

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 653.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY FEBRUARY 9 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## AWAKE AT LAST.

The Police are Becoming Active—Several Haunts of Vice Raided During the Week.

The moral wave or crusade against vice which has swept over St. John during the past few weeks has caused quite a flurry in police circles. The public were very much astonished to learn on Tuesday morning that the house formerly kept by Kate Brown had been raided on Monday night and that the new proprietress Hattie Smith, with three of her "boarders," Marguerite Fraser, Bertie Patterson and Nellie Deering, had been placed behind the bars.

A man giving his name as Henry Brennan, was also scooped in by Captain Jenkins and Detective Killen who were instrumental in making the arrests.

The quartette of women were brought before Police Magistrate Ritchie on Tuesday morning. They were fined \$99 and \$100 each. The Deering girl is a wayward miss about 17 years of age. She is still in short dresses but did not seem in the least abashed at her position. It appears that she is incorrigible and her relatives have given her up as a bad job. The other females took the court's verdict as an everyday affair.

When Mr. Brennan was called upon by the magistrate to use a slang expression, "out loose." In passing sentence upon Brennan his honor took occasion to remark that if he had been "among the favored ones" he might have received notice that a raid was intended Monday night, but he wasn't. The "respectable" young men—aye, and married men of St. John—who have their regular evenings at these resorts, generally know when the police are to swoop down. The common vagrant, his honor continued was treated just the same as the most "respectable" citizen when before him in such a case. What he wanted was to get some of these fine, "respectable" young men of St. John's better classes before him.

Inspector Jones also operated upon two houses of shady reputation on Monday night. Liquor was seized by him in the "boarding houses" conducted by Ada Wilson and Beatrice Field. They contributed \$50 each to the city's exchequer.

The inspector incidentally remarked to the reporter that "this business was not going to stop here, but that he would wipe out every place where liquor was illegally sold."

The charges made by Police Magistrate Ritchie in open court regarding the social evil at present existing in St. John, have been the cause of much comment during the week. An imputation has been thrown upon the police force and the chief himself which he should not let pass unnoticed. He has been accused by the judge on the bench as having full cognizance of the existing conditions of affairs in the homes of the outcasts. The force under his immediate control have been accused of informing these disolute women of mediated raids upon the premises; the Magistrate boldly asserted that some young, unmarried men and some married men of "respectable families," visited these places, and were always fortunate enough to get a "tip" as to the expected arrival of the police.

The Evangelical Alliance has also made a move on the question of the "Social Evil." That body held a meeting on Monday when Rev. T. F. Fotheringham spoke of the recent declaration of the chief of police regarding houses of ill-fame, and moved the following:

"That, with reference to the question raised during the recent police investigation as to whether certain houses of ill-fame should be tolerated under police supervision, as a matter of expediency and a means of minimizing the evil which they represent, this alliance is emphatically of the opinion that a Christian community cannot compromise with sin, and that the constituted guardians of public morals should exert themselves to suppress the notorious houses referred to and all similar places."

There is one very indignant citizen in St. John at the present time. His name is Henry Brennan. This gentleman does

business at the corner of Water and Princess streets. He says he thinks it is an outrage and a scandal that a person being arrested in such a place as this man who gave his name as Henry Brennan" should be allowed to do so when the police were aware of his proper name. Mr. Brennan, so rumor says, is contemplating taking action in this matter, so as to place the name of himself and family beyond that stigma of shame which has recently been attached to it. This giving of assumed names in court is an old business, and one, no doubt, with which the police are fully acquainted.

### ROUGHLY HANDLED.

Policeman Gossline Severely Beaten by Drunken Sailors.

On Thursday night Police officer Gossline, while in the discharge of his duty on the Water street beat was murderously assaulted by a crowd of sailors from one of the steamers lying at Sand Point.

At about ten o'clock just as the bars were closing, a crowd of these tars came rushing out of one of the saloons in the vicinity of the ferry-house, Policeman Gossline, kindly advised them "to move on." One of them became very violent and made some very profane replies. As a result the policeman took him in charge and vainly endeavored to land him in the lockup in the ferry building, Water street.

The mates of the drunken sailor rushed to his rescue, then ensued a scene beyond description. The officer gallantly tried to use his "bit" and hold his prisoner, but the odds were all against him. The intoxicated rabble of drunken tars pounced on him, took his baton from him and pummeled him in murderous fashion.

When Gossline lost his baton, he made vain efforts to use his revolver, but he could not extricate it from his pouch.

About this time ferry gateman Baxter came to the policeman's rescue, and it was lucky he did or there might have been a murder added to St. John's criminal annals.

The men who are members of the Ship Laborer's Union were leaving their hall, just as the fracas was in its height and hurrying out to the scene of the belligerent sailors having the upper hand. They at once went to the York Point beat and secured assistance from officers Rankine and Anderson, who were doing duty on the King Square. These officers at once hurried to aid their companion, and with the aid of Detective Killen succeeded in capturing the men, only three of whom Policeman Gossline was able to identify. The officer put up a plucky fight, but was by no means any match for such a crowd of drunken and cowardly ruffians. Policeman Gossline is one of the quietest and most unassuming men of the force. He can thank Ferry Gateman Baxter for his promptness in aiding him in beating off these men and saving him from death at their hands. The men from the Ship Laborers did all that was possible to quell the riot and help the officer from receiving such a punishment.

The lack of proper police precautions in this vicinity and, in fact throughout the whole city, is again exemplified as a result of Thursday night's fracas. More men are needed on this beat. The city should be properly patrolled and not left at the mercy of a lot of drunken sailors and others who may take charge.

There has been much talk lately of increase in policemen's pay, etc., but what is most needed is a larger force, competent to cope with such cases as that of Thursday night. Prudence is a good thing but when carried too far, we may wake up some morning to read of some policeman or perhaps a citizen who will have been waylaid and maybe murdered by some such gang of cowardly ruffians as these who participated in Thursday night's assault.

Mr. Allen, M. P. F.

The election of Geo. W. Allen as representative for York to the local Legislature, will be received with approval throughout the Province irrespective of

politics. The election of Mr. Allen is a decided addition to our Provincial House. He is a speaker of rare ability, in fact it is doubtful if he has his superior in New Brunswick. Mr. Allen is elected as a supporter of the government. He is a brother-in-law of Mr. Hazen, the leader of the opposition. Though connected by family ties these gentlemen politics run in different directions. Mr. Allen for years resided in St. John and his many friends bear of his success with pleasure. It is probable that the day is not far dis-

## OUR SISTER CITY.

Halifax Has Its Immoral Troubles and is a Competition With St. John.

HALIFAX, N. S., Feb. 6th, 1901.

The moral sentiment of Halifax which has been dormant so long has broken out again, and threatens vengeance on the

The pith of the whole matter is that the people are getting tired of the corruption that is existing in certain circles. Repetitive prosecutions have been started only against keepers on Albermarle street, but the fashionable resorts were never touched.

The chief of police is of course indignant. He thinks that the matter has been taken out of his hands. It is, for many believe it never was safe there.

Some thirty or more witnesses have been summoned, and they include men in all branches and walks of life—from the professional man down to the idle, sporty young man about town.

A very well known gentleman objects strongly to proceeding being taken, and in fact endeavored to thwart them. This seemed strange, but some persons thought that the gentleman might be called to give evidence as to the character of the house.

### TOLD OF THE QUEEN.

Rev. Mr. Rainie's Visit to the Queen—St. John Fire.

The stories that are being told in connection with our late Queen as far as our own city and people are concerned, would, if all published, form some very interesting reading. It is not generally known that the Rev. W. W. Rainie, the esteemed pastor of Calvin Presbyterian church, served with the British troops during the Zulu war. It was his misfortune to be invalided home. During his last illness he was visited often by Her Majesty, the hospital being quite handy to the Balmoral Castle where the Queen was then residing. The sovereign used to spend many hours in reading to her invalided heroes and on one occasion Mr. Rainie asked the Queen if she would allow him to have the paper knife used by her in cutting the magazine she was then reading. She gladly consented and the gift was received with much gratification. Progress learns that Mr. Rainie still has the pretty knife and as it is quite natural values it most highly among his possessions. Another story told in connection with Her Majesty's thoughtfulness is that of the very large number of cablegrams of sympathy received here after the St. John fire, the second one to arrive was from the Queen. A circumstance like this goes more than anything else to show the deep feeling the beloved Monarch had for her people everywhere though some of them may be thousands of miles away. It is no wonder that Victoria was loved by her subjects in all lands.



Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

KING EDWARD VII.

As He Appeared When He Visited St. John in the Sixties.

tant when the new representative will occupy a front seat in the government of the country.

### "Mike" and His Hair Cut.

Everybody knows the song of "Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut," but no one ever accused a St. John policeman of being fastidious to the degree of a Beau Brummell, yet, such is the fact. On Wednesday of this week officer M. J. Collins, "Handsome Mike," as he is generally termed, saw a chance while on duty on Mill street, to secure a hair cut. But this was one of the times that Mike got left. Capt. Jenkins happened to be passing and saw the brass-buttoned official in the chair. He reported the officer to Chief Clark, who, as a consequence, suspended him for two days. This is quite a sentence for a hair cut. The genial secretary of the Police Relief Association must feel sore and hurt at the ignominy of the affair, to say nothing of the time lost in suspension and the price of the hair cut. As this is the twentieth century and the time of innovations, there is no doubt that the popular refrain will be revised to read:

Mike, get your hair cut just like mine, It will cost you fifteen cents and two days time.

### Cold Friday Anniversary.

Yesterday was the 40th anniversary of that "Cold Friday" which one hears so much about nowadays. Yesterday was cold enough in itself to freeze an ordinary individual. The mercury lowered in the vicinity of zero, while the windows took on that glacial aspect which is supposed to exist in the North Pole. It was a cold enough Friday for the man who had to go to work early in the morning, and the little tots of children who went plodding on their way to school.

### Borden as Leader.

The selection of Mr. Borden as leader of the Dominion opposition is another of the many compliments, showered on the Maritime Provinces. The men down by the sea are always found in the front ranks, whether it be in politics, war or anything else.

keepers and inmates of disorderly and disreputable houses. A few weeks ago prosecutions were started and a well known coal merchant and a law student were subpoenaed, but the prosecutions were suddenly dropped.

This time, however, several well known Reformists have taken matters in hand and as a result twenty-four women have been arrested, and are awaiting trial on these charges under bail.

The prosecution is represented by J. J. Power and W. J. O'Hearn. The former is well known throughout the province as a lawyer, while the latter, although a young man has had considerable criminal practice, and makes a splendid mate for his older counsel. The pair promise to make things interesting for the tenderloinites.

The defence is being conducted by Mr. F. J. Coridon, a leading member of his profession. The "Crusade" as it is popularly called met with several hitches. First when the warrant were handed to the chief of police, he objected to executing them on the ground that the persons therein were not fully described, and it was not till the informant accompanied the officers in order to identify the accused that the arrests were made. Finally the "birds" were secured and taken to the station. They were arraigned in turn. First came "the Jewess." She glanced fiercely at the junior counsel for the prosecution, which caused this gentleman to smile blandly. Then came the others.

Meanwhile the officers of the law were getting in their work, and soon brought before the court a large number of well known characters.

The last two kept up a pitiful wail during the proceedings. At last they were released on bail to appear on a certain day for trial.

They were not without friends, however as two gentlemen has been to the rescue, and they were quickly bailed.

But they are not their only friends as only a few weeks ago money was received to get another sweet damsel out of a little difficulty.

## PROGRESS

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Unbroken Roads, Re-coated, Repaired, Dressed 17 Waterloo.

Rev. J. McLaughlin, Bert Mill...  
by Rev. W. Parker, John O...  
by Rev. Fr. Holden, Wilfred...  
Rev. John Beeks, Maad El...  
Rev. J. Hattie, Angus Mac...  
Rev. W. F. Parker, Thomas...  
Rev. J. McLaughlin, Daniel...  
Rev. A. McNitch, Chas...  
Rev. Fr. L'Archeveque, Mr...  
Miss Gagnon.

THIRD.  
Fynn, 23.  
Logan, 65.  
Hess, 23.  
Slater, 51.  
White, 64.  
Catherine, 44.  
Donald, 24.  
Phillip Esq. ab.  
Hugh Finlay.  
Whitney, 49.  
Rick Hobbs, 30.  
O'Neill St.  
Steeves, 21.  
John Gilbert, 51.  
Patrick Rodger.  
Kirkland, 45.  
Edward Power, 74.  
Charles Doane, 27.  
Mary Weston, 18.  
An Hamilton, 79.  
Harry Kicup, 79.  
Daniel Upson, 55.  
Mrs. Jarvis Pohlner.  
Robert Williams.  
Chas Doane, 27.  
W. Ross Forsyth, 27.  
Ada Nickerson, 51.  
James Jellison, 50.  
Ralph Fritchard, 51.  
Mrs. John Elderkin.  
Catherine Murray, 42.  
Mrs. J. S. Trotter, 45.  
Willard Stillman, 50.  
Florence Harlow, 50.  
Annie B. Titcombe, 31.  
Catherine McDonald.  
Edgar A. Morrison, 38.  
William J. Feltner, 41.  
Jan. 6, Mr. Hugh Forbes.  
3, Willie George AnCoin, 4.  
Jan 21, Mrs. Roderick Fraser.  
Jan 13, Mrs. Jessie McDonald, 55.  
Jan 9, Luce LeBlanc Melanson.

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infant son of Norman and Carroll...  
infant son of John E and

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1.30

1.45

2.00

2.15

2.30

2.45

3.00

3.15

3.30

3.45

4.00

# Mother of Famous Sons.

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A lovely picture, dear to all hearts, is that of the mother keeping the cradle edge with her foot, while her hands are busy with the tiny socks or the bigger socks, whose mending is sometimes the mother's only touch upon the household understanding. But the mother who would keep her hand upon the growing life must learn to deal with other points than those at the end of a needle, to weave stronger bonds than can be made of dancing-cotton, and to sing the music to which the young new life keeps step, after the cradle is deserted and lullabies have ceased to charm.

That mothers have been doing these greater things all down the centuries is proved by the record of the noblest men of every nationality. The list is so long that a few names which it is possible to choose should be considered suggestive of the riches of the field rather than as illustrative of the great, amply proven fact that the dominant factor in most great lives has been the influence of the mother.

### Washington's Mother.

Notwithstanding everybody's familiarity with her history and characteristics, the name of the mother of Washington has rightful precedence in our list. She was a beautiful girl, called the 'Rose of Epping Forest.' She married Augustine Washington, a widower and a gentleman of high standing and noble character, of large property and a considerable personal attractions. She was brought to the large old-fashioned colonial house on the banks of the Potomac, where we can fancy the bride covertly exploring her new home and scanning the footprints of her predecessor. In this voyage of discovery she was arrested by a small but rare treasury of books. The fly-leaf of one revealed the name of the owner, the first wife, 'Jane Washington.' Finding the inkhorn she wrote firmly beneath. 'And Mary Washington,' probably the first time she had written her new name. We all know how she read this book—it was Sir Matthew Hale's 'Contemplations'—to her step sons and her own sons; how it was revered by George Washington, and how it is treasured today at our national Mecca, Mount Vernon, where both as motter and mistress Mary Washington led and guided her boy into the manhood that made him his country's leader and guide. Here, also, as the Revolutionary War went on, and her neighbors thronged her with plaudits and praises of her noble son—'their idol and hers—she restrained their extravagant words, saying simply, 'George seems to have deserved well of his country, but we must not praise too much; George has not forgotten his duty.'

When she heard of the surrender at Yorktown she raised her hands and fervently thanked heaven that all was over. She had not seen her son for seven years. Now he was coming home. No word of 'glory' or 'honors' fell on his lips or hers. Yet this thing among men had his reward. His mother had lived to welcome him back!

One has only to recall the familiar story of this noble mother's life to recognize its moulding power upon the patriot, the soldier and the statesman. His high temper and his habit of self-control were like hers as were his principals of equity and justice, his power of dealing with great and grave issues, and his habit of practical business detail. It was like her and like him, when she knew the world was regarding him as head of the nation, leader of victorious hosts, to say, 'He has been a good son. I believe he has done his duty as a man.'

### The Mother of Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln's Mother, says Mrs. Bolton, to whose sketches we wish to acknowledge our debt, possessed but one book in the world, the Bible; and from this she taught her children daily. Of quick mind and retentive memory, Abraham soon came to know it by heart, and to look upon his gentle teacher as the embodiment of all the good precepts in the book. Afterward, when he governed thirty million people, he said: 'All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother. Blessings on her memory!' When he was ten years old, this saintly mother died of consumption, and was buried in a plain box under the trees near the cabin. For her boy the loss was irreparable. Day after day he sat on the grave and wept. A sad, far away look crept into his eyes, which those who saw him in the perils of his latter life well remember.

### Phillips Brooks' Mother.

In the career of Phillips Brooks we have the tribute of a noble life to the influence of a noble mother. 'The son

Phillips,' says the Rev. Julius H. Ward, in the New England Magazine, 'seems to have inherited from his mother the deep and earnest piety and intellectual strength which have always been his characteristics.' Mrs. Bolton says: 'Motherlove was always a strong force in the heart of Phillips Brooks. It is related that when someone asked him if he was not aided when he first preached before Queen Victoria, he replied, 'Oh, no; I have preached before my mother.'

### George Peabody's Mother.

George Peabody was a poor little cooper-boy in a New England country store, who yet came to the place where he was able to leave fine missions to the needy and the homeless. When he went out into the world at eleven years of age to earn his living, he had already, through his beautiful devotion to his noble mother, earned the name of a mother-son.

Of Bayard Taylor it is said that his mother, a refined and intelligent woman, who taught him to read at four, and who early discovered his child's love for books, shielded him as far as possible from picking up stones and wounding coal, and kept him from the hard work of farm life by claiming his help in rearing the baby, that thus she might be free for other household tasks.

### William Lloyd Garrison.

William Lloyd Garrison's mother, too, was a noble woman, deeply religious, willing to bear all and brave all for conscience sake. Very poor, there was no chance for William, either in school, or college. When he was seven, his mother, having found work for herself as a nurse for the sick, placed the child with a deacon of the town. At sixteen he wrote an article for the Newburyport Herald, signing it, 'An Old Bachelor.' It was his mother who, six hundred miles away, engaged at the sick bed of a patient, shared his delight and surprise when he saw it really in print. It was she who, through her long and loving letters, kept him in courage and gave him the inspiration to battle, that lasted long after the hand that perched them had ceased its work.

### Henry Ward Beecher's Mother.

Henry Ward Beecher says of his mother: 'I have only such a remembrance of her as you have of the clouds of ten years ago, yet no devout Catholic ever saw so much in the Virgin Mary as I have seen in my mother, who has been a presence to me ever since I can remember. Do you know why so often I speak what must seem to some of you rhapsody of words? It is because I had a mother, and if I were to live a thousand years I could not express what seems to me to be the least that I owe to her. From her I received my love of the beautiful, my poetic temperament, from her also I received simplicity and childlike faith in God.' She studied literature and history while she spun flax, tying her books to the staff. No wonder then that her great son was an omnivorous reader. She wrote and spoke the French language fluently, painted on ivory, sang and played on the guitar, and was an expert with her needle. So meagre was the salary for the increasing household, only \$400 a year, that she started a select school in which she taught French, drawing, painting, and embroidery, beside the higher English branches. With all this work she found time to make herself the idol of her children.

Of Wendell Phillips, it is said that his love for his mother was a passion. 'Her earliest gift to him,' says Carlos Marty, 'was a bible. Her one counsel for him was, "be good, do good." That bible was his prized treasure for seventy years, and, says Mrs. Bolton, 'Years after, when he stood up like a giant oak in the forest, beat upon by wind and storm, he never forgot to keep his trust where his mother first taught him to place it. From her knowledge and common sense in political and mercantile affairs, he judged that other women must be able to take part in the world's work and therefore through life he asked for them an equal place in home and state.'

### The Mother of Edison.

The mother of the distinguished scientist, says a recent biography, was a woman of sweet and strong individuality, equipped with a solid, if unpretentious education, and endowed with rare abilities as a teacher. She was eminently qualified to deal with the plastic mind of her son, and it was to her judicious efforts, rather than to those of his father, that Edison owed that early impetus which gave such admirable scope and direction to his dawning powers. Under her guidance, at the age of twelve, a period when most boys are inflaming their

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imagination and perverting their moral sense with a rash and sensational fiction Edison, partly from imitation, partly from over-consciousness, was wading through such ponderous tomes as Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Hume's History of England and History of the Reformation. We are justified in the inference that through such books as these, no boy, however remarkable, waded without the encouragement and companionship of the woman who could bestow not only the instructor's gift, but the mother's sympathy and love.

It was Samuel Johnson's mother to whom he said in his last letter; 'You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well.' It was to defray her funeral expenses that in the evenings of one week he wrote Rasselas, for which he received five hundred dollars.

Bishop Hall speaks of his mother's life as saint-like. Never any lips so preached piety, never any soul that more accurately practiced it. He gave her credit for much of the character and influence that made him a power in the church.

### A Model for Mothers.

It was Garibaldi who says of his mother, a woman of humble station: 'She was a model for mothers. Her tender affection for me has, perhaps, been excessive; but I do not owe to her love, to her angel-like character, the little good that belongs to mine. Often, amidst the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean or the hailstorms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have, in fancy, seen her on her knees before the Most High—my dear mother!—imploring

for the life of her son, and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers.' Give me the mothers of the nation to educate, and you may do what you like with the boys,' was one of his favorite maxims.

In all the touching examples of the influence of motherhood, there is no story more tender than that of the devotion and the prayers that were rewarded finally by the conversion of St. Augustine. The heart of the son and mother was indeed 'a fellowship of kindred minds.'

### The Mother of Napoleon.

The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte was the mother of twelve other children, eight of whom were living when she was left a widow, at the age of thirty-five, Napoleon said of her: 'She managed everything with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. She watched over her son with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection, was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful undertakings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigues, had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman.' Such was Napoleon's love for her that he confessed to his friend, when in exile at St. Helena, that in all his vicissitudes, only once had he been tempted to suicide, from which he was saved by the loan of a sum of money, from a friend, which sum he sent at once to relieve the distress of his mother.

### Retiring Bravos.

General Dumas was a distinguished French veteran, slain by the Prussians after the route of Waterloo. He was full of resource, and had great skill and presence of mind. At Pescara, when he was in great danger, a large fortress in front and a savage insurrection in his rear, his own common sense saved him.

'Who commands at Pescara?' he asked a soldier.

'There are two.'

'What is the grade of the chief in command?'

'A brigadier-general.'

'His name?'

'De Pietramaggiore.'

'His title?'

'A marquis.'

'His age?'

'About seventy.'

'Is he well preserved? Does he keep his color?'

'He is thin and pallid.'

'Is his voice strong and manly?'

'It is weak and dull.'

'Is he lively, gay?'

'Neither the one nor the other.'

'What does he wear on his head?'

'He is powdered, and his hair is done in locks.'

'Has he boots and spurs?'

'No; he wears silk stockings, shoes and great buckles.'

'Great buckles?' cried Dumas. 'Bring up the guns and begin firing. The place is mine.'

### Hard Question.

'The world is round, and it goes round, Uncle Rastus,' said the small grandson of the old colored man's former owner. 'Don't you understand about it?'

'No, honey, I cyan't say I does,' admitted Uncle Rastus, surveying the well-varnished apple with which his little guest had illustrated his argument. 'W'at holds de world up, dat's w'at I'd like to know, chile?'

'Why, it goes round de sun Uncle Rastus,' said the boy, eagerly, 'and de sun holds it up by de law of attraction.'

'Um, honey, I reckon you ain' gone quite far 'nough in yo' reasoning yet,' said the old man, with a smile of patronizing good nature. 'Fa dat case, w'at would keep de world up 'when de sun's done gone down? Answer me dat, chile.'

'H—I believe that my father and your mother were once very fond of each other.'

'She—Yes, I have often heard mamma say she was more than half sorry they ever got divorced.'

Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magnetic Dyes. 10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.



## Music The

Nell Gwynne will without doubt as a production. The pair as principals in a concert of excellence, conductor assures it.

Mme. Albar is in March. The late queen's favorite day she sang at a party by King Edward and Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle.

Edna May has a grip and is able to "The Girl from Upside Down" on occasion.

Sullivan occupies his own composition. Practically the whole opera 'The Sappho' utilized. It is reported that a number of songs of them unfinished and from his juvenile days is hardly to be described.

Sullivan was distinguished would not have been looked anything enough for the price.

Boito received of Verdi's Falstaff, \$25,000 for the of the acting rights and separated number of this wrote the price of to \$50 each. A of the rehearsal.

It is well right rehearsal's began, and gan to supervise Verdi's original idea was in a small theatre-stage—so that their communication between public, or, as Verdi "public might view of this plan and written, and it deal of pressure that to give his work realized as he could the artists find that tell in the tremendous stage as they would stage.

The true acceptance to Verdi, and the artists understood for more accent, when he screams the all inflexions; and rehearsal, they have then they have no For they are kept except to be sworn accommodated with every day until does not seem to head that the people footlights might not, that wonder he goes at the or knows exactly what eagle's eye he has he slaps the violin there? Repeat this good. Do it on the third. Right an artist: 'What interval? [Mind nine with full orchestra—non stop's been Here he corrects, lightning, half a position. Now he remains in the orchestra—makes changes again done all that, Da the same ground is over again.

The greatest details of detail articulation and speed of articulation from his artists; I singing that the reception of one a satisfaction—these sing, those sing. Here the quality of the written phrase after day.

TALK OF An event of interest this week was the members of the V Messrs. Benjamin Bowman, A Social medium through ed to the public.

Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSTONES.

Nell Gwynne will be given on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week and will without doubt have wonderful merit as a production.

Mme. Albar is to give a concert here in March. The famous songstress was the late queen's favorite singer and last Sunday she sang at a private concert attended by King Edward and the Emperor William, at Windsor Castle.

Edna May has quite recovered from the grip and is able to resume her role in "The Girl from Up There."

Sullivan occasionally worked up some of his own compositions into newer works. Practically the whole of his abandoned opera "The Sapphire Necklace" was thus utilized. It is reported that Sullivan left a number of songs and part-songs, some of them unfinished and most of them dating from his juvenile days.

Boito received \$2,000 for the libretto of Verdi's Falstaff, and Verdi himself got \$25,000 for the opera plus 4 per cent of the acting rights and of the price of scores and separate numbers.

It is well nigh seven weeks since the rehearsal began, and four since Verdi began to supervise everything himself. Verdi's original idea was to give his "Falstaff" in a small theatre—or, at least, on a small stage—so that there might be more communication between the artists and the public, or, as Berlioz puts it, that the "public might vibrate with the artist."

The true accents means almost everything to Verdi, and unfortunately not all the artists understand him; when he asks for more accent, they give more voice; when he screams then "Piano!" they lose all inflexions; and when, after four hours' rehearsal, they have got the real accents, then they have no more voice to sing with.

Next week Ada Reben will come to Boston with sweet Nell of Old Dury. Joseph Jefferson will resume acting in April and will play for five weeks. Sol Smith Russell will revive the quaint and comic play of "A Poor Relation."

There is a possibility that Mr. Gillett will present Sherlock Holmes in the London Lyceum next autumn. Maudie O'Dell is making a big hit as leading lady of the Baldwin Melville Scotch company in New Orleans. Mr and Mrs Robert Fitzsimmons and their son are appearing in a "comedy drama of sporting life" in Boston.

Another female Hamlet is at hand. Mme. Beika Kalich being the lady who now aspires to present the melancholy Dane. Blanche Walsh is said to have made a great personal success as Josephine in "More than Queen." Joseph Brooks and Ben Otera are negotiating for two plays for her use next season.

H. V. Esmond has just finished a drama in five acts which he is said to regard as

the most important contribution which he has yet made to stage literature. His next work will be a romantic comedy for Lewis Waller.

There is to be a revival of "Masks and Faces" the play by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade in London in order that Marie Tempest may have the opportunity of appearing as Peg Wrenham. Frank Cooper will play tonight.

The Climbers, Clyde Fitch's new play has been received with favor in New York. It is an uncommonly interesting play and is skillfully presented.

The rights of a new society comedy written by Lady Laura Troutonridge in collaboration with Mr. E. C. Stephenson and named "A Great Lady" have been acquired by Mrs. Langtry, whose intention it is to produce the play at her new theatre.

"When I was a little girl," said Julia Marlowe, "my greatest regret and anxiety was my Rousseau. I was in the habit of staring to my left, and I should some day become a great tragedienne. This amused them not a little, for neither they, nor I knew anything of the stage or actresses. The idea was plainly my own, but the family laughed at me, and assured me that such a thing as a tragedienne with a pug nose had never been heard of.

As Jenkins Hanby, the valet of Jeffrey, Mr. Benjamin Horning had a difficult role to play. It called for the most careful treatment, and that was just what it received from Mr. Horning; quiet, unassuming, but with a whole world of repression about him he was the faithful servant of his master. It was a magnificent piece of work, and the actor need have no doubt as to his future popularity here.

There was a spontaneity about his Monday night audience's approval, a genuine desire to give the new man a hearty reception, they merited it, that had been wanting up to that time this season. Since Christmas there has been a restraint over Opera House audience that must have affected the company's work in no small degree, but on Monday night the barrier of it was melted somehow and let us hope that not even the tiniest chill will be perceptible in future.

