blanche, dear,' cried the enthusiastic young lover, 'you are worth your weight in gold.'

'Now, don't say that I am worth my weight in gold,' interrupted the maiden.

'I didn't intend to. I am going to pay you a higher compliment.'

'Go on.'

'You are worth your weight in what.'

Easy to Take
Easy to Operate
Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As the most
Hood's Pills
said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is in your stomach. Hood's Pills are the only pills that are so easy to take and so easy to operate."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth,曹ated 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.

Sunday Reading.

AUNT NANNY.

If you are imaginative enough to think that you see a very small, round shouldered elderly woman in an indigo blue and white calico dress with a short, plain skirt and a plaid gingham neckerchief around her narrow shoulders and pinned across her hollow chest; and if you can imagine that you see this brown-faced little old woman sitting at a great, clumsy carpet loom in one end of her long, narrow, low-studded kitchen, sending the shuttles back and forth between the warp, you will see Aunt Nanny as I see her now after the lapse of many years.

It was a little town 'out West' in which Aunt Nanny lived, and nearly every house in the town had on some one of its floors a rag-carpet that Aunt Nanny had woven. Her carpets covered many a parlor floor in the little town, for most of the people were poor, and a gay-colored rag carpet with a 'twisted stripe' and 'chain' of manifold and brilliant colors was regarded as good enough for any parlor, and no one longed for unobtainable ingrain or Brussels or moquette carpets.

Then Aunt Nanny was an adept at making braided and drawn and 'sewed on' rugs, and it was when she was engaged in the making of these rugs that she had more time and a better chance to gather the children of the town around her and talk to them in a way that many of them remembered long after they were men and women with their own little ones around them. This quiet, quaint, little old weaver wove golden threads into the web of many a young life.

Every child in the town knew Aunt Nanny, and every child was made welcome to her home, which was a little old house, standing well back from the street, with six or eight cherry trees in the front yard and a thrifty little garden at the back that Aunt Nanny cultivated with her own busy and toilworn hands.

She lived alone in the little house, and yet she could not have known many lonely hours, for there was hardly an hour of the day when there was not some child under her roof.

She had a brown earthenware jar containing what seemed to be an inexhaustible supply of ginger and caraway seed cookies fully half an inch thick and 'wide accordingly,' as the boys used to say. The cookies we had given to us in our own homes lacked the flavor and the tooth-someness of Aunt Nanny's cookies. She had also a seemingly unlimited supply of flag-root preserved in some way that made it peculiarly delicious, and we would do almost anything Aunt Nanny wanted us to do for a piece of that flag-root.

The mother instinct was wonderfully strong in Aunt Nanny, and although she had never had a child of her own, she 'mothered' every child in the town, and she had a special tenderness to lavish upon those who were motherless. They were sure of love and sympathy when they carried their little woes to Aunt Nanny, and no one was more forgiving than she when they had done wrong.

Some of the worst boys and most headstrong girls in the town were as gentle and obedient as other children when they were under Aunt Nanny's roof, and it is certain that many of them who are good and true men and women today owe much of what they are to her kindly admonitions. She never scolded nor fretted nor became 'cross' about anything, but she had a gentle dignity that every boy and girl respected and that won her more victories than all of the scolding in the world ever won. No one ever heard of a boy or a girl being impudent to Aunt Nanny.

I remember one afternoon when a number of 'us boys' were in the kitchen watching her weave and some of us were winding bobbins for her.

Presently she left her loom and went into another room, when a meddlesome boy named Andy Rhone went to 'fooling around the loom,' as one of the other boys expressed it, and knocked down a certain bar, thereby doing an amount of injury that it would take Aunt Nanny hours to repair.

'You'd better skeddaddle out of here!' said one of the other boys.

'Yes, you'd better!' said another.

'You'll catch it!' said a third.

Now Andy was not a very good boy, and his parents complained a great deal about how rebellious and unmanageable he was at home.

We expected to see him 'take to his heels' the moment he saw the mischief he had wrought, but he simply stood his ground and said:

'I'll not budge an inch, and Aunt Nanny can whip me if she wants to and I won't say a word.'

But when Aunt Nanny saw what Andy had done she said, with no show of anger or excitement:

'I'm sorry it happened, Andy. It will make me a lot of extra work, and I guess I'll have to ask all of the other boys to run home now while you and I repair the mischief you've done. I'll give all of you a cookie apiece and then you must run along and let Andy and me go to work.'

Andy Rhone has long been a man, and there are some blots in the record of his life, but I once heard him say that the blots would be more numerous and far larger than they are had it not been for the restraining influence of Aunt Nanny Saunders.

Men and women, as well as children, carried their sorrows to Aunt Nanny, and it was wonderful how tactful she could be in dealing with them. She always had a helpful word to say, and she said it so wisely and so tenderly that men and women were helped by it. Not long before she died there came to see her a very wealthy and influential man who had been a motherless boy in the little town in which Aunt Nanny lived, and she had been particularly kind to him on that account. He had been somewhat headstrong and inclined to be a little 'wild' as he grew old-

threads of truth to make bright their future years. Her old loom has long been still and the toil-worn hands that worked the shuttle bar were long ago crossed above her silent head; but old Aunt Nanny will long live in the affections of the children she welcomed to her home while life eternal is hers in the Home above.

LIVING AT OUR BEST.

Do not Waste Time Looking for Great Opportunities.

Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life looking for the opportunity which will never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win his smile of approval, and to do good to men. It is harder to plod on in obscurity, acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and to do deeds of valor at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and the ultimate recompense of Christ. To fulfill faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear chafing annoyances and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the pillory and the stake; to find the one noble



Even the boys and girls of the family went about more soberly than was usual, speaking in hushed voices. It seemed a little thing, that trifling loss in weight, but it indicated that something was wrong. The baby was losing ground when he should be gaining it. Unless checked at once serious results might follow.

It would be an excellent thing if young Christians were as disturbed over losing spiritual strength when they should be gaining it. During the summer months it is very easy to neglect the prayer-meeting, and when that opening wedge is introduced, it is doubly easy to be careless in regard to reading the Bible and secret prayer. Have you been growing in the love and knowledge of God during the last

fully rubbed his hands.' As a correspondent of the Times points out, this incident occurred in 1805. Nelson lost his right arm in the attack on Santa Cruz, Tenerife, in 1797—eight years prior to his pursuit of Villeneuve's fleet. It would have been, therefore, a difficult matter for him to 'rub his hands' in 1805.

CAST AWAY FOREVER.

Paine's Celery Compound Banishes Rheumatism and Sciatica.

Mr. Beechinor was in a Terrible Condition.

Could Not Walk or Put His Hand To His Mouth.

Six Bottles of Nature's Medicine Effected a Complete Cure.

A Strong and Convincing Letter

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.
DEAR SIR:—For five years I suffered from sciatica and rheumatism, at times being so bad that I could no walk or put my hand to my mouth. If I attempted to do any work I would be crippled for weeks. I took medical treatment, Turkish and mineral baths, but all failed to meet my case. Some time ago I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and after using six bottles I feel like a new man, and can do a hard day's work and feel none the worse for it. I have also gained in weight, and can say I am permanently cured.
Yours truly,
J. BEECHINOR, Shiloh, Ont.

An Exchange of Twins.
Besides the ordinary rent paid to the landlord, it used to be customary in the Highlands for the tenant to give to his master one of the calves or lambs if it happened that a cow or ewe should bring forth twins. This seems a little hard, but the gain was not all on one side, for the master was obliged if the wife of any of his tenants happened to have twins, to take one of the babies and bring it up in his own family. As cases of twins happened once in every sixty-nine births, this adoption by the master must have been a fairly frequent occurrence.

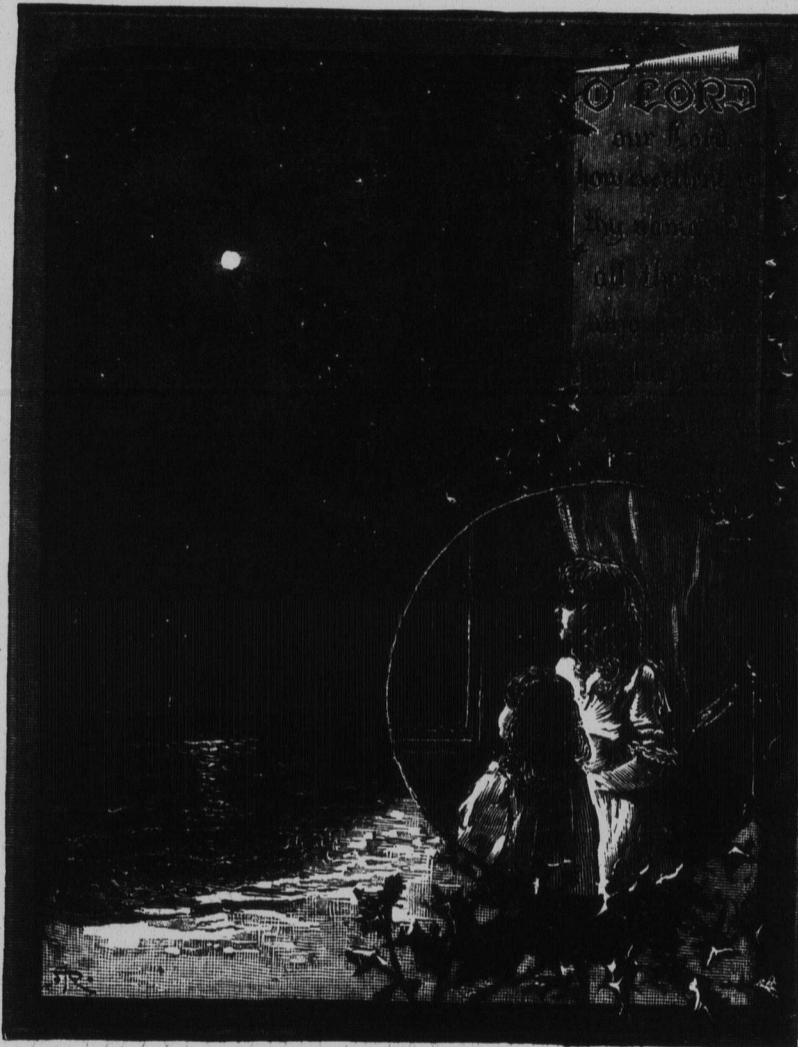
"THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD BURST."

