

PROGRESS.

"He who hesitates is lost"—that applies also to our premium offer. If you hesitate long about it, the offer will be closed. See ad.

VOL. XI., NO. 561.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

CHOSEN BY THE PEOPLE.

HOW THE LIBERALS FOUND THEIR CANDIDATE.

Mr. Allan gives them to Mr. W. K. Reynolds and Mr. McLaughlin was not fixed in his mind—some interesting election.

This is nomination day and a week hence will see the result of the election.

When Progress went to press last week the gentlemen who now form the government ticket had not been chosen but they were on the same evening (Friday). This paper gave the current rumor as to who was likely to be honored by the party and named, Robertson, McKeown, McLaughlin and Allan, as the probable favorites. Two of them were chosen but to the great surprise of nearly all the people neither McLaughlin or Allan had a place on the ticket. The former was not even named and the latter was downed in convention.

The inside story is a very interesting one showing the differences that exist in party ranks but to trace it to its source would take more space than Progress can give to it.

Instead of choosing Messrs. McLaughlin and Allan the convention thought Mr. D. J. Farley of the North End and Mr. W. K. Reynolds would be better suited to them. So they made the ticket Robertson, Farley, McKeown and Reynolds.

So describe the consternation that this produced in certain quarters the next morning is hardly possible. Mr. Allan's friends could not imagine that the man who had placed himself in the gap in 1892 and had since then been a consistent supporter of the government, was turned down at the present moment and his place given to Mr. Reynolds. But it was so. Neither could a great many of the Roman Catholics understand why their choice, Mr. D. J. Farley, should be set to one side and Mr. Reynolds chosen in his stead. They stood in the market place and on the street corners and asked the reason why. But they asked in vain and after two or three days made up their mind to accept the convention's choice. This was said to be due to the fact that a few of the co-religionists of Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Mullin had met the same afternoon and discussed the matter. At that time it was not a question as to what Catholic would be chosen but whether there would be a Catholic on the ticket. This question always comes up in St. John and as the years go on the necessity for it arising does not seem to disappear. Protestants and Catholics are good neighbors, do business together, are friendly in every way and yet one does not seem to be willing that the other should represent him.

This time it appears that the Catholics made up their mind that they must have a man on the ticket. Mr. Carleton had represented them in 1892 and there had not been an election since then but representing as they felt they did a considerable portion of the government support they took this position that they did.

That made a difference. There were some who had been approached and asked to be candidates who felt, rightly or wrongly, that the ticket would be weakened if their Catholic friends insisted that they should be represented. So one of them, at least, made his acceptance conditional upon the fact that his wishes in this respect should be carried out. When he found that they would not be he would not allow himself to be considered as a candidate for political honors.

The how had many strings and the only thing to do was to decide which was the strongest and best. There was Allan, Farley, McKeown, Robertson, Reynolds, Mullin, McLaughlin in the first place. Of course the selection of Mr. Reynolds on the list down but still there was enough and to spare. The same of Mr. J. Fred Watson seemed to have been withdrawn, perhaps because his uncle, Mr. Farley, was on the list of those to be chosen. The opposition was not sorry for this because Mr. Watson would have been a hard man to fight in the North End and his many personal friends all over the city would have disturbed the serenity of the vote. If they were glad that Mr. Watson was not coming against them they were also pleased the next morning when they discovered that Mr. Allan was not to be on the ticket. True, there was Mr. Farley, a merchant and a good alderman, but his strength according to their ideas was more than offset by the fact that the

St. John City.									
WARDS.	CANDIDATES.								
	Shaw.	Smith.	S. Ockton.	Alward.	Allan.	Trueman.	Carleton.	Hetherington.	
Lorne.....	263	263	263	264	232	233	231	236	
Lansdowne.....	301	300	297	299	274	277	277	278	
Dufferin.....	269	266	266	267	278	285	283	278	
Victoria.....	324	318	319	310	134	143	138	139	
Stanley.....	50	51	41	51	90	90	92	90	
Kings.....	205	190	193	189	199	203	205	103	
Wellington.....	413	358	361	354	237	238	253	216	
Prince.....	373	350	345	356	308	325	341	306	
Queens.....	389	374	368	360	193	206	187	184	
Dukes.....	295	282	284	285	154	166	151	152	
Sydney.....	153	150	149	148	200	203	201	200	
Guy.....	265	300	278	269	230	151	149	152	
Brooks.....	158	187	162	161	108	91	97	82	
Non Residents.....	24	23	22	22	17	18	17	15	
Totals.....	3484	3412	3358	3334	2652	2629	2622	2531	

St. John County.				
PARISHES.	McKeown.	Rourke.	Dann.	McLeod.
Simonds No. 1.....	58	87	130	129
Simonds No. 2.....	50	41	63	77
Simonds No. 3.....	82	83	64	72
St. Martins.....	228	248	132	151
Lancaster No. 1.....	288	271	251	238
Lancaster No. 2.....	59	43	51	32
Musquash.....	63	60	138	122
Non Residents.....	113	108	151	150
Totals.....	971	941	980	971

York County.								
PARISHES.	Allan.	Low.	Ynder.	Pika.	Blair.	Wilson.	Colter.	Anderson.
M. Sutton.....	133	131	129	135	97	91	93	96
Fredericton.....	486	423	398	424	69	654	609	619
Millville.....	75	75	83	81	57	51	51	53
McAdam.....	35	34	34	32	19	15	15	17
St. Croix.....	10	10	10	10	8	8	8	8
O'Byr Stanley.....	226	233	218	214	113	105	94	103
Stanley.....	139	135	135	117	201	204	201	206
Bloomfield.....	50	53	49	—	102	93	91	90
Harvey.....	134	131	129	134	97	91	93	96
Kingsclear.....	110	106	105	114	150	145	151	149
Cork.....	199	210	201	207	60	62	58	58
Gibson.....	128	126	130	137	91	88	90	81
Nashwaak.....	141	139	145	129	31	29	32	26
French Vale.....	131	129	131	129	61	59	56	59
Queen Front.....	73	74	75	73	38	27	38	39
Queen Black.....	108	107	108	108	41	42	42	43
North Lake.....	140	138	128	122	146	151	157	140
Keswick.....	15	15	15	15	4	4	4	4
Nortondale.....	152	152	144	146	137	133	134	131
St. Marys.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals.....	2485	2421	2367	2327	2144	2086	2049	2040

others mentioned above were not in the field.

How convention proceedings do differ! The conservatives seem to have their delegates chosen before hand and they know what to do when they get together. The liberals, or rather the Emerson party, on the other hand, did not seem to have any delegates. Some wanted the whole meeting to nominate the candidates in an open convention while others wanted delegates chosen and the thing done in a more formal way. The open order business was adopted for why not, as Patrick Gleason, Esq., said that it was understood that Messrs. Robertson, Purdy, McKeown and Reynolds would be the candidates? what need was there to select delegates. That was an admission that some did not like and it was an unwise one too. Perhaps Mr. Gleason was a trifle sarcastic and did not approve of having the candidates selected which he as one prominent voter was called afterwards to go through the form of doing the same thing. There were some there who were not satisfied and consequently there were nominations outside of the chosen four. That was how Mr. Allan was nominated and that was how Mr. D. J. Mullin would have been nominated had Thomas Driscoll spoken before the nominations closed. Had Mr. Mullin been in the field there would have been a tie for with the vote split between him and his opponent Mr. Allan would no doubt have been chosen.

It is not that Mr. McKeown nominated Mr. Reynolds is supposed to draw the disagreeable recollections of previous

rights when as the "boy candidate" he was in the field of local politics. Whether or not it will have the desired effect remains to be seen.

The nomination of Mr. Allan made it necessary to choose delegates and some of those who got on the list must have surprised those who read the morning papers. Of course the old and tried workers were there and chosen but here and there some men who had chased the praises of the independent party would appear on the list. The conversion of an independent is enough to make even the liberals proud but the sincerity of their conversion seems to be doubted by their old associates.

Some idea of how the contest has gone in the past will be gathered from the returns of 1892 that are printed on this page. They will be interesting reading at the present time. That was the last local election that was held in St. John and Westmorland but there has been one in York county since. The figures of that contest are not available at the present moment. The St. John returns are official and the others as complete as they could be had the morning after the election.

Of course both sides are claiming a victory but no claim will be recognised until the votes are counted next Saturday evening. As a rule the liquor dealers are supporting the government. They were not pleased when the present law was passed and the restrictions and increased license fees placed upon them but still they have not withdrawn their support. But they aren't pleased this year at the elections being called on Sat-

urday. According to the law they cannot open their places of business and as Saturday is their best day of the week this is a matter of serious moment to them.

HE DIDN'T NEED SYMPATHY.

A Widower who Had no Use For Let'ers of Condolence.

A St. John lady had rather a startling surprise the other day and one that has led her to meditate on the instability of all things human—especially mankind.

Somewhere about the beginning of December the wife of an old and intimate friend died in Portland Me. after a few days illness. As the deceased was also a life long friend of the lady in question the latter was naturally shocked and felt the deepest sympathy for the bereaved husband. She postponed writing the usual letter of sympathy such things always seem to call for, for as the lady expressed it "these letters are always difficult things to write, and I kept putting it off from day to day, till my husband finally made a point of my doing so last week."

The letter was written and mailed, and on the same day the lady received a copy of a Portland paper with a marriage notice heavily marked with red ink. The groom was her bereaved friend of whom she had been thinking for weeks and pining as wretched and broken hearted. The lady says she won't write any more letters of sympathy or waste any more pity on widowers, especially if they happen to be living at a distance.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Dunes, 27 Waterloo Street.

AN UGLY STORY DENIED.

THE FACTS OF THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF SYBIL JONES.

How Vanwart Came to be With Her and How He tried to Save Her Life When Both Were in Danger of Drowning That Winter's Eve.

A strange story comes from the St. John river where the sad accident that resulted in the drowning of Miss Slipp took place.

The unsuccessful attempts made to recover the body of the young girl is no doubt responsible for the additional attention the accident has received, but there are a number of people in the vicinity who appear to have circulated an unpleasant story which is as false as it is ridiculous. As the tale has reached Progress, they wish to imply that the young man, Fred Vanwart, who was skating with Miss Slipp not only made no attempt to save her but that the accident was not so much an accident as was supposed.

This is a serious reflection and the story ridiculous and false as it is, has worried the parents and relatives of the young man. His father is John O. Vanwart the proprietor of Evandale house and those who know him and his family can well understand his anxiety to have the facts known which beyond all doubt make it sure that the drowning was a pure accident.

Those who remember the eclipse of the moon between Christmas and New Years may not recall that it was on the 27th of December, the same night as the large and gay party gathered near Hampstead to enjoy themselves gliding over the perfect surface of clear ice. That was the night that Sybil Jones left her parents in her happy home and went out with her skates to enjoy the fun and meet her friends. That was the last time her parents saw her.

About the same time young Fred Vanwart went for a chum of his to go out skating but as he had gone before he reached his house he returned home and went with another friend who happened to be there. As they skated up the river they met Sybil Jones and she accepted the invitation of young Vanwart's friend to skate with him.

It was sometime later before the three met again and then the young lady asked Vanwart if he would not mail a letter for her at Hampstead but before doing so she asked him to skate across to the Wickham shore where she wanted to see a friend of hers. They started and had left the party perhaps three or four hundred yards when suddenly their skates caught in soft ice and slush and they plunged headlong into open water—a space about five feet wide and nine long that had been caused by a "burst" in the ice. To save himself and his companion was of course the first thought of the young fellow but the ice was soft and their gloves refused to cling to the ice in the way that they would do in frosty weather. Then it was that Vanwart realized that they were in great danger and he shouted as loud as he could. But the noisy laughing crowd failed to hear them, little knowing that two persons were struggling for life within a short distance of them. To climb on the ice and then pull his companion was the next thing to do. He had found it impossible to lift her up high enough so that she could get out and he found it the hardest kind of work to get out himself. When he did so and turned to pull out Miss Jones she had disappeared, slipped off the edge of the ice and chilled and soaked with water sunk beneath the surface.

Vanwart then started for assistance and he gave the alarm at J. R. Vanwart's. Several men started at once and when he had changed his clothes he followed them. But it was useless and the young fellow had to go to the girl's parents and tell them what had happened. He returned the letter at the same time. Next day he joined in the search for the body. These are the facts and Progress prints them with pleasure, in order that they may rest a story that is as ugly as it is false.

They Were Turned Down.

A gay party went sleighing the other night and among the number were two young men from a King street establishment. It goes without saying that the drive was a very pleasant one, in fact the two guests mentioned found it especially so, with the result that they didn't turn up at their usual places until late in the afternoon of the following day. Frenzied as it may seem when they did turn up they were promptly turned down by their employer and now two young men are looking for a job.

BETS ON A WIFE'S WHIMS

ONE WAY OF MAKING MONEY ON THE RACE TRACKS.

A Dream That Came True but Was Not Quite Accurate—Success of a Woman That Knows Nothing of Race-Horses—Strange Mistake of a Bookmaker.

'Queer things happen on the racetracks,' said an old-time racing man. 'The story of how some people backed an outsider because it was a white horse and they had just seen a red-headed girl, and how they won, sounds forced, but it is no stranger than what happened to a well-known man the day the Webster affair came off at Gutsenburg. He went to the track with his card marked by a young woman who did not know one horse from another. Yet she marked him six straight winners, and at the fifth he was over \$5,000 to the good. Then he decided he could not stand Torchlight, the Daily cast-off, at 40 to 1 in the sixth race, and backed the favorite at 8 to 5 and so lost nearly all of his winnings while Torchlight won easily. Another case is that of a well-known cigar manufacturer who went to Sheephead and for fun turned back his roll of bills and took the left hand figure of the number of one of them and backed the jockey whose number corresponded. He, too, had five straight wins, and finally lost by switching to the favorite, when everyone knew that Sol Lichtenstein was practically holding Emin Boy, the horse indicated by the number, out of his book, and Emin Boy won in a walk. He tried that trick several times after, but it never went through again.

'Another racing man has a wife who loves a horse dearly, and without being an expert, she is a good all-round judge of a sound animal. When Domino was in his prime she looked him over in the paddock one day and told her husband never to back him running down hill. She went into the paddock the day Henry of Navarre, Domino and Clifford ran at Morris Park, and seeing Henry move around with that swaying motion of his loins, something as a wolf moves, she recognised a wonderful resemblance between him and a horse she once owned called Phil Sberican. Her husband was a strong Domino man and stood to lose a lot, but she persuaded him to hedge on Henry. Well, the race was Domino, ahead at the half and Henry at the three-quarters and an easy winner. Domino, coming down the hill from the water tower, was eased up by Taral in the last furlong. That flat toe of his could not stand the incline.

'The most curious thing she ever did was in, I think, 1892; anyway it was at Sheephead, and on a June 27. Early that morning she woke her husband up and asked him what time it was. He grunted sleepily, looking at his watch, 'Five minutes past 3. Go to sleep.' She said, 'Remember I have something to tell you at breakfast.' In the morning, remembering her dream, she told him it was about a horse with yellow and black stripes rushing down the track away ahead of everything, and she wanted him to play a horse carrying yellow and black stripes in the race about 3 P. M. that afternoon. He looked over the entries but found no yellow and black stripes. The nearest to that description were Lawless, with yellow body and black sleeves, and an Empire Stable horse, I think Comanche, with yellow and red stripes. That confused her, as she was dead sure of the colors; but later when she saw an ice wagon driver with a yellow and black striped blazer on, that settled it. 'There you are,' she said, 'Play the yellow and black stripes if they are there, body and sleeves if not.' Lawless was quoted at 8-5, Comanche at 30-1, and finally the man put \$5 on the former, and the Empire Stable horse won by a block, pulled up. The wife was right about the stripes, but wrong about the color. Another time she insisted that her husband should play Wilfrid because it was his name, and, getting 100 to 1, she cashed a \$5 ticket. So far as I know the horse never won before or after that race. Then she played Sullivan at 40-1 the same way because it was her servant's name and the servant being a negro it was bound to be lucky. Then she quit going to the track.

'I remember the time when the Dweys changed their colors. Mike Dwyer's hoodoo started to work when he changed from the red and blue to the all white and gold tassel. I was at the Gut on May 7, 1891, and placed a bet with Ike Thompson on Meriden. I was playing a system which called for a bet of \$60. The horse was at 3-5, and I said \$36 to \$60. Thompson grabbed the bills and called \$60 to \$100. Then I was pushed away from the block. Well, I went to see the race, which was just finishing, and I saw a white jockey sweep past and thought my cash was gone, but not knowing the colors I asked a man and learned it was Dwyer's new rig. I went in to cash my ticket, and seeing

the bookie went to him, and said: 'You made a mistake on my ticket.' Before I could say anything further he burst out: 'How much do you want to rob me out of?' Knowing his manner I laughed and replied: 'Nothing. I'm satisfied if you are. What do you say?' 'Let me see it,' he said, and handing my ticket up I told him what it represented. Balancing up his cash, he found it was so, paid me the right amount, and saying, 'There's honest men among the punters as well as on the block,' led the way to the bar and remarked: 'That's a drink on me.' Coming back to the ring he said, 'Play Running Deer for the next race. It's a cinch. I am going to hold it out of my book entirely,' and off he went. It opened at 4 to 5, and in a minute was 1 to 2 on, and as I was well ahead I let it go past. Well, Running Deer, in a seven-furlong race, ran fourth to J. Forbes's Ketchum, Bohemia and Amiel. I went across to Ike, who was looking black as a thundercloud, and said, 'That was a blamed good tip to give an honest man.' He looked at me a second, and then plunging his hand into his pocket said, 'How much are you out?' 'Nothing,' I replied. 'Then you've more sense than I had,' came back.

'It was at the Morris Park meeting one day that a young man and his best girl came over from Paterson, N. J., to see the races. He was one of those yellowish blond men who always manage to get a suit of clothes, a light overcoat, hat and tie about the same color as themselves, thin and nervous-like. He and his girl sat on the stand at the end of the alleyway near the press stand. In the fourth race, I think it was, there were only four or five horses, and the Morris stable Risk was the outsider at 10 to 1. The man had evidently won a bit on the other races, and put some of it, possibly \$20, down on Risk. The racers came round the water tower with Risk trailing, and as they struck the stretch the Morris horse began to close up, and at the end of the chute was running third, five or six lengths behind the second horse and ten lengths behind the leader. Suddenly a voice like a calliope rang out, 'Come on—n, Risk!' the last word being snapped out like the crack of a whip. 'Come on—n, Risk!' and every head turned to see this fellow standing up, snapping his fingers like castanets, eventually getting down into the clearway and stooping and actually riding the horse to victory in the last few jumps. Then with a howl of triumph he started for the ring. The alley, you remember, is a four feet wide platform, then come two steps, then another platform then two steps, and so on and he tripped on these and rolled up against the balustrade at the turn, his hat flying on to the lawn. Scrambling to his feet, he tripped again, rolling down those steps to the brick sidewalk, and getting up he vanished toward the ring, shouting:

'Risk, Risk! He-he! O! course every one laughed for a minute and then forgot it. Just before the sixth race one of the veterans saw that the girl was sitting alone crying, and going to her, found that the man had never returned. She was there without a cent, did not know her way home, etc. He had cashed his ticket, evidently, and forgetting his girl, everything, had started on the dead run for Paterson, and probably never stopped until he got there. The veteran came around and said, 'Boys, I want ten cents apiece to get that girl home,' and like the Samaritan that he was, took her to the ferry and saw her well started. He said there was a gleam in her eyes which boded ill for Mr. 'Risk' when she met him.'

A DRUNKEN'S STORY OF LUCK.

How one of Work made a ten Stride Almost Against His Will.

'Four commercial men, one of them employed by a firm of jewellers were swapping stories in a hotel the other evening and gradually drifted to experiences involving luck. When the jeweller's turn came his eyes twinkled as he brushed the ashes from his cigar with a finger circled by a diamond ring, and rather lazily got into position for his innings. 'On the subject of luck,' he began, 'I suppose I have a right to say something, inasmuch as the stroke of my life was made inside of three days and without the use of a dollar of capital. In 1885 the firm I was working for in a little inland town went to the wall, and without a week's notice I was left without a leg to stand on. When my bills were settled I had barely enough left to get out of town, but decided to go to New York, where I wasn't known and begin life over again.

'During the ride along the Hudson I became interested in the talk of two men just behind me, who discussed business matters and referred incidentally to an important manufacturing site to be sold in a certain real estate office in New York at noon the next day. It was said that some Western man wanted the site, which was regarded the best in the East for their purpose, and that a New York firm had planned to shut them out by buying the property at any cost. The Westerners were thought to be equally determined to get the property.

'Beyond this conversation the only cause of interruption in my rather dreary reflections was a somewhat stout, middle-aged woman who sat just ahead of me, and to whom two or three times I rendered trifling services. As we entered New York there was the usual flurry of preparations to leave the train, and the stout woman was amongst the first of the passengers to be lined up in the aisle. As I was in no haste, I did not rise to put on my overcoat till she was outside the car. I hurried out to



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see her disappear into a carriage and hear her call out, 'Oh, my handbag and diamonds!' Before the alarm had gone further I placed the bag in her hands and explained that she had dropped it in the car. She almost overwhelmed me with thanks, in which her husband, who was present, joined.

'We owe you more than you know, sir,' he said, ignoring my attempt to withdraw, and I must in some way repay your kindness. Our carriage is in the way here and there is no time to talk. Is there anything to prevent your taking dinner with us? If not, step into the carriage.'

'Before I could collect my wits to make suitable protests we were being bowled away and the woman was reiterating her relief and gratitude. A few minutes later we were received at the door of a residence on one of the avenues and my host was saying, 'This is my son, sir,—but I shall have to ask your name.' Whereupon I gave him a card.

'The name of an old friend of mine,' he declared as he read it; I knew him in M—county.'

'Possible my father,' I said; 'he lives at Stratford in that county.'

'The very same, I am sure, he went on: 'we were at school together. And I feared thereafter as an old acquaintance.

'It came out during dinner that the diamonds were worn by the woman at a wedding she had been attending and were very valuable. The family seemed to rejoice particularly, however, over their escape from publicity usually attending the loss of such jewels. At the close of the meal the hour was late and I spoke of going, but was led to admit that my time was my own and it was soon settled, somewhat to my dismay, that for a day or two at least I must be the guest of the family. Next morning I went with my host to his place of business and found that he was a dealer in jewelry. As noon approached I thought of the real estate sale and spoke of the matter to my host.

'What! you interested in that sale?' he said in a tone of surprise. 'Let's go over; it's just across the street.'

'We crossed and caused some comment, I thought, as we entered the place. The bidding seemed rather slow, but gradually ran up to \$189,000. At that point the auctioneer glanced over in my direction, and, scarcely aware what I was doing, I nodded.

'A hundred and forty,' he shouted, and a few minutes later the property was knocked down at that figure. Before I could recover from my amazement or reply to the auctioneer's request for the purchaser's name, the door opened and a man rushed in and asked whether the sale was over and who was the buyer. When I was pointed out he approached, looked me over listlessly and said:

'Represent the St. Louis man, I suppose.'

'No, sir,' I said, with a meekness that he appeared to mistake for indifference.

'The devil you don't,' he retorted, eyeing suspiciously the jeweller who stood beside me. 'What do you want of the property, then? Going to sell, eh?'

'Possibly,' was all I could say.

'Come aside here,' he resumed, in a milder tone, as he motioned to the auctioneer to wait. 'I want to talk to you. I see you understand the situation and want to make something. I got caught in a blockade down town or you wouldn't have had the chance—you may bet on that.'

'I left the place with a \$10,000 check in my vest pocket without having my name appear once in the transaction and for the rest of the day my mind was almost an absolute blank. I vaguely recall that my jeweller friend told me he had been authorized to buy the property, if it went right and meant to bid, but that I had forestalled him. It was supposed that I bid for him and when he saw the situation he made me hold out for the ten thousand. 'The next day he offered to take me into his business, and fearful lest my money might vanish by some unlearned means I became his junior partner without even looking up his financial rating. The venture proved a lucky one. Not long afterward I became his son-in-law. And, by the way, the name of my father-in-law's old friend in M—county wasn't mine at all, as he thought by a slip of his memory, though the two were somewhat similar.'

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Quite One of Themselves. A clergyman whose parish duties included a certain amount of preaching at the local lunatic asylum obtained preferment some little time ago, and in due course his last Sunday came round, with the inevitable 'farewell sermon.'

To make the task easier, he prepared only one discourse, to do duty both at the asylum and the parish church, intending when he preached it at the former place to leave out any parts that might be unsuitable. However on the day itself, in his excitement, he forgot his original intention, and gave the asylum patients the full benefit of his valedictory remarks.

One passage he afterwards felt he would have liked to have left unsaid—and it was this:

'Dear friends, when I think of the many happy days spent amongst you, I must indeed say that, though I am about to leave you, I shall continue to consider myself quite one of yourselves.'

