



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 the Dr. 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 OF 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 barber 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

Good Words From Old Students

Previous to my appointment as manager to this company, I had been employed as salesman, but had no experience whatever in bookkeeping, banking, etc. The special care and attention bestowed on me during the 18 days and evenings spent at your College gave me such a general idea of joint stock accounts, banking and other general business principles as has ever since fully enabled me to manage this important business.

CHEAS. T. GRANTHAM, Manager Yarmouth Duck and Yarn Co. We don't make many promises; the above is a sample of our performance. Other samples will follow, but don't wait for them. Our Catalogue contains lots more. Send for it. Oddfellows' Hall. S. KERR & SON.

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.

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-acted 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 & DYE WORKS. Telephone 58.

The Essential Part. Lord Notasent (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 Small's Actual Business School. Telephone 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-five 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.

UNDERTAKERS! Glass side HEARSE, in fine order, worth \$250, at \$125. Parlor Coach, good style, worth \$200, at \$100. Almost new Berlin Coach, latest style, for \$250. Fine Light Barouches, \$65. For sale by HENDERSON BROS., North Cambridge, Mass.

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, Bradford, Ont.

LETTERS! 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. BROMBERG BROS. AND CO., LONDON, N. B.

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, Bradford, Ont.

PHOTO Outfits and materials, from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free. Save time and money by consulting us. BROMBERG BROS. AND CO., National Building, St. John, N. B.

WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs required. Twenty dollars weekly. Send stamp for pictures and prospectus. BARRARD BROS., N. B. ORO, Ont.

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.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the Summer months. Pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Bathurst Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennedycott. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. H. FOSTER, Barrister-at-Law, Peoples Building, St. John, N. B.

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 Albani 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.

The first public performance of the Roman festival Mass by Rotoli was given in Tremont Temple, Boston, last Wednesday.

Richard Wagner has been discovered at Zurich. It was found among some scores sent by Wagner's publishers.

During the week the City Cornet Band gave an 'at home' observance of the twenty second anniversary of their organization.

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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.

If the heart is strong and healthy it can obey promptly the demands of the system. But if it be weak or debilitated from any cause, serious troubles ensue, such as palpitation, throbbing, irregular beating, dizziness, shortness of breath, distressed, smothering feeling, spasms or pain through the breast and heart, morbid anxious feeling, sleeplessness, nervousness, anæmia, loss of appetite, etc.

To combat and cure these evils we have to consider two points, i. e., the Heart itself and the Nervous System, and provide a medicine which will act upon and strengthen both to the proper fulfilment of their functions.

This is found in Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They have a soothing and calming effect on the nervous system, combined with a tonic, invigorating and restoring action upon the heart itself, which renders them a perfect remedy for all Heart and Nerve troubles.

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.

Now I feel thoroughly rebuilt through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and it took only three or four weeks to do the work.

I often think of the years of suffering I might have escaped had I only known of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in time; but I am grateful to be restored to health at last, and gladly recommend the medicine that cured me.

(Mr. Walters is a former resident of Toronto, and went to California in search of the health which was finally given to him by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. These Pills are sold by all druggists, at 60c. per box, or three boxes for \$1.50; mailed on receipt of price by T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto.)

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."

Miss O'Connell's discovery that even she was faithful.

"Men is a hickie and untrustworthy creature," sighed the girl in the sailor's.

"He is," replied the girl in the leghorn hat. "I believe I know it, too; and that is why he is always crying out about his sickness, when nobody has said a word about it."

"Why, yes; but I was just going to tell you all about it. You see, I must somehow have forgotten to mention to him the fact that I am to be married in October, and that Harry is as jealous as Othello."

"Oh, you had so much to talk about that—"

"So we had. But, as it 'lark would have it, I met him the other evening while Harry and I were out walking and he greeted me quite warmly. Harry and I had just made up after an awful row, so I didn't care to risk another, especially as I hadn't thought to mention Mr. Lovely to him. I drew myself up, therefore, looked him full in the face, and said: 'Pardon me, you are evidently mistaken.'"

"Gretious! What reply did—"

"He looked first at me, then at Harry, bowed, and said coolly: 'A thousands pardons!'

There are nineteen speaking parts in E. S. Willard's new play 'The Rogues' Comedy.'

'The Heart of Maryland' which is pronounced the best of the plays built out of the war between the north and south, will shortly be put on at the Hollis theatre.

Coquelin, the famous French actor, will shortly be seen in the title role in 'Don Cesar de Bazan' at the Porte St. Martin theatre in Paris.

Fanny Davenport is the authority for the remark that the number of unnecessary letters sent to a star is enormous.

It is estimated that seven hundred thousand silver trays were given away in the Boston theatre last Saturday evening when Fanny Davenport closed her season there in the performance of 'Fedora.'

'Shannon of the Sixth' a play based on the Spygy mutiny of the future, is being given at the Bowdoin theatre, Boston, this week.

Miss Olga Brandon who is the leading lady in support of E. S. Willard in 'The Rogues' Comedy' was associated with him

"77" breaks up COLDS

The Vial fits your pocket. The Price your pocketbook. To break up a cold you must have a remedy handy, so as to take it regularly.



For Variety, Style and Price, MILLINERY is unexcelled.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King Street

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The First and Only Positive Appearance in New Brunswick of

MADAME ALBANI

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, - - - - - MISS BEVELLEY ROBINSON

FAUST, - - - - - MR. BRAXTON SMITH

MISS BEATRICE LANGLEY, The Famous Solo-Violinist.

Conductor, - - Signor Seppilli.

ERNEST GYE, Conductor of Secale Productions.

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

ERS FOR..... TES! Celebrated HOCKEY SKATES. Reach and Acme Skates CO. (Limited), SQUARE.

Goods. Single and Double-barrel Breech-loading and Muzzle-loading Guns. Powder line. St. John, N.B.

at Home... must begin in the kitchen. Kings are wrong there, they ought to be out of joint all.

FISHER. testimonials from parties using Telephone 87

WANT d Bicycle? running order, from \$5 to \$65.

IE LIST. s, Betelise, ds, Crescents. ORDER.

IR SHOP LAY, for we realize part with his wheel, o make friends by BROS., SINGER RINK.

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.

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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. An extensive organization known in the United States as the Horsekeepers Protective Association has made its report and this report demonstrates that instead of a decrease in the number of horses in the country, there is actually an increase, and that there are more horses in the country at the present time than ever before since the landing of the Pilgrim fathers.

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." The newest "end of the century" exploit has just been undertaken by M. PAUL BUFFET the young artist who this year obtained the Salon prize of \$2,000 which obliges him to travel outside of France for two years.

It costs you nothing. Messrs. F. Millburn & Co's, representative Mr. James Gilpin is in the city pushing 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.

Thanksgiving Day Excursions. 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.

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)

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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.

I listen there where daily still, Flows in the riasar tide; And there sweet face comes to me Over the water wide, And standing there I see in tears, The form of my love Lore; I walk the beaten sands with her, On the sea shore of my 'till have been.

I walk that pleasant shore to day, The storm and rain; I see upcast on the blue eyed tide, Mementoes of parting pain. Love's roses tossed into tearful waves, To tell what life's lessons mean; And his sweet face keeps drifting in, On the sea shore of might have been.

And there lies many a shining gem, Once held in a faithful hand; And many a token of fondest love, In that wreckage along the sand. What beautiful arms for a last embrace, Stretch forth from the sea surf green; And while lips quivering breathe good bye, On the sea shore of might have been.

O never all mute is the wild sea chord, On the harp of the wind swept waves; Still chanting their solemn requiem, Over love's burial caves. And there through the silver strings the songs, Of a sweet soul rise sweetly; And break my heart with their melodies, On the sea shore of might have been.

Just About These Days. I dunno what's the reason that along about this season, When the goldenrod is tall and the garden's getting brown; When I hear the crickets croak and the locusts' rattling drum; An' the apples in the orchard one by one a-droppin' down.