A Fredericton Lady's Terrible Suffering.

Mrs. Geo. DOBNEY tells the following remarkable story of relief from suffering and restoration to health, which should



clear away all doubts as to the efficacy of Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from the minds of the most skeptical.
"For several years I have been a constant sufferer from nervous headaches, and the pain was so intense that sometimes I was almost crazy. I really thought that my head would burst. I consulted a number of physicians, and took many remedies, but without effect. I noticed Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, and as they seemed to suit my case, I got a box and began their use. Before taking them I was very weak and debilitated, and would sometimes wake out of my sleep with a distressed, smothering feeling, and I was frequently seized with agonizing pains in the region of the heart, and often could scarcely muster up courage to keep up the struggle for life. In this wretched condition Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills came to the rescue, and to-day I state, with gratitude, that I am vigorous and strong, and all this improvement is due to this wonderful remedy. I fully trust that these marvellous pills are not transitory in their action, but a permanent cure, for they have toned up my nervous system, nourished my blood, and regulated the action of my heart, and restored my long lost health completely."



er, and had sorely tried the patience of the relatives with whom he lived. Some of them had prophesied that he would 'go to the bad.'

'And I suspect that the prophecy would have come true had it not been for Aunt Nanny,' he said in the years of his manhood when he was a successful and honored Christian man. 'Only she and I and God will ever know how many times she has talked with me and prayed with me and woven bright threads of honor and virtue and manliness into my life with a loom that was nothing less than the Word of God itself.'

There were many other lives into which this sweetly patient and gentle old woman had woven these self-same threads.

Destiny has scattered hither and thither the children who played around her loom. They are all men and women now and they realize when they were children, how she was weaving into their lives golden

trait in people who try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the love of Jesus—this makes a great life.—F. B. Meyer.

LOSING GROUND.

Take Plenty of Spiritual Nourishment From the Great Physician

There were grave faces in the household one day when the baby was weighed and it was found that within a fortnight he had lost instead of gaining. Father went to his business a little later than was his habit, stopping on the way, to ask the doctor to 'drop in. Mother's smooth forehead wore an anxious wrinkle throughout the day.

month, or have you fallen away? The loss itself seems trifling, perhaps, but the state of health which caused it is not a trifle. You are not in good condition spiritually, if you are losing ground. Go to the great Physician for advice. Keep yourself under his care continually. 'Take plenty of the nourishment your heart needs and there will be no chance of your failing to grow each day nearer the stature of Christ.'

If you are dishonest in the school-room, you must expect that the habit of untruthfulness will cling to you as you grow older. Yielding to that one fault may ruin the usefulness of your whole life.

It is a pleasant sight to see anybody thanking God, for the air is heavy with the hum of murmuring, and the roads are dusty with complaints and lamentations.—C. H. Spurgeon.

'Death is impossible when the living Christ dwells in us.'

Nelson's Wonderful Feat.

Writers of historical reminiscences have to be masters of a certain amount of accurate information about their heroes if they wish to avoid mistakes. If they are not, they are sure to 'get things mixed.' Not long since a reviewer in the London Times, writing of a book named 'Roving Commissions,' related on his own account the following episode of Nelson, the great admiral:

'While in chase of Villeneuve's French fleet he was informed of the enemy heaving in sight, at which information Nelson evinced the highest satisfaction, and gleefully

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on this Continent. No chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Notches on The Stick

A writer in the Commercial Advertiser, indulges himself with the following exclamatory bit: "Fancy any one really wanting to read the whole of 'Paradise Lost!' [Macaulay not only read but remembered it.] It is safe to say that, outside of professional students [here is much dubious professionalism, now-a-days] and teachers of English literature, there are not fifty persons in the United States or England who have ever read all of 'Paradise Lost.' And small blame to them. For 'Paradise Lost,' like a majority of the long poems which the world possesses, is a work of fine single passages set amid a dreary waste of decasyllabic balderdash. It is next to impossible for any poet to be inspiring and magnificent throughout ten thousand lines." There is some truth in the above, but it is stated objectionably. It is an instance of the flippant assurance (always shallow,) with which the greatest names and most venerable are now being treated. It is not unfair to suspect that the writer of such a comment belongs to that multitude, he considers so numerous, who have never thoroughly read Milton's poetic masterpiece, and are presumably excusable [for the omission. Book, like persons, are for fit company; and no person who is not a foolish pedant, will long pursue a study which cannot interest him. Maybe the author is not to be blamed, except for persisting in talk of what he does not understand; for when he attributes "balderdash" to "Paradise Lost" it will then be clear to some that he neither understands nor reverences Milton.

The January "Everywhere" gives account of itself as follows: "It is the only paper in the world that makes constant and systematic effort to develop the whole human nature. . . . Everybody finds in it something for himself or herself. It is a journal for both sexes and all classes." "Everywhere" is unique; but to our fancy raison d'être is not that which has been suggested. It is to us the exponent of a distinctive individuality, namely, Will Carleton, and the organ of his popular style of verse, those fine and neat literary compartments to the contrary notwithstanding. Lacking his reputation and decided talent "Everywhere" might never have attained success. To be everywhere, and to do everything, is for a mortal more than a heroic undertaking; but perhaps our temporary fulfilment is as well as anyone can.

We are favored with copies of the "Presbyterian College Journal," Montreal, for November, December, and January, which maintain our high idea, already expressed of college journalism in Canada. It unequal to "Acta Victoriana" as it appeared in holiday dress, it measures well up in literary respects. The "Talks About Books," by Rev. Professor Campbell, may be commended for the easy frankness of their style, as well as for their thoughtful suggestiveness. He criticises and commends with discrimination a recent book of Canadian verse, "Establis and other verse," by John Stewart Thomson, and cites one of his best stanzas, as follows:

"And every rustling morning found new nests; New leaves new leaves, danced to the wind's soft O'er a bourgeoning bush the birds their love-sweet-ed breasts Preened in the sunny Paradise of June; The breeze came up with rumors and a tale Of sweet hay sprouting in the meadow green, And sky-blue violets winking in the wood,— Of various budding sights that had seen; Of trailing may flowers, fragrant, timid, pale; And artemises in a grass striped hood."

The critic adds this comment: "Artemisa is, I suppose, a printer's error for artemisa, the arum or Indian turnip. The

Scott's Emulsion is not a "baby food," but is a most excellent food for babies who are not well nourished.

A part of a teaspoonful mixed in milk and given every three or four hours, will give the most happy results.

The cod-liver oil with the hypophosphites added, as in this palatable emulsion, not only to feeds the child, but also regulates its digestive functions.

Ask your doctor about this. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

OUR BICYCLE LINE SPEED KING \$40 THOROUGHLY RELIABLE EMPIRE \$55 HIGHEST GRADE AMERICAN SPECIAL GRADE CANADIAN KING OF \$75 SCORCHERS COMBINES BEST ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FEATURES LADY'S ALSO AGENTS WANTED E. CHILL & CO TORONTO

trailing mayflower or arbutus is over long before June even in my northern summer home, but let that pass." In the December number Mr. Arthur Weir has some good verses, entitled, "The Lord Hath Need of Thee."

A recent issue of the Toronto "Saturday Night" contained a humorously satirical article in the form of a story of medieval Brittany, entitled "The Chastel of Goarec." It scarcely required the name of the author in order to recognition, so broad is the literary earmark of John Hunter Duvar. It is well worthy the attention its readers have, we trust, given it.