A Handy Excuse. Mother: 'What on earth are you doing to the child, Bridget, to make her cry so?' Bridget (who has just slapped her): 'I s'pose it's the medicus, mum; th' label says as how children cries for it.'

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Music and The Drama

Marcella Sembrich has a superb collection of jewels which are valued at more than \$200,000. They are customarily carried in a casket built to contain the different articles, and this is always carefully guarded. On the day that she arrived in New York...

How's this for a criticism of Dekoven and Smith's new opera The Three Dragons: "A short horse is soon curried. A shorter horse than that provided by Messrs Smith and Dekoven for their "Three Dragons," brought forward at the Broadway Theatre last night, is not often found, even in these days, when reputable names will carry almost anything, so it be dressed handsomely. What there is of plot in the comic operetta was much more clearly exposed in the preliminary statement made in this journal on Sunday than could possibly be done by anybody trying to draw it from the play itself.

The revival of Beethoven's "Fidelio" at the Opera Comique in Paris does not seem to have been brilliantly successful. The opera has not been heard in Paris since 1860, when Mme. Viardot-Garcia sang Leonore. Mme. Rose Caron sang Leonore recently at the Opera Comique, and the production was most harshly criticized.

One of the curiosities of Paris little known to the general public is a unique museum in which are gathered all objects relating to the ballet. These include everything from tattered ballet skirts to valuable jewels, which are connected with some celebrity of the dance. The latest acquisition to the collection is a plaster cast of the feet of Mme. Vestris. They

TETTERONHANDS

For Years. Sore All Over. Could Not Use Them. Physicians No Benefit. Tried OUTIGRA REMEDIES. Immediate Relief. Permanent Cure. I had been troubled with tetter for several years. At times my hands would become all over, so that I could not use them at all, and were so tender that clear water, even, smarted like fire. It spread over my arms, neck, and face. I had been treated by physicians, without benefit. I began using OUTIGRA remedies. I found relief before I had taken the first bottle. I used three or four bottles of OUTIGRA RESOLVENT, one case of OUTIGRA SOAP, and one box of OUTIGRA OINTMENT, and it has never troubled me since. S. L. A. CURSON, Springfield, Ill.

SAVE YOUR SKIN. Beads and Itch by using OUTIGRA SOAP.

were made for Lord Fife at a cost of 1,000 guineas and sold after his death for two shillings. It is said that Lord Fife kept these casts always on his desk in order to have their "artistic physiognomy" constantly before his eyes.

Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel" will not after all have its first production at the Opera Comique in Paris, but will first be sung at Rouen. The Theatre des Arts there has produced many German works long before they were seen in the capital. Louis Ganne has composed for the Grand Opera in Paris the next ballet to be given there, which is to be called 'The Dance of the Jewels'. In this work there will be some innovations the like of which were never seen before on the stage of the opera. In one of the scenes the dancing will be done not by living beings, but by inanimate objects representing various precious stones and illuminated by electricity. The mechanisms devised to manipulate these are said to be most ingenious. The most modern devices of electricity will be used to illustrate this ballet, which is to be the most elaborate ever given at the opera.

Carl Goldmark's new opera, "The Prisoner of War," will be given during the present season in most of the German theatres. Cologne was the second city to hear the work after Vienna. The Franlein Renard and Reichmann had two of the leading roles, of which there are only three. These are Priam, Achilles and Briseis. The Vienna performance was heard by most of the leading impresarios and conductors of Europe. At the last moment Goldmark wrote an overture for the work which was not expected, and its retention in the text was made conditional on the success of the performance in Vienna. It was contemplated by the composer at the outset. In order to celebrate the birthday of Frau Cosima Wagner, Siegfried gave a performance of the orchestral part of his comic opera "Der Barenhauser" in Bayreuth before an audience of forty persons. The work is to be sung in Munich after Dresden. Two of the numbers played for this private gathering were repeated, and the verdict of the gathering was that the music was original and the orchestration brilliant.

Lortzing's "Regina," which the Royal Opera House at Berlin has accepted for production, was written in four months' time, while the composer was director of the orchestra at the Theater an der Wien. Some of the numbers have been highly praised by those who have heard the Berlin rehearsals. Verdi's "Falstaff," which was last heard in Berlin when Victor Maurel sang there in the opera, is soon to be put into the German repertoire of the theatre. A revival of Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte" is also anticipated.

Graf Zechy, the one-armed Hungarian pianist, is the composer of a new work called "Master Roland," which was recently sung with success at Budapest. Frankfurt will be the first theatre in Germany to present Mascagni's "Iris." For the first time in the history of Finland, an opera written in the national tongue was produced there. It is the result of a prize offered by a Finnish literary society. The condition was that its subject should be in a national, mythological or historical way typical of Finland. The work is in three acts, and is said to be meritorious, although the glory in having won the prize is somewhat dimmed by the fact that it was the only work submitted. Adoli Wallnoeter, the tenor who sang here several seasons ago at the Metropolitan, has composed an opera called "Eddystone," which made a success in Prague and will soon be heard in other German cities. Herr Wallnoeter was known before as the composer of many songs.

Kraus is billed to sing the Italian role of Rhadames in Boston on Wednesday night of this week.

There was a regular "continous performance" of grand opera at the Metropolitan, New York, this week. "The Barber" was sung Monday evening; "Das Rheingold," Tuesday afternoon; "The Huguenots," Tuesday evening; "Lohengrin," Wednesday evening; "Die Walkure," Thursday afternoon, and "Norma," Friday evening.

Lillian Blauvelt, the American prima donna, was married last week, at Rome, Italy, to W. F. Pendleton, formerly a New York broker. Miss Blauvelt's first husband, from whom she was divorced, was Royal Stone Smith.

Hammerstein's new music hall, the Victoria, which is to be opened on February 27, has a large promenade back of the orchestra seats, raised above them. The house will have no gallery, but a row of mezzanine boxes, numbering about 30, and a balcony above them.

The Bostonians have shaved "Ulysses" "Rob Roy" will be added to the repertoire. Anton Lutz, the oldest opera singer in Germany died the other day at Weimar.

He was a member of the chorus at the opera there, and was active until a few days before his death. He was born in Vienna and went to Weimar forty-five years ago as tenor buffo. He was 83 years old at the time of his death, and was made the subject of a special celebration after he had been a member of the company for forty years. Lutz's death does not leave the operatic stage in Germany bereft of mature singers. A baritone of 90 recently appeared at a concert, but he was on the retired list and merely made his reappearance to show the public that he had still retained some of his voice as well as to intimate possibly to Herr Emil Fischer, who is about to undertake a concert later in Germany, that he was not the only experienced singer on the stage.

Elena Sans formerly one of the admired singers of the Theatre des Italiens in Paris, died there the other day in poverty. She was born in Spain, and during the days of her youth had sung with great success in Madrid and other cities of her own country. Alphonse XII. was one of her greatest admirers, and it was at his solicitation that she retired from the stage at the height of her career. After his death she returned to Paris with a fortune. Most of this was given away in charity and the rest was lost in business speculations. After her money was lost Mme. Sans tried to return to the operatic stage, but her voice as well as her beauty was no longer in the former estate. Later she gave lessons.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

After being dark for ten or twelve days the theatre will open on Monday evening with the Spears company occupying the stage. There will be a change of bill nightly, for the first week at least, and the repertoire will include, The Red Cross Nurse, A Hero in Rags, The Bosom Friend of Bowers, The Senators Daughter, and Passions Slave, the matinee to be announced later. The company has several very clever specialty people among its members of whom the advance notices speak very highly. Popular prices will prevail during the engagement.

Augustin Daly produced "The Great Ruby" in New York on Thursday of this week.

The cast of "At the White Horse Tavern," which was seen at Wallace's Theatre New York, Monday night, includes Harry Harwood, Joseph Holland, Leo Dietrichstein, Felix Morris, Frederic Bond, Dore Davidson, Amelia Bingham, Nellie Butler, Anne Singleton, Eva Vincent and Miriam Nesbitt. There are thirty-four speaking parts.

Mrs. Fiske begins her engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, on Feb. 27. She will present "Magda," a new version of "Frou Frou," and "Little Italy."

"My mail from Providence, where "Catherine" is playing this week, brings fresh reports of an engagement of marriage between Annie Russell and Vincent Serrano, who recently joined the company to succeed Joseph Holland.—New York Mail and Express.

"La Belle Helene" will remain at the New York Casino until Feb. 25, when it will go on tour.

Next season Andrew Mack will appear in a play by Ramsay Morris called "The Last of the Robans."

Manager George W. Lederer offers a prize of \$100 for a suitable title for the portion of the Olympia formerly known as the Olympia Music Hall, which he will open Monday night, April 3, with the new

Maj. Gen. Schuyler Hamilton ENDORSES "77" FOR GRIP

SURETY BOND, CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A. JANUARY 17, 1899. F. HUMPHREYS M. D. M.D. DEAR DOCTOR: I cannot sufficiently thank you for the grateful and immediate relief your Specific No. 77 gave to me. I was really very ill Sunday evening. I had a fierce chill and what we used to call "The Rigors" in the Army, followed by a very high fever. The pains, Pericarditis and Oueritis, arising from the Cable Car injury, as well as the Grip, are at this moment, Tuesday morning almost entirely abated. Sincerely yours, SCHUYLER HAMILTON, Maj. Gen. Vol., U. S. A. "77" cures Grip, Coughs, Influenza and "breaks up" Head Colds that "hang on." At druggists or sent prepaid; 50c. Do. and 60c. Do. DR. HUMPHREYS' SURETY BOND. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. Williams & John Sts., New York.

spectacular extravaganza entitled 'The Man in the Moon.'

Alice Fischer is playing Lady Janet in 'The White Heather,' in consequence of the retirement from the organization of Rose Coughlan, who is with 'Mlle. Fifi.'

It is said that William Faversham will appear as the Lord in 'Lord and Lady Algy,' which is to follow 'Phroso,' at the Empire Theatre, New York.

Mary Hampton is seriously ill with congestion of the lungs.

'Because She Loved Him So' will last out the New Year season.

'Trelawny of the Wells' will come to an end in April. Daniel Froham intends to produce a new play.

This week at the Irving Palace theatre, New York, a comedy by Ludwig Fulda, entitled 'Jugendfreunde' (Companions), will be produced for the first time in this country. The play illustrates the predicament in which a confirmed bachelor finds himself on learning from his three life-long friends, one after the other, that they have submitted to the bonds of matrimony.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is this winter demonstrating to the world that nothing rewards a woman so well as success in the career she has chosen. Most persons familiar with artists know that they are more gratified by their triumphs than by all the attentions in the world. Mrs. Carter is playing a very exacting role eight times a week. The mere physical exertion which the performance requires would be under ordinary circumstances enough to exhaust any woman unaccustomed to it. Mrs. Carter has been forced to lay out for herself a very exacting way of life if she wishes to continue her acting for the rest of the season. She receives nobody but her most intimate friends and she attempts no diversions of a kind that would fatigue her. That is to say, she makes no attempt to go to the theatres when she does not act on Wednesday afternoons nor does she accept any invitations that require the least formality. She usually rises about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Her breakfast consists of a cup of coffee and a small piece of rare meat. If the weather is clear she takes a brisk walk and goes to the theatre at 7. After the performance she usually reaches her hotel at about midnight and then comes the only hearty meal of the day. She eats at midnight the meal which would ordinarily be eaten at 7. After that she spends some time playing the piano, reading or answering letters and is usually ready for bed at about 8 in the morning. This is not a mode of life suited to a woman who would like to enjoy herself. She is practically cut off from the society of old friends and acquaintances, except those intimate enough to prove no burden to her. But there is compensation for this exclusion from most pleasures in the success that has come in her career. That is the feeling that most stage people have after they have really accomplished something to fix their place in the profession. There is much talk of their search for social recognition and advancement. True as this may be of some them, those who are absorbed most in their work look upon such enjoyments as incidental and unimportant so long as it interferes not the slightest degree with the best pursuits of their profession. They are willing to give up everything for that, so long as success comes to them. When Mrs. Carter does vary her daily programme it is likely to be in the direction of further artistic work. She is constantly studying and rehearsing some of the roles in her standard repertoire, in order that she may not acquire mannerism or grow stale through acting one role too frequently.

Sir Henry Irving's next American tour will begin in October next, and will extend from Boston to San Francisco. Irving will produce Sardou's 'Robespierre' in April.

Margaret Anglin, who has been playing Roxane in Mansfield's production of 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' will be seen in 'The Three Musketeers.' Katherine Grey will take Miss Anglin's part in 'Cyrano.'

Edward Harrigan will shortly present in the Proctor theatres a new skitoh entitled 'My Son Dan,' assisted by several members of his old company.

Henry Miller, will produce in 'Frisco' 'The Liars,' 'Hamlet,' 'The Master' and 'A Marriage of Convenience.' C. B. Welles, Leopold Lane, George Heath, Laura Clement and Augustus Cook have retired from the organization.

Joe Welch will impersonate a Hebrew in Liff's production of 'Casey's Wife.'

Senator Grady, of New York, has prepared a bill which will create the office of Stage Censor.

Harry B. Smith, the librettist is to write a play.

Bernhardt will produce 'Hamlet' in America next season.

'In Gay Paree' is to be produced at the New York Casino on March 6.

Alice Neilson and 'The Fortune Teller' will probably be seen in London this year.

Mildred Holland will star next season in 'Louise,' an emotional drama by Theodore Kremer.

'The Man in the Moon' is the title of a new entertainment by Stanislaus Stange and Louis Harrison.

Grace Hawthorne has produced in England a new version of Daudet's novel, 'Sappho,' which she calls 'The Idol of the Hour.'

David Belasco's new play, the production of which is delayed by the success of 'Zaza,' has its scenes in Mexico, and most of its characters are denizens of that region.

The 250th London performance of 'What Happened to Jones' was given on Monday last at the Strand Theatre. No other American comedy ever had such a run in England.

Hoyt's new play, 'A Dog in the Manger,' did not score a hit in Washington, and the company was disbanded last evening.

Fanchon Thompson is a Chicago girl of voluptuous grace and violet eyes who has been making the mercenary Parisians forget Calve by an electrifying performance of 'Carmen.' Her success, which is really sweeping and unequivocal, naturally causes other ambitious American girls to wonder what they, too, must do to become equally famous in opera. 'She must live like a nun'—that is the great cardinal truth which crops up over and over again in the record of her own experience written over her own signature.

Julia Marlowe will immediately begin rehearsals for the production of her new piece called 'Colinette,' which will be the feature of her engagement at the Knickerbocker Theatre. William Beach and Ida Vernon will be added to her company for this production. The drama chosen was first produced at the Odon, in Paris. It is a costume piece, laid in the period of Louis XVIII, and requiring a quite elaborate presentment, scenically. If 'Colinette' turns out to be the success anticipated, the new play by Clyde Fitch will be held over until next season, along with the dramatization of Colonel Major's novel.

Beerholm Tree may produce a new play by Henry Arthur Jones at Easter.

Mme. Jane Hading is an applicant for the lease of the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, which has been occupied for some seasons now by Mme. Bernhardt.

Ellen Terry began on Monday night last a tour of the English provinces in a repertoire including 'Othello,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Olivia,' 'Plot and Passion' and 'Mme. Sans Gene.' Her leading man is Frank Cooper, the actor, whose presence in her company is said to be particularly distasteful to Sir Henry Irving, and the organization also includes William Mollison, Cooper Cliffe and fuller Mellish.

The young actor, Martin Harvey, who has taken the Lyceum Theatre, London, will produce there a version of Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities,' by the Rev. M. Freeman Will, a brother of the late W. G. Will, the author of 'Charles I,' 'Olivia' and other well-known plays produced by Sir Henry Irving. The prologue in the Will version is laid in a barn, the first act in Sydney Carton's chambers, the second in Dr. Manette's garden, Sobo: the third shows the scene on the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the fourth scene on the scaffold. Mr. Harvey himself takes the character of Carton; Grace Warner, Lucie, Manette; Miss Marriott, 'The Vengeance,' Robert Taber, Defarge, is more prominent in the play than in the novel.

Possessed the Secret. Barnes Torner: 'The true art of acting is to make an audience forget you are an actor.' Watts: 'You seem to do that easily enough.'

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, FEB. 11th

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

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE AGAIN.

JAMES GORDON FORBES, judge of the county court, has called the attention of the Evangelical alliance to the fact that Sabbath desecration is on the increase and as an evidence of this he draws attention to the fact that the mail steamers have changed their day of sailing to Sunday. The alliance is always glad to hear from the judge. He is a valuable and earnest member of their body and his suggestions are always timely. They have not however proved to be popular. The people have an idea, rightly or wrongly, that they would not be any better if the sale of soda water and cigars was stopped on Sunday and perhaps steamship passengers would not feel any safer on a voyage if there ship sailed on Saturday instead of Sunday.

We agree with the judge that Sunday might be better observed, and that it should be more of a day of rest than it is; but our idea of the manner of accomplishing this will probably differ from his. The employees of the man who can afford his coachman and several servants should be permitted to enjoy the Sabbath rest as they wish. It is not necessary to drive to church or elsewhere on the Lord's day and the reverend gentlemen who belong to the Evangelical Alliance might well impress this fact upon those members of their congregations who are apt to forget that the Sabbath is as much a day of rest for the poor as it is for the rich. There are abuses of the Lord's day of this character and we believe that if the Alliance would turn its attention to them they would have no reason to complain that their efforts were "pooch-pooched."

BANK CLERK MUSSEN'S CASE.

There was great interest in Upper Canada over the case of the bank clerk MUSSEN, employed in the Merchant's bank of Canada who was arrested for stealing \$5,000 of his charge. It was denied that he was both ledger keeper and teller and that this made his peculations easier. To set these statements right Mr. JEO HAGUE the manager has written a letter to the press in which he refers to the manner in which the young man lived and the probable cause of his theft. The moral of his remarks is very obvious.

MUSSEN was not both teller and ledger keeper. The books were posted by another office, and the work of both was checked by others every morning. In view of this it is needless to say that an extraordinary amount of cunning was displayed in carrying on the defalcations.

He was not known to be a speculator. He took most singular care to conceal it, and neither in his bank account nor in the letters or telegrams that came to him or went from him, or any intercourse he might have with brokers (for he rarely had any while he was at his post) was there the slightest indication that he was a speculator.

As to his style of living, it was well known that he was one of the heirs of the large estate left by his father, and it was concluded that his income from it must be considerable. But at times it was surmised that he must be trenching on the capital somewhat.

MUSSEN did, undoubtedly, lose money in speculation outside on Montreal, and and his late is a terrible warning to any in like circumstances. Two years ago he was in a responsible position, with a considerable income, good prospects, and no small amount of inherited means; to-day he is stripped of everything, bankrupt

both in means and character—and unable to hold up his head in a community where his family have had an honorable record for fifty years back.

BISHOP COURTNEY ON LENT.

Lent will be here next week and the observances usual to the penitential season will begin on Wednesday. Bishop COURTNEY of Nova Scotia appears to have taken the opportunity to give his hearers some advice upon the rules of Lent which differ in some measure from those which are generally understood. It was not necessary, he told the congregation, for them to abstain from their customary luxuries, and he advised them to be cheerful at all times. If any man was a smoker, he need not deprive himself of his cigar or pipe. If anyone was in the habit of taking a glass of wine, he or she could take it, provided, of course, that it was used in moderation. If they wanted to play the piano, he said it was no harm to play it in Lent. Attendance at the theatre was not proper in Lent. His Lordship gave his hearers good advice in regard to their home devotions and church attendance. He told them to inquire into church history for the purpose of finding out exactly where the Church of England stood between the Roman Catholics and the dissenters, and declared that until the millennium, no matter what people said, the Anglicans should endeavour to draw the Romans and dissenters into their fold.

A GOOD THING FROM THE "SUN."

Campaign Opportunities That Seem to Be in Abeyance.

The Telegraph publishes a few columns of reflections made on Mr. George W. Fowler in other years by certain conservatives. The Telegraph will probably go on to furnish more matter of this class, for instance:

The eighteen charges of personal and political dishonesty preferred by Mr. McKeown against Hon. A. G. Blair.

Mr. McKeown's opinion of Dr. Pugsley as expressed in 1890. The Telegraph's opinion of Mr. McKeown as expressed then and later.

Mr. Hannay's remarks on "Slippery Bill."

Mr. Hannay's observations about Mr. Reynolds when the latter was editor of Progress.

The retort of Mr. Reynolds, in which he relates the experience of Mr. Hanray as the editor of an undertaker's organ in New York.

Extracts from a drama written some years ago for the Sackville Post, setting forth the merits of Premier Emmerson, represented as a member of the law firm of "Shyster & Shark."

The poem called Jubilate.

Mr. Hannay's gentle remarks on Traitor Ellis.

The references of the same gitted writer to the capacity of a certain legal gentleman not wholly unconnected with the Telegraph, and rather active in this campaign, 'to lie in the service of any master for a fifty dollar fee.'

The Telegraph's remarks about Mr. George Robertson when the latter was a candidate for Ottawa.

Mr. Hannay's opinion of 'the silly Telegraph.'

In Hard Circumstances.

The family of J. H. Callahan McCarthy, the west side poet is reported as in very destitute circumstances in a hovel on Winter street. Business has not been as brisk as usual in the poetry trade this winter and the poet himself has fallen very ill. McCarthy is a well known character around town, and the charitably inclined will have an opportunity of extending a little help where it is needed. There are a very small children in the family, who are sadly in need of necessary clothing and food.

Parents.

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G. Matheson & Co. of New Glasgow, N. S. sends PROGRESS a neat little calendar. This enterprising firm has worked up a good business in building marine engines, boilers, small steam boats, barges, etc.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

A Val-entine To Laurence. Our royal scotch has come again, And long my love to you; Gave forth my heart, for life is vain, Without your presence here; This day of all the happy years; Of eighteen lusty ones; Bless thought by fast to you my dear, My sweetest Valentine. I greet you fair most ere new year, I like to wish obeying; The day I come my love draws near, I make no long delaying. No rose in summer's fragrant arms, Can half compare with mine; The rose that has far sweeter charms, Is my true valentine. The blisful day no soon doth come, That I love's song must sing; All other flowers will be dumb, When I hear my love bring. The kiss that longingly doth wait, In patience half divine; Bestow me in the hall at eight, My sweetest Valentine. Similar Corner, F. B. 1020. C. R. GOLDIE.

The Fri-soner.

"Queen of the waves, thy gliding shallop steer, Where luring echoes to thy strains are he; The winds and waters hush themselves to hear, The very skies are bright for thy sake." A captive's song thus floated on the air, From grated window of a sea-girt keep, As doleful he beheld the world afar Seal by his prison on the shining deep. "In this old, silent cell, I pass my years Of self-enjoyment and strength, no longer free: My only joy is when thy sail appears, For there is hope for my liberty." "The lispid food, with royal 'p' de displays Thy queenly form in mirrored counterpart: What is the power thy canvas most obeys? Is it the sphyx, or the tender heart?" "With ardent hope's my slowing pulses bound, For even thou may'st have my prison door; Henceforth thy threefold world around, Thee follow I joyfully forevermore." "Toon stayest now thy course, perhaps to shed A tear of pity for my helpless pain; But, like my hope, alas! too quickly fled, I lose thee and I pine alone again." "Is this delusive 'sage,' false delight? But not thy love's potent witchery, I can see; A star of life, thou risest on my sight, To morrow thou wilt shine again for me." "Queen of the waves, thy gliding shallop steer, Where luring echoes to thy strains are he; The winds and waters hush themselves to hear, The very skies are brighter for thy sake."

The Barn-Yard's Southerly Corner.

When the frost is white on the fodder-stack, The haws in the Thornbush withered and black, When the near fields are in the actual fall, And the hills are silent or oasine pale, Oh, merrily shines the morning sun In the barn-yard's southerly corner. When the mits in the cart-road ring like steel, And the birds to the hitch a door come for their meal, And the snow at the gate is lightly drifted, And over the wicket fairly sifted, Oh, merrily shines the morning sun In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

When the brimmar bucket steams at the well, And the axe on the bench knot sings like a bell, When the pond is low with the water's call, And the horses stamp in the littered stall, Oh, merrily shines the morning sun In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

When the hay lies low on the wide barn floor, And a sharp rattle pulls from the stable door, When the pitchfork handle stings in the hand, And the manchedown crows in the milking stand, Oh, merrily shines the morning sun In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

The steers, h'out for a drink and a run, Seek the warm corner one by one, And the heading sheep, in their dusty white, Now at the straw in the pile are stuck tight, When merrily shines the morning sun In the barn-yard's southerly corner. Charles G. D. Roberts.

Somebody Else.

