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PRICE FIVE CENTS

SOME STRANGE STORIES

ARE TOLD BY WITNESSES IN THE DUTCHER MURDER CASE.

Damaging Evidence by a Female Witness Calls For a Denial of her Statements from Sullivan's Family—Little Maggie Dutcher's Health is Improving.

The Dutcher murder drags its slow length along, and even the regular weekly adjournment seems to intensify the interest taken in the case by the public, and last Friday when the preliminary examination was resumed, the court room was well filled with eager spectators.

The chief witness—little Maggie Dutcher upon whose evidence so much depends, is almost entirely restored to health, having been able to take short walks in the open air during the past few days, and showing every sign of returning vigor, both mental and physical but as she is still nervous, and excitable, Dr. Ross does not consider her in a fit state to face the trying ordeal of the witness stand, and is by no means certain that she will be able to give evidence during the coming week. After the great shock, cruel and terrible illness this poor child has suffered from, it is of vital importance both as regards her own health, and the case with which she is so intimately connected that her strength should not be over-taxed in any way. It is also a necessity that the injured brain should be allowed as long a rest as possible, in order that the child's memory may be restored, and her mind perfectly clear, before she is called upon to tell her story.

Meanwhile some interesting testimony has been given and the witnesses have labored valiantly to show the public the extent to which two people can differ from each other and both from the truth. Even the most charitably disposed person in the world cannot fail to be impressed with the amount of false swearing which must have been done since it is impossible that two witnesses who swear positively to diametrically opposite statements, can both be telling the truth. One is prepared for slight discrepancies between the different stories since no two individuals ever describe an occurrence in just the same way; but when it comes to the fl test of contradictions, one can scarcely believe it entirely the result of accident. Indeed so far as experience goes, this case stands alone so far, in the extraordinary amount of perjury which seems to have been committed. For instance—Peter Carroll of detective fame is prepared to swear and to bring two other witnesses who will do the same, that Mrs. Jane Green made a certain statement in their presence, and in the course of a lengthy letter in the "Daily Times" devoted almost exclusively to convincing people of his own word, and he unusual probity of his life, Carroll incidentally repeats the assertion, and adds that Mrs. Green will swear to the statement she made to him, when she is next called upon to give evidence.

In the face of the gallant "Peasch's" confidently expressed opinion Mrs. Green not only writes to the "Times" herself denying all that Carroll says, but she also feels that in defence of her character she needs a larger audience than the Times can command; so she also writes a letter to "PROGRESS" which not only places Carroll in a worse light than ever, but turns a lurid glare upon his two companions at the time, and makes the whole affair look unpleasantly like a conspiracy.

It is only necessary to refer very briefly to Mrs. Green's latest letter, as readers of "PROGRESS" are familiar with it by this time; but it what she says there, and there seems reason for doubting her word, these "men went to a poor woman's house, deliberately tried to make her swear to a falsehood; two of them, the redoubtable Carroll and Mr. George P. Thomas a barrister of Moncton, united in persuading her that "Peasch" was a Mr. White, a local member for Sussex, and acting attorney general, during the illness of Mr. Mitchell and that the Queen had sent him to her house to inquire about the matter. Under the cloak of this authority, they told her that if she would swear to seeing John Sullivan in the Dutcher house on the night of September 10th, she would be treated fairly. Mr. Green charitably adds, in partial extenuation of Carroll's conduct that he was not in a condition to converse intelligently with anyone, at the time, but he must be a generous soul too, when he is a little "how-come-ye-so" because he offered Mrs. Green a drink out of a bottle he carried, in order to seal the bargain.

In spite of Mr. Thomas' assurance that all his friend said was true, and even of Her Gracious Majesty's deep interest in the Dutcher tragedy, Mrs. Green declined to do as she was asked, and the question which naturally arises in the speculative mind, is how Carroll came to be able to assert as positively as he did in his letter, that Mrs. Green would swear to seeing a man carrying a light past Mrs. Dutcher's window on the night of the murder? Probably the disciple of "law and order" contemplated calling on Mrs. Green again, and trusted,

that his powers of persuasion would be more successful on the next occasion. It really begins to look decidedly awkward for Messrs Thomas and Carroll, unless they can succeed in disproving Mrs. Green's statement, and it would be well for young Dutcher, if he would be more particular as to his associates; he will be getting himself talked about if he is not very careful!

Meanwhile, not to be behind hand, in keeping themselves before the public, the friends of the prisoner seem to have been doing a little uncertain swearing, and some letter writing for the press, amongst themselves. Miss Ardina Howell, a friend of the Sullivan family was called to the witness stand on Saturday, and under oath she made the damaging statement that Daniel Sullivan senior, father of the prisoner had called to see her, and asked her to swear that she met John Sullivan on Thursday night, the night of the tragedy, and also on the night after at a time in the evening which would conclusively prove an alibi for the prisoner; adding that her daughter Lucy would swear to it, and she might as well. She was to swear that she met Sullivan on Thursday night, at about the time the train from Memramouc reached Moncton. The girl naturally refused to sacrifice her own character in order to help her friends, and stated instead that she had met Sullivan on Friday evening on Main street, walking with his sister, and had turned and walked a short distance with them. That in the course of conversation John Sullivan asked her if she had heard about the fire at the Dutcher house, and on her response that she could hardly believe it, he answered that it was true enough; as he came from there that morning. The witness said that Daniel Sullivan senior went to see her a second time, at her home at Calhoun's mills at the end of October, and again urged her to swear that she met his son John on Thursday evening. Miss Howell also stated in her evidence that Lucy Sullivan had said in her presence, and that of her brother's counsel Mr. Smith, that she intended to swear to the meeting, whether Miss Howell did or not.

This sounds like very direct and fearless evidence, but Sullivan senior comes out in a letter in Monday's "Daily Times," and says that Miss Howell's evidence was wickedly false, and that she manufactured her statement of his attempt to make her commit perjury out of old cloth. It is to be presumed Mr. Sullivan means woeful cloth, but that is a mere matter of detail. He says no greater falsehood was ever sworn to in any court in this country, and that he himself heard Miss Howell tell Mr. Smith that he was confident it was on Thursday, instead of Friday that she met his son; and that she spoke entirely of her own accord, and without being asked.

All this is very confusing to the seeker after truth, and the only thing which seems quite clear is the fact that someone has been telling a story, but to decide who it is, would require a much more luminous mind than the average mortal possesses. The rest of the evidence given last week was comparatively important, and the appearance of Maggie Dutcher on the witness stand, is anxiously looked forward to.

BOTH YOUNG AND BOTH FOOLISH.

Two Young Men Freeze Each Other on Account of an Acquaintance.

An interesting story is told in connection with a special prayer meeting held during the week in one of the city churches. The young people of that particular parish have recently manifested a burning interest in all religious matters and the prayer meetings have been largely attended. Some of the "boys" of the parish did not attend the meetings; but were on deck out side the church just the same so as to escort their respective best girls home. One evening recently two young men went to the church and waited for one particular young lady for whom they both felt a particular regard. The night was chilly and as neither of them wore overcoats the period of waiting was not the most enjoyable in the world. Finally the girl appeared and both young men at once went to see her home. Then came the crisis. Each claimed for her favor thought he was best entitled to be her only escort and as neither would withdraw, a stilted collision was imminent. The young lady meanwhile was in a dilemma, if she turned to speak to Jack, Jim had a word to say and if any attention was lavished on Jim, Jack at once endeavored to engage her attention in lively conversation. The young lady had no decided preference for either of her would-be escorts and it was a clear case of "could be happy with either were 'tother dear charmer away etc." At any rate she had a double escort as neither of the boys would give up their quarry.

When the parental residence was reached the girl's mother who happened to be standing outside the door was greatly surprised to see "her dear child" sandwiched between her two friends. She was at once marched into the house and the two boys have not spoken since.

Chas. Bennett, Ouse, Spital, Porpoise, Dunes, St. Waterloo.

PROVIDENCE STILL HERE

SO DIRECTOR SMITH ASSURES THE COMMON COUNCIL.

When Explaining Why He Did Not Remove the Crib Work—Why Mr. Brown Was Not Appointed—Mr. Thompson is a Favorite.

Seventy thousand dollars spent at Sand Point and nothing to show for it yet! Nothing above water at any rate save the banks and the unfinished warehouse. What was upon the surface when Progress appeared last week has vanished at this writing and according to Director Smith "by an act of Providence."

It is well for the council to be assured through the medium of its director of public works, that Providence has not deserted them altogether. So long as Providence lingers in the vicinity of Sand Point there will be a source to blame and an excuse for the neglect of incompetent and obstinate officials.

The council has been meeting pretty often this week and the aldermen have talked a good deal within and out doors. Nothing definite has been arrived at though steps to a conclusion have been taken. The C. P. R. is still a subject of much uncertainty to the mayor and council. That astute corporation has given a verbal promise to pay \$40,000 upon the performance of certain work but there is no written guarantee and some of the aldermen are afraid that under the present circumstances there may be an inclination to back out. Others in view of the additional expense on account of the accident and the new style of wharf to be built think the assistance might be increased to \$75,000 instead of \$50,000. In the meantime Manager Timmerman says nothing, not even at the disposition of the city to walk past him and deal direct with the authorities in Montreal. That does not bother him for well he knows that they must come to him in the end. Such suggestions as these at the council board are not wise. So long as a big corporation has an authorized and trusted representative in the city, negotiations must be carried on through him and this fact should be borne in mind by the council. Now that body is looking for some definite assurance from the railway and until it is given Sand Point improvements are practically at a stand still.

No, for the Freeport is still working night and day and still drawing that \$600 for that time. The more mud that goes into the channel the better for her owners. According to the figures of the chamberlain Thursday about \$35,000 has been spent for dredging and scows already. A tidy sum and one that is bound to grow into much larger one if the present system is continued.

The demand for the contractor among the citizens is general. As taxpayers they are tired of the city carrying on its own work under such direction as it has had. The feeling has grown that a few aldermen and persons closely connected with the council are so eager for the patronage connected with the construction that they do not wish to relinquish this power. But there are enough of honest, straightforward men in the council to stop this sort of work if they will do so, and if they do not exercise the power they have the citizens will have a word to say in the spring. The city has fostered many mistakes of its officials—let the work go to a contractor now and city officials prevented from making blunders by relieving them of work which they know nothing about.

According to the chamberlain's figures the city has spent \$100,000 lacking some \$400. Nearly \$30,000 of this is accounted for by the expropriation of lands and 35,000 more by dredging and scows. Then there has been \$11,650 for labor but it is not stated whether this includes the services of the Canadian Pacific for hauling gravel for filling in. For the purchase of piles and driving them about \$9,000 has been spent and then that red pine and hemlock that Progress spoke about last week cost nearly \$3,000. It may be that the cost for the sunken pile driver is included but it is not stated. Something more than \$6,000 has been spent for lumber but who sold it has not been stated yet. Part of it was tendered for at any rate.

One thing is certain the man who saw that the lumber that went into the Connolly wharf was good, the man who looked after the city's interests when that structure was built is not now in the same position. Mr. Thompson is the man now and Walter Brown is not in it this time. He came within sight of it though and would have been appointed but when the motion was about to be made to appoint an overseer of the board of works, through its chief official, suggested that it was too early for such a step. But before the council met again Mr. Thompson was appointed. No one knows who appointed him. The advisory board has been blamed but a member of the advisory board says that he did not know who appointed him unless it was at a meeting which he did not attend.

But the fact was that Mr. Brown left a record behind him of discarding lumber that was not up to the standard and he was not wanted.

Mr. Thompson on the contrary seems to be favored. When he tendered for the T warehouse his figures were \$775 higher than Mr. D. W. Clark's but in spite of that Director Smith wanted him to get the job and suggested that this be done but he was opposed vigorously and Mr. Clark, complying with the request of the council as to time had the contract awarded him. But Thompson was remembered all the same at a late stage.

But the people are tired now—tired of the tactics and antics of Director, or as some call him, Dictator Smith, tired of the waste, the needless expense, the ignorance displayed in the construction of the improvements. The people are willing to pay for good work but they are watching the council clerks and the continuation of such blundering extravagance as has been witnessed within the week will be remembered and punished in the end.

Mayor Robertson must not think all the people are fools. There is an old saying to the effect "that you can fool some of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time." So when he says that the loss by the recent accidents and mistakes is not more than \$15,000 he should bear this little saying in mind.

PRESIDENT BURNS WANTS THERE.

The Meeting of the Ship Laborers Union was Not Exciting.

It was expected that Thursday night's meeting of the Ship Laborers Union would be a lively one; but those expectations fell flat. It turned out to be just an ordinary coming together of the laborers for the election of officers and to discuss winter port matters.

When President Thos. Burns was seated a little over a week ago for utterances at a common council meeting called to consider the import labor question, he and his friends threatened to get even and it was thought they would try to do it Thursday night, but Burns did not even attend the meeting. Some of his friends were there but they realized that they were such a small minority that they simply sat back and said nothing in the union.

There is a certain clique over which Mr. Burns rules and the night he was forced to retire from the presidential chair they were at the meeting in force. They fought hard to have him retained but Secretary Killen had generalised the Burns party and won the day.

Mr. Richard Kelly, who was vice-president is now the presiding official and it is said that there is not a supporter of Burns among the officers. The men who are now in office are all firm believers in the union by laws and it is safe to predict that they will adhere to them strongly should any emergencies arise this winter.

ANOTHER GENEROUS OFFER.

The Woman who Lost her Sewing Machine has Much Sympathy.

When an article appeared in PROGRESS two or three weeks ago regarding a poor woman in the South end who had been deprived of her means of livelihood by the seizure for a small debt, of her sewing machine, there was a very evident wish on the part of several well known business men to do something that would in a measure, atone for the harshness with which the woman had been treated. Mr. Rogers of the Singer sewing machine company came promptly forward and tendered his sympathy in a very practical manner by the offer of a sewing machine and now to Progress comes another from Mr. H. F. Coombs of the S. H. Sewing machine who writes Progress this week as follows:

"I was much interested in your article of the 7th. There is a S. H. Sewing machine at my house and two at Gerow's belonging to me; if the poor woman referred to is not already supplied with a machine send her word that she can have either of these free; as I have met some of these human sharks I can sympathize with the woman you refer to."

New Fields and Pastures Green.

There are sad hearts in the city now for John Callahan McCarthy, the West end poet has left us. He has gone to rest his poetic body on a farm and it is doubtful if our citizen's cents can ever again purchase a sample of his works for two cents. John is rich now and will devote all his time to basking in the sun, and growing produce. He recently sold his property at Carleton for \$500 and with a portion of that amount he has purchased a farm. He had considerable money in the old sock which hung in a secluded corner in his residence and he don't care how the world moves on. He once wrote these lines:

I've traveled in England, I've traveled in France,
I've traveled all over the B & G United States,
And now he can add
"I'm now where the grass grows green."

John's friends will wish him every kind of prosperity and those who were unkind enough to snub him when he tried to sell a poem will at least hope that he may find farming a congenial occupation.