That I sorter drop my hurry an' fo'git about my worry; As I loaf aroun' the pasture an' enjoy th' autumn haze; An' fo'git the crickets' hummin' as I feel th' year drops comin'; An' I know heart's voices that I heard in other days.

It's a sort of reviewin' what for years I been a-doin'; An' it seems as th' biggest things was only child's play; While th' things most worth th' keepin' an' for which I pray; Took advantage of my blindness an' have vanished clean away.

Yes, this autumn air is clearer, an' it brings up ob- jects an' or- perhaps it multiplies 'em when I see, 'em through my tears; Maybe they be 'in' reason that along about this season, I kin see th' loves I aster love arrayed along th' years.

I kin hear my mother singin'; I kin feel her hand's a-cuppin'; An' my boyish neck again an' see her lovin' kiss; I shall find my future brighter, all my lots will be better; For th' dream that I am dreamin' at I loaf about these days.

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

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 which was anything but creditable to those who are running the above church.

Not very long ago another episode occurred, the facts of which will show how Christians rule the English Church in Dartmouth. It seems that a teevolent lady presented a pair of vases to the church, or rather sent them to the former popular Rector, Rev. I. C. Millon which vases mysteriously disappeared since the advent of the present rector; and although politely asked for by members of the congregation could not be found. At last at a meeting called by the rector for the purpose of discussing church decoration a young lady knowing that such things would be required to hold the flowers asked the reverend rector if he knew where they were whereupon she spiritual adviser tell in'o a terrible rage nearly frightening the young lady and some of her friends into hysterics and told her never to question him again on the subject as long as he remained in the parish; and went on to say that she had been impertinent enough to speak to his wife about it at a former meeting which caused the "poor girl" to come home very miserable therefrom.

The vases are really gone; there is no disputing that; perhaps the unpopular first church warden may know of their whereabouts some one is surely accountable for church property. This affair has made much talk as the young lady in question has until this time been a faithful worker in the church and it goes without saying, no matter how her family and a large connection try to disguise it, they feel the insult most keenly and indeed they would be most extraordinary people if they did not especially as the rector refuses to apologise or even to say he is sorry for losing his temper, hurting the young lady's feelings and humiliating her before her friends. The warden spoken of gets credit for much that is unpleasant in this truly unfortunate church. Every little while during the past two years some one is being insulted or their feelings hurt in one way or another. Such dispositions should rule in retirement, leaving church government and civic politics alone. In the meantime the question remains unanswered 'Where are the vases?'

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. A large number of boys have lately obtained bank clerkships and business appointments direct from this school; in such cases and in the case of those entering the legal and other professions, it is felt that a knowledge of 'business' subjects is of great advantage. The services of Professor Thornton H. Lodge have been retained in this connection, and the course includes book keeping, commercial arithmetic, shorthand and type writing. The school has made an excellent record this year, four candidates for the Royal Military college (Kingston) were all successful, one passing in 3rd and another in 5th, on the list, five matriculated at King's college, two in Arts, one in science and two in engineering, and three obtained bank clerkships. The year has further been marked by the establishing of a Cadet corps and a highly creditable well-illustrated and well-pointed magazine the 'Windsorian.' The Rev. C. W. Vernon, B. A. has lately joined the resident teaching staff.

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? During 1897 it will be answered through the Youth's Companion in a remarkable series of articles by secretary Herbert, Postmaster-General Wilson, Attorney-General Harman, Senator Lodge and speaker Reed. The Illustrated Announcement for 1897 (mailed free on application to the Youth's Companion, Boston) shows that the above is only one of many brilliant "features" by which the Companion will signalize its seventy-first year. Three novelists who at present fill the public eye—Jan Maclaren, Rodyard Kipling and Stephen Crane—will contribute some of their strongest work. Practical affairs and popular interests will be treated by Andrew Carnegie, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. Lyman Abbot, Madame Lillian (Nordica), Hon. Carl Schurz, Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Burton

Harrison, and a hundred other famous men and women. Four fascinating serials, more than two hundred short stories, and ten times as many sketches and anecdotes will be printed during 1897; and all the departments will be maintained at the high standard which has made the Companion's name a synonym for impartial accuracy. The cost of the Companion is but \$1.75 a year, and we know of no investment that will give so great returns for so small an amount of money. New subscribers will receive the paper free from the time the subscription is received until January 1, 1897, and for a full year to January, 1898. New subscribers also receive the Companion four-page Calendar, lithographed in twelve colors, which is the most expensive color production its publishers have ever offered. Address: THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 205 Columbus Ave., Boston Mass.

SOFA CUSHIONS. We Can Never Have Too Many of Them in Our Home. It has been possible the last month at the sales to buy at ridiculously low prices remnants and odd lengths of wide sash ribbon. Now you can put the same to excellent use, no matter how oute the colors may be if you have an artistic eye for blending them together by making of them pretty sofa pillows as we can never have too many of them in our home. To make these pillows first ascertain the size and width you wish them to be, and take, according to that, either two, three or four strips of ribbon; the width of the ribbon must, of course, determine the number of the stripes required. Striped plaid blue and flowered ribbons can all be called into requisition, and by a judicious accumulation of colors very effective coverings can be made. Now you can either join these strips together with fancy feather stitching or hering-bone, or by sewing them neatly together and covering the stitches with gold cord, which is more ornamental than useful, or better, a row of guipure lace between each strip of ribbon. Finish the edge with a thick silk cord, a double ruff of silk, a gathered frill of ribbon, or a ruff of lace over one of ribbon or Japanese silk, which ever style suits your ribbon and taste best. With narrower ribbon pretty pin-cushions and toilet box covers can be made, as also drawing-room work-boxes, and a variety of knickknacks that suggest themselves as being useful accessories to the cushions. With reference to the cushions, if you make them yourself, do not forget to put a second covering of olefin or satin if the down is first put into cotton, as these fabrics prevent the fluffy particles working their way through the outside cover.

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. There it is customary for the preacher to wear a black gown and to read from a manuscript that is, in England, for in Scotland the rule is not so strict. No personal reference to her majesty in the preacher's discourse is admitted, a pure Gospel discourse, delivered as if the Queen were not present, do rigueur. Many have tried to evade these rules, but 'commands' to preach here are not in these cases been repeated. The Queen likes and enjoys a plain practical discourse selected from the lessons or Gospel of the day to occupy about twenty minutes in delivery. Questions of the day, and, above all politics, must be entirely excluded. The Queen, when in residence at Windsor, was wont to attend service at the beautiful St. George's chapel, but for some years past divine service has been held in the private chapel that communicates with her apartments. The suite and service sit in the body of the chapel in order of precedence. The Sunday service is at 12 o'clock, and consists of morning prayer, ante-communion, and of a sermon. The Queen's seat is slightly in advance of the others, and is still more marked by the presence of a small table to carry her books. On this is carved a radiant sun, with the words, 'Heaven's light our guide'—the motto of the Order of the Star of India. At Balmoral the Princess Beatrice or a lady-in-waiting plays the organ, the singing being led by some of the servants of the castle.'

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. 'The potato originally grew wild in the fields of Chili, Peru, and Mexico. Sir John Hawkins did not take it to Ireland until 1565. Sir Francis Drake took it to England twenty years afterward. It did better, however, in Ireland than anywhere else, and got its name no doubt because of its early and extensive cultivation in Ireland. Botanically it was originally known as the Batata Virginiana, but in after years it was properly identified and classified as the Solanum Tuberosum.'

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, 100 WATER STREET, HALIFAX, N.S.

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Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Baking Powder

...and a hundred other famous men women.

...and we know of no investment that gives so great returns for so small an amount of money.

...and for a full year to January 1, 1896.

...and we know of no investment that gives so great returns for so small an amount of money.

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## A Sure Thing



Is what the average person is looking for When a lady buys soap, for instance, she wants the fact of Good Quality to be "a sure thing."