Who's Somebody Else? I should like to know, Does he live at the North or South? Or is he a day fair to see. Whose name is in every one's mouth? For Meg says, "Somebody Else will sing." Or "Somebody Else can play." And Jack says, "Please let somebody Else Do some of the errands to-day." If there's any hard or unpleasant task, Or a fling to do, Or a job that somebody Else. Now isn't it very true? But if some fruit or a pleasant trip is offered to Dick or Jess, We hear not a word about somebody Else. Why? I will leave you to guess. The words of cheer for a stranger led, This somebody Else will speak; And the poor and helpless who needs a friend, Good somebody Else must seek. The cup of cold water in Jesus' name Oh, somebody Else will fill it, And words of love for a brother's part Brave somebody Else will prick it. There are battles in life we only can fight, And victors, too, to win, And somebody Else cannot take our place, When we shall have entered in; But if somebody Else has done his work, We're not sure we have driven, 'Twill be only fair if the blessed reward To somebody Else is given.

When my Ship Came in.

My ship came in the day of old, For I wanted to see 'Twas loaded to the r'is And I could scarcely keep away 'Till they filled the sails. And then I sprang aboard, For I wanted to see 'Twas loaded to the r'is Just what a yellow, golden board, My ship had brought to me. But sorrow's current deep Flowed o'er me as I gazed; As one washed from a sleep I stood there, half amazed. My ship was filled with tears, And laugh't—this more rare; 'Twas a led with little hopes and fears, And cases labelled "Care."

There were some grains of gold, I saw copper coins like rain; But oh! the truth must now be told— My snip was not a prize. And disappointment with Well all my legacy; For all the things I'd set at naught, My ship brought back to me.

To the Robble!

Foot little preach'r, to oasle-s and unfed, That in the very precinct of despair, Making thy guano-dust and poplar-bark The pulp for a sermons wise in 'ead, Blithe thou'st be ready for the public head; Blithe thou'st be, whose love's no toll and care. The oem as of the dusty thron's chair, Where oink is thery; blith' as thy crew, Thou oem'st a bird head, etc. sing least thrills! Even this wilderness of weedy days, Preaching the remedy for sad-out life, Is endless exhortation, and sweet words of open country meadows and their ways, Of peace, and freedom, and the grassy hills. —Archibald Lampman

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

WILD HORSES DYING OUT.

Fencing in Texas has Destroyed the Remaining Herd of Former Times.

The wild horses which used to roam the Texas prairies are about all gone. I asked an old resident what had become of them, and he told me that only a few remained, and that they were in the large pastures, and that they were being killed as often as a shot could be had at them. I asked him the reason for this destruction, and he said that they were worthless in the first place, and that in the second, they stole other horses which were good and carried them off with them. He informed me also that of all the wild animals a horse or mule which had formerly been under the dominion of men was the wildest when once it became a part of a wild herd. The stations of the wild herd were always ambitious to keep their 'bunch' filed, and would steal a mare or horse, or even a mule, from the settlements or cow ranches when the occasion presented itself. When once a tame horse or a mule got with a wild herd he became the wildest and most cunning of them all. As the wire fences went up the territory of the wild horse contracted. Finally all that remained were in the large pastures.

I was told that before the pastures came it was the custom to 'walk down' the wild herds and reduce them to servitude. One man I met here told me how this 'walking down' was done. He said that the wild herd which one was determined to capture always had a certain range. This range was known from men who scouted on the prairies. For instance, one man may have seen the 'bunch,' for that is what the herd is called, up near some particular point in the northwest of the Panhandle. Another ranger may have seen the same 'bunch' fifty miles southeast of where the first man saw it. Others may have seen it along the route between the two points.

Thus it would be concluded that the range was between the two points mentioned. Four or five men would enter the expedition to walk down the 'bunch.' A man would be stationed every twenty or thirty miles along the range route, and then the 'bunch' would be started. For the first day the wild horses would scamper off, throwing their manes and tails to the breeze, making a sight that would whet the desire of those pursuing them to capture them, for there is nothing prettier in the world than a troop of wild horses at a distance. They look prefection when they throw up their heads and snuff the wind and then scamper away. I have seen one or two bunches myself. The man who starts them on their trips follows them for a day on a pony, taking his time. His place is taken by the second man about nightfall, presuming that the bunch was started in the morning. The second man following them all night, for the hunt is made when there is full moon, so that the bunch can be tracked at night as well as during the day. On the morning when the third man takes the trail, the stallion, or master of the bunch is behind the herd, biting and kicking the laggers in it. The third day, or even the evening of the second day, finds the bunch strung out in a straight line, each following the other in Indian file. They are getting very tired.

They are allowed no time to eat or drink. The pursuer, knowing that they are tiring, forces them, and thus the chase continues for about five days, when the whole herd is so tired that it is easily taken.

But, to aid my informant, when the work is done and every horse taken, the pursuers are always unanimous in their verdict that the game was not worth the labor expended, for the horses taken are a messley set and never good for anything. 'Creasing' means shooting the animal just below the mane, not long enough to break the neck, and yet low enough so that a shock sufficient to bring down the animal will be inflicted. It requires the best marksmanship to do this, and as the distance at which the shooting must be done is usually great, very few animals have been taken in this way.—Galveston News.

Lord Palmerston as a Senor.

A writer in Chambers's Journal makes the following addition to Palmerstoniana which shows the great man in the role of a successful Square of Dames:

Always vain of his appearance and proud of his power to please, Lord Palmerston never quite gave up his harmless attentions to young married ladies. Remonstrating with him on this habit, one of his serious relatives, a lady, began by describing it, as ungentlemanly; it was also, she said, contrary to religion; finally, she urged, 'it can never answer.' Then came the incorrigible reply of the

gry veteran: 'As to the first point, that is a question of opinion. I think it most gentlemanly. As to religion, I admit the practice of the churches differ. As to its not answering, your ladyship misunderstands the facts, for it never fails!'

Not Given to Sentiment.

Many authentic instances are on record as to the indifference of a certain class of convicted criminals to their punishment, even when it entails the extreme penalty of the law. It would, however, be difficult to find, for utter callousness and levity a parallel to the following:—

A man was sentenced to death, with a strong recommendation to a reprieve. Earnest endeavours were made to reprieve, with the great result that one was granted. The prison officials to whose charge the convict had been committed entered his cell and informed him of his good fortune. With no outward sign of emotion beyond a grin, the wretched man remarked jocularly:—

'I've heard it said as how 'No noose is good news,' and I'm hanged it is ain't.'

The Right Man to Marry.

A certain admiral used to relate that a pretty girl on a Mississippi steamer was anxiously sought in marriage by five of the passengers. Viewing them all with favor, the girl applied to the captain of the boat for advice in making her selection. He suggested that she should keep overboard, and he had made arrangements that would make injury to her impossible. She did as he said. Four of her suitors promptly went in after her, and united in bringing her safely back to the deck. 'What shall I do now?' she perplexedly inquired of the captain. 'I don't rightly know miss,' he answered, 'but it seems to me I'd take the dry one.'

A Woman Fixed Thanksgiving Day.

According to the Boston Transcript, it was a woman who was the means of having a definite day in the year set apart for the national observance of Thanksgiving. Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, a Boston woman, and editor of the first woman's magazine published in this country, worked for twenty years to accomplish this end. Time did not daunt her courage, but rather increased her insistence. She wrote to governors of states and to presidents of the United States. At last President Lincoln adopted her suggestion in 1864, when there was reason to rejoice over the success of the North in restoring the union.

Eight or Under.

A new Wales Country school teacher recently gave a toy a question in compound proportion for home work, which happened to include the circumstances of men working ten hours a day in to order complete a certain work. Next morning the unsuspecting teacher, in looking over the little pack of exercises, found 'Jim's sum unattempted, and the following letter enclosed in the page:—

'Su! I refuse to let Jim do his sum you gave him last night has it looks to me to be a lot of 'S' but sitem enny sum not more than 8 hurs he is wolum to do but not more. Yours truly,—Abram Blank, Senr.

All He Knows.

Old Doctor: 'Has anyone been in?' Student: 'One gentleman called. He wanted to know what to do for a cold. He hadn't time to wait, so I told him everything I knew.' Old Doctor: 'Humph! That couldn't have been much.'

Student.

'Oh, I know more than you think. I told him to bathe his feet in hot water, take a pint of lemonade, sponge with salt water, remain in a warm room, bask the face in hot water every five minutes, sniff up hot salt water, inhale ammonia, or menthol, take a tea-spoon dose of quinine, and lots of outdoor exercise.'

Clocks Without Hands and Faces.

In Switzerland they are making clocks which do not need hands and faces. The clock merely stands in the hall and you press a button in its stomach, when, by means of the photographic internal arrangements, it calls out 'half-past six' or 'twenty-three minutes to eleven,' as the case may be.

In a Frightful Street Case.

'Goodness, Tom! Did you notice what a freezing look that girl gave you when she tumbled into your lap?' 'Freezing? I should say so. She was a Laglander in more ways than one.'—Judge.

Ambiguous.

Professor of Chemistry: 'If anything should go wrong in this experiment we and the laboratory with us might as blow sky-high. Stop up closer, gentlemen, so that you may be better able to follow me.'

The St. John Street Railway Co.

Have had the upholstery in all the street cars cleaned by the great carpet reweaving process of UNGAR'S LAUNDRY, Dyeing and carpet cleaning works.

HALIFAX NOTES.



Programme for sale in Halifax by the secretary and all the other members of the committee.

Mr. Woodworth's principal amusement this week appears to have been skating—the Dartmouth lakes during the day and the city lakes at night.

Lord Seymour and a party of ladies and gentlemen, principally military, spent a pleasant afternoon on the Dartmouth lakes last Tuesday; returning the party had tea at Bellevue.

The Elmwood dance came off on Tuesday evening next—it is to be given by the guests of that establishment; it promises to be quite a brilliant affair.

Mrs. Hensley gave a very pleasant soiree party at the Halifax hotel on Thursday. A large number of guests were present and thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

Mrs. Seston's "at home" on Monday was very largely attended by the fashionable element of society—some very smart gowns were worn.

Mrs. A. B. Hook, 65 Victoria road, had a very pleasant "at home" on Wednesday, from 4.30 to 7. Mrs. C. H. Cahon, 15 Ingle street, will entertain her lady friends "at home" on Thursday afternoon next, 4 to 7.

Mrs. F. W. W. Dunne, Ingle street, had a delightful tea on Thursday afternoon, but as a maiden lady of uncertain age once remarked, "it is always so much pleasanter when the young men are in evidence." No doubt when Mrs. D. has a home-warming in her new residence on Young Avenue, she will not overlook the sterner sex.

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The best thing with which a mother can crown her daughter is a common sense knowledge of the distinctively feminine physiology.

Every woman should thoroughly understand her own nature. Every woman should understand the importance of the distinctively feminine physiology.

When I commenced using Dr. Pierce's medicine some three years ago, writes Mrs. Ella J. Fox, care of W. C. Fox, of Eborado, Maine Co., Ill. "I was the picture of death. I had no heart to take anything. Weight was 75. My husband had been to see five different doctors about my trouble (female weakness). I commenced using Dr. Pierce's medicine, also wrote to him for advice. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and one trial of his 'Pleasant Peppermint' and am now a well woman."

Dr. D. C. Allan, who has been so ill that his life was despaired of, is now convalescing. Mr. F. A. Quigley left on Tuesday night for Vancouver, B. C., where he will engage in the dry goods trade; next week Mrs. Quigley and child will leave to join him and will be accompanied by his sister Nellie and brother Charles, and two of his former clerks, Archie Arnold and Miss Elickey who will enter his employ in Vancouver. His parents Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Quigley and Miss Quigley will go to the same city in the spring to reside.

After a visit of nearly three weeks in town with Mr. and Mrs. John Roache, Mrs. Harrison left this week for her home in Parrisboro.

A fancy dress carnival is billed for Monday evening next in the Aberdeen skating rink. The many friends and admirers of Rev. J. J. Rogers of Truro who sat under his ministry in the Methodist church eighteen years ago, had the pleasure of hearing him preach on Sunday evening last.

The bicycle and athletic hockey club of St. John was defeated by the Amherst club in the Aberdeen rink on Tuesday evening, a very large crowd witnessed the match, prior to the commencement of the game the audience were addressed by the newly elected councillor, the new mayor not being able to be present owing to his recent attack of grippe.

Mr. F. C. J. F. Allison entertained a number of Mr. Allison students Saturday evening. Those invited were Miss Moore, Miss Conley, Miss M. Benedict, Miss Wright, Miss M. Wright, Miss Bowles, Miss Sybil Bowles, Miss Davidson, Miss W. Brecken, Miss N. Poole, Miss Maxwell, Miss M. Maxwell, Miss C. Chipman, Miss D. Wood, Miss Cook, Miss Webster, Miss Blanchette and Messrs. W. B. Sprague, Connell, Pascoe, Forey, G. Gispert, R. Gispert, Rodgers, Hanson, Brooks, Davis, Forester, Humphrey, Rowley, H. Stopford, G. B. Chandler. Nearly all the guests were able to get there and the hours from 7 to 10 were passed pleasantly in various games till supper closed this evening. The young ladies were all very prettily dressed in light muslins and ribbons and looted most bewitchingly.

Saturday evening Miss Mary Miller entertained a few friends after the rink. Mr. and Mrs. Widdor and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Robinson of Amherst, drove across the marsh Thursday to spend the day with friends in Seckville. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson of Pictou are the guests of Mrs. McDougall's daughter.

Mr. Bryant of Bale Verte preached in St. Paul's church last Sunday. The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dixon broke her arm last week, coming down the icy Al-lison hill from the new school house. At last accounts the patient was doing well.

Mrs. Estaline still continues very weak and her daughter Miss Mabel is returning from Boston to attend her. James Patterson of quiet street, is seriously ill with a complicated stomach trouble. His young son's daughter, Mrs. Wilson of Acadia Mines is visiting her parents.

Miss Brownell who is teaching at Fairview this year, has been confined to the house with a bad case of grippe but under the skilful treatment of Dr. Copp is rapidly improving. Her school has been taken over by Miss Ella Copp. Miss Grace Downe spent Sunday in Bale Verte.

Mrs. Lehan, Halifax, was the guest of Mrs. Christopher Wry last week. Miss Bertha Cans, Yarmouth, N. S., is visiting Miss Grace Fawcett. Miss Kate Lawrence and Mr. C. Powell, Moncton, were the guests of Miss Ella Johnson in week. Mr. Kilham, traveller for Ames Holder, Montreal, was here Friday and Saturday.

Pretty little gilt-edged cards of invitation have been issued by the academy students for an at home

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See.

and the new condition. The head is out this evening according to the new paper. Mr. Churchill, Truro, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. May.

Mr. Conroy of the Record went to Amherst to poll his vote today. BARKVILLE. [Programme for sale in Barkville by W. J. Goodwin.]

Wednesday evening last a pleasant little skating party was given by the Misses Blinn and Nellie Copp. The invited guests were Miss Taylor, Miss Bennett, Miss Carter, Miss Mary Farnell, Miss Edith Tremont, Miss Beatrice Tremont, Miss Ella Johnson, Miss Colman, Miss Schumann, Miss Rowe, Miss Waldred Copp. All the young ladies but one were present and after tea an agreeable hour was spent musically before the party adjourned to the rink.

Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Elton Copp gave a family tea party. Seckville had an unusual number of entertainments to choose from Thursday evening. There was the lecture of Dr. Tompkins, a meeting of conservative politicians, a meeting of liberalists, two prayer meetings had a carnival. Between 7 and 7.30 the streets were black with people on pleasure or duty bent.

The lecture was under the auspices of the Seckville society who again kindly lent their friends to a feast of reason and flow of soul. The speaker, Dr. Tompkins, an able lawyer and author belongs to Oxford, England, but has travelled extensively and known many renowned people in the old countries and America. His address was chiefly interesting anecdotes on the people he had met. Dr. Tompkins delivered a scholarly sermon in the Methodist church Sunday evening and Monday gave the students of the ladies' college a lesson in Hebrew. During his stay here he has been the guest of Dr. Allison who is his personal friend.

The Carnival, the first of the season, was a great success. The promenade was crowded all the evening and there were visitors from other places. Several from Amherst were seen on the ice. The band gave a good selection of popular music and the scene was a very bright and gay one. Mrs. Arthur Atkinson, one of Seckville's best skaters took the ladies first prize. Her costume was a very clever representation of the old woman who lived in a shoe. A large shoe was arranged on the shoulders the heel forming a head covering and small dolls were hung in every direction. Jack Willis secured the gentlemen's prize and looked extremely well in his Spanish Cavalier's dress of velvet, lace and plumed hat. A unique set up was that of Miss M. Siddall, an spruce gem. A very pretty costume was that of a Japanese lady worn by Miss Ella Johnson. Miss F. Harris looked very dainty in her blue and white milk-maid attire and had constant assistance in carrying her pail. Miss Amy Miller in red with a high cap was good as a witch. Miss Dobson as Texas and Mr. Forey as a Chinaman were also well got up. The Trump that had two corners was done very nicely but was a difficult costume to acquire as it consisted chiefly of rags and tatters. After the prizes were awarded a number not in costume availed themselves of the privilege of skating to the band and the evening was voted by all an enjoyable affair.

Friday evening was held in Bethoven hall the first public recital of the Mr. Allison conservatory pupils. The programme was short but excellent throughout. The two choruses were under the direction of Prof. Osteking. The opening ladies' chorus from Mozart's Requiem Mass was well rendered. In both the tempo was markedly good. Miss Palmer's piano solo was gracefully executed with the phrase. Miss Milchour shows a good deal of verve in her playing, her octave work being noticeable. The grand piano solo, by Miss Cole was perhaps the best all around and displayed a promising technique. Miss Opdin's violin solo was well given with a very sustaining piano accompaniment from Prof. Osteking. Miss Wright was not in good voice and hardly did herself justice in her two songs but her method is very finished. Mrs. Moore shows marked improvement. Her technique has broadened wonderfully and her voice is rapidly growing stronger. Her rendering of her two songs was admirable and would enable her to appear with credit before a critical audience. The whole recital was eminently satisfactory and argues well for the work being done by the new members of the musical staff, these performers being the pupils of Prof. Vincent, Prof. Osteking and Miss Golder.

Dr. Tompkins, who is well up in Musical matters, was so delighted with the singing of these young ladies that at his request, Miss Wright sang a solo in the Methodist church at morning service and Miss Moore in the evening. The doctor considers the last named vocalist has a future before her.

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MORPHINE The Dangerous Drug is Useless as a Cure.

GENTLEMEN:— This is to certify that I have taken from boxes of Doctor Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills for nervous prostration. Before using these pills I had to take morphine to ease my suffering and make me sleep and I began to think that there was no help for me. Last October, 1888, I commenced taking Doctor Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills thinking perhaps they might help me some, and to my great delight I was able to be out and around in three weeks time enjoying the comforts of life, the same as all healthy people do when in proper health. I cannot praise these pills too highly and assure you that our family will never be without them. Very truly yours, Mrs. John McTaggart, Newcastle, N. B.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. a box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

At the skating rink this coming Friday, the performers being Mrs. Palmer and the Misses Palmer. LAST OF SEASON.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Programme for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of E. L. Robinson and H. L. Wall. In Calais at J. E. Meredith's.]

There have been no social events this week at all; everyone is so interested in the coming election that is the chief topic and nothing else thought of.

The Travellers Club were entertained at the home of Mrs. Ellwell Low-ill on Monday afternoon and evening. The cantata "Rebecca" which the Harmony club have been rehearsing for some time has been abandoned owing to the absence of some of its principal members. The club however expect to give a parlor concert at the residence of Mrs. John Black in about two weeks.

Miss Florence Sullivan left on Tuesday for Montreal to be the guest of Mrs. Dan Gillmor. Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Fole have gone to Cuba and will spend the rest of the winter in Havana and other towns on the island.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Haslington have returned from their wedding journey. Miss Maudie Green of St. Andrews is the guest of Mrs. C. N. Vroom.

Miss Ida McKemie is enjoying a delightful visit in Amherst, Victoria county. Mr. John Charles Taylor has returned to his business in Boston.

Miss Ellen Nelson took part in a concert given at Waterville, Maine, recently and received great praise and many flattering press notices for her grand singing and magnificent voice. Mrs. Sarah B. Thompson is spending this winter in Southern California visiting Los Angeles and Pasadena.

The ladies of the Union church, Calais are holding a supper and apron sale in the vestry of their church this evening. Mr. George J. Clarke and Mrs. W. B. Ganong have returned from St. John. Mr. Horace B. Marcell left last week for his home in South Grange, New Jersey after a visit in Milltown with his father, Mr. James Marcell.

The funeral services of Mrs. John Peasey who died at her home in Albany, New York, last week took place here on Saturday, her remains were brought here on Saturday. The funeral services were held from the residence of her brother Mr. Arthur M. Hill; she leaves her husband to mourn her loss and four brothers Hon. George F. Hill Messrs. Edgar, Arthur and Henry Hill, Rev. Thomas Marshall of the Methodist church conducted the funeral services.

Mrs. John Prescott is now visiting friends in Washington. Mrs. John D. Chipman returned from Boston on Thursday last, Mr. Chipman is expected to arrive home from Clifton Springs on Friday.

Mr. J. Fred Payne of St. John arrived here today to accompany his sister Miss Ella Payne home they went to St. John in the Shore Line train this afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Frederic MacNeilhol are expected home at an early date. They are now spending a few days in Boston, having returned from the west last week.

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. The King of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure La Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dypentheria, Sciatica, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in 5 to 10 minutes. PAIN PAINT is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Barks. It is just being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$1.00 to \$1.00 per day is guaranteed. Address HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.

A Vancouver Policeman. Permanently Cured of Catarrh - After 12 Years' Suffering. JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES. Mr. Eboe Crawford, Sergeant Vancouver Police Force, writes: "I have been a great sufferer from catarrh, which I contracted over 12 years ago in Winnipeg. I tried many so called catarrh cures, consulted physicians, catarrh specialists, and not one of them gave me more than a little temporary relief. About two years ago I tried Japanese Catarrh Cure, and almost immediately this treatment I have been permanently cured. I can highly recommend it—the first application relieved."

Sold by all druggists, 50 cents. Six boxes guaranteed to cure any case of nasal catarrh for \$3.00. A free sample sent to any person suffering from catarrh. Enclose 5 cent stamp. Address, The Griffiths & McPherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto. [111]

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Studies and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, "The Bonapartes"—Illustrated by Hinton.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

EMEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars"

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER < CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107, Union Street, has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacons, and Canned Bacons, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages, Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037

PUTTNER'S EMULSION Has never been surpassed as a remedy for chronic Coughs, Colds, Consumption and other disorders of the lungs and chest. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. The King of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure La Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dypentheria, Sciatica, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in 5 to 10 minutes. PAIN PAINT is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Barks. It is just being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$1.00 to \$1.00 per day is guaranteed. Address HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.

HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S. BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 5000 lbs. of Island Oysters. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

ERS' ZINE 1899... SEVELT'S... HAVES: Standard... HENRY VAN LIND WHITE... NEW SERIAL... Ship of Stars... even Ages of other notable... ED PROS-... VE... 153 - 157... YORK.

The coming generation will have fewer skin diseases, because so many mothers are using Baby's Own Soap. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

FRÉDÉRICTON. [F]redrickson is the name in Fredericton by W. T. H. [F]redrickson and J. H. [F]redrickson.

Feb. 4.—The Queen Hotel was on Friday evening the scene of the most brilliant social function of the season.

The dining hall, which was converted into a ball room, presented a bewitching, charming scene as the brilliant lights flashed on the rich and gorgeous decorations.

The pictures and ornaments upstairs were reserved for sitting out while the gentlemen's parlor down stairs made a pleasing retreat for those who preferred a quiet rubber or a whist.

An unusually large number of beautiful songs were sung for the first time, and several young ladies were named as belles.

Mrs. Hemming wore black satin with sequins of gold. Mrs. McLean, old rose silk.

Mrs. A. J. Gregory, black lace and crimson roses. Mrs. Rainsford Watson, pale green silk with overdrift of gilt striped gauze.

Mrs. W. R. Burns, black lace with white ostrich plumes and white flowers. Mrs. F. S. Hilyard, a handsome toilette of gold and pink brocade satin, on train, diamond pendant and natural flowers.

Mrs. A. D. Watson, yellow silk, with true lovers knots of hallorette ribbon, yellow chiffon and hallorette fan. Mrs. Byron Winslow, black brocaded silk and coral.

Mrs. Downing, yellow silk with trimmings of black lace. Mrs. Geo. Y. Dibble, a very becoming gown of crimson silk with overdrift of black lace.

Hansen's Junket Tablets. are sold by druggists and grocers at 15c per packet. Each packet contains ten tablets. Booklet containing 25 celebrated junket recipes accompanies.

Mrs. Barry, pale blue silk with white and gold trimmings. Mrs. T. G. Leung, yellow silk with black velvet trimmings.

Mrs. W. T. Whitham, black brocaded silk and green coral. Mrs. F. L. O'Connell, cream silk with cream chiffon.

Mrs. Dore, black silk, with crimson chiffon trimmings and red coral. Mrs. Cochrane, white silk, white chiffon and natural flowers.