The Institute will be occupied the latter part of next week by Edward D'Oze who was here last spring for a short engagement. Mr. D'Oze is a Shakespearean actor of more than ordinary merit and is likely to receive good patronage.

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then the local. One who is a mouth-breather never gets enough air. During the day he suffers less in this respect, for the nerve centers are more active and force the respiratory muscles to act more energetically; but at night this vigilance is relaxed, the amount of inspired air is greatly reduced, and all the tissues suffer for want of oxygen. For this reason the mouth-breather always feels tired and out of sorts in the morning.

The mind suffers as well as the body and mouth breathing children are almost always backward in their studies.

The question of the cause of mouth-breathing, or rather of nasal obstruction, on which the mouth breathing depends, must be reserved for another article. As a rule, it is easily found on examination by the physician, and can be removed without difficulty. What we would insist upon here is the absolute necessity of its early removal.

A child who always breathes with open mouth, and whose voice has a nasal ring, should be examined and treated at the earliest possible moment, for the longer the trouble exists the worse it is for the child mentally, morally and physically.

Sweeping the Elephants. Elephants are blessed with a good appetite, and would eat all day if they could. But although they could always eat more than they get, they do not consume all the hay provided for them. Some of it they use as a guard against mosquitoes and flies by throwing it thickly over their bodies.

Leaving over the railing in the elephant house in Central Park, New York, the other day, talking with Keeper Snyder, was a tall actor of the American circus, on the ribbon of whose hat was the name of the battle-ship Keearsarge. The actor was interested in elephants, and for his benefit Keeper Snyder made Tom, the larger of the park's two elephants, kneel, and when he was down and his back was thus within reach, the keeper took a broom and swept from the elephant's broad back the thick layer of hay that was upon it.

The sweeping of the elephant's back caused the visitor some amusement, for, as he remarked, he had seen houses and sidewalks and steamboats swept, but he had never before seen anybody sweep an elephant.

Yet sweeping the elephants is in all shows a regular part of the duty of the keeper. If the show gives a street parade, the last thing done before the elephants come out into public view is to sweep them off. It is just so at the Zoo in Central Park. Before the menagerie is opened to the public in the morning, the last of the preparations in the elephants' house consists in making the elephants kneel to be swept.

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PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front of their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs.

Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, or the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 9

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

A KING'S OPPORTUNITY.

Never in the history of the British nation and we might say never in the history of any nation, has a monarch ascended a throne, where so much respect and confidence were placed, as in the case of the new king, EDWARD VII. When VICTORIA became queen it is true that people held Her Majesty in the highest regard, but being youthful and her character and mind yet untried, the future was one of uncertainty. Not so at the present time. The new king brings to his high position a fountain of knowledge, experience and wisdom. He is a man ripe in years and one who understands the feelings and desires of his subjects. This belief is felt not only at home but abroad and therefore he stands in the position of undertaking great things, as would be beneficial to the Empire and the world. In this connection there is a very general feeling that no man could do more to terminate the war in South Africa. The Boers are an educated class in many particulars, but the one great characteristic of their make up is obstinacy. There is nothing so hard to drive out of a Boer's head than an idea once formed and the idea is strongly formed among this class of people that the surrender of South Africa territory to the British means loss of liberty. This impression is formed on erroneous grounds, and it has been formed altogether from a lack of knowledge of the British form of government. As soon as it can be shown the Boer that the Anglo-Saxon will give him greater privileges and more liberties than he has ever had under KRUGER, he will lay down his arms willingly. King EDWARD is the one being who has the opportunity of teaching the South African this. A peace commission appointed at his request would have little officiality in submitting terms acceptable both to Britain and to Boer. On such an occasion as this comes his sole opportunity for direct action concerning matters usually within the province of his ministers and parliament alone. By acting to avert further war the King would begin his reign more auspiciously and with a higher place in history than could be secured in any other way. He could pay no better or nobler tribute to the memory of the great Queen, in whose chair he is to sit. One word from him to day would go far towards ending the war in South Africa.

THE "FRENCH SHORE" QUESTION.

Newfoundland is in the anomalous position of a British colony with a "French shore." British sovereignty over the island is not disputed, but under the treaty of Utrecht, almost two centuries ago France acquired certain fishing rights on the eastern and western shores.

The precise extent of these rights has been in dispute for many years. As France interprets them, they give her the exclusive right to catch and dry fish along eight hundred miles of coast, and to control that portion of the coast for half a mile inland. Ten years ago she extended her claims to the canning of lobsters. England disputed the claim, and pending a definite settlement of the dispute, a "modus vivendi" was agreed upon, by which the existing lobster factories, colonial and French, were to continue operations, but no others were to be established. To legalize this arrangement, the Newfoundland parliament passed a bill giving British naval officers power to adjust all disputes which might

arise. These officers have had what must have been at times the distasteful task of temporarily enforcing French claims, which their own government had not conceded, against needy colonial fishermen.

The modus vivendi expired on January 1st. The Newfoundland government renewed it a year ago because it was reluctant to raise a difficult question when England was fully occupied in South Africa; it refused to renew it for another year. The whole question is thus reopened. Unless some new arrangement is agreed to before the fishing season opens in May there may be collisions between colonial and French fishermen, with serious consequences.

The colonial population along the shore is in great destitution because its natural means of support are so curtailed. It is of the utmost importance to Newfoundland that the French rights should be extinguished. France cannot be expected to give them up for nothing; but if the French and British governments approach the question in a friendly spirit, it ought not to be impossible to find some adjustment which will satisfy France, while it gives the unhappy Newfoundlanders a fair chance.

New York state, a time ago decided that it would be to the advantage of the young to have hung on the walls in the school houses suitable pictures. To carry out the plan the university of the state was requested to prepare a list of one hundred pictures. After the selection was made the next step was the submitting of the list to a committee of seventy five for approval. This committee consisted of men of all classes and creeds. Why such a large number was chosen is not apparent, but it was clear that among so many there would be much difference of opinion. The result quite justified the anticipation, for by the time the committee got through their work, but few pictures remained. Paintings on religious subjects were thrown out because they would offend the Hebrews. Further it was decided that the nude should have no place in the list and so such famous pictures as the Venus de Milo had to go. War pictures were rejected on various grounds and so on through the whole category. The result was that the list remaining embraces little that is of interest save pictures of landscape and architecture, as pointed out by a New York paper, both scarcely appeal to children. The pictures that are expected to impress a child's mind must relate to something that he understands.

Historical Chairs.

There is no doubt several persons who possess articles of furniture as well as other articles of historical interest and the stories heard in this connection are various and numerous. The new king has several mementoes in Canada, but the late Queen very few. This is owing to the fact that the former once visited this country and he could not have done otherwise than leave remembrances. A family in Fredericton PROGRESS learns is the owner of his most historical arm chairs. These chairs were once the property of the late Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. The late Duke at the beginning of the last century lived in Halifax, as Commander of the British forces. Before his return to England he parted with some of his furniture and among other purchasers the father of the late G. E. Fenety of Fredericton, became the owner of the two above mentioned chairs. These chairs have remained in the Fenety family ever since and are of much valuable interest on account of their historical connection. In parting with the chairs the Duke made the remark at the time that he did so with considerable regret, as he and his wife had used them so many years at their private dining table.

"Has she accepted you?" "Well, not in so many words, but what she said amounts to the same thing." "What did she say?" "She advised me to be economical and try to save up a little money, instead of buying flowers and theatre tickets."—Chicago Post.

The Northwestern Elevated road of Chicago, which has been in operation six months, reports an average daily traffic of 46,608 passengers for that period, and in the last three months an average of 50,404.

A prominent medical journal says the best treatment for nervous dyspepsia, is at least three weeks of absolute rest in bed in some institution away from home, with a full diet.

The oldest bonnet was found upon an Egyptian mummy—that of a princess who was interred about 2000 years before Christ.

The present debt of Chicago is \$28,832,157. In 1892, before the Chicago fair, the debt of the city was \$12,476,000.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Asphodel, Flower of Life. Blooming in old England's homes for years, Outliving brightly every changing season; I lay you dripping with an Empire's tears, Upon the tomb of England's greatest Queen.

The light has all gone out of Britain's sky, Her sorrow doth the midnight darkness tell; Go where Her Majesty in State doth lie, And sing Eternal Life my Asphodel.

Take ye my flower as ye wind along, O great procession bearing forth the dead; And let his leaves immortal have their song, Then lay it reverently above her head.

With muffled music and the tolling bell, The solemn pageant where great mourners tread, There to all trembling souls your message tell, His lives beyond our requiems o'er her bed.

CYRUS GOLDB.

New York.

The Ooon's Swear-off I dance all day, An' I'm in de' fun, An' I can de' possum walk de way, When de possum well done, Ef dat am wicked, Do yo' blame dis coon; Gimme little mo' time, Gimme to swear off soon.

I ehaww ma becca An' I still drink rum, An' I done fo' rot, Dat de New Year's come Ma boss says dough, Kessan de coon, Ef I ain't swore off, Gimme to swear off soon.

Gimme to swear off, say Bout next July, When de mite gets stabborn An' de sun weeds grow high, An' de sun shines hot, To please de coon, Ef I don't do it den, Gimme to swear off soon.

Night in The City.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, The evening shadows blanket all the town, The weary husband homeward takes his way, To fear his waiting wife may call him down! Behind the billboards on the vacant lot, The hold-up crouches with his bare of sand, And clatters 'round the corpulent jockey, Sit anxious men with pictured cards in hand, And lower stroll beneath the streetlamps' rays, And feed each other's ears with honeyed lies.

The arc lights split and splinter overhead, The noisy trams roll along the street, The big policeman of the moral tread, Sweats from the heat of his boots along his beat, Within the waxy house the snowy shirt, With spray from packered mouth Wes Lungee And prowlers pick clear stumps from the dirt, Which later we will set in cigarette's, And o'er his forehead, steamy can O' mystery stands the hot tamale man.

In moisture joints where glasses click we hear, As through the dimly lighted streets we walk, Mere curses exclamation over their larger share, With tongue's expanded till they scarce can talk, And heebers, flash with cash of candidate, To drink with them the red-neck rounders press, And in their slinky eloquence dilate Upon the ballet's guarded sacredness, And the humans to do all they can, To land their pure, unsuspected, honest man.

The night creeps on, the hackmen at the call, Their sleep banked eyes with chilly fingers rub, Then speed away with rattling wheels to haul, The men who caviled less some from the club, The tired barkeeps close and lock their doors, The bums themselves to ten cent beds betake, And the weary cop in darkened hallway snore, And dreams of cures he seen not when awake, The wicked town relinquishes its sins, To catch a nap before the day begins.

Sailors.

The traders that hail from the Clyde, And the wharves that sail from Dundee, Put forth in the season on top of the tide To gather the prize from the sea, To ply in the lanes of the sea.

By fairway and channel and sound, By shoal and deep water they go, Guessing the course by feel of the ground, Or chasing the drift of the flow, Not near, in the track of the foe.

And we steer them to harbor afar, At hazard we run them abroad, When the coral is furrowed by keels on the bar, And the sea floor is deep by the Lord, The anchorage dredged by the Lord.

To the placid, palm skirted bay, To discuss that are drear and forlorn, We follow the courses the admiral drew In the days when they double the Horn, When Drake took the mouth of the Horn.

And what of the cargo ye bring For venture ye bore overseas? What of the treasure ye put forth to bring From the chances of billow and breeze? In spite of the billow and breeze.

Oh, we carry the keys of earth, And the password of Empire we bear! Wherever the breeches held promise of worth, We established your sovereignty there, We planted your flag over there.

And the guerdon for blood we have shed? The story that haunts your name? Oh, a grave where the dimly dim overhead, And the sternest tribute of fame, A chip from the Botom of fame.

Result.

Out of the old world's error, Out of its loss and pain, After the passing of error, Cometh the whole world's again.

Right for a time must languish, And peace be a mocking word, But strengthened by swift anguish, Reason shall speak and be heard.

It shall speak to each land and nation, Saying "Put by your guns! Hence forward let arbitration Settle the strifes of your sons."

"The world is too old to be fighting, As I thought in the days of the Hun— There are better ways to be fighting, Is wrongs—put by your guns."

It is writ on those fields of slaughter, The lesson we waited for, It is blazoned on land and water— Lol war shall be slain by war.

Pneumonia Prevalent.

Pneumonia was never more prevalent in St. John than it is at the present time and the ravages made by this dread disease is very widespread many families have sustained losses during the past month. The season has been a most trying one, especially to the poor, with the high price of coal and the changeable weather, their fight with disease has been a bitter one. It was a hard day for many in St. John where the piece of coal went up.

Manhattan—I wonder why it is that so many society women go on the stage? Broadway—Perhaps, it is because they are crowded out by the actresses that marry into society.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

Simple Literary Questions.

The Irishman who inquired at 3 post-office for a letter, but refused to give his name, may be able to sympathize with the woman in the following story from the Pittsburg Bulletin:

Two well-dressed young women approached the desk in the reading room of a large library. One of them took a memorandum book.

"Can you tell me how many yards—oh, that's the wrong list!" She said, hastily bringing forth another slip of paper. "Here it is. Will you please tell me who is Rudyard Kipling's favorite author?"

"I am unable to tell you, never having heard that he had one," answered one of the librarians.

"Dear me!" said the young woman, in a tone of irritation. "It's one of the questions for our next club meeting. Well, which one of Thackeray's books brought him the largest income?"

"That you can probably find out by consulting a book the number of which I will give you," said the official.

"Oh, I can't stop to look it up!" the young woman said, hurriedly. "I thought you would tell me at once. Well there's one thing more Bessie Cummock, my cousin in Manchester, had a splendid book when I was there last year for the anecdotes of famous people. I can't remember the name of it, or who wrote it, but it was about so big," illustrating with one finger on the desk, "and it had a dark green cover. Now can you tell me what it is? Some day, when I have time, I'd like to get it out. Of course you must have it in the library."

For the third time the attendant was obliged to confess her inability to give the desired information. The young lady looked at her with a piercing gaze and turned away, saying to her companion:

"There! That just shows what all this talk about their being examined for positions in public libraries amounts to! Three perfectly simple questions, all on literary subjects, and she couldn't answer one of them!"

Close Buying. Some women are good mathematicians, others are 'weak in figures.' The Baltimore Sun tells of one who prided herself on her economy and close bargaining. Her husband used to banter her sometimes about what he called her 'stinginess.'

One day Mrs. S., as she may be called for convenience, invited her husband to go to market with her and witness her prowess in the line of close buying.

At the market Mrs. S. made several purchases, and then at one stall inquired the price of eggs.

"Sixteen cents a dozen!" she repeated. "That's too much. I am sure I saw them for less somewhere this morning."

She dragged her reluctant husband after her from one stand to another, still inquiring the price of eggs, and always receiving the same answer, until she was near the upper end of the market. Here she found a dealer whose eggs were fifteen cents a dozen.

"There, I told you so!" she exclaimed to her husband. "Those other men were trying to get the advantage."

Turning to the salesman, she ordered half a dozen eggs, gravely handed him eight cents in payment and went away, well satisfied with her shrewdness.

Her first doubt came when Mr. S. quietly asked her how much she had really saved by the transaction.

Since then she does not like to hear her husband speak of her economies.

New Welding Process.

In the new process of welding invented by Doctor Goldschmidt of Essen, a compound called 'thermit,' made of aluminum and certain metallic oxides, is employed to obtain an extraordinary degree of heat.

With the aid of a melting-pot, rails and pipes can be immediately welded at any place. The pot being filled with an inflammable mixture and ignited, a few spoonfuls of thermit are added, and the temperature quickly rises as high as 3000 Centigrade. An aluminum oxide is then poured on the part of the rail, or pipe, to be welded, and the work is done, so quickly that the pot is cold and can be taken into the hand after being emptied.

Electromagnetic Brakes.

Among recent inventions of general interest is the electromagnetic brakes for street cars. In the form known in England as the Newell brake, it consists of a horse shoe electromagnet suspended on spiral springs, and hung in such a manner that the poles of the magnet are directly over the rails. When the magnet is excited, the poles are forced downward so that the shoe of the brake grip the rail. By a system of levers connecting with the wheel rim hand brakes of the car, the reaction of the shoes of the electro magnetic brake in gripping the rails increases the pressure of the hand brakes also. The new brake is not actuated by the current which drives the car, but by an independent current derived from the momentum of the car, and the interruption of the driving current, instead of preventing the action of the brake, causes it to act automatically.

Fined For Selling Alum Baking Powder.

At Bradford, on Thursday, Walter E. Suggden, grocer, Wakefield road, Bradford, was summoned for selling adulterated baking powder. Mr. Herbert Hankinson, deputy town clerk, who prosecuted, said the inspector called at the defendant's shop and purchased samples of baking powder. There were two kinds on sale. The article described as the best was sold at 2s. for 4 ounces, and the cheaper kind was sold at 2d for half a pound. The cheaper sample when analysed was found to be adulterated with 20 per cent of alum. The use of alum in making bread was injurious to health, and it was used as a cheap substitute for tartaric acid. Alum in bread liberated the gas and made the bread rise, but it was injurious to children. The Bradford Corporation were determined to put a stop to these adulterations, which pressed especially hard upon the poor.

The defendant said that he purchased the baking powder ready made up in packets, and did not know that it was adulterated. A fine of £2 and costs was imposed.—London Grocer, Dec. 16.

The Velocity of Light.

The latest determination of the velocity of light is that announced by Monsieur Perrotin before the French Academy of Sciences on November 5, 1900. It was obtained by the Foucault method, in which the rate of rotation of a toothed wheel, between whose cogs the light passes on its way to a distant reflector, furnishes a means of measuring the speed with which the light moves. In this case the distance between the stations was nearly 12 kilometers, or a little less than seven miles and a half. The deduced velocity was 299,900 kilometers per second. This is 40 kilometers greater than the estimate of Newcomb, and differs about as much from the measurement of Michelson an Annapolis in 1892. Michelson used the Foucault method, in which a revolving mirror is employed, and his result was 299,863 kilometers per second.

Fantastic Work of an Earthquake.

The great earthquake that shook India on June 12, 1897, was remarkable for the curiously distorting effects it produced upon standing objects. Similar effects have been noticed from other earthquakes, but seldom to so striking an extent. In a report of the Geological Survey of India there is an illustration showing how this earthquake twisted a lofty monument at Chhatrak. The monument was an obelisk of brick, coated with plaster, more than 60 feet tall and 12 feet square at the base. About six feet on the top were broken off and thrown to the south, and nine feet more were thrown to the east. Then a piece 20 feet in height was separated, 28 feet above the ground, and twisted in a direction opposite to the motion of the hands of a watch but without falling.

Victoria's Stores Of Gold.

The colony of Victoria, the smallest division of the continent of Australia, has produced, during the last half century, more gold than any other country in the world, with the exception of California. Mr James Stirling recently informed an audience at the Imperial Institute in London that there is a gold-mine at Bendigo in Victoria which has reached a depth of 3,484 feet, and that deep leads of gold exist over an area of about 400 miles. Victoria also possesses extensive coal-fields.

Rehearsal of the Play.

The pretty comic management of the attraction at the Wednesday and Thursday Rehearsal of the play, 'The Nephew of the Nephew,' has been full of interesting details. At each rehearsal the Nephew of the Nephew is produced with the production of the Nephew of the Nephew.

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suspended on spiral... such a manner that... not are directly over... magnetis excited, the... ward so that the shoe... rail. By a system of... the wheel rim hand... reaction of the shoes... brake in gripping... pressure of the hand... which drives the car... dent current derived... of the car, and the in-... current, instead... action of the brake,

Alum Baking Powder. Thursday, Walter E. ...field road, Bradford, ...selling adulterated bak-... Herbert Hankinson, ...who prosecuted, said... at the defendant's shop... of baking powder... is sold at 2 1/2 for 4... per kind was sold at... The cheaper sample... to be adulterated... alum. The use of... was injurious to... as a cheap sub-... Alum in bread... made the bread rise... to children. The... were determined to... adulterations, which... hard upon the poor... that he purchased the... made up in packets, ... at it was adulterated... costs was imposed.—

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...made you so late? ... wait for me mother to... for me to leave at Mrs... it didn't take your... ur to do that. You see, the paper... up in had a love story... Press.



The pretty comic opera, 'The King' under the management of the Neptune Bowling Club will be the attraction at the opera house on next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

Rehearsals of the principal parts and of the choruses have been conducted by Prof. Ford. A full dress rehearsal was held on Thursday evening at which everything passed off smoothly. Indications are that the Neptune Club will be as successful with their production as were the R. B. Y. club with their Zephra.

The story of the beautiful and romantic Nell Gwynne as told in song is indeed most interesting. Act I discloses an old royalist noble, dying, bequeaths to Charles II, the guardianship of his only child, Clare. Her royal tutor, bored by the trust and wishing to marry her off, proposes her hand to Rochester, who has never seen the country belle, and who rejects the match. For this he is banished the court. On her side, Clare secretly loves her cousin Talbot; but the king, chafed by the favorite's refusal, will hear of no other match. In this dilemma Clare appeals to her foster-sister, Nell Gwynne, now beginning her successful career at the King's Theatre, and in high favor with Charles. Nell is also a slight to avenge. Buckingham has written a court masque, in which the king wishes Nell to play the leading character; but the noble author is pledged to little Moll Davies, Nell's rival, and declines to alter his caste. He is also banished the court for his contumacy; and Charles impetioned by Nell to bestow Clare on her cousin, makes it a condition of his assent that Rochester shall be brought to Clare's feet, and that Buckingham shall accept Nell as his leading lady. The actress accepts; and her manoeuvres to out-trick and cajole Rochester and Buckingham form the groundwork of the little drama. The action of the first act passes in a hamlet of the New Forest, where the two exiled lords are playing at inn keeping, and making violent love to Jessamine, niece of old Wessell, the village pawn broker. The little rustic, however, has her own lover, a strolling player named Falcon. The village comedy is completed by the loves of the Beadle and Marjorie, general drudge in Wessell's house. To further their courtship of Jessamine, and get into her house, the two lords get disguised: Buckingham as a member of the Beadle, and Rochester the dress of a rat-catcher. At this point two very grand ladies visit the inn, with a view of placing two young girls, poor relations of their own, in service. The two lords accept enthusiastically, and at the end of the act, Nell and Clare, who themselves have played the grand ladies, appear as the new servants, Gillian and Joan.

In the second act the action is shifted to Wessell's pawn-shop in an old and rickety manor-house, and the comic imbroglio begins. Jessamine has secretly arranged with her lover Falcon to come and see her, disguised as a rat-catcher—so that with Rochester similarly dressed, there are two of them in the field. Buckingham in his headstall suit is there ostensibly to guard Wessell's premises against thieves, and the real Beadle, his double, comes to court Marjorie. Jessamine too, resolving to escape with her lover, persuades Marjorie to put on her dress and take her place till she is clear of the premises. What with two rat-catchers, two Beadles, and two Jessamines, the mistakes are many and confusing; but Nell, who has penetrated the disguise of Rochester and Buckingham, effectively baffles their designs on Jessamine. Finally, Jessamine and Falcon escape, the two lords make appointments with Marjorie, supposing her to be Jessamine, and the Beadle is seized and put in his own stocks for the pranks really committed by Buckingham.

A glade in the new forest is the principal scene in the third act. Charles and his court, hunting with hawk and hound, fall in with Nell looking after her kine, and learning that the denouncement of the Rochester and Buckingham comedy is fast approaching, resolve to wait and see it. The hunt is resumed and then the inflammable Rochester throws himself at the feet of the pretty waitress Gillian, little dreaming that it is Clare. Condition number one, Buckingham then has a scene with Joan (otherwise Nell) in which, discovering that the signs and dances charismy, the mercurial nobleman rushes to the conclusion that he has found a rustic prodigy, and actually proposes to take her to London and crush Nell Gwynne. Condition number two. Nothing now remains for the actress to do but turn the two lords into ridicule over the assignation with the supposed Jessamine, and then hurry away with Clare to share in the impeachment of Rochester and Buckingham. In this they are unwittingly assisted by old Wessell and the Beadle, who since the night of terror, where the house of the one was turned inside out, and the other was clapped in his own pillory, have been wandering distraught, in the woods. Comparing notes they find that the false beadle and false rat-catcher were the landlord and waiter of the Dragon and summoning the watch, they haul Rochester and Buckingham before the king. How the two scamps are confounded by Nell, how Talbot gets

the hand of Clare, Falcon that of Jessamine, and how all ends happily except perhaps for the amateur inn keeper) need not be detailed.

An event which will attract much attention at the skating competition among the members of the Monday Evening Skating Club, which takes place at the next meeting. Judges have been appointed and suitable prizes will be awarded.

The annual meeting of the Women's Connell was held yesterday afternoon. In the evening there was a public meeting in the Orange Hall. Sanitation was the subject of discussion. An able paper was prepared by Dr Wm Bayard. Dr Mary McLeod and Dr Clara Olding also took part in the discussion.

On Tuesday evening a number of ladies and gentlemen drove out from the city to the home of Mr and Mrs Frank Rafferty, at Brookville, where a pleasant surprise party was held. The young people took complete charge of the house and soon cleared the large rooms for dancing, which amusement was the principal feature of the evening. A bonfire supper was served at midnight, and the return to the city was made at an early hour in the morning.

The marriage will take place at the Cathedral on Tuesday February 19th of Miss Gertrude Dever, daughter of Senator Dwyer and Capt J Leslie, who has recently returned from South Africa. Miss Dever is one of our leading society ladies and her coming marriage is causing much interest in social circles.

Lady Tilley leaves today to meet her niece, Miss Howland, who is returning from Devey, Switzerland. Miss Howland will probably remain here for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs J. V. Ellis has been quite seriously ill with la grippe, but is now convalescent.

The many friends of Mrs James (Senator) Dever are pleased to hear that she is recovering from her recent serious illness.

Miss Mowatt of St Andrews, who has been the guest of Lady Tilley for the past few weeks, returned to her home on Saturday last.

Miss Rabbitt of Fredericton, is visiting her sister Mrs J V Ellis, Princess street.

Major Markham, accompanied by his daughter Miss Lillian Markham, left this week for New York. Miss Markham will remain for some weeks with friends.

Mrs Robert Thompson went to New York last week. She was joined this week by Mr Thompson and together they will proceed to the West Indies, where they will remain for a few weeks.

On Wednesday evening of last week a party of young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a pleasant drive from the city to the residence of Mrs Isaac Dobbins at Rothsey where they were entertained for the evening. Dancing was the chief amusement although games of all kinds were provided for those who did not care to trip the light fantastic. Light refreshments were served during the evening and the party returned to the city at an early in the morning. Among those present were:

- Miss Roberts, Miss Shaw, Miss Dooling, Miss A Sweeney, Miss H Sweeney, Miss Jeanie Hasletto, Miss Alice Graham, Miss Lizzie Spruel, Mr. Purdy, Mr. Jack Bawlings, Mr. C Mowry, Mr. G Sweeney, Mr. Harry McDonald, Mr. Percy Seeley, Mr. C Lake, Mr. H Jones, Miss Stack, Miss Florie McKeon, Miss McDonald, Miss A Adams, Miss L McCormack, Miss E Manford, Miss T McManus, Miss M Case, Mr. H Hughes, Mr. Frank Greaney, Mr. A McLaughlin, Mr. H Roberts, Mr. P. Shaw, Mr. W Wright, Mr. Frank Best, Mr. Walter Irvine, Mr. A. Irvine.

A pleasant event of the week was the sleigh drive and dance given on Wednesday evening for the students in attendance at the Carrie Business University. After driving out some distance from the city the party returned to the college, where some hours were pleasantly spent in dancing, the large business rooms being used for that purpose. Light refreshments were served by several of the young lady students.

Miss K. Dawning of Fairville entertained quite a number of friends at her home on Monday evening. Dancing, music and games were the amusements of the evening. About midnight a dainty supper was served, after which dancing was resumed for a short time and the affair brought to a close at an early hour in the morning.

The ladies of St. Mary's church are preparing for a high tea and concert on the evening of St. Valentine's day. The proceeds will be for the piano fund and the affair will no doubt be as enjoyable as the other entertainment furnished by the ladies of this parish.

Mrs Wm Kilpatrick of Newark, N J is at present visiting in the city. She was called home by the serious illness of her father Mr R McConaghy.

Mrs J E Irvine of Garden street is in Sussex staying with her father.

Miss Katherine Greaney is visiting friends in Montreal.

The news of the sudden death of Mrs B I Leon, and was held with sincere regret by her many friends throughout the city. Mrs Leonard was formerly Miss Susie Stafford, daughter of Mr Samuel Stafford of Leprean and was very popular both at her home and in this city. She had been married but a few years and is survived by her husband and young child.

PARRBORO.

[Progress is for sale at the Parrboro Book store.] Memorial services were held in several of the churches on Sunday evening, St George's and Grace Methodist church being appropriately draped. The rector of the St George's preached an interesting sermon from the text 'David having served his generation in the wisdom of God, fell in sleep.' 'On the Resurrection Morning', was one of the hymns and the congregation stood while The Dead March in Saul was played. There was an elaborate service in the Methodist church. The 'Receptional' and 'Crossing the Bar' were sung, the latter as a solo, very sweetly, by Miss Florence Corbett.