Always of Standard Quality and Always Satisfactory.

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

## METEOR

### Skirt Protector

Is worn at home and abroad, where the merits and beauty of "Meteor" Skirt Protector are appreciated.

METEOR PROTECTOR is an imported dress. Canadian ladies wear it to finish off their skirts.

## Sea Foam

It Floats.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

## Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, ST. AUGUSTINE, (Registered), CLARET.

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

## Bicycles Gold Watches Diamond Rings

Beautiful Rewards For Those Who Answer This Puzzle Picture Correctly

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow. Find the lamb, it is concealed in the above picture.

Mark the lamb in the picture, cut it out and return to us together with 50 cts. in silver or postage stamps for one box of Stafford's Blood and Tonic Pills.

STAFFORD MFG. CO., - Cor. Victoria & Lombard Sts., Toronto, Ont.



This week may be said to have been a fairly busy one in social circles, little white parties being the order of the day.

Another party of a similar nature took place on Tuesday evening when Miss Wright, of Wright street, entertained a large party of friends.

On Monday evening Miss Tucker and company opened a return engagement of ten days, in the opera house during the week have played to good advantage.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. T. R. Jones gave a reception at the Duffin hotel from four to six o'clock that was attended by many of her friends.

One of the largest and most brilliant social events that has taken place for some time was the reception from 8 to 12 o'clock given on Tuesday evening of this week by Mrs. P. S. MacNutt at her beautiful home, Queen Square.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. P. S. MacNutt at her beautiful home, Queen Square, gave a very large number of guests were present from various parts of the province and as the night was one of the very few clear ones of the last few weeks, many elegant gowns graced the occasion and rendered the scene in the beautiful parlour, an unusually brilliant one.

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Peters, Mr. J. Harding, Mrs. Harding, Mr. C. L. Forest, Mrs. DeForest, Mr. A. C. Blair, Mrs. Blair, Miss Gardiner, Mr. E. H. Phillips, Mrs. Phillips, Rev. E. McCully Black, Mr. Black, Mr. G. Garvey, Mrs. Garvey, Mr. Roscoe, Monahan, Mr. Fred Peters, Mrs. Peters, Mr. Toomas, Mrs. Toomas, Mr. Chas. Harding, Mr. Bogart, Mr. Mc Machin, Mrs. McMachin, Mr. W. H. Hayward, Mrs. Hayward, Mr. G. Dick, Mrs. Dick, Dr. Pope, Mrs. Pope, Rev. Mr. Bannan, Rev. Mr. Pickles, Mrs. Pickles, Mr. E. D. Jewett, Mrs. Jewett, Mr. Geo. Cushing, Mrs. Cushing, Mr. B. Cushing, Mr. K. Little Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Wetmore Martin, Mrs. Martin, Mr. Henry B. O'Brien, Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. Edwin Peters, Mrs. Peters, Mr. McKelvie, and Mrs. McKelvie, Summers, Mr. J. K. Stone, Mrs. Stone, Miss Blain, Mr. Hiram White, Mrs. White, Mr. W. E. L'Esperance, Mrs. L'Esperance, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Eaton, Mr. George Thibault, Mrs. Thibault, Dr. Haines, Mrs. Hannah, Dr. E. Enery, Mr. J. T. Thorne, Mrs. Thorne, Judge Forbes, Mrs. Forbes, Miss Weldon, Mr. Walter Hall, Mr. C. E. McMichael, Mrs. McMichael, Mr. D. J. McLaughlin, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. S. Bullock, Mrs. Bullock, Mr. H. Toomas, Mrs. Toomas, Rev. L. G. MacNeill, Mrs. MacNeill and Mr. Fred MacNeill, Mr. John Reid, Mrs. Reid, Hon. A. G. Blair, Mrs. Blair, Mr. H. H. McLean, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Frank Rankine, Mrs. Rankine, Mr. R. King, Mrs. King, Mr. Henry B. O'Brien, Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. Geo. Truman, Mrs. Truman, Mr. J. Hunter White, Mrs. White, Mr. Thomas Murray, Mrs. Murray, Mr. T. H. Hill, Mrs. Hill, Mr. Alex. Macaulay, Mrs. Macaulay, Mr. W. H. Merrett, Mrs. Merrett, Mr. B. Macaulay, Mrs. Macaulay, Mr. Frank Meritt, Mrs. Meritt, Mr. P. W. Snyder, Mrs. Snyder, J. E. Irvine, Mrs. Irvine, Mr. C. A. Palmer, Mrs. Palmer, Mr. E. B. Travas, Mrs. Travas, Rev. Mr. Gales, Mrs. Gales, Rev. Mr. Sherman, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Marshall, Mr. T. A. Rankine, Mrs. Rankine, Mr. Alex. Rankine, Mrs. Rankine, Mr. Barnaby Mrs. Barnaby, Mr. Wetmore Merritt, Mrs. Merritt, Mr. J. C. P. Burpee, Mrs. Burpee, Mr. H. J. Olive, Mrs. Olive and Miss Olive, Mr. B. Bissard, Mrs. Bissard, Miss Carmichael, Mr. Frank Beer and Mrs. Beer, Charlotte, Mr. W. W. Beer, Mrs. Beer, Mrs. H. A. Phillips, Mrs. Phillips, The Misses McLaughlin, Misses Hamilton, Misses Robertson, Misses Scammell, Miss Hall, Miss Llop, Miss Irvine, Miss Barbour, Miss McLeod, Miss Hea, Miss Allison, Miss Palmer, Miss Homer, Miss Yerxa, Miss Allen, Miss Lnox, Mr. Wright Leitch, Mrs. Leitch, Mrs. J. Dainstadt and Mrs. Dainstadt, Windy, Mr. Oliver Jones and Mrs. Jones, Monon, Miss Miller, Mrs. Sailer, Mr. E. A. Smith, Mrs. Smith, Mr. A. L. Law, Mrs. Law, Mr. Dodd, Mrs. Dodd, Mr. Le Baron Thompson, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Dunlop, Macneil, Blair, Pound, Hamilton Aho, Dr. Robertson, Smith, Stewart, Nobles, Allison and others.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Taraball and Miss Taraball left Thursday for California where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Doherty returned the first of the week from a visit to Boston.

Rev. A. D. Dewdney has returned from a visit to the upper provinces.

Miss McDonald of Truro is a visitor to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Colby Smith entertained a party of friends very pleasantly on Tuesday of this week.

The evening was spent in games and music and after dainty refreshments had been served the party dispersed after a thoroughly pleasant evening.

Miss L. Bunn who has been visiting city friends for some time left this week for her home in New York.

Miss Alice Graham has returned to St. Stephen after a short visit to friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clowes of Gagetown are visiting St. John.

The Misses Freeman of Liverpool, N. S. are spending a few days in St. John.

## The "WHY"

One teaspoonful of Tetley's is found to equal one dessertspoonful of most other teas.



## CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

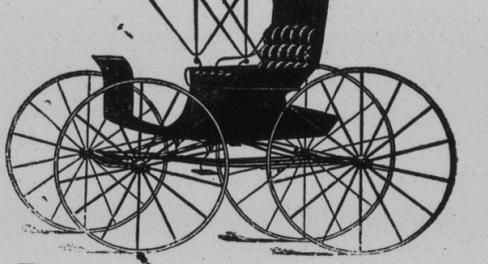
Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished.

## HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES



## A Stylish Dog Cart.

Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



## The Comfortable Bangor Buggy.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built, Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

For further Particulars and Prices inquire of

## JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,

Fredericton, N. B.



McArthur's for Dolls, Toys and Fancy Goods.

K. D. C. COMPANY (LTD.), New Glasgow, N.S., and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

Cravenette Dry Goods, Grey, Castor and Black.