Mrs. Art Gibson, black net and crimson flowers. Mrs. Percy Foyers, pink and black. Mrs. Tom Foster, cream brocade and cream chiffon.

Mrs. Grace Winslow, white silk and hallorette trimmings. Mrs. Louise Foray, Andover, pale green silk with Spanish flowers of brocade green.

Mrs. Johnston, pink, hallorette dress, satin and pink chiffon. Mrs. Fovee Allen, looked chic in a pretty costume of white muslin with trimmings of white lace ribbon and white roses.

Mrs. Crookshank, pink satin and pearls. Mrs. Gregory, black lace, pink trimmings. Mrs. John Ferguson, pale green silk and black velvet trimmings.

Mrs. Agnes Taber, hallorette silk. Mrs. Stella Sherman, pale pink silk. Mrs. Annie Tibbitt, pale blue brocade muslin.

Mrs. Oceana Crosby, Ellsboro, a dainty gown of white chiffon silk and white chiffon and pearl trimmings. Mrs. Rainsford Watson, pale green velvet with red coral, red flowers.

Mrs. Eleanor Rainsford, pale green velvet with pearl and chiffon trimmings. Mrs. White, silk, with pale green trimmings and flowers.

Mrs. Hilyard, white silk, with corsage of white and green chiffon, hand bouquet of flowers. Mrs. Robinson, white lace and pink coral.

Mrs. Currie Winslow, pink silk and pearl trimmings. Mrs. Muriel Gregory, pale blue silk with blue chiffon. Mrs. Seary, white satin with white chiffon and pearl trimmings, white roses.

Mrs. Wyncope, yellow silk with yellow chiffon. Mrs. McKee, white organza with white lace. Mrs. Charlotte Smith, St. John, white lace with green trimmings.

Mrs. Beattie Rabbitt, black net with crimson and white flowers. Mrs. Florrie Foyers, white muslin. Mrs. Ethel Hain, white muslin and rose pink trimmings.

Mrs. Sadie Sterling, white lace over tulle with crimson flowers. Mrs. Fisher, pink and cream silk. Mrs. Louise Foray of Andover is visiting her friend Miss Grace Winslow.

their wedding journey before sailing at Fredericton. Mrs. Hemming was one of the hostesses of the week and conducted very elegantly the gathering.

Mrs. John Ferguson, pale green silk and black velvet trimmings. The ladies were elaborately costumed and dancing was kept up until about four o'clock in the morning.

The ball at the Hotel last Friday evening was a decided success, the cheerfulness were Mrs. E. H. Chandler, Mrs. F. W. Sumner, Mrs. R. A. Burdick, and Mrs. R. W. Howson, about 75 couples were present.

Mrs. Seary, white satin with white chiffon and pearl trimmings. Mrs. Seary, white satin with white chiffon and pearl trimmings. Mrs. Seary, white satin with white chiffon and pearl trimmings.

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MORNING-NOON-NIGHT. Good all the time—it runs the longest of the morning—restores the energies of noon—keeps the freshness of night—day.

The Squawville Literary Club. There has never been so much trouble in our literary club from the day of its creation as an aggressive rab-

He had out with words an' phrases of a far more than had ever emanated from a gifted Squawville pen.

When the literary fricas had subsided, an' we went into Coney's liquid palace bar to drink to the event of all rivals.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea in one remedy, for the ill to which flesh is heir.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc.

Cannot Be Bent—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes:—I have used Dr. THOMAS' EMULSION OIL in my family for a number of years.

Dr. Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills. CURE DYSPESIA.

Do You Know A Bride whose silver plated knives, forks and spoons have not worn well? Advise the purchase of a set bearing this mark.

PROGRESS PRINT. 29 - 31 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

Victoria Hotel, 51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

A LARGE STOCK OF Turkeys, Geese, Chickens and Ducks. THOS. DEAN, City Market.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'Why don't you get out of debt?' 'I haven't time. It keeps me busy getting in.'

'Yes. Her father caught us in time to stop it.'

Laura: 'Yes, Ida is engaged.' Lillian: 'She has met her match, has she?'

'Any unique features at your entertainment last night?'

'I am so annoyed. I do not want to invite that horrid Mrs. Prim to my reception, yet I cannot slight her.'

'I wish,' said the blind man, 'people could see things as I do.'

'I hear,' said the deaf man, 'that you see much further into things than the ordinary observer.'

'Why is it that geniuses are nearly always eccentric?'

'I should say it must be because that's about the only way in which a good deal of genius can obtain recognition.'

'She said she would trust me forever with her heart.'

'Well that was satisfactory.'

'Yes; and then we fell out about who would carry the purse.'

Some malicious old bachelor says that there is a musical society in the next villa to his residence which is fifty years old, and that 'several young ladies have belonged to it ever since its commencement.'

'Young man,' said the young woman's father, 'you have boasted several times that you possess an honored name.'

'Yes sir,' replied the suitor, haughtily. 'Well, may I inquire what bank it will be honored at and for how much?'

Grison: 'It was great fun sitting there and passing remarks on the people as they came in.'

Sarton: 'Ah, but, talking of fun, you should have heard the remarks of some of the people after you went out.'

'How do you like your new cook?'

'Oh, so so. She is very dirty. She has no idea of cooking, and she smashes everything round her; but still, she has one good and rare quality.'

'What is that?'

'She stays with us.'

'How did you come to think that man had any of the qualities of a successful author?' inquired the friend.

'Oh,' replied the lecturer manager, 'you're judging him merely by his books. You ought to see how uniquely interesting he looks in a dress suit on the platform.'

Amateur Photographer (touring in the Western States): 'Pardon me, sir; but would you object to my taking your daughter just as she is?'

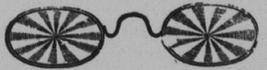
Farmer Greene: 'Wa-al this is sudden; but take her and be happy. Keep your eye on him, Sal, till I Scoot round for th' arson.'

Sloper (telling story): 'As I went down for the third time every event of my life passed before me like a flash.'

Landitt (interrupting hastily): 'I suppose you didn't remember borrowing that sovereign of me, year before last, did you?'

'The difference between the idealities and the realities of life,' said the philosopher thoughtfully, 'lies in the chance that when you meet your ideal and have thoroughly satisfied yourself that she is your ideal, you will find that you are not here.'

Then it was known that he was not philosophizing in this instance, but giving a scrap of personal history.



Eyes Tested Free

—BY— EXPERT OPTICIANS.

The best \$1 glasses in the world.

Everything at cut prices.

Open evenings till 9 o'clock.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,

25 King St. St. John, N. B.

WELL KNOWN VIOLINIST

Traveled Extensively Throughout the Provinces—Interesting Statements Concerning His Experience.

STELLARTON, N. S.—James R. Murray, a well known violinist, of this place, who has traveled extensively throughout the Provinces, makes this statement: 'I was running down in health and my weight fell off from 175 to 150 pounds. Prescriptions did me but little good. My trouble was called nervous dyspepsia. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking five bottles I was greatly benefited. I feel as well now as ever in my life, and have increased in flesh so that I now weigh 177 pounds. I am well known in this part of the country, having followed my profession, that of a violin musician for the last 26 years. I gladly tell my friends what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. Before I began taking the medicine I did not have any ambition, but now all is changed and my dyspeptic trouble perfectly cured.' JAMES R. MURRAY.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

PEARLS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Fisheries of Value Not Worked Among Islands of the Sulu Group.

In the picturesque miscellaneous collection of Sultans, active volcanoes, Rajahs Dyak pirates, and so forth, handed over to the United States in the far Pacific as one result of the Spanish war, are the important pearl fisheries attached to the Sulu Islands—pearl fisheries that, since the decline of those of Ceylon and the Persian Gulf, divide with the north coast of Australia the reputation of being the most valuable in the world.

The Sulu pearl grounds have for some time been controlled by men or companies with large capital, of which the chief is a great London jewelry firm. These capitalists equip and send out fleets of from twenty to thirty moderate-sized schooners upon annual cruises, and employ in the pursuit, besides European officers and supercargoes many hundreds, if not thousands, of native divers.

It may be information to many that the chief revenue of the pearl fishing industry is derived not from the pearls—a very uncertain contingency—but from the pearl shells, or mother-of-pearl, which brings in the market \$100 a ton and upward. As an illustration of this, while the West Australian pearl fisheries netted in one year \$400,000 from the shells, the returns from the find of pearls was valued at a little more than \$150,000, or about one-third. In this respect, while the pearls found in the Sulu are of the finest quality, the mother-of-pearl is sometimes characterized by a yellowish tint which renders it less valuable commercially than that obtained on the adjacent Australian banks.

The actual diving operations are carried on chiefly by the natives, though of late years Europeans, with diving apparatus, have in some instances been employed. The former method is simplicity itself. The diver being denuded of his clothes and provided with a knife and a small net bag in which to gather the shells, and having a forty-pound stone attached to his feet, draw a deep breath, and is let rapidly down by a rope into the transparent waters. The depth at which pearl diving is generally carried on is from thirty to forty feet, though depths of eighty feet have been thus reached in a few instances. Once at the bottom, the diver quickly proceeds to cut the shells from the rocks in his neighborhood, and while filling his bag remains under water for a period of sixty to a hundred seconds.

While thus engaged the divers are sometimes subject to the attacks of sharks, but they find a far deadlier enemy in the exhausting nature of their work, carried on beneath the waters of the tropics. Their lives are generally of short duration after once adopting the profession.

When a vessel has received its full capacity of from twenty to thirty thousands shells, it is put into the shore where the cargo is landed and piled high on the beach for the sun to assist in causing decomposition of the dead fish, so that the pearls may be more easily obtained. During the cleaning and washing process great care is exercised in order to discover the loose pearls, which being nearly all perfect spheres, are the most valuable for stringing or necklace purposes, after which the shells are examined for those that may remain attached, furnishing the many quaint shapes to be seen in jeweller windows. Pearls of value are seldom discovered in shells under four years of age—the age being computed by the weight of the shell—and eight years, it would seem, being the extreme limit of pearl mussel longevity.

The pearls found in the Sulu are remarkable for their fine white color and soft iridescent sheen and up till the present have found their principal market in London, but now that Antwerp has become an outlying territory of the United States one may naturally expect that these gems

will come more into favor on this side of the Atlantic than heretofore.

Account-Book Feary.

Chamber's Journal tells of an old lady shop-keeper in a small country town in England who for the last twenty years has kept her accounts in verse. There is, of course, something to be said in favor of keeping accounts in the orthodox fashion, but on the other hand, there is reason to believe that a lady so persistently poetical would have forced her way into print and into the ranks of the minor poets if she had not had what we may call a business outlet for her muse. Below are some extracts from her books:

If Mrs. Jones has half a pound of tea on 'tick,' it is entered thus:

Mrs. Jones doth owe to me For half a pound of Bouchong tea . . . 1s. 6d.

If Mr. Smith buys a pound of sugar, two pounds of rice and a Dutch cheese, the entry will be, under Smith's name:

A pound of white sugar, And two of best rice, With four pounds of Dutch cheese, Which I hope will be nice . . . 1s. 11/4d.

And so on through the book. In some cases the verses express doubt as to the customer's intention or ability to pay for the goods ordered. Thus:

Lizzie Barber for her father Had some flour today; Some apples, too, and toilet soap. But I don't believe he'll pay . . . 2s. 8d. [This looking work will drive me mad When I think of folks like they.]

The lines in brackets are suggestive, if not grammatical, and their sentiment is likely to be appreciated by shopkeepers the world over.

La Grippe's Victims.

THE AFTER EFFECTS MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE DISEASE.

A Well-Known Quebec Farmer Suffered Utmost Misery for Three Years Before He Found Relief.

The epidemic of la grippe which has swept over Canada like a scourge this winter, has left thousands of weak and despairing sufferers in all parts of the land. Grippe is a treacherous disease. You think you are cured, yet the slightest cold brings on a relapse. Its victims are left in a weakened condition and fall an easy prey to its manifold complications. The blood is left impure and impoverished; the nerves shattered, and heart trouble and nervous prostration are too often the result.

The following statement made by Mr. Daniel Clossy a well known farmer living near West Brome, Que., indicates the ravages made by the after effects of this scourge. Mr. Clossy says:—'Some five years ago I had an attack of la grippe. The earlier symptoms passed away, yet I continued to fail in health, and I suffered intense pain in my head. I was subject to attacks of dizziness, and unless I would grasp something would fall. I gradually grew so weak as to be unable to do any work. My legs and feet were as cold as ice even in the summer months. If I attempted the least exertion my heart would beat violently. For three years I was in this helpless condition, and although during that time I was attended by three different doctors, their treatment procured not the slightest benefit. At this time I read the statement of one who had suffered from similar trouble, who was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. The result was simply marvellous. A dozen boxes did what three years of expensive medical treatment failed to accomplish—restored me to full health and vigor, and I am again able to do my work about the farm. I honestly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and I am glad to make this statement for the benefit it may bring to others.'

After an attack of la grippe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can promptly restore you to health. They drive every trace of the poisonous germs from the system, build up and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont. Always refuse imitation or substitutes.

'Not the General's Cow.'

'Tommy Atkins—the slang name of the British private—is not noted for his politeness, but for his obedience to orders. Years ago in a seaport town in England a general and an admiral were neighbors. The general's house was fronted by grass-plot, on which he pastured a cow. One day his wife complained to him that the supply of milk was falling short. The sentinel accounted for the deficiency—the public trod down the pasture. There upon the general gave orders that no human or other animal except his cow

A Much Maligned Beverage.

'Death in the tea-pot.' Well cheap tea—steeped instead of steeped—caused the saying. Good tea properly brewed, is a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but they must be good, as, for instance, Tully's Elephant Brand India-Ceylon Tea.

SURPRISE SOAP. A pure hard Soap which has peculiar qualities for Laundry Uses. 5 cents a cake.

should be allowed on the grass-plot. He added that if this rule was intruded the sentinel should be flogged. Soon after, the admiral wife in haste to keep an engagement, took a short cut over the plot, disregarding the sentinel's orders to keep off the grass.

'Common soldier, don't you know who I am? ejaculated the offended lady. 'All know is that you're not the general's cow,' was the reply.

FIVE CARDS TOLD THE STORY.

A Sateide's Sufficient Explanation of the Final Act of his Life.

'I was dealing a game out of the box in Kansas City back in '84 when a man killed himself in the upstairs part of the establishment,' said a man with short grey hair and a pair of piercing eyes. 'I was the first man upstairs after the shot was fired, and when I looked the man over I remembered him as a young chap of rather dissolute habits who had struck Kansas City with apparently plenty of money only a few weeks before. There were five or six four-handed poker games running in the room. I asked the three men—cattle-men from Kansas, they were—what had sailed there table mate. They passed it up.

'He just hauls out his gun sudden and does the Dutch act,' said one of them. 'Maybe he was a hard loser. I believe we're into him a few hundreds.

'Didn't he say anything at all before plunging himself? I asked. 'Nary a say, was the reply. 'Just scanned his hand—a pretty fairish sized jack pot, which he had opened himself—and then he reaches behind and brings up that silver-mounted pop-gun, which don't look like its built to kill a full-grown man at that. Then he puts it behind his right ear—we just looking at him, thinking [he's] fooling—and off it goes, and there he is, too dead to skin. It's a queer enough game to get me going.

'A jack pot, you say?' I inquired. 'Who won?'

'The men looked at one another. They didn't know. The young fellow had put the ball in his head before the pot was decided. They looked at their hands that they had thrown face down when the young man had shot himself. One of them had tens up on nines, that he had had on the go-up. Another had a pair of queens, also on the go in, and the last of the three had drawn to an ace and failed to connect. Then I turned over the suicide's cards, that he had laid down neatly before reaching for his gun. There were a pair of sixes, an eight, a tray, and a king. I showed the cards to the three men. They understood. 'The ombrey needn't have killed himself over it,' said one of them. 'He might have got thrown out of the window and his pile confiscated, but he wouldn't ha' got killed.'

'The young fellow had taken a big win-out chance in a moment of desperation by opening a jack pot without holding the openers, and when it failed to go through he was afraid of the consequences or traxy or something, and so he just let daylight into his head, which, for all the men who had been playing with him said, would unquestionably have happened to him when they discovered that he had opened the jack without openers.'

A Wonderful Clock.

A remarkable mechanical clock has recently been completed by M. Noll, after five years of uninterrupted work. The clock, which is of enormous size, weighs 4,000 kilogrammes, and the whole of the works have been made by hand. It is built to represent a church, and there are forty-six mechanical figures, which go through various evolutions. The clock indicates the seconds, minutes, quarters, hours, days, weeks, months, seasons, and the years, together with the movable or fixed feasts for the next 104 years. Every hour the twelve Apostles make their appearance, march past, and bow before the Saviour, who bestows His benison on them. Among the other mechanical curiosities are the four ages of life—Death with his scythes, a bell-ringer calling to vespers, six Capuchin monks, who enter the church, the seasons, a cockatoo, a shrill-throated cock, a night-watcher sounding a trumpet or beating a drum, and the faithful listening to a musical mass. Each of these movements is seen at its appointed time, and the whole of them can be set in motion at any moment without disturbing the machinery of the clock.

the wouldn't any. 'I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that box, ma'am.'

'I think not. 'He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the train's crowded. There are people standing up.'

'That's all right. 'I haven't any time to argue the matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that box. 'I've never paid for him yet, and I'm not going to begin to do it now.'

'You've got to begin doing it some time. If you haven't had to pay any fare for him you're lucky, or else you don't do much travelling.'

'That's all right. 'You'll pay for that box, ma'am, or I'll have to stop the train and put him off.'

'That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me.'

'You ought to know what the rules of this company are, madam. How did it start by?'

'I don't know. I never saw him before. If you want a ticket for him you'd better ask that old gentleman sitting in the corner. He got on with him.'

Don't Rub Your Eyes.

Whenever your organs of sight feel weak do not claw at them with the knuckles, so to express it. You must not massage your eyes the same way you would the stronger parts of the body. They need help from the hands, but this help must be administered very gently and delicately. A well-known physician had a way of treating his eyes which, it is said, preserved their vision to old age without the help of spectacles. This was to place his thumb and forefinger each upon an eyelid, and gently rub them toward the nose a number of times each day. The action encourages circulation of the blood in that locality, does away with the tiny spots that sometimes float before the vision, and prevents that flattening of the lenses which causes dimness of sight at a certain focus. It is wonderful how much good can be done to the eyes of people of all ages by using this simple exercise ten or fifteen minutes each day.

Too Risky.

At a party one evening a gentleman told a very strange story, which like many other true tales, appeared more like romance than reality. Seeing that the faces of his auditors bore evident doubts of his veracity, he appealed to a gentleman, who had been present at the time when the matter occurred, to corroborate his statements. To his surprise and indignation, this gentleman denied all knowledge of the affair. Meeting next day, the narrator asked his friend: 'Is it possible that you can have forgotten the circumstances which I related last night?' 'Certainly not,' replied the other. 'But I could see that everyone present took you for a liar, and I had more regard for my character than run the risk of being taken another.'

How to Heal Old Sores.

Shabby Windsor or bent wood chairs can be made to look quite smart enough for bedroom or 'den' by being painted over with black enamel paint. It, when the enamel be dry, a little brown paint be smeared or smudged over them, a 'Japanese' effect will be obtained, which will be very pleasing, and a great relief to their somber appearance. The expressions 'smeared' and 'smudged' are used advisedly, for the bronze should be put on with an almost dry brush and should merely cling to the hair, so that they may leave a certain amount of color when they are dragged over the black enamel. To regularly paint on the brass would be to lose the pretty effect sought.

Britain's Homeless Wanderers.

In Great Britain it has been estimated that there are about 1,000,000 itinerant homeless wanderers, and that 40,000 of these belong to London.

Heads on Coins.

No human head was impressed on coin until after the death of Alexander the Great. All images before that time were deities.

PATENTS. When you wish to procure or sell a patent you should first consult a patent attorney. Our 30 years personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms. U.S. Office, 225 F St., N.W., Washington, D.C. CUTLER & SANDERSON, 115 Berry St., Montreal.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1899.

RETURN OF PROSPERITY.

A REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT ALL OVER THE STATE.

A Correspondent Talks About Business Prospects—States on the Stock Exchange That the Recent Heavy Downturn—How Consumption may be Reduced.

New York, Feb. 6.—The prevailing opinion is that General Prosperity and his staff have emerged in this gentle country for a good long stay. There is a remarkable improvement in business over a year ago. There are no troublesome strikes, there is no hoard in the streets over the "great unemployed," and though the public and private charities are working as hard as ever, they are not calling for public assistance. The best sign of all comes from the great retail merchants. The managers of the big firms on Sixth Avenue and Broadway have publicly expressed their satisfaction with their January trade. The Christmas trade was excellent, and seemed to stop over abundantly late 1898. The result is that almost the full force of employees is kept on, and big orders for goods are placed with the manufacturers. Mr. Henry Sigel, president of the Sigel-Cooper Company, puts it thus: "Last winter the middle class were buying only necessities; now in addition they are purchasing many comforts." It is to be hoped that the good General mentioned above will not be obliged to fall back on government emboldened best before hungry March crowds.

The throbbing pulse of prosperity is best felt in Wall St. It is no uncertain boast. No such scenes of merry money-making have been witnessed on the Stock Exchange for several years. A kind of stock soared toward the speculator's heaven and so far have remained up. In a few days bankrupts became rich, and millionaires almost doubled their wealth. An investment of \$20 brought in \$200 in three months. The investors were dull enough to lose. Excitement reigned supreme amongst the brokers. To a visitor in the gallery of the Stock Exchange the transaction of business by the brokers on the floor is a bewildering mystery. Messengers boys are constantly running in all directions, telephone bells are ringing eternally, and a dozen foot-ball scrimmages seem to be in active convention, while over and above all, now rising, now falling, than is sharpest pitch, now in heaviest tones—in one great yelling shout disconcerted with a thousand sharp barks. "Constancy in nothing but eternal strife? At every breath a man's pocket book rattles. Now he is poor, now he is rich. Here is a particular incident: Apart from the general bedlam a middle-aged man stood, earnestly penning in a note book. His face was very solemn and austere. A smile would freeze to death within ten feet of him. Suddenly he raised his hand containing the note book and shouted two words. A hundred brokers instantly sprang at him. They seemed intent upon tearing him to pieces. They jammed in a solid mass about him, those on the outside were tipping and wedging in to the utmost, and every one stretched a hand as near to the selected broker's head as he could, with first and middle fingers separated and extended, and every mother's son of them shouting at the top of his voice. But solemn-faced stood his ground. In three minutes the mob began to drop apart. The good of it all was shown by some hilarious broker throwing over the shoulders and down the collar of those directly grey heads a handful of his paper bits. The visitor laughs a sigh of relief as he escapes into the comparative quiet of Broadway, and wonders at the hilarity of money-kings. But who wouldn't split his coat up the back and wear a big hole in his dignity for a thousand pounds.

A Yankee is surely the antithesis of compressed air, but he will teach even that when he settles a dollar in it. Here we have the Auto-Truck Company, recently incorporated with a capital of \$10,000,000, and with Richard Croker as managing director. The laboring horse will no longer have a pull in this city, but must find his blanket and shawl steal away to the farm, or post-horse stall shop. The trucks, express, delivery wagons and cabs will hereafter, if the Company carries out its purpose, be propelled over the streets, with their various loads, by compressed air contained in cylinders beneath the body of the wagon. The wheels will be rubber-tired. The Company has

about completed negotiations for a big plant in which to manufacture their horseless vehicles, and expect to have them in general use during the coming summer. Sample trucks are working satisfactorily. The result will be a distinct blessing to the city. There will be cheaper rates, a great reduction of noise, increased cleanliness, and the extension of asphalt paving.

The Cycle and Automobile Show, held during the week ending January 28, at Madison Square Garden, disclosed more knock-out drops for the horse. Many of the motor carriages exhibited are in practical use every day on New York streets. One carriage, weighing five hundred pounds, built to carry two persons, can run seventy-five miles on one gallon of gasoline, and can speed twenty miles an hour. But the automobiles are costly, ranging from \$1000 to \$3000. The price for standard chain bicycles during 1899 will be \$50, and for chainless from \$60 to \$75. Few changes from 1898 models are noted, being chiefly in finish and sundries. There are some brilliant electric lamps, also a gas lamp that generates its own gas. A chainless tandem attracted much attention. The wheel of Captain Sigbee, which went down with the Maine in Havana Harbor, also attracted a thoughtful

The New York Legislature is preparing to make war upon consumption. A bill is being now favorably considered to establish a state hospital for the treatment of incipient cases. In connection with this bill an elaborate report has been drawn up by Dr. Geo. W. Brewster, senator from Brooklyn. From this report the following facts are gleaned: Consumption is infectious, but not hereditary. The children of consumptive parents usually develop the disease between their eighteenth and twenty-eighth years. The tubercle bacillus, taken up by the throat during childhood from infected particles dried in with the dust of the carpet or floor, develops only after maturity. The annual death rate from consumption in this State is 13,000. Nearly every victim was in the prime of life. A large proportion of these deaths is due to lack of proper treatment through poverty and ignorance. If taken in its earlier stages from 50 to 75 per cent. of those affected with consumption can be cured. One half of all the people of New York City develop consumption. One-half of those get well without their knowing that they had it. The other half, that is, one-fourth of all the people—die of it. The three essential preventatives of consumption are: proper breathing, good nutrition, and cleanliness of person and surroundings.