The Hon J W Longley's lecture on 'The Three Parliaments' gave much pleasure to a fairly large audience in St George's hall on Friday evening. This is the first lecture of the school course and the proceeds go to the school library fund.

The Waragraph of Opera house on Thursday and Friday evenings drew good audiences.

Capt Nordly and Mr A W Copp have both been for some time under the doctor's care.

Mrs A W Weld gave a party on Wednesday evening and Mrs H McKenna on Saturday evening.

Mrs B L Tackett was one of the hostesses of the previous week.

Mr and Mrs N Killam are guests of Mr Killam's sister Mrs Price.

Miss Agnes McCabe has taken Mr C E B Hill-coats place as organist of St George's church. Mr Hill-coats having resigned the position and returned home to Amherst.

Mr and Miss Thompson of Oxford also Mr T Thompson lately returned from South Africa, are guests of Dr and Mrs Smith at hotel Ervangeline.

Mrs Smith's invitations were out for quite a large dance for last evening, but she was unfortunately seized with an attack of influenza, in consequence of which the invitations had to be cancelled.

Mr and Mrs Newton Parsley are in St John this week.

CAMPBELLTON.

Feb. 7.—Miss Kate Currie, one of our popular school teachers, has been called home by Frederick owing to the illness of her parents. Mrs Spron is in the meantime taking up the school work for Miss Currie.

Mr. Frank Allard of Carleton, was in town this week.

Miss Aggie Patterson left Saturday morning to spend a few weeks' vacation, visiting in Moncton and parts through Kings county.

Miss Christine of Moncton, has been visiting Miss Ruth Chandler.

Miss Nash is visiting at Mrs Reynolds.

Mr John Estemre was very sick with la grippe last week but he is improving.

Mr D L Getchell arrived on the express on Saturday. Mr. Getchell has been back from Port Fairfield for some time.

Rev. J. Spence is still with la grippe.

Mr. E W Chandler of the Telephone is having his turn of la grippe but is on the mend.

Dr. and Mrs Crockett of Dalhousie, entertained a number of their Campbellton friends on Tuesday evening, a very pleasant time being spent.

ST. GEORGE. Feb. 6th, 1901.—The funeral of the late Mr. Wellington Douglas took place from his home on Sunday afternoon and was very largely attended. The services at the house were conducted by Rev. H. A. Savers and at the grave by the Foresters. Miss Dick accompanies her grand-parents. Senator and Mrs. Gilmore to Ottawa this winter. Mr. A. Meating has returned from a lengthy visit in Digby.

Memorial services for Queen Victoria were held in the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches on Saturday and in the Baptist church on Sunday. Miss Fannie Smith has returned from a lengthy visit in Digby.

Mrs. William Moreneau of Eastport has been visiting her parents for a few days. The mails are still very irregular it is hoped there be an improvement before long. Max.

Young and Old Men That Board. Let us impress upon you that we replace the neck band on your shirt, when it is worn out. Darn your socks, sew buttons on your garments, repair your shirts, when it needs it, all free. No saw edge collar, sent out by us. Ungars Laundry Dyeing and carpet cleaning works, Telephone 58.

A Chinaman's Good Sermon. The Chinese character is full of intellectual surprises. A convert to Christianity was called upon to give an illustration of the sacred Scripture, 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.' 'You say that it is hard to worship a God who cannot be seen' said he, 'and that you have no inward evidence of His actuality. A mirror from which all the quicksilver had dropped away might as well complain that it could find no trace of the objects placed before it. Clean thoughts, clean affections, clean desires have the same function in human nature as the quicksilver on the back of the mirror. When the heart is filled once more with holy thoughts, the perfect image of God will again be seen there.'

Perplexingly Funny. One of those persons who are said to 'hear with their elbows' recently went to a country entertainment which had been announced by the poetic effusion: 'From half past eight to half past ten You'll laugh and laugh and laugh again.'

This announcement was exceedingly pleasing to the visitor, who went home, and burst in on the family with the words: 'And what do you think they had on the program? From eight-thirty to ten-thirty you'll laugh and laugh—no, that wasn't it. Why, it was so funny! What could it have been? Well, anyway, it was something like that, and we did laugh!'

'Ardifice—I have called, sir, to ask you for the hand of your daughter. Old Bullion (teasingly)—Young man, her mother is dead, and she is all I have left.

I assure you, sir, these are most excellent recommendations.

Cherry Brandy, Cognac, Spirit, Perfumery, etc., Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.—Canadian Magazine. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Cloth, consisting of Velvet revers, pret and White, Plain \$2.56. Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Length in front, and Prices: 34 27 inches. 40c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches. 75c. 85 cents. Postage 22 cents. 36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34 Postage 45 cents. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

Whenever and wherever there is a use for THREAD Corticelli Sewing Silk is Best and Cheapest, for it lasts longest and goes farthest. Shades to suit every color of fabric. Every inch of the 12,000 miles of THREAD turned out by the Corticelli Silk Co'y every day is tested and found perfectly uniform in strength and size, and free from knots or flaws. Sold Everywhere.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL.—'Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES; E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

Bucouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Underlined saw logs, such as Batting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Shipyard Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY.

FRY'S pure concentrated COCOA. 200 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS. STRONGEST AND BEST. 'No flaw in its claim to be ABSOLUTELY PURE'.

FOR ADVERTISING IN THE PROGRESS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES

PROGRESSIVE for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and counters...

Mr and Mrs Edward Meehan are receiving their friends this week at 28 Baner street.

Mr and Mrs Atkinson of Sydney are visiting in the city.

Mrs Liddle of New Glasgow is spending a short time here with friends.

Mr and Mrs Thos J Locke have returned from their wedding tour and are staying at the Carlton House.

Among the passengers per Evangeline for London were Mrs Fletcher, Miss LE Fletcher, Mr and Mrs CC Gregory, Mr and Mrs RE Spillet, Mrs Gessaley, L J Meehan, D E Read.

The marriage of Miss Mabel, daughter of James Hillis Esq., of this city, to Mr Ernest C Scott, of Charlottetown, P E Island, took place yesterday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father.

The bride was attired in a tailor made suit of brown cloth with hat to match, and carried a handsome bouquet of roses and carnations.

The happy couple left on the Maritime Express for a short tour and will reside in Sydney.

Mr and Mrs Harry Fatam, who have been spending some days in the city, returned to Truro today.

Miss Hattie Christie of Truro, arrived here Saturday on a visit to her sister, Miss Lottie Christie, night supervisor of the Victoria General Hospital.

Miss Addie Dunca, daughter of Conductor, Duncan, Willow Park, leaves in a few days for Boston, where she will enter one of the large hospitals to undergo training as a nurse.

Mr J B Bennett leaves early next week on a visit to Windsor, she will remain about a month with her daughter, Mrs W A Hendy.

Mr Alexander Moody, and little daughter, Hazel, accompanied by Miss Kate Trider, leaves in a few days for Boston on an extended visit.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mr James Hillis, Richmond, on Thursday, when his only daughter, Miss Mabel Hillis, was united in matrimony to Mr Edgar Scott of Sydney, Cape Breton. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present.

Mr and Mrs J F Shaford have returned from their trip to New York.

Beginning with next week, concerts and similar quiet performances will be continued and numerous postponed events will then materialize.

Lieut Governor Jones has been quite ill, but is now receiving congratulations upon his recovery.

The chief recreation during the past week has been skating and the excellent condition of the ice on the Dartmouth lakes has been taken advantage of by the young people on both sides of the harbor.

Miss Jordan of Woodstock, N B, is visiting Mrs R J Wilson, Brunswick street.

DIGBY.

Feb 5—Miss Jennie Beaman returned home from St. John on Wednesday.

Rev H A Devoe has been spending a few days at Halifax this week.

Miss Nellie B'way of Annapolis, was the guest of friends at Digby this week.

Mrs J W Beck with, of Bridgetown, is the guest of Mrs McCormick, Queen street.

The whole town of Digby has been overcast with the deepest gloom and for the past week flags at half mast and trappings of black are to be seen in every direction.

But during the present week things are beginning to assume their usual cheerful appearance and many social events which have been postponed, and which promised to be very pleasant, will take place within this and the coming week.

KENTVILLE.

Feb 6—Mr and Mrs Heber Pattillo, of Bridgewater, were in town recently the guests of Mr and Mrs J C Starr.

On Friday of last week a number of Wolville people drove to town and had dinner at the Aberdeen, returning home about twelve.

Miss Crockett, who had been visiting at "Jeropole" the guests of Miss Ida Best, returned to her home in Halifax on Friday last.

Miss L Macdonald is the guest of Mrs A D McRae.

Miss Laura Elliot of Halifax, is the guest this week of Miss Winnie Belcher.

Miss Ella Bigney, a former teacher in the Academy, is visiting in town.

Miss Farrell and Miss Eleanor Farrell, who has been spending the past four months in Boston, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr Will A Begg, of Windsor, was in town on Saturday.

Mr Ernest Barnaby, of Shelburne, is in town this week.

Latest styles of Wedding Invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print.

ANNAPOLIS.

FEB. 7—Mrs R A Smith, who has been ill is improving.

Mr and Mrs Pratt returned from Windsor on Tuesday, and Mr Pratt left on Wednesday. His

who will follow him next week, when they intend making their home in Ontario.

Mrs Edward and Miss Harry Ruggles of Bridgetown spent a day in town this week, the guests of Mrs J J Ritchie.

Miss Ella Riley spent Sunday in Digby.

Miss Roberts Wear is visiting friends in Millford.

The Oddfellows annual sleigh drive to Millford, which was to have taken place last night has been postponed indefinitely.

YARMOUTH.

Feb. 6.—Mr Alex Murray went to Ottawa Saturday to enter upon his new duties as seasonal clerk.

Hon. David McPherson is registered at the Grand.

Mrs John H Killam went to Sackville yesterday on account of the illness of her daughter Mabel.

Miss Addie Richards went to Weymouth yesterday to take charge of the Western Union Telegraph Co's office there.

Miss Jessie Pauley has gone to Halifax for a visit.

Mr F A Nickerson went to Boston Saturday last, to see Mrs. C. D. C. and Nelsie, daughter of Amund Potter and sister of Alben Potter, were married Wednesday evening at St. Michael's church, Tuckett Wedge, by Rev. Dr. Foley. In the evening wedding festivities were enjoyed at the C M B hall.

A very pleasant and successful children's carnival was held in the skating rink on Monday evening. Some prettily costumes were worn and a good time enjoyed by the young skaters.

Much interest is felt in the sand carnival, which is to be held next week. It, of course, promises to be most successful.

Capt Frank Crosby, of steamer Storm King, accompanied by Mrs Crosby, arrived in Yarmouth on Friday afternoon on a brief visit to relatives.

Thos Robertson, Esq., M P F went to Halifax this week.

Mr D D Sinclair of steamer Bonavia, and wife, arrived by steamer on Saturday morning and spent Sunday in Yarmouth. They left yesterday morning for Halifax.

WOODSTOCK.

Col Vince and Mrs Vince are visiting at Boston, J B Bowser and Mrs Bowser, Victoria, was at the Victoria Monday.

Dr Sprague is confined to his house from a severe attack of grippe.

Mr and Mrs J A Phillips, I. evidence, R I, registered at the Carlisle Tuesday.

Mr and Mrs L P Esher returned from their Boston visit on Wednesday.

Mr Wm A McInley and wife, St John were here last week.

Mr and Mrs W W Ross and B W Richardson, Eastland were at the Victoria Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs G W Vart have been confined to their home from a serious illness for some weeks.

Miss Hazel Perkins, Centreville, has been visiting Woodstock for a week, the guest of Joseph Fowler.

Miss Mildred Carvell, the only child of F B Carvell who was seriously ill with pneumonia is now recovering, and is now out of danger.

Mrs Reuben Robinson, after an absence of two years, visiting her sons at Winnipeg, returned to her home, Lower Brighton, last week. She likes the western country very well but has not lost her love for Carleton county.

Harry Dyson returned, Thursday, from a visit to Boston.

Dr Sprague, who has been ill for a week is some what better.

Mrs J T Allan Dibbles returned home Saturday from Boston.

Miss Lizzie Day, of Boston, formerly of this town, is home on a visit.

Dr G B Mearns, who has been confined to the house with the grip, is recovering.

Kenneth Shea, Hamilton, was among the Hamilton folks who attended the ball Friday night.

Mrs A D Holyoke went to Fredericton, Monday, where she will visit Mrs C W Hall for a few weeks.

The death of Mr Fred Munro, which occurred on last Thursday evening has cast a gloom over the community. The deceased who had been in failing health for the past few months contracted pneumonia about two weeks ago and in his weakened condition was unable to battle with the disease. He was but 19 years of age and was very popular with the young people of Woodstock.

Miss Glidden entertained the members of her dancing class and their friends on Tuesday evening. A few hours were pleasantly spent in enjoying the light fantastic.

On last Friday evening the Opera house here was the scene of a very pleasant event, when a benefit dance was given for Col. Harry Dyson, who recently returned from South Africa. About six hundred were present and enjoyed a good programme of dances, music for which was furnished by the Woodstock orchestra. The dance was brought to a close about 2 a. m. Another such dance is a possibility of the near future.

Miss Blanche K Dibbles has returned from a month's visit to Boston, where she was the guest of Mrs Geo F Beck with.

Arthur Everett, son of W R Everett, who returned to Boston after spending the holidays here, is back at home again, sick.

Nelson P Grant, who is attending McGill Medical School Montreal, was in Woodstock last week attending the funeral of Miss Edith L Grant.

Mrs Joseph McGee of Somerville, N B, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs Ralph Seelye, returned home on Friday last.

Mrs Edward P Wainwright, St John, is the guest of her mother, Mrs David Munro. She was called to Woodstock suddenly by the death of her nephew, D Fred Munro.

Among those who attended the funeral of Miss Edith L Grant last week were: Henry W Birmingham and wife, Haddop Birmingham and wife, and Frank B Shaw of Victoria Corner, Bainsford Birmingham, and Wallace Birmingham of Haviland.

Among the Hamilton people who attended the ball in the opera house last Friday night, was Miss Mary Michael, Miss Jessie Shields, Miss Victoria and Messrs Frank Dempsey, Thos Furse, Geo Clarke, John Allan, William Clark, J H Obeay and Kenneth Shea.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALAIS.

[Progressive for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of O. B. Wall, T. E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co., in Galais at O. F. Treva's.]

The engagement of Mr Loring Edmund Holmes of Eastport, Me., to Mary Linnetta Bralard, of Robinson, Me., is announced, and wedding is to take place Monday, Feb 12th, 1901 at Robinson.

Mr and Mrs J Fred Douglas have returned from a trip to Fredericton.

Mr and Mrs Frank Todd returned from Washington last week. Mr Todd has since been confined to his home by illness.

A concert will be held Thursday evening Feb 14 by the Harmony club, for the benefit of the Public Library.

A Case of Law. Law is a complicated thing, and some of its decisions seem not to be founded in equity. Probably most readers will pass that criticism upon the case recorded below.

Beautoland, being broken and mountainous, was until recently the resort of lions, leopards and other wild animals. Now, however, the hillsides which were once the pasture grounds of tens of thousands of cattle. Nearly all dangerous animals have been driven away from Beautoland, but not long ago a leopard appeared on the outskirts of a village. The animal soon became as badly frightened as the villagers and sought safety in flight.

The next morning the inhabitants turned out for a hunt. One of the hunters was climbing a steep rock when he suddenly found himself face to face with the leopard, whose retreat was cut off by the rock itself. Neither the man nor the animal could escape the encounter.

The dilemma was an awkward one, for the climber was unarmed. Recognizing his danger, he put forth his hands and in desperation caught hold of the leopard on each side of its jaws, holding it at arm's length and calling for help. The leopard claved and tore his captor, but the man held on till help arrived and the beast was speared.

Now came a question of law. By Beautoland law the skin belonged to the chief, who must reward one of three claimants—either the man who speared the leopard, or the man who held it so that it was possible to spear it, or the man who, being warned by the barking of his dog, first discovered the animal in the village.

The Rasato Solomon decided the case as follows: The man who speared it could not have done so but for the man who held it, and the man who held it could not have known of its existence if the dog had not first warned the village; therefore the credit for the killing belonged to the dog, whose owner was entitled to the reward.

An Inconvenient Bottle.

Collier's Weekly tells of an old farmer who had been to the metropolis, and was describing to his friends the splendor of the hotel at which he stayed.

'Everything was perfect,' he said, 'all but one thing. They kept the light burning all night in my bedroom, a thing I ain't used to.'

'Well,' said one wag, 'why didn't you blow it out?'

'Blow it out!' said the farmer, 'How could I? The pesky thing was inside a bottle!'

To Dye At Home

Learn how to do it successfully, easily, quickly. Get a cake of the famous English Home Dye, Maypole Soap, that washes and dyes at one operation. Brilliant, fast colors. The dye of highest quality that sells for a small price.

Sold everywhere. See for Colors. 12c. for Black.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.



It's All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part of our laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—but holes are left intact when we do your work.

Where shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 314.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

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

MOTHERHOOD

Is a natural instinct which shows itself in the girl as soon as she is big enough to play the mother to her doll. Unfortunately the womanly health does not always keep pace with the motherly instinct, and when real motherhood comes it often comes to mothers who suffer intolerably during maternity and who are unable to nurse the weakling child which frets and moans in their arms.

Motherhood is prepared for and provided for by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures nausea, tranquilizes the nerves, gives a healthy appetite and promotes restful sleep. It makes the baby's advent practically painless, and gives the mother abundant strength to nurse her child.

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." There is nothing "just as good" for weak and sickly women.

"Two years ago I was very sick and began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. Ed. Hackett, of Chardon, Geauga Co., Ohio. "When my baby boy came he weighed twelve pounds and a half. He had good health ever since, until about three weeks ago, when weaning my baby, I contracted a heavy cold. Am taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am thankful that poor sufferers have such a grand chance to regain their health by using Dr. Pierce's medicines. It would take pages to tell the good it has done in our family, and in a great many more families under my observation."

"I thank you for your kind medical advice." Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser in paper covers is sent free on receipt of 31 cents in one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF ROGERS BROS.

AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX '1847' IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

FAT REDUCTION.

Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 20 years, with the greatest specialists in Europe and America. Over 10,000 grateful patients attest her success. Her treatment is not "Banting," nor starvation diet. She prescribes against the "Flea Bait Treatment" fraud, so often advertised. Her's is so "Monthly Payment" scheme Mrs. Dumar's treatment is endorsed by the Colleges of Physicians and by the United States Health Report. Her total charge is \$1, which pays for prescription for medicine sold in first class drug stores, full instructions as to the treatment, and everything necessary to reduce one pound or more a day. No extra charges. No wrinkles and no injury to health.

FROM NEWSPAPER EDITORIALS. The patients of Mrs. Dumar are legion, and all of them are her friends.—Weekly Tribune and Star.

Twenty odd years she has spent in serving her sister-sufferers and all have benefited by her treatment.—Family Physician Magazine, N. Y.

For many years this successful specialist has been curing excessive fat, and we acknowledge to be the highest American authority on all matters pertaining to health, sanitation and hygiene) feel authorized to recommend this treatment.—United States Health Report.

If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work, she will send you \$1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Dumar and what she has done. She has not published a testimonial in years. She does not brag. Her work is too well known.

If you are interested in reducing flesh and believe that a sure, guaranteed reduction (as promised above) is worth \$1 to you, mail that sum in bill, stamps or Money Order to Mrs. M. DUMAR, 15 West 23rd St. New York.

NOTICE.

Referring to several articles in your paper and others of your City in reference to a recent meeting of the representatives of this Company with your Mayor and Board of Trade, we desire to state that Mr. Matthew Lodge, "Promoter" and formerly a clerk in the Gas and Water Department of Moncton, N. B., has no authority and is not in any way connected with this Company as an Agent, Stockholder, Promoter, or authorized to negotiate its affairs. Mr. Lodge's efforts with your city officials, in the matter of a proposed furnace site for the manufacture of ferro-manganese from ores mined on the various properties owned by this Company in the Province of New Brunswick will not be considered or recognized by The Mineral Products Co.

RUSSELL P. HOYT, Manager. Moncton, N. B., Dec. 11, 1900.

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Landing ex "Corean." 100 Cts. V. rilland XXX 100 " Tobitt & Co. 100 " Mont. France. 100 " Octaves "

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HAYMARKET SQUARE POLYMORPHIANS.

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Victoria Rink

January 25th, 1901. \$40—IN PRIZES—\$40

- \$10.00 Best combination, three or more. \$10.00 For Best Ladies' Original Character. 5.00 For Best Gentleman's Original Character. 5.00 For Ladies' Handsome Costume. 5.00 For Gentlemen's Handsome Costume. 5.00 Best Representation of a Character From Any Author. 5.00 Best Representation of British General or Officer in Boer War. 5.00

New Features and Big Attractions will be announced later. R. J. WILKINS, President. R. D. WOODROW, Secretary.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

THE Book of the century, it is a d-somely illustrated by thirty-two of the World's greatest Artists.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND. (Also at Book Store.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago. If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument & Souvenir Fund. A \$1.00 will be donated to this fund by each subscriber.

intelligently artistic volume. FIELD FLOWERS (cloth bound, 6 x 11) as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND. (Also at Book Store.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago. If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

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{ INCLUDES } J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

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SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

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NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, R. C. PRIXETTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. BELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.



AN EDITOR'S LIFE.

Martin Butler's Numerous Trials and Tribulations.

New Brunswick has possessed many newspaper editors of various make-ups, but to Martin Butler of Fredericton, editor of Butler's Journal must be given the palm for originality and peculiarity of style. "Martin" as he is familiarly known is nothing if not original. He has the misfortune to have but one arm, but if he is deficient in physical faculties, he certainly is not void in mental capacity. Martin is the happy possessor of a wife and a son, the latter, he calls Marti. Martin in his journal always keeps the public well informed as to his good wife and the Martiboy. In the last issue of the paper he tells of the several gifts bestowed upon his family during the Christmas season. There was that for the good wife and this for the Marti boy and Martin himself is proud in his thanks for all the kindness received. Martin in times past has had many grievances but the greatest one seems to have been the annoyance he received from the small boys. Some way or other the Editor and Fredericton's youthful fraternity did not seem to harmonize. Things became so desperate that Martin had to threaten them with all the powers of the law with the Police Magistrate down to the smallest constable on force. Martin, however, now takes pleasure in informing the public at large that there is a fair prospect of peace being established between the warring elements.

He says, "we believe that the warning given to our boys last month, a conference with some of them and a disposition on our part to act more sensibly, and better respect their feelings, has greatly enlightened their minds as to the difference between shouting out insulting and scandalous names to us, and indulging in harmless chaff and banter.

The boys of Fredericton are, as a rule far from being bad or malicious, but they are very thoughtless, and when they get hold of any rig they run it forever. But they are unable to reason, at least the most of them, naturally genial and affectionate, and we don't expect much trouble from them in the future. If they only knew that we have always loved them, and would at any time imperil our own life to save theirs, they would not be so busy in condemning us for our politics or peculiarities."

ON HIS AS SCHOOLMASTER.

A writer in the Scotsman has unearthed an amusing anecdote of Thomas Carlyle as a country schoolmaster. It is told by a Cnapar lawyer and provost, who was one of Carlyle's pupils in Kirkcaldy. As a teacher, Carlyle is described as a strict and gloomy disciplinarian whose large, glowing eyes constantly shot forth wrath. His fierce scowl would hush the whole school, and he had a laugh that was a series of chuckles and loud guffaws, wherein he displayed his teeth like the keys of a piano.

One morning, just as we were entering the schoolroom, a donkey appeared on the playground, and Bill Hood rushed to mount the animal and attempted to ride it into the schoolroom. The donkey was induced to carry its rider over the threshold amid shouts of laughter and cheers from the boys. Just as Bill was purring the donkey into the master's desk, Carlyle appeared.

We expected a tremendous explosion of wrath, but instead he burst into a roar of laughter—such a roar, however, as produced a sudden and complete hush; and that roar was renewed again and again. Finally the master spoke.

"That," he said, "is the wisest and best scholar Kirkcaldy has yet sent me; he is fit to be your teacher."

He tapped the donkey's head, as he was wont to do ours, and continued, "These's something here, far more than in the skulls of any of his brethren before me."

He then gave some hard taps on Bill Hood's head; and would not allow him to dismount, but for penalty ordered him to ride up and down before the school for an hour, while the boys who had been most active in helping Bill; to go through the farce had to march in pairs before and behind the perplexed looking ass.

The other scholars were permitted to stand as spectators of the grotesque procession. Meantime, seated within his pulpit like a deer, Carlyle surveyed Bill and his company with a strange mixture of mirth, scorn and fury.

Books in Persia.

Type-printing is unpopular in Persia. The straightness of the lines offends the Persian's artistic sense, and he feels that in printed books the character of the letters is entirely lost. Persia is today entirely dependent upon lithography for its own production of books and journals. Naturally these are very rare. At the beginning of the nineteenth century a press with

movable types was set up in the Tabriz, and a certain number of books were printed. The effort met with no encouragement, however, and had shortly to be abandoned.

The same taste which makes a Persian esteem so highly the great calligraphists makes him deplore the absence of character in a type-printed book. What most delights him is a well-written manuscript and he takes the same delight in the copyist's work that we take in the touch of an old master. Failing this, he contents himself with a lithograph, which is usually a facsimile of the writing of some fairly good scribe, and has, at any rate, a human element about it.

It is hard for us to credit the vast amount of attention that is paid to calligraphy in the East, where men of learning devote years to its acquirement and his best days to making artistic copies of classical works. Although this art is to a certain extent dying out, owing to the cheapness of lithography, a man may, even yet in Persia, become as famous for his writing as a poet for his verses.

A writer in the North American Review contrasts this clinging of the Persians to written books with the spread of type-printed books in other parts of the East, where printing, bookselling and journalism have in the last twenty years been developed to a comparatively high degree. Both Cairo and Constantinople possess excellent printing presses, which turn out numberless books and journals.

Sport in Lapland.

Wonderful as are the recorded feats of the Scandinavians with snow shoes or skates, they will not bear comparison with those of the Lapps, described by Mr. Paul Du Chaillu in his recent book, 'The Land of the Lorg Night.'

The Lapps not only make perilous descents, but they dart at full speed across wide chasms and rivers with the simple aid of their snow-shoes. It is a grand sight, but one with a fearful thrill in it for the uninitiated observer.

On one occasion, as Mr. Du Chaillu stood on one side of a chasm near the line of a descent of some star performers, he expressed himself as a little anxious about possible accidents. His Lapp companion heard him with a smile, and replied:

"Do not be afraid; they will guide their skates as skillfully as a skiff boatman steers his boat. I think, perhaps, the foremost means to touch you with his hands as he passes by, so do not be frightened; do not move an inch. He is one of the most expert among us."

The speaker had barely finished the words when the foremost Lapp, with railroad speed and dangerously close, bore down upon Du Chaillu, and before he could realize it passed in front of him within three feet, although without touching him, as his companion had predicted. Still it took his breath away, his heart beat so quickly.

Before he had time to recover he saw the Lapp in the air, over the chasm; then in the twinkling of an eye he had alighted on the other side. Others followed. Their momentum was very great and in less than a minute they had leaped over the river and continued their forward course, which they could not stop, on the plain below. They lessened their speed gradually with the help of sticks, the ends of which were thrust deep in the snow.

As the Lapps leaped over, their legs were somewhat bent, and as they struck the snow they righted themselves. While in the air they maintained their skates parallel, as if they had been on the snow, and when they sighted the skates were on a perfect level with each other. No man looked to be more than two or three feet ahead of another.

They seemed to give a spring as they came near the brink of the chasm, bending their bodies forward, straightening themselves as they struck the snow, and continuing their course as if nothing had happened.

Forest Wealth of the Philippines.

The Spaniards were not insensible to the great value of the vast forces in the Philippine Islands, and 35 years ago a government forestry bureau was established at Manila. Captain Abern, now in charge of this bureau, is seeking to recognize it, and calls for technically educated foresters from the United States to assist him. More than 400 species of trees are known in the Philippines, and it is believed that a careful survey will reveal nearly 100 more species. At least 50 of the known species, including the celebrated ibiang-ihlang tree, which produces an oil forming the base of many perfumes, are valuable. Many species are of medicinal value.

Count that day, lost whose low descending sun Finds Teala with no novel scheme begun.

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

Wit is wisdom. Blood is life. Impure blood is living death. Health depends on good blood. Disease is due to bad blood. The blood can be purified. Legions say Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine, purifies it. A brief story but it tells the tale.

Nervous Weakness—"I suffered from nervous weakness and loss of appetite. My blood was impure, my stomach disordered and I could not sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me entirely." Mrs. E. Lockwood, Belleville, Ont.



A Soldier's Thoughts.

Winston Spencer Churchill, who was war correspondent during the late campaign in Africa, says that once, in the interests of the Morning Post, he promised to follow the scouts for a day. The English had made a rapid advance into the heart of the Boer position, disturbing and alarming their adversaries, who attempted to outflank the outflanking cavalry, and rode into the open to make for a white stone kopje on the British right.

An English soldier rode up to his general.

"Sir," he asked, 'may we cut them off? I think we can just do it.'

The scouts pricked up their ears. The general reflected.