Miss Corelli, in her "Romance of Two Worlds," makes her artist character affirm: "The only true criticism of high art is silence—silence as grand as truth itself." A grain of truth is here. There are moods when this is so; when the artist is in the act of manifestation, and the soul capable of receiving that manifestation is under its spell. But it would be folly to affirm that afterwards, and upon reflection, the only true and proper criticism is silence. There is no soul so great, but some other soul is fit to mark its limitations and errors, or to proclaim his excellencies, else there could be no written nor spoken criticism. Silence is in itself no mark of special appreciation; it is at once the resort of the wise and ignorant, and it may express contempt, as easily as awe or veneration. PASTOR FRANK

CHOCOLATE OR CACAO.

How it Grows and the Methods of Preparing it for use.

The Mexicans call the beverage composed of the pounded seeds of the cacao tree chocolate.

The tree is a handsome one, twelve to sixteen high; the trunk upright, and about five feet long; the wood, light in weight and white in color; the bark, brownish.

The leaves are lanceolate, oblong, bright green, quite entire; the flowers are small, reddish and inodorous. The fruit is smooth, of a yellow or red tinge, and about three inches in diameter; the rind is fleshy, about half an inch in thickness, flesh colored; within the pulp is white, of the consistency of butter, separating from the rind when ripe, and adhering only to it by filaments, which penetrate it and reach to the seeds. Hence it is known when the seeds are ripe by the rattling of the capsule when it is shaken. The pulp has a sweet and not unpleasant taste, with a slight acidity. It is sucked and eaten raw by the natives. The seeds are about twenty-five in number; when fresh they are of a flesh color; gathered before they are quite ripe, they preserve them in sugar, and thus they are very grateful to the palate. They quickly lose their vegetation if taken out of the capsule, but kept in it they preserve that power for a long time. The tree bears leaves, flowers and fruit all the year through; but the usual seasons for gathering the fruit are June and December. In two years it is about three feet high, and spreads its branches, not more than five of which are suffered to remain; in three years it begins to bear fruit. A tree yields from two to three pounds of seeds annually. The seeds are nourishing and agreeable to most people, and are generally used in South America and in the West India Islands.

The seeds of the cacao were made use of as money in Mexico, in the time of the Aztec kings, and this use of them is still partially continued, the smaller seeds being employed for the purpose. The lowest denomination of coin money current in Mexico is of the value of about twelve cents; and as there must arise many pretty transactions of business to a lower amount the convenience of these seeds, six of which are reckoned as the value of one cent, must needs be very great. Cacao is principally used after having been made into cakes, to which the name of chocolate is given. The method anciently employed by the Indians in making these cakes was simply to roast the seeds in earthen pots, and after clearing them from the husks, which by reason of the heat employed could be easily removed, the naked seeds were bruised between two stones and made up with the hands into cakes. The process at present used by Europeans does not differ greatly from that just described; more care is taken in grinding the seeds after they are roasted, so as to convert them into a paste which is perfectly smooth, and some flavoring ingredients are added, according to the taste of the people who are to consume the chocolate. Cloves and cinnamon are much used for this purpose by the Spaniards; other aromatics, and even perfumes, such as musk and ambergris, have sometimes been added; but the principal flavoring ingredient used with cacao is vanilla.

denomination of coin money current in Mexico is of the value of about twelve cents; and as there must arise many pretty transactions of business to a lower amount the convenience of these seeds, six of which are reckoned as the value of one cent, must needs be very great.

Cacao is principally used after having been made into cakes, to which the name of chocolate is given. The method anciently employed by the Indians in making these cakes was simply to roast the seeds in earthen pots, and after clearing them from the husks, which by reason of the heat employed could be easily removed, the naked seeds were bruised between two stones and made up with the hands into cakes. The process at present used by Europeans does not differ greatly from that just described; more care is taken in grinding the seeds after they are roasted, so as to convert them into a paste which is perfectly smooth, and some flavoring ingredients are added, according to the taste of the people who are to consume the chocolate. Cloves and cinnamon are much used for this purpose by the Spaniards; other aromatics, and even perfumes, such as musk and ambergris, have sometimes been added; but the principal flavoring ingredient used with cacao is vanilla.

EDISON THE INVENTOR.

The Disadvantages Under Which Edison Began his Great Career.

The great electrical inventor of the century, Thomas A. Edison, began his scientific career in a freight-car, in which he a boy of twelve, conducted chemical experiments. Says the New York Tribune:

When one recalls the more important of Mr. Edison's inventions,—the printing telegraph for stock quotations, the duplex and quadruplex systems of telegraphy, the incandescent lamp, the subdivision of currents (within a year of the oracular prediction by British scientists that it could not be done), his carbon transmitter for telephones, the megaphone, phonograph, the magnetic separator and kitescope,—it is hard to realize that he is only fifty years old.

That magnificent laboratory in which he spends so many happy hours, with his coat off, out at West Orange, is a very different workshop from the freight car in which he once conducted chemical experiments. But he works with the same enthusiasm and unremitting assiduity now as then. He retains his youthful love of fun, too, and enjoys a joke more than a square meal. In fact, the unostentatious way in which he eats a workman's dinner on a busy day, without leaving his laboratory, is but a single illustration of the simplicity of taste which is so common a trait of genius.

A Generous Duchess.

It is generally agreed that the dominant note of the character of the late Duchess of Teck was her amiability, but that term does inadequate justice to the heart from which it sprung. She was charity itself, and a wonderful organizer of charitable relief on a large scale. It is said that she gave out of her own pocket a good fifth of the annual amount granted to her by Parliament, and a story, vouched for by the St. James's Budget, shows that she knew how to give on a small scale; to be generous in mind as well as with money. There were to be some festivities at White Lodge, the Richmond residence of the duchess, and an invitation was sent to the secretary of a charity in which the duchess was interested. By a later post the young lady received a letter from a friend, asking her to a tennis party which was to be held the same day. Next morning both invitations were acknowledged, but the replies were carelessly put in the wrong envelopes. The duchess opened the letter in which the writer declared to her friend that she was very sorry she could not come to tennis, because "Stout Mary" had asked her to White Lodge, and she was bound to go. The day duly arrived, and the frank young lady was warmly welcomed by the duchess.

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT CURES ITCHING PILES, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM

D. S. Doan, of Clinton, says: "DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum when all else has failed; believe what I say and try it. Don't go on suffering for years as I did."

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT I suffered with piles for years. Chase's ointment completely cured me. Mrs. Jno. Geisig, Fargo.

Mrs. F. Pearson, Inglewood, Ont., says: "My baby, five months old, had eczema very badly on his face and head. I procured two boxes of the Ointment and when they had been used, all signs of the disease had disappeared."

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT LAMARCA, JAMES & CO. PRICE 50c. 45 Lombard St., Toronto

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS



This is a title which Miss Canada didn't seem to care for, but it exactly fits our wash-lady who uses

Eclipse Soap

and turns out snowy-white goods.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

who afterward took her aside and laughingly said:

"My dear girl, I know I am stout, but I cannot help it. You should be more careful in posing your letters, and never forget that you do not know who will read what you write. Don't apologise. I have forgiven you."

A Lumberman's Life.

CONSTANTLY EXPOSED TO INGLEMENT WEATHER.

He Falls An Easy Victim to Rheumatism and Kindred Troubles—A Twenty Year's Sufferer Tells How He Found Relief.

From the Richibucto, N. B., Review.

Mr. Wm. Murray, of Cormiersville, N. B., is an old and respected farmer, and a pioneer settler of the thriving little village he now makes his home. While Mr. Murray was yet a young man, he, together with his father and brother, tanned one of the best mill properties to be seen in those early days. The mills consisted of a sawmill and gristmill, and were operated and managed by the two brothers. Labor saving appliances being then comparatively unknown, the young men were exposed to dangers and difficulties almost unknown to the present generation. One of the greatest evils in connection with the business was exposure to wet and cold, which, though unheeded at the time, have crippled his victim with rheumatism. In a late conversation regarding his disease, Mr. Murray told the following story of his long misery and final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills: "For over twenty years I have been a sufferer from rheumatism, I attribute the cause of the disease to the time when as a young man I worked at our mills. In the winter we would haul logs on the pond where the alternate thaws and frosts of early spring would imbue them in the ice and slush. When the time came for starting up the mill I would go out on the pond sometimes in water up to my knees and work away from morning till night chopping logs out of the slush and ice. I was generally wet from head to foot, and every second night of the week I would, without changing my clothes, stay up and run the mill till daybreak. So you see I was for two days at a time in a suit of partially wet clothes, and this would last till the ice had melted in the pond. After a few years rheumatism fastened itself upon me as a reward for this indiscretion, and ever increasing in its malignity it at last became so bad that for weeks in succession I could only go about with the aid of crutches. At other times I was able to hobble about the house by the aid of two canes, and again at other times it would ease off a little and I was able to do a little work, but could never stand it for more than a couple of hours at a time. The least bit of walking in damp weather would overcome me and I remember one stormy night when I tried to walk from Cocagne Bridge to my home, a distance of five miles, that I had to sit down by the roadside six times to ease the terrible pain that had seized my legs. During all those years of agony I think I tried all the patent medicines I could get a hold of, but they did me no good at all. I consulted doctors, but my sufferings remained undiminished. In the fall of 1895 I went to a doctor in Buctouche to see if there were any means by which I might at least be eased of my suffering. The doctor said frankly, "Mr. Murray you cannot be cured, nothing can cure you." I was not satisfied and then I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I procured half a dozen boxes, and began taking them at once. I soon felt a change for the better and after my supply had been finished I got another half dozen boxes and continued taking them according to directions. That dozen boxes was all I took and you see me now. I am alive and smart and can do any kind of work. I did my farming this spring and could follow the plough for days without feeling any rheumatic pains. Yes Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did me a world of good and I strongly recommend them for the cure of rheumatism.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Frequent yourself from impostors by asking any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Cogitation.