FRANK LESLIE.

THE SENATOR AND THE BARBER. Mr. Frye of Maine has an Experience in Paris About a "Hair Cut."

When an honorable senator tells an amusing story at his own expense, it can be no disrespect to repeat it. Senator Frye of Maine, one of the commissioners to negotiate peace between the United States and Spain, wears his hair cut in a fashion somewhat peculiar, and is particular to have it cut that way. He wrote home to a friend in Maine that during the peace negotiations in Paris his wife informed him that he must surely have his hair cut. Now he has a barber in Lewiston, Maine, who knows how to cut his hair to his liking.

"I lie back in his chair," says the senator, "while he talks fishing and fox-hunting and neighborhood news, and he shears it to my taste. I have my favorite barber in Washington, but in Paris I am not on speaking terms with any of the tonsorial professions."

However, the senator's hair had to be cut. He went forth in quest of a barber, and found a shop. He entered; the barber came forward, and the senator turned on him, feeling more embarrassed than he had ever felt in addressing the Senate. He had gone through with a considerable rehearsal at home of the parts of "Goussier's French in One Hour" which seemed to have any application to a barber shop, and this choice selection the senator now proceeded to address voluminously, and with his best accent, to the man of the shears. In this way he described exactly how he wanted it cut. The barber looked puzzled, and the senator began to talk French again, and to tell the barber, very earnestly this time, how he wished to have his hair cut.

"Illustrated it by signs," he says, "in a way that must have convinced him that I wanted my head cut off right above my collar."

Once more the man hesitated; but now,

spreading his hands out with a deprecatory gesture, he said, in very good English:

"Ah, I beg your pardon; you are a Dutchman I see, and speak no French. We do not speak Dutch, but do you happen to speak English?"

After that the senator and the barber got on perfectly well, but he it still wondering what made the man think he was talking Dutch.

THE MISTAKE OF WOMEN.

Mrs. Augusta Raymond Kidder Discusses the Sex.

'The Mistake of Women' was the title of a lecture delivered by Mrs. Augusta Raymond Kidder recently at the home of Mrs. William Curtis Demarest, 68 West 66th St., New York. Mrs. Kidder called her talk a 'lecture.' Probably this was because it seemed out of proportion to the size of her subject. One man remarked condescendingly at the end of the lecture that she had made a good beginning, which he would like to finish up some time. He was not encouraged by the women present.

According to Mrs. Kidder the first mistake a woman ever made was responsible for the introduction of the cradle. Some of the later ones, however, have not turned out so well. One of these latter-day ones is the way they go to work to demonstrate their equality with men.

'Women seem to think that the way to gain their own ground is to pull the ground out from under man and topple him over. Still it must be admitted that women are not fairly treated. There's looking backward, for instance. Bellamy did it. He was a man and got fame and fortune for it. Let's wife did it. She was a woman and we all know what she got for it. It seems as if it was adding insult to injury to turn her into the cheapest commodity in the market. If it had been sugar we could have appreciated the obvious compliment to the sex. Still, it is some comfort that, even in her disgrace she was something indispensable.

'Another mistake of women is loving too much. Of course, love is beautiful, divine, and all that, when it is deserved. But our sex is not prone to investigate. It is another of our mistakes that we trust too much. There is plenty of counterfeit money afloat in the kingdom of love, and anyway, even if the coin were genuine, it is a terrible mistake to give ten dollars in change for a one-dollar bill. According to Comstock, one of women's mistakes is that they distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.

'A fatal mistake of women is her tendency to self-sufficiency. Did I hear any gentleman smile?' asked the speaker after the derisive laughter which followed her remark had died away. 'He noted not; for it is true that for ages women have been content to inspire. They have been more than willing to bask in the reflected glory of those they loved. I'd like to paraphrase one of Longfellow's verses:

'Wives of great men oft remind us That they make those men sad times; That, if husbands could't find us, They'd be failures half the time.'

'Another mistake of women is that they do not allow themselves to rest. What women do not know about eating and resting has built 10,000 hospitals. Another of women's mistakes is not knowing how to eat. Consider the ways of man in this respect and be wise. Another mistake is worrying. Some women remind me of children who plant seeds in the garden and dig them up the next day to see how they are prospering. We all remember the old woman who said: 'Yes, dearie, I've had an awful lot of trouble in my life and most of it never happened.'

'Is one of our mistakes talking too much? I fear it is. And another is not having enough fun. Nearly every woman is a miser of jollity. Men are willing to catch pleasure as it flies. But women must have everything just so before they can abandon themselves to enjoyment, and then they are usually too tired to take it. This goes beyond being a mistake. It's a disease, but fortunately not incurable. Women say it is easy to talk this way, but that one can't be laughing when one is hurried and worried. All I can say is that you might be so hurried, but you wouldn't be so worried if you did laugh. I happened once to speak of my husband to a little girl, and she said: 'Why, I didn't think you were married.'

'Why? I asked. 'Oh, cause' 'Cause why? 'Cause you laugh so much. 'Wasn't that a momentary mistake?

mony! And now a word about marriage, which is never a mistake, though weddings often are, for every wedding is not a marriage. In this connection let me speak about jealous women. It is a large subject, but a few words about it are as good as many, for people with that disease seldom listen to advice. The conclusion I come to is that jealousy under any circumstance is useless. The only thing to be done, when one thinks one has grounds for the feeling, is the last thing they are likely to do; that is, to be so charming and altogether lovely that the rival will be routed as an entirely inferior person. Some women, however, think they are jealous when they are really only selfish. With a case where there is real cause for this mental anguish I should, of course, be unable to cope. Martyrdom or a clergyman and the family lawyer would be the remedy, I suppose. But I recommend a little wholesome introspection to find out whether, after all, it may be only another mistake.

'The last mistake is that we are too prone to take offense at little things. We indulge in too many petty misunderstandings among ourselves. Men don't do this. Let us emulate them in it. We appreciate men's merits, and we can't do better than to imitate those we discern. As a rule, women admire men as much as men admire themselves. Human admiration can go no further.'

INDIAN IN T.

Won't Send His Children to School Unless He gets Beef on the Hoof.

'There is nothing enchanting about an Indian when you come in contact with him, and to know one is to despise him,' said an Oklahoma traveler to a reporter. 'I have heard of the white man having moods, but the red man has moods, tenness and the whole shooting match. It takes less to give an Indian the mulls than it takes to make a spoiled child stick its thumb into its mouth.'

'When I left Oklahoma a few weeks ago the Cheyennes were in the dumps because the Government handed out beef to them in a civilized way. A few years ago the Indians got their beef on the hoof. A certain number of Indians would assemble on a range once a month and the Government inspectors would brand so many head of cattle and turn them out on the range. The Indians, the braves and bucks, armed with Henry rifles, stood in a line up the range and peppered the herd. When a steer fell and while still alive the nearest squaw ran up and out the steer's tongue. An Indian thinks if he can get a beef tongue while it is yet warm with life blood he has reached the gates of the hereafter.'

'Now, you would think from the Indian plays you may have read and the Indian plays you may have seen that an Indian would rather sit in his tepee and have his rations served by the Government than go to the trouble I have described or have his squaw do the worst part of the job. That is what the row is about. The chaplains at the forts in Indian Territory were the first to protest against serving Indians rations on hoof. The chaplains said the practice kept the nature of the Indian stirred up. Like the tiger, the more blood he saw the more he wanted. Finally the chaplains succeeded. The Government did the butchering and served the meat. The Cheyennes refused to take it.

'Up to this time the Cheyennes did nothing, or next to nothing, to support themselves. But when the government refused to serve beef in the old way, and

the Cheyennes refused to eat it in the new way, the Cheyennes divided into groups and went about the country towns giving ghost dances. The contributions to these entertainments were put into canned goods and the traders could hardly keep enough to supply the demand. If you know anything about an Indian you must know that his stomach is not constructed for anything like this diet. They are to an Indian what sauce is to the pudding.

'The Government can't make an Indian eat meat any more than a boarder can be forced to take soup, but the Government thinks it better to persuade the Indian than do the other thing. As I am in the pay of the Government for looking after some Indian interests, I reckon I had better not say too much about what I think. The Government, finding the Indians refractory about beef, built schoolhouses all over the Territory, and about the reservations, and offered better educational advantages for the Indian children. Since the Government has refused to let the Cheyennes chase and torture cattle the Indians have refused to send their children to school. The agent has been instructed to enforce the terms of the treaty and compel attendance. Maybe the Government can educate Indians by this method, but I don't go much on that sort of civilization. An Indian is an Indian. If he is good for a little while he is so for the same reason that Josh Billings said prompted a male to harbor an intention for forty years to kick a man. And as between an educated Indian and a sure-enough Indian, give me the latter.'

How She Caught a Fishpoker.

A wealthy lady was in an omnibus with a considerable sum of money in her purse. At one of the stops there came into the bus a man who sat down beside her. She thought of her well-filled purse, and resolved to watch him closely.

Suddenly her suspicious neighbor put his hand down at his side. She felt it slide down until it touched her purse, and instantly she put out her own hand and seized the stranger by the wrist. He did not struggle, however, and she was in some perplexity as to what she should do next; but she thought that if he should attempt to get away she could at least show that she had him by his wrist with his hand in her pocket.

She said afterwards that she could not tell why she did not give an alarm at once, but she sat quiet, waiting for her neighbor to make the first move.

They rode on in this way for some distance, when to her amazement the stranger prepared to rise.

'If you will let go of my arm, madam,' he said, with the utmost coolness, 'I will get out here.'

His half rose as he spoke, and to her utmost confusion, the lady discovered that his hand, instead of being in her pocket, was thrust into the pocket of his own ulster. The garment hung down so that his hand had pressed against her purse without being in contact with it, and she had been holding him by the wrist with an excuse whatever.

She was overcast with confusion, but managed to say that she had thought his hand to be in her pocket. The stranger smiled and went out, while a gentleman near by leaved forward to say:—

'Don't you know who that is, madam? That is the Reverend Doctor Blank.'

The name was that of one of the best known clergymen in London.

Mrs. Wiseman: 'Isn't your husband a little bald?' Mrs. Hendricks (indignantly): 'There isn't a bald hair on his head.'

Advertisement for Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The text includes the product name in large letters, a testimonial from a woman who suffered from blood poisoning and skin disease, and the instruction to 'Get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.' The advertisement is enclosed in a decorative border.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

Continued.

"He led a very quiet, secluded life. Some great despair must have turned him against the world, and I, a poor little maid, was the first woman who had crossed his threshold for many years. He was a queer, gruff old man; but, somehow, I never felt afraid of him, and we soon became fast friends.

"He taught me very nearly all I know. He discovered my one talent, and did all he could to bring it forward. When I was eighteen, he sent me to Paris, to study, and while I was there he died.

"I expected nothing from his death, knowing he possessed nothing but an empty name. However, I found he had saved a few hundred francs, which was left to me. I think the last act of kindness touched me more than all."

"Vivian West's voice had grown slightly husky, and a mist blurred his vision. He leaned upon the gate-posts, and gazed meditatively down the country road.

"For a few moments Sir Martin also remained silent, he and his Maker alone conscious of the thoughts throbbing through his brain.

"At last he laid a trembling hand upon the young man's arm, rousing him from his reverie.

"In future let me be your friend. Your story has but added to the interest I felt in you. Your life has been a sad one. I would like to make the rest of it very different. You remind me of one I know long ago—one to whom I did an injury. For the sake of that person—for my own sake—let me help you towards the goal you are trying to reach."

"You are very good," Vivian West said, surprised at Sir Martin's strange emotion. And, before he could say more, the baronet had wrung his hand, and wished him "Good-evening."

Sir Martin walked quickly for some distance, then suddenly his speed slackened.

"My own son!" he cried, brokenly. "Would to Heaven I dared claim him as such!"

It was strange how he felt drawn to this son of his; strange how deep an affection had sprung to life at the meeting with him.

He felt thankful and relieved that he had spoken to him, that he had at last made a step in the right direction.

All these years he had longed to be able to make some reparation for his sin, and now at length it had been granted him.

His step became more elastic, his shoulders lost something of their weary stoop, a new interest had come into his life, and, for the time at least, he lost sight of the gruesome horror which was ever with him.

Cora Rozier, from behind her window-curtain, watched him come up the drive.

"Ah, my friend!" she murmured, softly, "the day will come when your secret shall be mine. You are clever and cunning, but so also am I. You fear me already; your eyes shrink from mine. All the while, you think, 'She knows—why does she not speak?' Ha, ha, monsieur! you will learn in time. When I have fathomed the mystery, then I will speak, and to some purpose."

Unfastening the bodice of her dress, she drew out a folded piece of paper, and opening it carefully, read it through.

It was the same agreement, a copy of which Dolz Rozier had shown Sir Martin by the old mill.

"Vivian West!" Cora said, aloud, her dark brows drawn together. "What can he be to Sir Martin Metherell? If I can only trace this Louise Jubb, I shall know all. This is the key to the mystery. Ah, Sir Martin! little do you dream that when you stole the papers, you dropped this one precious document."

She turned it to its hiding-place, her red lips curling in an exultant smile.

Cora Rozier was a born adventuress, utterly heartless and unprincipled. Most of her life had been spent amongst a gang of particularly clever high-class thieves, who led a life of reckless gaiety and daring escapades, which electrified the gay world of Paris and entirely baffled the French police.

But, clever as they were, they had lately had things rather too hot for them, and had for the time dispersed, so that Mademoiselle Rozier's present occupation suited her uncommonly well.

Quick-sighted and keensighted, it had for the time to discover that Sir Martin's calm exposure was feigned, and from the first she had believed him guilty of her mother's death.

She was aware that her mother had come to England for the purpose of blackmailing some person of position.

Her instructions had been, "Keep quiet till I send for you."

The summons had never come, and death had sealed her lips for ever, but she had left one even more cunning and unscrupulous than herself to avenge her murder.

Gilbert, coming upon the terrace, glanced at Cora's window.

They had met the day before, and he had rather taken by her bright, piquant manner, and, feeling a little bored this evening, he wished she would come and amuse him.

Cora, from behind the curtain saw the glance and shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah, but you are ugly! she remarked with great disdain. 'Still you may be worth cultivating. Let me see if I can make you my adorer.'"

She twisted her black hair into a more becoming style, twisted some lace about her head and shoulders, and ran down to meet Gilbert Metherell.

"Ah, monsieur!" she exclaimed, as if surprised. "But you startled me. Is not the evening superb?"

"I was just wishing you would come out," he declared. "I was finding my own society beastly slow."

"Beastly slow!" she repeated, with such a strol accent that he burst out laughing. "I should think you had found so, too," he said. "I say let us agree to cheer one another while you are here."

"It may be but for one little day more," with an expressive sigh.

"Nonsense!" he returned. "Now I have come home, you are going to stay. I am certain we shall be capital friends."

"I invited myself," she said, raising her dark eyes to his. "I cannot ask again. To-morrow, I hear, Lady Metherell is coming home. She may not like me being here."

"Of course she will like it," he answered. "She was questioning me about you to-day. I told her you had eyes like—great Scott! what are your eyes like? They are the finest I have ever seen."

"Patience—I shall learn the truth in time," Lady Metherell said to herself, as the husband quitted the room.

She had no notion as to how very near she had been to learning it that evening.

For, as Sir Martin had stood beside her, there had come upon him a great longing to tell her all, to hide nothing from her, to be by her couch and crave her forgiveness and her help.

The burden of his secret was heavier than he could bear, and one gentle knock, one kindly word spoken at that moment, would have won it from him; but he had been met with a half-contemptuous coldness, which had frozen him to silence.

He felt there was no pity, no sympathy, to be won from her, so he left her, and fought out the bitterness alone.

Her words had raised the old aching, despondent memories which his meeting with Vivian West had for the time lulled.

He went out into the quiet, moonlit evenings and seeking his favourite and most sequestered part of the grounds, paced the level path from end to end.

A host of ghastly recollections had driven forth all pleasant thought; added to which was the harassing knowledge that, for some time to come, he would have to meet and converse daily with Cora Rozier.

Hitherto he had managed to avoid her, meeting her but rarely, and then only spending but a few moments in her society.

Her dark, watchful eyes struck terror to his very soul.

He felt that she knew the ghastly secret of his life.

After that first night she had never again spoken directly of the murder, neither had she mentioned the theft of the papers.

It was her strange silence which made him feel that in her he had a deadly enemy.

As he walked to and fro, sometimes muttering aloud, sometimes clenching teeth and hands in an agony of remorse, there grew upon him the uncomfortable sensation that she was not alone.

He looked from right to left, peering into the shadows, then stood and listened—all was quiet still.

He moved on again; but the feeling that he was being watched kept with him. It became unbearable at length, and he returned to the house.

As he reached the steps leading to the terrace, he looked back.

The beautiful gardens lay bathed in moonlight, and, as he looked, a figure came from a belt of trees, and ran across the lawn, as if intending to reach the house from another direction.

He was determined to know who it was, and, keeping well in the shade, hastily made his way to another entrance, and waited.

A minute or so later, a small, slim figure came swiftly over the grass.

It was Cora Rozier.

ordinary! The daughter of an old friend comes to you, and you leave her to entertain herself.

"How could I entertain a girl like that?" he expostulated. "As you were absent, the arrangement did not strike me as peculiar."

"To me it appears decidedly so," she responded, watching him through her light eye-lashes. "Madame Rozier was treated as an honoured guest—I may say, forced into my house, since you insisted upon her remaining against my wishes; but, when the daughter comes, she is treated like a lady's maid, or governess, and—"

"My dear Clara," he interrupted, hastily rising, "the whole subject is painful to me. I beg you will not speak of it again. I made Mademoiselle Rozier as welcome as I could under the circumstances. I understand, from Gilbert, she is leaving to-morrow."

The thought of her departure had been such an immense relief that his wife's next words fairly staggered him.

"I have asked her to remain."

"You—you have asked her! When?—why?"

"My dear Martin," Lady Metherell exclaimed, with a slight, unpleasant laugh, "you are really growing quite tragic. Is there any reason why I should not have invited Mademoiselle Rozier to stay here?"

He had recovered his equanimity.

"No reason that I know of," he replied, "except that she is young and good-looking and Gilbert, as you know, is susceptible."

"You forget he is engaged, and very much in love. He may flirt with this little French girl to pass the time; but—"

"Great Heaven! I trust there will be none of the folly!" Sir Martin ejaculated. "Those flirtations too often form an unpleasant habit which lasts a man his lifetime."

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DISAPPEARED!

Kidney Pains All Gone. What Did It? Doan's Kidney Pills. How Do You Know? A Kingston Man Says So.

Mr. W. J. Papp, 112 Barrie St., Kingston, Ont., writes as follows: "Having been troubled with kidney disease for years, and not having received any permanent relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills, I take great pleasure in letting others similarly afflicted know of the wonderful curative properties possessed by Doan's Pills. Before taking them I was troubled at night by having to rise, but on now sleep, and do not feel weary in the morning. I hope that this may induce other sufferers from kidney or urinary troubles to give Doan's Kidney Pills a faithful trial, for I know that no other remedy could have acted so well as they did in my case."

Doan's Kidney Pills are the only pure cure for Backache, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, and all Kidney and Urinary troubles. Price 50c, all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont. Ask for Doan's and refuse all others.

She was passing him, when she became aware of his presence.

"Ah, monsieur!" she said, with a scarcely perceptible start, "is it you?"

"You have been enjoying a lonely stroll," he said.

"And you also," she replied.

"It is I am not mistaken, mademoiselle, you were in the park a short time ago. Were you hiding?"

"Hiding! What reason should I hide for?"

"That is what I cannot understand. You were there, you saw me there, yet you kept silent."

"Monsieur was wrapped in thought. I did not like to disturb him. Monsieur walked with his hands like this—clenching her own small hands—and sometimes he said, aloud, 'My God!—my God!' I felt monsieur's thoughts must, indeed, be terrible. I sat quite still—I did not move."

"And why?" she asked, harshly.

"I, also, was thinking, monsieur. Bon soir."

"One moment, mademoiselle," he said, following her into the house. "Let me tell you how glad I am you have decided to remain a while longer with us."

She looked up at him with a curious smile.

"Monsieur is—glad?"

The sound of an opening door caused them both to glance round.

It was Gilbert, looking unutterably bored.

His face brightened a little on seeing Cora.

"I have been asking everyone, 'Have you seen her?' he declared, snuffing the air with his hands in his pockets. It is rather too bad of you, dad, to monopolize the only amusement on the premises. It is my turn now, and I warn you, if I am left longer to my own diversions, I shall end by going me an'choly mad, and plunging a dagger into my manly breast."

Cora gave a shrill little laugh of delight. "How droll you are!" she cried.

"Never felt more serious in my life," he returned. "I have collected the very article—a nice, sharp little instrument. Hallo, father! where has that old dagger gone?"

Sir Martin was in the act of opening his study door.

He paused.

The dreaded question had come at last! "Dagger!" Sir Martin repeated, speaking with an effort. "What dagger?"

Why, that queer old thing that always hung here," Gilbert explained pointing to the wall. "It was accidentally knocked down, and slightly damaged," Sir Martin said, without looking round. "I have sent it away to be mended."

He went into his room then, his face drawn with the horror of that awful moment.

"It must of been a pretty rough knock-down," Gilbert remarked to Cora Rozier.

"It sounds as if the old dad had been dining, not wisely, but to wall, and had kicked the things about."

He laughed at his own wit, which was always of the very poorest description.

"Was it a real dagger?" Cora asked.

A bright spot of colour was burning in each of her cheeks, her black eyes flashed with excitement.

"Real!" Gilbert echoed, lighting a cigarette. "I should think it was! One of our ancestors was murdered with it—that old chap up there, in the huge ruffie."

Cora thoughtfully regarded the picture.

"That was long ago," she said. "I suppose it is quite blunt and rusty now."

"Quite sharp enough to run through anyone. This old girl—pointing to another portrait—"was my great-grandmother."

"Old girl! That is not respectful, Monsieur Gilbert. With you it's old everyone. Am I 'old girl,' too?"

"You are the prettiest little witch I have ever seen."

"I heard, to-day," Cora said, casting down her eyes. "that in a little while you will marry a charming English maid."

"Do you know that?"

"Does that matter? I want to hear something of her. Come sit here, and tell me."

She seated herself on an old oak bench, and patting the place beside her, Gilbert found her ways irresistible, and soothed his conscience with the thought that Shirley had treated him very badly, by leaving Coddington directly he returned, with scarcely a word of farewell.

"Well," said Cora, with a little sigh, "she is beautiful, of course?"

"You bet she isn't exactly plain," he returned.

"And you adore her?"

"Don't know that I do."

Gilbert did not believe in owing to any girl that he loved another.

"But she, of course, adores you?"

"What makes you think that?" with a concealed smile. "Do you fancy you could manage it?"

"Oh, what a question to ask poor little me! What can I say but 'No?'"

"I should like you to say 'Yes.'"

Cora positively surveyed the tip of her tiny shoes.

"I do not intend to say it, monsieur," she said, archly.

"Supposing I make you?" He laughed, taking hold of her hands. "I shall keep you prisoner until you do say it."

"I will call Sir Martin."

"I don't mind if you do."

"I am quite afraid of him," she said, opening wide her eyes. "He is so grave, so quiet—he is as if he had some great sorrow."

"Don't know what it can be, then. Seriously, though, the poor old dad has only been like this lately—since—"

He had been going to say "since the murder," but pulled himself up in time.

Cora calmly finished the sentence for him—

"Since my mother was so cruelly killed. Ah, what would I not give to find the cowardly assassin?"

"There is no chance of anyone doing that now," Gilbert said, knocking the ash from his cigarette.

"Do not be too sure," the girl said, emphatically. "I may be able to succeed where others failed."

"You?" He stared at her in astonishment. "As a thing like you?"

"I intend to try. Only do not speak of it to others they will ridicule me. You I know will help me."

"By Jove! you—if I could."

"Well, commence now. Tell me all that happened, from beginning to end."

"Oh, sir, don't ask that!" he cried. "I say it is all so gruesome to repeat. It'll give me the blues. I really can't!"

But Cora had her way, and, bit by bit, gathered all the details of the tragedy, till warning of the end of his cigar, he talked on and on, unconscious that almost every word he uttered was strengthening his listener's conviction that his own father was the guilty man.

Afterwards, while having a quiet smoke with Sir Martin, he mentioned the girl's intense curiosity and anxiety to learn every trivial circumstance connected with her mother's murder.

