

and there rise precipitously...
W. A. CHAMBERLAIN, Gen. Man'gr.

DOMINION ATLANTIC R.Y.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and
Train service of this railway will be as follows:
Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,
Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday

S. S. Prince Edward

By far the finest and latest steamer plying out of
Boston, leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Tuesday

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897
the trains of this Railway will run
daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Arrival Time. Includes Express from Montreal, Express from Quebec, etc.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

CHRISTMAS EXCURSION TICKETS.

now on sale to Teachers and Scholars in schools
and colleges on presentation of proper certificates
from Principals; and will be on sale to Commemorial
Travelers December 12th, to 20th, and to the
Fable from December 21st to January 1st, at
the one way first class fare for the round trip.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co.

For Boston and Halifax,
Via Yarmouth,
(LIMITED),
The Shortest and Best Route between Nova
Scotia and the United States, The Quick-
est Time, 15 to 17 Hours between
Yarmouth and Boston.

MORE WATER REQUIRED

AND THE CITY WILL NEED SOME
MONEY TO SECURE IT
One hundred and thirty-five thousand
dollars more to be spent upon the West
side!

With the discussion spoken of above the
fact that Messrs. Cushing wanted \$40,000
of water daily for the manufacture
of pulp was taken into consideration.

There is a population of 6250 on the
west side to which water has to be sup-
plied. Nine hundred and five of these
people live in the parish of Lunenburg.

So the question of supply seemed to be
settled, and the city fathers were in a good
deal of a hurry to get the proposed amend-
ment, and perhaps the million dollars of
water were taken from every lake every
day, the supply might hold out.

MRS. NASH HAS A FRIEND

THE WIFE OF THE FUGITIVE
WHICH SHE FEELS SHE CAN PROTECT
Mrs. Nash has a friend, who is
able to protect her from the
lawless and lawbreaking
element.

What the surveyors want to do is what
all protective unions are organized for,
to establish a uniform rate of wages and
give every man his share of the work.

Then the defendant took the stand. Mrs.
Leary is like Mrs. Nash, rather prepos-
sessing in appearance and gives one the
impression that apart from her alleged vol-
untarily tongue she might be an angelic
household genius.

There is a variety of ship laborers here
a new variety created by the winter
business in which the laborer is certainly
worthy of his hire, and no one who has
been in the winter business has not seen
them.

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A HARD-WORKED RULER.

FOR NIGHT-HOUR LAW FOR KAISER WILHELM OF GERMANY.

His extraordinary labors and burdens—An accomplished linguist and scholar—A scholar, a father, and a statesman—He was elected in a hard school.

The figure given in the following condensed form the most interesting chapter of a bright little volume just published in Paris, entitled 'Guillaume II. Intime,' by M. Maurice Londe, which is bound, it says, to have a brilliant success de curiosite.

The activity of the German Emperor is proverbial. He is never at rest. He has a horror of idleness, and his endurance is prodigious. In his immediate surroundings it is feared that his health may one day suffer from his constant efforts to examine personally into all the affairs of the empire. To rest his weary head he takes a great deal of physical exercise, and he excels in athletic accomplishments.

The Emperor arises at 5 o'clock in the morning. The moment he gets out of bed he takes a cold bath. His mother, who is the daughter of Queen Victoria, and consequently English by origin, taught him from his childhood to love cold water. After the bath he dresses rapidly, and at half-past 6 he takes breakfast.

Immediately after breakfast the Emperor goes to his official quarters, where heaps of letters and documents await him. The Emperor who attends himself to all these affairs, has so much to do in the line of reading documents and examining everything in detail that he has hardly an instant's rest. He rarely puts off the examination of any matter, attending to everything on the spot, even when to do so it is necessary to take two or three hours from his sleeping time.

The adjutants on duty are at their posts at half past 6. The Emperor discusses with them the movements of that day, and then he goes to see his children.

After that he goes to his own apartments, where he receives the reports of officials and confers with the functionaries of the grand master of the palace. He looks after all entertainments and solemnities, the programme and the opportunity of outings, the expenses to be incurred, &c.

In the same way during the morning he sees to the affairs of the imperial household, scans the accounts, authorizes the orders given by the grand marshal, in a word, looks into the matters of the domestic life of the castle.