BLAIR & CO., Bankers

Apply at the residence of M. J. W. WELLOCK



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

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 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! The healthful "Hull-less" Roller Process Buckwheat Flour cannot be safely spared in making them.

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. each.

Finest French Kid Gloves Seven-book Lining—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 New Brunswick.

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."

Those who were in Windsor at Koolie's book store and by F. W. Dakin.

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

Mr. Andrew Mackinlay and child of Halifax were at Fairfield over Sunday.

Miss Burgess of Wolfville was in town last week. Mr. Stewart of Truro, a few days ago, was with his cousin Mr. Ambrose at King's College.

Nov. 18—Mrs. A. D. McCallum of Truro are the guests of Mrs. D. W. Marshall.

Nov. 18—Mrs. Denmore and Mrs. McDonald, Misses and Mrs. E. P. McKinnis, Queen street.

Nov. 18—Mrs. Denmore and Mrs. McDonald, Misses and Mrs. E. P. McKinnis, Queen street.

"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health." FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

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. Stock, Misses Bligh, Miss L. McKay, Miss Spence, Miss Phillips, Dr. McKay, Messrs. W. A. Spencer, G. H. Williams.

Mr. S. W. Wright has returned to Halifax. Mr. Herbert Green is now occupying his new home on Queen street.

Mr. Alex. G. West has gone to Halifax where he has accepted a position in the office of the Purves & S. line.

Mr. O. J. Sullivan of Weymouth was in town Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Wood moved into their new cottage last week.

Mr. J. P. Merritt was in town Monday. Mrs. Irvin of Annapolis has been spending a few days here.

Mr. J. F. Brown left town yesterday for a fortnight's trip to New York. Miss Ida Ferguson returned on Saturday evening from a three weeks' trip to Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto.

Mr. H. W. Demier left town Saturday for St. John's Mass. to visit his sister Mrs. Norfolk of that place.

Mrs. P. L. Smith is spending some weeks in the city with her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Bartlett, Fleet street.

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 concert given by the Hart and Cornet band on Tuesday evening proved a grand success. There were several selections by the band which were well rendered. A short and interesting address was delivered by Mr. J. G. W. Carr, in which he made reference to the progress which the band has made under the leadership of Mr. Bert Lind.

Mr. Arthur Estabrook spent a few days at his home in Rockland last week. The Rev. Benson Bellis held service in Harland on Sunday.

Mr. G. W. Thistle is visiting in Glasville, DORSET.

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.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I was cured of neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. I was cured of rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. I was cured of facial neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I was cured of neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. I was cured of rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. I was cured of facial neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. PLEASANT AND HARMLESS. TO USE. ZOPESA-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.





ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1896.

A SOUTH SEA ROMANCE.

FIGHT FOR A PARDON OF BROTHERS CONVICTED OF PIRACY.

Leonie and Eugene de Grave Found Guilty of Seven Murders on a Vessel in the South Pacific—Events in France and Belgium to Free Them.

A French prison has held for nearly four years two brothers who are either pirates and murderers of the most desperate type, or else innocent men who have been the victims of an astonishing chain of circumstances. A strong petition has just been presented to President Faure by many prominent Belgian Government officials asking for their release, and it marks the latest step in the long and unremitting fight for their pardon, which commenced with their conviction. The career of these two brothers, opening with the deeds of brilliant seamanship and closing with alleged piracy and among the islands of the South Pacific, makes a romance.

The brothers, Leonie and Eugene de Grave, were first sentenced to death by the Maritime Tribunal of Brest as guilty of the murder of seven men, but the De Grave family is powerful among the Belgian and French bourgeoisie, and the pressure was so great that the original sentence was changed to life imprisonment. Of the brothers' crime, if the testimony of one man is to be believed, there can be little doubt. But that man has been shown to have been a dissolute maritime vagabond of the South Pacific.

Leonie de Grave was born at Ostend in 1854. He enlisted in the Belgian army, and during his term of service and afterwards, while acting as pilot at Antwerp, saved several people from drowning at the risk of his own life, for which exploits he received medals from the King of Belgium. At thirty-one years of age, while he was in command of an English steamer, whose port of entry was Ostend, he rescued on three separate occasions, with great daring, the crews of three wrecked ships in mid-ocean, and for doing so he and his brother received the Belgian order of the Grand Cross.

In January, 1890, the events leading up to the South Sea drama began. Leonie and his younger brother went to London in search of berth, as the steamer they had commanded had been buried at sea. The brothers spoke English, French, and German equally well; so they had little trouble in securing the certificates of two English sailors—Alexander and Joseph Rorick—Leonie passing himself off for Alexander and Eugene as Joseph. This was necessary, it is claimed, as there was a strong feeling against foreign sailors in England at that time and masters and owners were refusing to employ seamen who were not members of the English Maritime Union. It was under these assumed names that the brothers passed through all their South Sea experiences and were condemned for murder and piracy. As British subjects they shipped on board the steamer Unlask, bound for Natal, South Africa. From Natal they went to Australia, thence to the Island of Pemby, where they engaged in pearl fishing, becoming expert divers. At Baratonga, the largest of the Cook Islands, they set up as tropical merchants. Their business grew to large proportions, and they amassed considerable wealth. Leonie, known as Alexander Rorick, established himself on the Island of Kankura, while Eugene settled in Tahiti.

Into the harbor of Kankura one sunny morning sailed the Kanaka schooner Ninorahiti. Eugene de Grave was on board. Tired of commerce with savages, he had returned to his old love—the open sea. Gibson, the owner of the little schooner, the son of a Yankee father and a Kanaka mother, made him the Ninorahiti's first mate and acting captain. The captain in title was a Kanaka named Tehae. Leonie received his brother with joy and readily agreed to Gibson's proposal that he should sail on the Ninorahiti as a passenger on her voyage among the islands.

When the schooner left Kankura the crew and passengers consisted of Tehae, the captain; Gibson, the owner; Miry, the cook; the De Graves, a Kanaka journeying to Tahiti, and four sailors. Ten men in all started on the voyage. Only three were left when it ended. Three told two different stories at the trial. Miry, the cook, related a tale of murder, of piracy on the high seas, while the De Graves set up as their defence a story of strange coincidences. Miry's narrative is by far the more dramatic.

It was on the evening of Jan. 6, 1892, he said, and the Ninorahiti was tacking between the islands of Makemo and Morutea. Eugene had the watch between 8 and midnight. His brother remained beside him on the deck talking earnestly. Gibson had gone below to sleep. Tehae had curled himself up on the deck. Miry and Gibson, who were in their cabins, were suddenly awakened by two revolver shots. Gibson sprang up, ordering Miry to remain below while he went on deck to see

what the trouble was. Leonie de Grave called to him:

'There is nothing the matter, but I would like to see you on deck directly.'

As Gibson came up Leonie shot him dead. A moment later, when Miry raised his head above the hatchway, he felt the cold steel of a pistol barrel held by Eugene touching his temple.

'Remain below. If you come up I will kill you,' Eugene said.

The cook almost fell down stairs in his efforts to escape. Up on deck, while the vessel ploughed her way through the moonlit sea, the two brothers threw overboard the bodies of Gibson and the South Sea Captain, at whom the first two shots had been fired. Then they washed the blood from the deck, keeping at the same time the crew well forward.

What was the moving cause of these crimes and those that followed, according to Miry's story, will never be made known. It could hardly have been greed of gain, for the brothers had already accumulated a large fortune in pearls and gold. If Miry's account is true, it must rather have been some innate savagery in these men, transmitted, perhaps, from some long dead ancestor.

From that time forward the brothers ruled by terror, keeping their vigils with cocked revolvers in their hands. The day following the tragedy one of the sailors came on deck with the news that the Kanaka passenger was ill. At once Leonie sent him a bowl of water, into which he had stirred a white powder, which he gravely said, was an emetic. An hour after taking this the passenger died in great agony, and his body, after Leonie had read a brief burial service over it, was cast into the sea.