"All right," said he. 'You may try.' It was a race from the beginning. They reached the kopje to find a squad of Boers there before them.

"Too late!" said the British leader, steadily, "Back to the other kopje! Gallop!" "Then," says Mr. Churchill, the musketry crashed out, and the swish and whir of bullets filled the air. I had dismounted. Now I put my foot into the stirrup. The horse trembled at the firing, plunged wildly. The saddle turned, and the animal broke away.

"Most of the scouts were already two hundred yards off. I was alone, on foot, at the closest range, a mile from cover of any kind. I turned and ran for my life from the Boer marksmen, and I thought as I ran, 'Here, at last, I take it.'"

"Suddenly as I fled I saw a scout. He came from the left across my track, a tall man on a pale horse. 'Give me a stirrup!' I shouted.

"To my surprise, he stopped at once. 'Yes,' he said, shortly.

"In a moment I found myself behind him on the saddle. Then we rode. I put my arms about him to catch a grip of the name. My hand dabbed in blood. The horse was hard bit, but like a gallant beast he extended himself nobly. The pursuing bullets piped and whistled overhead, but the range was growing longer.

"Don't be frightened," said my rescuer. They won't bit you. They're groaned. 'My poor horse, oh, my poor horse! Shot with an explosive bullet! Oa, my poor horse!"

"Never mind," said I, 'you have saved my life.'

"Ah," he rejoined, 'but it's the horse I'm thinking about!'

"That was the whole of our conversation."

Mistaken Sensibility.

There lately died in Indiana a little old lady who for sixty-five years had not stepped outside her door. Although the village station was within a few blocks of her home, she had never seen a railway-train. Yet she was not blind, nor a cripple, nor a bedridden sufferer.

A few years before the young Victoria

"77"

Portal of Entry.

Influenza or the Grip.—Caused by one of the smallest known bacilli; discovered in 1892 by Canon and Pfeiffer. Infection spreads by the scattering about by air currents of the dried nasal and bronchial secretion of those suffering from the disease, and its portal of entry is by the nose and bronchial tubes.—N. Y. Sun.

The use of Dr. Humphreys' Specific "77" destroys the bacilli or germs and breaks up the Grip or Cold, while its tonicity sustains the flagging energies during and after the attack.

At all Drug Stores, 25c., or mailed. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

GRIP

ascended the throne of England this Indiana girl quarreled with her lover, and declared their engagement at an end. That evening, and at intervals for sixty years thereafter, the man faithfully renewed his offer of marriage. She chose to abide by her foolish resolution, to which she added a vow never to leave her home.

Human vanity takes many forms. Poor Lady Coventry, who had been world famous as one of the beautiful Gannings, spent her last days on a couch with a pocket mirror in her hand. When a caller hinted how greatly she had changed, she took to her bed, had no light in her room, and finally took things in through the bed curtains without suffering them to be withdrawn. History says that ten thousand persons went to see her coffin.

Horace Walpole affirms that Lord Fane kept his bed six weeks because the Duke of Newcastle forgot in one of his letters to sign himself 'your very humble servant,' as usual, and only put your humble servant.

This all seems very silly, but unfortunately these morbidly sensitive people of the past have their counterparts today. To be talked about and written about is still one of the most prevalent and pernicious cravings of society, and there seem to be few depths of renunciation and self-abasement which go untried.

The heroine of the dime novel type who resolves 'never to smile again,' who cuts loose from human sympathies, and whose life is centered only on herself, deserves and usually gets 'Apollo's reward.' To the mortal who laboriously sifted the chaff from the wheat, the humorous and healthy minded sun-god gave the chaff for his pains!

HIS THEOLOGY.

The Old Chaplain Was Satisfied With the Examination.

The professor has been a soldier, I notice, said one member of the examining committee, himself an old chaplain of the Civil War. The committee had met by appointment to inquire concerning the professor's theological soundness. The entire seminary was in question, and there had been some especially pointed criticism of the new professor from the West.

"Yes," replied a member of the committee 'he went into the army from college, and quickly rose to the rank of second lieutenant, though he was a mere boy.'

The old chaplain was among the conservatives, but he had a warm place in his heart for a comrade. He resolved, however, that sentiment should not swerve him. "No doubt he did his duty," he remarked, carelessly.

"He won respect for his religion by his kindness and courage," said the other member, "and he would have risen higher but for his wound."

"Where was he wounded?" "At Vicksburg, and they thought 'a'ally, they were bearing him from the field, and stopped to give his wound attention. 'Let me die with my sword on,' he said to the surgeon, who was unbuckling it.'

The committee were all giving close attention, and the old chaplain was visibly affected. "Go on," said he.

"The field hospital was close at hand, out of doors, you know, and they did soon the little that they could do for him. But when they thought him nearly gone, he rallied, and in a lull of the battle began to sing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' They say his faith and courage pulled him through. He was past fighting, but he resumed his studies, and distinguished himself in them as he had done on the battle field."

Two or three members of the committee were wiping their eyes, and the old chaplain blew his nose hard. Then he said, "Gentlemen, patriotism is one thing and theology another, and it is theology we are looking after now. But you can't make me believe there's any serious heresy in a man with that kind of religion. His theology is good enough for me!"

The Danish West Indies.

Three small dots on a map of the West Indies, two of them directly east of Porto Rico, the third and largest southeast of that island, represent the Danish West Indies.

It is not an imposing group. Altogether the three islands have barely one-tenth the area of the State of Rhode Island. Their combined population is but a little more than thirty thousand, mostly negroes. Frequent earthquakes shake them, and hurricanes sweep over them. Sugar, rum and tobacco are the chief products; but there is so little prosperity among the people that it costs Denmark to take care of them more than she gets back in revenue.

Small and unimportant as these little islands of St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix are, the United States came near buying them from Denmark more than thirty years ago, and recently has made a new offer for them. It is not the size of the islands nor their fertility which gives them value, but their position. St. Thomas lies less than forty miles from the eastern coast of Porto Rico. It has an excellent harbor, which would be useful as a coaling and naval station. When a canal is cut



The Dainty White Things

are washed with SURPRISE—a little Surprise Soap and still brighter—are not only clean but tender. I want the maximum wear out of my clothes. Don't have them by poor soap—use pure soap. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

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Accuracy, Purity and Promptness

ARE THE RULES OF MY DISPENSING DEPARTMENT

Every care is exercised in procuring the purest Drugs and Chemicals, which are accurately prepared by competent Pharmacists. Telephone and I will send for your Prescription and return it, Dispensed promptly. Mail orders filled and forwarded by next mail.

W. C. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 87 CHARLOTTESTREET. Telephone 239. And 172 King street, West, (Telephone 54A). St. John, N. B.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Bay du Vin Wharf," will be received at this office until Friday, February 16th, 1901, inclusively, for the reconstruction of the outer end of the Wharf, at Bay du Vin, Northumberland County, Province of New Brunswick, according to a plan and a specification to be seen at the office of E. T. P. Shewen, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., and C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S., on application to the Postmaster at Bay du Vin, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for eight hundred dollars (\$800.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, J. OS. R. ROY, Acting Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, January 31st, 1901.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for.

138, 8 L.

across the isthmus, the possession of these islands by the United States will be more important than at present. The inconvenience of having them in the hands of some rival and possibly hostile power would be very great.

These, presumably, are the considerations which have led to a renewal of the negotiations for the purchase of a group. Both houses of congress must act before the arrangement can be completed, so that the policy will be adopted, if at all, only after a full discussion of its advantages and disadvantages.

In a cell in the... is a woman not... have found her... crippled husband... appeals grants... spend the rest of... the state penitentiary... youngest of her... such a [sentence]... strong revulsion... her guilt has... are confident of... the court to reo... prosecutor decla... opinion the verc...

Sarah Kuhn i... She is of Englis... name was Cra... She has the av... born and broug... that is to say, s... has a smattering... ed up in an irre... 16 she was sent... and then began... has left her beb... when Sarah fell... a broad shoulde... more than her c... means so much... year or so they... the farmers' wi... girl. Then th... ment cooled; a... Sarah is now ac... into the story.

Charles Kuh... Inflammatory r... legs so as to bri... matter how he... a cork screw gai... case had left on... useless. He wa... working Germ... late in his shoe... of the money he... once he was past... district often a... gesting that he... often as they di... gnarled legs.

'Who would... would ask and... laugh. Nevertheless... think of marry... asked his nearer... and the friend... shouldered your... 'I want a p... others afterwar... 'and she must... strong.

The request... was growing... thought over i... help the old mar... he told him that... and at a Fou... Delta, near wh... introduced him... later Kuhn aske... She told him he... away. The Cobb... Smith again. W... to his sweethear... has told, but th... the girl were m... is a justice of... and the only... parents, when t... declared that h... daughter again... she was in jail.

With the mar... changed. He... she asked for... say that she h... all. The only t... pled husband s... she might leave... threatened to d... and asked her... he could do for... larger met him o... fice in Sigourn... 'I've just fini... in my life,' said... 'What was th... 'I've just w... was the reply... A month late...

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1901.

A Sad Tale of the South.

In a cell in the little stone jail at Sigourney, Ia., under a life sentence for murder is a woman not yet 20 years old. A jury have found her guilty of poisoning her crippled husband, and unless the court of appeals grants her a new trial she will spend the rest of her life at hard labor in the state penitentiary.

Sarah Kuhn is the woman's name now. She is of English parentage and her maiden name was Crane. She is quite pretty. She has the average education of a girl born and brought up on an Iowa farm; that is to say, she can read and write and has a smattering of other knowledge picked up in an irregular career at school.

Charles Kuhn was wofully deformed. Inflammatory rheumatism had twisted his legs so as to bring the knees together no matter how he stood, and he walked with a cork screw gait. Besides this the disease had left one of his long arms entirely useless. He was known as a miserly, hard working German, who toiled early and late in his shoemaker's shop for sheer love of the money his labor brought him and once he was past middle age the wages of the district often amused themselves by suggesting that he take to himself a wife.

'Who would have me with these?' he would ask and then his tormentors would laugh. Nevertheless the old man did begin to think of marrying. Two years ago he asked his nearest friend to find him a wife, and the friend he asked was the broad shouldered young farmer Andrew Smith.

'I want a pretty woman,' Kuhn told others afterwards 'that he said to Smith, 'and she must be single, young and strong. The request came at a time when Smith was growing tired of Sarah Crane. He thought over it and finally promised to help the old man to a wife. A month later he told him that he had found him a girl and at a Fourth of July celebration at Delta, near where the cobbler lived, he introduced him to Sarah Crane. Six months later Kuhn asked the girl to marry him.

She told him he was crazy and ordered him away. The cobbler appealed to his friend Smith again. What persuasions Smith used to his sweetheart nobody knows, for neither has told, but three months later Kuhn and the girl were married. Smith's father, who is a justice of the peace, married them, and the only witness was Smith. Sarah's parents, when they heard of the match, declared that they would never see their daughter again. They kept their word till she was in jail.

With the marriage the cobbler's habits changed. He bought his wife everything she asked for and her neighbors began to say that she had not done so badly after all. The only thing that troubled her crippled husband seemed to be the fear that she might leave him. One day she lightly threatened to do so. He sought his friends and asked them what more they thought he could do for Sarah. The next day a villager met him coming out of a lawyer's office in Sigourney.

'I've just finished the best job I ever did in my life,' said the cobbler. 'What was that?' asked the villager. 'I've just willed [all] down to my wife,' was the reply. A month later the old man was dead. At

her trial the will was made to tell strongly against his widow though it was not shown that she inspired, urged or sanctioned the action by a single word and it was pointed out by her lawyers that under the laws of the State of Iowa, where a will is made and the wife is the beneficiary in whole or in part, and it is proved that she took the life of the testator, the will becomes inoperative so far as she is concerned.

Labor Day, about a month after the will was made, was the cobbler's last. On that day he and his wife drove to an entertainment at What Cheer, a neighboring village. Nothing was developed at the trial to show that the wife planned or suggested the trip. While the couple were in the village the husband purchased a dozen bottles of beer, which he placed in his buggy. He left his wife alone in it later, while he wandered about the streets. Then they started home. What occurred on the drive only the wife has told.

'When we were a short way out of town,' she told the sheriff afterward, 'Charlie opened a bottle of beer and we both drank some. He was in a good humor and after finishing that bottle he asked me to sing him a German song I knew. I held the reins and I sang while he opened the second bottle. He joined in the chorus. He drank from the second bottle and then he passed it to me saying that it tasted bitter. I drank a little, but not much, and he drank more. Then he set the bottle down and I saw that something was wrong. He lay on his side mumbling. I thought the beer had gone to his head. When we got near old man Snider's house he began to cry that I had poisoned him. Then I shouted, too, and Snider came out into the road.'

Snider was the principal witness against the woman at her trial. He testified that when the buggy reached his house Mrs. Kuhn was crying 'Come quick, my husband is dying.' He went to the buggy and Kuhn told him to take the reins and drive as fast as he could to the doctor's, because he'd been poisoned.

'What else did he say?' said the county prosecutor. 'Well,' said the witness, 'I hesitated about taking the reins. His wife said she didn't know what was matter with him, but he'd been drinking beer and eating bologna, so I climbed into the buggy and drove towards the doctor's. When we got pretty well to the place where you turn I asked whether we should go to the doctor's or home, and his wife said it would be better to take him home. Then he cried, 'No, take me to Dr. Busby's, she's poisoned me!' I thought not, and told him so, and she said, 'What makes you talk so, Charley? What will people think of you talking that way? He kept saying: 'She poisoned me, Snider; she did. Then she would say again that she did not, and for while he wouldn't say anything. One time during the drive he turned to her and asked: 'Why did you do it?'

The doctor was not at home and the cripple still crying that he had been poisoned, died in the buggy on the way to his cottage. An autopsy revealed traces of strychnine in his stomach and in the beer left in the bottle in the roadway was found enough strychnine to kill a dozen men. On the roadway over which the couple had driven there was discovered a small phial half filled with strychnine. It bore the name of a New York firm. At the trial it was brought out that this was found on the side of the roadway on which the wife had driven. No evidence of a purchase of poison by either husband or wife was discovered.

The prosecution argued that the woman, tired of her crippled husband, poisoned the beer in the wagon in the few moments when she was left alone by him in the village. The defence showed that she had no means of uncerking the bottle and argued that Kuhn himself, fearing that his wife would carry out her threat to leave him, had bought the poison contemplating murder and suicide on his way home. It was urged that Kuhn's dying declaration was an opinion rather than a statement of fact, and therefore inadmissible. The jury composed of solid farmers, however, regarded it as the essential feature of the

testimony. To the last the wife has professed her innocence.

The verdict of the jury brought no tears to the woman's eyes. She walked as if dazed out of court and to the jail. In the crowd, on the corner of the street as she passed, stood a broad-shouldered male on-looker. It was Andrew Smith, now married to a girl he knew when Sarah Crane and he were sweethearts.

HE WAS TRACKED BY A DREAM.

Clergyman's Deserted Wife Causes His Arrest—500 Were Engaged in the Chase.

A wonderful story of the capture through detective work done by a woman in a dream is involved in the arrest at Ogden, Utah, of Rev. W. H. Springfield, a Baptist minister of Danton, L. I., who, it is said, deserted his wife last July.

At the time Springfield went away his wife's niece, Mary Frances Kershaw, a beautiful school teacher, 22 years old, disappeared. She had with her \$3,000, her own money.

The missing clergyman, whose movements were revealed to his wife in dreams, was run down with the help of the Rebekahs. They tracked him from state to state. Five hundred women in all worked on the case and succeeded in locating the man.

Springfield is in the hands of the police at Ogden. Where his missing niece, Miss Kershaw, is, was not known to his wife. It has happened that several members of the Kershaw family have been murdered, and her cousins fear that she has been killed for her money. There is nothing, however, on which to base such a belief.

In February last Miss Kershaw's uncle Samuel Wansey, died, leaving about \$3,000 to her. The following month Mr. Springfield announced that his health had broken down, and suggested that the three of them travel through the west.

'We went to Oklahoma City,' Mrs. Springfield said, 'and there my husband bought a prairie schooner and horses. We went out on the plain to rough it. We trekked through Oklahoma, Indian territory, the northwestern section of Texas and finally reached Wyoming.'

'We lived in a tent and in the wagon having the kind of time gypsies might have. On July 4 last we were at Rawlins, Wyo. Our money was nearly gone, and we were tired of our prairie schooner life.'

'Mr. Springfield said the best thing he could do was to go up to Cape Nome and make his fortune. I cried and said he'd get smallpox there and not gold, but he said he was determined to go. He wanted me to stay at Rawlins, but, as I knew no one there, I said I'd go back to my friends at Danton.'

'When Miss Kershaw said that, as we were breaking up the party, she'd go to Ogden and get a position as a school teacher. We separated five days later.'

'When I came back to Danton, I had a dream that my husband was in California. I saw him riding on a wagon. Then I remembered that Miss Kershaw had left a box of her effects at Centreville, Penn. I wrote to the woman there who had them, and she replied, saying that a few days before she had sent the box to Antioch, Calif., at Miss Kershaw's request.'

'I am a member of the Rebekahs, a woman's society. I wrote to the noble grand of the order in Antioch. Rawlins and Ogden, asking them to try and find some trace of the missing ones.'

'At this time I had a remarkable dream. Miss Kershaw came to me in my sleep—pale, with long hair streaming down her back. She said that she had lost all her money and that her life was wrecked. She cried piteously and asked me to take compassion upon her.'

'At the same time I saw a stout man in my dream arresting my husband.'

When a reporter told Mrs. Springfield that her husband had been arrested she wept bitterly. She did not know what the charge against him could be. A few days ago she sent to the chief of police of Ogden photographs of both the missing ones, saying that she would like to have them found.

The Man Behind the Mules.

An echo of the South African War comes to us by the way of Collier's Weekly: During General White's sortie from Ladysmith, the British battery mules on the left were stampeded. The captain of one of the batteries, seeing his first sergeant flying by with the first gun, shouted angrily:

'Hi, sir! Where are you going?'

To which the gunner curtly replied: 'Hangen if I know! Ask the mules!'

She Knew The Queen.

In a country home near Geeson, N. Y., lives a little old lady who knew Queen Victoria as no other woman in the United States knew her. For years she was the Queen's constant companion and her devotion to her mistress was sincere; yet to day she is not mourning. The news that once would have meant bitter grief for her cannot reach her heart through her clouded brain.

Mme. Boeringer, nee de Lanois, was a mere slip of a girl when she met Queen Victoria in 1840. In those days the young Queen cared more about toilette than she did in later years, and bowed her royal head to the supremacy of French fashions. Visiting Paris on frivolous thoughts intent, she noticed a charming French girl employed at the dressmaker's. The Queen was a young woman of quick impulses. She conceived a violent fancy for the pretty girl, talked to her and found that she was well educated and of good family, and ended by carrying her off to England as French companion and personal attendant.

The change was a striking one, but Mme. de Lanois had good French blood in her veins, and fitted into her new niche with the utmost grace and composure. From the time she left Paris until she was married to M. Boeringer in 1845 she was never separated from her royal mistress for longer than a day or two, and even when her Swiss lover loomed up on the horizon and she fell in love with him at first sight, she could not make up her mind to leave the Queen, whom she adored.

The courtship hung fire until the queen, who was never too queenly to be womanly, saw that something was bothering her companion, and asked questions. Then the murder came out. Mme. Boeringer never tired of telling how good her mistress was about that old-time love affair. The queen grieved at losing a devoted friend, but urged the friend to marry and be happy. Mme. de Lanois wept and protested, but finally decided that she could get along without Queen Victoria better than she could get along without M. Boeringer.

So she was married and came to America carrying with her good wishes and a handsome wedding present from the queen. She promised to revisit England in a few years, but she never went back. She lived in Orange county and had several children, to whom she told wonderful stories, all about courts and queens and kings.

'I was brought up upon Queen Victoria Mrs. Alorzo H. Coleman, Mme. Boeringer's only living child, said to a Sun reporter. 'She was my ideal of all the virtues—a wonderful, perfect, far off saint. Mother was always talking of her goodness, gentleness and consideration for others, no matter what their station might be.'

'In all the years I was with her she used to say: 'I never knew her to do a selfish, ungenerous, or even a discourteous thing.'

'All of mother's stories began with 'When I lived with the queen,' and I loved them; but I'm afraid I was a sturdy little democrat and didn't stand properly in awe of royalty. The stories went in one ear and out of the other. If my brother were living he could tell them to you word for word. He simply drank them in and dreamed about thrones and crowns, and always wanted to play kings and queens. He couldn't understand why I wasn't more impressed by mother's old glories, and he used to be dreadfully disgusted with me because my tastes were so low. My oldest daughter, Henriette, has some jewelry that Queen Victoria gave to mother.'

Mrs. Coleman showed two worn morocco cases stamped with the royal arms. In one was a beautiful brooch of turquoises and pearls, that reflected more credit upon the queen's taste than the brooches with which famous singers who sang before her in late years have been favored. In the second jewel box were great turquoise and pearl earrings in leaf design.

'I suppose Henriette will never wear the earrings,' said Mrs. Coleman, 'but it is nice for her to have the things. Mother thought the world and all of them and wanted the oldest granddaughter to have them. She said they were wonderfully

becoming to her when she was young, and the queen always wanted her to wear blue and white. It's pitiful, this growing old, isn't it?'

Then Mrs. Coleman repeated the following story of Queen Victoria, which her mother had told her:

'Mother always travelled with her mistress,' she said, 'and in those days, you know, they usually travelled by coach. One summer the queen set her heart upon a trip through Switzerland. Everybody wanted her to go somewhere else, but Switzerland she would have. Mother said the little lady had a fine stubborn will of her own, so she had her way.'

'Some of the family went with her to Geneva, but there she shook them off and started out with only a few of her personal attendants. Mother said the queen was as irrepressible as a runaway school girl. I can't quite imagine it. It always seemed to me that Queen Victoria's virtues had crowded out her sense of humor, but mother told another story and said the girl was just bubbling over with fun and good spirits whenever she could get rid of the everlasting ceremony and state that belonged to her position.'

'On this Swiss trip she was positively larky, and mother entered into her mood. I fancy that was why the two were such good friends. Mother was just French enough not to be easily shocked, and that must have been a tremendous relief to an English queen.'

'Of course the queen rode inside the coach, and the servants and attendants had places outside. The queen was travelling incognito, but you know what that means. Everybody enroute was expecting her, and at every village the people crowded round and stared and threw flowers and cheered and kissed her hand.'

'It bored the queen dreadfully. After a while she stopped the coach and ordered my mother to climb down.'

'You are having all the fun, she said, 'and I'm shut up in this stuffy hole where I can't half see or feel, and then the people make me so tired, because the dear things want to pay their respects to the queen of England. Now I positively will not stand it another minute. It's bad enough to be Queen in England. I won't be queen in Switzerland. I am going to ride on top.'

'Every body was shocked except mother. She thought it was beautiful.'

'Of course it would scandalize people if they knew it,' said the Queen, 'but they needn't know it. Mme. de Lanois, you can just get in here and play queen. You and I are almost of an age and size, and the poor things who kiss my hand are so embarrassed that they don't know what I look like anyway. You will make a very good queen, and I'll ride where I've been longing to, outside.'

'So into the coach mother climbed, and there she queened it all day. All the villagers stared at her and threw flowers and kissed her hand, and she put on a great many more airs than the real Queen would have dreamed of. And all the while Queen Victoria and the others were shouting with laughter, outside the coach.'

'Mother used to tell that story over and over and laugh until she cried. I can see her now wiping tears of mirth out of her eyes, and saying:

'Oh, les beaux jours!'

'Well, Queen Victoria had a good deal of sadness in her life, but her 'beautiful days' lasted better than mother's. Mother is four years older than the Queen, but her beautiful days' lasted better than mother's. Mother is four years older than the Queen but her real life ended years ago.'

Queen Victoria's Death.

There never was such interest aroused over the death of one monarch and the accession of another as in the case of Victoria and Edward VII. The Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, is being widely complimented on the splendid way it reported and treated of these two important events. No other paper on the American Continent even approached the Family Herald and Weekly Star in the completeness of its reports and profuseness of its illustrations. The circulation of the Family Herald is increasing by leaps and bounds. It is no wonder. A paper that is so superbly equipped for all emergencies deserves success.

Advertisement for 'Dainty White Things' soap, featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes and text describing the product's benefits.

Advertisement for 'ST. JOHN'S' department, listing various services and products available, including art supplies and medical services.

Advertisement for 'Audman Allan, and Druggist, 107 WEST STREET', providing contact information and details about their pharmacy services.

# Sweet Violet.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART II.

## CHAPTER I.

Also I for the rarity  
Of Christian a story  
Under the sun  
Oh! it was pitiful  
Near a whole city full  
Home she had none—'Hoop.

The ponderous bell of 'Big Ben' had slowly and solemnly pealed out the hour of midnight, and the Great City was wrapped in slumber.

It had been snowing off and on for two or three days or more, and now the snow lay piled up like miniature mountains on either side of the pavements.

The night of which we write was a cold and particularly wild one. The wind groaned and howled through the streets, and catching up the loose snow sent it flying in every direction.

It was a night when not even a dog should have been a broad, let alone a human being. But, alas! even in this great and wealthy city, it is not all of us who are blessed with homes. No matter what the weather is, someone—some 'poor unfortunates'—has to face it.

It was so on this particular night. The last notes of 'Big Ben' had hardly died away when a woman, leading by the hand a little child of about nine years of age, passed wearily round by the Houses of Parliament, now silent and deserted, and walked in the direction of Victoria street.

More than one policeman paused on his beat, and looked curiously into the face of the woman—more than one of them muttered, 'Poor unfortunate creature! how ill she looks—and that little child—ugh!' And then they thought of their wives and children, so comfortable at home.

And, oh, merciful father! how awful was the look upon that woman's face! By no means. It was a face which at one time had evidently been very beautiful; but trouble, misery, and want had changed it into that gaunt, haggard look which is the result of actual starvation.

Her attire and that of her child was of the poorest description; yet a close inspection would reveal the fact that every hole had been carefully patched, and that every part was perfectly clean.

Her steps were very slow, and more than once she paused and placed her hand upon her aching head.

'Mamma,' said the child, as her mother paused, as if uncertain as to the direction she was to take, 'yes, we near it now?'

'Yes, my child, yes. Very near it now. Oh, God grant me but the strength to reach him, if only for the sake of you, my sweet Violet!'

'And you, too, mamma. You, too. Look how ill you are; and your poor hands tremble so—and you are so hungry. Oh, mamma, I do so wish you and I were in the snug bed we had before papa died don't you, mamma?'

'Yes, yes my love,' replied the woman, as the tears rolled down her wasted cheeks I do, indeed. But it is not to be, Violet, because your mother is unfortunate.'

'No, no. It is because grandpa is such a—'

'Hush, Violet. You must not say a word against him. He is my father, you know.'

Arriving at the end of Victoria street, the woman turned into Chester-square, and eventually paused before a magnificent stone mansion, the brilliant brass plates on the pillars of which made it known to all that it was 'Chester House.'

The house was very quiet, and it seemed certain that everyone in it had retired to rest. It was very evident that no one had been up the broad steps for a very long time, for the snow lay upon them perfectly smooth.

The child looked up at the house in wonder, and her handsome blue eyes opened to their fullest extent as she said: 'Is this the house, mamma?'

'Yes, my love.'

'Oh, how grand! How nice everything must be in there. And you lived there once, mamma, did you not?'

'Yes, that is quite right,' replied the porter, struck by the sound of the voice. The woman came closer to him and stood on the threshold of the door, so that the lamp in the hall fell upon her features.

'James,' she said sadly, 'I see that you cannot remember me.'

The porter started back with a cry of amazement.

'Mias Violet—' he commenced.

'Hush! replied the woman, raising her hand warningly. 'Yes, James, it is indeed me.'

The hall porter, a very old servant of the family, placed his hands upon his eyes and seemed to wish to shut out the sight.

'Oh,' he said in trembling tones, 'what would your poor mother say if she saw you like this? And her last words were for her pretty violet. Oh, cruel Sir Archibald. May God help you and your poor child, for his heart is as stony as ever.'

'James,' said the woman, 'I have come to see him. I have written to him scores of times, but he has never replied to me. I must see him. Not for my sake, but for this poor child.'

'If I go to him and say you are here, he will tell me—Oh, what shall I do? He is in his study as usual; you go there and knock. He will think it is me, and will tell you to come in. Go, and may Heaven melt his heart.'

The woman did as desired, heaving many a deep sigh as she passed down the hall she knew so well.

Arrived at the study door, she knocked gently, and a voice—a voice she had not heard for years, replied, 'Come in.'

Only one second did she pause and raise her eyes, as if imploring Heaven's assistance, then she turned the handle and entered.

Sir Archibald looked up as the door opened, and his eyes rested upon the wan face of the woman before him. Then the pen he held in his hand dropped to the floor. He seemed to look upon the woman as one risen from the dead.

For some few moments neither of them spoke, they only looked at each other—father and daughter.

Then his eyes wandered from his daughter to the child by her side, whose pretty blue eyes looked so imploringly into his face, and he heaved a deep sigh.

'What do you want here?' he asked in stern tones of his daughter.

'Father—'

'Stay! I am no father of yours!'