A MASHER QUENCHED.

WILLIAM McLAUGHLIN WILL NOT OGLE LADIES AGAIN.

In a Hurry—He was Pointed out to an Angry Father and Apologues Were in Order at once—Other Mashes Who are Also in This City.

St. John is unfortunate in having a class of young and old men who devote all their spare time to insulting ladies. The young men are probably given to this class of amusement but there are many who engage in it whose age, if divided, would allow the privilege of casting a ballot at an election and complaints have frequently been made to PROGRESS about these persons and the time seems to have arrived when some definite action should be taken. The police are the ones to act and as they have frequently had their attention called to cases where ladies have been insulted on the streets, they should not hesitate to bring the offenders before the police magistrate.

One young man who has made himself very obnoxious in the streets for some time past narrowly escaped a trouncing from an angry father this week. The young man by name McLaughlin—who came to the city quite recently and engaged in the liquor business near the water front, with his brother is a masher. He is not a phenomenally successful masher but he has clung faithfully to the street corners and smiled at every girl who looked his way. He is a blonde with curly hair and a carefully cultivated mustache. He is not a handsome man but he thinks he is and that is how he got into trouble.

He saw a young lady on one of the principal streets a few evenings ago and immediately started in to make her acquaintance. He didn't seek an introduction but suggested to her that it was a fine evening. The young lady didn't respond but the masher was persistent and succeeded before he saw that his efforts were useless in so wounding the young lady's feelings that she told her father of the affair when she went home. Her father is a prominent merchant and has a reputation of being able to accumulate a stock of temper that must find an outlet even if someone has to suffer.

He couldn't from the description his daughter gave, ascertain the person who insulted her but she promised to point him out some time.

The time came sooner than expected and the young man would have given all his worldly belongings to have been somewhere else.

It was in the Opera House on Monday evening that the young lady saw him and told her father. The old gentleman's blood went up to fever heat, he restrained himself until the close of the performance. Then he started for the door and caught the young man by the arm and requested a few moments private conversation with him. What happened for a few minutes was not heard by those standing around but the result was that the young man apologized to the elderly gentleman's daughter and stood a tongue thrashing that should have the effect of making him more careful in the future. The affair would have come before the police magistrate but for the unpleasant notoriety that it would have occasioned the lady's family.

This is only one of the cases that have recently been told to PROGRESS and it is not so serious as others that have occurred. One lady was followed the other night by a well known young clerk from King street to her home and the fellow even went so far as to try to force his way into the hallway of her house. Fortunately for himself he got out of sight before the lady's male relatives reached the street or he would have received a sound thrashing.

One old gentleman whose office is on Prince William street is among the crowd of mashers who have become such a nuisance in the city. He particularly devotes his time to the unlighted streets and has grown so offensive that these portions of the city are shunned by ladies who once passed through them. Another most objectionable creature is a young fellow of about 20, who has chosen the head of King street, Charlotte and Union as his district. There are many others whose names doubtless will shortly adorn the report books in the central police station.

Since the Curlew Bell agitation the number of young girls on the street has seemingly, very materially increased. Hundreds of them are to be seen about town nightly and lately one or two hastily arranged marriages have taken place. In one case the bride was not quite fourteen years of age while the groom was about twenty-two. It is quite a common thing now to see girls of ten and boys of the same age or a little more loitering about King and Canterbury streets. The police have been putting a stop to this and have sent several of these children home to their parents.

Rev. Father Gaylor of St. John the Baptist church at Lower Cove was made aware of this state of affairs a short time

ago and at a recent service in the church spoke quite plainly to the parents in the congregation. He told of the evils of children who were allowed to be about the streets at night, were exposed to and strongly advised the parents to keep their boys and girls at home. He hoped that clergymen of other denominations would look the matter up and that fathers and mothers would, in future, pay more attention to the moral welfare of their children.

THE TONNAGE WAS NOT PAID.

And in Consequence the Inspector Sought Other Fields.

The proposed new wharf at Sand Point with all its varied advantages and experience has frequently been made to PROGRESS by the only member under the supervision of the official known as Chairman of the Board of Works that calls for remark upon the manner in which that official discharges some of the duties of his position.

Among the numerous subjects with which Poo-Bah-like he had to deal is the matter of the management of the ferries. There is a subordinate officer, it is true, who is designated superintendent of ferries but this officer's duty is somewhat clerical in recent days. The practice that has been in vogue respecting the management of the steamers of the ferry has been varitable somewhat but the general rule observed has been to have repairs made and a general overhauling and cleaning up of the boat done while the other boat remains in commission. This work is done during the winter generally and it is not unrequently continued into the spring and summer months. These repairs and renovations must be extensive and ought to be very thorough when the time thus occupied is considered. In a year or two, however, should happen to the steamer that is in commission while the repairs are being made on the other it would be a very awkward occurrence, only in less degree than the landslide. Happily for all who use the ferry, this rarely happens. These works are carried on under the direction of the chairman referred to, and he is fairly entitled to the credit of instituting the fifty cents charge for a bundle of tickets for children—although his and other civic officers, policemen etc. who draw good pay pass over the ferry without charge—also the blowing the whistle before the steamer starts out of the dock—less innovations he is entitled to the credit of, such as they are. But the latest instance of efficient discharge of duty is in a story told about the steamer now lying in Rodney slip and on which the repairs are supposed to be completed. The story goes that all repairs being made, a message was sent to the steamboat inspector asking his presence at Rodney Slip to test the boilers of the steamer before she was put on the route. A fire was lighted on board the boat, water was in the boilers and she had steam up. The inspector put in an appearance and when he made a few necessary preliminary inquiries, lo and behold! it was found that the tonnage dues on the boat had not been paid. The story goes that this being indispensable to an inspection, the steamboat inspector sought other fields. It is said he went in the direction of Prince Edward Island and the good ship Quanguandy must remain out of commission until he returns.

THE WAR OF TONNAGE PRICES.

What Mr. Thomas Has to Say About The Competition.

The "Sausage war" is exciting a good deal of attention. The element of competition has proved an important one this season and some of the manufacturers have lost their heads, it seems, in their eagerness to outstrip each other in getting at the lowest possible price. Among those who have gone on in the tenor of their way is Mr. Thomas Dean of the country market whose sausages are considered as good as any, at any time. PROGRESS inquired of Mr. Dean the cause of the war upon prices and the cause of the drop from ten to five cents. His reply was that the stock that was used could be utilized for no other purpose and that it was a question of throwing the waste away or putting it into sausages. The other materials used in the manufacture can be bought in large quantities. This refers to prepared seasoning which is made up of no one knows what and sold for about ten cents per pound. Then there is a so called sausage preparation which is largely used by our dealers here as it is guaranteed to absorb two or three times as much water as flour. "I do not use any of these preparations" said Mr. Dean "I buy what eggs and savory I want from the most reliable grower near Boston I know, Mr. Williamson whom I pay forty cents a pound for it and my white pepper comes from Jardine & Co or T. B. Barker & Son. The cut in price has not affected my trade materially. Of course there are different kind of buyers; some want the best, some want the cheapest and do not inquire into quality but in spite of this I mean to go on as I began, to make the best goods and get a fair price for them. Reliable goods always win in the end."

WHERE DOCTORS THRIVE AND THE PEOPLE ARE HEALTHY AND LONG LIVED.

Halifax Seems to Have a Superfluity of Physicians—Some of Them Manage to Pick up Excellent Salaries—A List of the Most Prominent Doctors.

HALIFAX, Nov. 18.—This city is well supplied with physicians. We have at least a dozen more than are needed, and there are nearly a dozen more of our doctors who make nothing more than a bare living. With a population under 40,000, we have well nigh fifty practitioners of medicine. What aggravates the situation from the physician's point of view, is that Halifax is an unusually difficult city in which to get a practice—not because it is a particularly healthy city, though we have nothing to complain of in this respect, but because of our many agencies for free ministrations to the "body diseased." The Halifax dispensary gives free medical attendance to the poorest class in the community, the doctors engaged in that philanthropy doing a noble work. Through the Halifax dispensary no less than 5,000 of our inhabitants receive the services of physicians. These people could not pay for the attendance, and in many cases, were it not for the dispensary's beneficent intervention they would suffer and often die; they would have no kindly doctor to mitigate their sufferings or help nature to regain health; there would be nothing done to make less agonizing the pillow of the dying poor.

Another invasion of the ordinary ground of the practicing physicians by the Victoria general hospital, the wards of which are open wide to hundreds of patients who either do not or cannot pay for their maintenance or attendance there. Besides this our largest hospital, there is the Halifax infirmary, which, however, receives no free patients though patients are taken in at a lower rate than at the Victoria. Dr. Slater also has a private hospital, lastly, a hospital second only in size to the Victoria, is the military station hospital, where the sick and injured among the garrison are ministered to.

The proportion of physicians to population, therefore, is something like one to 700 or 800 people, and yet an excellent institution, the Halifax medical college, keeps annually turning out graduates till one wonders where on earth the next year's crop will find a place of lodgment. Sixty students are now attending the medical college yet though the competition is so keen, of the fifty physicians in this city, there are a few who make almost princely incomes, that is incomes of \$6,000 or \$7,000 a year can be called "princely." One well posted in this subject gives "Frogness" the following figures, which possibly, however, may be somewhat above the work.

At the top of the profession financially speaking at least, comes Dr. Farrell, who collects annually, so it is said, about \$7,000, but who has accumulated less wealth than some of his brother medicals with less than half the income. His father Dominick Farrell, is wealthy but he never did much for the son and made him early hustle for himself. It was uphill work with Dr. Farrell before his practice became lucrative, but now that he has been twenty years a physician in Halifax this Dartmouth boy has reached the top rung in Halifax and has the largest medical income. He graduated at the New York college of physicians and surgeons and in his earlier days did much for the Halifax dispensary and other local philanthropies.

The man who perhaps makes one of the next highest incomes is Dr. W. M. Cameron. He is a self-made Pictou county man and before he began the study of medicine was a member of the Halifax police force. There have been years when Dr. Cameron's income was greater than that of any other Halifax physician, with his practice large among the middle class. He is not an old man but of late years has taken things easier and probably makes less money than formerly, though still he may collect between \$5,000 and \$6,000 a year. Years ago Dr. Cameron was an enthusiast in aquatic sports in which he yet retains much interest.

Dr. N. E. McKay ranks among the big income physicians, collecting some \$5,000 annually. He is well off and has saved a song sum. He is a Cape Bretoner and began his practice in Charlottetown where he labored with indifferent success. In Halifax he has achieved distinction as a surgeon. Dr. McKay is known as a hard fighter when he takes sides, and he is a good hater when his anger is aroused; in politics he is a liberal, having contested Victoria county for the house of commons.

Then comes W. S. Slayter, whose practice is with a so-called "good class" which he has made successful. He has devoted considerable attention to surgery and the diseases of women. The Victoria hospital and Halifax medical college have received much attention from him. His studies were particularly carried on in England and he has degrees from the college of physicians and surgeons in London, where he was house surgeon at Westminster hospital. Dr. Slayter has two sons in medicine and he makes \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year.

Dr. D. A. Campbell has the reputation of being the best read physician in Halifax,

and he loves his profession for itself. He has done splendid work in the Halifax medical college and Victoria hospital, from which latter institution he some time ago resigned. He has studied and made interesting researches at Johns Hopkins college. His brother George M., a graduate of New York is in partnership with him, and between the two they collect between \$5,000 and \$6,000 a year. In Halifax, as probably everywhere else, fully 25 per cent. of the fees entered on a physician's books are never collected. Dr. D. A. Campbell is surgeon to the 63rd. Rifles. Dr. G. M. as he is called, was tutor in mathematics at Dalhousie, and with his brother is associate editor of the Maritime Medical News.

For the past 11 or 12 years Dr. M. A. Currie, a Windsor boy, has been practicing in Halifax. He graduated in New York and made a couple of trips to England for study. He has a "taking" manner and has succeeded in getting a slice of south end practice worth some \$3,000 or \$4,000 a year, and besides he is interested in the Victoria hospital and Halifax college. He married Miss Robertson of St. John. Dr. Currie is surgeon to the 66th. P. L. F.

Dr. Murdoch Chisholm, a Cape Bretoner, has a large north-end practice and often he is called south. He graduated at McGill and studied in London. Dr. Chisholm is a great theologian. His income is between \$3,000 and \$4,000.

Dr. John Stewart has recently come to Halifax from Pictou. He had a distinguished career as a student in Edinburgh under Lister, with whom afterwards he was associated in hospital work in London. He has the reputation of being one of the most skillful surgeons in Canada. Dr. Stewart has arranged with the other surgeons of Halifax to follow only a consulting practice.

Dr. Cowie is supposed to be well-off; worth at least \$50,000. He has had a large "family practice," though lately has not been so active, yet he is still pretty keen. Probably he now collects between \$2,000 and \$3,000 a year, visiting a good class of people.

Dr. Anderson graduated in Edinburgh and London, and a few years ago came here from Yarmouth. He is said to be careful and conscientious, though that is a remark that applies to most of our doctors, and he has achieved considerable success.

Dr. J. F. Black in the order of seniority and prominence should have been mentioned first, but he is one of the few bachelors among the crowd, which may account for the fact that he was temporarily forgotten. Dr. Black comes of a Halifax medical family, his father having been a practitioner in the old days. He has a good family practice worth \$3,000 or \$4,000 a year.

Dr. T. R. Almon comes of an essentially medical family. The Almons are among our oldest and best people, who have been in the medical profession in Halifax for more than a century. His father is the Honorable Senator W. J. Almon, M. D. and his grandfather was also a physician. Dr. Almon is surgeon to the H. G. A.

Dr. H. H. Read is the only homeopath of prominence in the city. In his earlier years he belonged to the regular school, but was converted, though they say he is only half converted after all. His practice brings him in from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year.

Dr. Thomas Trenaman, city medical officer, makes in addition to his civic appointments perhaps \$3,000 a year.

Dr. A. W. Lindsay is warmly interested in the Halifax medical college, is physician to the Ladies college, and in addition to what he makes from these positions collects perhaps \$2,000.

Dr. W. N. Winkwire is out of active practice. He is a son-in-law of the late Hon. Alexander Keith, who founded Keith's brewery, and of which Dr. W. is manager. He is referee for several insurance companies.

Dr. Oliver a retired army doctor, has a good practice. The medical specialist in this city has invaded Halifax, encroaching on the ground of the ordinary practitioner. This is doubtless because it is not possible for a man with a general practice to familiarize himself with the elaborate methods of examination and treatment which have come into use during the past quarter of a century. Of these specialists Dr. E. A. Kirkpatrick has achieved a marked success in the eye and ear department. He comes from King's county, graduated at McGill, and studied in New York. He has a large provincial practice, and is assistant surgeon to the 66th P. L. F., and makes \$4,000 a year. Dr. Peirman also has a large specialist practice.