All was quiet then for five days when, of a sudden, a new act in the drama was evolved. Leonie de Grave sent the cook, Miry, to his cabin for a bottle of rum, and ordered him to give each of the sailors a drink. The helmsman drained a glass without hesitation, but when the liquor was offered to the other sailors, who were standing in a knot forward, two of the three shook their heads; the third raised the bottle to his lips and drank deeply, despite the fact that his comrades tried to prevent him with frightened words that there was death within. An hour later the two men who had drunk the liquor fell dead upon the deck. To their companions Leonie said lightly that the men had succumbed to a contagious milder, quick and terrible in its effects. He then threw the bodies into the sea.

But one more act of the drama was to be played. Its time was a week later. Miry was sent to the cabin for a bottle of beer and the two remaining sailors were ordered out on the bowsprit to take in sail. While they were there (Miry says that he heard this through a porthole), Eugene walked toward them, brandishing his revolver and crying:

'If you don't work faster I'll shoot you.'

In the extremity of fear the seamen threw themselves into the water, and the schooner swept by without an attempt being made to rescue them.

Tahiti was now near at hand, but to make that port was impracticable. In the first place there was no crew, and it was not to be supposed that the authorities would overlook this factor or believe that the disappearance of seven men was due simply to natural causes. Besides, no ship's papers could be found. Miry claimed that Tehae always carried them on his person and that they went overboard with him. Two tasks presented themselves at once—to recruit new men and to forge new papers. Both these were done cleverly, and if it had not been for Miry it is possible that all might have gone well and that the De Graves might have gone free with the ship which they are said to have pirated in the Southern Archipelago.

Dreading about week after week among the islands of the south, touching at small and unknown places, they picked up three sailors and finally made Ponape, one of the Caroline Islands, about 500 miles from Tahiti, with a new set of ship's documents in which the Ninorahiti appeared as the Poi, with Leonie as Capt. Georges Vernier and his brother as Mate Louis Toussaint.

At Ponape, Miry made his way to the Spanish representative and told his story. The Poi was immediately seized and the De Graves arrested. Their newly assumed names of Vernier and Toussaint were found to be false, and they were set down in the charge of piracy and murder as Rorick, a Gallizing of Rorick. They had altered the name of Rorick some months before in order to facilitate their mercurial operations. Directly the news of their arrest reached Europe a demand was made by France for extradition, and Spain promptly gave them up.

The trial came off at Brest before the Maritime Tribunal, and the brothers were defended by able counsel. Expecting to be acquitted, they did not declare their true names, but stood trial under the alias of Rorick. Had they made known exactly who they were their former fine records would doubtless have availed greatly in their defense.

The story they told in rebuttal of Miry's testimony was either the cleverest sort of fabrication or the most amazing chain of events. It was a dramatic story of sudden mutiny so fierce that it had to be suppressed at the pistol's muzzle. The revolt, they said, was headed by Tehae, the Captain, jealous because he was superseded, and because he dreaded returning to Tahiti on account of some former misdemeanors, which he feared he would have to answer for there. Leonie de Grave was standing on the quarter deck talking with Gibson when Tehae appeared yelling for the crew to come to prayers. Eugene was in his cabin, ill with fever. Leonie asked Tehae to make less noise and Gibson went below to his cabin. The schooner's course became westerly. She was in a shallow and perilously narrow channel. De Grave found the helmsman asleep at his post. He struck him twice sharply, and at the man's outcry the sailors rustled forward. Tehae at their head, pistol in hand. Leonie de Grave fired twice in the air, but Tehae shot twice at him and then threw himself overboard and swam to the nearest island. Hardly had the second report sounded when Gibson came hastily on deck. With the crew all off duty and no one at the helm, the vessel was pitching wildly; there was a sudden lurch and the owner went overboard to his death.

The mutiny had failed, and the crew's one idea was to get off the ship, lest they be imprisoned when Tahiti was reached. As the vessel faded among the islands during the next few hours the Kanakas one by one slid into the sea and swam ashore. To cap the climax, that night the merchant passenger died.

Overcome with doubts and fears, the De Graves did not dare to make Tahiti. There was little chance of their story being believed and it seemed better to them to ship a new crew and to sail to a far distant island port under new names. The result of this judgment has already been detailed.

The principal factor in the case has been the cook Miry, and it is almost entirely upon new evidence as to his character that the relative and friends of the De Graves have been making their strenuous efforts to obtain a pardon. To say the least, Miry is of very bad repute. He is a jailbird of standing, having served two terms in prison, the first one of six months for receiving stolen goods, the second one of a year and a day for them. In addition he is suspected of murder in Tahiti, and it is known that he abandoned his wife, leaving her in pawn to a Chinaman on that island.

Since the trial a curious piece of evidence has come to light. At Manila, in the Philippine Islands, where Miry was held in prison as a hostage, he asked two of his fellow prisoners what would be the penalty if he retraced his accusation against the De Graves, and if he had made his accusation because the brothers had treated him cruelly, and if he had known that they would be imprisoned and have to pay so heavily for his vengeance, he would have said nothing.

Somebody has probably been libelling Liberia; at any rate a traveller who wastes no compliments on that republic recites what purports to be an accident in one of the courts of justice there. He says the judge had just given a decision against a litigant when that worthy suddenly remarked as he pulled a revolver:

'I guess and calculate, Mr. Judge, that unless you change your mind I will send one of these bullets through you,' whereupon the decision was promptly reversed.

One of the latest achievements in school compositions is that of a little English boy who, writing about Africa, described it as 'a great country, full of sand and Elephants a large part of which was uninhabited until that wicked man Stanley filled it with towns and villages.'

Mr. C. H. Robinson says that English shillings are current along the lower Niger, but many of the natives will not accept a coin that ante-dates the present reign. A shilling stamped with the profile of George IV, was recently returned with the remark, 'Queen Victoria, he is King now.'

The same writer says that some native students at the lower Niger mission stations are studying the English language with ludicrous results. They use the dictionary without much discrimination. One of them, apologizing to a white man for not coming to see him, wrote, 'Had not distance preponderated I should have approached to see you.' Mr. Robinson thinks this was beaten by a native of India, who began a letter with the words, 'Honored Enormity.'

In the new book, 'Houseland,' the fact is mentioned that eggs are scarcely ever eaten by the natives of West Africa, and when a traveller expresses a desire for them the natives at once disturb the various setting hens in order to sell their half-hatched progeny to the white man. As soon as the traveller acquires wisdom he

Most Unusual Value

in Ladies' Flannelette Night Gowns

Made from Superior Quality English Flannelette, in light fancy stripes; trimmed torchon lace; full sizes, with large Bishop Sleeves.

Price \$1.00 each.

These garments are superior in style, material and finish, and are worth much more than the price quoted.



Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

tests all eggs before investing. If when he holds them up to the sun they appear light-colored and nearly transparent they are usually good. He will buy them also if they sink in water but not if they float.

Mr. Robinson recently met a Kru native north of the Benue River but could not understand a word of the language he was speaking. The white man asked him if he could talk Arabic or Hausa and found that he had no knowledge of either. Then the young man was turned over to Dr. Tonkin to see what he could make out of him, and it was finally elicited that the language he was speaking was English.

A recent explorer says that one of his greatest annoyances in Africa was the task of waking his Arab servant, who slept sounder than any Arab he ever heard of before. The boy had some stories to tell concerning his ability in this line, one of which was that while he was travelling with an Arab in North Africa he slept one night with a donkey tethered to his leg to prevent it running away. When he woke in the morning he found that the donkey had wandered off a mile or so, dragging him along with it. The explorer says he believes the story is true.

Sometimes messengers are despatched across the Sahara desert for no other purpose than to carry a letter. A while ago a rich Arab died in Kano, one of the largest towns of the Soudan, just a little south of the desert. It was thought desirable to communicate the news to his friends in Tripoli as soon as possible, and so a Tuareg was selected as messenger, and he agreed to deliver the letter within forty five days. He started on a running gait, which made an average of forty-five miles a day. The letter was safely delivered, and so was a letter to England, which was given to the messenger at the same time.