'Have pity upon me and this poor helpless child! she cried, raising her hands in supplication. 'Oh, let me call you father; let me ask you to give me shelter for a little while—only a little while—for I am not long for this world.'

'Mamma! mamma!' cried the child; 'do not say so. Oh, do not say so!'

'I know that I disobeyed you years ago. But, oh, you did not know how I loved him! He is dead now—'

'Dead?'

'Yes,' bursting into tears, 'he is dead and buried, and what little home we had has been seized for rent. We are homeless, penniless! Father, for the sake of my dear dead mother, I implore you to give me some shelter for a time. Think, I am your own daughter, your own flesh and blood. Think of that, father, and have mercy upon me!'

But Miss Violet—I mean Mrs Lovelidge—times will change perhaps. See, I have been up and got a little money, which I beg you will take as a loan. It is only a few pounds, but—'

'No, James; I thank you for your kindness, but I don't need it—indeed, I do not. Good-bye, James. Come, Violet.'

'James was too full for words, his cheeks were wet with tears, and as his master's only child crossed the threshold and tottered down the snow-covered steps, he muttered:—'

'Ah, Sir Archibald, you will have to answer before the Almighty for what you have done this night.'

'Mamma,' said the child, after they had proceeded a few yards, 'have we no home to go to to-night?'

'None, child, none.'

'And I am so very, very tired, mamma; so tired and sleepy. Are you not tired, mamma?'

'Yes, my pet, very tired—very tired; and I muttered, 'tired of my life.'

'How cruel grandpa spoke to you.'

'Yes, very cruel, Violet—very cruel. But,' and here she stopped and clutched a railing for support, 'I can go no further yet. Let us sit down awhile, my child; my limbs ache so.'

She scraped the snow from off the steps of a large house, and sitting down, took her child—her pretty blue-eyed Violet—in her arms, and covered her tender form with her shawl:—'

'Rest yourself, my child,' she said, 'and then we can go on again.'

'I shan't go to sleep, mamma,' said the child, 'because I want to talk to you. And talk she did, but only for a few moments, for the warmth of the shawl invited sleep. Her pretty prattle became less and less; and at last pressed tightly to her mother's breast, she slept calmly and peacefully.'

For over an hour did Mrs Lovelidge sit upon that step, thinking and watching the starlit skies, but at last exhausted nature gave way, and leaning her back against the railing, she too fell into a sound sleep.

Three hours passed away. It was a strange thing, but it was a fact, that the policeman on duty here arrived at the spot where Mrs. Lovelidge sat with her child for the first time.

He walked slowly round, trying the doors on his way, until at last he stopped short.

'Hem!' he muttered, 'this looks well. Why she's fast asleep,' he said, turning on his heel's eye, 'and—yes, so it is—a child as well, poor things! In this awful weather, too. I say, my good woman, touching her on the shoulder, 'you will catch your death if you stay here.'

No answer, no movement.

'I say, my good woman,' he cried in louder tones, 'wake up!'

No answer from the woman, but the child started from her sleep, crying out, 'Mamma—mamma!'

Alas! the loved voice was not answered.

'Good God!' exclaimed the policeman, 'what is this? taking her hand and looking into her face. 'It is death!'

'No, no!' cried the child; 'she is asleep. Mamma, mamma! Oh, do speak to your own Violet. Do open your eyes, dearest mamma.' And as she said this she took her mother's pale face between her little hands, and burst into a flood of tears.

'Oh, mamma, do not leave me all alone. Speak to me.'

But no, never would those lips part to utter words of endearment to that pretty child; never would those wasted hands clasp her 'sweet Violet' to her breast. A merciful God had stilled her broken heart, and had called her to him self; but what of the child!

Sir Archibald turned hastily away. 'Your name is Violet?' he said.

'Yes, grandpa.'

'Who taught you to say grandpa?'

'Mamma and papa,' replied Violet simply.

'Hem! Well, mark this—you are old enough to understand: you must never call me 'grandpa'—never say I am your grandpa to a living soul. If you do you will incur my displeasure. Do you understand?'

'Yes, grandpa—yes.'

'You must call me 'sir.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Very good. Having understood thus far listen to the next. I have adopted you and my intention is to give you a good education. For that purpose you will go to a boarding-school, and to-morrow.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Till then you will be under the care of the house-keeper. That is all; be careful you do not say that I am your grandpa. Now go, and tell the porter outside to take you to the house-keeper.'

Violet turned to go, but recollecting something, she came back and approached the table at which Sir Archibald was sitting.

'What do you want?' he asked.

'Mamma said that one day you would love me like she did, and that you would kiss me. I have no one to kiss me now but you. Won't you kiss me?'

Sir Archibald looked into the sweet earnest face, and as he looked the face of his child—now lying peacefully under the cold ground—rose up before him, and for one instant a tear trembled in his eyes.

'No, no,' he cried hastily; 'I never kiss anyone. Yet stay—come here. I will kiss you, but you must not tell anyone.'

'No, sir.'

Sir Archibald pressed a kiss upon the red lips, left his seat, opened the door, and Violet passed out.

She had looked her last upon her grand-father for many years to come.

And no sooner had the door closed behind her than Sir Archibald flung himself into his chair and buried his face in his hands, and in that position he remained for hours.

## CHAPTER II.

Seven years have passed since Violet Lovelidge was sent to boarding school.

Seven years—and during that time she made wonderful progress.

She had been sent to a good school, and had been well looked after. The governess had grown to love her like her own child, and no wonder, for Violet was a very affectionate girl.

And besides that, she was not like other girls. When the holidays came round she did not leave school, like the others, and go to a home where parents, brothers, and sisters were awaiting her.

No. So far as all that was concerned, her life was a bitter blank. She could only stand at the window, and with a full heart watch the preparations going on for the departure of her schoolfellows.

She had no relatives, and with the exception of her governess and schoolfellows, no friends.

Once a quarter, when her fees were paid and her pocket money was sent by Sir Archibald, the letter contained a short note to this effect:—

'I am glad to hear you are obeying my instructions. Do not alter that line of conduct. Learn all you can.'

This was all.

But Violet—'sweet Violet,' as she was called, even by her schoolfellows—was not doomed to go unloved for long. No, no. Her beautiful face, expressive blue eyes, and golden hair had attracted the attention of more than one young fellow in the immediate neighborhood.

The governess was not aware of this; neither was anyone else, so far as Violet knew.

We say she had attracted the attention of more than one. But did she favor anyone?

That she certainly did.

It may be asked how she obtained the opportunity of speaking to anyone of the male species; but when you come to consider that every holiday time she was left alone, and that the governess allowed her to take an occasional quiet walk, you will say that it was not to be wondered at.

Her 'quiet walk' was always to one particular spot. A very secluded spot indeed, and that was to the long disused Bayeth Abbey, a picturesque structure, built in the early English style, but fast falling into rack and ruin.

It was here where Violet had always met the young gentleman whom she had learned to love with all the strength of her young heart. And it was no wonder either, for young Ronald Radstock was indeed a fine specimen of English manhood.

He had been on a visit to a friend at Harton Court, a noble structure situated about two miles from the abbey. Twelve months ago he came there, his intention being to remain for 'a month or so.' But he had met Violet. It was indeed a case of love at first sight on both sides, and instead of his visit lasting a month it extended to twelve.



At this moment a servant entered the room.

'Miss Violet,' she said softly, 'you won't tell anyone, will you?'

'What about, Mary?'

'Well—oh—as I was coming past Gaily's Farm, a young gentleman stopped me, and he put a sovereign in my hand—'

'A sovereign! For what?'

'If I would take a letter to you.'

'Oh, give it me, quick!' cried Violet, her face turning a tell-tale red.

'You won't say anything, Miss Violet?' asked the servant, as she drew the precious missive from her pocket.

'No, say nothing! How stupid I should be. Stay till I read it, Mary.'

Violet opened the letter and drew out the contents, a tiny pink note. It ran:—

'Sweet Violet, my bright flower, I am here a day before my time, and for a very good reason. I have been summoned home. Meet me in an hour from this at the old Abbey. Kisses ad lib. My sweet Violet, and do not forget to come to your RONALD.'

'Mary,' said Violet, as she flung her book from her and started to her feet, 'run, and bring my parcel and hat, and—'

'And—Miss Jones, the governess, should want to know where I am, say I have gone for a short walk.'

'Yes, miss,' replied the servant, whose heart had been made glad by the receipt of a sovereign.

She soon procured the desired articles, and off went Violet, happy as a lark. Oh, so very, very happy! So happy indeed, that when she got fairly out in the fields her full heart seemed ready to burst, and presently found vent in a song—a light, joyous song.

'Some people say, what is love! Ah, who shall attempt to describe it?'

Arrived at the Abbey Violet turned up the grand old entrance and walked rapidly round the churchyard until she came to the usual place of meeting, and that was by one of the old tombstones. Rather a strange place, some people may be inclined to say; but it must be recollected that love requires a secluded spot—always.

Never, until 'far from the maddening crowd' does the voice of love lend its ears to soft whisperings.

Violet had not stood there ten seconds before her lover, handsome Ronald, came round the Abbey, and in a moment they were in each other's arms.

'Oh, Ronald,' cried Violet, 'do you really mean that you are about to leave me?'

'My dear Violet, I have received a summons from my mother, who desires my immediate attendance. But, come, let us seat ourselves on this old tombstone and talk. There! Now, Violet, you are listening to me?'

'Listening? Why, yes.'

'I have never told you where my residence is.'

'Yes, you have—Harton Court.'

'No, my dear, that is not my residence—it is only the residence of my friends.'

'Yes?'

'My residence is a much larger place than that.'

'Larger? Then it must be an immense place.'

'It is an immense place; and, Violet, before I go there tonight—'

'To-night?' in surprise.

'Yes, I start tonight. Well, before I go, I want to tell you a secret.'

'Oh, I am so anxious—tell me this secret, Ronald.'

'Oh, but I want to be paid for it,' laughed Ronald.

'Paid? Then I have no money.'

'Oh, not in money, my sweet Violet, I want to be paid with love's dues.'

'What are love's dues, Ronald?'

'Kisses, my love; and my secret is valued at four.'

'Is it really worth it?' laughed Violet.

'It is, indeed. You will give me four kisses for my secret, will you not, Violet?'

And as he said this he drew her pretty face to his.

'Yes,' smiled Violet.

'And if you don't consider the secret worth it,' laughed Ronald, 'well, then—in that case I will return them.'

'Very well.'

The penalty having been paid, Ronald said: 'Violet, I have often told you how well and truly I loved you, and you have as often told me how you returned it; and that being so, I am sure you will forgive me when I tell you that for twelve months I have been deceiving you.'

'Deceiving me?' cried Violet, starting from her seat.

But Ronald gently drew her back.

'Yes,' he said, 'deceiving you. I am not, as you have been led to believe, simply Ronald Radstock. My real name is Lord Ronald Radstock. That is my secret.'

Violet was silent for some few moments and tears stood in her eyes.

'What is the matter, Violet? My de—'

CANCER advertisement with text: 'CANCER... For Canadian testimonials & 250-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.'



Copyright 1901 Rev. Jonathan his sermon. his head on the 'O, Lord, I a sermon, I yet, would it God—a man I believe, hel 'Yes, it was door. For the hung in the t worn with m Even now, w finally—'pra favor, increa quired to hol the things sh money!'

'Water, pa The Rev. J It was an effo together. H 'Water, pa 'Yes, dear. In the cool dark-grey b knelt over it, blanket and n jar. This co number of tin as come from holding onc Mr Long ros big jar; and feeding-cup w his daughter's last drop.'

The Rev. J of Yale. He school of sma honors with e erator arrang to minute qu In the next poor Mary! doing duty as chamber at ni than had kept in the past w during office h preacher but People came Yes, he had mother, who that her child man whose v whose busine wanted to c drink; to a w her; to a girl strong, lovely work; to a bruses on she prays that she husband who God would b and long-suff them all, pr establish thei would plead: 'O, Father and watche and art abe most—'

And all the what he w falsely inform wally for water with much v Then he wou passionate ler give these pe with more pa with agony— gift of all—b whether their 'Papa!'

He was als unwritten. H cream, gave it ed himself to The Rev. J his sermons w shut out inter his subject, c and, keeping t struggles and his people a course—a co would not ca to tremble i tions and a large congreg derstand who gave such goo 'John, dear,' his head 'I hat time for chro It was only co wish I had an He looked a

SUNDAY READING.

Jonathan Long's Ordeal.

Copyright 1901, Christian Herald, New York. Rev Jonathan Long was trying to write his sermon. It was a hard task. He laid his head on the table and moaned:

"O, Lord, if it were a prayer instead of a sermon, I could write fast enough—and yet, would it be a prayer that a minister of God—a man of faith—should write? Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief!"

"Yes, it was hard. The wolf was at the door. For the past week Beth's life had hung in the balance, and the minister was worn with much watching and nursing. Even now, when the scale had turned definitely—'prayer-tipped,' he said—in Beth's favor, incessant care and vigil were required to hold the advantage for her. And the things she needed! And he had no money!"

"Water, papa!" The Rev. Jonathan had dropped asleep. It was an effort to wake, to pull himself together. He was so weak and so tired!

"Water, papa!" "Yes, dear." In the coolest corner of the room was a dark-grey bundle. Rev Jonathan Long knelt over it, and from many unfoldings of blanket and newspaper, withdrew a stone jar. This contained, embedded in ice a number of tiny, large-mouthed jars—such as come from the apothecary's or grocer's, holding concentrated food for invalids. Mr Long removed one, re-wrapped the big jar; and from the little one filled a feeding-cup with cream, which he held to his daughter's lips, coaxing her to take the last drop.

The Rev. Jonathan Long was a graduate of Yale. He was a graduate, too, in the school of small economies, taking equal honors with Mary, his wife. This refrigerator arrangement and division of milk into minute quantities prevented waste.

In the next room Mary was sleeping—poor Mary! It was a tiny apartment, doing duty as study in day-time and bed-chamber at night. There the Rev. Jonathan had kept his regular office hours during the past week. He always had callers during office hours. He was not an eloquent preacher but he was a popular pastor. People came to him with their troubles. Yes, he had sat there listening to the mother, who asked him to pray with her that her child might be converted; to a man whose wife had a bad temper or whose business was going to ruin; or who wanted to conquer a thirst for strong drink; to a wife whose husband neglected her; to a girl unhappy at home; to a great strong, stolid fellow who couldn't get work; to a woman who showed black bruises on her face and who asked him to pray that she might be able to forgive the husband who had struck her—pray that God would help her to be more patient and long-suffering. He had talked with them all, prayed with them, and tried to establish their faith. On his knees he would plead:

"O, Father, we know that thou lovest and watchest over us and our dear ones and art able to keep and save to the utter most—"

And all the while he would hardly know what he was saying, his unstrung senses falsely informing him that he heard Beth's wail for water to a tired mother who, worn with much watching, had fallen asleep. Then he would recover himself, and with passionate fervor beseech the Almighty to give these people the thing they desired; with more passionate fervor still—almost with agony—that he would give the best gift of all—belief in his love and wisdom—whether their desire were granted or not.

"Papa!" He was asleep again, the sermon yet unwritten. He got out another jar of cream, gave it to the child, and readressed himself to his task.

The Rev. Jonathan, as a rule, prepared his sermons with great care. He would shut out interruptions, give himself up to his subject, compare texts and authorities, and, keeping the color of his own sorrows, struggles and trials out of it, construct for his people a carefully thought out discourse—a good academic sermon that would not cause any poor, doubting soul to tremble in these times of agnostic questionings and unbelief. He did not have large congregations, and he could not understand why, when he tried so hard and gave such good sound doctrine.

"John, dear," his wife's gentle hand laid on his head "I hate to wake you but it's nearly time for church. Here's your breakfast." It was only coffee and rolls no butter. "I wish I had an egg for you, poor dear."

He looked at her with wistful yearning

and with something of the old lover-look that she always saw in his eyes. She was very young; she had been little more than a child when they had married. Had she realized the cross she was assuming in sharing his lot? When, later he was offered a choice between a comfortable country parish and this struggling city mission and had accepted the latter, feeling that he followed his Master's guidance in working among the poor and the outcast, she had sustained his decision. But again, had she realized what it would bring upon her?

"Mary," he said, with sudden heat. "I'm not going to let you struggle as you have. I'm not going to let Beth suffer for necessities. I'm a man able to make a living for my family. I'm going to quit the ministry, I'm a failure in it."

"O, John, darling, hush! you're tired and overwrought. Finish your breakfast now, there's a dear! so you can hurry off to the mission."

"I have no sermon ready, he said. 'I don't know what to say to my people.' "Just tell them the truth, then, John. Say Beth's been sick and God's making her well, and how good God is. God will teach you what to say. Depend on God for your sermon today, John."

"God bless you, Mary." A few minutes later, as looking his best in his worn, black suit, he kissed her good by, he felt a quiver run through her form; she gave a sob and caught herself, saying: "God is so good. Beth's better. We'll take courage and be more faithful than ever."

But he went out with his brain in a whirl He had no sermon. He could think of nothing to say to his people—nothing to say.

The mission was full—an unusual thing Sunday morning. "A rare opportunity to help many souls," he said, "and I'm not ready. I have nothing to say."

The hymns, the prayers, the lessons were finished; and Jonathan stood up and looking in the faces of his people. Everybody who had called on him during the past two weeks—and there had been many, for it had early gone abroad that the minister was unusually 'full of the Holy Ghost' and prayed 'powerful strong' with troubled folks—were there.

All regarded him with peculiarly kind eyes. The story of Beth's sickness and—as carefully as he had sought to hide them—of severe economies practiced in his home was known now.

"Beloved," he said, "I have no sermon ready. My child has been ill—at the point of death, as you all know. So, I stand before you unprepared today. I am depending on God to give me some message that will help you. And I feel called to choose as my text 'Have faith in God.' I feel that in answer to prayer God has saved my child just as surely as he healed the centurion's little daughter years ago; and so I can say with a full heart 'Have faith in God.' But if he had taken my child—the minister's voice fell almost to a whisper; for an instant his eyes were blurred with the agony of the trial that had so lately shaken him—"could I still bid you 'Have faith in God?'" He paused long, as questioning himself. Then in a voice low but distinct: "Yes, I could. It does not matter what the trouble may be, there is but one armour in which we may meet it safely—faith in God." If it be death, faith that what seems to be death is but entrance into a larger life. If it be poverty—if the wolf be at the door—it one have not food enough for his dear ones—faith in God is the one resource, the one cordial to keep home alive, to inspire endeavor, to give strength to the fainting and famished flesh. If friends be faithless—if your dearest has turned against you—then faith in God is your one city of refuge, your one security against madness. What is faith in God good for, you question, if it does not bring what we ask for? It is enough in itself! His voice rang out, clear, sweet and triumphant. "O, my friends, if we had faith in God, there would be no black moments and no halting for us. There would be no weakness; that would be no failures. Our strength would always be equal to our task—"

Even as he spoke, they saw him waver and sink to the platform.

The doctor who attended Beth—a worldly man whom the people didn't like—bent over and said:

"He has only fainted," and muttered, "he hasn't had enough to eat for a month."

"Gloomy Prospect."

"Mars can boast a much older civilization than ours."

"Say, how their first families will look down on ours when we begin to get chummy!"

St. Matthew's Mission was the offspring of a rich but indifferent parent. St. Matthew's up town had a fine organ and a choir of glorious voices, it had cushioned pews; wonderful stained glass windows by La Farge, and a reredos by St. Gaudens. St. Matthew's was run by one man people said: Mr. Richmond, who had paid off a debt that hung over the church who gave the reredos and who always made up deficits out of his own pocket. He had taken a dislike to Jonathan Long.

"The fellow's got no go in him," he said, "and he'll never make a success of the Mission."

Meanwhile, Mr. Richmond and the other members of the up-town church came as rarely as possible to the Mission. It happened, however, that Mr. Richmond was in the Mission on the morning that Jonathan fainted; he was there as a critic; he was to report to the vestry next day, and they were to consider whether they should not ask Mr. Long to resign. Somebody repeated to him what the doctor said. The doctor, too, repeated his own words to Mr. Richmond.

"Ministers are notoriously improvident and bad managers," said Mr. Richmond. "They are never practical."

Then the doctor described the refrigerator arrangement, and a few other devices "for making nothing go a long way" which he had seen in the Long home.

The next afternoon, Jonathan called on Mr. Richmond at his office in the bank of which he was president. The banker had made up his mind to save the Long family from starvation, but before he could announce his intention, Jonathan said:

"Mr. Richmond, I want you to give me some employment."

"Do you mean to retire from the ministry?" "Unless I am more successful, yes. But I did not purpose resigning just yet. I want to give myself another trial. But I haven't a right to expose Mary and Beth to privations when I'm able to work. I'm a good bookkeeper. Can you let me have a set of books to keep at night? I thought as you have various branches of business under your direction, you might be able to give me a job?"

Mr. Richmond was silent, and Jonathan went on: "I think—since Beth's sickness—I know my people better, somehow, I think I can help them, now. I know the Mission has not flourished; and I have not felt that I could look for the advance in my salary promised—"

"I think that sermon when you fainted was the best I ever heard. It wasn't much of a sermon, but it went to people's hearts. Don't ever try to preach an 'able discourse' again. Talk to people's hearts. Your people have been telling me about you. You've been doing better pastoral work than I realized. It would take another man a long time to acquire as strong a hold as you have down there. I don't believe that we up here have done our part by you. I don't want you to keep books. You have enough to do without it. Your salary shall be advanced I don't know just how much, but the vestry meets to-morrow; I'll lay the matter before them and we'll make you comfortable. Don't waste your time trying to do housework and to save pennies. Give yourself to your people."

It was dusk. Mary was sitting by Beth in the far end of the room. They were so quiet he thought they were asleep. He went softly forward, put his arm about Mary and kissed her. Her cheeks were wet. She slipped her arms around his neck. "John," she whispered "have you given up the ministry?" "No, my darling." "Thank God!" "Dear, I'm bewildered. I'm overcome with joy; I can't believe it's true; I'm afraid to tell you—almost afraid I'm dreaming."

"John darling, what is it?" "Mr Richmond says I'm a help to my people—they've been talking to him—they told him so. He says I'm to stay here; to give myself to them more than ever; that the uptown church will stand by me."

"Thank God! Thank God!" "And they're going to pay me enough to live on—enough to make you and Beth comfortable and happy."

She had slipped to her knees, sobbing for joy.

"Mama!" Beth stirred.

"Yes, my darling."

"Mama. God is good," murmured the child, saying in her sleep the words that, waking or sleeping she had heard so often above her couch. "Mama—papa—have faith in God."

When Discouraged

Turn to Dr. Chase:

He Cures Every Form of Piles Thoroughly and Well Without the Danger, Expense and Pain of an Operation.

It is surprising what a large number of men and women suffer from the wretched uneasiness and torturing itching of piles. You may be among those who, through modesty or fear of the surgeon's knife, have been prevented from appealing to your physician for a cure. You have tried the hundred and one things that friends have recommended and have become discouraged. You say, as many have said before, you, that there is no cure for piles.

Now is the time for you to turn to Dr. Chase, whose famous ointment is recognized the world over as the only actual cure for every form of piles. The real substantial value of Dr. Chase's Ointment has given it a unique position among medicines. It is used in nearly every neighborhood on this continent and has become known by word of mouth from friend to friend and neighbor to neighbor. Ask your friends about it, ask your druggist, ask your doctor. Others have been discouraged, and after years of misery have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Here is one. Mrs. James Brown, Hintonburg, near Ottawa, writes: "I have been a constant sufferer

from nearly every form of piles for the last twenty years, and during that time both here and in the old country have tried most every remedy.

"I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to mothers, or indeed to any person suffering from that dread torment—piles."

Mr. George Thompson, a leading merchant of Bluebeam, Ont., states: "I was troubled with itching piles for fifteen years, and at times they were so bad I could scarcely walk. I tried a great many remedies, but never found anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third application I obtained relief, and was completely cured by using one box." Ask your neighbors about Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only absolute cure for piles.

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Ointment for 60 cents a box from any dealer. If you prefer, enclose this amount to these offices and the remedy will be sent, postpaid to your address. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A Little Hero.

Mrs. J. L. Whiting contributes to the Youth's Companion the following story from her husband, who is a missionary, and went through the siege of the Legations at Peking:

"Our Little Hero," as he was called by the 'Legationers,' was a Chinese Christian boy of about fifteen years of age. At the time of the outbreak in Peking he was driven from the shop which had been his home because he had formerly attended a mission day school, and had been known to talk in favor of Christianity.

"The Boxers will kill you," said the shop keeper, "and burn our house for harboring you."

He wandered homeless and aimless until he saw in a crowd Doctor Ament, whose school he had attended. The missionary took him to the Methodist Compound, and when the refugees here abandoned the place and went to the British Legation, the boy accompanied them.

After days of bombardment in the Legation there was a call for volunteers to take a message to Tientsin, and make known to the gathering armies the situation in Peking. Some messengers had already gone out and had been killed; others had returned, saying they could not get through the lines of the Boxers. The Chinese boy volunteered.

On July 4th, about the time when American boys at home were beginning to fire their earliest crackers, he was led to the top of the city wall. There a rope was tied round his waist, and he was let down into the darkness. When he was on the ground, the wall, forty feet high, separated him from all the friends he had in the world. Before him was a walk of eighty weary miles, and he carried a message which would cost him his life if it was discovered.

As it had been planned that he should go as a beggar, he had been dressed in rags and tatters, and provided with a large, coarse bowl, such as the native beggars carry. The precious message, written very small, was wrapped in oil paper, placed in the bottom of the bowl, and covered with porridge. Even the most wily Boxer would hardly think to look there, and the boy had felt no concern about it until he neared the bottom of the wall. Then his bowl struck against some projecting bricks and broke in pieces!

He could not call back to his friends, for fear of rousing some sleeping enemy. So he carefully fished out the tiny parcel from the porridge, removed the oil paper, and tearing a little piece from the ragged garment, wrapped it, with the tiny note inside, around his finger, as if it were sore. Later he ripped the hem of his garment and slipped the note into it.

Before long the Boxers hailed and searched him, but finding nothing, they said, "Let the little beggar go."

His progress was slow, but always in the direction of Tientsin. Kind-hearted native women gave him food, and he slept under the stars. All went well until, when about half-way on his journey, he stopped at a farmhouse to ask for food. Now here dwelt a man whose farm hands had all left him and joined the Boxers; therefore he forced the boy to stay and work for eight days.

By refusing to stay or by running away, the boy feared that he would excite suspicion; but while he was working he was thinking how he could escape without appearing too anxious to go.

On the eighth day he would not eat his breakfast, but lay groaning and shamming illness. No doubt the rice smelled very savory to him before night, but he would not eat. Finally the farmer said, "You'll have to clear out of here. I can't afford to have you die on my hands." That man

would have been surprised if he could have seen how briskly his invalid walked when some distance from the house.

The boy reached Tientsin to find it a scene of recent battle, with soldiers of the united nationalities standing guard everywhere. He wandered about for two or three days before he could get through the lines. He could not step up to the soldiers and say, "I have a message for your general," for they would not understand his language; but he finally succeeded in getting through, and he delivered the message to the British consul on July 22d.

Very soon after a reply was given him, and he started on his return trip. This was the message which he brought on a tiny slip of paper, addressed to Sir Claude Macdonald at the British Legation.

"Your letter July 4th received. There are now 24,000 troops landed and 19,000 here. General Gaselee expected Taku to-morrow. Russian troops at Peitang, Tientsin city under foreign government. Boxer power exploded. There are plenty of troops on the way if you can keep in food! Almost all ladies have left Tientsin."

Our little hero's return trip was less eventful than the one going down, but he saw Boxers in every village; and on reaching Peking on July 28th, having been only six days on the return trip, he found it difficult to get through without attracting attention. However, just before daylight, he managed to crawl through the sluiceway under the wall, and a little later entered the British Legation.

Perhaps no beggar ever received so hearty a welcome, but it did not puff him up with vanity. He modestly made himself useful in many ways, until the Legation was relieved by the arrival of the armies from Tientsin on August 14th.

He is now with the missionaries in Peking and it is to be hoped will receive a useful education. Then, with his brave heart and willing spirit, as well as his perseverance in the face of obstacles, what may he not accomplish for China.

Deadly La Grippe

Numbers its victims by thousands, leaves a deadly trail of disease and weakness behind it. You can avert all danger from the deadly malady; you can prevent the disease if you will breathe Catarrh Cure. The germ cannot develop where it is used; that is prevention. You can check and destroy its ravages by Catarrh Cure by simply breathing it. That is cure. Sold in two sizes, 25c. and \$1.00, by all druggists, or by mail prepaid on receipt of price. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn.

Mistress—Remember, Bridget, we want dinner served promptly at 6. What time is it now?

Bridget—'Tis 3 o'clock, jooist. Mistress—Well, you'd better begin to make the frozen custard for dessert in that five-minute ice-cream freezer.

"This epidemic of grip," said the druggist's friend, "ought to be a bonanza for you, what with prescriptions and all that."

"Yes," replied the druggist, "I'm filling my own and the doctor's coughers."

"There really isn't any difference between a hospital doctor and a small politician."

"What?" "No; each one is a ward healer."

Mistress—More brico-a-brac broken. This is very annoying.