The gentlemen of the bar, who not infrequently have to take rebukes from the bench, greatly enjoy a chance to make a legitimate retort against the court. The story is told that a certain judge who, during the plea of a rather prosy lawyer, could not refrain from gently nodding his head in sleep, was caught at this by the lawyer, who looked significantly at him.

"Perhaps," said the judge testily and prevaricatingly, "the counsel thinks the court was asleep, but he may be assured that the court was merely cogitating."

The lawyer talked on. Presently the judge, again overcome by his somnolency, nodded off and aroused himself with a little sudden snoring noise.

"If please your honor," said the lawyer, "I will suspend my plea until the court shall have ceased to cogitate audibly!"

"You may go on," said the judge; and he did not fall asleep again.

They Deceive They are Satisfied.

Dr. EA. Morin & Co, Quebec.

Gentlemen, I have much pleasure in telling you that I was cured of severe Bronchitis after using one bottle only of your Morin's Creosote Wine. I was coughing very much I was oppressed and felt a great uneasiness in my chest which made me fear inflammation of the lungs. Now, I am well enough and attribute this to your remedy. For a few months, I have been selling your Morin's Wine and every person who has taken it so far declares he is perfectly satisfied with its good effects.

Yours truly, E. J. L. LAFRANCE, Quebec.

A Shrewd Parent.

"You have been very generous in buying Mabel new gowns," remarked Mrs. Cumroo.

"Yes," was the reply. "I don't like that man who pays her so much attention." "I don't see what that has to do with it." "I desire to give him something to think about when I ask him if he can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed."

Has Strongly Influenced the Commons.

It is a fact worthy of record that at least fifty members of the House of Commons are able personally to bear united and convincing testimony to the good effects of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in case of cold in the head or catarrh in its several different shapes. These columns have recorded the testimony of members representing constituencies in every corner of the Dominion. At this writing we have before us the words of Mr. Arthur A. Brunson, M. P., of Richelieu, Que., and Hugo H. Ross, M. P., of Dandee, who join with their other members in telling what this remedy has done for them in cases of catarrhal trouble. At the present time, when so many are suffering from influenza in the head it is a friend indeed.

A Noble Hearted Boy.

Little Willie—Pa, I want a nickel to give to a poor ragged boy outside." Pa—Certainly Willie, and I am glad my boy thinks kindly of the poor and unfortunate.

Little Willie—Here's your nickel, Pa, now pound the stuff n' out of Johnnie for me, as you promised to do."

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

Woman and Her Work

It sometimes seems to me when I am looking over fashion journals, and the 'Woman's Corner' of the various newspapers as if the feminine portion of the world must be about equally divided between stout women who want to get thin, and thin women who are yearning to get stout, because if these two subjects were to be suddenly eliminated from the weekly bill of fare the result would be almost disastrous as if the weather were to be suddenly tabooed as a subject of conversation. Why is it that we cannot be contented with ourselves as nature made us? Surely we must be less conceited than men, who scarcely ever wish to be other than they are. I never knew but one stout woman who did not want to be thin, and she was the happiest soul in the world honestly sorry for every scrawny woman she knew, and taking solid satisfaction out of her own generous and gracious proportions. Of course she was young and pretty, which makes all the difference in the world.

I have yet to meet with the thin woman, however, who did not long to change her angles for the round curves of her fat sister, and was not bitterly envious of the fair cushion of flesh which is often such a source of grief to its owner. I suppose it is the old story of the sour grapes over again, and is one more proof of that longing after the unattainable which is inherent in human nature. If I were not afraid of adding to the already heavy burden of dissatisfaction which the thin woman has to bear, I could whisper a few words into the fat one's ear which would comfort her greatly—that is if it is true that we value our good looks only because they make us attractive in the eyes of men. If the thin sister will turn her head away for a moment, I think I will whisper them anyway, and take the consequences—almost every man in the world, if he told the truth would say that he preferred too much, to too little flesh. Man inensibly derives his ideal of feminine from the picture and statues he has seen, and it is an indisputable fact that no artist has ever deliberately chosen a thin model for any of his highest conceptions. The Greek slave is perhaps the most slender of all the most celebrated female statues, but even she is exquisitely rounded, and her slenderness is that of extreme youth, the bud, only giving promise of what the blossom will be. The old masters both of painting and sculpture loved to picture woman as a magnificently developed type of what they considered most perfect, the gracious creature who was the mother of the race; and some trace of this feeling still lingers in the minds of the men of today, and impels them to admire Hogarth's line of grace and beauty—the curve—rather than the angle.

Of course the happy medium between obesity and angularity is the condition most to be desired, and it is this idyllic state that both fat and lean seem to be continually striving after, not like health, beauty, and a great many of the other good things of this life, flesh is unequally distributed, and those who have it are not continually sighing for it, while those who have a surplus would fain get rid of the excess.

I came across nine rules for beauty the other day, which are quaint enough to have been copied from old "beauty book" of our great-grandmother's time, and as two of them have a direct bearing on the great question of the day, one being an infallible rule for getting thin, and the other an equally effectual recipe for getting fat, besides other valuable hints, I reproduce them all, and hope they may be of some use to my readers.

To Get Thin.

Est a great deal of chopped meat without any potato in it. Drink little fluid of any kind except strong tea. Exercise a great deal without drinking and do not eat bread, butter, or candy. Lemonade, acid drinks of all kinds, and saline mineral

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon,
No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

BEAUTIFUL SKIN

Soft, White Hands with Shapely Nails, Luxuriant Hair with Clean, Wholesome Scalp, produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest, for toilet, bath, and nursery. The only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores.

Cuticura

SOAP sold throughout the world. Forras Dress and Cream Coat, Sole Proprietor, Boston, U.S.A. "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY HUMORS

Itching and scaly, instantly relieved by CUTICURA. Resistant waters are excellent. Drink a glass of clear water before breakfast.

To Get Fat.

Eat vegetables and sleep after each meal. Go to bed at 9 o'clock and lie in bed half an hour after you wake up. Laugh a great deal. Drink water by the pint or the quart if you can. Drink weak and sweet tea with plenty of milk in it. Take cod liver oil and sweet oils as much as you can. Eat until you feel as if you would burst at the table. Put plenty of butter on your bread, and do not be afraid of slices of lager, and sweet wines. This will guarantee a gain of five pounds a month, and, if you can sleep a great deal, of double that amount.

To Have a White Skin

Eat no meat at all. Become a vegetarian; they always have beautiful skin. Once in six weeks or so eat a meal of fresh meat. This does away with the tendency to scurvy—that course of the vegetarian. Drink as much water as you can, eat little grease, and touch no tea or coffee. Your breakfast may be oatmeal and oranges; your dinner fruit, nuts, fruit tea—preferably quince tea—graham muffins, cauliflower croquettes, marmalade, and dishes of stewed vegetables. The diet is not so bad when you get used to it. In large towns you will find one or two restaurants catering to such a you.

To Have Plump Hands

Rub them with sweet oil night and morning. Exercise them by rubbing together. Never wear tight sleeves or snug gloves.

To Keep One's Feet Small.

This is difficult. The first sign that one has passed youth is the tendency to wear a larger pair of shoes—and this is necessary. The feet spread and really grow. To remedy this wear shoes as long as can be managed, but not as wide as seem necessary. Never wear old slippers around the house, unless they are snug in the width, and be careful of corns. These are never necessary while the chiropodist exists.

To Become Very Muscular.

Walk a great deal, carrying something always in the hands. This develops the arms. To roll a hoop might be good if one were brave enough to do so in public. Practice a little lifting every day. Never strain or tire yourself. Eat meat, drink milk, and practice bending backward, forward, and sideways every day. At night rub about a tablespoon of brandy or rum into your skin on the under and tender part of the arm.

To Have a Smooth White Skin Without Dieting.

Bathe the face daily with buttermilk. A preparation of tincture of benzoin and rose water is excellent for whitening purposes. There are very good prepared cream, but these are never cheap. Do not go under a dollar for them if you want them compounded of fine and pure materials.

To Have a Fine Color.

Wash the face with the juice of preserved strawberries in the winter, and in summer rub a ripe berry on the face.

Excuse me from washing my face to any extent with preserved strawberries; but everyone to her taste. Evidently the author of these rules bethought himself that the beauty who chose the indifferent complexion to the awful alternative of becoming a vegetarian, might find that she had made too great a demand on powers of endurance, so he relents towards the end adds a sort of consolation prize in the shape of a receipt to attain the result without dieting. Kind soul, he had a feeling heart for our little weaknesses, and we should be duly grateful!