The foregoing are the physicians in Halifax who are most prominent, and who make the most money, but the others who comprise the list of fifty, are, most of them, good faithful men. As already stated many of them barely make a living, but many of these not mentioned are doing very well indeed and are not only living well, but are acquiring a competence to enjoy in advancing years, or for their children to profit by.

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

TRADE ON WHEELS. Ways in Which Bicycles Have Been Made Mercantile Carriers.

The idea that the bicycle and tricycle craze would prove a mere temporary fad like golf, or roller skating, has given place in the public mind to a conviction that cycling machines in their infinite variety have come to stay. Wise men are grasping the fact that the popular method of propulsion may be turned to account for business purposes. The butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick maker unite in seeking forms of the wheel which will advertise their wares and save their money. The result is what may be called the applied bicycle. To-day there are bicycle cigar shops, bicycle barber shops, bicycle street pianos, bicycle baby carriages, and even bicycle hearses. The list is well nigh endless.

An enterprising New York electrician was one of the pioneers of applied cycling. Formerly he sought custom in the highways and byways, seated in a spring wagon. Now he has fitted up what he calls a perambulating electrical shop. It is a wagon with three wheels, of which the first formerly belonged to a bicycle. This operates through a slit in the flooring, and is deflected to right or left by means of the bicycle handle. The electrician propels his strange contrivance from within, by means of pedals and a sprocket chain, connecting with the rear wheels. Thus installed, and surrounded by gaudy lettering calling attention to his skill as a bell hanger and general electrical expert, the owner pedals about the metropolis.

A barber of Gravesend, L. I., whose customs here among scattered farmsteads, has exchanged his horse and buggy, for a bicycle barbers chair.

The most gorgeous enterprise of the tricycle description is an electrically lighted cigar store, on wheels which is now being propelled by its owner about the streets of Berlin, Germany. The cigar salesman pedals around in search of customers. The body of the vehicle consists of a box which is used to carry storage batteries. The box is surmounted by a handsome glass case in which the cigars and tobacco are exhibited. In front of the case are the necessary apparatus for lighting and clipping off the ends of cigars. Above all is a frame work carrying a series of incandescent lamps which set off the enterprise at night and attract customers to it. In the neighborhood of the cafes and theatres this very modern tobacconist does a thriving business.

One of the latest adaptations of the tricycle to affairs of trade is in the line of the street piano. The value of these instruments as money makers and for popularizing new music has already been pointed out. Out of respect to geographical distance they have seldom strayed far from metropolitan centres. Therefore, they are sure to be a revelation in backwood districts. An Italian with advanced ideas has become impressed with this fact, and has given an order to a piano manufacturing firm in New York for a tricycle street piano. He intends to stick to the unworked country districts, travelling from village to village and from town to town.

Allied to the tricycle street piano is the tricycle baby carriage. A man in upper New York city has arranged it, and there is now a constant struggle among the members of his family to see which one will give the baby his airing. It involves the principle of a new style of bicycle in which the handle bar is behind, the rider, the handles occupying a position at the sides and coming around in front just enough to allow the cyclist to grasp them and sit upright.

On the New York boulevard, which is eminently a thoroughfare of wheels, a pink lemonade vender operates a tricycle, which is also a carrier for his stock in trade. The large water cooler which holds his concoction of aniline and lemon juice is on a platform behind the seat. As a rule he halts by the wayside, and so dispenses his cooling draught to weary cyclists, but he has been known on special occasions to draw a glassful of lemonade and hand it over to a thirty wheelman who pedalled a song by his side.

The idea of the bicycle lawn mower was long ago put into practice by a New York State man, who found that it worked very well on level ground, but that it was apt to overturn its rider when operated on the side of a hill. It has since been improved upon, and is now capable of cutting grass on any slope that will hold an ordinary safety bicycle which pedalled sidewise to the hill. The rider, of course, sits upright under all circumstances, the mower also adjusting itself to the slope. Practically the affair is a unicycle, with a mowing apparatus attached in front. It might be classed as a tricycle, but the wheels of the mower would have to complete the assumption.

A tin peddler who frequents the rural districts of Pennsylvania has sold his horse

and used the proceeds in having bicycle wheels and pedals put to his cart. This is a far cry into the future, for a country peddler without his horse and cart seems as strange and incongruous as smoke without fire. His expenses, however, are now minimized, and his profits have received a corresponding increase. The wear and tear on the outfit is as nothing compared to the expense of stabling a horse in a different place every night. The time consumed in travelling from village to village also is much less than under the old method.

The Truth to Children. Tell a child always the truth about everything, no matter how trivial or unimportant it may be, and it will soon come to have a perfect confidence in everything you say. A little one declines to go into a dark room to bring out its doll that was left there because someone had told it of a great boggy-man that lurks in dark apartments, ready to spring upon little children. Nurses could be trained to tell the truth regarding the most unimportant happenings and affairs. Parents should consider well before putting into words nasty or ill-affected speech, for little minds are quick to grasp the meaning, and their memories are wonderfully retentive.

No more trouble.—A process whereby we cannot break collars. Will you try us and be convinced of the fact? Pants sponged and pressed, 25 cts. Suits only 50c. Did you ever hear of such prices? Only at UNGARS LAUNDRY & DYER WORKS. Telephone 58.

The Essential Fact. Lord Notaset (moodily)—I dreamt last night, James, that I had plenty of money! The Valet (eagerly)—An' oo was the 'appy H'american girl, me lud!

Learn Business Book-keeping and shorthand at Smith's Actual Business School. 110-112 St. John St. N.S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 50 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

ACCORDING TO AGENTS' REPORTS, "Queen Victoria" Her Life and Reign, introduction by Lord Dufferin, will reach high water mark of circulation; one agent reported twenty-nine orders the day after he got his prospectus; many take orders from three to five of call made. We need canvassers for Canada and Australia; prospectus free on deposit of \$1 as guarantee. If you want a share in this cold mine bustle, for territory is going fast. THE BRADLEY-GARRETTSON CO., LTD., Toronto.

WANTED: Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and experienced representatives for this section. Can pay a handsome salary a week to start with. DAVENPORT, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED: Our White Enamel Letter make elegant signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter since 1871. BRADLEY-GARRETTSON CO., LTD., Toronto.

WANTED: Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay, with a happy home. "Young Men's Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED: Outfits and materials, from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. BRADLEY-GARRETTSON CO., LTD., Toronto.

WANTED: Men everywhere to paint signs required. Twenty dollars weekly. Send stamp for pictures and prospectus. BRADLEY-GARRETTSON CO., LTD., Toronto.

WANTED: Reliable Merchants in each town to handle our water proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 45 Francis Street, Montreal.

Baby's Own Soap IS NOT, as most soaps, made from "soap fat," the refuse of the kitchen or the abattoir. VEGETABLE OILS supply the necessary ingredients—one of the reasons why it should be used in nurseries and for delicate skins. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

.....HEADQUARTERS FOR..... SKATES! Starr Manufacturing Co.'s Celebrated HOCKEY and ACME SKATES. Whelpley's Superior Long Reach and Acme Skates. W. H. THORNE & CO. (Limited), MARKET SQUARE.

Sporting Goods. Single and Double-barrel Breech-loading and Muzzle-loading Guns. Rifles, Revolvers, Cartridges, Shells, Powder Shot, Wads, and everything in the Sporting line. PRICES LOW. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 to 17 St. John, N.B.

To Have Comfort at Home... You must begin in the kitchen. If things are wrong there, they are apt to be out of joint all over. If your Cooking Range has ceased to work, and is out of date, we would suggest that you put in a ROYAL ART. It has all the latest improvements. 1 An Oven Thermometer. 2 A Graduate Check Draft. 3 A Patent Dock Ash Grate.

EMERSON & FISHER. P. S.—We have lots of Testimonials from parties using our ROYAL ART, Telephone 87. Sleep, Sound and Refreshing visits the nursing mother and her child if she takes INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM

DO YOU WANT A Second-Hand Bicycle? We have them in good running order, and of almost all makes, from \$85 to \$65. LOOK AT THE LIST. Singers, Raleighs, Bettsize, Quadrants, Hartfords, Crescents. ALL IN THOROUGH ORDER. QUICK REPAIR SHOP THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt. MARCH BROS., BICYCLE ACADEMY, SINGER HINK.

Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

There was not a little sensation this week in circles musical when the sale of tickets for the Albany concert was opened.

Madame Lillian Nordica has started on a concert tour of the most prominent cities in the United States.

Corinne of comic opera fame has made a will in which she provides for a home for aged actresses.

At the concert given in Music Hall, Boston last Tuesday evening by Mrs. Inez Sprague, the lady was assisted by an orchestra comprising fifty members of the Boston Symphony.

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work in the various programmes it is perhaps unnecessary to say more than it is up to her already well established record of excellence—nearly every theatre goer in the city has seen her in some role or other of her extensive repertoire and her industry, her consistency and her emotional power is admitted by all.

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STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

Have you ever stopped to think how the restless energy and terrible strain of modern life affect both the Heart and Nerves? In the rush, hurry and worry of to-day, we overwork the heart; keep it going all day at a feverish pace; stimulate it with tea, tobacco, or if they will not suffice, whip it to greater action with alcoholic stimulants.

THIS IS POSITIVE PROOF. MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO., TORONTO: DEAR SIRS,—There is light in Asia after all, and the man that advised me to try your Heart and Nerve Pills was a friend indeed and truly a friend in need.

It is said in his first production of "Judah" at the Salisbury theatre, London, in 1890. On that occasion she was credited with making "a profound impression in her creation of Vashti Dethie, the factory girl."

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For Variety, Style and Price, MILLINERY is unexcelled. Intending purchasers would do well to inspect our stock before placing their orders elsewhere.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King Street

OPERA HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

FRIDAY EVEN'G NOV. 27.

The First and Only Positive Appearance in New Brunswick of

MADAME ALBANI

(Under direction of Messrs. Vert & Harris).

Grand Operatic Concert AND Scenes in Costume

From the Opera of Gounod's

FAUST!

Act III. - - The Garden Scene Act V. - - The Prison Scene

ARTISTES:

MARGUERITE, - Mme. ALBANI

MARTA, - MRS. BEVELLY ROBINSON

MEPHI TO, - MR. LEMPIERRE FRINGLE

FAUST, - MR. BRAXTON SMITH

Together with

MISS BEATRICE LANGLEY, The Famous Solo-Violinist.

Conductor, - - Signor Seppilli.

ERNEST GYE, Conductor of Secale Productions.

(Late lessee of the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket Theatre, London.)

Prices \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50; Gallery \$1.00

Seats can be registered now in advance, payable at time of concert, at 17 Front & Beane, King Street, and orders from out of town will be received when accompanied by money order.

Advertisement for 'Goods' featuring 'Single and Double-barrel Breech-loading and Muzzle-loading Guns' and 'Royal Art'.

Advertisement for 'Fisher's' products including 'Sound and Refreshing' and 'Balm'.

Advertisement for '77' cold medicine, 'The Vial fits your pocket'.

Advertisement for 'Madame Albani' Grand Operatic Concert, 'FAUST!'.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

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

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities where it is not possible to stop the paper, it will be discontinued only on receipt of notice by the publisher.

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

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

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 21

MAKING AND KEEPING MONEY.

A celebrated man once said that 'God commonly gives riches to foolish people to whom he gives nothing else.' This may be a consolation to the impetuous; and no doubt many of the class lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are highly endowed as a recompense for their lack of the current coin of the realm.

But if fortunes be lost from the concentration of events, they are also lost from speculation from prodigality and from lack of judgment. Look at the career of JOHN RUSKIN! He is one of the celebrities of our time. His literary exertions have been enormous; his books constitute a library.

Literary men are not often men of action or of affairs. They live in the world of books and of their own thoughts and they are very apt to be careless about money. The large sums however which many of them in our own day have derived from their writings have not been squandered in foolish and lavish expenditures.

The journalist in this regard, perhaps, carries a more level head than the author pure and simple. He seldom makes bad investments. His tastes are simple and he is content with his "castle in Spain." His vocation compels him to keep his eyes steadily on the political, social and moral movements of the day and he has no time for vain pursuits; a wise economy on the part of all classes is, no doubt the security of the land.

It is stated that the city of Glasgow Scotland, will begin the new year free from municipal taxes. Receipts from water, gas, electric lighting, street cars and the savings sold to farmers are expected to cover all municipal expenditures without need of further taxation.

While every citizen must reflect with pride upon those who have contributed so generously to the public park, what must we think of the gentleman who is devoting so much of his time, his energy and his

Their inheritance will possess a charm to quicken their affections and to keep green their memories.

A USEFUL INVENTION.

A unique phase of philanthropy has been developed in New York where Mr. LAZARUS MORGENTHAU, a wealthy citizen has organized an orphan dowry society for the purpose of encouraging worthy German girls to select the right sort of husband, by rewarding them with marriage settlements. The founder proposes to launch his society on the birthday of GEORGE WASHINGTON, February 22nd.

The new invention, tectorium which is receiving considerable attention just now, is a translucent, infrangible substitute for window glass, and as such is used for skylights, conservatories, verandas, storm windows, transparencies of various kinds and in street windows where it is desirable to admit the light while excluding observation from without.

For a year or two this idea has been general that the bicycle has driven the horse largely out of existence. Philosophic mathematicians figured elaborately on the number of years which must come and go before the equine race became wholly extinct.

French artists, like the French people throughout are nothing if not "up to date." It was a French artist, indeed, who originated the expressive phrase, "fin de siècle."

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While every citizen must reflect with pride upon those who have contributed so generously to the public park, what must we think of the gentleman who is devoting so much of his time, his energy and his

money for this object? The time is not ripe perhaps to recognize the services of Mr. JOSEPH ALLISON in this direction but when it is the citizens will not be backward in expressing their appreciation of the great work he has accomplished.

The Land of the Rising Sun is determined not to let her Oriental light under a bushel. The government of Japan has already voted \$50,000 for the Imperial display at the Paris Exposition of 1900. "Heroic Japan" will undoubtedly be represented at the great world fete in all her new magnificence.

The superstitiously inclined may find some fresh comfort in the fact that Colonel MAPLESON produced the new Italian Opera "Andra Chenier" on Friday of last week which was also the thirteenth day of the month and achieved the great success of his New York season.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Amongst the new books of the month is a novel by a young Canadian author not yet known to fame, which is now issuing from the press of Hunter, Rose & Co. of Toronto. The author, who writes under the pen name of 'Dijin Ferguson' is Miss Ida Ferguson of Moncton and her first literary venture not only deals with the Chinese question, but projects the reader a hundred years into the future, landing him in Canada in 1995.

A. S. Barnes & Co. (156 Fifth Avenue, New York) publish for the holidays this year 'The Externals of Modern New York,' by Mrs. Burton Harrison (110 pages, small quarto, cloth, gilt top, one volume; price, \$3.00), a beautifully illustrated book on fine paper with embossed cover. In it the author tells the story of the last fifth of a century by 'thumb nail' sketches of the various departments of the city's work, and by a brief summary of progress in social development.