Maid—Yes, ma'am. That's just what I said when I knocked it over.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE... Heals the throat, clears the sinuses, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blows free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

## Mourning

### in China.

When a person dies in China, if the members of his family have sufficient money to mourn for him properly, they send out and get professional mourners. These mourners come in and according to their pay enthusiastically wail for the departed. They keep it up day and night until the time set for the funeral, and then they follow the body to the field or to the river bank where it is to rest. But the burial doesn't take place then. The dead man has to wait for the arrival of the "auspicious time" before his bones are finally covered. The auspicious time is settled by the astrologers. They cast the horoscope of the deceased and then they study the heavens. The auspicious time does not arrive until the particular star or planet under which the man was born is at the proper angle with the sun and earth and is as near as possible over the spot where the burial is to take place. When the astrologers say that this time has arrived, the friends or the family of the deceased go to the field or the river bank and shovel earth over the coffin, making a perfect mound, which is supposed never to be disturbed. Any disturbance of it is a desecration to be avenged by the descendants of the deceased.

Besides seeing that the deceased is properly mourned for and at the auspicious time is buried, it is obligatory on the relatives to provide proper clothing for the departed spirit and money to enable him to pay his way in the spirit land. There are dozens of stores in Chinese cities where one will see great bundles of silvered paper made up in the shape of little boots or shoes similar to the silver shoes that pass for money all over the Empire. This is spirit money. In the same stores if you inquire you will find paper clothing and paper trunks. When the coffin containing the body is taken to the spot where at the end of a month or six months, or perhaps a year, it is to be buried the relatives buy a lot of this spirit money and several suits of paper clothing and a trunk or so and take it out to the grave, where they burn it beside the coffin. Whether the spirit pockets the smoke or what it does, the Chinese say that the act provides the money necessary in the spirit land and the clothing that will make the spirit presentable to his fellow spirits. Driving along a river bank near Shanghai a distance of about two miles the New York Sun correspondent counted eighteen coffins that were waiting for the "auspicious time." Some of them were new and some had been out so long that they were weatherbeaten.

On this subject of coffins it may be said here that a most acceptable present from a youth to his old folks is a coffin, or, better still, two coffins in which they may be buried when they die. The presentation is in no wise a hint that it is time the recipient should use the present, but it is a mark of filial affection that is always appreciated. The presentation is usually accompanied by a good deal of ceremony possibly by a band and always by great rejoicing. The old folks who receive the coffin put them away in the best room in the house and never lose an opportunity to show them to their friends. If your sons don't present a coffin to you it is not at all out of the way for you to go out and buy one for yourself and put it aside for the day when you will need it. It is just as much the custom to provide yourself with a coffin before you die as it is in the United States to provide a family lot in a cemetery to receive your remains.

The most conspicuous thing in the yamen of the viceroy of the province of Chili when the civil government of the allies took possession in Tientsin was a handsome hard wood coffin that the viceroy had provided for himself. It held the post of honor in the yamen. But in his case the forethought had been all for naught, for the allies came to him so suddenly that he had to escape from his yamen through a hole in the rear wall and later he committed suicide and his body went floating down the river along with those of thousands of other Chinamen who had been killed during the fight that accompanied the capture of the city or by the allies after the city had been taken. His coffin was thrown out in a woodpile in the rear of the yamen.

One of the things that a Chinamen fears most is that he will die away from home and his body will not find its way to a resting place beside those of his ancestors. The ship on which the correspondent came to China carried a number of Chinamen as stowage passengers. One day one of these passengers died.

'We'll have a burial at sea,' said a first class passenger to the first mate.

'Not on your life,' said the mate. 'Do you think we'd throw away \$25? Not much.'

'What do you mean?' asked the first-class passenger.

'Mean,' said the mate, 'mean what I say. That passenger is worth \$25 more dead than when he was alive. The doctor gets \$12 and the ship \$13.'

'How,' demanded the passenger.

'Why,' said the mate, 'no Chinaman wants to be buried away from his ancestors, and one of the things that the Chinese Six companies in San Francisco does is to insure Chinamen against that. When a Chinaman lands in America or in Canada he pays a certain amount to the Six companies and that insures that his body shall reach home if he dies. The six companies has a contract with the steamship company and it pays \$25 for every dead Chinaman we deliver in China. So we never bury them at sea. The doctor embalms the body and the company allows him \$12 as his share. Yes, sir, a dead Chinaman is worth \$25 more to us than a live one.'

'Where in China do you deliver the bodies?' asked the passenger.

'Wherever the corpse's ticket calls for delivery,' said the mate. 'If he bought a ticket through to Canton we take him there, or if he bought a ticket inland we deliver him at his destination.'

About this time there was a commotion around the forward hatch, and a crowd of the whites among the ship's crew hauled up a coffin with the body of the dead Chinaman in it. It was dragged along the deck and hoisted up and put in one of the life boats, where it remained during the balance of the journey.

'Why don't you make the Chinamen help in pulling the coffin out of the hold and putting it in the boat?' asked the passenger.

'Those fellows?' demanded the mate, pointing to his Chinese crew, 'you couldn't hire a Chinaman to touch a dead body unless that was his regular business. The Chinese who handle the dead are looked on as outcasts by the other Chinamen.'

It is a law in China that no undertaker or a descendant of an undertaker to the fourth generation shall hold public office. In this undertakers are put on the same plane with barbers, actors and prostitutes.

One of the most essential things for a man in China who dies away from home is a white rooster. A white rooster is needed to guide his spirit to the resting place of his ancestors. His friends will look after his body and will see that it is carried to the spot, but there must be a rooster to guide the spirit. There are no hearses in China and the coffins are carried on poles borne on the shoulders of coolies. When a body is being transported a considerable distance to reach the

white rooster is perched on the top of the coffin in front and the more it crows the less chance there is of the spirit of the departed losing its way. A Chinaman would rather die than lose an arm or a leg, because all Chinamen believe that if you are not fully equipped with members when you enter the next world you will never be able to repair the loss there, and if you die minus a leg, for instance, you will go through eternity minus a leg. This is the reason that death by slicing is the most dreaded of all forms of punishment, and beheading is the next most dreaded. By the first process the body is supposed to be sliced in a thousand pieces, and usually it is, but it is impossible to sew it together again. A beheaded man must travel through eternity without any head, or if his friends succeed in getting his head and in sewing it on again, they must do so with the face to the rear, and that is the way the spirit has to wear it for ever.

Timid "Man-Eaters."

To most people a timid wild animal would seem the safest representative of its species. The show companies think differently. They dread a timid lion, tiger or leopard, not only because in its panic it is liable to injure its trainer, but because it may at any moment take fright from the slightest cause and spoil a performance. More animals are lost to the stage through fear than through viciousness. McClure's Magazine recalls an incident which occurred at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris, and which has become part of the annals of the show business.

The chief feature of the exhibition was

the casting of a young woman, securely bound, into a cage of lions. Unfortunately the woman who took the part of the victim was taken ill, and a substitute was found in the wife of one of the trainers, herself a trainer of some experience, but without acquaintance with these particular lions. As she was somewhat nervous, she carried a small club ready for use should occasion arise.

Amid the breathless silence of the spectators the ringmaster explained that the six lions in the cage were the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of man-eaters. Then the woman was thrust in at the cage door, but in the excitement of the moment the door was not securely shut behind her.

No sooner was she inside than the six monarchs of the jungle, seeing a stranger forced upon them, raised a chorus of shuddering terror, bolted for the cage door, clawed it open, and with dragging tails and cringing flanks fled through the rear entrance and found refuge in a cellar.

They were dislodged only after great difficulty, and it was a week before the terrified man-eaters were sufficiently recovered from their fright to reappear in public.

Prepared to Carve.

The man who was dining with the family for the first time began the conversation, reported by the Philadelphia Press.

'Wasn't that the dinner bell that just rung?' the stranger asked.

'Yes,' replied the old friend of the family.

'Then where's the best going? I just saw him pass down the hall with his overcoat on.'

'That wasn't an overcoat; it was a mackintosh. We are going to have roast duck.'



THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

## Chat of t B

Wide flounces are very popular among the early models and they are both two inches from the top as well as gathered in the manner. Two deep flounces set into a hip yoke skirt for the thin gown, is shirred on fine cord below the hips to a little. The shirre are set in a full that five or six are sufficient falls in a deep flounce you see two deep flounce band of lace insertion, end of a narrow front border.

The hip yoke, evident a distinctive feature of the it will vary in width as it to the figure. It is done ways, according to the favorite mode for dainty lingerie tucked set in all over.

Rows of lace insertion make a very pretty narrow gown, while another occasional lines of lace insertion bands of taffeta silk. A bodice yoke or any other trimming for muslin dress.

One of the new for a summer gown is a over cream silk. The up skirt is in wide groups stitched with silk, and the the skirt in a deep flounce wide insertion of black.

Thin white wool veiling much worn this coming of embroidered white or mode of trimming. Emb used for the blouse in on belt of silver tissue studs. A short bolero of tucked the neck band over this, in front, so that the blouse appearance of a vest. The half way down the edges being cut in scallops embroidery.

A fanciful skirt trimming the new blue crepes de diamond-shaped pieces of dour silk, edged all around scription, which is finished narrow black gauze ribbon.

Applications of roses or taffeta silk and outlined are another fancy mode of seen on a gown of pale de soie made with the shirred around the skirt bands of lace insertion. has the same applications.

Still more elegant is the brodered in different flounce silk a shade or two lighter the gown. A detail of fine pretty for the thin gowns insertion with three rows baby ribbon on the lower one side with a cluster of.

Lattice work designs various ways, with tiny ribbon bands of taffeta bands of fur, are a very n of d trimmings, and tration of it is in tiny bands lace flounce. White ears in this way.

### FRILLS OF FA

Shirt waists of Paisley a plain border add various new models for spring squares are required for plain border is for collar, finish.

Belts of gold and silver with different semi-precious exactly a new fad in dress in decoration from time to now the larger and more els are the more desirable Turquois are very popular next, with onyx, agate in its wake. Shaped belts leather embroidered in with gold are another summer we are to have g with painted blossoms of v

Embroidered Henriette all colors for waists and n

Midwinter millinery is summery in materials and ton, lace and flowers are gradients of the fashionable flowers are the height of elness in crepe, velvet, a

Chat of the Boudoir.

Wide flounces are very much in evidence among the early models for summer gowns, and they are both tucked down a few inches from the top as they were last season and gathered in the old-fashioned manner.

The hip yoke, evidently, is going to be a distinctive feature of the thin gowns, and it will vary in width as it is most becoming to the figure.

Rows of lace insertion running around make a very pretty narrow yoke for a full gown, while another combination is vertical lines of lace insertion set together with bands of taffeta silk.

One of the new effects in color for a summer gown is a coral pink muslin over cream silk. The upper part of the skirt is in wide groups of tucks, cross-stitched with silk, and the lower part of the skirt in a deep flounce is headed with a wide insertion of black Chantilly lace.

Thin white wool veilings will be very much worn this coming season, and bands of embroidered white crepe will be one mode of trimming. Embroidered crepe is used for the blouse in one gown, with a belt of silver tissue studded with turquoise.

A fanciful skirt trimming seen on one of the new blue crepes de chine is made of diamond-shaped pieces cut out of pompadour silk, edged all around with lace insertion, which is finished with a ruche of narrow black gauze ribbon.

Applications of roses cut out of flowered taffeta silk and outlined with gold thread are another fancy mode of trimming. This is seen on a gown of pale blue mousseline de soie made with the shirred hip yoke and trimmed around the skirt with two wide bands of lace insertion. The lace yoke has the same applications of silk.

Still more elegant is the lace yoke embroidered in different flower designs with silk a shade or two lighter or darker than the gown. A detail of finish which is very pretty for the thin gowns is a belt of lace insertion with three rows of black velvet baby ribbon on the lower edge fastened at one side with a cluster of loops.

Lattice work designs accomplished in various ways, with tiny rubings, velvet ribbon, bands of taffeta silk and narrow bands of fur, are a very noticeable feature of dress trimmings, and a unique illustration of it is in tiny bands of sable on a lace flounce. White eracal is also used in this way.

TRILLS OF FASHION.

Shirt waists of Paisley silk squares with a plain border add variety to the list of new models for spring wear. Three squares are required for one waist and the plain border is for collar, cuffs and front finish.

Belts of gold and silver tissue studded with different semi-precious stones are not exactly a new fad in dress, but they vary in decoration from time to time, and just now the larger and more unusual the jewels are the more desirable is the belt. Turquois are very popular, but jade comes next, with onyx, agate and jet following in its wake. Shaped belts of black suede leather embroidered in star like designs with gold are another fancy, while for summer we are to have gold belts covered with painted blossoms of various kinds.

Embroided Henriette cloths come in all colors for waists and negligee gowns.

Midwinter millinery is very light and summery in materials and effect, since chignon, lace and flowers are the chief ingredients of the fashionable dress hat. The flowers are the height of elegance and richness in crepe, velvet, and satin, quite

equal to the other extravagances of the time.

Pale shades of chiffon are used for the entire hat, with a band and a bow of velvet but there is certain to be one or two big soft roses with leaves perched on the edge of the brim, or a garland of roses set a little back of the edge. Again, you see an entire crown of roses and a brim of lace and chiffon. A wreath of roses underneath the brim is another mode of using flowers.

Pretty stocks to wear with dainty lawn waists are made of finely tucked white batiste with narrow colored hemstitched edges.

Dainty flowered silks are promised as a fashionable fabric this coming season. They are in the Louis XVI. style with plain and flowered stripes in alternation. Narrow ruchings of chiffon in some color in the silk are a suitable trimming, and narrow black velvet ribbon makes a pretty contrast.

Surplice folded effects are the feature of some of the new bodices, with a lace chemisette filling in the V space at the neck.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

The Fearsome Future Woman to Whom the English Look Forward.

This is what a writer in one of the English magazines predicts will be the state of affairs when another century rolls around:

'By that time women will be all six feet in height, many of them considerably over, while the average height of a man will be five feet nothing. Woman will be strong and lusty; broad and heavy in build, and will be very proud of her large feet, thick wrists, powerful limbs and great muscular development, while men will have grown vain of their trimly-corseted waists, nice pink and white complexions and soft voices.'

'Love will not have been completely done away with, though sentiment will have given away to common sense. Every woman will be required to marry and support two husbands, one of whom must be a useful, domesticated creature, capable of tending the children and looking after the household (while the wife is away in the city earning good money to keep the home together), and the other will be a better looking, and therefore more ornamental creature (not a 'general utility' man like the housekeeper) whose duties will be to act as companion or 'gentleman help' to the mistress and ruler of the mansion, and keep things up to the mark generally.'

'Women a century hence will all wear 'bloomers,' both literally and figuratively speaking: any woman transgressing by appearing in a long tailed skirt will be condemned to act as public street scavenger for as long a period as the local council shall determine. Women will also wear a mustache, and the faces of men will gradually become smooth. Cooks will no longer be a premium, as tiny tabloids of food will take the place of elaborate dishes of the past. We shall be able to get through a six course dinner in about two minutes, a tabloid for each course, or if we prefer it, we can have, mutton in parvo, a tabloid with every thing compressed and condensed into one harmonious whole.'

HAIR TO BE DRESSED LOW NOW. New Fashion From Paris Likely to Bring Back the Chignon Soon.

In Paris, whence the fashion comes, the women are wearing their hair dressed low on the nape of the neck and it is predicted that before long the chignon will be back again. The proprietors of the hair-dressing establishments settled it. They held their annual meeting and dinner not long ago and decided that the low style of hair dressing should prevail. Each year in this way the lords of the brush and the curling tongs set the fashion in hair and usually their edict is obeyed till a year later they amend it and set a new standard.

But this is in Paris. It is predicted by hair dressers here that it will be some time before American women who are devoted at present to wearing their hair high comply with the decree. Whether the hair is dressed high or low, however, it must be beautifully waved and must be dressed with careless grace so that it may look as if it could be easily shaken down were the wearer to jump about very much. About this there will be no difficulty as the fashion has been tending in that direction all ready.

A new ribbon loop coiffure is being successfully introduced by fashionable hair dressers and this is how it is arranged. Wave the hair all around the head and gather lightly to the top, fastening with tape or string. Divide the hair into strands and form into loops or puffs by doubling over the open hand and securing to the main fastening. Curl the ends and arrange around the loops, which may be made to stand upright or may be spread out in Alsatian effect.

GIRLS LEARNING CARPENTRY.

Out of a Whole Class Only One Has Injured Herself as Yet.

Female students, of the state Normal School who participate in the sloyd class at the school completely disprove the old saying that 'a woman cannot drive a nail straight.' The young women of the class not only drive nails, but handle saws, planes and other carpenter tools with a dexterity that would shame the awkwardness of many men. The whole system of education by sloyd teaching means to combine intellect with the hand training, and educators the world over are interested in it.

The sloyd room in the basement of the Normal School is really a well-equipped carpenter shop. It contains about a dozen sloyd or carpenter benches, and a complete equipment of all varieties of carpenter tools. Before taking up this part of the work, the pupils are instructed to mould certain objects, and do work in paper folding. This elementary part of the work is really very complicated. Working plans are made of all the work. Then comes cardboard work, forming figures out of pieces of cardboard, representing geometrical solids. After this, preliminary work, the pupils are introduced to the carpenter shop. They display some little awkwardness at first, but soon become skillful in handling the tools, and become intensely interested in the work.

Only one girl has injured herself thus far, and that happened because of a shaving alighting on her nose. She was so interested in her work that she thoughtlessly brushed at it with her knife and cut her nose. The first tool handled is a sloyd knife, with an ordinary blade about three inches long. The first article made is a glove mender, requiring twenty-two steps in the making. The next article is a seed-sick, introducing the use of the plane, and requiring eight different steps. Thus different articles are made each introducing her tools, until the use of all the tools is acquired. The pupils work in both hard and soft woods. All work is shellocked by the students, who, also, do all gluing and use sandpaper sparingly.

The tools used include different sizes and varieties of chisels, saws, planes, hammers, mallets, gouges and squares. The middle and senior classes participate in the work. Prof. W. C. A. Hammel is the instructor. He has studied sloyd training under Swedish teachers, and planned the system at the State Normal School. —Baltimore American.

THE USE OF FUR.

It is so Fashionable That it is Worn Even in a Mild Season.

Fur dealers say that the remarkable mildness of the season has not materially affected their sales. Most of the fashionable women order their furs in the late summer and early fall, when exclusive models are to be chosen. Besides this, furs are becoming to most women and form an artistic and softening finish to a costume. This will make them always popular while the weather gives even an excuse for their wear. It is true that the heavy fur cloaks and coats are not so much in demand, their general sale having decreased much within the past half a dozen years; but no matter what the climate, a heavy fur lined coat or cloak must form an item in the up-to-date outfit of belle or beau, the special use designated being for driving.

The evening cloaks of women have also grown far more luxurious as to their fur linings, selected ermine, chinchilla and sable skins now being utilized for the purpose. Seal seems to be a discarded fur. Even for linings it is not popular. It is not made up in the smart collarettes and muffs that are worn so much, and while some of the Western overcoats that visit New York during a winter still show the seal skin finish throughout they are a relic of old fashions when this fur was the only one possible. —New York Sun.

The Fashionable Skirt.

Despite the varieties of modishness which are authenticated this season, the smart women are distinguished by certain outlines, especially the top line of their hats, and the bottom ripple of the skirt drapery. The soft tulle ruffs of tulle or accordion-plaited chiffon, which has been noted on all the evening gowns this winter, is an outline which is emphasized in the fashioning of street costumes as well. The hall mark of the well-built skirt is a close adjustment about the hips and a graceful flare at the bottom, and sometimes the effect is heightened by a plain tucked or a plaited flounce, or cloth, or whatever is the material of the costume. The panel fronts are much in vogue, but the straightness there merely emphasizes or accentuates the fullness which appears on either side.

The latest invention of the Parisian dressmaker is known as the 'jupe corcelette,' or as the name signifies, a skirt with a fitted-corsetlet top. It is most effective

in setting off the curves of a beautiful figure, but it is extremely difficult to make, and is therefore a possibility with only the skilled dressmaker.

For the trimming of the skirt tucks and tuckings are going to be used more than ever, and it is noted that groups will be the novelty, sometimes five and even seven together. In the black taffeta suit, which is to be again the spring costume of the matron, lacing is to be lavishly used to trim both shirt and jacket, and small gold buttons like a man's shirt stud will be used in myriads, thickly set like braid. These will be used all around the skirt in combination with the fashionable braid trimmings.

In thinner gowns the ruffid fancies of the skirt will have an opportunity of asserting themselves, but the mention of ruffid does not signify that they will adorn the length of the skirt in the extravagant fashion of some seasons, but merely that they billow about the feet, sometimes in tiers of two or three.

The tucking observed of cloth costumes will be still more a feature of the lawn and gingham dresses, and the wide flounce which is tucked half way will be popular as giving buoyancy to the ruffid. Insertions will be used on the bottom, and laces for the dressier costumes will add to the fashionable flare.

HONEYMOON MOUNTAIN.

The Unique One-Room Cottage on Mr. Whitney's Lenox Place.

October Mountain, the magnificent Whitney estate near Lenox might change its name to Honeymoon Mountain, so many newly wedded couples have gone there to bill and coo as far from civilization as possible, yet surrounded with all its luxuries. When Mr. Harry Payne Whitney married Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt they went there immediately to spend a unique honeymoon in camp, for the 'big house' on the hill was not then nearly completed, and only the old-fashioned 'one-room' cottage was in shape to receive the newly married pair. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt will visit the mountain before returning from their wedding journey.

The one-roomed cottage, which really has two rooms and a broad, newly added terrace piazza, which almost makes a third room, is a unique building, one story high, with a gable roof and a massive stone chimney. It is more than a hundred years old probably, and is furnished in antique style within. The new terrace is fitted up as a tea room, furnished with wicker lounging chairs and divans, cushions in great quantity, and rare green pottery bowls and jardiniere. The terrace overlooks the mountainside, and during the day is walled in with bamboo curtains.

The camp, which is nearby, is a luxurious arrangement of suites built on a wood en flooring, but walled and ceilinged in canvas. The furnishings are quaint, and the camp kitchens are in a separate canvas structure.

The large house, which is now finished, is an elaborately laid out and luxuriously furnished mansion, and the place is reached by a two hours' up hill drive from Lenox village. About a mile from the house a lodge keeper bars the trespass of visitors.

PEARLS A FAD OF DEBUTANTES.

Fancy for Odd Effects in Feminine Jewelry—Ornate for Uncut Gems.

Odd effects in jewelry are the fad just now and it is noticeable that the taste of women who set the styles runs to the irregular pearls called baroque, who price is out of all proportion to their irregularity. Debutantes and young matrons are the chief upholders of the pearl fad, as the pearls give a touch of elegance to simple costumes.

One of the favorite combinations is made of two rows of seed pearls with pendant jewels hung around at intervals and a large baroque pearl pendant from the centre. The other jewels are oftenest to pazes, amethysts, moonstones and sapphires, and the whole gives a brilliant effect.

Besides irregular pearls there is a craze among the women who can afford such luxuries for uncut gems, particularly of turquois, in belt buckles, waist brooches, cuff buttons and umbrella handles. Rough turquois are set in rose gold and the stone is frequently inscribed with hieroglyphics in gold. They give a barbaric touch to a costume, the effect of which is enhanced by the peculiar hue of the stone in contrast with the gold getting.

It will be a dainty picture of herself which the debutante of 1901 can show to her children ten years hence.

Hard-Handed.

A London paper announces that the Bishop of Liverpool has requested girls who are candidates for confirmation not to

TO THE DRAPE.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head, by Dr. Nichol's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 790 Eighth Avenue, New York.

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do your work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

wear hairpins, as they prick his hand in the act of laying them on.

When Doctor Creighton, the late Bishop of London, was asked some time ago how he solved a similar problem, he replied:

'I confirm all the boys personally, and transfer those young porcupines, to my suffragan, who is an old variety ogreman, with the cast-iron hands of a blacksmith.'

Convinced by Printed Testimony of the hundreds of the cured, Mrs. Benz, of 418 E. 8th street, New York, who was for years a great sufferer from Catarrh, procured two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and it effected an absolute cure in a very short while. One puff through the blower will clear the head and stop headache. 50 cents.—113

Bryan—Why is the edition delayed? Foreman—We had to send over to the typographical for a fresh supply of personal pronouns, especially 'I.'

Muscular Rheumatism, produced by exposure, if neglected, develops into the chronic form with almost incredible rapidity. South American Rheumatic Cure is a quick-acting, safe, simple and harmless cure, acts directly on the system, not a liniment to temporarily deaden pain. An internal treatment that will absolutely cure most acute forms in from one to three days.—114

He—I hear that you are studying photography? She—Yes; I've just got to high lights and (rises and turns down the gas) low lights.

A Magical Life Saver is Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. After years of pain and agony with distressing Heart Disease, it gives relief in 30 minutes. Thos. Petry, of Aylmer, Que., writes: 'I had suffered for five years with a severe form of Heart Disease. The slightest exertion produced fatigue. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave me instant relief, four bottles entirely cured me.'—115

Mrs. Newriche—I believe our next door neighbors on the right, are so poor as church mice, Hiram.

Mr. Newriche—What makes you think so?

Mrs. Newriche—Why, they can't afford one of them mechanical piano players—the daughter is taking lessons by hand!

South American Nervine tones the nerves, stimulates digestion, all essentials to perfect health. In no case has its potency been put to severer test than that of W. H. Sherman, of Morrisburg, Ont. He says: 'I was completely run down, nerves all agog, stomach rebelled at sight of food, constant distress and generally debilitated. Four bottles made me a well man.'—116

Uncle Bill (the circus agent)—Yes, Johnny, in Africa I've shot and captured hundreds of monkeys. Little Johnny (in astonishment)—Hully gee! A did didn't the organ grinder put up a kick?

Not a Quarter—But 10 cents, and 40 doses in a vial of Dr. Agnew's Little Pills. No pain, pleasure in every dose—little, but awfully good. Cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Nausea, Sallowness.—117

'What a lot of acquaintances that man must have!'

'What man?'

'Why, the one all the other men have to go out and see.'

The Demon of all Disease.—Kidney diseases are rightly so-called—they're inexplicable, unaccountable and insidious. It is the function of the kidneys to filter out all impurities. If they're clogged South American Kidney Cure will put them to rights and defy the ravages of so grim a visitant as diabetes or other kidney complications. It relieves in six hours.—118

Teacher (suspiciously)—Who wrote your composition?

Johnny—My father.

Teacher—What all of it?

Johnny—No'm, I helped him.

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases relieved in a day. Eczema, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin quickly relieved and speedily cured by Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It will give instant comfort in cases of Itching, Bleeding or Blind Piles, and will cure in from three to six nights. 35 cents.—119.

How is your Shakespeare club getting on? 'Oh, we talk about Shakespeare every once in a while.'

Stomach "Scowls."—Ever notice the seams and furrows that steal into the face of the sufferer from indigestion, dyspepsia and chronic stomach ailments? Watch the sunshine break in and the lines vanish when Dr. Von Stern's Pineapple Tablets are given a chance to show their power. One lady, in writing of their efficacy in her case, calls them "A heaven-born healer." 35 cts.—120

# They Guard Treasure Trunks.

The recent robbery and murder of an East Side jewelry salesman in New York, whose streets are patrolled by thousands of police, brings to mind the risks run by the travelling salesmen of the great jewelry houses, who carry with them into all parts of the country stocks worth many thousands of dollars. These risks were so great and robberies were of such frequent occurrence as to lead to the formation several years ago of a powerful alliance in the jewelry trade, whose aim is to prevent robberies, or to run down and punish the robbers where all precautions have failed. As a consequence it is a long time since the newspapers have been able to print the details of the thrilling robbery of a jewelry salesman. The organization which has brought about this great change is known as the Jewelers' Protective Union and although it has been in existence for more than twenty years and has been a power in its own field, very little of its workings has been generally known. It took a long time for it to gain the respect and fear of criminals. There was a struggle between the union on one side and the crooks on the other which extended over a long period, but in the end the union won and now it is a desperate robber indeed who will tackle one of its members.

The union was organized in 1878, largely through the influence of W. J. Alling, then as now a jeweller at 170 Broadway. Two years previously one of Mr. Alling's salesmen was travelling through New England with a trunk containing \$10,000 worth of goods. One night he went from Boston to Springfield, checking his trunk. When he got to Springfield he presented his check at the baggage room and got for it a valise instead. When he opened the valise he found it full of bad fruit and waste paper. Mr. Alling was notified and went to William Murray, who was then an inspector of the New York Police Department.

"If you can catch those thieves," said Mr. Alling, "you'll yet sit in the big chair." Murray went at the job. He found that the check of the trunk had been exchanged in transit and that the trunk had been taken to Hartford, Conn., and thence to New York, where the contents were rifled. Then the empty trunk was shipped to Baltimore. After a long chase Murray fastened the crime on Landon W. Moore, "Gusie" Raymond and George Briggs, well known crooks of that time, and they were sent to prison. Mr. Alling's prophecy that Murray would sit in the "big chair," meaning that he would be at the head of the Police Department, came true and the old superintendent's success in this case had something to do with it.