It is said by those who should know, that never in the history of dress has there been such lavish expenditure, or such evidence of inauspicious taste as at the present time. I doubt it myself, as I think our rich and brocades and most gorgeous embroideries would fall to compare favorably with the brocade and cloth of gold of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but still, if it is any satisfaction to the fin de siècle

belles of the beau monde to think they are rivalling not only the lovely court dames of the time of Louis the fourteenth, but Cleopatra herself, in the wicked extravagance with which they array themselves, why they may as well enjoy the delusion in peace. Certainly the silks and embroideries used this season are very handsome, and the quantity of rich furs used for trimming add to the general appearance of almost reckless extravagance in dress. Nevertheless, very charming effects can be secured in return for a small outlay, and it is not always the most richly arrayed woman who is the best dressed by any means.

One very popular trimming which threatens to reach the distinction of a rage, is the inexpensive machine stitching which is used not only in countless rows, but innumerable patterns. We may have bands of elegant velvet in our costumes, but that is not enough to satisfy the demands of fashion, and they must be covered with rows of stitching, even though the velvet may cost five dollars a yard. Those fashionable dames who consider stitching too cheap a form of adornment, prefer to have their velvet folds embroidered with spangles and jewels. Satin folds, which somehow have an old fashioned and not very attractive sound, are very much used as trimmings; they are stitched on the garment in the most artistic manner, and are especially popular on gowns which have the main portion almost covered with braid. Whoever invents the fashions must have a busy time of it, as there is so little material difference between the moles of the current year, and those of 1896-7, that new ideas in the shape of trimmings are an absolute necessity and scarcely a week goes by without some new design, or daring experiment in the shape of decoration, being given to the world. One of the latest ideas in this line is black satin baby ribbon gathered on one edge, and sewn on the scalloped edge of a very narrow black lace. This forms two little trills—the lace being sewn on plain—set close together, and coiling into rings at intervals down each side of the skirt. Another fancy in the trimming of cloth gowns is a frill of white silk stitched with black in several rows, the width of a seam apart. Cloth dresses are also made very pretty by embroidering the part to be used as a bodice, with black silk dots, or tiny crosses of silver and gold braid and chenille. Bands of cloth covered with rows of stitching are a very effective and stylish trimming especially for the skirts, and if you would have your cloth costume quite up to date, the collar must be a plain band of velvet lapping over with a point where it hooks in the back. Whether this collar is of velvet or satin, it is very much improved by rows of stitching on each edge, or covering it entirely, with a tiny space between the rows. The tucked collar is very much worn, with very small points of velvet at the back. A very pretty addition to the stitched velvet collar is a turnover collar a little more than an inch wide, of the same stitched velvet. It is made to flare a little, and in two parts, which do not meet either in the front or the back.

Cloth gowns trimmed with velvet bands, matching the cloth in color, or in some

pretty contrast are amongst the latest models. One wide band of velvet all around the bottom of the skirt with fur on each edge, makes a very elegant trimming, but of course the fur adds greatly to the expense of such decoration, and narrower bands without the fur, are almost as pretty, and much less costly. Three bands an inch and a half wide around the skirt a little below the hips, rounding down in front where they meet with a fancy ruche, are very effective, while one pretty model has three bands up and down each side of the front, turning with round corners at the bottom and continuing on around the skirt. Another use for velvet bands is shown on the lace covered yokes and bands so much worn. These bands are so narrow as to be nothing more than a piping, and they encircle the yoke in rows, leaving a good space between to show the lace and are finished with tiny bow knots, made of the same bands, where the gown fastens. Three bands around a lace covered collar, with little bows at the back, make a very pretty addition to any dress.

Ribbon embroidery is another of the newest fancies in dress decoration, and it is used to great advantage on evening dresses of light satin. The ribbon used is so narrow, that it is threaded into a needle and sewn through the satin, as if it were thread, forming tiny flowers and leaves in pretty designs, which are made more effective with gold, silver, or jet spangles. The centre of each flower is sometimes filled in with tiny beads, or French knots of silk, and by gathering the ribbon and fastening it into place with fine sewing silk the raised effect can be produced. This ribbon work is very pretty for yoke and collar bands of white satin, or cloth gowns.

White satin is more used than ever, on cloth dresses, and one of the prettiest new gowns of the season, has a skirt of plum colored cloth, and an entire blouse bodice of velvet in the same shade, with cream white satin revers braided all around with gold.

It is stated with authority, that in Paris diamond rings and jewelled brooches have entirely superseded gloves for theatre wear and that the most fashionable women appear with their hands and arms bare, but for the brilliant gems which decorate them. A Velour gros grain is a new silk highly recommended for skirts to wear with fancy bodices. It is very rich and soft, with a finish like velvet.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Do not allow the enjoyment of your meals to be interrupted by poor tea.

MONSOON

Indo-Ceylon Tea

is fragrant and delicious, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. Try it. Black and Mixed. Lead packets only.

A Fair and Beautiful Complexion

Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Redness, And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of

Dr. Campbell's **SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS** And **FOULD'S** MEDICATED **ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.**

THE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six are boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

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MES LIVERMORE'S NEW BOOK.

"The Story of my Life—The Sunshine and Shadow of Seventy Years."

The new and superbly illustrated book is the crowning life work of the famous Mary A. Livermore, and, as she herself states, it is the last that will ever come from her pen. It is a thrilling narrative of her life from infancy to old age, portraying the sunshine and shadow of seventy years of a most marvelous career, told in her own words.

It seems almost incredible that a woman now so famous made 'mud pies' in her childhood, was often sent supperless to bed, and was frequently bounced down into a kitchen chair with an emphasis that caused her to 'see stars.' When a young girl, struggling to support herself, she took in 'slop-work,' made shirts, and subsequently learned the trade of a dressmaker, at which she worked for twenty-five cents a day. At eighteen she ran away from home like a boy, and spent three eventful years on a Southern slave plantation—years full of comedy and tragedy, and packed with thrilling experiences.

This work is wholly and entirely new. It contains nothing that appeared in her 'Story of the War' (1887), of which sixty thousand copies were sold. The book is splendidly illustrated by beautiful and costly full-page photogravure plates and portraits, and over one hundred fine text illustrations. Many of them are intensely humorous, while others depict thrilling scenes full of pathos and tragic interest. If we speak warmly of the book, it is because it richly deserves it. It is sold only by agents, and is meeting with a large sale. Agents who introduce a first-class work like this ought to be cordially welcomed. We believe that the best way to keep out poor books is by introducing good ones, and a better one than this has never been brought to our notice. Put it into your homes. It will be read over and over again by old and young, with pleasure and lasting profit, and may well be handed down from father to son and mother to daughter as a priceless legacy. The book is sold only by agents and is published by the old and well known firm of A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.: whose imprint is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of this first class volume.

MORIN'S WINE

Cresco Photos

It will ease you immediately and cure you in a very short time. Take it without delay and take it only. No other but this remedy can cure you. For sale everywhere.

A Great Moscow Hospital.

Moscow has a founding hospital large enough to hold 7,000 persons. It was founded in 1764, and at present takes in children at the rate of forty a day, or about 15,000 a year. There are twenty-six physicians, and about 900 nurses. In the period 1764-1864 the number of children received was 460,500. Mothers desiring to take back their children can do so. On his retreat from Moscow in 1812 Napoleon gave special orders to spare this building.

DISEASES INCURABLE

OTHERWISE

There is no skin disease which NY-AS-SAN will not cure.

Wanted--The address of every sufferer in America

The Nyassan Medicine Co. Truro, N. S.

"Mention this paper when you write."

Pneumonia

This dreaded disease is often the result of a simple cold, which being neglected, rapidly develops into Pneumonia. It is especially prevalent at this time of the year and should be guarded against by immediately applying BENSON'S Plasters to the chest.

Isall Throat, Lung and Chest affections, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc. BENSON'S Plasters afford immediate relief and cure. Accept no substitutes; each one worthless and often causes results to occur. Get the Genuine. All Druggists. Price 25 cents.

Loaming, Wilce & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

WOMEN WORKED LIKE MEN.

Present day Millionaires Tell of Money Made by Their Wives.

In the early days of the Century most of the women worked as steadily as the men. It is true that they did home work mostly, but it was hard work none the less, and it helped support the families and earn the slowly accumulating surplus.

In those days the women did the work that is now performed by half a dozen different kinds of factories. They spun the yarn for the stockings that were worn by every member of the family, and knitted them, too, and they did most of the weaving.

Now a-days even the knitting is done chiefly by machines. Not only was the cloth for the garments of every member of the family manufactured at home by the diligent housewife, but she and her deep-chested, strong-armed daughter wove the carpets besides.

All this 'factory work' was done in addition to the 'housework', now so generally done by servants; every bit of it was then held to be distinctly 'woman's work,' and had been so regarded since work first began.