Other books suitable for the holidays, issued by A. S. Barnes & Co., are Guerber's 'Legends of the Rhine,' containing 40 full-page illustrations; a most interesting reminder of travels abroad, or for the study of folk-lore. (Price, \$2.00) 'Crowns,'—the Crown of Gold; the Crown of Thorns; the Crown of Life, and the Crown of Glory, with 22 original cartoon illustrations, by Blanche McManus (Price, \$1.00)

In the line of fiction they publish 'Rev. John Henry,' by Percival R. Benson, the story of a young minister who encountered some unlooked for difficulties. (Price, 75 cents.) 'The New Minister,' by Kenneth Paul, the story of the lights and shadows of a first pastoral charge. (Price, \$1.00) 'Looking Within,' by J. W. Roberts, the story of a scientist who skips over in a trance some of the years to come, and awakens in the year 2027 to a more peaceful condition of things than exists to-day, or is promised for the immediate future. (Price, \$1.00)

Messrs. F. Millburn & Co's., representative Mr. James Gilpin is in the city publishing the different preparations of that firm. Commencing at 10 o'clock today Mr. Gilpin will give away from the office of Progress 200 boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and 200 boxes of Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. These remedies should be in the homes of everyone and today free boxes will be given to those who come. Remember at Progress office from 10 to 5 o'clock.

The Intercolonial Railway will issue local excursion return tickets at excursion fares on November 24th to stations Campbellton to Quebec inclusive, and to all other stations on the 25th and 26th; and for Montreal and other Upper Province points, on the 24th and 25th. These excursion tickets will be good to return leaving destination on Monday, November 30th.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Sea Shore of Might Have Been. As dusk alone I wander forth, Along a shore I know; November has close talk with me, Of the dreams of long ago.

Just About These Days. I know what's the reason that along about this season. When the goldenrod is tall and the garden's still in bloom.

The Brakeman. In the pleasant summer weather, Standing on the car-top high, He can view the changing landscapes As he rushes swiftly by.

The Better Way. The higher soul the greater life Is that which dwells aloof.

Alone. We stood together where the starlight gleamed Upon the golden glory of her hair— Was ever maiden half so bright or fair?

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

WHERE ARE THEY YAKS? A Pertinent Question That Has Arisen in a Dartmouth Church. DARTMOUTH, Nov. 18.—Some time ago PROGRESS had an account of a transaction in Christ Church, Dartmouth, with regard to the dismissal of the organist, Mr. Helby.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 205 Columbus Ave., Boston Mass. SOFA CUSHIONS. We Can Never Have Too Many of Them in Our Home.

A Progressive Institution. The Collegiate school for boys at Windsor has made a new departure this term in the establishment of a Commercial Department, designed to meet the requirements of a large section of the community.

Queen Victoria's Sunday. Queen Victoria's Sunday is described in a recent number of the Quiver: 'After breakfast her Majesty takes a turn round the grounds in her famous doggy chaise, and then goes to morning service.

Life of Washington. The inauguration of a president, the selection of his cabinet and the seating of a new congress—great national events of the coming year—suggest the question: What are the powers and duties of these high officials?

The Irish Potato Not Irish. 'The peculiarity of the Irish potato, so called, is in the fact that it is not Irish,' observed one of the potato experts of the Agricultural Department.

Pushing Mending Tissue Sale. Mr. Mullin is pushing the sale of his mending tissue which he claims will repair any kind of clothing, kid gloves, umbrellas, parasols, gossamers, mackintoshes, carriage curtains, wollen goods, silks, etc., the work being neat and quickly done without the use of needle or thread.

Dr. D. A. Campbell has the reputation of being the best read physician in Halifax, For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best follow, but don't wait for them. Our Catalogue contains lots more. Send for it. Oddfellows' Hall. S. KERR & SON.



Constipation Causes fully half the sickness in the world. Hood's Pills

For the first time for a number of years the weather favoring the mission sale at St. Stephen's church.

A very pleasant party was given by the Misses Holmes last Friday evening at the home on "The Hill."

Nov 17—Mrs. Kullback of Truro, N.S., was in town for a few days last week the guest of Mrs. Vernon Kings College.

Nov 18—Mrs. Denmore and Mrs. McDougal, Misses Moore and Miss Lizzie Moore, Economy; are visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. C. S. Hanson.

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THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest

Carriages PRIGG & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Those Wrinkled Sleeves with the butterfly trim, are wonderfully stylish and pretty, and they're

Fibre Chamois to give them the proper graceful finish just as much as the old leg of mutton sleeves did.

Buckwheat Cakes How light they are, and how sweet! A healthy, filling, and nutritious food.

Confidence This gives the keynote to our success. The active merchant, intelligent buyer, and live dollar—these move the universe.

Ladies' Flannelette Night Dresses We purchased from a Montreal manufacturer the balance of his stock of these goods at a clearing price for spot cash, and are offering them at 40c's each.

Finest French Kid Gloves Seven-book Lacing—in black and colored at \$1.25 per pair, and every pair guaranteed. Your money back if they break.

New Millinery Every day—latest Styles and Fashions.

THE PARISIAN, 165 Union St. Or H. G. MARR, Moncton, N.B.

Mrs. C. J. Morse and little daughter M. May 17 have returned from a visit to friends in Truro.

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Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

I bear endeavoring to reorganize the same rehabilitating it with new members at that.

Mr. Vernon entertained a small party with which last night. Those present were—Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. J. J. Stook, Misses Bligh, Miss L. McKay, Miss Spence, Miss Phillips, Dr. McKay, Messrs. W. A. Spencer, G. H. Williams.

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Reefe Artistic Dressmaking Ladies' Tailoring. HOUSE AND EVENING DRESSES. Tailor-made Garments and Costumes of every description to order. MERRITT D. KEEFE, 48 King Street St. John.

Nov 17—Friday evening the ladies of the Baptist church gave a chicken supper in the school room, there were two large tables beautifully laden with all the delicacies of the season, and were presided over by Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Bidwell, and Mrs. P. Boyer, assisted by Miss Laura Watson, Miss Grace Curtis, Miss Edie Campbell and Miss Etta Porter. The sum of fifty dollars was realized.

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TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. PLEASANT AND HARMLESS. TO USE 25c. ZEPESA-CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

COME AND SEE OUR STOCK Ferguson & Page. Always kept a full line of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry.

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

ONE OF THOUSANDS. I was a martyr to Sick and Nervous Headaches, caused by Constipation, until for business on an average 2 days a week. Some pills helped me, but Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cts a vial cured me.

Corticelli Spool Silks. Unequaled for Length, Strength and Smoothness. 350 DIFFERENT SHADES. 1000 DRESS-MAKERS testify to the merit and excellence of Corticelli Silk Thread. ALL DRY GOODS STORES SELL IT.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Provision is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Taylor, and at the bookstores of St. Stephen.

Nov. 18.—The Current News Club enjoyed a most delightful evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Grant on Tuesday evening.

A very pretty "At Home" was given by Mrs. C. H. Clarke on Tuesday afternoon.

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Ancient and Modern Authorities Quoted. That it is a Diabolical Offense.

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SPECIAL VALUES IN

Electric Seal Capes

Estimates given on Social Garments in Fashionable Furs. FUR GARMENTS remodelled at moderate cost.



DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., Tailors and Furriers. AMHERST, N. S.

"Whisky of this standard of purity can be highly recommended and used with confidence." Watson's Dundee Whisky. ESTABLISHED 1815.

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

DR. JAEGER'S Sanitary Woolen Underwear. The only Hygienic System of Clothing for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children.

IMPERIAL TRUSTS OF CANADA. NEW BRUNSWICK OFFICE. 47 Canterbury Street, St. John. F. S. SHARPE, Manager.

DR. McLEAN, Eye, Ear and Throat Specialist. Will be in AMHERST December 1st, remaining a few weeks.

Ladies Listen. If you have FUR CAPES that need REPAIRING, REMODELING to the Latest Style, or transformed into any other article of wear, I can do the work for you at a reasonable price.

Millinery, Dress Making. Mrs. J. A. HUGHES, George Street, MONCTON.

Cheque Bank Cheques. THE CHEQUE BANK LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. CHEQUE BANK Cheques are drafts of the Cheque Bank Ltd. payable on demand, without advice, without indorsement.

A Woman's Sacrifice... Cravenette The Wet Weather Dry Goods. Six shades, Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Cadet and Black.

RE... TRATED... OA... TRM... * * * making... ring... DRESSES... of every... DARD'S... OF PAIN... IMENT... BERRY... TEETH... SEE OUR STOCK... Jewelry... Drug Store... PHARMACY...

KING OF THE MILL.

One summer evening after supper Monsieur La Rose the village notary, came out upon the veranda of the hotel Castor, his hat in his hand...

'Then, I presume, the shock of this great calamity unbalanced the young man's mind.' 'That may be pretty true, monsieur, though for a long time after the affair he was thought to be perfectly sound mentally.'

have fallen into conversation with a customer. It was this way; Colette Blon came often to the mill with the grist of her mother, a poor widow with thirteen children...

'Then I should answer, 'No!'' 'Why, says the miller, his heart sinking to his boots, no doubt; but, rising again very quickly when he catches the twinkle of mischief in her eyes.'

SURPRISE SOAP advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes and the text 'NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP until they try.'

to come. He asked her to wait. She must never be the wife of a common miller, but of a great man—a man whom the whole world applauded.—And so she is waiting, trusting, loving, believing in him infinitely; and even when reason is falling into decay—see the devotion! Each day, all these years, she goes to the mill and attends upon him, performing the household duties, conducting the business of the mill, detailing the work and instructing the men hired to do the milling.

THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

Ballad score for 'THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS' by L. B. ROBINSON and CLARENCE COHN. Includes musical notation and lyrics: 'by-gone days, Like a chain it seems to bind me, As my as I loved you, Through all these years of grief and pain, And the thoughts go drift-ing and drift-ing a-way, Till the present are far behind me.'

Continuation of the ballad score for 'THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS', including the chorus: 'Tis on-ly a verse of an old love song, Ten-der and sweet and true: Tis the song that you used to love so well, Tis the one I sung for you.'

Sunday Reading.

HER HAPPY DAY.

One of the beautiful reminiscences of last summer has been told recently by the "Christian Herald." A little deformed girl named Maggie, living in one of the poorest quarters of New York City, was sent for a fortnight to Mount Lawn, a home opened some two years ago for the reception of the waifs of the metropolis during the hot months.

On the day of her coming the news had preceded her, and our boys and girls resolved to give the little stranger a right cordial welcome. A dozen wild mounds went gaily to the woods around Mount Lawn and gathered great armfuls of golden rods, with which they decorated a chair which was set apart for the little bunch of girls. A chorus of merry, childish voices greeted her as she drove up in the Hoe wagonette, and the air was full of waving flags and bunches.

Little Maggie looked bewildered, and her big eyes opened wide in surprise as the children crowded around her and bore her off to the great dining tent, where they set her down in a bowler of wild flowers, to a table that was spread with white, to her simple mind, a queer and a queerly feast. And for the first time in her life, the poor afflicted child of the tenements found herself the centre of interest and everybody's showing kindness and love upon her.

Not a word escaped her lips, but her deep-set eyes shone with pleasure and her thin, white face flashed with happiness. It was indeed a new experience—a chapter from fairyland—and she pinched herself to see whether she was awake or dreaming. Yes, it was all true; the flowers, the voices of the girls, and the nice, hot, appetizing dinner sitting on the beautiful drive, all were realities. Yet it was so strange!

And in the evening, when she was placed gently in the floral chair with the golden-rod nodding like a sceptre above her head and all around her, and carried to the chapel, she felt that she knew what it was to be a queen—a real, live, true, little queen—only for a day.

The children sang, and it seemed as if their music was her; and they spoke and recited and laughed and chattered, and she felt that she had somehow been lifted out of the dull, sad, tenement life, and dropped right down into the mysterious "Land of Happiness," hidden somewhere among the clouds. Could it be true that these were tenement children like herself? Their voices still sounded sweetly in her ears through the mingled prayers that were said in the dormitories, and when her head was at last snugly pillowed, and the snowy coverlet tucked about her by a kind car taker, the fall asleep to dream of rambles among the flowers and still happier times on the morrow.

THOSE WHO STAY AT HOME.

It is possible to secure a good education even if not at college.

To every one of our young people who are now enjoying the new and beautiful life opened by the first year in college or seminary there are twenty, just as bright and just as ambitious, it may be, who, rather than add to the burden of father and mother, stay at home and lend their strong young shoulders to share its weight. They do this willingly, cheerfully, and we honor them for it; and a little secret sigh for the advantages they have missed.

But, dear stay-at-home, remember that a college education is not the only one possible to obtain. Many of the world's leaders have won their pre-eminence by bringing an alert mind and an indomitable purpose to bear upon whatever means of culture lay within reach, making the most of it until something better was discovered a little further on. You do this if you will. The long tedious car-ride to and from work may turn into a time of real profit and pleasure if you choose to spend it in company with a good book, a book that has real worth as a teacher of things you need to know, not something that has just interest enough to pass the time agreeably. The "between-times" of farm work and house work,—yes, even the work itself,—if you determine to use them wisely and well, will broaden the mental horizon and uplift the soul to a higher plane of life. The rocky hillside is Nature's text book of geology. From it you may read strange and beautiful lessons. The meadow grasses and the shy woodland growths are waiting to become your friends through botany's introduction; and the chemistry of food. If you will but make it your own, there is an education in every pasture lot and lichen-covered stone, in every golden grain-field and fruit-laden orchard.

But better than the acquiring of information and the storing of the mind with facts and figures, is the culture of the heart—the growth in the graces of patience, kindness, and love, the expansion of soul that enables you to rise above your own desires, and ambitions into the sunlight of unselfish living. This does not depend upon familiarity with college halls or the instruction of learned professors, but upon close intercourse with One who walks like

pathway hand in hand with us if we choose. One whose life, though lived in obscurity when here upon earth, endures all that is grand and beautiful. Whether at home or abroad, you may have the same less culture of His compassion, His glad knowledge that He is ever with you, leading, guiding, teaching and helping you to make of your life that which He wishes it to be.

THE PAYMENT OF SMALL DEBTS.

The Man who Falls in Debt's Debts will soon owe Dollars. "There is a dash in a penny, as well as in a pound," says quaint Richard Sibbes. He said it a century between the years 1577 and 1635, the date of his birth and death, so that no one now living heard him say it; but the fact that it has outlasted the years shows that it was worth preserving, and here it is, an admirable peg on which to hang a thought connected with the payment of small debts.

An obligation is an obligation, whether to the amount of penny or pound, and it should be honored for sake of the principle involved, not to make of the sum a man who is very careless about paying his debts will soon be in debt for dollars. He may pay his own dollars, but he should pay just as promptly his owing dimes.