"She had an idea," Sir Martin said, snipping off the end of his cigar, "that she may be able to trace the murderer."

"Oh! she told you so, did she?" Gilbert exclaimed. "She has invited me to assist her."

"In what way?"

"By telling her every blessed thing that occurred during that awful time."

"Take my advice," the older man said, gravely. "Be as little as possible. If clever men have failed ever the affair, what can a bit of a girl like that do, beyond throwing suspicion upon innocent persons?"

"I have already told her all there is to tell," Gilbert said, unconcernedly. "She is an awfully fetching little creature."

"Don't forget, my boy, that you are pledged to the care of one best little girl in the world, Sir Martin replied.

Gilbert got up and yawned.

"I am going to turn in," he said. "Good-night."

CHAPTER XIII.

It was October.

Dank and drear were the marshes; grey and wild the sea.

Few changes had taken place in Coddington since summer.

The greatest event had been Madge Lorraine's wedding.

An account of it, with her portrait, had appeared in the society papers.

It had been a very fashionable affair, a great many titled people had been present, and everything had been done in grand style.

The bride had looked lovely in white brocade.

There was scarcely a girl present who did not envy her.

Shirley, who was chief bridesmaid, was looking pale and tired.

People said she was beginning to lose her good looks.

Mrs. Lorraine's explanation was that the dear child had been having too much gaiety and that she, Mrs. Lorraine, intended taking her away for a quiet change.

They went into Devonshire, and stayed with an old school friend of Mrs. Lorraine's a lady who had married a meek and mild parson.

It was certainly a very quiet change.

Shirley sometimes felt the dull monotony of those days would drive her mad.

She spent long hours alone, wandering about the country, thinking always of one person, longing always for the sight of one face.

She hated herself for being too weak and cowardly to acknowledge her love for him, and she writhed beneath the thought of the contempt he must now feel for her.

For Shirley, that was a wretched time! It was as if a great cloud had suddenly arisen and obscured all the brightness of her life.

"I can't think what has come to you!" Mrs. Lorraine remarked one day, in tones of keen vexation.

"I am very sorry," Shirley meekly replied. "But this place is rather depressing."

She was standing by the window in the long, narrow drawing-room.

It was a wet day the rain had never ceased pouring from the gloomy sky, a loose trail of creeper tapped obsequiously.

Continued on Fifteenth Page.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Dizziness, Headache, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.
Substitution
the fraud of the day.
See you get Carter's,
Ask for Carter's,
Insist and demand
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Sunday Reading

Turn it down, boys! If you want to see the glass that tempts, In every room or hallway town, Be that tempter the King we crown, Quick, turn your glass and see it down!

Pippa's Lesson.

There comes to us from across the ocean, A beautiful story of an Italian spinning girl, told by one of England's greatest poets. This little Italian weaver had only one holiday in all the long year, only one day to call her own in all the three hundred and sixty-five. From early till late she toiled at her spinning, 'coil on coil,' seeing the happiness of others, but having none herself, except the brightness in her own heart.

Fourth one wove, then another cried, Till the whole sunlit world grew gold, then overcast the world. Anxious to have the longest and best of days, she did not want to waste a second, 'not a mile of my twelve hours' treasure.' Tenderly and lovingly she called it 'My Day,' and talked to the

In her thoughts Pippa pictures herself first, some one who is loved, and seems happy in simply loving, and being loved. Then she thinks, there must still be a better love than that, a higher life. There is a mother's love, if only that might be hers. And still higher do her thoughts go to the source of all love and true happiness. Beyond and above all is the Father's love. 'Best love of all is God's.' Why can't that be hers, even as humble Pippa? New light shines in her heart; she need not wait.

It is a call that is based on rights. God's right in property and its value is the basis of all our social structure. Read again David's prayer: 'All that is in the heaven and the earth is thine.' We came into this world not only with empty hands but also with a naked hungry body. The modern shroud has no pocket that will carry earth's money. The world and all that is in it belong to some permanent resident. Our forms of law to guard property recognize this Divine ownership. 'In the name of God, Amen'—is the prefix to will and testament. Our hold of property is, then, one of administration. I am a steward. I use, not hold, that which he instructs to me. It is but simple business justice that systematic and proportionate interest should be rendered for my use of that which is another's. It is the call of justice. It is the call of self-interest.

This is not selfishness. It is self-hood. God calls to systematic and proportionate giving. Our hearts, our heads, our consciences commend his call. But selfishness refuses to hear. The art of giving is of grace. It comes from the Spirit. It begins in man, where God's work begins—'A new heart and a right spirit.' The art of giving is twin sister to the art of getting. These two arts constitute the sublime art of holding—which is her name for living. Life is not a reservoir, but a river. Holding is living only as we get and give. Our physicians tell us that health depends 'not only upon what we eat, but more upon what we give off.' Our spiritual physician insists upon our systematic and proportionate giving. Not what we get, not what we hold, but what we give and how we give it constitutes life.

I know that there are few calls for large giving. These calls come from the ends of the earth. They are lodged in the appeals from without to the vast majority of givers. But such is not the appeal from God. His is the 'voice of gentle stillness'—calling us to yield for our good,

hearts of those who heard her voice. Who can measure the wealth of that single holiday? Who can limit it to one day? Did not that day spread out over the whole year to come? 'As we have therefore opportunity let us do good to all men.' God gives us the opportunity; it is for us to do the good at the time. It was not possible for the little humble spinning girl to touch many lives. It was not possible for her to do great things, as people call them great. It is, after all, the little act that does the good; the smile, the 'thank you' of life, the cup of cold water given in his name. It is following Jesus as he went, healing every sickness, having pity upon his people. Jesus went again to Cana, after leaving Sychar, and there healed the nobleman's son (John 4:46-54). Then Jesus went up to Jerusalem to the feast and on his way he passed the Pool of Bethesda, where were many lame, blind, and sick people waiting to be cured by the waters. Jesus saw one man lying by the side of the pool, who had been sick for thirty and eight years, and he healed him, so that immediately the man was made whole (John 5:1-10). Jesus did good as he had opportunity. In these three incidents Jesus was on his way when he stopped to help and heal. It is always safe for us to do as Jesus does. It is not what we do, and how much we do, but it is doing what God gives us opportunity to do, and it is being helped by Jesus to do good. We can not all serve Jesus in the same way. Some, perhaps, can sing with Pippa, 'God's in his Heaven.' Others may be able to work as well as sing. Whatever it is, let us do it with our whole heart as unto the Lord, and to his glory, knowing that such service is 'well pleasing unto him.'

Christ's character was made up by what he gave. God is God because of his relationship to others. Should he cease to give, he would cease to be God to us. Hence, in our new life we come into touch with all life about us, and we become God-like in character as we give—systematically and in due proportion. Life is not in the abundance possessed, but in the number of correspondences outside of us dependent on us. The art of giving is therefore the art of living.

There are certain habits and exercises which hold a close relation to spiritual growth and fervor in us, growing out of our constitution as social and spiritual beings. We are affected by associating and mingling with each other. There is an influence exerted one upon another when we are together in an assembly which we cannot explain, but often feel, and we are different by the force of this sympathetic power from what we would be if we remained in retirement. The same thing is true in the expression of our feelings and views to each other, either publicly or privately. We attentively touch chords of sympathy which extend to unknown lengths. Our Lord enjoined the assembling of ourselves together upon us, and promised before his death to be with his disciples after his resurrection. It was when 'assembled together' that he appeared and they were convinced of that fact. The apostles and early Christians practiced it much, with wonderful effect. During the Reformation, and even in later times, meetings for religious converse produced the great strength by which they resisted oppression and finally achieved their freedom to worship God.

Another sentence is written to enforce this duty, 'So much the more as ye see the day approaching.' Every Christian believed the day of the Lord near. They spoke of it as 'at hand.' They waited for it, as the husbandman waits for his crops, and as they waited for the rain from heaven. We err in not making its approach our daily, tangible thought. We do not talk about it and bring it before us enough. We are nearer to it than they, and hence the injunction presses upon us so much the more. Indeed, it is not presumption to think the signs of the times point to it now. The world-shaking events passing in our day should stir us to universal thought and activity.

What we need in a liberality is an idea as part of our being, intertwined with our feelings, that God is just as much revealed in trials as in blessings, that his goodness is shown in putting our mortal fibre to hard tasks that will make it athletic, and so make us permanently noble, as the teacher's friendship is shown in putting the scholar to a tough lesson that makes his mind sinewy and wise.—Starr King.

The Speaker—Wealth is not to be attained by short cuts. The Butcher—O, I don't know. Bill—The under dog in a fight gets all the sympathy. Jill—Yes; but unfortunately, it isn't all he gets.

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With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.

PUT YOUR FINGER ON YOUR PULSE.

If it is Weak or Irregular don't Hesitate to Start the use of Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at once.

With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.



With a weak, irregular, intermittent pulse we can tell at once the vitality is low—that Dizzy and Faint Spells, Smothering and Sinking Sensations and similar conditions are bound to ensue.

By their action in strengthening the heart, toning the nerves and enriching the blood, Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills relieve and cure all those distressing conditions just enumerated.

Mrs. E. Croft, residing on Waterloo Street, St. John, N.B., says: 'For some time past I have suffered from pallor, weakness and nervous prostration, I had palpitation and irregular beating of the heart so severe as to cause me great alarm. I was treated by physicians, but got no permanent relief.'

'I am glad to say that from Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I derived the first real benefit that I ever got from any medicine. My appetite is improved, my entire system toned up, and I can do no less than cheerfully recommend these pills to all requiring a reliable heart and nerve tonic.'

Miss Mary E. White, South Bay, Ont., says: 'Laxative Pills cured her of Sick Headaches, from which she had suffered for a year.'

Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish; it is put up in paste, cake or liquid form. There is no dust and no odor, and the result is a brilliant polish without labor. It has the largest sale of any stove polish on earth. J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

West End squares eating his breakfast in his hrougham. His morning meal is nicely packed in a hamper. A wooden flap is in front of his carriage. This is propped up and the table spread. The doctor thus sits comfortably and at leisure his material roll and boiled egg, which he would have been forced to swallow in but haste had he partaken of it within his hour.

NEVER RETURNED. Kidney Disease Permanently Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Samuel Locke, of Jordan Bay, N. S., Tells the story—He Suffered for Years, Without Relief—Then He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills and was Cured.

JORDAN BAY, N. S., Feb. 6.—If ever there was a clear case of Kidney Disease being utterly and absolutely wiped out of the human system, that case was Mr. Samuel Locke's.

Mr. Locke lives at Jordan Bay, and the citizens of that place all know him well and favorably. They all know that he underwent the greatest agony from diseased Kidneys.

The newspapers published accounts of his case; different physicians undertook to cure him, but they all failed. Day by day his condition grew worse, and his sufferings increased. He used various remedies, each of which was said by its manufacturers, to be a sure cure. Yet these failed as the doctors had failed.

Finally, when it seemed as if every effort had been exhausted in vain, Mr. Locke was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Soon after he had taken his first dose of this medicine he felt a slight change for the better. Every day this change grew more noticeable to both himself and his family, and at length, Mr. Locke was well again—in sound health, and robust strength, able to work, to eat, to sleep, to enjoy life, as well and as heartily as he ever did.

There cannot be a particle of doubt that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only effective Kidney Medicine known today. It has been proved thousands of times Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Diseases of Women, and all other Kidney Complaints yield to them.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists; fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50; or sent, on receipt of price by The Dodd's Medicine Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Superior Experience. The imaginary invalid, who fancies he has had all the diseases in the books, or at least all the interesting ones, is not often an amusing person to a physician; but now and then a valetudinarian of this sort affords the faculty a good deal of diversion. A man of sixty, who had been a grumbler all his life, and had long made a practice of changing his doctors, on the slightest provocation, not long ago called in a young physician who had gained a considerable reputation.

He was telling this doctor what he thought was the trouble with him, when the doctor ventured to disagree with his diagnosis. 'I beg your pardon,' said the patient in a haughty way; 'it isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me!' And he went out to seek another physician.

NATURE'S DIMPLES. Disappear, and Beauty Fades Under the Shadow of Torturing Skin Troubles, But Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a Quick and Safe Remedy. The unobscuring torment of an itching skin, which is the natural consequence and outcome of such skin diseases as scabies, salt rheum, ring worm, eruptions, ulcers, blotches and other skin eruptions is allayed in an instant with one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and in a very few days the most stubborn cases give way to its magic healing power, and leave the skin whole, perfect, clear and as soft as a baby's. It will cure piles in from three to five nights.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the cheapest made. 20 cents for forty doses. Most Breaches Filled a Lad. It is told of a certain bishop that while dining at the house of one of his friends he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the son of his host whose eyes were firmly riveted upon him. After dinner the Bishop approached the boy and asked: 'Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?' 'Yes, sir,' said the boy, with a glance at the Bishop's knee between them. 'You're all right, only, naturally, I want your mother let you wear "breeches" yet?'—The Biss.

'Katherine, you will always find me an indulgent husband.' 'Do you mean indulgent to me or indulgent to yourself?'

SNAP For the BUSINESS MAN. BLOOD & NERVE PILLS.

Notches on The Stick

The reader familiar with "Child Harold's Pilgrimage" will recall the spirit of apostrophe to Italy in the Fourth Canto, and perhaps also the fact that it is a paraphrase of a sonnet by an Italian poet, familiar not only to students, but to the common people of that land, and dear to them as a passionate expression of patriotic devotion. We will contrast Byron's lines with a translation of the sonnet whence they were derived. [S. XLII, XLIII]:

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which becomes
A funeral dove of passion worn on thy breast,
On thy sweet bosom to a lover's plucked by shame,
And smothered in the chariot of a man.
O God! that thou wert in thy wilderness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robber back, who, press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;

Then might thou more appeal; or, less desired,
Be hateful and be potent, and be loved
For thy destructive charms; then call us heed
We'd not be seen the sunset tinge a pool
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile hordes
Of many nations' spears from the Fo
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of fitted and so.

Vincenzo Da Filicaja [Pron. in le-ka-ya],
a poet of modern Italy, struck the chord
that Byron so finely reechoes:

Italia, O Italia! hai tu quel
Whose at the fatal gift of beauty gone—
A dowry brought with never ending pain,
A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow
Oh, were thy lot, my lot, or less thy charms!
Then should thy lot, they whom thy loveliness
Now leaves afar to conquer and possess,
Adore thy beauty less, or dread thy arms!
No longer then should hostile torments pour
A town the Alps; and Galle troops be loved
I the red waters of the Po, no more;
No longer then, by foreign courage saved,
Babarian sword should thy name implore,
Vanquished or victor, still by Goths be aved.

It is the generally conceded right of a poet, or writer of original powers, to avail himself of literary material that has become so digested and incorporated with his thought as to have received the new stamp of his especial genius. Such adaptations are frequently found in the pages of all great poets, dramatists and romancers; nor are such felt to detract from their merit or the fertility of their minds, but rather to enhance their power, as, so far from suggesting plagiarism, they imply the common use and possession of great ideas among equal spirits, and the familiar sense of recognition, with all due credit, on the part of him who discovers them anew in the use and guise of an accepted master. So Byron has given us not this paraphrase of Filicaja's sonnet alone, but also a rendering of one of Dante's most haunting and exquisite passages, in all its pathos and beauty, in his "Don Juan":

Soft hour! which waltz of the wild and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fill with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's dec'y;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.

The last two lines are, however, pure Byron. For it was not for the sake of poverty, but love, that the Englishman went back to Florentine, who sang: "It is the hour that thaws the heart, and sends homeward the voyagers' affections, if perchance they since morning have bidden their dearest friends adieu; and that smites with love the pilgrim in his wayfarer, if he should hear a distant bell that seems a-mourning for the dying day."

Filicaja belonged to a school of poets, marking the decadence of the Italian muse known as "The Arcadians." They belonged to the early part of the Seventeenth century; and beside himself, Marini was the one of all the piping crew most worthy of remembrance. Their master fault was artificiality and their greatest lack, something to say. They were jugglers with words; and though sometimes they fell into bizarre and brilliant forms and colors, insanity and emptiness chiefly marked them—a not very enduring result. Most of them consulted no oracles, and seemed to value their toys and tricks of language as something in advance of the great thoughts and inspirations, as well as the great art, of the earlier masters. We sometimes think we are upon a corresponding period in much of the English poetry of today. We have taken the inevitable step from art to artifice, and all kinds of mannerisms are introduced and cultivated. But by the force of inherent genius Filicaja rose, when at his best, free above the corrupting influence of his school. He had true feeling, strength of thought and energy

of expression. There was a mystical and patriotic fire in his soul, that gave birth to odes, instinct with lyric enthusiasm, as they are moulded into form by the master's patient and cunning hand. Two of his best sonnets are given below, the latter of which seems to have had its influence on the muse of Longfellow, as he has written one in some respects similar.

Time.

I saw a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose might waves were manna's, which did
So softly onward in their silent tide,
That on their flight was heard, they were past:
A river, that to death's dark shores doth fast
Cries all living with a restless face,
And though all living in its bosom cease,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
In current with creation's birth was born;
And with the heavens commenced its march
sublime.

In days and months, still hurrying on untried,
Marking its flight, I sorrowfully did mourn,
And of my aching thoughts responded, Time.

Providence.

Just as a mother, with sweet pious face,
Turns toward her little child on from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knee, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, professions,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still;—
So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants;
And even if it drags what seems our right,
Either denies because we'd have no ask,
Or seems to let us cry, or in deceiving grants.

England is manifesting her sense of the greatness of Gladstone by the number and splendor of the memorials she is projecting. These are: 1. A statue by the royal artist, Brock, to be procured by the House of Commons, and placed in Westminster Abbey. 2. A statue by Pomeroy, which will be known as "The Liberal Party Memorial," and which will be located somewhere within the Houses of Parliament. 3. A national and non-political memorial, to be erected by the subscriptions of the people; and to administer this rapidly accumulating fund a committee has been formed, of which the Prince of Wales is president. 4. Monumental memorials, possibly to ensurine statues, in the cities of London, Edinburgh and Dublin. 5. A monumental building at Haward'n, for the accommodation of the St. Daniel Library, the gift of Gladstone to the town, arranged by himself, and which at the present time is housed inconveniently in a temporary iron structure. The cost of these national structures will be at least \$250,000, and nearly half that amount is already contributed. This might seem somewhat excessive for a beginning, but no national character of the present era better deserves such commemoration. He was indeed an oak, venerable and stalwart, green of leaf to the last. Long be it ere his honors shall have become a mere!

The wars of yesterday have become the material of history, while the graphic pen and pencil thrill us with events that have scarcely yet become cold or lost the stain of blood. All is life and motion, in "The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns," by Richard Harding Davis,—the movement of armies and navies, the bruit and signal of "outlets to be born," and then the fearful and inspiring procession of war itself. It is a book not to be read without interest. One becomes convinced, after reading of that charge up the hill of San Juan, and the captive of that death-dealing height that brave deed was never done in this world. Seen through Davis' eyes, Shafter becomes pitiful, indeed; and we are inclined to wish intertangling official tape out of the pathway of moving armies; though it seems forever destined to be there, while incompetence clothed with dignity claims its sacrifice. The articles which compose this book, with some modification and readjustment, were originally contributed to Scribner's Magazine. They are the work not merely of a newspaper correspondent, who has an opportunity of ascertaining and reporting facts, but of a practiced and well-endowed literary writer, who knows how to embellish and combine them. Mr. Davis has an extraordinary faculty of observation; he sees rapidly, and yet distinctly and seizes upon the salient and essential points of vision, so that his narrative becomes clear and his pictures vivid in the presentation. The book is abundantly illustrated from photographs taken by the artist who was his associate in the field. Mr. Davis tells nothing more than he has seen or heard; he gives his estimates independently, and is not afraid of his opinion. This book must become an important document with the future historian, who shall deal with American relations with Cuba.

John Beside, of Montreal author of "Merlin" has been long and widely known as one of the best and purest of Canadian writers. His sonnets, which are usually excellent have received especial praise.

The Future.
It were not well that we the veil should raise
Of that thick curtain of destiny,
Which veils from us the things that are to be
And the shadows of the coming days.
For who of us could trust the common eye
Of life, serene and hopeful, if he saw
The outcome of the inevitable law,
Like the doomed king, who'er he turned his
eyes?
Kind the All-wise has kept that precious lore
Beyond our reach. It is enough to know,
I AM to soon learn to know, that it is man
They may—our voices are better, but our hearts
Dun taught the Prophets with longed tongues:
Then Nature warns and thus her hands have sung:

James Whitcomb Riley has been brought into prominence on the lyric platform, and adds dignity to his best poems in the Hoosier dialect by his inimitable impressions, and the magnetic comicality of his voice and manner. Riley has also a sentimental and romantic side, and some of his poems, other than dialect, are gems of exquisite beauty. The New York World refers to his love for children, and his great tenderness of heart, and to the popular surprise that he should have remained unmarried. According to the account given Riley early loved, but lost the object of his affection, and has ever remained faithful to her memory. "The poem, 'Brantford Hands' in 'Pipes of Pan,' declares the World, "is believed to contain Riley's only reference to his sweetheart." The last stanza is especially tender and pathetic:

Beautiful hands, O beautiful hands
Could you reach out of the alien lands
Where you are lagging, and give me to-night
A touch—was it ever so light—
My heart were soothed, and my weary brain
Would fall into rest again;
For there is no solace the world commands
Like the caress of your beautiful hands!

Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts gives us in "Acta Victoriana," what we may err in supposing an advance chapter of his third volume in the Trilogy of Acadian romance of which "The Forge in The Forest," and "A sister of Evangeline," are the first and second. It concerns the machinations of the Black Abbe. Under a portrait of Prof. Roberts, on another page, we find this quotation:

The Snow Drop.
When, after many days, the snow was dead,
Its white soul liquefied on earthy bed,
Because this flower,—its pure polonic bloom
With spring's most chill and virginal perfume fed.

His last book seems to meet with general critical acceptance. A prominent educator and writer of Canada writes to us: "I have read with delight Roberts' 'Sister of Evangeline.' It is idyllic—some passages are very beautiful indeed. The local color is admirable. He sees that country with just such eyes as I do, and feels the witchery of its charm. The story is swift in movement, beautifully told, and I have no doubt leaves a more correct impression of the real causes at work in bringing about the 'grande derangement' than has ever been given in formal histories. I do not know, but I take it that his next book will deal with 'Gruel and the Black Abbe' When completed it will be a unique trilogy, altogether the most charming literary writing in prose that the 'Basin' has begotten."

Dr. Theodore H. Rind, of Toronto, and George Martin, Canadian poets, have both been prostrated by the prevailing distemper, La Grippe, but are now recovering. Mr. Martin and wife will go to Florida early in February to recuperate.

Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, of the Justice Department, Ottawa, is preparing for an English publisher a volume on the literary history of Canada. PASTOR FELIX.

So Funny.
A Lady at a literary reception recently informed a New York gentleman that she had heard selections from the American 'hoesier poet' read in London. 'How curious that a hoiesier should become your poet laureate in America,' she said.
The American to whom she spoke did not know what she meant until she said that her favourite among the 'hoiesier poets' was 'When the Frost is on the Pumpkin.' Then he told her that it was 'James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoiesier poet' 'Oh you American! have such queer of pronouncing things' said the woman. 'Yes but Mr. Riley is not a hoiesier, he

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Vim—to work and to win—to keep a sane mind in a sound body—to laugh at worry.
Vigor—to ward off disease—to conquer obstacles—to transmit health and strength to your posterity.
Vitality—to resist the fearful strain and tension of modern life—to make up for the constant drain of overwork.
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THIS EVIDENCE IS AMPLE PROOF.
Before using Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills I felt weak, nervous and run down. I had lost weight steadily for some time; my circulation was poor; hands, feet and limbs were cold. I always felt weak and my muscles trembled. Now after the use of one box of Dr. Ward's Pills, I feel like my old self. I have gained five pounds in weight and 100 per cent. in cheerfulness. I now walk firmly, my muscular system is strong and my blood circulates vigorously. I have more comfort than I have experienced in years. Dr. Ward's Pills have done more for me than any medicine I ever took.
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—began the American, about to explain how Mr. Riley obtained his name from the 'Hoosier State,' as Indiana is called.
But she cut the explanation short with, 'Oh, I see; it's a joke, then; you American are so funny.' I suppose you think Mr. Riley is a blue-stocking, and so you call him a hoiesier.

A certain gallant son of Erin, living in America, offered his services at the beginning of the late war with Spain; but his employer, wishing to retain him at work, told the examining surgeon that Tim had once been made temporarily deaf by an explosion, and that his hearing was still bad.
'Do you hear well?' asked the doctor while Tim was being examined.
'Loike a vessel, sorr, was the answer.
'Has your hearing always been good?'
'Splendid, sorr.'
'See here; weren't you in an explosion some time before you came to this place and weren't you totally deaf for weeks afterwards?'
'Sure, not me, sorr,' replied Tim. 'I could hear ivery werrud that were wrote to me, sorr.'