After this robbery Mr. Alling made up his mind that if all the men who sold jewelry about the country were united, they would stand a better chance of fighting the thieves. Robberies were occurring at the rate of ten or more a year and it was getting to be a serious question for the jewelers. They entered into the plan, elected Mr. Alling president and Ira Goddard, now of 11 John street, secretary, and since then the union has been growing steadily. It now has 1,000 members and it serves not only as a check on thieves, but as a check on careless salesmen who never know when agents of the union may be watching them.

A great deal of money has been spent by the union in the hunting and prosecution of robbers. A detective agency is retained to work up all cases and it has orders to get out after every robbery and never let up until it lands the guilty man. In the old days the usual scheme of the crooks was to follow a salesman leaving his house with a treasure trunk until a good opportunity came to nab it. Often they would keep on the trail of a trunk for weeks, going from place to place with the salesman. The trick of exchanging trunk checks was the most frequently worked. This was usually done while a trunk was in transit from one station to another or while it was piled up with a lot of other trunks in some baggage room. The first thing done on organization was to instruct all drummers to keep the closest possible watch on their trunks. Here is a copy of the instructions in detail:

"Salesmen holding certificates from the Jewelers' Protective Union are required to compare the check received with the one on their trunks and see that the trunks are put on the train and always to travel by the same train on which their trunks are placed.

"On arriving at their destination salesmen must at once claim and take charge of their baggage. They must not allow their

stocks to remain in a railroad depot through the night nor lose sight of them for more than twelve hours at any one time and then only when they are in charge of a railroad company, in transit and checked or in charge of a hotel. In brief, they must take the same care of their stocks as if they were their own not insured.

"In case of a robbery having been perpetrated upon the stock in charge, the salesman is requested to observe the following: First—Notify by telegraph William R. Alling, president, 170 Broadway, New York city, of the robbery and what has been done. Second—At once inform the local authorities and make every effort to get the property before it can be secreted and to catch the thief. Third—Telegraph Pinkerton's National Detective Agency or call in person, as the case may require, at one of the offices nearest the place of robbery, giving fully all the circumstances connected therewith and a general description of the goods stolen; also give route over which he has travelled, with places, dates and hotels where he has stopped, sign his name and the name of the firm for whom he is acting."

It is his duty to follow instructions he loses his standing in the union and it becomes very difficult for him to get a place with a responsible house. All this is done to prevent robberies and get the machinery of pursuit started immediately, but these were only means to the principal end—the discouragement of the crooks by unceasing efforts to land them in jail after the commission of a crime. The wholesome fear inspired was the growth of years. The very first case the union tackled was successful. This was in 1878, when it got after a crook who had robbed a salesman in Chicago. The victim was a drummer for the New York house of Max Fried & Co. He went to Chicago in September of that year with a trunk containing \$30,000 worth of samples. He watched his trunk until it was safely in his room at the hotel and then he prepared to go down to dinner. He took his usual precaution of locking, not only his trunk with a patent lock, but also his room when he went out. On his return in half an hour he found that the lock of his door had been forced. He rushed into the room to find that his trunk had been broken open and \$14,000 worth of the contents stolen. Then he realized that he had been followed all the way from New York by the men who had robbed him. He obeyed his instructions and notified the detectives of his loss. The union determined to run down the thief at all costs and after two months' work on the case the detectives struck a clue which led to the arrest of Thomas H. Berr, a noted bank sneak. He was found hanging about a Brooklyn bank, with a view, it is supposed, of robbing it. He was convicted of the jewelry robbery and sentenced to prison. The stolen jewels were recovered. This notable case was a feather in the cap of the young organization, and from that time on its growth was assured.

One of the most desperate ensive men the organization ever put behind the bars was the notorious Fritz Diehm, who was a Cincinnati crook. In November, 1891, a salesman for the Cincinnati house of Herman Keck & Co went to Dayton, Ohio, with a satchel containing \$150,000 worth of jewels. At Dayton he stepped out of the train to get a sandwich and left his bag under the seat in the car. When he came back the satchel was gone. There was a great row raised over this loss, owing to the unusual value of the stolen goods. After a month's work the detectives arrested Diehm and an accomplice, William Hurlless, on the farm of Hurlless's father, near Jeffersonville, Ind. The jewels were found buried in four glass bottles on the farm. Hurlless was arrested first and he was landed safely in jail. Diehm was not arrested until a day or two later. He was in the custody of the Sheriff on the way to the jail when a number of his friends set upon the officers of the law and rescued him. He escaped to Europe and nothing was heard of him for two years, but the detectives were always on the lookout for him, and in 1893 they caught him in hot springs. He got a seven years sentence.

Another desperate man who was run down was James Burke, a crook with many aliases and a most unsavory record. In November, 1892, W. L. Pollack of the New York firm of Pollack & Co., was riding from Omaha to Sioux City, Ia. Just before the train pulled into Sioux City, it stopped for a moment and a man appeared at the front door of the car in which Pollack was seated. He had a pistol in his

hand. He was evidently after no one else but Pollack, for he went straight to him and said: "I want your diamonds." Pollack had a wallet containing \$15,000 worth of diamonds in his inside coat pocket. He was so surprised by the man's demand that he made no move of any kind and the robber shot him in the shoulder. There was a panic in the car and all the passengers ran out the rear door. As Pollack sank down in his seat the robber hit him on the head with a slung shot, fired another bullet into his arm, grabbed the wallet and jumping of the train disappeared. The search for this man occupied nine months. A half dozen suspects were arrested and held for identification, and finally the right man captured. Burke was located in Leadville, Col. When brought back to Iowa for trial, influential friends came forward and offered to make good the amount stolen, but the J-wellers' Union would not hear of it. They insisted upon prosecution and Burke was sentenced to seventeen years.

After serving seven years of this sentence he was released on parole through the exercise of influences which the Jewelers' Union was never able to understand. The fear in which the association came to be held by the crooks was illustrated after the robbery of Edward Carroll, a salesman for Parker, Sloan & Co., New York, in Covington, Ky. Carroll went into a drug store with a satchel containing several thousand dollars worth of diamonds and placed it beside him while he gave an order to the clerk. When he went to pick the satchel up it was gone. As soon as the detectives got to work on the case they were approached by the lawyers who had been retained by the thieves. The lawyers wanted to make restitution of the stolen property. The thieves explained to them that as soon as they found that Carroll was a member of the Jewelers' Union they were sorry that they had robbed him. In other words they didn't want the union in pursuit of them. Their offer was refused, but the diamonds were restored anyway. The hunt for the thieves continued and it having been learned that they were John Meany and Pat Gurney the men were arrested in New York by Robert A. Pinkerton while walking along the street. He grabbed both of them, but Gurney jerked away and escaped. Meany was put under \$2,000 bond, but jumped and fled to Europe. He came back two years later only to be captured and go to prison.

The success which has attended the efforts of the Jewelers' Union to protect travelling salesmen led to the formation of the Jewelers' Alliance, whose purpose it is to safeguard retail jewelry stores in the same manner as the union looks after the sample trunks and together they have made the life of the jewelry thief a most unprofitable and dangerous one.

**MILLIONS OF WOMEN IN THE WORLD ACKNOWLEDGE THE GREAT ADVANTAGES AND SUPERIORITY OF DIAMOND DYES.**

For twenty-five years Diamond Dyes have been acknowledged as the standards of excellence for domestic dyeing in every part of the world. Jealous competitors have labored hard to foist their crude preparations on the public, and in their work of deception have imitated as closely as they dared, the style of package used by the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes.

The manufacturers of adulterated dyes have deceived many people in the past. However, one trial of the common dye-stuffs was enough for those who bought them. The deceptions sent home dyers back to the ever reliable Diamond Dyes, so easy to use and always successful.

The new century comes in with Diamond Dyes leading the whole world, and the demand increases every day. While many crude dyes have died with the old century, there is still need to exercise care in buying, as some merchants have still a stock of common dyes which they desire to dispose of. Home dyers who wish to save money, avoid failure, loss of goods and bitter disappointments, should insist upon getting the warranted Diamond Dyes when they ask for them.

### CARRIERS PIGEONS IN WAR.

Successful Experiments with the Birds by the French Army and Navy.

The French army has interested itself lately in the question of using carrier or homing pigeons on reconnaissance duty with very satisfactory results. In the experiments the pigeons assigned to the patrols are carried in baskets on the backs of the cavalrymen, as the infantryman carries his knapsack. Inside the basket are tubes made of wickerwork lined with horse hair padding, in which the pigeons are placed. It was found that without the tubes a long trot would render the birds unfit for service, and when the tubes were made of tin the back of the bird was seriously chafed. The tube makes the bird hold his wings and feet close to his body. Of course

after long confinement in this cramped position he gets very stiff, to avoid which a bag of light open mesh material is carried along in the basket, in which the bird is placed at night, and whenever the column halts or rests. The bag is also used when giving the animals food and drink. In this way they may be kept in good condition for at least a week.

The pigeons used in this work are taken from any available army station, and placed before he ride in the portable pigeon houses or in a special wagon skillfully arranged to prevent the birds from experiencing any shocks or conclusions on the road. The birds are trained to return to their own portable houses, even though the latter may have changed location since they left it.

The messages sent by the patrols are tied to one of the tail feathers. Twelve men are detailed in the army each year to learn the methods for training carrier pigeons in all their details. During the last fleet manoeuvres on the west coast of France 114 pigeons were let loose from the Iphigenie at 7.30 a. m., and by 9 a. m. all but two had arrived later. Sixty-four pigeons were released on the cruiser Bruix and all arrived safely at their destination. The thunder of the guns did not affect the pigeons in the least, showing that they can be used in the midst of an action.

### BATTLE FOR MILLIONS.

Began in Washington by a Lobby for the Cuban Bondholders.

Preliminary skirmishing in a battle for about \$450,000,000 has already begun in Washington, U. S. A. Holders of the Cuban war bonds, issued by Spain to raise funds for the prosecution of the wars in Cuba, are again moving to get their money back. A lobby is already at work in Washington, and it has had representatives at the Cuban constitutional convention seeking to shape the constitution of the island so as to admit of a compromise regarding this stupendous claim.

In Cuba the bondholders have met with defeat. The draft of the constitution now being considered shuts out any possibility of a compromise on these bonds, but has left the way open for the payment of the bonds of the republic of Cuba issued by the Junta. This provision appears in the 23rd section of the draft.

"The republic of Cuba does not recognize, nor will it recognize, any debts or compromises contracted prior to the promulgation of the constitution. From the said prohibition are expected the debts and compromises legitimately contracted for in behalf of the revolution from and after April 24, 1899, by corps commanders of the liberating army until—on which the constitution of Jimaguayu was promulgated and those which the revolutionary governments contracted, either by themselves or by their legitimate representatives in foreign countries, which debts and compromises shall be classified by Congress, and which body shall decide as to the payment of those which in its judgment are legitimate."

It is said here by men high in the government that an effort will be made when the constitution is submitted to Congress for its approval to amend the constitution so as to open the door to a consideration by the Cuban government, when formed, of the claims under the Cuban debt.

The representatives of the bondholders will seek to have Congress act quietly, and these men are spreading the talk in favor of an extra session of Congress. They believe that if they can get the constitution amended they can make arrangements with the Cuban government whereby compromise can be reached. With this end in view they will seek to hurry the withdrawal of the United States from Cuba, and the turning over to the Cubans themselves of all the affairs of the island.

### Practicability.

Do you think the flying machine can ever be made a practical institution? "I don't see why not," answered the man who measures everything by the dollar. "If they can sell stock in Keely motors and processes for getting gold out of sea water I don't see why there shouldn't be money in flying machines."

### To Reduce Your Foot Measure One Size

Isn't half as hard neither is it as painful as before the introduction of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. In twenty four hours the corn is removed. Pretty much all feet are well assured on everybody, but it can't be done unless you use Putnam's—others are not nearly so good. Putnam's is the best. At druggists.

### A W-11-Keely Secret.

"Clara dear, we've been careful so far, and I don't think they suspect we are just married. You must scold me a little now as we get off the train." (Sharply and in a high pitched voice) "George, darling, when we got to the

hotel you must certainly take off that absurd lavender necktie!"

## The White Plague.

ONE-SIXTH OF ALL DEATHS DUE TO CONSUMPTION.

See Evange's Spares No Claims—Rich and Poor Alike Fall Its Victim—How This Dread Trouble May be Prevented.

Consumption has been well named the great white plague. One-sixth of all the deaths occurring in Canada annually are due to the ravages of this terrible disease. Its victims are found among all classes; rich and poor alike succumb to its insidious advance. Only a few years ago the victim of consumption was regarded as incurable, and horror-stricken friends watched the loved one day by day fade away until death came as a merciful release. Now, however, it is known that in its earliest stages consumption is curable, and that by a proper care of the blood—keeping it rich, red and pure—those who are predisposed to the disease escape its ravages. Consumption is now classed among the preventable diseases, and those who are pale, easily tired, emaciated, or show any of the numerous symptoms of general debility should at once fortify the system by enriching and purifying the blood—thus strengthening not only the lungs, but all parts of the body.

Among those who have escaped a threatened death from consumption is Mrs. Robert McCracken, of Marshville, Ont. Mrs. McCracken gives her experience that it may be of benefit to some other sufferer. She says:

"A few years ago I began to experience a general weakness. My appetite was poor; I was very pale; I was troubled with shortness of breath and a smothering feeling in my chest. Besides these symptoms I became very nervous, at times dizzy and faint, and my hands and feet would get so cold as ice. As the trouble progressed I began to lose flesh rapidly, and in a short time was only a shadow of my former self. I had good medical treatment, but did not get any relief, and as a bare couch set in I began to fear that consumption had fastened itself upon me. This was strengthened by a knowledge that several of my ancestors had died of this terrible disease. In this rather deplorable condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I at once procured a supply and had not taken them long when I noted a change for the better. By the time I had taken six or eight boxes I was able to move around the house again and felt better and stronger in every way. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes, when all my old-time strength and vigor had returned, and I was as well as ever. During the time I was using the pills my weight increased twenty six pounds. Several years have since passed, and in that time not a symptom of my former trouble has made itself apparent, so that I think I am safe in saying that my cure is permanent. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I strongly advise ailing women to give them a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last and thus bring health and strength to every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

### Not So Delightful.

Downes—"I tell you Brown is a most delightful fellow when you get him in a reminiscent mood."

Uppers—"Well, I found him in that sort of mood once. He recalled a ten dollar loan he had made me."

"Have you Moore's poem?" inquired the sweet young thing. "I think so miss. I'll look in a minute," replied the clerk in the bookstore. "By the way, here's a fine new story just out. It's called 'Just One Kiss,' and—"

"I want Moore," she interrupted, haughtily.

"Yes, think of it," exclaimed Three Finger Sam. "They only gave that embezzler that tuck near a million dollars 13 years in the penitentiary."

"Yes," answered Broncho Bob, pensively. "It's lucky for him he didn't live in Crimmon Gulch an' steal a hoss."

Pedestrian—"Do you go to school, little boy?"

Little Boy—"Yep; what do you wish to know?"

"Will nothing induce you to change your mind and marry?" he asked.

"Another man might," she replied.

## IF IT'S CATARRH HERE IS A CURE.

Relief in 10 Minutes. Too many people daily with catarrh. It strikes one like a thunderclap, develops with a rapidity that no other disease does. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the radical, quick, safe and pleasant cure that the disease demands. Use the means, prevents its deep seating and years of distress. Don't dilly dally with catarrh. Agnew's gives relief in ten minutes.

(Continued from page 13) "Oh Ronald! What this before?"

"Because, my love, a lady whom I know truly, one that would alone. Such a case. But—ah, Ronald, thought out this will never let you like me."

"I am my own mistress, the world, I admit, things are managed school. I know your position are; that their consent to our marriage. And break my heart! Ronald, that you do."

"I know that you ter of Sir Archibald is quite sufficient for am sure, will welcome My father, as you I."

"You know best, all to you. You are you, no?"

"For a time, Thomas, Radstock C. 'If—I if you meet don, you will not s. 'No, no, Violet; I promise."

"Because I am afraid disobeyed him." "Even if he knew you. Who could I?"

"No, Ronald," she her head, "you are bald never forgive me better than me, and me stand in the way would rather remain." "Oh, Violet—Violet! My whole heart and love can never change."

"Shall I hear from you? I will direct office in your initials. After a little while, lovers parted. Violet, while Violet left shoulder, and her right hand, walked wards.

"Will he be true? he forget me when London, where the of great beauty? O He says I shall always Shall I or shall I I poor mother?"

At home will show

### CHAP.

"Sir.—In reply date, I am pleased Violet Loveridge in all branches leave here at once although all of us are such a dear, kind creature."

"To Sir Archibald So ran the letter. Violet's governess, departure."

"Hem!" muttered reading it. "All is God, I can say I her. Now, what is I cannot have her. I think it rather strange. After a few moments to have her at his until he could find a governess or companion view he called in directed her to prepare rooms are prepared suppose they will ready?"

"No, Sir Archibald is ready. I understand Lady Blackmore's re-interested woman."

"I did say so, by mind. Get all there. And the housekeeping: 'How strange to three splendid rooms. Well, she is lucky, Sir Archibald took and wrote to the gov."

"I thank you for my beg to tender you your kind treatment closed in amount due pound note, which bation at the way you girl. Tomorrow you this address."

"This was a very b so Miss Jones thought to 'pack her off' so harsh, indeed, that show Violet the letter her feelings."

On the morrow, V had been her home. It was a sad parting out one exception, the poor orphan—t not a friend in the w."

"Violet," she very the coach which was railway station moving speeds' of her own dare look back for le down. And as the school night, her eyes wand and then for the first down her pretty cheeks. Ronald, and she wrote post-office a letter ed to V. L."

She was started of the voice of the driv had been turned to h saw the tears roll do said cheerily: "Come, miss, cheer not want to step at

take off that [al-  
Plague.

ALL DEATHS  
SUMPTION.

Rich and Poor  
How This Dead  
met.

well named the  
one-sixth of all the  
nada annually are  
is terrible disease.  
mong all classes;  
rmb to its insidious  
are ago the victim  
rded as incurable,  
ends watched the  
e away until death  
e Now, however,  
its earliest stages  
, and that by a  
-keeping it rich,  
are pre disposed  
its ravages. Con-  
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e who are pale,  
or show any of the  
general debility  
-system by on-  
the blood—thus  
e lungs, but all  
have escaped a  
sumption is Mrs.  
Marshall, Ont.  
her experience that  
me other sufferer.

an to experience  
y appetite was  
as troubled with  
smothering feel-  
I became very  
ly faint, and my  
et as cold as ice.  
I began to lose  
ort time was only  
self. I had good  
did not get any re-  
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CHAPTER III.  
'Sir.—In reply to yours of yesterday's  
date, I am pleased to inform you that Miss  
Violet Loveridge has completed her educa-  
tion in all branches. She is quite ready to  
leave here at once should you so desire it,  
although all of us will be sorry to part with  
such a dear, kind, and affectionate crea-  
ture.'

'To Sir Archibald Blackmore.'  
So ran the letter from Miss Jones,  
Violet's governess, three days after Ronald's  
departure.  
'Hem!' muttered Sir Archibald after  
reading it. 'All is as it should be. Thank  
God, I can say I have done my duty by  
her. Now, what is to be done with her?  
I cannot have her here. People would  
think it rather strange. What am I to do?'  
After a few moments' thought he decid-  
ed to have her at his house for a few weeks  
until he could find her an engagement as  
governess or companion, and with that  
view he called in the housekeeper, and  
directed her to prepare for her reception.  
'You can see that Lady Blackmore's  
rooms are prepared for her,' he said. 'I  
suppose they will not take long to get  
ready?'

'No, Sir Archibald; but the blue-room  
is ready. I understood you to say that  
Lady Blackmore's rooms were never to be  
interfered with.'  
'I did say so, but I have altered my  
mind. Get all there in readiness.'  
And the housekeeper went out, mutter-  
ing: 'How strange to have to prepare those  
three splendid rooms for an adopted child!  
Well, she is lucky, that's all!'

Sir Archibald took the pen in his hand,  
and wrote to the governess as follows:  
'I thank you for your information, and I  
beg to tender you my sincere thanks for  
your kind treatment of Miss Violet. En-  
closed is amount due, together with a fifty  
pound note, which expresses my appro-  
bation at the way you have educated the  
girl. Tomorrow you will pack her off to  
this address.'

This was a very businesslike affair, and  
so Miss Jones thought it. The direction  
to 'pack her off' sounded very harsh—so  
harsh, indeed, that Miss Jones did not  
show Violet the letter for fear of wounding  
her feelings.

On the morning, Violet left school which  
had been her home for seven long years.  
It was a sad parting—very sad, for with-  
out one exception, everyone there loved  
the poor orphan—the poor girl who had  
not a friend in the wide world.  
Violet was very much affected, and as  
the coach which was to convey her to the  
railway station moved off, amid the 'God  
speeds' of her companions, she did not  
dare look back for fear of utterly breaking  
down.

And as the school disappeared from her  
sight, her eyes wandered to the old Abbey,  
and then for the first time the tears rolled  
down her pretty cheeks. She thought of  
Ronald, and she wondered whether at the  
post-office a letter was waiting, directed  
to 'V. L.'

She was started out of her reverie by  
the voice of the driver. His honest face  
had been turned to her for some time. He  
saw the tears roll down her cheeks, and he  
said cheerily:  
'Come, miss, cheer up! Surely you do  
not want to step at school all your life!

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

ception has not been very cruel, you must  
admit.'

'Oh Ronald! Why did you not tell me  
this before?'

'Because, my love, I wanted for a wife  
a lady whom I knew loved me well and  
truly, one that would marry me for love  
alone. Such a one I have found.'

'But—ah, Ronald, you cannot have  
thought out this matter. Your friends  
will never let you marry a poor orphan  
like me.'

'I am my own master.'

'That may be. I don't know much of  
the world, I admit, but I hear how these  
things are managed from the girls in the  
school. I know how proud people in  
your position are; and I fancy, Ronald,  
that their consent would never be given to  
our marriage. And oh, I am sure I should  
break my heart! And you must recollect,  
Ronald, that you do not know my history.'

'I know that you are the adopted daughter  
of Sir Archibald Blackmore, and that  
is quite sufficient for me. My mother, I  
am sure, will welcome you with open arms.  
My father, as you know, is dead.'

'You know best, Ronald, and I will trust  
all to you. You are going to London, are  
you not?'

'For a time. Then I shall return to my  
home, Radstock Castle, at Arkwell.'

'If—if you meet Sir Archibald in Lon-  
don, you will not say anything of—'

'No, no, Violet; not at present. That  
I promise.'

'Because I am afraid that I have sadly  
disobeyed him.'

'Even if he knew it he would forgive you.  
Who could resist you?'

'No, Ronald,' replied Violet, shaking  
her head, 'you are mistaken. Sir Archi-  
bald never forgives. But in London, Ron-  
ald, you may meet someone whom you like  
better than me, and if you do, do not let  
me stand in the way of your happiness. I  
would rather remain as I am than—'

'Oh, Violet—Violet, do not say that.  
My whole heart and soul are yours; my  
love can never change.'

'Shall I hear from you?'

'Yes; I will direct the letter to the post  
office in your initials.'

After a little more conversation, the  
lovers parted. Ronald went off to the  
station, while Violet, her parasol over her  
left shoulder, and her hat swinging in her  
right hand, walked thoughtfully home-  
wards.

'Will he be true?' she muttered. 'Will  
he forget me when he gets in glittering  
London, where, they say, there are ladies  
of great beauty? Oh, surely, surely not!  
He says I shall always be his sweet Violet.  
Shall I or shall I be as unfortunate as my  
poor mother?'

Ah time will show.

Your tears will change to smiles when you  
reach London, depend upon it.'

But it was all very well to talk. She had  
been very happy at the school; there,  
all loved her; when she was  
going to, there would be none.

When she reached Victoria Station she  
stood for a moment upon the platform,  
looking wonderingly on the busy scene.  
She was about to turn to look after her  
boxes, when a footman, touching his hat,  
said respectfully:

'Beg pardon—Miss Loveridge?'

'Yes,' replied Violet timidly.

'Sir Archibald Blackmore's carriage is  
outside, miss, and will you kindly follow  
me? The luggage will be sent on.'

Violet did so, and soon found herself  
seated in a splendid equipage drawn by  
two beautiful chestnuts.

It was the first time in her life that she  
had been in a carriage of this description,  
and she immediately realized how grand it  
was.

'Ronald always rides in his carriage,'  
she thought, 'and if, some day, I should be  
Lady Radstock, I should do so. Ah! me!  
Poor mamma used to tell me how she rode  
in her carriage, and that one day I should  
have a carriage all to myself. I wonder  
if I ever shall.'

At that moment the carriage stopped,  
the footman jumped from his seat, the car-  
riage-door opened, and the steps were  
thrown down in so rapid a manner, that  
the poor girl looked hopelessly bewildered.

The old hall porter stood upon the thresh-  
old, and as Violet entered he started  
back, and placed his hand quickly over his  
mouth. Had he not done so, a cry of as-  
tonishment would have left his lips.

Violet did not notice it, neither did she  
notice the hall porter at all. Seven years  
had passed since she last saw him, and she  
had forgotten the man who sat by her on  
that day when she followed her mother's  
remains to their last resting-place.

'Miss Loveridge,' said the housekeeper,  
'will you follow me, my dear? Your rooms  
are all ready, and beautiful rooms they are,  
too. Then, when you have rested and  
taken some refreshment, Sir Archibald will  
see you.'

### THE NEW CENTURY BENEFACTOR.

## Paine's Celery Compound.

THE CHOSEN MEDICINE OF  
OUR BEST PEOPLE.

Its Great Curing Virtues Have  
Been Long and Fully  
Tested.

IT HAS NEVER DISAPPOINT-  
ED THE SICK.

Paine's Celery Compound Being a  
Great Physician's Prescription  
Is Recommended by the  
Ablest Doctors.

Its Use Quickly Restores the  
Weak Rundown and Fail-  
ing to Perfect Health.

The relative merit and efficiency of  
Paine's Celery Compound, in comparison  
with all liquid medicines and pills for mak-  
ing sick people well, is clearly shown in  
the intelligent character and standing of  
the people who are using it at the present  
time to cure nervous debility, sleeplessness,  
headaches, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheuma-  
tism and kidney and liver troubles.

Paine's Celery Compound to day is the  
choice of physicians, clergymen, profession-  
al men, generally, bankers, members of  
parliament, business men and our best  
people. When ill health, sickness and suffer-  
ing come to the old or young, the wise  
and intelligent use Paine's Celery Com-  
pound and banish their troubles. Its re-  
liability and efficacy have made it a prized  
home medicine.

With an established and unassailable re-  
putation for 'making sick people well,'  
Paine's Celery Compound is offered to the  
weak and broken-down in health as the  
only medicine that can positively restore  
health, vigor and true life. Do not be in-  
duced by substitutes to take the some-  
thing called just as good; insist upon get-  
ting Paine's Celery Compound, the kind  
that cures.

Couldn't Teach Him.  
A London showman had an announce-  
ment stating: 'Come and see the great  
sawed fish!'

A learned gentleman read it, and in-  
formed the showman that he had made a  
mistake in the word 'sawed,' that it ought  
to be 'sawd.'

'Yer'd better come in an' see fer yer-  
self; the admission is only a tuppence,'  
said the showman.  
So the learned gentleman paid his 'tup-

pence,' went in, and was shown a large  
codfish sawn in half.

'Yer a'int the fast gentleman wot has  
tried to teach me 'ow to spell; but I tell  
yer I've had a good eddication, an' I'm run-  
nin' this show just to prove to people  
I've,' grinned the showman.

The learned gentleman left, deeply in-  
dignant with the world in general and the  
showman in particular.

### EATING BY PRESCRIPTION.

Novel Method of a Boston Cafe to Protect the  
Health of its Patrons.

Most people who are not in good health  
know in a general way what ails them;  
some of them know what kind of food they  
ought to eat in order to overcome their  
bodily infirmities and prevent a recurrence  
of them. But people who have good health  
usually consider only their taste or their  
pocketbook when they order a meal.

An experiment which one of the Boston  
hotels is making shows that others besides  
invalids are beginning to understand that  
it is important to have the right sort of  
food as well as to have it properly cooked.

The cafe of this hotel provides not only  
a bill of fare, but a diet list made out by  
a physician and intended as a guide to the  
patrons of the house. It prescribes the  
food best suited to various physical con-  
ditions. To the fat man it offers a variety  
of dishes that tickle his palate, and at the  
same time check his tendency to grow fat-  
ter. The thin and anemic can procure  
the things which make blood and tissue  
and build up an enfeebled system.

The new way of looking at the food  
question puts health first and reference  
afterward. It considers the needs of the  
individual, and makes practical application  
of the old saying that 'one man's meat is  
another man's poison.' It tries to make  
the diet like a well-stocked ward-  
robe, offering plenty of variety, yet de-  
signed for and fitted to the person for  
whom it is intended. Lilac is a charming  
color, but the red-haired girl does not need  
it to enhance her peculiar charms. Sirloin  
steak is a toothsome and desirable thing,  
but melons and coarse bread may be better  
for the full-blooded man who has a ten-  
dency to rheumatism.

How one can fit his diet to his own needs  
is a matter which the physician can best  
decide. It is certainly easier to preserve  
health by the use of proper food than to  
regain it by taking medicine; and the  
prescription filed in a restaurant is pleas-  
ant to take than one compounded by the  
druggist.