In important cases he receives at 8 o'clock his Ministers and counsellors, the Prefect of Police, the Generals and high officials. All these personages give orally briefs of the reports which they present to him for his signature. He has made it a habit to wade through all the reports which come in during the day and to examine them thoroughly. He often says to the officials working with him: 'I know very well that I giving you a great deal of trouble, but I cannot help it. I am imposing a burden upon myself, for my conscience will never allow me to come to a decision precipitately.'

It often happens that the heads of departments present him with twenty documents for his signature. Each one of them is examined carefully, and out of the twenty papers it rarely happens that he signs more than three or four. As for the others, he wants additional details.

At 9 o'clock in the morning the Emperor has already accomplished a heavy piece of work. The weather and season permitting, he takes a ride in a carriage, which is followed by a long promenade on foot. If the weather is not suitable for that exercise, he goes horseback riding for three quarters of an hour.

The Emperor is a good swordsman, a good horseman and an excellent hunter. When on horseback he likes to encounter difficulties. He jumps not only hedges and ditches, but also hurdles with the greatest facility.

On the days of inspections, when he is obliged to be in the saddle for a considerable time, he omits the carriage ride. He often remains in the saddle five or six hours continuously.

At 11 o'clock the conferences and reports are again taken up. This is also the time for audiences. The officers of high rank and also the functionaries who have just been promoted are announced. He receives also the envoys and representatives of other States. Princes and grand seigniors. William II. chats with each one of them for a few moments. At these receptions the Emperor displays toward his guests attentions that are quite original.

Windsor Salt

For example, he changes his uniform six or seven times. If the son of an artillery General comes to announce the death of his father the Emperor never fails to don the uniform of an artillery General in order to pay respect to the officer who died in his service. He appears in the uniform of an artillery General, of a general of cavalry or of infantry, or even in the uniform of an Admiral, according to the rank of the person whom he receives.

If the Emperor receives representatives or military attaches of foreign countries, he wears the uniform of the foreigners that he receives, or at least the decorations of the country of that foreigner.

All this tiresome ceremony lasts until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The Emperor then goes back to see his children, who are already at table, and he takes lunch with them. Then he sees the high officials, the generals and the ministers, and discusses with them the affairs of State. He visits the artists and poses for a portrait or a bust. He inspects the barracks and the offices of the public administration, and, if the weather permits, he closes the day with a long carriage ride.

At half past six he receives again the people who have any communications to make or who come to consult him in regard to military or political affairs. He takes up the detailed reports and papers that were presented to him in the morning, and, after having read them carefully, signs them. Then at seven o'clock he dines with his family.

When he rises from the table the Emperor passes a certain time with his children, who have devoted their day to studies or to bodily exercises. Then he returns to work. In the evening the Emperor leaves. Then, at about 10 o'clock, he partakes of a light repast and retires to his bedchamber. A little after ten o'clock he calls his servant, who assists him to undress. On a table placed beside his bed there are always pencils and paper, so that the sovereign may be able to write the ideas that come to him before going to sleep.

Such is the day's work of the Emperor in ordinary circumstances. In extraordinary circumstances William II. undertakes a still heavier task. One may easily imagine the additional labor that is imposed upon the Emperor by the visit of a king or a prince.

VALUABLE CROPS.

Where the People Only Work a Short Time Daily.

Coffee and tea both indigenous to Asia, but coffee thrives also on the opposite side of the world, so that a comparison of the places whence we obtain them would yield some curious contrasts. In Colombia, South America, for instance, the coffee crop is often gathered by children, who pick a hundred and fifty quarts a day, and get five cents for their work. In India and Ceylon, on the other hand, the tea crop is cultivated by families or coolies of both sexes and all ages, employed under contract at twelve cents a day. 'In addition,' writes Mr. William Mackenzie, the commissioner of the Ceylon government, who recently visited New York, 'the coolies receive lodgings, food and medical attendance.'

'The coffee plantations and the tea-gardens, however, the discipline is rather better than in the coffee plantations. For every twenty laborers there is an overseer, or 'cangany,' as he calls himself.

'He as a man who magnifies his office. All the coolies wear many-colored cotton garments, but the cangany is bound to wear a coat also—no matter how hot the weather is.

'Beside, the coat, the cangany insists on an umbrella. A brilliant red one makes him happiest, but if he cannot get that, a black or white one there must be. I have often met canganies walking with their umbrellas open long after the sun had gone down, and when no light could possibly touch their dusky faces but that of the moon and the stars.