In the actual matter of money obligations, one cannot be too careful as to the payment of small debts. Absolute exactness and uprightness in all financial dealings should become a fixed habit, and the time to secure this is in the days when one is not supposed to have large wealth, but has only pennies, dimes, nickels and occasional dollars. If one borrows a nickel, let him repay it as conscientiously as if it were a dollar. Rigid honesty will never overlook a debt because it is little, for that is no argument whatever against payment. And the creditor has a sense of justice to be satisfied as well as a debt owing. Nobody likes to be deliberately or thoughtlessly cheated, and the keen sense of the unfairness of a transaction rankles a thousand times more deeply than the paltry sum of loss. So, be careful to pay small debts, for there's a due in a penny as well as in a pound. Don't contract them in the first place, unless an emergency demands it, but never fail to pay. One's own self-respect demands it.

But there are other little debts to pay. We are to owe no man anything, but to love one another. The debt of love must often be paid in small change. There are small, sweet courtesies that are due, and should be rendered, or we should be left in debt to those about us. There will be a constantly accumulating principal upon which by and by the interest will count up enormously and helplessly; for these small debts of love cannot be paid in the lump after the time is past. There is a daily rate and the thing of the day must be done in its day.

There are debts of forgiveness and of deference, debts of forbearance and consideration, little everyday obligations, that should be paid. Don't forget them. Nobody presents notes against us for these trifles, and no one will be forced to pay against his will. This makes it more worth while to remember these little obligations and to discharge them.

WORLD WEARY.

The Good Consecrated Christian Never grows Weary of the Joys of Life. There are many young people who believe that the same same of pleasure must have been attained by those who have palace homes, elegant carriages, beautiful clothes, glittering jewels, steam yachts, choice food and luxury that money can buy. The idea of having nothing to do but to enjoy these things appears delightful enough. You who long so for these things and for ease and idleness may fancy that there is no unhappiness in the lives of those living in luxury. Is this true? I wonder how many of you read very recently of a millionaire's son, reared in idleness and the extreme of luxury, who at the age of twenty-three took his own life, leaving behind him a note stating simply that he was "tired of living."

Another young man in the metropolis of a Western State, brought up in ease and elegance, committed suicide one beautiful morning last May because he was "tired of living." He was world-weary at twenty-four years of age! You little know of the world-wearieness that comes to the mere pleasure-seekers in this life. None of them escape it. No steam yacht nor brown-stone mansion nor beautiful garments can give rest and happiness to such. It is undoubtedly true that the rich frequently envy the poor quite as much as the poor envy the rich, and it is also true that there is far more real weariness among the idle than among the industrious.

God, who made all of our human needs, so constitutes us that work is more necessary than wealth to those who would be truly happy. The idler is not and cannot be happy for long. Absolute inaction is certain to produce the highest degree of unhappiness. It causes weariness more quickly than anything else in the world.

The writer once heard a so-called "city woman" whose life is one round of parties, dinners, tea, balls and receptions, say, "I get so tired of them all! They are all alike. I meet the same people and I know just what they will say and do." She was world-weary in the midst of what would seem to many a life of constant pleasure. But it was a pleasure that was not of God, and no lasting happiness could come from it. Do you know of any one working for God and humanity who is world-weary? Do you know of any true, consecrated Christian who is "tired of living?"

A GIBBY ORIENTAL.

The Late Shah Was Once Visited and Hindered by His Parsimony. The greatest defect of the Shah was his avarice, which was immense and insatiable; and though this is a fault common among oriental despots who feel that their power can only be made secure from attack by the command of a full treasury, yet it injured and often ruined his schemes for the development of his country. If he had been content to spend some portion of his hoards on public improvements, on the repair of ancient reservoirs and water courses and the construction of roads and bridges, would have brought under cultivation tracts of cultivable land which are now desert and would have largely benefited both his own revenue and the general trade of the country. But he could not make up his mind to spend money, and required every improvement to only to pay for itself but to bring a large contribution to his own treasury.

The concessions which were given to all comers for manufactures, mines, tramways, roads, banks, monopolies for lotteries, electric lighting, tobacco culture, and other schemes were in no case assisted by State money, but all had to surrender a share of their profits, real or problematical, to the Shah. The consequence was that the greater number of the industrial undertakings, which, in a strange country, and among a suspicious population, required constant support and large pecuniary assistance from the Government, soon withered and disappeared, and the Shah not only lost his anticipated profit, but solid and honorable financiers were deterred from venturing in so unpropitious a country. The ground was left free to less honest speculators, who applied for concession, not to work them seriously, but to pass them for a consideration to others who might successfully plant them in the often credulous markets of Europe. Disaster followed, the credit of Persia was lowered and sound enterprises were seriously injured by the collapse of worthless speculations.—Nineteenth Century.

REBUILDING

The Old and Broken-down House. Keeping the Structure in Good Condition. Filling it With Health, Comfort and Happiness. When a house becomes dilapidated and beyond the possibility of repair, it is removed to make room for a structure that will have strength and permanency. Our bodies, when not properly cared for, become frail, weak and broken-down, and when the work of rebuilding is not commenced in time, death surely claims the wasted and worn-out frame, and it is removed forever.

Can we rebuild our wasted bodies? Yes; the work can be done even though the spark of life glimmers but fitfully and feebly. This work of rebuilding is done through the use of Paine's Celery Compound, that marvellous medicine which has brought new life to so many in the past. This heaven sent remedy acts directly on the great nervous system, giving new strength to every nerve, makes fresh vitalizing blood, increases weight, and gives fresh power to every bone and muscle.

When this is accomplished by Paine's Celery Compound, it is easy work to keep the rebuilt human or human structure in good condition. Ordinary care in diet, sleep and general living will surely keep up the good work. Then will the rebuilt man or woman be filled with true health, comfort and happiness, and life will be worth living.

Will you, dear reader, rebuild your broken-down system? The work can be accomplished by you if you call to your aid Paine's Celery Compound. No physician is required to aid you, and you have no heavy bill to meet after you have made well and whole. The work has been done for thousands of others; will you have your share of the good that it bestows?

CONVINCED THE SCEPTIC.

The Merits of the Great South American Nerve Withstand All the Assaults of the Credulous and Sceptical.—When they are Converted to its Use in Their Personal Ailments They Become Its Best Friends.—For It Never Fails Them. Mr. Dinwiddie of Campbellford, Ont., says: "I recommend South American Nerve to everybody. I consider it would be true to the best interests of humanity were I not to do so. In one instance I convinced an avowed sceptic to all remedies of its curative powers; he procured a bottle, and it has been of such benefit to him that he continues to purchase and use it, and has proved its great worth as a stomach and nerve tonic. It has done wonders for me and I keep it constantly in my house. An occasional dose acts as a preventive and keeps me well and strong. It is wonderful medicine."

STUDENTS WHO WORK THEIR WAY.

Manner in Which Assistance is Given to Four Young Men at Columbia. Year by year the number of students in the colleges of the country who are self-supporting increases. The many things which a student can do in his spare hours, and the various societies that aid students, make this possible. In former years Yale was called "the rich man's college," and was considered an institution at which no poor student could work his way through. This has been all changed, and the number of self-supporting students is proportionately as large at Yale as at any other university except those in the cities.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1750. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates. on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

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

TWO BUCKETS AND A PIPE.

Take two common water-buckets; connect them at the bottom with a small pipe. Now undertake to fill one of them with water; you perceive at once that the water tends to fill the other pail also. "What's the use of saying that?" you ask me. "Every fool knows that water in connected reservoirs will assume the same level." Quite so. Yet the wisest man on earth didn't know it once. If the ancient Romans had known it they wouldn't have gone to the trouble and expense of building their great aqueducts. Oh, dear! oh, dear! After a thing is pointed out what a lot of people are able to see it.

But to see it the first time? Ah! that takes eyes. To explain it the first time? Ah! that takes brains. The blood circulates through pipes in the human body thousands of years before anybody even suspected it. Isn't that queer? Now, there is a matter—But let us have an example or two first, and then after wards.

A father writes this about his daughter: "During the summer of 1890 my daughter, Rebecca, got into a weak languid way. Her appetite was poor, and after eating she had so much pain at the chest and sides that she didn't know where to put herself. She also complained of pain in the pit of the stomach, in the throat, and at the back of her neck. Cold, clammy sweats used to break out all over her. Her breathing became short and labored, and at times she could not even lie in bed on account of it. She consulted two physicians, who prescribed for her without avail. This was her general condition until January, 1893, when she began taking Mother's Sigel's Curative Syrup. This preparation certainly had a remarkable effect. One bottle alone greatly relieved her. She relished her food and got stronger. By simply continuing to use this medicine in three months she was completely cured. Since then she has been well as ever before. My married daughter who has suffered from indigestion for a long time, seeing what this remedy had done for Rebecca, took it also, with the same good results. Yours truly, (Signed) Batholomew Bell, Grocer &c., Bromfield, Northampton, October 25th, 1893."

"All my life," writes a woman, "I have suffered more or less from sickness and spasms. I always felt weak, tired, and languid, and had no desire for company. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and frequently felt sick and prostrate. I had no relish for food, and, after eating, had pain at the chest and side. Such was my manner of life for years. Two years ago my sister told me of Sigel's Syrup; I tried it and even a few doses relieved me. I continued taking it, and soon my appetite improved, and my food digested. Since that time I have felt quite a new being—so light-hearted and strong. What a pity for me that I didn't know of Sigel's Syrup years before. But better late than never. Yours truly, (Signed) Mrs. Annie Goodover, 20 Broadway Street, Leicester, May 10th, 1893."

"From childhood," says another, "I have suffered from indigestion and sick headaches. I never felt as if I wanted food, and after eating I experienced the usual pains and distresses of the confirmed dyspeptic. The attacks of sickness and headache were of no less than dreadful. So-called medicines and remedies were, at the best, only temporarily useful. In January, 1892, a friend, living at Hackney, told me of Sigel's Syrup. I used it, and it cured me. I never felt so well in my life as I do now. (Signed) Miss L. White, 92 Barnsbury Road, Islington, London, April 20th, 1893."

Now, see. Evidence like the above (though much more impressive) proves that Mother's Sigel's Syrup either cures or relieves almost every known complaint. Yet it never was (nor is it now) recommended for any disease except indigestion and dyspepsia. What is the inference? That nearly every known complaint is caused by indigestion and dyspepsia—is, indeed, a symptom of it. "But everybody believes that nobody," you say. Not everybody, but very many. The rest will by-and-by. Although the fact is old as Adam, the discovery of it is new. Yet the principle will presently be as obvious to all as it now is to a few.

EIGHTY IN EVERY HUNDRED.

Suffer More or Less From That Most Offensive of Diseases, Catarrh.—That Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a Wonderful Remedy is Testified to by Thousands Who Have Been Cured outright.—Dr. Alex. Edmonson of Rosemeath, Ont., Says. "I have been troubled with catarrh for a great many years. Have suffered greatly from it. I had tried all the so-called cures, but never received any relief from them. Seeing Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder largely advertised, I determined to try it, although very sceptical about any relief, but I was greatly and agreeably disappointed, for from the first dose I received very great relief, and today I can honestly say that it has cured me. I keep it constantly in the house, as we find it a quick cure for cold in the head. It gives almost instant relief. I have no hesitancy in proclaiming it the best cure for catarrh, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from this malady."

The Hessian fly is so called from the fact that it was brought to this country in straw, used in 1776, when the Hessian cavalry was imported to fight the Americans. It made its first appearance on Staten Island, near the stables of the Hessian troops, and soon traveled over Connecticut, spreading throughout New England and the west, at the rate of 30 miles a year.

Don't be a fool; know what you want and refuse to be imposed upon by greedy dealers when they attempt to palm off your producing substitutes for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure, and painless corn cure. Putnam's Corn Extractor is the best, the safest, and only painless corn remedy.

IT KNOWS it is to wash all kinds of on wash day SURPRISE SOAP, they try. easiest quick-best Soap to see for yourself.

the earliest methods of secret to have the head of the message to write the message on the hair had grown the messenger to his destination, where the hair removed and the message brought

artans wound a strip of paper staff, wrote lengthwise the staff, removed the message on the did not read until it was wound staff the same shape and size as one. Charles I was behesed the evidence afforded by cryptograms were too simple. Sympathetic much used, but it has always

ny says that the only thoroughly rible cryptogram is the simplest, the two persons must have books alike. Any book will do. In message the first letter on the first the second in the second, and the second message will begin at leaves off in the book.

SUFFERERS ONLY KNOW.

Carpenier, of Hastings, was a sufferer from Kidney Disease—American Kidney Cure Effect—Quick Cure—It is a Specific Remedy for a Specific Disease—Dissolves and Eliminates All Solid Matter From the System—In Sale and Per-

ny years I have been troubled ny disease, necessitating the much in the way of remedies. ago they became so bad that I seek the aid of a physician. My urine like blood than anything else, and painful. Just at that time I be-South American Kidney Cure. immediate relief, and from that now I have had no difficulty. I and honestly recommend this to all persons suffering from

be - hind me. As my and pain, And the sweet and true:

sung for you.

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

THE LITERARY WORK OF DONALD MITCHELL DISCUSSED.

Some of the Writers Critical Opinions Interestingly Talked About—A Rapidly Sketched Portrait Gallery—Death of Napoleon Bonaparte—Other Matters.

Long ago we learned to love Donald G. Mitchell (G. K. Marvel) and have not yet got done with 'Dream Life' and 'Reveries of a Bachelor.' One is curious about his notions as to authorship and personality, and we note with interest the working of such a mind in dealing with 'English Lands Letters, and Kings.' There are three volumes, the first treating of the period, 'From Celt to Tudor,' the second, from 'Elizabeth to Anne,' and the third 'Queen Ann and the Georges.' That the subjects are subtly treated, and rarely, (very one who knows the author will expect. The poetic, descriptive and moralizing touches will not be wanting in whatever the author undertakes. Long practice will have set its seal upon that characteristic finish and flavor which long ago distinguished him. But in these books we get new phases of the author; his partialities and gentle prejudices, his admirations and pet views, expressed of course without violence and with skillful moderation.

Some of his critical opinions may be of interest. Gibbon with all the abate ments, he seems to revere, and he regards his great works as indisputably in the first class of histories. "There is a sly stroke at Gibbon," observes one reviewer, apropos of the marriage which never took place that illustrates the author's skill in suggestive criticism where personal character and literary mastery are thought of together. "Not a nice person, that Gibbon," the author seems to say, "but, dear me; my young friend, if you are going to write history, let me urge you not to meddle with the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. That has been done." One finds out soon enough that Mr. Mitchell has an astonishing respect for Hume and a curious contempt for Rousseau. But, on the whole, he is as tender as he can be with everybody—even with that ideal of malice, Samuel Rogers, one of the best specimens in literary history of a poet made after he was born to something quite different. In his own fashion Mr. Mitchell has given a gallery of portraits, sketched rapidly. All the salient features necessary to complete recognition are there, though perhaps the details are not filled in. Some pictures which another artist might have neglected—for example, that of White of Sarborne—are unexpectedly elaborate. The abnormally pious Cowper is as carefully done as the skeptical Hume; and Crabbe, whom the author does not admire, is as fully treated as Wordsworth, for whom he still retains the reverence of his college days. He regrets that he did not make bold to call on Wordsworth in those days and he still remembers his glimpse of the aged poet one Sunday morning in the little chapel on the Heights of Pyral, when from my seat I saw him enter, knowing him on the instant; tall (to my seeming), erect, yes with step somewhat shaky, his coat buttoned, his air serious and self-possessed, his features large, mouth almost coarse, hair white as the driven snow, fringing a dome of baldness, an eye with a dreamy expression in it, and seeming to look beyond and still beyond. He carried, too, his serious air into his share of the service, and made his successive responses of 'Good Lord, deliver us' and 'Amen!' with an emphasis that rung throughout the little chapel. Such picturesque touches, such bits of reminiscence are worth pages of formal biography.