### ONE TOO MANY.

He Could Stand All But That of Being a  
Faith-Cure Believer.

'But he called you a liar first,' suggest-  
ed the good Samaritan who was trying to  
allay the feelings of a very irate old resi-  
dent.

'Of course he did. That is one of the  
tricks that men of his caliber employ in a  
discussion when they are getting the worst  
of it. I just snifed at him and continued  
to drive my arguments home.'

'He called you an old fraud and said that  
you never had a deal a man in your life  
that you didn't worst him.'

'I know it. But what does that amount  
to? That's flattery to me, for I hold that  
every man's first duty is to look out for  
himself and those dependent on him.'

'He said that you were a born kicker.'  
'That's right, I am. The man who don't  
kick in these days is going to take the  
kicks, There's no getting away from that.'

'He declared that you kept yourself sick  
by worrying.'

'I wouldn't give three burrains in hades  
for a man who didn't worry. Show me a  
man who don't think and stew, and figure  
and worry over his affairs, and I'll show  
you a man who never does any better than  
make a living. I considered that intended  
stab as a compliment.'

'What are you mad about, then?'  
'Good heavens, man! You heard the  
conversation. You called me all the names  
he could think of, didn't he?'

'Yes.'

'That out no more figure with me than if  
he had been tossing nosebags at me, but  
when he said that I took the faith cure  
treatment for acute indigestion I went at  
him, and if I had been ten years younger  
he'd know what that cure would do for a  
spread nose and a broken jaw, confound  
him!—Detroit Free Press.

Seven Sententious Sentences.  
Half truths make whole troubles.  
Heredit and circumstances surround  
our little lives like the ocean—but the  
strong man swims.

Gossip scandal, slander—heart quake,  
heart ache, heart break.

The principal advantage of being mar-  
ried is that only one person has a right to  
find fault with you.

If people know how to sympathize with  
us we should let them. Fortunately they  
don't.

We all begin by being round pegs in

# Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)  
Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee  
of absolute purity.  
It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely.  
**CHASE & SANBORN,**  
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

square holes. Some of us make over the  
hole, and most of us make over ourselves.  
Some can do neither. These say late has  
a spite against them.

### FATE OF CHARLEY ROSS.

Mistake of the Detectives in Their Pursuit of  
the Kidnappers.

Ex-Mayor John Brist of Trenton, N.  
J., has made a statement of what he knows  
about the kidnapping of Charley Ross.  
He was brought into the case because it  
was believed at first that the boy was hid-  
den in or about Trenton and the police  
wanted Mr. Brist's help in searching for  
him. Most of his knowledge of the case  
from the Philadelphia detectives. Mr.  
Brist says:

'The secret as to who the kidnappers  
were was confined to the heads of the Phil-  
adelphia and New York Police Depart-  
ments, and both supposed that they were  
on a boat plying either on the Delaware  
and Raritan or the Pennsylvania Canal,  
the letters being posted from Trenton,  
Bristol, New Brunswick and Newark tend-  
ing to confirm that theory.'

'The detectives felt so certain that they  
would have the kidnappers within a few  
days, and receive the credit and reward,  
that their identity was kept a close secret  
among themselves. Had the matter been  
made as public as was the Cudaby affair,  
at Omaha the criminal abductors would  
have been arrested within a few days by  
the police officers of Newark, Jersey City  
or Bayonne. Their theory that the kid-  
nappers were on a boat was correct, but it  
was not the kind of a boat they were look-  
ing for, as it afterwards turned out.'

'William Mosher and Joseph Douglas  
were the abductors. They had been ped-  
dlers and engaged in an oil and lamp store  
in Philadelphia, with a branch store in  
Trenton in charge of other parties. The  
wago was one that had been used in the  
business. They brought Charley from  
Germantown to Trenton over the lower  
Delaware bridge, and through Bridge street  
to Hamilton avenue, and across the state  
to a yacht they had prepared for the pur-  
pose on Raritan Bay. The detectives had  
the right parties, but they were on the  
wrong scent for the boat, and the kidnappers  
kept them so by depositing their let-  
ters in the Trenton Post Office and other  
cities near it.'

'Mosher and Douglas no doubt kept  
Charley Ross on that boat while they sail-  
ed around Newark, Raritan and New York  
bays and adjacent waters and up the Hud-  
son river on marauding expeditions to  
maintain themselves. There he was secure  
from prying eyes and gossiping neighbors.'

'Charley Ross died not more than three  
months after his capture, from neglect,  
home sickness, and disease, and his little  
body was buried in the waters of Newark  
Bay. The body of a boy about his size  
and age, dressed in clothes too large for  
him, as if they had been purchased at ran-  
dom, was found floating on the bay, and  
turned over to the authorities of Jersey  
City. Mr. Ross was called over to see it,  
but he failed to identify it as that of his  
lost child.'

'Whether it was the body of the boy  
whose fate had touched the hearts of  
millions of mothers and fathers throughout  
the land I am not prepared to say. But I  
feel just as certain that that was the end of  
the unfortunate boy as I am that he was  
kidnapped. They did not mean to harm  
him, but only to hold him, as Pat Crowe  
did the Cudaby child, until they could get  
the ransom money in their hands, and then  
he would have been sent home or placed  
where he could have reached there.'

'William Mosher was a man of ability.  
He had children of his own whom he loved  
and for whom he had striven to earn hon-  
est dollars, but poverty had been the lot  
of him and his, and his wife said they had  
always been poor, and he took that means  
to secure money to secure some of the lux-  
uries of life that others were enjoying, and  
which he coveted. He had no idea of do-  
ing harm to the boy, but thought that he  
would be ransomed within a very short  
time.'

'Douglas was only a weak man in  
Mosher's hands, and was under his subjec-  
tion. The mistake of the detectives was  
in the kind of boat the kidnappers were on  
and in keeping within themselves the  
names and descriptions of the abductors.  
Full and general publicity at the start  
would have resulted in their capture, and  
the restoration of the boy to his loving and  
almost broken-hearted parents.'

'On the night of Dec 14, 1875, Mosher  
and Douglas broke into the house of Judge  
Van Brunt, at Bay Ridge, L. L., and were  
discovered. Mosher was shot and killed.  
As Douglas lay on the grass plat where he  
had been carried, wounded unto death, he  
said: 'We stole Charley Ross. He was  
urged to say more, being assured that  
Mosher was dead, but he would not be-  
lieve it, and died before he could again  
open his lips.'

### Dyspepsia Pain.

arising from the formation of gas owing to  
improper digestion, is the source of great  
misery to many. A very prompt and effi-  
cient remedy for this trouble is found in  
Nerviline. It relieves the distention in-  
stantly, and by stimulating action on the  
stomach aids digestion. Good also for  
Colic, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and  
Headache. In medicinal power Nerviline  
has a value five times greater than any  
other. Test it and see if it is not so.  
Druggists sell it.

### Progressive Economy.

Mrs. Bargyn-Hunter—'Why, I saved  
seventeen dollars by buying these goods!  
Her Husband—'You don't happen to  
have the seventeen?'

Mrs. Bargyn-Hunter—'Of course not!  
Her Husband—'I thought not. If you  
had, you'd spend it and save some more.'

### No Cause for Worry.

Tourist (in Frozen Dog).—'Heavens!  
Those two cowboys are quarreling violent-  
ly and drawing their revolvers!  
Bronco Bill.—'Don't worry, Podner!  
They're only making a bluff at fighting,  
so as to accidentally shoot a few holes in  
your plug hat!'

### An Artistic Distinction.

Mr. Sappeigh—'Mr. Wozzen seems bad-  
ly smitten on that young lady pianist.  
'Music hath charms,' you know.'

Miss Gabbagh—'Yes, and in this case  
it must be the music which hath the  
charms.'

### A Loss That Will Prove a Gain.

A medical journal says that man's little  
toe is disappearing. This is comforting  
news. There will be that much less for  
the conductor to tread on in a crowded  
street car.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY!

Genuine  
**Carter's  
Little Liver Pills.**  
Must Bear Signature of  
*W. Wood*  
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.  
Very small and as easy  
to take as sugar.  
**CARTER'S  
LITTLE  
LIVER  
PILLS.**  
FOR HEADACHE,  
FOR DIZZINESS,  
FOR BILIOUSNESS,  
FOR TORPID LIVER,  
FOR CONSTIPATION,  
FOR SALLOW SKIN,  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

At Sea In a Wagon.

All my life I had wanted to make a trip to the Gulf. When Murphy, who was going to move to the lower coast, well down toward Mexico, offered to hire me to haul part of his household goods, I worried later into letting me go. It was in the latter part of September that we set out on our journey, my team being Lep and Coaly, my father's oxen. Posa, Murphy's fifteen year old son, rode in my wagon most of the way. He was an oddity among boys, having a rather disagreeable temper the serious ways of a man of fifty, and a pronounced lip.

After nearly three weeks of slow travelling, we were following a winding road through a level country, overgrown with clumps of catclaw and mesquit bushes, and suddenly we came to a bluff. Below lay a wide expanse of water. The wagons were stopped, and all gazed in open mouth wonder.

'And the th'at's the Gulf of Mexico, isn't it?' Posa remarked, as he looked solemnly down upon the bay. 'Well, it's a whooper! Big all out-of-doorth.'

Travelling along the bay shore, we soon came to the house of some relatives of Murphy named Rogers, and this was the end of our journey.

Before we had been here an hour, Posa and I and Al Rogers, a tall, cheerful boy of seventeen, went for a swim in the surf. We spent the next day or two fishing and swimming and sailing. Then we planned a visit to one of the islands that lie stretched like the links of a chain along the greater part of the Texas coast. The Rogerses had not been living here long, and owned no boat. We might have borrowed a catboat from one of their neighbors as we did several times when we wanted to go sailing; but Al did not like to ask for the use of it overnight.

'Guess we'll have to go over in a wagon,' he remarked. 'It's easy enough. You see, it's only five or six miles to the upper end of the island, and there's a bar all the way across. In most places on the bar the water isn't more than hub-deep. At the deepest place it won't quite run into the wagon bed. I've been across twice in a wagon.'

The next day we crossed without any difficulty, for the bottom was hard and smooth, and the water hardly up to the hubs. The bar was from a hundred yards wide in most places, and could easily be distinguished, the shall water being dark and the deep water green. Posa and I soon forgot our fears. We had expected Coaly to be wild, and so he was at first, but he soon splashed along indifferently. The day was a bright one, and but for the breeze would have been warm. The ripples gurgled against the wagon-wheels.

A schooner was coming up the lagoon. By the time we were half-way between the island and the mainland she had reached the bar, a few hundred yards ahead of us. 'She's going to cross there,' Al told us, 'and there's where we'll find our deepest water. That iron post marks the place. Only vessels of light draft can get over.'

The water where the schooner had crossed came close up to the wagon-bed, and the oxen held up their heads to wade it. The deep place was only a few yards wide. Sometime in the afternoon we reached the island—a mass of sand, low and level on the lagoon side and piled up by the wind into hills on the gulf side. We camped on the shore of the pass, or strip of water separating this island from the one above it.

For our camp fire we picked up drift-wood. There was grass for the oxen, and a pond of fresh water. We spent three days on the island, fishing, taking oysters, climbing over the sand hills, picking up shells and swimming in the surf on the Gulf beach.

We had intended to start home on the morning of the fourth day; but in collecting pretty shells and investigating an old wreck, we spent so much time that it was considerably past noon when we reached the camp. As soon as we had eaten our lunch, we hunted up the oxen, put them to the wagon and started.

The weather had been fine, but now we could see a dark, purple cloud in the northeast, beyond the bay. As we were driving into the water, Posa stuck his head out from under the wagon-sheet to look at the cloud, and said:

'I gueth we'd better thop! It ain't thate to croth thith then when there's a thorn in thight!' 'Oh, you needn't worry about that rain,' laughed Al. 'Even if it's moving this way we'll be across before it gets here.'

But when we had waded out on the bar about two miles, the cloud was rising fast. Posa demanded that we turn round and go back; but I only drove the faster, cracking the whip over the oxen and shouting to them loudly. There was already some wind from the northeast, and the waves were running over the bar with some little noise and foam.

'We'll get across the deep place, anyway,' Al said, as he pointed to the iron post. 'That schooner is hurrying to cross, too.'

The schooner was a few miles up the bay, but was coming rapidly before the wind. Presently the wind died out, and we could see her swing round slowly. The cloud was fast spreading over the sky. Jagged lightnings were darting across it, and the loud booming of thunder could be heard. Soon the schooner was obscured by the coming rain.

Al and Posa were trying the wagon-sheet down. I sat on the spring seat lashing the oxen, and kept them going as fast as they could wade. The noise of the surf was increasing. There was a wild look in the oxen's eyes. Knowing how prone they were to stampede, I kept talking to them loudly to quiet them.

The rain was so close by the time we reached the place where boats crossed that I was about to stop the oxen, but Al called out: 'Put 'em through! Get across as quick as you can!'

The waves dashed against Coaly's side and against the wagon-bed. We had barely reached the shallow water when the storm swooped down upon us. A gust of wind and blinding rain, accompanied by an unusually high wave, met the oxen, and the team was dashed into their faces. That was too much for the already frightened animals, and they began to turn.

'Back, Lep! Back, Coaly! Back! Back! ba-ck! ba-ack, you rascals!' I shouted emphasizing every word with a cut of the whip. 'Back' to the left so short that the wages nearly upset. Then I shouted, 'Who-oo! who-o-oo! who-o-o-oo!' with all my might; but I might as well have shouted 'Get up!' for all the good it did.

'Look out! They're going straight to the deep water!' Al cried. 'They'll drown themselves and us, too!' He jumped out, I followed him, and we succeeded in heading the oxen, although not till they were in water half way up their sides. There were ropes in the wagon, and Posa handed them out. We put one round the horns of each ox.

The wagon was now on bottom that sloped toward the deep sea, and the waves striking the rear end, were driving it out farther. We walked at the oxen's heads, leading them in a circle. They were terrified, and glad enough to keep near us. The rain was falling in torrents, the thunder rolling, and every wave that came seemed higher than the one it followed. It was not easy to face or to make the oxen face the storm; but we finally succeeded in getting the wagon back upon the bank about where it had been when the oxen first turned. There we had to stop.

Unhitching the oxen, we led them back to the sheltered side of the wagon, the wheels of which we locked. We ourselves climbed up into the wagon and sat under the sheet, still holding the ropes and looking out upon the raging sea. The wagon had been stopped so that the waves struck neither the end nor the side squarely, but the right fore corner, which Al thought would split them. Perhaps it did.

For an hour or two we sat there, while the storm raged over and around us. Although the wind was not so strong as at first, the waves kept getting higher, till they threatened to overturn the wagon. We were all badly scared, but there was such an uproar that it was not easy to talk. With every wave, the water poured in upon us between the sheet and the wagon-bed. The oxen stood with their heads close to the wagon. They were terrified, but realized their helplessness.

With more and more force came the waves, till they began to lift the side of the wagon. We threw ourselves desperately against that side, but even our combined weight could not hold it down. 'If they keep getting higher, the wagon's bound to go over,' Al said. With our heads close together, we debated what to do. I was in favor of getting out and taking our chances on the shallow place we could find on the bar; but Al was sure we would be swept off it the storm became much worse.

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reps from Coaly's horns and tied him with the loose end of Lep's rope. The rain felt icy cold, but the sea water was warm. Coaly's rope was a forty foot lariat, new and strong. Leaving Posa to hold the oxen, I made my way to the fore end of the wagon. Al, with his boots off, was already in the water.

Tying one end of the lariat to the wagon tongue and the other round his waist, he waited till the lightning showed him the post, then struck out for it. Standing on the tangle, I anxiously watched him struggling with the waves.

Sometimes he was carried off his feet, but each lightning flash showed him a little nearer the post. Now and then he was hidden by a wave. At last I saw him at the post. The next flash revealed him half-way back, coming on the crest of a wave. Returning was easy.

'Now we're all right,' he remarked, as we climbed into the wagon, wet but relieved. 'It was not long till we heard a shout. I was at the rear end, and quickly put out my head. The lightning flashed and the light it disclosed was startling enough. 'There's a boat coming over the bar!' I shouted. The others hastily raised the sheet to look.

The schooner—the one we had previously seen, perhaps—was still several yards away. The sailors must have found the crossing by catching a glimpse of the guide post. Probably they had to cross to keep from drifting upon the bar. I could see only the masts and the bow, which was pointing skyward.

The next lightning flash showed her somewhat nearer, the bow being down and the stern up. We could see men on board. She appeared to be driving straight toward the wagon. We heard a shout, but whether the sailors were shouting to us or to each other we could not tell. But we all shouted back.

Anxiously we waited for the next flash. A minute more had passed before it came. Then we were half scared out of our senses. The schooner's bow was almost overhanging us!

'Look out! She'll run us down!' shouted Al. We all scrambled toward the front end, intending to jump; but before we could do so, the schooner struck the wagon!

The man at the tiller had seen the danger and shifted her course somewhat. As the bow came down and the schooner lunged forward, the sloping bow struck with the result that the wagon was pushed forward a little. When the lightning flashed again, the schooner was a yard or two away. We returned to the rear end to watch her.

Just then a loud fierce barking came from the darkness. The lightning shone. One man was steering and another stood by the foremast, while a big, shaggy dog had his head over the side, barking furiously at the oxen. Lep and Coaly were frightened by the sudden appearance of the schooner and the dog, and tried to run. We had to get their rope, but it caught over the rear wheel, holding them fast although they nearly upset the wagon before we could get them quieted.

When the lightning flashed again, the man by the mast shouted something to us, but his words were drowned by the storm and breakers. The schooner was now safe across the bar, and we caught only a glimpse of her, rearing and plunging, before she finally disappeared.

'Pretty close call!' said Al. 'Hope there weren't any more vessels come along. Those men must have seen the wagon in time to keep clear of it, but I guess they didn't have the schooner under good control.'

Not long after this the storm began to subside. Soon both wind and rain had ceased altogether. Gradually the stars glimpe of the rear end of the wagon, high and crashing over the bar; but at last they had so far subsided that Al said: 'It's time for us to get out of this.'

So we got ready and started. Al waded twenty or thirty yards in advance, while I also waded, leading oxen. We went slowly and cautiously. It was after midnight when we got ashore, and two hours later when we reached Al's home.

**AN EXPERIMENT WITH CONVICTS.** Louisiana Trying to Make the Penitentiary Absolutely Self-Sustaining.

The new Penitentiary Board at New Orleans, has now 400 convicts at work at its new Angola plantation in West Feliciana and 400 at New Hope. The rest have not yet been disturbed. In time is expected that the Louisiana State Penitentiary will be the only absolutely self-supporting community in the world, producing everything, manufactured or unmanufactured, it consumes.

The principal employment of the convicts will be in raising cotton and cane, and manufacturing sugar and molasses, which industries are expected to give a net profit of about \$250,000 or \$300,000 a year. A large number of convicts will be employed in manufacturing and will provide for the prisoners who produce the money crops. Thus the Central Penitentiary at Baton Rouge is provided with all the machinery necessary to manufacture cotton goods and clothing.

In the same way instead of buying barrels for the sugar and molasses produced at New Hope, the Penitentiary Board has purchased a tract of wooded land, upon which a colony of convicts will be settled to manufacture barrels in order to avoid any cash outlay. A fourth batch of convicts will be employed in truck farming and stock raising and will raise all the rice, sweet and Irish potatoes, cabbages, beef

and pork and other food needed for the convicts and the state institutions and asylums.

This system is carried out to every item so that there will be no cash expense for the payment of the officers, guards and others who operate the penitentiary. The Louisiana plan is wholly state management. The state convict farms cover, 18,800 acres.

A novelty in the management of the convicts is the introduction of a system of physical examination for the purpose of determining what class of work the men are best suited to. Each convict is carefully examined by physicians and classified as 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5, in accordance with his strength, endurance and physical condition and is assigned to work on the basis of this classification. It is the intention not to give a weak man work too hard for him to do, or to give a strong man a task which a person of less physical ability could perform. Thus it is hoped to get the maximum amount of work out of the convicts without taxing them too severely. Even the invalids or those recuperating from sickness in the hospital will have something to do.

**Two Converts.** No man, it is said, is a hero to his valet. The association is too intimate. But a man may be a hero to his reporter. There is a story of two brothers, shorthand reporters, working on different newspapers, one of the brothers being a Republican and the other a Democrat, which affords an illustration of this truth.

The Republican reporter was detailed, during the recent presidential campaign, to follow Mr Bryan wherever he went, and to take full notes of his speeches, sending the same by wire every night to the paper on which he was employed.

To the Democratic reporter was given a similar assignment, except that he was to accompany Governor Roosevelt, whose speeches he was to report in full.

After the campaign was over the two brothers met at the paternal mansion for the first time in many weeks, and they looked rather sheepishly at each other.

'Well, George,' said one of the two, 'after campaigning with Bryan three months I've come back a Democrat. I've come back a Democrat. I'm of your politics now.'

'Not a bit of it!' returned the other. 'I've been campaigning with Roosevelt, and I've come back a Republican.'

**BORN.** Niagara, Jan. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Hillz, a daughter. Briarwood, Feb. 7, to the wife of Joseph Keefe, a son. Halifax, Feb. 3, to the wife of Setgt. T. Larder, a son. Bridgetown, Jan. 18, to the wife of W. F. Gibbons, a daughter. Scotts Bay, Jan. 26, to the wife of E. M. Ellis, a daughter. Amherst, Jan. 27, to the wife of W. L. Ormond, a daughter. Westport, Jan. 18, to the wife of Frank Cousins, a daughter. Westport, Jan. 25, to the wife of Barlow Suthers, a daughter. Annapolis, Jan. 20, to the wife of R. L. Phinney, a daughter. Wolfville, Jan. 27, to the wife of R. W. Ford, a daughter. Bridgetown, Jan. 23, to the wife George J. Kelly, a daughter. Bridgetown, Jan. 22, to the wife of Alfred Frizzle, a daughter. Niagara Falls, Jan. 26, to the wife of Jas. Narver, a daughter. Berwick, Jan. 23, to the wife of Capt. R. C. Cocke, a son. Lunenburg, Jan. 14, to the wife of James Kaulbach, a son. Watertown, Conn., Jan. 3, to the wife of Arthur Rose, a son. New York, Jan. 28, to the wife of Walter Weilton, a son. Campbellton, Jan. 23, to the wife of Henry McIntyre, a son. North Sydney, Dec. 29, to the wife of Daniel Knight, a son. Parrsboro, Jan. 22, to the wife of Capt. James Ogilvie, a son. Bridgetown, Jan. 27, to the wife of Dr. Dugald Stewart, a daughter. Yarmouth, Feb. 1, to the wife of Capt. Arthur W. McKinnon, a son. Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 30, to the wife of George M. Talbot, a daughter. North Sydney, Jan. 28, to the wife of J. Hector McDougall, a son. Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 26, to the wife of Geo. A. Donald, a daughter. Scott's Bay, Jan. 16, to the wife of Jotham McDonald, a daughter. Clark's Harbor, Jan. 25, to the wife of Duncan Garland, a daughter. South Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 18, to the wife of John Hemlow, a son. St. Andrews, Jan. 29, to the wife of Wm. A. Robertson, a daughter.

**MARRIED.** Milltown, Jan. 4, John Dugan to Minnie Walker, Halifax, Jan. 31 by Rev N LeMoine, Ernest C Scott to Mabel D Hillis. Sydney, Jan. 19, by Rev J F Forbes, John Burnette to Kate McKinnon. Yarmouth, by Rev Fr Crozier, Albert Mulse to Philomene LaFave. Truro, Jan. 30, by Rev Dr Murray, Harold Putman to Mary H Laurence. Sydney, Jan. 16, by Rev J F Forbes, Andrew Falterton to Bessie Hunt. St Ann's, Jan. 16, by Rev John Fraser, Angus McKeown to Mary McKillop. Brookfield, Jan. 23, by Rev Geo Miller, Wm Henry Ford to Ella May Proctor. New York, Jan. 20, by Rev Dr Russell, Harry A Brewster to Harriet Briggs. Sturgeon, Jan. 20, by Rev Wm Phelan, William White to Minnie Campbell. North Sydney, Jan. 17, by Rev J Sharp, George Spragg to Harriet Briggs. Springhill, Jan. 23, by Rev J W Bancroft, Reuben L Patriquin to Alice M Collis. Everett, Mass., Dec. 31 by Rev W I West, John S Waterman to Annie I Murray.

Clemensport, Jan. 26, by Rev J Lockward, Arthur W Johnson to Ida May Jordan. Sydney, Jan. 16, by Rev E B Rankin, Kenneth M McLeod to Johanna McEachers. Galsburn, C B, Jan. 16, by Rev D Sutherland, Donald Munro to Mary A McDonald. Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 16, by Rev J Herbert White, Wm V Patton to Coora May Dana. Strathadam, N B, Jan. 29, by Rev J D Murray, James Condon to Annie B Adams. Moncton, Jan. 15, by Rev J Easton Brown, Robert A Boyce to Marilla Mand Goddard. Kinston Park, N W T, Dec. 24, by Rev Jas Bryant, Chester Arthur to Gertrude Beatty, Fria's Head, C B, Jan. 21, by Rev T Richard, Herrick LeBlanc to Sophie Chasson. New York, Jan. 17, by Rev Geo Calvert Carter, James F Dease to Lillian B Wardlaw.

**DIED.** Pictou, Jan. 19, Alex Garvie, 87. Dieby, Jan 6, Henry Classon, 74. Crapaud, Jan 23, Mrs John Lee. Pictou, Jan 17, John McLeod, 38. Pictou, Jan 20, Bernard Flynn, 46. Boston, Jan 24, Lena Cullen, 39. Halifax, Mrs. Francis J. Abern, 19. Halifax, Feb 3, Maggie Mihan, 15. Halifax, Feb 2, Margaret Grant, 78. Waweig, Jan 23, Thos Sullivan, 72. Weston, Jan 30, Wallace Hiley, 22. Shelburne, Jan 23, James I Evans, 53. Pictou, Jan 27, Willie MacIsaac, 59. Stanhope Feb 9, Edward Douglas, 83. Wallace, Jan 22, Winnie Dickson, 83. Lyfield, Jan 23, Daniel Leeman, 80. Pittsburg, Jan 6, Henry Classon, 74. Springfield, Jan 28 Allan Cameron, 42. Yarmouth, Jan 19 Timothy A Doane. Parrsboro, Jan 19, Edward Power, 37. Lorne, Jan 24, Mrs James Dunbar, 59. Sunnyside, Jan 26, Hugh Manning, 70. Yarmouth, Jan 28, Edward Briggs, 43. Halifax Jan 24, Isabel A Stevenson, 3. Lyndale, Jan 23, Mrs Sarah McLeod, 46. Big Bras d'Or, Jan 22, Lillie B Steele, 3. Fredericton Jan 26, Mrs James Sillick, 40. Fria's Head, Jan 17, Mrs M LeBlanc, 55. Halifax, Feb 1st, Mrs Ellen Duggan, 84. Ridgewater, Jan 24, Angus McDougall, 67. Colchester, Jan 18, Samuel Creelman. Brookside, Jan 21, Mrs Donald McKinnon. New Glasgow, Jan 29, Ellen H Walker, 20. Sydney Mines, Jan 14, Annie M. Dorsey, 4. Fredrich, Kings, Jan 10, Mary Tufts, 78. Scotch Settlement, Feb 1, Donald Duff, 60. Middle Simons, Jan 13, Eliza Eubank, 75. Camberland, Dec 18, Eimabeth Stevens, 72. Yarmouth, Jan 26, Mrs Hannah Heaslip, 71. Gunning Cove, Jan 19, Mr Timothy A Doane. George's River, Jan 17, Mrs John Moore, 31. Howard Cove, Jan 27, Emily Macgregor, 22. Glenarry, Pictou, Jan 29, Donald Gordon, 75. Comrie, Jan 10, Mrs Sarah Angerine, 81. Greenvale, Dec 21, Archibald MacFarlan, 84. Shag Harbor, Jan 24, Kather, wife of Geo. B Kennedy, 88. Little River, Feb 8, H. H. Edward, infant son of Wm H and Emily Underday.

**Town To**

The telephone instrument of convenience of new days over its utility through of people have a doubt as to its class of persons, altogether put it on fraternal. O in the city said no consideration in his residence anyoning than it all right before use, and he f as well new with interrogated. 'Well he had u it is a great co but in our prole. 'You would be number of times necessary. So agreeable and u book could be which would be as they were at 'I have been cal times after a ha rest was very m remark from a tnat baby was b question from a would be all right. 'I remember lady in whose l and she asked n party that night. not as I had to It was midnight that visit, very m was away at the bed, and lived in would rest easy soundly asleep th my lady friend wished to know gan telling me al ing at the party. lite, but standi with not too man r file the best a about the lye I cared about lye I hung up the te still going on, b to hang the instr it wouldn't ring to sleep and d of how doctors w phones were inv wife called me te was ringing that fer could not unda her for of all the ing I never I persevered for the brilliant thou tral. There I w me, 'but the bel that two well-kn 'If that is the ca got crossed. T patience and I in next time the win me up. I believ told the truth for that two well-kn been celebrating ing over the telep I have no doubt was sufficient 'you see' said physician's life is and the telephon out.' Oh yes it is great convenienc it, but it is mon you right.

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