A recent traveller up the Niger River, West Africa, says that so absolute is the prohibition the Royal Niger Company has placed upon the importation of firearms and spirits above the actual delta of the Niger that he does not remember seeing a single bottle of liquor or more than a half dozen rifles in a journey of more than 1,000 miles through the Hausa States, east of the Niger and south of the Sahara Desert.

The scheme of M. De Lesseps and Comander Louverture, about sixteen years ago, to cut a canal from the Mediterranean, at the southeast corner of Tunis, to admit a vast body of water into the desert, came to nothing save for one good result, that the desert underground waters were tapped by an artesian well, the water from which still rises twenty-five feet into the air, and is used to irrigate about 500 acres of land on which date palms, pomegranates, tomatoes, onions, and cucumbers are now thriving where nothing could be induced to grow before the water sources were tapped.

ONLY SPAIN'S WAY. Public Invited to Witness the Strangling of Sequestrators in Havana.

A copy of the newspaper La Lucha, published in Havana, Cuba, September 21, was brought to port by one of the crew of the Eran Line steamer Earnford, which vessel was in Havana on that date.

An advertisement in La Lucha notifies the public that on the evening of September 21, Francisco Barroso y Ruel, convicted of the crimes of Robbery and incendiarism, will enter the chapel and there make his peace with God before his execution the following morning, when he will be shot in the ditch of Laurel Grove.

'The Strangling' is the headline of another advertisement calling the public attention to the fact that on the following day, at 7 a. m., Manuel Rodriguez Rivero, Amador Perez Garcia and Nito Santa Cruz will be placed in the chapel of the condemned and be strangled the day after. The execution was advertised to take place in the ditch of Laurel Grove. Their crime was brigandage or being sequestrators.

The garrotting or strangling of the sequestrators was witnessed by one of the crew of the Earnford. Long before the hour of the execution Laurel Grove, which is a square surrounded by a high wall, and adjoining Moro Castle, was crowded with

people who made a fringe of humanity on the top of the walls.

The garrote was in the middle of the square upon a platform so situated that all the spectators could see it. The first of the sequestrators was a white man, who was accompanied by a priest, four attendants and a guard of soldiers. He was smoking a cigarette with all the nonchalance of a man going to a wedding feast instead of being the subject of his own funeral.

He took his seat in the fatal chair, but refused to wear the white cap, with openings for the eyes, which was attached as a cowl to his robe. The executioner dextrously arranged the collar around the man's neck. All was ready in a moment and the executioner gave a turn of a screw and tore down a lever. In five minutes a physician made an examination of the grinning corpse in the chair and declared life extinct. The body was removed by the other attendants and thrown behind the platform upon which the garrote stood.

The other two, who were colored men, were dispatched in the same way, but were longer in dying than their white companion. Their bodies were thrown on the ground, to be buried, it was said, in a pit, where the bodies of all victims are thrown and covered with quicklime.

The executioner is a lit prisoner, who is paid \$17 in gold for each man garrotted, which he is allowed to spend upon himself. He was dressed in black, with stripes of white on the back of his coat, such as prisoners in the penitentiary wear. Three months previously he had performed his first work as an executioner. He bungled the job so badly that his predecessor, a powerful black man, was called in to finish the job.

AN HISTORIC CANNON. It Fired the Last Shot in the Last Battle of the Rebellion.

The cannon which fired the last shot in the last battle of the late war is a gun worth knowing something about. Hence, the sale of the 8 inch Columbiad, 'Lady Slocomb,' which is advertised in the Mobile 'Register' to take place there on the 15th, arouses the interest of old soldiers and old soldiers' sons, for the reason that it is generally supposed to be the gun which fired the last shots of the war, or that fired so many deadly volleys in the last battle that took place during the civil war.

This last engagement, said an old soldier, took place at Spanish Fort. This engagement, of course, was not a regular battle, and is not, perhaps, recorded in history as such, but it was, nevertheless, a conflict fierce, and fire flew that day as never before. Gen. Forrest had sent to Spanish Fort during the last days of the war a sufficient force of men to guard the place, and among the number was the 5th Battalion of the Washington Artillery, Capt. Cutbert Slocomb in command. The Lady Slocomb was brought there, and there fired its last shots when Wilson's raiders stormed the place and took it. There the Lady Slocomb, for a few hours before the old fort was surrendered, belched forth fire and scattered death like an intelligent being, but to no avail, as the enemy numbered several times as much as the garrison.

After the surrender of the fort some of the members of Capt. Slocomb's command one night rolled the Lady Slocomb off the earthen embankment into a lagoon, or old slash hole, and buried it, giving as their reason that they did not want the gun to fall into the hands of the enemy. It was afterward dug up and carried to Mobile, where it was purchased by Henry Badger, a prominent Confederate of that place, who had served through the war, and knew of the excellence of the Lady Slocomb.

The gun was named after the wife of Capt. Cutbert Slocomb, who went out in 1862 in charge of the 5th Battalion of the Washington Artillery. The gun at the battle of Shiloh spat out its first smoke, and spread its first desolation in the ranks of the enemy. Through all the memorable struggles of the Army of the Tennessee it went and everywhere it gained well deserved renown. It was prettily mounted, and was at that time, as it probably is now, a handsome gun. Now the old relic is to be sold. The

estate of Henry Badger is being wound up, and the gun, along with other relics of the Confederacy, is to fall into the hands of others. Years ago several efforts were made by the Washington Artillery to buy the gun, and they will in all probability be heard from at the sale.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL. She is a Minkie ure Woman and is Taught Feminine Arts.

However innocent she may be, a little French girl is much more of a little woman than a child of any other nationality. She does not romp; she is demure and quiet in her games, which are often imitations of a grown person's life. She is trying to learn how to be the mistress of her house by means of her dolls, furniture, kitchen and dishes. Feminine arts are still a part of every well arranged French education, writes Mme. Blanc in the Century. Men really care more for these accomplishments than for the others, as they make stay-at-home wives who look after their households; and as a Frenchwoman's principal aim is to please her future husband, every mother prepares her daughter for this end. This is why she does not permit too close an intimacy with little boy cousins, because ten years later a jealous husband would take a dislike to these friendly cousins; nor would she like his wife's bosom friends, in whom she confides, and who never leave her any better.

Mothers, therefore, permit few if any intimacies, and these are all winnowed with the greatest care. One advantage of this system is that the name of friend is not carelessly bestowed right and left; it takes time and good reasons for simple acquaintances to rise to that rank. The mother not only wards off little boy cousins and intimate girlfriends, but she discourages the little girl in showing off her knowledge out of the class-room, for she is fully aware that nothing could be less attractive in the eyes of the expected lord and master than a blue stocking.

A bright little girl I could name had, by chance, picked up some astronomical scraps, together with other scientific facts, which allowed her to shine now and then. One evening, while playing in the garden, she heard a friend of her father's exclaim: 'What a dazzling star!' 'That is not a star, sir,' she said; 'it is a planet.' Her mother was in despair, for she would rather than have seen her 'show off,' or capable of committing the enormity of contradicting an older person. 'I hope,' she said, 'jestingly, as a sort of excuse, that when she is 15 the poor little thing will have forgotten a great part of what she knows to-day!'

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured For 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humours; 35 cents.

ECONOMY is a great REVENUE.

That is what the people say who patronize our Dyeing department. Is it not better to have your old clothes made as good as new for a very small sum than pay a large amount for something new? Consider the above and be sure to give us a call.

UNGAR'S Laundry and Dye Works

22 to 24 Waterloo Street. We pay express one way.

World

Materials, constantly materials and better materials, but in Europe, as in America, bicycles made.

High Bicycles

Factories in the \$110 to all alike.