SOME VERY CLEVER HORSES.

The Line of Demarcation Between Instinct and Human Reason.

The country doctor is expected to go whenever called—rain or shine, heat or cold, night or day; sometimes, perhaps, leisurely, but often as quickly as possible. Through all this his horse and himself are constant companions, and share together the joys and the sorrows of the road. It is not strange, therefore, that an attachment of more than ordinary intensity often springs up between them, during which the man many times notes the almost human qualities of the horse.

While quite a boy I knew a horse of such humor and intelligence that he gave me a high opinion of horses in general. Somehow the tracks of old Ball led me to consider horses as almost of kin to human beings, and I have always talked to them and treated them accordingly.

Ball, a fine animal belonging to my uncle, who lived on a farm adjoining ours, was a sorrel horse of good size and especially fine head, with heavy neck and shoulders. He had done a great deal of farm work in his time, but was now too old for anything but occasional light service so he usually had the range of a pasture in front of the house that reached up to the yard fence. There were cattle and sheep in the same pasture.

Ball was noted for his cunning and clever tricks, such as opening gates and doors, pulling down bars and the like; but no one suspected him of playing practical jokes on sheep when one after another was found on the wrong side of the fence. It was by his antics and evident delight whenever a sheep was so found that he attracted attention.

A watch was instituted, and soon, when Ball thought no one saw him, he slyly picked up a sheep by the wool with his teeth, and dropped it over the fence! Then, he was going away some distance, he anxiously waited, evidently watching for some one to come out of the house. As soon as he saw that the sheep was discovered, he gave a snort and began to run and kick up his heels with delight.

Sometimes he would steal articles and hide them, evidently just for the fun of the thing. One day a heavy mail, such as is used for splitting rails and wood, was left to near the fence that he could reach it. When he supposed that no one saw him he took the mail up with his teeth, carried it to the farther side of the field, carefully hid it behind the stump of a tree, and then watched the result.

This time he had been seen carrying the mail away, so the men made great ado pretending to be hunting for it, looking in the fence corners and behind stumps, while Ball was running, snorting and kicking up his heels with unbounded delight. Whenever they approached the mail, he evidently tried to attract their attention to some other point.

While I have been engaged in the practice of medicine my horses have had no opportunity to perform tricks like these, but many times I have seen exhibitions of intelligence and humor no less marked. One cold, boisterous day my horse, John,

Locker was related to the great Dean of Westminster, having married Lady Charlotte Bruce, sister of Lady Augusta Stanley. He lost her, and two years after her death he married the daughter of Sir Curtis Samson, and added their name to his own patronymic. 'The gifts of insight and expression that make the poet,' are charmingly revealed in the instances of his verse quoted; but he had the double advantage of charm and magnetism in his personality. 'The Quarterly,' says: 'It is no small power to have been able to attach to yourself a character so pure as Arthur Stanley's or personalities so marked in diverse ways as Marian Evans, Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson. Surely we owe a debt of no small gratitude to this charming writer and kindly spirited gentleman, for that, before he passed forever from the stage of this life, he left this legacy of pleasant and helpful memories for his descendants and for us.'

'The Yellowstone National Park,' by Hiram Martin Chittenden, (The Rott. Clarke Co., Cincinnati) is probably the completed account we have of that great American pleasure-ground and its environs. The history,—natural and administrative—the geology, and fannas of the Yellowstone are given in detail; together with a full description of all the peculiar attractions which makes that region one of the most remarkable in the world. The volume is liberally and elegantly illustrated, and the appendix which it contains helps the reader to a more intimate knowledge of all that it is important the public should know. We are indebted to Hon. Charles H. Collins, of Hillsboro, Ohio, for a copy of this work.

The prince of photographers, Napoleon Sarony, of New York, is dead, at the age of 75. He was artist as well as photographer, and many a celebrity sat before his camera. He was distinguished as a poseur, and for his taste in arranging situations, and his ability to turn out portraits of a highly artistic character. "In his death," says the Home Journal, "New York loses, beside the artist, a picturesque figure, and an original character."

PATEREN.

THE LINE OF DEMARCATION BETWEEN INSTINCT AND HUMAN REASON.

The country doctor is expected to go whenever called—rain or shine, heat or cold, night or day; sometimes, perhaps, leisurely, but often as quickly as possible. Through all this his horse and himself are constant companions, and share together the joys and the sorrows of the road. It is not strange, therefore, that an attachment of more than ordinary intensity often springs up between them, during which the man many times notes the almost human qualities of the horse.

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was driven up to a post in front of a desolate-looking farm-house, about fourteen miles from home. There was not a tree or object of any kind to break the cold, raw wind, so I covered John with the blanket, and on top of this threw a buffalo robe, tucking it well under the harness lest the wind should blow it off. But, in my care with the blanket and the robe, I forgot to fasten John to the post.

After I had been inside a few minutes, the lady of the house, looking through the window, cried out, 'Doctor there goes your horse!'

I hastened to the door only to see John and the buggy making good time homeward, already beyond reach of my voice. Prtly soon, however, John turned from the road, made a large circuit—something more than a hundred yards in diameter—over the smooth prairie, and came back to the post again, where he shook his head often and pranced about to show how intensely he enjoyed the joke. To me he said, as plainly as a horse could say it: 'Now, didn't I fool you nicely? You thought I was going back without you. Why, I was only playing a practical joke to show how careless you were not to tie my halter. Of course I would not have left you out here alone for the world.'

I have known many horses that showed a good degree of humor as well as intelligence, but for good sense I think Frank was a little superior to any other. He was seven years old when I traded for him, and he had a bad reputation for running away; but he was a proud horse, held his head well up, and was a high-stepper. Moreover, he had an intelligent look, and I liked him.

Upon inquiry I found that his first runaway was not much to his discredit. A drunken driver had forced him to cross a rickety culvert, and allowed him to run the wheels off the planks at one end and up the buggy, at which he became frightened and ran away. After this he was easily frightened by any unusual noise and confusion behind him.

I at once began the training of my new horse by trying to convince him of two things: First, that I was his friend and would not forsake him on any account; second, that I was fully competent to care for and protect him. How well I succeeded may be guessed when I tell you that I drove him almost every day for seven years and never had a runaway. Sometimes he would be startled, but a gentle word and firm, steady rein would always reassure him so that no trouble occurred.

His experience had taught him to be very cautious about culverts. If one of these seemed to be the least out of repair he would stop, and no amount of coaxing or pushing could induce him to pass over until he had first got out and carefully examined it. Then, after I had told him that all was right, no matter how rickety the culvert was, he would quietly pass over.

When he first came into my possession he had the habit of frequently throwing his head up, and as his bridle was somewhat loose, the browband would sometimes lodge upon his ear. Whenever this happened I would stop him, get out of the buggy, and replace it. He soon learned to throw the head up whenever he would like to stop and be petted a little.

I might have prevented this at once by making the bridle fit better, but it occurred to me that, with this beginning it might soon teach him to stop when anything else got wrong. And this I did, so that the least disarrangement of the harness would cause him to stop and wait for me to fix it. Sometimes, however, he would stop when the trouble was not, in my opinion, sufficient to warrant so cautious a procedure.

One day, as I was driving along at a slow trot over a smooth, lonesome road, I had dropped the reins over the buggy apron and was becoming quite interested in the reading of a newspaper when Frank suddenly stopped. I looked all around and over him, but could see nothing wrong, so I said, with some emphasis, 'Get up, Frank! But he still stood, and kept throwing his head up and down.

As I sat there with the paper in my hand, I looked again, and especially to the bridle, but saw nothing wrong. I now, without taking up the reins, took the whip from its socket, and giving him a sharp cut, repeated my command to go along. This undeserved punishment nettled him very much, but still he would not move forward. After standing for a few moments, as if in deep thought, he suddenly turned to the right until the wheel on that side touched the buggy. Then again he stood stock-still only throwing his head as before. I now took up the reins and pulled with the left hand to bring him back into the road, when, to my astonishment, I found that the rein on that side, which had been fastened with a snap, was unfastened.

When I got out to fasten it Frank squealed. I believe a horse never squeals unless he is excited. I never heard Frank squeal before; but now he not only squealed, but shook his head, pawed the ground, and manifested his delight by every means that he could command. As we afterwards moved along homeward, several times, as the thought would come to his mind afresh, he shook his head and squealed for joy.

When such evidences of thought and purpose, such humor and intelligence are seen in horses, the line of demarcation between animal instinct and human reason becomes almost obliterated. Frank had decided that by turning to the right the left rein would have to be pulled to get him back into the road, and that then I should discover the rein to be unfastened. He certainly had reasoned, and reasoned intricately, too.—D. H. Roberts, M. D.

ADVICE TO NEWLY MARRIED.

Fatal and Vulgar Habits That Kill Love and Concordance.

I asked a clever, well-known doctor only today what advice he would give the newly married. 'I would tell the woman,' he said, 'never to let her husband think he had quite won her, that there was not still something held in reserve to give him. A woman never seems to think she ought to be fascinating her husband after marriage.' He lectured the woman, of course. There is a universal tendency in mankind to do this. Yet another doctor I know once said in my hearing that he believed from all he had seen that the happiness of marriage depended primarily upon the man. Were he worth anything, the peace of the household was assured.

Letters to the newly married, then, should be addressed to both. There is much that might be said. First of all, that neither take the devotion of the other for granted, making no efforts to cultivate or retain what each felt to be due. There is nothing one should kill quicker in marriage than the first tendency in either one to discuss the peculiarities of the other before a third person. Nothing is more fatal and nothing is more vulgar. No one can ever take a greater liberty with the other. These personalities are never funny though they are often made to do service as family jokes brought out for the entertainment of the stranger. Were I to write such a letter as that mother described I should like to beg that nagging be prohibited, and teasing secrets; that mutual concessions be indulged; that every disappointment in the other be regarded as an opportunity for helping that other, and not as an excuse for alienation; and I should beg that the one who had a trouble share it with the other, so that neither go about with evidences of worry while declaring that nothing is the matter. Oh, nothing! in answer to a loving enquiry from husband or wife sensitive to disturbed conditions in one loved so often the first wedge which ultimately drives both apart.—Harper's Bazar.

FOURTEEN YEARS IN TERROR.

But Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart Gave Relief in 30 Minutes and Three Bottles Effectuated a Cure Which Had Defied the Best of Physicians.

This is what Mrs. J. Cockburn of Warwick, Ont., says: "For fourteen years I have been a great sufferer from heart disease; troubled very much with sharp, shooting pains constantly passing through my heart. Very often the spasms were so severe that I would become unconscious. My limbs would swell and become quite cold. For these fourteen years I doctored with best physicians without relief. Having seen Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, I determined to try it, and before I had taken half a bottle I found great relief. I felt the beneficial effects inside of thirty minutes. I have taken three bottles

and it has done me more good than any physician ever did. I can conscientiously recommend it to all sufferers from heart trouble."

The Children and the Church.

The presence of children in the house of God at the hour of divine worship is an important characteristic of an ideal church. The practice of leaving the children at home when the parents go to church is entirely too common. If the incoming generation is to be trained to church-going and properly fitted for the religious responsibility of mature years, the time to begin is in childhood. The ideal church is constituted of all ages and all grades. The young and old, the rich and the poor together; the Lord is the maker of them all! Unquestionably a great wrong is inflicted upon young children in excluding them from the regular services of the sanctuary on the Lord's day, and the result is injurious to the church. For, the natural and logical tendency of this evil habit is to increase the number, already too great, of non-churchgoers.

Major Von Wissman, in order to conserve the big game, has set aside a portion of German East Africa within which no shooting will be allowed without a license from the governor of the colony.

M. Henry Boucher, French Minister of Commerce, is conferring or organizing a competition to ascertain whether alcohol extracted from potatoes and beet-roots can not be effectively utilized for lighting or incandescence.

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

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Table with prices for Envelopes, Bill Heads, Statements, Note Heads, Letter Heads, and All other Forms.

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

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

Table with prices for Gummed Labels, Dodgers, Posters, Note Circulars, Tags, Private Postals, and Draft, Check and Note Forms.

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

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I suppose a world in which no one ever made excuses, or ever wanted to make them, would be as wildly impossible as an opium eater's dream, an impracticable utopia in which existence would be so uncomfortable that the inhabitants would spend their days in vain longings for the good old times when everybody told white lies to his heart's content, utterly regardless of the trifling fact that no one believed them; and everybody fancied he was hoodwinking his neighbor, while he begged himself with satisfaction over the thought that his neighbor could never succeed in hoodwinking him.

I am afraid a certain amount of political fiction is absolutely necessary in this world of ours in order to make the wheels move smoothly and a plausible excuse is very much like the cushioned tire which makes the modern bicycle run so easily—there is nothing in it we know of except air, but how it does ease the jolts and soften the contact with hard facts, and rough roads!

We begin to learn the value of judiciously used excuses when we are very small children going to school, and the written excuse begged from our parents or guardians saves us from open disgrace when we do not know our lessons; and as we grow older we grow to depend more and more upon what comes at last to be merely a conventional subterfuge to the probability of which we give just enough thought to make it sound plausible and no more, caring very little whether we are believed or not; and as the excuse is so often false it very seldom is believed. Conventionality makes it pass for the face value, but it is a sort of currency that has no other value whatever.

The worst effect of the false excuse is the bad influence it has had upon society at large; it may sound like rather a sweeping assertion to make, but it is an actual fact that any excuse however genuine has come to be looked upon as merely a society lie, and no attention whatever is paid to it. A previous engagement should be the best of excuses when one is obliged to decline an invitation, but how often the most honest and straight forward assertion that one is previously engaged is met with a look of suppressed, but perfectly unmistakable incredulity, while the mere mention of a headache as a reason for breaking an engagement or declining an invitation is enough to call up an undisguised smile on the face of the person to whom it is offered.