His evasive reply ignored, Tim was accepted, was wounded in the chest, and came home on furlough. He was made so much of that he felt justified in exaggerating his experience, and even declared that 'the bullet went right through me here,' as he put his hand over his heart.
Tim never told this to the surgeon, and the doctor saw a chance to get even. 'Tim, Tim,' he exclaimed, 'stick to the truth. If the bullet had taken the course you say it would have gone plump through the heart. Tell that to some ignoramus who doesn't know anatomy.'
'That are yez talkin' about?' retorted Tim. 'Sure, it's the book-larin' that's foolin' yez, doctor. There wasn't a mother's son went up the blasin' hill that day as his heart wasn't in his mouth.'

LEFT HIM TO DIE.
Bright's Disease Pronounced Fast Hope by Physicians—South American Kidney Cure in the Life Saver.
A traveller for a well known western manufacturing firm was so hale and hearty that the possibility of his contracting kidney trouble was farthest from his mind, but through constant exposure Bright's Disease, that most insidious of ailments, laid hold on him. He doctored for months—physicians gave him but a short time to live. A friend who had derived great benefit from South American Kidney Cure recommended it to him. When he had taken seven bottles all signs of the disease had left him, and to-day he is as well as ever.
Told at Last.
The superintendent of a school in a provincial city directed the teachers the other day to ascertain the occupations of the parents of all the scholars in their respective classes. The inquiry proceeded well until the infant class was reached, when a small, red-headed, and much freckled boy obstinately refused to give any information. 'Isn't your father living, then, Johnny?' inquired the teacher.
'Yes, miss,' was the grim reply.
'Doesn't he work?'
'No, miss.'
'But he keeps you and your mother doesn't he?'
'The small scholar assented emphatically. 'Then isn't he in business?'
'Yes, miss.'
Visions of a gambler in a checked suit and diamond studs for a barman dealing out fiery fluid, crossed the teacher's mind. 'Johnny,' she urged soliloquy, and yet

with apprehension, 'what does your father do?'
There was a moment's pause, while the scholar in the small boy began to review the freckled surface.
'My father,' said he, 'is in regular work. He's the lady with the whiskers in the church, and me said if I give it away she'd whip me.'

How the Hoiesier's goose were kept off the Hoiesier's premises is an interesting story.

The goose strayed far, on a green will, and sometimes landed the Hoiesier's front lawn. Mrs. Hoiesier, kindly and kind, said she, 'didn't want to get it's nose-tick, a-scrappin' on a'min' things up over a parcel of geese.' So she organized a board of strategy, consisting of herself, her daughter 'Sis,' and her boy 'Joe.'

The result of their deliberations and certain preparations, wherein figured handle and thread, sums grams of corn and some bits of cardboard, became evident the next morning.

The Hoiesier's goose appeared as usual, but returned home quickly, calling so mainly as to bring the Hoiesier to a body to the front door. What they saw astonished them.

Depending from each foot's bill was a bit of thread, the inner end anchored to a grain of corn in the bird's interior department, while to the other end of the string was attached a card bearing this inscription:

'Please Keep your Geese at Home.'
The Hoiesier's water-level was not now allowed to go outside the Hoiesier's boundary—even on parole.

- ### A CARD.
- We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.
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 - W. C. R. Allen, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.
 - E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
 - G. W. Hobbs, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
 - R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
 - S. Wetters, Druggist, St. John, N. B.
 - Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
 - C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
 - S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
 - N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
 - G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brunswick St., St. John, N. B.
 - C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
 - Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

When a Liverpool gentleman gets a chance of poking fun at a Manchester man he doesn't let it slip. There is no love lost between the two cities, the Ship Canal probably accounting for some of the rivalry between them. This is the latest story to the point.

He was an innocent young mechanic from a Manchester engineering shop. It was his first trip to the seaside. He stood upon the step of his bathing machine at New Brighton for a few moments surveying the waters before him, when suddenly he plunged in, head foremost.

When he rose to the surface his face wore an expression of anguish. He began using vigorous language, emerged from the water, and was just in the act of entering his bathing machine when his friend stopped him. 'What's the row?' he asked. 'Is the water too cold for you?'
'Not it; it's not too cold, but some grand sly 'ro' Liverpool has been throwin' salt in it.'

Special Discussion.
The Optimist: 'Great results have been accomplished by the modern system of division of labor.'
The Pessimist: 'Having the system by which one man does the work of three other men gets the money.'

More for Mer in only.
'I hear that your daughter has broken off her engagement with the young man, is it true?' 'Yes; she ran across a chance to get a duke at the same figure.'

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St. Valentine's Day.

Let us gather around our table this week and exchange a few thoughts and experiences on dear old St. Valentine—
 "You know he comes to us this month bearing his missives tender and true sentiments of ally—not the origin of the custom? No: I really can't enlighten you on that. It is 'as old as the hills'—why, I have heard my grandfather tell of it and I am sure it was as newly in his great grandfather's time. It is great fun to be one of a large family of young people at Christmas time, at Thanksgiving, and at a good many other anniversaries, but at no time perhaps, is it so truly exciting as on St. Valentine's eve."
 "Ring-a-ding-a-ding-ding, don't you know just how it sounds, that easy doo-doo? Then there is a rush of many feet along the passage, a sound of merry voices and peals of laughter ringing through the house, and before we have fairly got seated or taken a long breath another tremendous peal of the bell, a rush and a scramble and a perfect babel of talk and laughter! A stranger to the custom; might think we had all suddenly gone mad—but no: it is St. Valentine's eve! And a very pretty phenomenon it is I think if conducted rightly. So many dainty little offerings may be made in this way. A small bunch of flowers tied with ribbon bearing a little card "with St. Valentine's love" will brighten the evening for your sick school-mate. A box of sweetmeats, with the inscription "Yours gracefully, St. Valentine" for the boy friend who has a sweet tooth (as what boy has not?) who helped you last week with your troublesome sums, you couldn't understand in class, or a really pretty card with verses expressing kindest feeling for that girl who seems to be hurt or offended with you about something and above all a trifle for the girl or boy who has few pleasures in life, and might feel slighted if overlooked. Little pen-wipers cut out of scarlet cloth in the shape of a heart, make a dainty and useful souvenir of the day, for school boys and girls. The edges of the cloth, are nicely printed, and you may either work an arrow in gold colored silk across the heart or embroider the initials of a friend to whom you shall send it—you know. "A trifle neatly sent, and a sentence kindly meant, will oft times touch a heart where gold would fail."

But ah! I fear that the good old Saints day is used for most unworthy purposes sometimes for instance—a petty spite may be expressed through a Valentine, or it may be made a means of purposely wounding the feelings of some sensitive person—not infrequently, I fear a wound is made by St. Valentine's sharp little arrow, though mere thoughtlessness, and a desire to have "fun", as in the case of Bobbie Allen, about whom I will tell you, asking my boys and girls to remember that tricks or jokes which hurt anybody are not fun at all—they are mean and cowardly. Let me describe to you.

Two Valentines.
 "Ring-a-ding-a-ding-ding!" said Miss Wade's little shop-bell; and leaving her case, Miss Abbie trotted out of the back parlor impetuously to find a customer. But no: the shop was empty; looking towards the still quivering bell, she spied something white pushed in at the door-ill.
 "O! a valentine," she said "sure enough this is the fourteenth" and Miss Abbie looked at it as she saw two or three boys laughing out of sight; surely, she knew one figure—yes, it was Bobbie Allen;
 "Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!" said Miss Wade's little shop-bell; and leaving her case, Miss Abbie trotted out of the back parlor impetuously to find a customer. But no: the shop was empty; looking towards the still quivering bell, she spied something white pushed in at the door-ill.
 "O! a valentine," she said "sure enough this is the fourteenth" and Miss Abbie looked at it as she saw two or three boys laughing out of sight; surely, she knew one figure—yes, it was Bobbie Allen;

Years after when Miss Wade was growing old and beginning to feel feeble at times Bobbie Allen returned from Edinburgh a young M. D. settling in his native town, he soon found that his old friend lived in the same place, though not in the same comfort; and one night—yes, the fourteenth of February, would you believe it, he stole round to the back window and peeped in, just as he had done when a boy! but all the cozy parlour was changed

She couldn't mistake the pretty grey suit she had helped his mamma to make only a week or two ago. Smiling all over her kind face, to think she had caught Bobbie in the act of remembering a lonely maiden lady. Miss Wade opened the valentine, expecting something pretty of course, however trifling; but if Bobbie Allen had seen the change that came over Miss Abbie's face, he would have felt both sorry and ashamed, for he was not a bad boy, only thoughtless sometimes at the feelings of others—a rather common fault among boys and girls, many of whom I regret to say, consider a maiden lady a good subject for all their jokes and pranks. How such a mistake ever arose I can't imagine for these very ladies are often a great comfort among children, of whom they are almost always very fond. But Bobbie's love of fun had somehow outrun his usual kindness on this fourteenth of February, as we will see by looking over Miss Wade's shoulder at the valentine. No tender nonsense, no gentlemanly wishes for her future good luck and happiness, but a picture of a hideous old spinster, before a looking-glass, daubing paint on her thin cheeks, while underneath were these unkind words—
 "Paint that face before the glass
 As much as e'er you will
 The phiz that nature only made
 You make more ugly still.
 You cannot paint the wrinkles out
 Nor put the beauty in
 "Old maid" is written over all
 From forehead unto chin."

A hot tear or two rolled down little Miss Wade's cheeks—she didn't often cry, but to night she was feeling very sad, and couldn't enjoy her solitary cup of tea for thinking of a dear brother for whose sake she had remained unmarried, and whom it had pleased God to remove from earth just when he became a support and protection. Yet Miss Wade's many trials did not make her cross and sour; no, indeed, and she loved all children, especially little boys, for the sake of the dear lost brother, and now, she was disappointed in Bobbie Allen.
 "I wouldn't have believed it!" she said to herself; "so kind and polite he seemed about the house! Dear, dear! how sorry his good mother would be! and I liked Bobbie so much! Ah me! one never can tell."
 Meanwhile Tommy Hooper (rather a bad companion for Bobbie) drew him around to the parlor window saying—
 "Let's peep in, and see the old girl in a tantrum when she reads it."
 Looking cautiously in, Bobbie saw the unfinished tea, the bowed head and sorrowful face, and somehow all the fun went suddenly out of St. Valentine's eve. He said he was tired and went straight home, to bed, but his pillow had a thorn in it; he couldn't rest for thinking of the unkind thing he had done, and remembering how Miss Abbie had taught him to tie a sailor's knot, helped rig his little ship, told bright merry stories while she stitched away at his clothes and best of all put an extra pocket in his new pants.
 "It was a shabby thing to do!" he told himself "and I wish with all my heart I hadn't hurt her feelings; but I didn't mean to."
 Ah! that boy's excuse—we've all heard it! well, some weeks later, a severe type of measles broke out in the schools, and poor Mrs. Allen had her hands more than full, with Alice, Jack and Bobbie all down at once. Miss Wade was called upon, and promptly came obedient and kind as ever; Bobbie was left to her care; and found himself in good hands; he thanked his kind nurse most gratefully when she bathed his burning face and soothed his head, great tears filling his eyes when he thought of that unkind valentine.
 How patiently Miss Abbie watched him by night! What quaint old hymns she sang to sooth him, and what jolly stories she told while his eyes were too weak to read! Bobbie wished he could go back to the fourteenth of February, but this is one of the troublesome things in life we never can go back and undo; let us remember this my boys and girls and be careful! we may make amends in future—and this Bobbie resolved to do.
 Years after when Miss Wade was growing old and beginning to feel feeble at times Bobbie Allen returned from Edinburgh a young M. D. settling in his native town, he soon found that his old friend lived in the same place, though not in the same comfort; and one night—yes, the fourteenth of February, would you believe it, he stole round to the back window and peeped in, just as he had done when a boy! but all the cozy parlour was changed

into a bare-looking room, and poor Miss Wade sat shivering over a handful of fire, drinking a cup of weak tea, without milk she couldn't afford to buy; for the little shop had not flourished of late years and when Mrs. Allen moved away she lost her best friend.
 "I'll send her another valentine!" said the big boy at the window. "You shall have a dollar Miss Abbie, for every song you sing me through that mean scrape."
 And dashing away to his office, the young doctor enclosed a generous bill in an envelope addressed to "Miss Abbie Wade, from an old friend" and didn't that old shop-bell quiver with excitement when calling Miss Abbie on a such pleasant errand! It is only a pity Dr. Rob couldn't have seen her face, when she opened this second valentine and heard her hearty "God bless the giver." However he heard the story of her surprise and gratitude many times afterwards, when he had given her a happy hour as housekeeper, never to know what utter loneliness. But take care boys, how you hurt anybody's feelings. We can't always make amends. AUNT BELL.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Trifles in neck decoration, cravats, and bows of all sorts and kinds have assumed an importance in numbers, to say the least. Judging by the vast area of neckwear displayed in the shops it would seem that every woman in America was supposed to wear some sort of cravat. There are neck bands of white panna and satin, corded and tucked, completed with a chiffon or lace bow, and neck bands of colored panna and white satin combined, the panna forming the upper half of the collar, pointing up behind the ears, and with no bows at all. Lace ties of point d'Alencon, frilled and gathered, are attached to satin bands, and the sailor knot is more popular than the large bow. Sailor ties of soft satin, edged with silk fringe, are very stylish, and still more dainty are the lace ties, with silk fringe on the ends. The feature of all the transparent knots is to have the edges made distinctive by some finish, like a tiny ruching of chiffon, or frilled ribbon, or lace. A plain silk shirt waist can be quite dressed up by a collar of corded white satin, with a corded bow plait decorated with crystal buttons attached to the front. Plain white or black satin stocks, with folded inch-wide ends beginning at the upper edge in the back and carried down in front, where they cross, are very useful for morning wear, using a pretty round brooch for a fastening.
 Crystal lockets incrustated with small diamonds, gold pears outlined with a fringe of pearls, enamelled pins and pendants in the form of weird dragons and serpents and buttonhole watches of gun metal are among the novelties in Parisian jewelry shops.
 Tucks have held their own as a means of decoration, and will be revived with a flourish on our new summer gowns.
 Material for blouses that will wash, put up in proper lengths in a box like robe dresses, is one of the novelties. White and tinted muslins tucked in groups alternated with lace insertion all ready to make up are a very pretty variety.
 Netted fringes have come around again with the regularity of all things in fashion which repeats themselves. They are used for cash ends for mantles and gowns, and particularly pretty are the netted insertions set in above the hem of a cashmere overdress, either one or two rows, as you fancy, and fully two inches wide. It is a very simple matter to learn to net, so these fashionable trimmings can be easily made by amateurs in the fringe business.
 Brocaded gowns, pointed bodices, powder, rouged and three-cornered hats—in

fact all the fashions of the time of Louis XV.—are prophesied for the near future. The hats are here already, and the close-fitting pointed bodices is promised for the coming summer.
 Oriental designs and colors appear in all silk and silk and wool.
 Military cycling gowns are one of the fancies in Paris. The skirt and coat are of a dark blue cloth, trimmed with narrow gold braid. The jacket has a piping and facing of red, and the whole is crowned by a dashing military cap.
 Some of the latest bodice models are finished at the waist with a cord or a tiny line of jet, which looks as if the days of the belt were numbered.
 Chemise, boyadere stripes, dots and broken lines are introduced on silk and his fabrics very effectively. The stripes are in plain neutral colors, or variegated with several bright colors in a sort of hit-or-miss design.
 The difficulty in making an old gown into a fashionable one is chiefly in the length of the skirt, and one way to overcome this is to add a deep yoke of velvet, silk or lace over silk, whichever is most suitable for the material.
 A dainty novelty in muff is made of chiffon lined with sable, which forms a band at either end.
 A dead calm seems to have settled down on the sea of fashion, interrupted by nothing save satyrical rumors and vague speculations of things to come. One distinguishing feature of the season which promises to have an extended stay is the eel-skin skirt, fitting the hips more closely than ever before. This is certainly an era in dress when delicate slender lines of figure counts for much if you care to represent the essential qualities of fashion. Dressmakers have been tried beyond precedent with anxious petitions from customers to give an appearance of slenderness where none existed, and they cannot hope for any relief during the coming season. They are requested not only to make the avoid-dupis of the customer disappear mysteriously at will, but also to round out the figure in perfect proportion. Surely the paths of the modern dressmaker are not strewn with roses.
 Foreign fashion budgets tell us that padded hips are the vogue in Paris, where the ideal beauty in figure, just at the moment, is one with very broad hips quite out of proportion to the size of the waist. The pads are daintily covered with silk, and either attached to the corsets or the skirt lining. Evening gowns are already made as tight as possible about the hips and continue to add length in proportion to the diminishing width at the top. These clinging skirts may prove a blessing later when the warm weather comes, as the tendency is to wear less and less underneath them, so that the wearer may have every chance for a slender, fragile appearance. Surely the woman with a perfect figure has more reasons for gratitude than ever before.
 The latest polonaise is magnified into a double skirt, which reaches almost to the hem of the skirt, but lifts so closely above the knee and falls so gracefully into the folds of the skirt underneath that it does not take away from the height or add to the appearance of size. For the perfect figure and the skilled dressmaker the genuine Princess gown is in great demand, especially in the dressy materials, which is an interesting item of fashion, as American women are rarely ready to adopt a mode until after its first success has been fully established in Paris. The new glossy crepe de chine, satins and velvets are out into Princess form and so are the diaphanous materials lined with silk. A Princess evening gown of satin in the pretty pinkish tinge of a rose-hall is one of the new models, and is made to open narrowly down the front over a tablier of plaid white mousseline de soie lined in stripes with silver paillettes. A ruche of mousseline lines the entire skirt around the edge, and an embroidery of applique pink, velvet and lace, with sequins, adorns the

Children should always increase in weight. Not to grow, not to increase in flesh, belongs to old age.
 Present and future health demands that this increase in weight should be steady and never failing.
 To delicate children, Scott's Emulsion brings richer blood and firmer flesh. Better color comes to the cheeks and stronger muscles to the limbs. The gain in weight is substantial; it comes to stay.
 Sold by Druggists and Grocers.
 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Like a Duck's Back—unwetterable, is that soft, pliable porous, cool, stylish woollen Dress Goods—Cravenette.
 Nothing in its appearance indicates its water-shedding, mud-resisting nature.
 'Tis entirely odorless. Is not a rubber cloth. Suitable for any weather—wet or dry.
 Two weights—light and medium. Six colors—Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black.
 Sold at all dealers.
Cravenette
 The Rain-proof Dress Goods.
 ASK TO SEE IT.

front of the bodice and decorates either side.
 Crepe de chine in any of the pale shades made with a tunic overdress, edged with a ruching of lace or mousseline de soie, makes a charming evening gown, which can be utilized as a dinner dress by adding the lace guimpe and sleeves. The skirt for this sort of dress has a wide circular flounce finished, like the tunic, with a ruche.
 Tunics and polonaises promise to be a feature of modes in multi gowns for the coming season, some of the advanced models being variously shaped at the bottom of the overdress in scallops or deep points trimmed with lace. A long overdress laid in box plait all around, closely stitched in from the waist to the knee, where the fullness flares over a wide plaited flounce, is one of the new models in foulard silk, and still another in dimity is very prettily made with groups of fine small tucks in vertical lines five or six inches apart all around the upper part of the skirt. The lower part is a deep, partially circular flounce, the tucked part having the appearance of an overdress falling over this in deep points, edged with wide lace insertion. The bodice is tucked and trimmed with the lace arranged in a pointed yoke.
 The new muslins show many floral designs. Dresden patterns and dainty roses bled scattered over the surface. Roses in all sizes and colors, with pink in the lead, blossom out in great profusion on the new wash materials, which have a fresh beauty this season in the glossy finish which gives them the appearance of silk. Linens and ducks are to be very much worn white being trimmed with a pointed or scalloped applique design of colored linen stitched in, the white lapping over the edges.
 Pale blue and cream silk muslins prettily dotted with full-blown pink roses will make the daintiest kind of summer dresses, and many of the cotton muslins, quite as pretty in effect, have dots and spots of black mixed in with the flowered pattern. Striped muslins, with cords in the stripes, and white batistes with colored stripes are all very pretty, especially the latter, which are more like the old pineapple cloth than anything else. A new fabric is a motesque in fine checks, and then there are all the old-time shot and plaid ginghams and embroidered Swiss muslins in new designs.

SIX WEEKS IN PAIN DUNGEON.
 A Confirmed Invalid From Acute Rheumatism—South American Rheumatic Cure Gives Him His Liberty.
 Geo. England, of Chatham, N. B., is a carpenter and ship-builder by trade. Through exposure to all kinds of weather he contracted a most acute form of rheumatism. His joints swelled and stiffened, and he was laid up in his bed for six weeks. After doctors had failed to relieve him he tried South American Rheumatic Cure, and to use his own words: "In 24 hours after I had commenced taking the remedy the pain all left me, the swelling subsided and to-day I am a cured man."
 Don't Cough.
 There is nothing more irritable to a cough than coughing. Constant coughing is like scratching a wound so long as it is done the wound will not heal. When tempted to cough draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and such breaths will soon be required from this process. The nitrogen which is thus refined acts on the mucous membrane, always the desire to cough and gives the throat and lungs a chance to heal.

Rug and Mat Makers
 Color Their Rags and Yarns. With Diamond Dyes.
 I have made several very handsome Rugs and Mats for the house that I am very proud of. The rugs and pieces of cloth and flannel used in my Rugs and Mats were all dyed with your wonderful Diamond Dyes. The colors are rich and brilliant, and I find they are washing Diamond Dyes are the best I ever used.
 MRS. L. F. BOYNTON,
 Wilmington, Mass.

WOMAN YOUR WOMAN
 never looks so beautifully and comfortably arrayed as when fitted out in a
Best CORSET.
 Corsets are designed to show off the figure to the best advantage without the customary evil effects. They support the body that delightful appearance and perfect ease so much sought after by fashionable women. The material used throughout is of the best and the construction flawless in every detail.
 PRICE: \$1.50 TO \$3.50 PAIR.

BULLETIN FROM THE PROGRESS.

One of Sam Weller's Songs Paraphrased in Act and Life in New Mexico.

In the song of 'Bold Turpin and the Bishop,' which Sam Weller sang on occasion described in the 'Pickwick Papers,' it is told how the Bishop having rashly exclaimed at the sight of Turpin: 'As sure as eggs is eggs, this is the bold Turpin!' the highwayman resented the words to the extent of compelling the Bishop to eat them, with a salvo of leaden bullet. Then he followed up the reproach by putting a couple of balls in the mob of the coachman who tried to run away. This tale of two lives snuffed out over a matter of eggs has been regarded in the light of poetical license that as a serious statement of facts; but two men were killed once in Las Vegas N. M., as the result of a dispute over the ordering of eggs at a hotel breakfast.

'It was in the winter of '79 '80, the winter after the Atchison road was built to Las Vegas, that I saw the commercial traveller shot by the waiter in the Occidental Hotel there for asking for eggs at breakfast,' said a former resident of New Mexico now staying in New York. The Territory was a wild one then and Las Vegas was the toughest town in it. All the tough characters in the Southwest made it the stamping ground, and every barkeeper and waiter and barber's apprentice was filled up with the doings of Clay Alliston and Doc Holiday and Billy the Kid, and carried a gun and lay for an easy mark to get a man and make himself a name. These foolish youngsters were far more dangerous in the community than the genuine desperadoes, who saw no fun in killing an unarmed man, and did most of their shooting among themselves.

'In the dining room of the Occidental Hotel, where I had taken my breakfast on the morning of the shooting, the waiters were made up of about equal proportions of saucy, slangy girls, and independent tough young fellows, who swaggered and slammed things, put in their word in conversation among guests, and were more concerned in making the tenderfoot visitor feel his unimportance than providing for the wants of his appetite. I had left the dining room and was sitting in the office when the commercial traveller, who had risen late, went in for his breakfast. I was still in the office when he came out from the dining room in bad temper because he could get no eggs at the table. He had had words with the waiter who had refused to serve him—a young man named Patterson, who had come from Lawrence, Kan., to New Mexico. Presently Patterson came out into the office. Who began the controversy again I did not notice but soon they have words over the matter of the eggs, and then, without warning, Patterson pulled a revolver and shot the commercial traveller in the body. Everybody sitting or standing round jumped and people came running in from the street at the sound of the shot. The City Marshal and Lute Wilcox, since editor of the Denver Field—he was then a reporter on the Las Vegas Optic—were among the first to arrive on the scene. While the City Marshal arrested and disarmed Patterson, the hotel clerk and Wilcox got the wounded man upstairs to his room and to bed. When the doctor came the seriousness of his wound was discovered and he died next day.