High Bicycles, trustworthy small for two-cent stamps.

Painter

Offer Christmas Only

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 and 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 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.'

CHORUS. Tempo di Valze. Includes musical notation and lyrics: '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 the 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 queenly 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 companionship, the 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 hopelessly; 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-weariness 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 culturable 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 the least 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.

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 FOR 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.

TRY SATINS.

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

It is to these latter that the poor student is most apt to go. They offer many more advantages than do the others. In a town where the college is the great institution of the place there are few openings for the student. In a large city there are hundreds of opportunities of tutoring, translating, or acting as amanuensis. So needy students flock to Columbia in New York city, and the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. In Columbia and the City College there are committees to aid the students. These committees either directly lend money to impecunious students, taking their notes, payable so many years after graduation, or find suitable employment for them. The student has in his name and states what employment he is capable of working at, and as soon as a place is heard of the student is notified. Prof. Kemp, who is Chairman of the Committee on Aid at Columbia, was recently asked about the ways and means employed by conscientious but poor students who work their way through Columbia.

"Every," he said, "about ten per cent of the students apply for aid. The majority are those who are taking post-graduate courses, but there are many undergraduates. We generally find places for them which pay enough to keep the wolf from the door. Of course we cannot do much to help the freshmen and sophomores, for they are not capable enough, but we generally find congenial employment for the post-graduates. One of them spent his last vacation in Europe as a companion to some boys. During the last election one of the political organizations hired sixty of the students to watch the polls, at from three to five dollars a day. We obtained employment for others as detectors of illegal registrars.

"Most of the boys make their living by tutoring. We have any number who prepare young men for college in the classics and sciences. Most of these students we never hear of. They apparently studiously avoid us, as do those who obtain work on Saturdays in the retail stores. We can, at a moment's notice, supply students who will translate any letter written in a modern language and many small down town firms have the students go to their offices on mail days.

"We supply lecturers on scientific subjects from among the students and a few have given such lectures, explaining the magic lantern pictures, which I lend them, before large audiences, for which they receive reasonable rates. Others take classes of boys out on Saturday, explaining the botany and geology of the metropolitan district. A great many act as book agents and some few are draughtsmen. In this way we obtained between \$1,000 and \$5,000 worth of employment last year for needy students. We were, however, unable to help thirty-five out of 169 applicants. But these figures, in addition to the students working their way through college.

"But this is but one branch of our work. We find cheap, clean rooms, with respectable people for the students, and helped over fifty in that way during this month. Those students, bringing letters from the committee, have free medical advice at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Every year we give scholarships, entitling the winners to free tuition, to 10 per cent of the cost of the year. A poor student can go through college, if he is but willing to work, just as well as the opulent one.

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.

Coal Mine Worked by One Man.

The smallest coal mine in the world is in the southern province of New Zealand, where, according to the reports of the inspectors of mines for the colony, the Murray Creek Colliery is worked by one man, T. Boltho, a Chinaman, who owns, manages and works this small colliery in the same province worked by one man with the assistance of a donkey. The next smallest colliery is in England, in the village of Nelson, in Lancashire. It is situated near the Collier's Arms, and affords employment for two miners, father and son, who combine in themselves the positions of proprietors, managers, miners and haulers of the undertaking. They have the assistance of a donkey, and all the output of the mine is sold to the householders who live in the village or its immediate vicinity.

Be Warned.

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

artisans 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 beheld the evidence afforded by cryptograms were too simple. Sympathetic much used, but it has always

ny says that the only thoroughly reliable 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 in the second message will begin from leaves off in the book.

SUFFERERS ONLY KNOW. Carpenter, 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 my 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.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1750. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas 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.

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 Sarony—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, every 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.

Frederick Locker—(Lampoon) was a well beloved personality, and attractive to that English public who knew him. That he is attractive as poet and author goes without saying. We have from his pen an autobiographical sketch, wherein we have "The Confidence of a Society Poet," which to many will be found charming reading. He was the son of John Locker, who at the time of the poet's birth, in 1821, was Civil Commissioner at Greenwich Hospital. The poet is spoken of as "a very pretty and precocious, but an exceedingly delicate boy;" who "remained all through life physically fragile and sensitive; of course he had the of 'entree what is called Society and prospered well in his fortunes. His humorous and society poems the reading world knows. Mr. Locker had a quick eye for salient peculiarities of character, and an apt hand to describe them. He sketches Anthony Trollope. We see him, 'hirsute and tannine of aspect, glaring at you from behind fierce spectacles.' Just so his portraits made him appear. He saw Leigh Hunt 'in his old age, disreputable and amiable, fantastically arrayed in a sacerdotal looking garment.' Carlyle, he tells us, when presented to Queen Victoria, seated himself with the remark, 'I am an old man, and, with your Majesty's leave, I will sit down.' There is the gruff philosopher's independent style and coorn of ceremony,—a pill thinly disguised. George Eliot, whose 'soaring genius' nature had disguised in 'a homely and insignificant form,' and Dean Stanley, with his small alert figure, his 'refined sensitive face,' and his 'eager sweetness of address, are put clearly before us.

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."

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 trucks 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,

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. Pretty 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.

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.

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

# What Progress Print Can Do.

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

Remember, these prices include Stock and Printing

## Commercial Printing!

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

Envelopes, - -	\$1.10 per M up
Bill Heads, - -	1.25 "
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All other Forms equally as low.

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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We have elegant Sample Books with the latest designs in English and American Programmes and Invitations.

### FOR WEDDINGS.

We have the LATEST styles of type and stock for Invitations, Announcements and Cards.

Book and Pamphlet Printing can be done by PROGRESS PRINT 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.

Gummed Labels, - -	\$1.25 per M up
Dodgers, - - - -	50c. per M up
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Private Postals, - -	2.25 per M up

Draft, Check and Note Forms equally as low.

## Miscellaneous Printing!

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

### 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.

**DR CHASE'S**  
**KIDNEY-**  
**LIVER**  
**PILLS**  
**CURE**  
**BACK-ACHE**  
ONE PILL A DOSE—25¢ A BOX

# 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 daresay 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 Bunso, 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. Bunso 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.

# Everything in its Season



.....And this is the season for

## OVERSHOES!

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

**WATERBURY & RISING,**  
61 King Street. 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 glint 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 Giggly 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.

**SILVERWARE**  
OF THE HIGHEST GRADE.  
THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?" NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 1847 ROGERS BROS. MARK.

AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY, BE SURE THE PREFIX 1847 IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.

THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF HALF A CENTURY, SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

## FLUID BEEF SET.

(Made of Pure Aluminum).

A Handsome and Convenient Outfit for Room or Office.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

- 1 Tray, 1 Spirit Lamp, 2 Cups, 2 Spoons.
- 1 Water Boiler, 2 Salt and Pepper Casters.
- 1 Bottle Mustard Sauce.
- 1 16 oz. Bottle JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF (Grand Stimulant).

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.

## Hot Air Furnaces

With Hot Water Combination if desired. Our... Famous Florida For Coal.



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. WE HOLD HIGHEST TESTIMONIALS FROM USERS. THE MCGLARY MFG. CO. LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

## Granby Rubbers

It is no wonder that rubbers, which are not the same shape as the boot, should be uncomfortable. It costs money to employ skilled pattern makers but the result is a satisfactory fit. Each year new patterns are added, to fit all the latest shoe-shapes, and Granby Rubbers are always "up-to-date." They are honestly made of pure rubber, thin, light, elastic, durable, extra thick at ball and heel.

Don't Draw the Feet They Fit the Boot

### A GLIMPSE OF CREATION.

What is the Sensation Felt During an Eclipse of the Sun.