Now terrible headaches have been an inheritance in our family for three generations, and they have fallen to my lot in a sort of composite form, that is to say I have every variety that my forebears suffered from with a few modern improvements of my own grafted on the original stock. My grandfather's special form of the disease was liable to attack him at any moment, and last any length of time from half an hour, to a fortnight; my father's headache usually rages for a day and a night, but places its outside limit at three days, while my own usually takes three days to exhaust itself, and frequently relaxes its grasp for a day, only to clasp me more firmly in its embrace for another three days but. I really think everyone who knows me, knows about those headaches, and that no present is ever more acceptable to me than a box of headache capsules, or a sample of some new discovery in the shape of instant headache cure. But in spite of that I have seen a pitying smile at my lack of resource in using so time worn an excuse, pass over the face of some friend, with whom I was trying to make my peace for failing to keep an engagement. "A headache!" she seemed to say, "why could you not think of something better, and more probable?" Only those who suffer from this form of torture themselves can sympathize with other sufferers, and understand how unanswerable an excuse a genuine headache is.

Unexpected visitors, is another perfectly solid, but seldom accepted excuse, and why it should be doubted is something I never could understand. Which of us is there who would have the nerve to send away a group of friends who had accepted a perfectly sincere general invitation to 'drive in any day and spend the afternoon and evening' on the shallow plea, which they would scarcely believe, that we had made a previous engagement for that evening? How much easier and more courteous it is to send a hasty note excusing ourselves and simply stating that visitors had arrived unexpectedly!

I am afraid truth is sometimes at a discount because people have been deceived so often by false excuses, and then found the preservatives out afterwards, that they have lost their faith in human nature. It is hard on society in general, both the excused and the unwilling excuser, because the one would like to believe but cannot, and the other naturally wishes to be believed if she is telling the truth, but she is to thoroughly aware that her tale is listened to incredulously that the knowledge confuses her, and stamps an expression of guilt on her face, which does her a cruel injustice.

I have no remedy to suggest, for the evil

is too wide spread for one person to grapple with, but it does seem rather a disgrace to our boasted civilization that untruth should be so common in the best society, as to make even the most honest and sincere people, dread the ordeal of offering a perfectly truthful excuse, to any of their friends.

I often wonder why fashion writers devote so little attention to wet weather costumes. One would really think, when reading the average fashion journal week after week, that there were no such things as wet weather or muddy streets, but that the skies in the world of fashion were always smiling and the streets like a parquette floor. We have golf costumes, cycling costumes, skating costumes, mountain climbing costumes; in fact suitable apparel for every known condition of life except for the wet and cold weather which surely comes with the autumn months.

Of course we have the time honored gossamer for summer wear, and the cumbersome cloth ulster which so many of us think the only proper garment to wear in an autumn rain, and for a generation women have been content to stagger about in wet weather wearing a rain garment which extended to the hem of our dresses, flapped against them and dripped muddy water over them ruining them quite as effectually as the worst shower of rain could do. We have dragged ourselves about in a heavy cloth ulster which absorbed every drop of rain and soon got so heavy that it was nearly as cumbersome as a suit of mail, and we have made no complaint, because there did not seem to be any use in doing so as fashion had nothing better to offer us, but I fancy the fashion writers must be growing more sensible, for I chanced upon a very attractive description of a rain costume, the other day. It was suitable for cold weather also, and would be a perfect blessing to anyone who was obliged to go out in all weathers.

The foundation of the costume consisted of a pair of stout woolen knickerbockers, and a wonderful pair of boots the like of which I have never seen, but which I dare say could be easily made to order. They reach nearly to the knee, and are soled and vamped with rubber, but the uppers are of black mackintosh cloth. They are made to pull on like the ordinary rubber boot, but are provided with the tongue, and two rows of eyelet holes up the front, that a laced skating boot has, so that they can be laced into shape around the ankles, after they are on, thus doing away with all the clumsiness and heaviness that have always been the drawbacks of rubber boots and yet keeping the ankles and legs perfectly dry.

The next, and only other garment for the lower part of the body, is a skirt of black mackintosh cloth, opening on the hips like a bicycle skirt and looking exactly like an ordinary skirt of handsome black serge. The bottom is finished with a deep hem. A black bicycle sweater, or some plain black wool bodice, is usually worn with this skirt, and for the outer garment there is a cape of the mackintosh cloth extending down to the hips. It is buttoned closely up to the chin, has slits covered with flaps for the hands to pass through, cross belts both at back and front to prevent the wind from blowing it up, a high collar, and a number of comfortable sized inside pockets.

A cape is considered inconvenient, there are box coats of the mackintosh cloth which can be purchased to go with the skirt. They have roomy sleeves and are loose both in back and front, with inside pockets and two smart outside ones with flaps buttoning over them. An Alpine hat of the waterproof cloth, completes the costume. The beauty of such a suit as this is, that it is absolutely free from all suggestion of clumsiness or of weather either, as it is a perfectly correct walking costume the skirt scarcely an inch shorter than the fashionable walking skirt of the day. Should the weather clear unexpectedly or should the wearer be one of the great army of business women who goes to the office in the morning returning at night and the snowy, raining morning give place to a fine afternoon, she will still be suitably dressed for the walk home.

The collar band of the newest dress seem to be almost the chief feature of the bodice, and a frill of some sort set on the upper edge is the first necessity. It begins just a little distance from the centre of the front and is made of knife-plated chiffon, ribbon or lace, and a very effective trimming is of lace in Vandyke points outlined with a tiny ruche of colored ribbon and then gathered into the neck.

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

A Swede in Stockholm has invented a machine by which butter can be made in one minute. It is modeled on a plan strictly diametrical to the old-fashioned churn, with a dasher.

JAPANESE FIBRE OF LIFE.

Horikari not so Popular as Hanging or Drowning Among Soldiers.

Mr. Kure Bunsu, a Japanese statistician in a recent article contributed to the Far East, presents some remarkable figures on suicide in Japan, together with interesting comments on the cause. "In Japan," he says, "suicide is not considered a sin even from a religious point of view. The chief point in the teaching of Buddhism is future salvation, so that some ignorant men and women misapprehending the teaching, try to escape from this world as soon as possible by self-murder in order to secure future happiness and peace. This mistaken idea, together with the influence of religion and the dauntless character of our people, tends to increase the number of suicides. Moreover, there are noted men who have done good deeds who have died in this manner; hence people naturally come to think of suicide as a manly way of dying, rather than as an act of cowardice and shame." It appears from the tables that during the five years, 1890-4 inclusive, the average number of suicides among male Japanese was 4,606 per annum, and among the women 2,822.4, the combined ratio being 181 per million. In Germany and France 25 per cent of the suicides are women, but in Japan the percentage is 38, and Mr. Bunsu quaintly explains this as "owing to the situation in which our women are placed, and also to their intellectual ability." In the years under review 14,799 men and 6,188 women hanged themselves, 5,269 men and 6,825 women drowned themselves; 1,241 men and 597 women performed "the happy despatch" with knives or swords; 390 men and 32 women shot themselves; 266 men and 131 women took poison, and 1,072 men and 349 women killed themselves in miscellaneous fashion. July in particular, and the summer months in general, are preferred—as in Europe—by Japanese suicides.

Most curious, however, are the causes of suicide. These are exhaustively classified, and a careful analysis shows that 10,049 of the men and 6,782 of the women committed suicide through "madness or aberration of mind"; 5,338 men and 1,986 women through "distress or grief regarding mean of living, or some misfortune"; 2,610 men and 1,674 women through "bodily suffering (sickness)"; 781 men and 1,107 women through "love and affection"; 1,036 men and 363 women through "remorse and shame"; 411 men and 668 women through "disagreement with family anxiety for the future"; 221 men and 181 women through "weak-mindedness"; 261 men and 34 women through "loss of fortune or debt"; 287 men and 60 women through "fear of the discovery of crime and punishment"; 120 men and 95 women through "melancholy"; 33 men and 36 women through "distress for misconduct of husband or son"; 20 men and 28 women through "grief for death of parent or husband or wife"; 33 men and 350 women through "censure of parents or employers"; 7 men and 38 women "on account of divorce"; 2 men and 76 women through "seduction"; 18 men and 21 females "on account of physical defects"; 2 men and 48 women through "dilemma of marriage"; 327 men and 237 women through "other causes"; and 1,467 men and 586 women for "unknown reasons."

The ages of these suicides is thus recorded: Under sixteen years 474 males, 485 females; 16-20 years, 1,007 males, 1,859 females; 20-30 years, 4,721 males, 3,396 females; 30-40 years, 3,964 males, 2,004 females; 40-50 years, 4,145 males, 1,767 females; over 50 years, 8,652 males, 4,592 females; of uncertain age, 67 males, 19 females.

These figures give food for reflection. Shakespeare's dictum that none have ever died of love certainly does not apply to Japan. It would seem that the Japanese woman bears bodily suffering better than men, that they are more affectionate, they do not feel remorse and shame so keenly as men, that they are less criminal or, possibly, less fearful of the consequences, that they are less weak-minded, that disagreement with their families affect them more deeply, that debts and loss of fortune sit more lightly on them, that they are less melancholy, except when the misconduct of their husbands and sons is concerned; that they sorrow more for the dead dead, that they feel censure more strongly; that the woes of marriage de jure and de facto, and the dread possibilities of marriage come home to them with deadlier effect, that they are vain or more sensitive than men, and that they are not so well able to keep secret their motives for suicide. It is curious to find no fewer than 166 men over 50 years of age killing themselves on account of family squabbles. Generally speaking, female suicides are more frequent in youth and male suicides in mature age.

"Odorama," is used by refined people everywhere, yet its price, 25 cents brings it within reach of all.

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Like good custodians of your health, we have everything in the way of Overshoes to KEEP YOUR FEET WARM AND DRY.

WATERBURY & RISING,

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212 Union Street.



OPALS BECOME LUCKY.

Must be the Case When Lovely American Women Take to Them.

Vanity is stronger than superstition. That has been proved by the fact that women wear opals, notwithstanding the prophecies of the terrible fate that is likely to befall the woman who carries the gems about with her. Opals are supposed to bring loss of money, of health, of friends, of sweethearts and even of life itself.

The opal possesses the evil eye, and there is a vindictive tint in it that is perfectly plain to those who have given any attention to the ways of opals. On the other hand, they are beautiful stones in themselves. They set off the beauty of a woman as perhaps no other gem will. Hence women are wearing them, and laughing to scorn the superstition concerning them.

Jewelers say that the demand for opals is greater now than it has been for many years. They are in earrings, ribbon pins, finger rings, belt buckles, brooches and even bracelets and pendants. Opera glasses are studded with the stones, and lognettes, with the long handles, are set off with them.

Diamonds and opals are an exceedingly rich and showy combination. The old-fashioned sets of jewelry, such as were common before it became the fashion to discard earrings, are in again. Earrings are of the long drop shape, dangling from the lobes of the ear and flashing with each movement of the wearer. When they are of diamonds and opals combined the effect is dazzling. Who cares for fate when such brilliancy is possible by setting it at defiance?

The absolutely newest thing in earrings is the large rings that are usually worn by Gigg Fortune tellers. They are set with diamonds and opals, however, which is not a custom of the fortune tellers. Some of the new brooches are coiled snakes, set with the same jewels. Others are horrible looking bugs, carrying large opals on their backs.

Not only is the opal a favorite stone now, but even imitations have come into the market. The opal is a somewhat expensive stone—more so now than it was a few years ago, on account of the growing demand for it. There are women who cannot afford the real stone, but who like it, nevertheless. For such women there is a remarkable good imitation in the stores. It will be worn a great deal this autumn as an ornament for hats and bonnets.

AN INSURANCE MAN'S STORY

J. J. Hanratty, Inspector for the Standard Life Assurance Co. at Peterborough, Cure of Muscular Rheumatism by the Great South American Rheumatic Cure—It Turns the Midnight Suffering Into Midday Brightness of Good Health.

I was a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism in my arm; so much so that for days at a time I could not sleep. I walked the floor in pain the greater part of the night. I procured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure and found great relief after a few doses. It's a sure cure, and I heartily recommend it.

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The whole neatly cased for \$3.50.
Expressed prepaid on receipt of price.
Result by Express or Post Office Order, payable to
THE JOHNSTON FLUID BEEF CO., MONTREAL

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with steel dome, low steel radiator and three steel flues, is constructed on the principle of a baseburner stove and is as easily regulated as one.
The distance the heat has to travel is so small that it is almost instantaneous, and consequently insures great heating power with economy in fuel.
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H. J. Lisle, representing Ganong Bros., St. Stephen, N.B., says: "Chase's Ointment cured me of a very stubborn case of Itching Eczema. Tried everything advertised, several physicians prescribed pills without permanent relief. I also know of several cases of Itching Pills it has absolutely cured."
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To one dessertspoonful of Benson's Canada Prepared Corn, mixed with half a cup of cold water, add half a pint of boiling water; stir over the fire five minutes; sweeten slightly; for older babies mix with milk instead of water.
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A SOLDIER'S STORY,
BY GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N.

Author of "The Rose of Allendale," "For Money or For Love," "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer,'" "Our Friend the Dog," etc., etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF FIRST FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I & II.—Major Jocelyn Lloyd is a kind and generous man who has served in the Afghan War. He meets the author while on a tour of Scotland and they become fast friends. Major Lloyd proposes that the author should call on his friend Gordon to accompany him to his organ practice and introduce him to his wife. The author agrees and goes to the organ practice. He meets the author while on a tour of Scotland and they become fast friends. Major Lloyd proposes that the author should call on his friend Gordon to accompany him to his organ practice and introduce him to his wife. The author agrees and goes to the organ practice.

or hill, we even took long rambles away to the reservoir spending whole days, and returning home under the starlight. Dear old Colonel Singleton, he was never uneasy about Lily when he knew she was with me. He knew, I think, that I possessed both the courage and the honor of a true soldier, and that as I could trust myself so I could trust her. "Had I told him the story, did you ask me? Yes, Gordon, I thought it was best to tell him all.

CHAPTER V.

"A love time, . . . so sadly sweet." "Poor Cynthia," continued Jocelyn, "was wild with grief and weined and cried most piteously, ever and anon licking Lily's ear with her soft warm tongue.

"So passed away months of this happy, but yet sad, summer. "One last evening by the wood. Yes, just one, then the parting. You mind the lines in your beautiful song of 'Auld Robin Gray.' They might have been applied to our case.

"I do love you, Lily," indeed, indeed, you have guessed right. "It is that which grieves me. It is that which brings these tears. It is for you I am weeping. Oh, Major Lloyd, Oh, Jocelyn, I am engaged."

"You know I have the Victoria Cross, yet seldom wear it. Shall I tell you why, Gord? It is because I do not think I won it fairly. All my deeds of valour that led to the distinction were performed, I do believe, in a kind of devil may-care, or reckless spirit, born of the love I had for Lily Andrew."

"I found that was a Government clerk at Hong Kong, but that in six months' time he would return to claim Lily for his bride.

"I was more than successful, because the crowd was so great that although he tried hard to push his way through, he was for a time quite 'beholden' as a sailor would say. He was thus within a yard of me, and I could study his physiognomy or what little of it was visible, at my leisure.

"I desired to know more of this Percy Foster, Gordon. Was it any wonder, I seemed to have swept down suddenly over the ocean of my life, and extinguished all my happiness.

"I had been a soldier, and I had found my way back into the vestry. "Ella Lloyd, nee Lee, looked at me narrowly. Andrew and I felt uneasy beneath that piercing gaze.