Patterson was in jail awaiting trial when I went away from Las Vegas a few days later. There was talk that he would be lynched, but the man he killed was not a citizen of the town, and the Vigilantes lay low and let matters square themselves another way. Public sentiment was against the prisoner, and the murdered man had friends in the great commissions in Las Vegas with whom he had dealt. It was Gillie Otero, now Governor of New Mexico, the son of the grand old Senor Don Miguel Otero, who told me the sequel of this tragedy. Patterson got the running cinch, which means everything left upon for a prisoner's escape from jail and men stationed outside to see that he does not get away. He took the chance offered him, broke jail, and was killed running at the Puertecito, six miles below the place.

Something Like a Fudding.

Some time ago, said a Volunteer recently, I spent a week with a garrison battery in a south coast fort. On the last day the sergeants sat down to an exceptionally fine dinner, the crowning glory of which was a large plum-pudding. I had made the pudding two days before, had it boiled, and, now, re-heated, it made its appearance amid the welcome shouts of my brother-warriors; and I naturally felt a bit proud of it, for I hadn't been a ship's cook for nothing.

'Some mighty hard!' remarked the sergeant-major, as he vainly tried to stick his fork into it. 'Have you boiled us a cannon-ball, Brownie?' 'Or the regimental football?' asked another. 'Where did you get the flour from?' questioned Sergeant Norman. 'Where from?' I retorted. 'From Store No. 5, of course.' 'The dickens you did!' roared the

quartermaster sergeant. 'Toen, hang von, you've made the pudding with Fort and cement!' And so it proved. That pudding is now preserved in the battery museum.

MAKES PEOPLE WELL. Paine's Celery Compound the Chosen Medicine of All Classes in Our Dominion.

The reputation of Paine's Celery Compound from day to day. Those who are in need of the healing and recuperative powers of nature's health restorer are advised to use it by those who have been made well and strong. In the house, on the house, and where people congregate, Paine's Celery Compound is ever recommended, and kindly words spoken in its favor. In this way the popularity of the great medicine is made enduring, and its immense sales stir the envy of the ordinary medicine proprietor and the jealous minded doctor. The wealthiest families in the land, the best and most observant people in our cities and towns, and the common-sense people in our agricultural districts, place Paine's Celery Compound far above all other known remedies. The past and present history of Paine's Compound is the grand continued story of sick people made well—of fathers, mothers, sons and daughter restored to perfect health. Competent medical authorities declare that Paine's Celery Compound is the one great medicine for rundown and physically weak people. When the vital forces are low and the nervous organism shattered, then it is that the marvellous medicine manifests its wondrous healing virtues. Weakness, depression, tired feeling, languor, digestive troubles, headache, rheumatism and neuralgia are quickly banished owing to the nourishment that Paine's Celery Compound imparts to brain, nerves and tissue. It is the great everyday home medicine for all classes of our population.

The Oldest Queen in Europe.

The oldest Queen in Europe is now the Queen of Hanover, who will be 81 next April, while in the following month Queen Victoria will be 80. The ex-Empress Eugenie, who may well be included, comes third, being 73 in the same month. Among the Princesses of Europe Princess Clementine of Sax-Coburg and Gotha exceeds all the Queens and Empresses in age, being 82 this year; Princess Alexandra of that house, widow of Duke Ernest and sister-in-law of the Prince Consort, coming next with 78 years last December.

She Stopped the Smoking.

The train was very full, and into a railway carriage occupied by four gentlemen, each of whom was smoking, stepped a woman. The occupant nearest the door, observing that she carried a basket, hastened to help her in with it. 'Take care,' said she, in a whisper. 'I have 6lb. of dynamite in that basket, which I am taking to my husband in a stone quarry.' The train then sped on. Quick as lightning the gentlemen exchanged glances and threw

their cigars out of the window. All looked horror-stricken as they glanced first at the woman and then at the basket. With ill-concealed anxiety they looked forward to the train stopping. At the next station the woman alighted, and a sign of relief burst simultaneously from her four companions; one of whom carefully handed her out the basket with its dangerous contents. 'Thank you,' said the woman. 'Thank you, you need not look so frightened. There's only my husband's dinner inside; but your smiles is so vile.'

No Wonder He Got Hurt.

John Joffe, who was remarkable for his large ears, has had a falling off with Miss Emerald Strype toward whom he had been suspected of entertaining matrimonial intentions. Somebody asked him the other day why he and Miss Strype were not out driving as much as usual, to which he replied that he did not propose to pay trap hire for any woman who called him a donkey.

'I can't believe that Miss Strype would call any gentleman a donkey,' was the reply. 'Well, she didn't exactly say that I was a donkey; but she might just as well have said so. She hinted that much.'

'What did she say?' 'We were out driving, and it looked very much like rain, and I said it was going to rain on us, as I left a raindrop on my car; and what do you suppose she said?' 'I have no idea.'

'Well, she said, "That rain you felt on your car may be two or three miles off."'

False To The Tooth.

A Moscow dentist has solved the problem of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Dr. Zmesky has performed several successful operations on dogs, as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta-percha, porcelain, or metal as the case may be. At the root of the false tooth holes are made. Holes are also made upwards into the jaw. In a short time a soft granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position. It is stated that it does not matter whether the cavity in which the tooth is to be placed is one from which a natural tooth has been drawn recently, or whether it has been healed for some years.

A Generous Offer.

We are authorized to offer our readers, prepaid, a free sample of a never failing cure for catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, influenza, and such throat and nasal diseases. There is no mystery about Catarrh, hoarseness, though its effect magical. Ointments and washes cannot reach the diseased parts, and have thus proved useless. But Catarrh is carried by air directly to the diseased part; and is like a breeze from the pine woods. Write for free sample to N. C. Polson & Co. Kingston Ont.

The World's Ribbons.

Nearly 1,000,000,000 yards of ribbon of all shades and colors are consumed by the fair sex in general of the Continent of Europe every year. Of this huge amount France alone takes one-third, it being a well-established fact that Frenchwomen are particularly prone to anything of a showy colour. Britain comes next, but a very long way behind, with 30,000,000 yds, and the rest is divided principally between Spain, Italy, Germany, and Belgium, and smaller principalities. Blue and higher pinks and scarlets are the favourite shades.



INSOMNIA. SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE RESTORES REST AND HEALTH. If the digestive organs refuse to do their work, indigestion and dyspepsia follow like lightning's flash—the nerves are shattered and then insomnia ensues, and the patient is on the road to the mad-house or insane asylum. A well known Toronto newspaper man was a victim of nervous prostration and insomnia through overwork—resting at night was more of a dread than a welcome to rest—prejudiced against medicines and remedies, he spurned the thought of resorting to what he called nostrums—he became almost incapacitated for work—he was recommended to try South American Nerve, procured a bottle and when half of it had been taken, he found himself improving—sleep was induced, the nerves grew quieter, the appetite returned—he continued to take the remedy until he had used six bottles, and at the end of that time the twenty pounds he had lost in worry and for want of rest was put on again—'today he says, "I had strong enough to do two days' work in one." South American Nerve is without a peer in the cure of nervousness, indigestion and insomnia. A few doses will convince the most sceptical. It gives immediate relief and effects a cure in every case. Strong as this statement may seem it is absolutely true. South American Nerve is never failed—relieves in six hours and cures after years of agony have been suffered. South American Nerve Cures Bright's disease, diabetes and bladder troubles. A few doses will convince.

FLASHES OF FUN

'What is a phenomenon, Uncle Bill?' 'A phenomenon is a small boy about your size; who never bothers anybody.'

Teacher: 'Why didn't you ask your father how this man was done?' Jehonah: 'Cause I didn't want to be sent to bed.'

Medical Examiner: 'What is there besides ether and chloroform to produce unconsciousness?' Student: 'A bludgeon.'

'They tell me you have some money left you,' said Bartlett. 'Yes,' replied Tomkins, sadly, 'it left me long ago. Lend us half a sovereign.'

Never speak unkindly to a child. A child's feelings are very sensitive, and an unkind word rankles in its memory, and may cause it to drop a piece of orange-peel in your path.

Lawyer: 'Then I understand you to swear, witness, that the parties came to high words?' Witness: 'No, sir; not I, say, it, the words was particularly low.'

Solicitor: 'Yes, madam, we shall have put down your correct age in the deed.' Client: 'Put forty-five, then, if you must have it, but for goodness' sake write it as illegibly as possible.'

Miss Falsade: 'I'm surprised you don't like him. Why, if he had money he would make an ideal husband!' Miss Summit: 'That's nothing! So would any man.'

'I've an offer to go to work for a wholesale house. What would you do if you were in my shoes?' After a careful inspection—'I think I would black'em.'

'You are Mr. Quezoon, the husband of the celebrated lecturer on cookery, are you not?' 'Yes, sir,' said the dejected, hollow-eyed man. 'I am the man she tries her new dishes on.'

Head of the Establishment: 'David, you are a fool!' David: 'Well, sir, I can't help it. When you engaged me, you told me to me to imitate you, and I've done the best I could.'

Little Brother: 'Mr. Johnson, won't you go and stand before the window?' Mr. Johnson: 'Certainly, my little man; but why?' Little Brother: 'Oh, ma says she can see through you. I want to see if I can.'

'Why, yes, indeed,' said the principal, beaming through her glasses, 'no fewer than eleven of Gussie's brothers have been here this winter to take her out, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes again to-morrow.'

'John has five oranges, James gave him eleven, and he gives Peter seven, how many has he left?' 'Before this problem the class recoiled. 'Please, sir,' said a young lad, 'we always does our sums in apples.'

Irate Father: 'I'm getting tired of this nonsense. You've been engaged to that man for six months. Does he intend to marry you?' Engaged Daughter: 'You must have patience. Remember he's an actor, and is fond of long engagements.'

'When I goes a-shopping,' says an old lady, 'I allers asks for what I wants, and if they have it and it is cheap, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to take it, and it can't be got at any place for less, I must allers take it without chaffering all day as most people do.'

Lady at cookery lecture, soliloquizing: 'Now that she has got it cooked, I wish she'd tell me how to use up cold mutton.' Next lady overhears and remarks: 'I have some infallible recipes.'

First Lady, alert with pencil and notebook: 'Will you please favor me?' Second Lady: 'Six boys.'

'Yes,' said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, 'you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be so devoted to one another.'

'Devoted! Large family! gaped the old gentleman, in amazement. 'What on earth do you mean, ma'am?' 'Mamma: 'What is Willie crying about?' Bridget: 'Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's.'

Mamma: 'Well, why didn't you let him go?' 'They were havin' charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't allure as he'd had 'em yet.'

An old country gentleman, returning homeward late, discovered a yoked with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated he had only come a-courting.'

'Cause a what?' said the irate gentleman. 'A courting, sir. Ise scouring Mary.' 'That's not true. What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man.'

'No, sir,' was the yoked's reply, 'I don't think you did, judging by the mink.'

Reporter: 'Anybody injured in the previous game to-day?' Football Captain: 'No; the boys went real easy to day, they are saving; they're saving for the championship game; Gibbs got his nose broken, Russell lost an ear, Dubson got a few teeth kicked out, Jaycock dislocated his jaw and broke a few fingers, but nobody got what you could really call hurt.'

A sailor was called up as a witness. 'Well,' said the lawyer, 'do you know the plaintiff and defendant?' 'I don't know the dils of them words answered the sailor. 'What I do not know the meaning of the words plaintiff and defendant?' continued the lawyer, 'a pretty fellow you must be to come here as a witness. Can you tell me where on board it was that the one man struck the other?' 'Aunt the binnacel,' said the sailor. 'Aunt the binnacel,' rejoined the lawyer, 'what do you mean by that?' 'A pretty fellow you,' said the sailor, 'to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what about the binnacel means.'

Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND COFFEE JAVA MOCHA THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

BENSON'S POROUS PLASTER 'It is the best POROUS PLASTER' Cures Backache, Muscular Rheumatism and the like quicker than any other remedy.

Raw From Ear To Jaw. 'I have been for years more or less subject to eruptions on my skin. The left side of my face from the top of my ear to half way down my jaw was in a very bad state—being almost raw, making shaving very painful. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. One bottle perfectly cured me. I can honestly recommend B.B.B. to all who suffer from any skin disease.' G. WHITE, Carlisle, N.W.T. B.B.B. cures Salt Rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Shingles, Bolls, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, and all forms of Skin Diseases and Eruptions, from the smallest pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH AND TEETH THE CHILDREN TO DO SO BY USING CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE They Have the Largest Sale of Dentifrices. Avoid imitations, which are numerous and available. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

as a witness.
"Do you know
of them words
the meaning of the
infant?" continued
"Can you tell me
that the one man
said the sailor.
"I joined the lawyer
said the sailor, "to
and don't know
any more."

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Dentifrice
Franchester

"I am, I am thankful to say," Shirley
replied. "Have you come to lunch?"
"No, I have only brought a message
from the mother. She has an 'At Home'
to-day, and hopes you and Mrs. Loraine
will come. Here is the note."
He threw an envelope on to the table
and then regarded her in a sulky, unwilling
way.
"We have been speaking," Shirley said;
"but mother will be down directly. Will
you come in here?"
"I don't think I can wait," he said, beat-
ing his leg with his riding-whip. "My bag
won't stand."
"Then I will take this up to mother."
She ran upstairs with the invitation,
while Matherell continued to beat his
riding boot.
During the last few weeks he had almost
forgotten Shirley Loraine, and had believed
himself in love with Cora Rier.
Now, as he once again saw how pretty
and charming his old love really was, he
felt undecided as to which held first place
in his shallow heart.
She, he was very certain that Shirley
had treated him badly, and he
did not intend to be too nice
to her until she had expressed
some regret for her behavior.
But, as she had no thought of doing any
thing of the kind, he went away in a rather
warm temper than he had arrived in.
Mrs. Loraine accepted Lady Matherell's
invitation for the afternoon, and having ar-
rived herself in her new autumn visiting
costume, she seated herself in the post-
chaise with Shirley and drove over to the
Court.
They were rather late.
Some thirty or forty people were dis-
tributed about the drawing room.
There was subdued pleasant chatter of
cultivated voices, the scent of hothouse
flowers, and the strains of a piano, to which
no one was listening.
As Shirley followed her mother into the
room, her gaze travelled over the assembly,
noticing what friends were present;
bowing and smiling to those she knew,
she made her way to Lady Matherell, who,
seated on a couch, was conversing with a
young man.
As Lady Matherell rose to welcome her
guests, he stood up, leisurely, and, moving
aside, entered into conversation with a
couple of men.
"Why, Shirley," her ladyship exclaimed,
taking the girl's hand, "you have lost your
roses! My dear child, have you been ill?"
Shirley never quite knew what reply she
made.
Lady Matherell seemed a long way off,
and the room swimming round her; while
through the hubbub of voices, one sounded
clear and distinct—it was Vivian West's.
The last few weeks had wrought a great
change in Vivian West's life.
Coddington had suddenly awakened to
the knowledge that he was both clever and
agreeable—that he was, in fact, the coming
man—and no one could make enough of
him.
Perhaps the warm praise bestowed upon
a picture of his in one of the exhibitions
had something to do with this.
Anyhow the young fellow's luck seemed
to have turned at last.
The painting sold for some hundreds of
guineas, and a description of the artist,
with his portrait, appeared in several
magazines.
It had come about so quickly and un-
expectedly, that Vivian West could scarcely
believe that the days of struggle and ob-
scure work were over.
His good fortune made no perceptible
difference in his manner, or mood of living.
He kept on his rooms at Mrs. Kemp's,
and received all overtures in that quiet,
pleasant way which showed neither anxiety
to make friends, nor an unwillingness to do
so.
This was his first visit to Matherell
Court, though he had received more than
one invitation from Sir Martin.
Lady Matherell was already charmed with
him, much to Gilbert's annoyance; for
Coddington gossip had been ready enough
to inform him of Shirley's acquaintance
with the artist, and jealousy had added to
the dislike he had from the first felt for
him.
"You see we have your painter fellow
here," he said, seating himself beside Shir-
ley. "Can't understand my people taking
up a man like that. God! they'll feel
properly sold if he takes a fancy to some
of the plate."
"Does he look like that sort of person?"
she asked, coldly.
The faintness which had seized her when
she first saw Vivian West was beginning
to leave her; the mist which had come be-
fore her sight was clearing away.
She found herself sitting but a few yards
from the man she loved so passionately.
He was standing on the big bearskin rug
before the fire—the handsome man in the
room, but, apparently, quite unconscious
of the fact.
Shirley longed to watch him.
All the past weary weeks she had hungered
for a sight of Vivian, and now she was
sitting in the same room with her ideal, so
close that she could have spoken to him,
yet she scarcely dared glance in his direc-
tion.
She listened to the pleasant tones of his
voice with a dull aching at her heart,
awakening suddenly to the fact that Gilbert
Matherell was impatiently asking some
question of her.
"What do you think?"
She regarded him blankly.
"I beg your pardon, I did not hear
you."
"You have not paid the slightest atten-
tion to anything I have said for the last
five minutes," he returned, evenly. "I
merely asked you what you thought of that
little girl over there, in blue, is it?"
Shirley followed the direction of his eyes
to where a small, slight girl was demurely
talking to Mrs. Loraine.
"Rather pretty," she said, indifferently.
"Who is she?"
"Madame Renier's daughter," he explained.
"She turned up here, knowing nothing

of her mother's death. Poor little thing,
it was an awful shock for her."
Shirley looked with more interest at
Cora.
"Is she staying here?" she asked.
"Rather? Gilbert replied, twisting up
his small, fair moustache. "She is a rising
good sort, I can tell you, nice and
cheerful, with none of the grand stand-off
ways you are so fond of."
"She had better change places with me,
then," Shirley said, with a poor little
laugh. "I am quite ready to retire."
"Too late, my lady—the gates are
closed," he declared.
He was no longer very desperately in
love with Shirley; but, at the same time,
he was not quite prepared to give her up.
"She was the prettiest girl in the county,
and about her there was an air of distinction
which Cora Rier did not possess."
Besides which, he had cleverly put two
and two together, and had arrived at the
conclusion that Vivian West was in love
with Shirley, and it pleased his small nature
to see a young man, who another man
despised, especially Rier, changed to be a
man he disliked and envied.
"It is never too late to mend," Shirley
said, rather drily.
"She wished it was time to go home."
It was awful having to sit there, chatting
and smiling, when feeling so utterly miser-
able.
"Sir Martin, catching sight of her, made
his way to her seat."
"So glad you have come back," he said,
warmly. "I missed your bright face. Ah,
think, Gilbert, as young Matherell vacat-
ed his chair, "And so you have been en-
joying yourself in Devonshire?"
"It would be nearer the truth to say
vegetating," Shirley said.
"In that case, West, it has not agreed with
you, you say looking thin. I want you to
come and stay with us here. It will cheer
us up; we are very dull. The place is—
is like a grave."
He spoke in a monotonous tone of sad-
ness; no smile brightened his grave, worn
face, and always, as he talked, his eyes
moved restlessly about the room as if
seeking for some object.
No one would have recognized him as
the man who, a few short months, be-
fore had so proudly and so gaily planned
the celebration of his son's coming of age.
Shirley looked at him pityingly.
"It is you who are looking ill, Sir Martin,"
she said. "I do not believe you take any
care of yourself. You ought to go away for
a thorough change."
"I am all right," he answered, hurriedly,
as if not caring for the subject. "Have
you heard from your sister lately?"
Shirley was about to reply, when her
words were arrested by an expression of
absolute horror which crossed his face.
It was but for an instant, and then he
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had just slipped into a vacant chair in front
of him.
"Ah, Sir Martin!" she exclaimed, in her
quiet foreign way. "Will you not intro-
duce us to madame Renier? I already know
madame Renier's mother."
Sir Martin did as she requested.
Shirley frankly held out her little gloved
hand.
"I am glad to know you," she said. "Mr
Matherell has been telling me that you and
he are great friends."
"Ah, but that is kind!" with a shrug of
the shoulders. "I am very humble, I as-
sure you. I did not aspire to so much."
"You have been here for some time, have
you not?" Shirley continued, by way of
making conversation.
"Yes, some time; and I have heard, oh!
so much of you."
"Indeed?" with a slight smile.
Cora glanced around her.
"There are many people here, are there
not?" she said. "But, ma foi, I have never
seen a handsomer man than the one stand-
ing there! Are you acquainted?"
"I do not know everyone here," Shirley
said, evasively.
She knew, without looking whom the girl
meant, yet shrank from speaking aloud the
name that seemed forever in her thoughts.
Cora turned to Sir Martin.
"Tell me who he is," she said. "One does
not often see so fine a face."
A gleam of pride came into Sir Martin's
eyes as he rested on the young fellow.
"That," he said, "is Vivian West, the ar-
tist."
"Vivian West!" Cora repeated, below her
breath; adding aloud: "Vivian West—I
know the name."
"That is possible," Matherell replied, evad-
ing the dark eyes now fixed on his. "The
name has lately appeared in many papers
and magazines. He is a rising artist, and
likely to become a great one."
Cora nodded.
"Indeed—you must feel proud of him,"
Sir Martin started guiltily.
He read a hidden meaning in her words.
For one awful moment he believed she
knew the truth, that in some way she had
discovered his secret.
Then he rallied his falling courage, and
answered her.
"I am, indeed, proud of his acquain-
tance."
Cora smiled.
She had noticed the momentary hesita-
tion, the nervous twitching of his lip and
the way in which his long, thin fingers had
clenched together.
She felt that at last she was about to
probe the mystery.
Of late she had begun to look upon the
whole affair as altogether hopeless.
Spy, and listen, and strive as she would,
she made no progress in bringing the
murder done to Sir Martin Matherell, and
already had begun to give up all thought
of ever doing so, when she suddenly found
herself face to face, as it were, with the
very person she desired, of all others, to
meet.
Her heart beat fast with excitement, the
bright colour glowed in her cheeks.
She left her seat, and, with a look of
return from having a cigarette in the
smoker's room.
"Madame Renier's daughter," he explained,
"She turned up here, knowing nothing

of her mother's death. Poor little thing,
it was an awful shock for her."
Shirley looked with more interest at
Cora.
"Is she staying here?" she asked.
"Rather? Gilbert replied, twisting up
his small, fair moustache. "She is a rising
good sort, I can tell you, nice and
cheerful, with none of the grand stand-off
ways you are so fond of."
"She had better change places with me,
then," Shirley said, with a poor little
laugh. "I am quite ready to retire."
"Too late, my lady—the gates are
closed," he declared.
He was no longer very desperately in
love with Shirley; but, at the same time,
he was not quite prepared to give her up.
"She was the prettiest girl in the county,
and about her there was an air of distinction
which Cora Rier did not possess."
Besides which, he had cleverly put two
and two together, and had arrived at the
conclusion that Vivian West was in love
with Shirley, and it pleased his small nature
to see a young man, who another man
despised, especially Rier, changed to be a
man he disliked and envied.
"It is never too late to mend," Shirley
said, rather drily.
"She wished it was time to go home."
It was awful having to sit there, chatting
and smiling, when feeling so utterly miser-
able.
"Sir Martin, catching sight of her, made
his way to her seat."
"So glad you have come back," he said,
warmly. "I missed your bright face. Ah

The Bond Between Them.

Mrs. Lordin uttered a faint, frightened cry as a dripping little figure came into her presence that summer afternoon and put up both hands, saying: 'Thee been in as river, mamma.'

There he had recently received his party's nomination to Congress. 'Reggie,' cried his mother, 'go back to school at once, you naughty boy!'

'Mills, do you mean--' 'I mean that I have been a silly head, and mean that I never loved any one but you. Can you ever forgive me, George?'

And Mrs. Lordin uttered a faint, frightened cry as a dripping little figure came into her presence that summer afternoon and put up both hands, saying: 'Thee been in as river, mamma.'

WALTERS TRUE BRAND CUTLERY IS MADE OF WARRANTED BEST STEEL LEADING MAKERS BELL & CO.

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DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

S.S. PRINCE GEORGE, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

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My Good Farm Gone.

Mr. Amos F. Wright, who now resides at 24 Portland street, Toronto, and was for years a prosperous farmer in East Hastings, Ont., says:

The advent of that dreaded disease, rheumatism, some 15 years ago, compelled me to abandon active work.

I wish to give you a description of my suffering. For 15 years I suffered from muscular rheumatism so badly that I was unable to dress myself without assistance.

What He was Doing. One day the police made a raid on a betting club, and taking the names of the men they caught, told them that they would have to appear at the police court the next morning--which they did.

DR. WARD'S BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS. BORN.

MARRIED.

- Antoniak, Jan. 31, Bloomfield Douglas to Maudie Madson.
Newman, Jan. 24, Freeman G. Ward to Louisa Newnam.
Hall, Jan. 31, by Rev. A. C. Chute, James McLean to Len a Spren.

DIED.

- St. John, Feb. 4, John Sprout, 61.
Advocate, Jan. 21, Eva Moore, 25.
Shelburne, Jan. 25, Arthur Wils n.
St. John, Feb. 4, Simon Balsley, 85.

Vin Dr. Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills. FOR MEN AND WOMEN.