Although the labor was mostly done in doors, the woman never hesitated to help in the harder, outdoor work of the men when called upon, and by all accounts this was pretty often. Farmers' wives and daughters were frequently seen in the fields. They planted and husked the yellow corn, they made hay, they helped in the harvest and they drove teams.

Some of the vast fortunes on which the famous 'families' of today—whose women marry dukes and princes, and would be scandalized at the thought of any kind of work—are founded, were built up by the help of woman's work. It is said that the wife of the first Vanderbilt toiled as hard as he did.

When he was a young man he was a ferryman between New York and Elizabethport. At first he used a schooner in his business. He commanded the craft, and his wife did the cooking. Sometimes she had her hands full, feeding the passengers and crew; for, although when the wind and the tide were right the trip was easily and quickly made, when they were adverse the passage sometimes occupied days.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was a good cook and a frugal woman, and it was due quite as much to her industry and thrift as her husband's that he was able to discard his sailing vessel when steamboats came in.

But for years after that the passengers were often fed on the boat, and she remained the cook until the Vanderbilt surplus had attained to considerable proportions.

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS!

Everybody can't succeed in business. Success reaches only a small percentage of those who eagerly strive for it in the various affairs of life. But to every lady who uses TURKISH DYES success is absolutely guaranteed. Failure is impossible. Simple to use, these beautiful dyes produce the richest and most lasting effects. TURKISH DYES are complete in themselves. Every color is distinct, effective, and has its own special character. Use TURKISH DYES upon any material whatever that can be dyed, and you are sure of success. They put life into old garments, they add lustre to what is lack-lustre and dingy and poor. TURKISH DYES are as different from the common dyes as the bright day is different from the dark and desolate night.

Send for postal "How to Dye Well" and Sample Card, to 431 St. Paul Street Montreal.

No Recollection of It.

One of the most noted of the hardy Western frontiersmen was Kit Carson, to whom, with Daniel Boone, belongs the credit of having always dealt fairly with the various Indian tribes, as they themselves acknowledged. The withdrawal of Carson by the government was the cause of a great war. Capt. Henry Inman, in his book, the 'Old Santa Fe Trail,' relates an amusing incident of the gallant pioneer. My own conception of Kit Carson, as a child, was that he was ten feet high, that it would have required the strength of two men to lift his rifle, that he usually drank a river dry and picked the carcass of a whole buffalo clean as easily as a lady does the wing of a quail. Years after, when I made the acquaintance of the foremost frontiersman, I found him a delicate, reticent, undersized, wiry man, the very opposite type of what my childish brain had created. One day, while Kit was at the fort, I came across a periodical that had a full-page illustration of a scene in a forest. In the foreground stood a gigantic figure dressed in the traditional buckskin. On one arm rested an immense rifle; his other arm was around the waist of the conventional female of such sensational journals, while in front, half a dozen Indians lay prone, evidently slain by the hero in the impossible attire, in defence of the preposterous female. The legend stated how all this had been effected by Kit Carson. I handed it to Kit. He wiped his spectacles,

Some Women

jump at it. They're quick to see the advantages of Pearline, quick to economize and save, quick to adopt all the modern improvements that make life easier. And these quick women are the ones that are likely to use Pearline (use with out soap) in the right way, and to find new uses for it, and get most out of it.

Some Women

have to be driven to it. They wait until they can't stand the old-fashioned way of washing any longer. Then they get Pearline. But ten to one they use it for only part of the work, or use it some way of their own, or use something else with it—and don't get half the help they ought to.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.

studied the picture intently for a few seconds and then said: "Gentlemen, that may be true, but I haint got no recollection of it!"

Cave-Dwellers And Dirt. Notwithstanding the claims recently set up for Berlin, it is likely that Paris will for some time to come remain the most attractive city in the world. It is conceded to be the centre of civilization. Yet the site of Paris is said to have been once occupied by the cave-dwellers, a race of human beings scarcely superior to the wild beasts among which they lived. If a group of those primordial men and woman had survived, and could be exhibited in all their native filth and degradation, none of us would longer question that mankind has made great advances since the era of that abominable underground population. But it has taken ages to produce the Parisians of to-day out of their rather unpromising ancestors. We do, to be sure, inhabit vastly better houses and have learned a deal about lighting, heating, drainage and ventilation; still, we have much to find out as to the nature of the bodies for which all these comforts and luxuries are prepared. Practically we have not gone much farther than the surface of this question. We bathe, we wear fairly clean clothing, we trim or shave off the superfluous hair, and so on, and make ourselves outwardly presentable. On this account society is coherent, it does not fly to pieces from a mutual disgust on the part of its members.

At this point, however, progress almost stops. We need to know more about the interior of these flesh-and-blood houses of ours, and how to keep them clean and sweet as we keep our houses of brick or stone. For disease means dirt; dirt somewhere among the delicate organs or tissues which go to make us up. "Health," says a medical authority, "is the equilibrium between a proper production and a proper elimination of toxic substances prepared within the body by the action of its own organs; and disease is due to the accumulation of these poisonous materials within the body. It is an auto-intoxication." In plainer English, we get sick because we want clean house. Often the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the lungs are loaded with stuff, the like of which you would not tolerate in the darkest corner of your kitchen for five minutes. It is manufactured on the premises by natural operations, but it must not be allowed to remain there. But we don't understand or consider this, and so pay the penalty, on the principle that makes the people of India have cholera and those of the Southern parts of the United States have yellow fever. None of us are exempt from similar consequences. If we were, the postman would never have to carry letters like the following, for example:—

"For six years I suffered from indigestion and rheumatism. I had a poor appetite and my food disagreed with me, causing pain at the chest and between the shoulders. I had also pains in my hips and ankle, and for weeks together was unable to stand. As time went on I grew very weak, and felt worn out by the constant grinding pain. As nothing relieved me, I determined to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, a medicine which had benefited my husband. I got a bottle from Messrs. Bernard and Son, Bishop's Road, and after taking it felt better. My food digested and I had less pain. I continued with it, and then the rheumatism left me, and I have since had no return of it. By taking an occasional dose I keep in good health. I have recommended the medicine to all my friends, and give you full permission to publish this statement. (Signed) Mrs. Endicott, 35, The Oval, Hackney Road, London, N. E., July 16th, 1887."

I will now repeat what I have already said hundreds of times in these articles—namely, that rheumatism is a consequence of poisonous matters produced in the body by indigestion—one of the worst kinds of dirt that the bodily house is infested with. "Indigestion and rheumatism," says this lady. She mentions them (probably accidentally) in their true order, the order of cause and effect. No indigestion no rheumatism, because no filth in the blood: there it is, the other way about. A great house cleanser is Mother Seigel's Syrup. It is mop, broom, water, and scrubbing brush in one. It drives out the dirt, purifies the premises, and leaves no reason for disease. So disease picks its bag and goes out with the dirt. Is that plain? I hope it is.

Petrified Terrapin Abound. On the farm of J. W. Wilson is a strip of hill land ten or fifteen feet wide and about 1,700 feet long, which is so stony that nothing will grow on it, and every stone is a petrified terrapin, many of them with their heads out, many with protruding tails and some showing their feet. There are many kinds of stone on this 'fault,' among which is a limestone that will 'dress' itself by the application of fire. On this stone a line can be drawn and a fire can be made along it and the rock will break with a perfect, smooth surface on both sides along the line drawn. Near this, in many places, in inexhaustible quantities is building sand of the finest quality.—Lewisburg, Ky., News.

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Child or Adult will find instantaneous relief and prompt cure For Coughs or Colds in the Celebrated . . . DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE Nothing like it to check and cure a cough Price: only 25 cents per Bottle. Does not upset the stomach "THE ESSENCE OF THE VIRGINIA PINE" THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL.

13 RUNNING SORES. There is nothing that will so waste and wear away the health as a running sore. Burdock Blood Bitters heals and dries up sores and ulcers, no matter how large or of how long standing, by cleansing the blood of all impurities and sending rich pure life-giving blood to the diseased part, thereby supplanting the decaying tissue with healthy healing flesh. Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., found (Burdock Blood Bitters) a wonderful blood purifier and gives his experience as follows: "I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months, finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time, from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B.; when one-half the bottle was gone, I noticed a change for the better, and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."

DOROTHY WALTZ FOR THE PIANO A DELIGHTFUL COMPOSITION IS-URED BY THE EVER-READY DRESS STAY CO. WINDSOR, ONTARIO. AS A NEW YEAR'S REMEMBRANCE TO Canadian Women, Most of whom are its patrons, and they will be pleased to send it on receipt of Postage. WILL YOU HAVE A COPY? Yours for a Cent.

A FIGHT WITH A LION.

The Danger a Lion Tamer Runs th a Treacherous Beast.

Letort, a lion-tamer attached to the Pezon Menagerie, was nearly torn to pieces recently by one of the animals. He was giving a performance on the Place d'Italie, when the biggest and most dangerous of the lions, called Menelik, became mutinous and refused to obey the whip. Letort lashed him several times but the beast refused to bud from the crouching position which he took up near to the bars of the cage facing the spectators, who filled the menagerie at the time, as it was the last performance to be given. The tamer perceiving that the whip was useless, advanced toward the lion, glared at him, and held up his hand, as if ordering the animal to go to the other side of the cage, that being the movement required from the animal.