'It is only in field-work, of course, that the cangany commands. He assigns a laborer to each row of tea shrubs, to prune or pluck, or whatever the task may be.

'While they work they sing, sometimes a chorus in which they all take part, sometimes an impromptu duet—very clever in its way—in which the singers take up the simple events of their daily life. If the rice and curry are below standard, or the white manager has done an unpopular thing, then is the time to hear of it.

'About midday there is a halt. If it is in the gathering season, the pluckers examine their baskets and throw out the coarse leaves that may have crept in, and the baskets are weighed. With this operation, by the way, the work of the coolies ends. In China and Japan the tea is rolled by hand, but the tea of India and Ceylon are all prepared by improved machinery.

'At four o'clock the day's work is over. It is not easy to get the coolies to do any more, even when the crop is ripe and all hands are needed. Possibly the children on the Colombian plantations would be willing to pick coffee as long as the light lasted at the rate of a hundred, and they count for five cents, but the hands on the India

and Ceylon tea plantations always 'know when they have enough.'

'Most of the coolies refuse to work more than four days in a week. They get their food and lodging in any event. Four days' work supplies their simple wants,—they can dress extravagantly on two dollars a year,—and their motto seems to be, 'No labor that isn't necessary.'

TRUTHFUL REPLY.

An Old Ladies Reply to Her Troublesome Visitors Questioning.

'Dear old Mrs. Fortune had decided to take summer boarders. The prospect was a sore one, but what could she do? It had been a hard winter, they had not been paid for the last lot of lumber sold, and now it looked as if the oldest grandchild must go away to school without delay. So the grandmother advertised, and in due time came an answer. More than that; one day a carriage drove up to her gate, and two fashionably dressed ladies alighted.

'Are you Mrs. Fortune?' asked one of the ladies, pleasantly, yet with an apparent consciousness of her own importance. 'How lovely! And the place! How charming it is! We were taking a little driving trip, and as we had seen your advertisement, it occurred to us to stop and find out how things looked.'

'I'm almost sure Jennie would like it,' said the other, 'that is, if everything is as pleasant as it seems. Now what is the altitude of your place? How high is it?' 'I don't know,' returned the old lady, gently, 'I never heard. I could ask father, and send you a line.'

'Is your drinking water good?' 'Yes, indeed, it's excellent.'

'Well, we'll have a glass before we go, and test it. How about vegetables? Do you use them fresh from your own garden?' The old lady stiffened a little. She knew questioning was quite legitimate, but it began to seem to her as if this trenchon on her own domestic privacy.

'Father raises as good garden stuff as anybody round' she said, with dignity. 'You won't find so much of it on our table.'

'One of the ladies smiled archly. 'Oh, I know you country people,' she said. 'You have a way of cooking water-vegetables, and sending fresh ones to market. Cream, too! Do you give us cream?'

A little flush rose in grandmother's cheeks. Her intentions had never before been doubted; it was a situation with which she could not easily deal.

'I use cream in my cookin' said she, and use it of the table. None of our family was ever considered high, and I hope I shan't be the first.'

Then the other lady, who had a somewhat sharp and strident voice, raised in turn.

'Do the mosquitoes trouble you?' Grandmother turned and looked at her. Perhaps in twenty years her keen blue eyes had not conveyed so much quiet sarcasm and revolt; but she answered with strict civility, and this was her reply: 'They do when they bite us!'

Save One Third.

If you want the best business education, and come here to work and adopt my plan, I agree that you can save ONE-THIRD the usual time required to take a thorough and complete course. A special reduction if you come before Jan. 15, 1898. No vacation Christmas. Send for Primer. Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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

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

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

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our "Victor" and "Wesley" Patent. Five million rounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR ROFOD, 48 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Robney for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasant sized house known as the "Blue House" and within two minutes walk of the "Kempthorne" Hall. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. S. Pacey, Barrister-at-Law, Pacey Building, 24 St. J.

THE BEAUTY OF OUR NEW SYSTEM.

Of business men it is that it soon requires us to discard any of the conventional ideas of "form" or "style" that are not thoroughness which has always characterized our work will be continued, and new standards will be set. Our motto is: "We are not content with the ordinary, who see held almost every important position in St. John's. Our headquarters is the Victoria Hotel, 24 St. J.

Catalogue, mailed free to any address. J. KERR & SON, 24 St. J., St. John's, N. S.