The first contact could not be accurately observed, but shortly after the clouds became very thin, and with smoky glass the sun showed its bitten side distinctly, but ill-defined through cloud. The sea grew leaden in color, the sky desolately somber. The crows' retarded indifference, but soon succumbed and flew off to the thick pine forests on the mountain sides with heavy haste. The Alger grew dimmer and grayer, the sampans and junks became almost or mass of equal colorlessness, and the grass and verdure suddenly grew strangely vividly yellow green. It was a moment of appalling suspense; something was being waited for—the air was portentous. Then, with a leap, as it seemed, deep darkness came over the world, and with an indescribable outflashing at the same second the corona burst forth in a heavenly radiance. But dimly seen through this cloud, it was nevertheless beautiful beyond description, a celestial flame from an unimaginable heaven. Simultaneously the whole northwestern sky lit up toward the zenith was instantly flooded with a lurid and startlingly brilliant orange, the clouds drifting across it slightly darker in shade, while the west and southwest glowed in shining lemon yellow. It was not like a sunset; it was too somber, too terrible. The sea was dark, the horizon indistinguishable.

One human being seemed so small, so helpless, so slight a part of all the mystery and weirdness! It was as if the hand of Diety were visibly laid upon space and worlds, and had allowed a momentary glimpse into the awfulness of creation. It might have been hours—time seemed annihilated—and yet when the tiniest possible globe of sunlight, like a drop or a pinhole, appeared, that fair corona and all the color in sky and cloud withdrew, the

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## MANY DAINY DISHES

CAN BE PREPARED WITH

Benson's

CANADA

Prepared Corn.

MANUFACTURED FROM CHOICE SELECTED PURE CORN.

NO ADULTERATION

THE BEST FOR CHILDREN.

RECIPE for Infants' Food.

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.

SEE OTHER RECIPE ON BACK OF THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO.

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ALL A DOSE. 25¢ A BOX



ILLINERS  
... FOR ...  
and Machine  
SEWING

It does  
not  
SNARL or  
KINK.



Clapperton's  
Thread.

Gray's  
Syrup  
of Red  
Spruce  
Gum



Coughs,  
Colds,  
Sore  
Throat,  
etc.

SHARP'S  
BALM  
OF  
Ginger  
and  
Mustard  
Cures  
Croup,  
Colds,  
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Throat,  
etc.

DUFFERIN.  
A popular Hotel is now open for the  
reception of guests. The situation of  
the hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful  
square, makes it a most desirable  
residence for visitors and business men. It is  
a short distance of all parts of the  
city. Has every accommodation. Electric  
light from all parts of the town, pass the  
every three minutes.

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DOMVILLE BUILDING,  
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# Shadowed for Life,

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 he should see the author at his home in London. The author agrees and Jocelyn comes to London to see him. He is introduced to the author's wife, who is a beautiful woman. Jocelyn is attracted to her and she is attracted to him. They become fast friends. Jocelyn tells the author that he has a daughter, Lily, who is a beautiful girl. The author is interested in her and they become fast friends. Jocelyn tells the author that he has a daughter, Lily, who is a beautiful girl. The author is interested in her and they become fast friends.

CHAPTER V (CONTINUED) VI & VII.—Jocelyn, in one of his meetings with the author, tells of his former love, Molly Morrison and Cynthia Singleton. He afterwards repeats those love tales to Gordon.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"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."

"Lily, Lily," I cried, sitting down beside her, "what is the matter, love? speak plain, speak. Have I offended you? Tell me, do. I am wretched, miserable."

She became calmer at last, and suffered her head to rest for a moment on my shoulder.

"I never knew," she sobbed, but with a glad frankness, "what it was to love till I met you. You love me too. O, I know you do. I know you do."

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

"Engaged?"  
"Yes, Oh, yes. I was but a child, a baby; it is two years and more ago. But I thought I loved Percy Foster. And we plighted our troth. I—Oh—Jocelyn, I wish you and I had never, never met!"

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

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

"Lily was weeping on a more, but more quietly, more softly now."

"Dear child," I said, and once more I took her hand. "I have formed a resolve—"

"Never to see me more?"  
"I looked up now, and there was sadness in her eyes, in those splendid 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 is a-ake to me and 'till me I am strong enough to bear seeing you day after day, and week after week for the two months more that is main of my furlough. Tell me I can be with you and near you without making love; that I can be to you a friend, a very true friend, and soul and that I can make all your interests mine, killing self within my soul, that you may be happy and even learn to forget me."

"O, Lily," I continued, "with address in my voice, 'it is not very long since here, in this very room, we read together Bulwer Lytton's sweet story, the Pilgrims of the Rhine. You will remember it. She, the heroine, is pronounced by medical men as incurable. She will die in a few months' time of phthisis in its gentlest form, a form that makes death seem like a lullaby and that the doctor deems one to suffer slumber. But these few months the hero—broken hearted though he be—determines, with the permission of the father to spend in the company of the loved one. And you know, Lily, that journey slowly up the Rhine. Can you conceive of a lovelier sojourn?"

"No, said Lily, softly, 'it is impossible. But you remember, Jocelyn, that when at the heroic deeds, and leaves her lover, lonely now and broken-hearted, but would have died had he not returned to work, hard work, for relief, and in his case grief became the parent of fame.'"

"Lily sat up now and was looking into my face, and her courage seemed to me like the courage of an angel."

"Jocelyn," she said, "I know what you were going to say, and why you addressed the story of those Pilgrims of the Rhine. You have determined to act the part of a brave soldier and an honorable man towards me, to be my friend, my counsellor, my brother, yet not to tear yourself away from me. I will work so that in your case also grief will be the parent of fame. Do you promise me?"

"I promised her hand to my lips."

"But, I promise, and may Heaven protect us both, I struggled faintly and hard, often with a heart that felt as if breaking to keep my compact, and I believe I succeeded."

"Laugh at pleasure in your friendship. Let me of impure minds such friendship tempt men and women an impossibility in our case did exist, pure and simple. We would do about it, but by words and

and though no great musician I soon succeeded in banishing all 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 B. Littlecombe, 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 unfold this. 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 'boiled,' as a sailor would say. It 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, now Lee, looked at me narrowly. I somehow I felt uneasy beneath that piercing gaze.

I would have given 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 as she left me, and I did not as myself made me long to be married myself.

Away went Jess and dear love, and a day or two after this I packed my traps and went off back to Berkshire, for Battlecombe, which to me was only just bearable when he was there with honest Cynthia, was now quite insufferable.

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 trains get 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.

Jocelyn, however, had promised to write soon, not stipulating any particular time, so that I was really rather pleased than otherwise not to receive a letter from him for a whole fortnight, because I believed he was too happy to write.

The epistle came at last, however, and was just as I had expected. He begged me to forgive him. The time had gone so quickly by, he said, it hardly felt like two days since he had bidden me good bye at the little station at Battlecombe. And Ella was all his fancy, had painted her eyes, and made me feel as if he had been there, but he could not have believed the world held for any poor mortal her below.

The letter was a very long one, and all together descriptive. The reason he made it so long he said was not far to seek. He was having all the afternoon to himself, because Ella and his cousin Molly had

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BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

gone away over the hills quite to enable her to live in quiet rooms in some healthful London suburb for a year at least.

"Then she goes on to ask me a favor which, as her adopted brother, I am bound in honor to grant, namely, that of a few introductions to good people in London who may help her to work."

"But oh, Gordon, now comes the terrible part of my story. I almost hesitate to tell even you. As soon as I read the letter I looked across the table at my wife, with a smile which was doubtless a sad one."

"What do you think, darling? I said, 'here 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 do not begin to know what 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 no words to describe, flashing with an anger that positively simulated madness; she tore the letter, poor Lily's letter, every line of which had been written in my wrong 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 ran, "a terrible thought 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 her insanity? I think you might be suspicious?"

"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, Gordon, am I right, for you are wiser far than I."

Then just as abruptly as the letter began did it break off.

"I could see in her whole countenance 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 went 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 honor 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 absurdly, 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 than 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 sense 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, as you have 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 twenty 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 thus 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."