The shaggy monster, seeing his master without the lash, sprang at his breast, and nearly tore it open with his claws. Then Letort's left arm was caught between Menelik's molars, and the tamer, who was bleeding profusely, felt himself pushed towards the back of the cage. The people who were looking on were bewildered by fright. Some of them rushed away when they saw the blood flowing over the gala clothes of the tamer, while others remained, hypnotized, as it were, by the fearful spectacle. Letort, as he has since said, gave himself up for lost, and felt that one slip on the floor of the cage would have been sufficient to seal his doom. He was fully conscious, in spite of pain and peril, and motioned back with his disengaged hand the men rushing to his rescue. He was even able to tell them not to touch the lion with their pitchforks, as he heaped to be able to get clear of Menelik's fangs and claws. At last, by a superhuman effort, the tamer managed to grasp the lion by the throat, and made him relax the grip. Letort then bent down and got a pitchfork, which he plunged prongs first into Menelik's mouth. The beast retreated growling. Letort was helped out of his den, and his serious injuries were at once attended to. He was taken to his lodgings, where he now lies all swathed in bandages and racked by fever.

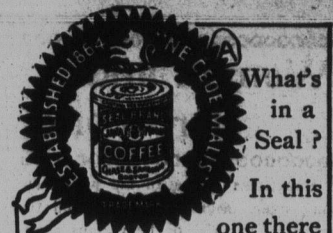
Menelik, it appears, is no lazy, cowering brute, made low-spirited and harmless by menagerie life, but had frequently given great trouble to his owners and their tamers. The animal is of the gray-maned species, and had several times attacked the attendants at the menagerie, but was always beaten back before mischief could be done. Letort, however, was severely clawed by the same lion some months since. The tamer hopes to be soon able to resume his work at the Menil-montant fete, and to overcome the obstinacy of the animal.—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

He was Examined. Francois Arago, the great French scientist, was a precocious youth. He was prepared for the rigid examinations of the Ecole Polytechnique before he was seventeen years old. Monsieur De Mirecourt tells a characteristic anecdote concerning Arago's examination. The examiner was almost brutal in his manner towards the young candidate. A favorite companion of Arago was badly frightened at his severe questions and failed to pass the examination. At length Arago's turn came.

'Young man,' said the examiner, sternly, 'you are probably as ignorant as your companion. I advise you to go and complete your studies before you risk this examination.' 'Monsieur,' replied the boy, 'timidity was all that prevented my companion from passing. He knew much more than he seemed to know.' 'Timidity?' exclaimed the examiner. 'The excuse of fools! Perhaps you are timid also.' 'Far from it,' returned Arago shortly. 'Take care. It would be wise to spare yourself the disgrace of being rejected!' 'The disgrace for me would lie in not being examined,' said the young candidate proudly. Arago's solution of the problems set before him was so accurate and so brilliant that at last his examiner sprang from his chair, and throwing his arms about the boy's neck in delight, exclaimed, 'Bravo! If you are not received into the Ecole Polytechnique, no one will be admitted.'

And he then began a career which added greatly to the stock of human knowledge. To Memory Dear. A novel reason for remembering an old schoolmate was once given by a Scotchman according to an English journal. A Scotchman who had been a long time in the colonies paid a visit to his 'native glen,' and meeting an old school fellow the two sat down to chat about old times and acquaintances. In the course of the conversation the stranger happened to ask about a certain George McKay. 'He's dead long ago,' said his friend, and 'I'll never cease regretting him as long as I live.'

'Dear me! Had you such respect for him as that?' 'No, no! It wasn't any respect I had for himself; but I married his widow.'



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is always the same. It is the Coffee that is bought by the best families of America, people who appreciate the good things of life and insist upon having them. When you buy Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee you get the Best.

It would be impossible for money or position to procure anything superior.

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HOME Dress Cutting and Making The Abel Garband system of dress cutting is easily and thoroughly learned in a few lessons. This system is the most simple and best adapted for home cutting of stylish, up-to-date costumes, ordinary house dresses, mantles and garments of all kinds. It is practical, reliable and always applicable to the requirements of the time in changes in fashions etc. Charges very moderate. For full particulars address Madame E. L. ETHIER, 88 St. Denis St. Montreal.

Give the Baby a Chance. The only food that will build up a weak constitution. Martin's Cardinal Food. A simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids. HENRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

STEM SET, WATCH, STEM WIND, FREE. To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give a 144 gold-plated watch, Ladies of taste, who prefer a superior, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years. The Pills are 50c. per box, 60c. for 4 boxes. Send this amount and you receive a house and the watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. THE DR. WESTON PILL CO., 206 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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Romance of a Reading Room.

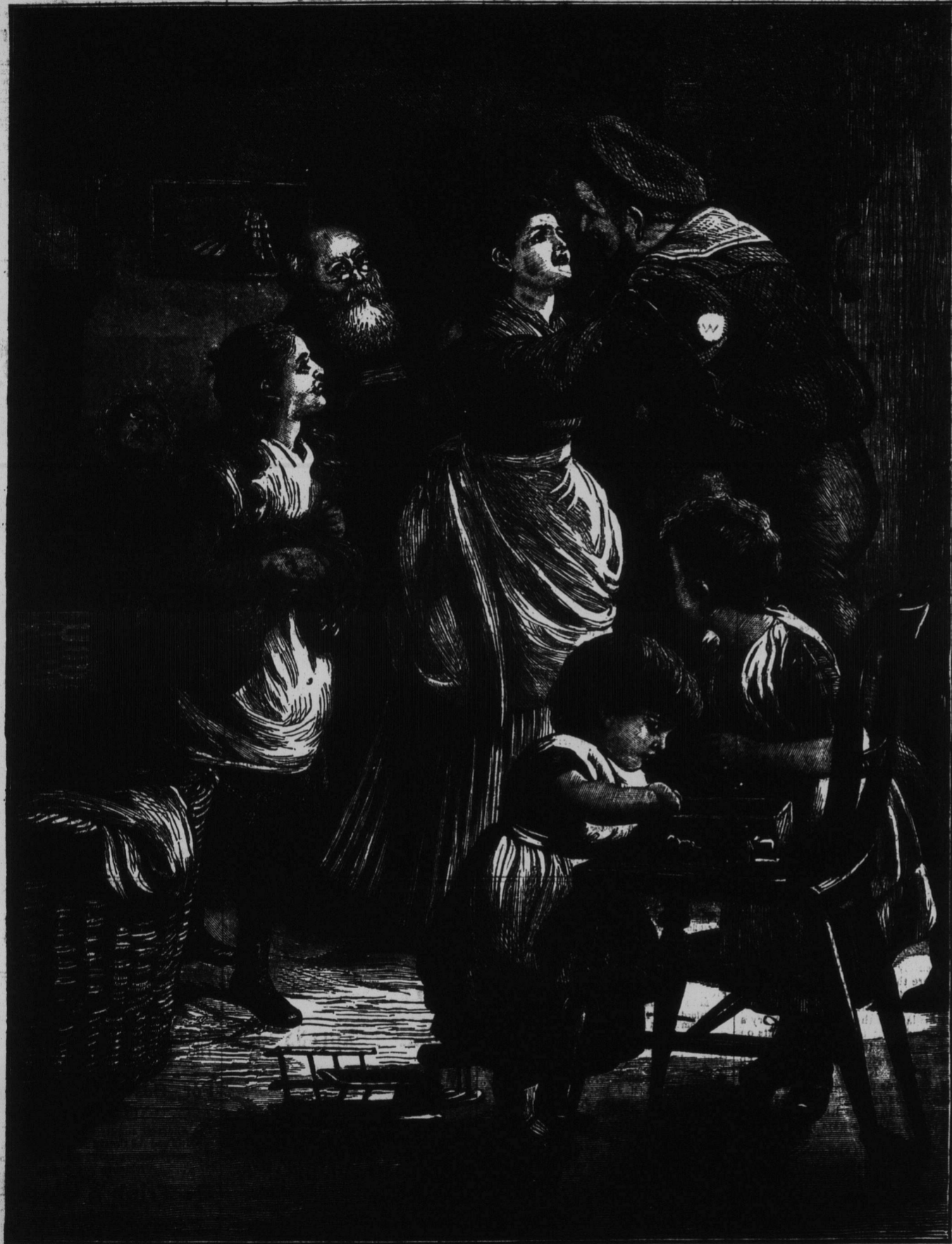
A curious friendship sprang up between two frequenters of the reading room at Cooper Union a year or two ago. Both were in the habit of spending the better part of every evening there, and both had developed a preference for a particular table. At first it was the location of that table alone which attracted them, but in course of time they became accustomed to each other's company, and although perfect strangers, they felt acquainted, and as though they met by appointment.