"I never to see me more?" "The looked up now, and there was sadness in her eyes. "No, not that, Lily. Not that. Some men would deem it right, I doubt not, to tear themselves at once from a love that never could be theirs. Perhaps I am not like other men. But here in this breast of mine something else to me and 'till me I am strong enough to bear seeing you day after day, and week after week for the few months more that I may of my furlough.

"I would have been a good deal just then to have been able to tell what her thoughts or suspicions were as she looked at me. But next minute she was smiling, and as beautiful as ever, and she found my eye which she let me see only just bearable almost made me long to be married myself.

"I did not know at the time how to account for this freak of hers. I think I know now, however.

"The journey which seemed so short when coming down appeared long indeed returning, and I believe I smoked far more during it than was good for me. "But the slowest of trains gets there at least, and in a day or two so engrossed was I with my new story that all the events which had occurred at Battlecombe were to me only like doings in a dream.

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and though no great musician I soon succeeded in banishing all his care. The ladies had all looked lovely I thought at the wedding, especially Nellie, but the bride was radiantly beautiful. And Jess himself never appeared to me half so handsome, or nearly so noble and young before.

I know that Ella was proud of her husband, and delighted with the homage her own appearance elicited from the good people of Battlecombe, who had assembled in hundreds to witness the ceremony. But during this ceremony a strange thing occurred that gave me no small concern. In one of the darkest corners of the beautiful old church, and hid beneath a pillar stood a man. He never took his eyes off Ella the whole time. I have been used to theatricals all my life, and could tell at a glance that that tall man was a disguise, that both his hair and brown beard were false.

I was probably the only one there who could have guessed this. I had noted something else too. I noticed that Ella's eyes just once during the ceremony wandered—I am sure by accident—in his direction, and that immediately after she turned pale, and I thought was going to faint.

What was the mystery? Our story will still be long. But, strangely enough, she man behind the pillar, the words I spoke almost aloud to myself were these: 'That man is Jack.'

CHAPTER IX.—WHAT GAME IS THAT SIREN PLAYING?
The marriage ceremony was concluded. I glanced hurriedly round. The man was still behind the pillar, but was preparing to go.

My mind was made up, and hardly waiting for congratulations to the bride and bridegroom, I hurried on before into the vestry, whither they would follow. There I had no private door to go to, and out of this I slipped, and in less than a minute I had taken up my position in the church porch, half or almost wholly hidden by a crowd of sight-seers. My object was to get a closer view of the disguised man, for he must pass out by this doorway.

I was more than successful, because the crowd was so great that although he tried hard to push his way through, he was for a time quite 'beholden' as a sailor would say. He was thus within a yard of me, and I could study his physiognomy or what little of it was visible, at my leisure.

He was tall, and that he was a young and handsome man his disguise did not prevent me from discerning. His eyes were of the darkest blue, that fact, that ever I have seen in a man. That I stored in my mind.

But there was on that finely chiselled face the mark of a scar. A round white spot on the brow right above the left eyebrow. As a medical man I knew by the sulking of the skin over it, as well as by its colour, that it was the cicatrix of a burn.

"Can't you push on there in front? I shall lose my train." "It was his voice raised somewhat imperiously. "How lucky! I thought. 'Be you who you may, if I ever hear that voice again I shall know it.'

Soon after he was gone, and I had found my way back into the vestry. "Ella Lloyd, nee Lee, looked at me narrowly. Andrew and I felt uneasy beneath that piercing gaze.

I would have been a good deal just then to have been able to tell what her thoughts or suspicions were as she looked at me. But next minute she was smiling, and as beautiful as ever, and she found my eye which she let me see only just bearable almost made me long to be married myself.

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Chase and Sanborn's Coffee



The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

gave away over the bills quip by themselves, and would not be back till tea time. "Ella had behaved so nicely to dear cousin Molly," he wrote. "After all I told Ella about my cousin and our innocent courtship, a less noble soul than hers would have felt some pang of jealousy, would have borne some grudge, but not so she. It was the love of a dear sister she was lavishing on Molly, and Molly appeared so grateful.

"Oh, fate," he added, "rules our destinies after all, dear Gord, and doubtless for the best." "What do you think, darling? I said, 'there is a letter from poor Mrs. Foster. Lily Andrew, you know, that I told you all about. She said her little girl are coming home, I never to return, for she has left a husband who was apparently a brute to her from the very commencement. It is a pitiful story, but you shall read it for yourself. I think you will agree with me, that I must, as her brother, you know, try to assist her a little. God, darling, has made you a man so happy that we can spare a little sympathy for another.'

"She held out her hand, Gordon, without a word or smile, and mechanically, as it were, I handed her the letter. "I watched her throughout as she read it, watched her with a beating heart, for as she read on and on slowly I could see her countenance change more than once. What did such changes mean, or signify? Oh, I did not tell you that I mean? I have never before known, even in the direct presence of wild beasts or wilder men. "I had not long to wait for the climax. She started up from the table, her eyes— I have heard of eyes flashing with an anger that positively simulated madness; she tore the letter, poor Lily's letter, every line of which had been written in a wring from her anguish and sorrow, she tore it, I say, in two.

"The piece she threw at me—think of it, Gordon! O think of my feelings—then she left the table and rushed from the room." CHAPTER X.—THE LLOYDS "AT HOME." "The next part of my friend's letter was written two days after the last. It began abruptly, and was evidently penned in grief and in sad anxiety.

"Oh, Gordon, it is a terrible thought that has just occurred to me. Can there possibly be insanity in my poor wife's family. You are a medical man, you are a student of psychology, tell me candidly, straight-forwardly, like the true friend you have always been, have you ever noticed even a single symptom, or any method or manner of insanity in Ella that you might be suspicious of?"

"Oh, dear love, dear love, and has it come to this, and so soon, but, Gordon, for two whole days she has spoken to me but once by my almost agonised entreaties to her to speak to me, to tell me how I had offended her, or what I have done, she answered but in three words, 'Go to her!'"

"After all, can this be but a species of jealousy not uncommon in such natures such as hers, for you know, Gordon, she possesses a good deal of Italian blood in her veins? A jealousy born of the great love that I know she bears me?" "Poor Jess," I could not help saying aloud but I read on.

"There are, scientists tell me, three species of jealousy, the jealousy of the present or extent of love, the jealousy that broods over the past, and that which refers to future possibilities. "If it be jealousy it would seem to me to be a compound of all the three. Retrospective jealousy, they say, is almost unknown in a woman belonging to the present. But may not a present jealousy be fed by the past? Tell me, Gord, I am right, for you are wiser far than I."

Then just as abruptly as the letter began did it break off. "I believe in the whole contents and the feelings that they had stirred up were still fresh within me, I sat down to reply to it. I endeavored first and foremost to ease his mind concerning the possible taint of insanity. I could speak truthfully when I told him that I had seen none of it. Then I came to the jealousy. That I told him would explain almost everything. But he must not, I said, let it worry him. Women were not made in the same mould as men; their ways to us were often times inexplicable. But we must not forget that we are the strongest souls, and that it is a portion of our duty to bear with a woman even when suffering from feelings or passions, that appear to us egregious folly, especially if that woman is one's wife."

"Depend upon it, Jocelyn dear friend, I write on, that Ella is suffering quite as much as you. I counsel you to have matters as they stand. Be quiet and kind to her. Do not appear to be too much hurt about her treatment of you, and perhaps—first, I only say perhaps—she will be the first to make friends, and make up to you in affection and kindness for what you are at present suffering."

"But Jess," I continued, "you appeal to me in the double capacity of friend and psychologist, and you desire me to be candid. I would be to you no true friend if I were not candid. Love then is ever blind, you know, at least the little god Cupid is supposed to be, though the pranks he plays with his tiny bow and arrow, would give me the impression that he saw much more than he is supposed to. Well, 'men and their wives' Ella is undoubtedly of the jealous type, and, and pardon me, but as all women have faults, I am being angry while in this world, your wife has one fault, or what a man of such high honour and ver-

acity as you are, would consider a fault. I would not mention it to you if I did not know that you will forgive her. She possesses the jealousy of the retrospective order—rare enough in English women, though common among the daughters of Italy. But she may not love you so excessively, so absorbedly, if I may so phrase it, as you suppose or as you love her. If it pains you to read this Jocelyn Lloyd, believe me it grieves me sorely to write it. But you have to come down off your high horse some day, all lover-husbands have to, and let a friend like myself should help you to alight from a foe.

"People who are so pure-minded, so honorable and true as yourself, Jess—you know I have no wish to flatter you, you are at present but as a subject under my mental dissecting knife—people like you, I say, are just as apt to ascribe their own virtues to others with whom they come in contact, as evil-minded people are to believe all the world as gross and impure as they themselves are.

In my opinion, Jocelyn, your dear wife may be a very estimable person, and yet not possess one-half your acre of honor and duty. Consequently, when you told her all about your past life, and what you amusingly termed your 'emure,' she could not prevent herself from a jolting imagination that there might be something more to tell, something that you kept hidden.

"Therefore I am convinced that her friendship for your cousin Molly Morrison was all—well, I do not like to use the word 'false,' so must say was all assumed, assumed for a purpose. Your cousin would be very easily misled, and indeed in the hands of a woman of brain and a woman of the world like Ella Lloyd, and had your connection with Molly been darkened with sin instead of pure and honorable, as I am convinced it was, your wife had the power to have made her conduct everything. Now, do you begin to see what I mean? I have put it all as gently as candour would permit me. But hope for the best, Jocelyn Lloyd. Hope for the best, my friend. Believe no one in this world to be immaculate, but do your duty as you see it, and continue to love, honor and respect your wife.

(To be continued.)

IN NOVA SCOTIA ANOTHER TRIUMPH

The case of John S. Morgan, of Bridgewater.

PROMINENT BUSINESS MAN.

His Testimony Right to the Point—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

BRIDGEWATER, N. S. Nov. 16. (Special.) A business man in better or more favorably known in the part of Nova Scotia than Mr. John S. Morgan, (since his of this town. For eight years he suffered from one stage to another in the progress of kidney disease, but without help until he got hold of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He tells the story in his own words, and says—

"I commenced with backache about eighteen years ago, with lameness and pain in my limbs. "I was under the doctors care several times, and took several remedies aside from doctors medicine, but gradually came to be badly crippled up."

"In the autumn of ninety-four I began to run down in flesh and strength rapidly until I was about forty pounds under my usual weight."

"I was then in constant misery from rheumatic pain and a crowd of passing urine which was of a very dark color and caused me the most intense misery. "I realized my danger, but from something I read about Dodd's Kidney Pills I made up my mind to use them, and commenced at once."

"I have used two boxes, have regained my weight and I am now as strong and well as ever before in my life."

"When I commenced using Dodd's Kidney Pills I was entirely unfit for the duties of my business, but they have saved and prolonged it. I trust my testimony may be the means of doing good to others."

INSIST ON ORIGINALS.
Bridgand Bees Live by Robbery and Violence.

Almost every form and variety of human crime is common with insects. Cases of theft are noticed among bees. Buchner in his 'Physic Life of Animals,' speaks of the thieving bees, which in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description, they acquire a taste for robbery and violence; they recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous; and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees.

"But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon take a delight in this beverage, which has the same disastrous effect upon them as upon men; they become ill-disposed and irritable, and lose all desire to work; and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well-supplied hives.

There is one variety of bees—the Sphexoides—which live exclusively upon plunder. According to Marshall, this variety is formed of individuals of the Halictus species, whose organs of mastication are defective, and which have gradually developed into a separate variety, living almost exclusively by plunder."

They may be said to be an example of innate and organic criminality among insects, and they represent what Prof. Lombroso calls the born criminal—that is, individuals which are led to crime by their own organic constitution.

"Oloroma," anonymous with perist teeth, sweet breath and rosy gums. Druggists—25 cents.

Here is a Letter,

just one out of hundreds that are coming in every day. We publish it for the benefit of the women who read about Pearlina, but who still keep on washing without it, in that needlessly hard and wearing way. We omit name and address, as requested:

"Now I will tell you how I came to use your PEARLINE. We have taken the 'Ladies Home Journal' for several years. Three and a half years ago, every time I picked up my 'Journal' to read, the first thing I would see was your advertisement and picture of PEARLINE. I got so tired of looking at it, that I said I would get a package and try it. The result was, when the package was gone I bought another package, and so I have done ever since. I never think of going to wash clothes since, without my PEARLINE. I have recommended it to quite a number of people, who are now using it, just from my recommendation. I have just written this to you to let you know how highly I prize it. I don't want my name and address to go before the public."



BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

The e was a sad heart in the low-storyed, dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside under some tall elms.

There had been a time, after she was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help those who were poorer than herself.

Some one has said that anniversaries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes, when they come they seem to be full of shadows.

No poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt her poor and sorrowful head.

Her nearest neighbor had been toremore of those who wished her to go to the town farm, and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing.

It was just at sunset, and she looked out hopelessly across the gray fields to the low hills beyond.

"There was Johnny Harris," said Mary Ann softly. "He was a soldier's son, I'm an orphan and distressed."

"I feel just as it seem that was going to happen," she said. "Poor Johnny Harris, per-ber's be thinkin' o' me, it be alive!"

A dead limb of one of the old trees had fallen that autumn, and poor firewood as it had been, it was Mrs. Robb's own, and she had burnt it most thankfully.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD Have it in the House

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

Originated in 1810, by the late Dr. A. Johnson, Family Physician.

For more than forty years I have used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in my family. It is the only one of the kind that I can recommend.

I seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door.

"Who's there?" she called, as she found her crutch and went to the door.

"There was a tall man, not John Mader, who seemed to fill the narrow doorway."

"What are you talking about?" said John Harris. "You ain't going to make me feel like a stranger?"

"I was John Harris indeed. The poor soul could say no more. She felt now as if her heart was going to break with joy."

"No, I couldn't seem to write letters; no use to complicate 'o' the worst, an' I wanted to tell you the best when I come."

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is a most valuable remedy for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, and other painful affections.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

MARRIED. Halifax, Nov. 5, by Rev. Wm. Webster, John H. Conrad to Mary Rose.

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

4 Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS Boston and Yarmouth UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. TWO TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON.

STAR LINE STEAMERS FOR Fredericton and Woodstock. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

CHANGE OF SAILING. THE Steamer CLIFTON, on and after October 28th, will leave Hampton on Monday and Wednesday.

Beef, LAMB, MUTTON, VEAL. Ham, Bacon and Lard, Turkeys, Chickens and Fowls Vegetables.

THOMAS DEAN 187 and 184 City Market. FROG IN YOUR THROAT.

ODOROMA. Sweetens the Breath, Refreshes the Throat, Preserves the Enamel.

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Montreal, Pictou and Halifax.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Fast Train Service TO PORTLAND, BOSTON, &c.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. PRINCE RUPERT. Express Trains TO BOSTON.

DOMINION EXPRESS CO. Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe.

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES. To Wexford, Hampton and intermediate points.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.