One night as they sat reading, the Dane handed the Englishman a note which read as follows: "Dear Sir: My heart is full tonight, and I wish to speak to some good man. Will you be my listener? I like you without knowing who you are; but so much the better. Would you mind having a cup of coffee with me?" "With pleasure," was the Englishman's written reply. Some five minutes later they were seated at a marble table in one of the Vienna cafes on Second avenue. The Dane spoke English with perfect fluency, and although his pronunciation was labored and often incorrect, his grammar was irrefragable. "I beg of you, don't set me down for a crank," he began. "I am tired of being called that."

"No you weren't," the Englishman interrupted him. "I had searched high and low for her in New York and in Chicago, where the Swedish colony is much larger, but all in vain. I had abandoned all hope and was nursing myself up to leave this country and to try to forget the whole episode as a romantic tale, which could never become like anything I had ever experienced before. It is still there (he pointed to his heart) and will be there to make life hell to me as long as I exist."

"I abandoned a thousand things that I held dear and came over here in search of her—in a quixotic search for her. Was it not foolish, seeing that I knew not even in what city she had retired? And yet—and here I come to the most appalling part of it—I did meet her in this city, and at the same time I did not; but I hope to come across her again, although I may be chasing a golden sunset. But be it as it may I neither have the courage to give it up and to return to my home, nor do I enjoy a single hour's rest in this city."

The idea of discovering the young woman and presenting her to his lover's friend took a firm grip upon the misanthropic bachelor's mind, and little by little became the great ambition of his lonely days. He had a little independence of two or three thousand dollars, and half of it he set aside for advertisements and other expenses which the pursuit of his all-absorbing object might involve. Having learned from the Dane that his beloved had taught French and embroidery he framed his advertisements, in the "want" columns of English and German dailies, accordingly, in addition to having "personal" notices inserted in the various Scandinavian weeklies of this country.



A HAPPY HOME-COMING.

pretending to have an aversion to women and children, he passed his leisure hours either in the seclusion of his little hall bedroom or at Cooper Institute. The other was a dry-faced, beardless Dane, of forty, with blue eyes of pellucid clearness, and long wavy locks, which adhered close to his head and neck. He wore the childish and yet penetrating look of those crystal-line eyes of his which first cast a spell over the great-looking Englishman. He could not help glancing at them again and again, and as he tried to read his book or magazine he seemed to feel their soft, appealing gaze upon himself. At one moment he was on the verge of a quarrel, but no sooner had he met the Dane's eye than instead of resentment he felt his asking if he could not be of service to him.

"All right, then. This is my day of misery. Just a year ago Fate dealt me a blow—or rather, played me a trick—under which I have been squirming and writhing ever since. To-day is the anniversary of an accident which may alter all drive me mad. By the way, when you know me better you may find that I am no crank—not as yet, at least. Well, then, it is a love story I am going to recount to you—a love story of which I am the unhappy hero. Is it not amusing—a hero and yet defeated and miserable? Well, some three years ago I fell in love with a poor but accomplished Swedish girl in Copenhagen. Have you ever been in love, sir?" "That's neither here nor there. You just go on," snarled the Englishman.

"Yes I was. Well, the last girl I fell in love with was a singular sort of woman. She was not pretty. No. I wish she had been, for then I should have forgotten her long ago. But she was good—a genius of kindness—and it goes without saying that she was also called crazy. She loved me desperately, and I know it and that helped to spoil it all. I made a frank explanation to her and told her I liked her, but my life belonged to humanity."

invested in flesh and blood, when this very day a year ago I caught sight of her in an elevated train on Second avenue. Yes, I saw her seated by an open window—it was a beautiful day in September, like this. But it seemed fate had only intended it for a joke on me—for the most cruel joke it ever played upon a helpless being. Ah, only Tartarus and myself are familiar with this kind of torture."

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Wonder-Working Diamond Dyes.

Thousands of ladies in Canada know well that Diamond Dyes combine immense variety, merit and great beauty. These wonder-working dyes are prepared in forty-eight of the best standard colors for wool, silk and feathers, with special dye for coloring cotton and all mixed goods. Minutes and full directions go with each package of the Diamond Dyes, so that the most inexperienced person can do as good work as the professional dyer. Remember that imitations are trying to copy the style and packaging of Diamond Dyes. When you buy dyes for home dyeing see that your dealer gives you the "Diamond"; no other make of package will do your work with profit and satisfaction. Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q., for valuable book of directions and sample card of colors; post free to any address.

IRENE.

Shops and offices were pouring their streams of life into the crowded streets. It was 6 o'clock at evening. At a corner where a human tide swept like a torrent from a broken dam a woman stood under a lamp post. She was tall and dark, and so motionless that she might have been a statue. Her arms were folded under her cloak. A policeman, edging his way through the crowd, asked her a question. She shook her head slowly, and did not look at him. The policeman passed on, and the next moment there were two quick pistol shots, a scream, and a stampede. The officer ran back, fighting his way through the swirling crowd. He found the woman, pistol in hand, bending over a man lying upon the pavement. The officer seized her wrist, and looking at him with a strange smile, as she relaxed her hold on the pistol she said: 'I am a woman, and I demand to be treated as such.'

When she had been taken to the station and asked to make a statement she said: 'My name is Irene Rom. The name of the man I shot is Roy Campbell. I shot him because he ought to be killed. He was engaged to marry my sister. He did not keep faith with her, and she died of a broken heart. He is a brute, and ought to be dead.'

Campbell was taken to a hospital. His wounds were pronounced dangerous. An effort was made to interview him. But all he would say was: 'I suppose she thought she had a right to shoot me.' He asked if they had put her in jail, and appeared to be pleased when told that she had been allowed out on bail.

Three weeks later the wounded man was sitting propped up in bed, when a card bearing the name of Irene Rom was handed to him. He looked hard at it, rubbed his eyes, held it further away, then closer, and then remarked: 'I don't understand why she should want to see me. Let her come in.'

With a timid, awe-struck air the woman approached the bed. She coughed in embarrassment as she seated herself on a chair which the nurse placed for her. She put back her hair, made aimless motions in her confusion, and then, looking straight at Campbell, said: 'I am awfully sorry I shot you.'

Campbell smiled. 'And are you sure you haven't come to shoot me again?' he asked.

She frowned in reproof. 'You know I haven't. If you had thought that you would have told them to keep me out.'

'No, I wouldn't. You have come so far out here that I couldn't have found the heart to disappoint you.'

'A plaster of sarcasm won't draw out a soreness, Mr. Campbell. I have suffered so with remorse that I have come to see if I could find some sort of consolation. You don't know how I have suffered. And I must go through a hateful trial, too, with everybody looking at me. Oh how I wish I hadn't shot you!'

'Yes, he drawled, 'I rather wish so myself. So, you see, we have something in common. But you needn't be worried over the trial. I shall not appear against you.'

The nurse had withdrawn. They were alone. She put back her hair again, and followed the movement of her graceful hand—the hand that had shot him. 'No, I will not appear,' he went on. 'It is something of a distinction to be shot by the handsomest woman in Liverpool.' He hesitated as he saw the tears gathering in her eyes. 'I take it all back,' he said. She wiped her eyes, and sat looking far away through the window. The mystery that lies in the cloudland was reflected in her eyes, and he gazed at her. She turned her eyes upon him, and the mystery flew from them.

'Yes I am sorry I shot you,' she said; 'but I hate you, and never can forgive you.' 'Ah! and I am therefore consoled by the thought that you never can forgive me.' 'Brute!' she said. 'I almost wish I had killed you.'

'When a woman almost wishes a thing, she wishes it doubly,' he replied.

'I don't know but there is some truth in that,' she assented. 'But what a beast you were to treat Florence so. How could you?'

'Because I was a beast, I suppose.'

'Yes, you were. She was taken ill with fever shortly afterwards, but it was a broken heart that killed her.' Her eyes shot shafts of hatred at him. 'But I didn't come to reproach you,' she said.

'Then why did you come?' he asked.

'To ask you why you could have been so heartless. I simply want to know. Was it because you have no heart at all?'

'It was because I had too much heart.' She darted a fierce look at him. 'Ah! it was because you loved another woman.'

'Yes. Florence made me promise to tell her if I should love anyone better than I did her. It was not my fault if another woman set my soul afire, when Florence had only warmed my heart. God knows I fought against it with all my strength, all my philosophy. But at last I had to tell her, and I left it with her whether or not I should keep my promise of marriage. Then she drove me from her presence.'

'Ah! And then you went to the other woman and told her of your love, and she spurned you.'

'No, I did not tell her. Indeed I was determined that she should not know.'

She looked at him searchingly. 'You killed my sister, but you are more of a man than I thought.'

He smiled sadly. 'A man is always more or less of a man than a woman thinks.'

'Yes; I'm a man.' She smiled at him, and then after a silence she said: 'Do you intend to tell the woman of your love?'

'No.'

'If you do, and she loves you, I will shoot you again.'

'That's consoling.' 'Then let it console you. But really I am sorry for you—for your weakness. You ought to have had more strength than to let that other woman—and I know she is a frigh—win your love. You ought to have known that she was playing with you.'

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