FROM INDIA AND CEYLON. "Tetley's" TEAS WISH their patrons a Merry Xmas - A cup of Tetley's bracing and delicious Teas will contribute to its enjoyment. JOSEPH TETLEY & CO—London, Eng. and Montreal, Halifax, Toronto, etc.

Hot Water KETTLES For Table Use, all Solid Brass. Highly Finished, with and without Brass and Wrought Iron Stands, and Spirit Lamps. A FINE ASSORTMENT. Suitable to all tastes. LOW PRICES. Also a nice assortment of Silver Plated Ware, viz— Tea, Dessert, Table and Berry Spoons. Tea, Dessert and Table Knives and Forks. Sugar Shells, Butter Knives, &c. Very suitable for Christmas Presents.

EMERSON & FISHER. CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!!

Here Are Two Distinct Styles,

AN ELEGANT DOG CART. A very handsome and fashionable carriage for family purposes

AN ELEGANT EXTENSION TOP BUGGY. Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable carriages built. Commodious and handsome. For prices and all information apply to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B. Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

CEYLON. Merry Xmas Praying and contribute to Water BOTTLES. Use, all Solid Brass. High- and, with and without Brass Knives and Forks. Sugar Christmas Presents. FISHER. BARRIAGES!! Perfect Styles, CART. Buggy for family purposes. TOP BUGGY. and comfortable car and handsome. BE & SONS, N. B. and Union Sts.

Music and The Drama. In most of the city churches special musical programmes have been prepared for the Christmas services, and through the courtesy of the choir leaders Progress is able to present its readers with the different arrangements as follows:

RED ROUGH HANDS. Itching, scaly, bleeding points, chapped hands, and painful finger ends, pruritic, cracked, oily, moist skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itching, scaly scalp, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure.

Tramont (Boston) theatre. The piece will be played by the same company that so successfully gave it at Daly's theatre in New York. Vesta Tilley whose songs are just now the talk of New York will probably be seen in Boston shortly.

As before mentioned the Boston Comedy Co., comes with all its old time vim and vivacity, and on Christmas afternoon, Tenneyson's "Dora," a beautiful pastoral drama, will be followed by the farce of "A Silent Woman." In the evening the powerful drama "The White Slave" will be given, and as it has not been seen here for some years all the old interest will be revived.

Bargains! Bargains! Bargains! The balance of our Stock of Trimmed Hats, Toques, Turbans and Bonnets at greatly reduced prices. ALSO: Sailor Hats, Walking and Tam O'Shanter's reduced to 50c. Black and Colored Untrimmed Felt Hats reduced to 25c, 35c, and 50c. Corset: a specialty. Chas. K. CAMERON & Co. 77 King Street. 49 Store open every evening.

SURE CURE FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES. During seventy years NY-AS-SAN has never failed in any case. The Hygienic Medicine Co. Trade, N. B.

"77" FOR GRIP. Any Cold that hangs on may vary properly be termed GRIP. It starts with sneezing, headache and influenza, then it is Grip. In other cases it is promptly cured by "SEVENTY-SEVEN" is required to break it up. After a week by "77" you feel almost vigorous. It is a strong point in chemistry, and how completely a Cold, and especially Grip, exhaust the system.

and while it is not an absolutely new idea, but the revival of an old one on a more elaborate scale, it is a big success. The music of the song, which the artist is singing is made out on a mammoth canvas sheet, and the chorus is sung by half a hundred colored persons whose heads, stuck through the notes on the sheet, constitute the notes which the audience sees. The effect can be better imagined than described.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a sixteen-page paper, published every Saturday, from 11 to 12 o'clock, at 11 Cornhill Street, St. John, N. B., by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Discontinuation—Except in those localities where a copy is sent free, the paper will be discontinued unless the time paid for is received. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,840

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 25.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Tomorrow will be Christmas day, an anniversary that brings with it many recollections and varied, pleasing to come and fraught with pain to others. It is a day that enlists the faculties of the mind and sympathies of the heart—the principal day in fact of the three hundred and sixty five that arrests the attention of wayward man on his pilgrimage through life, and causes him to look back upon the ground over which he has journeyed for the last twelve months, and note the various happenings great and small that have gone to make up another year of existence, the strange blending of sunshine and shadow that lends to life the charm it holds for every human being. It is a season too, which coming with the natal day of the religion of charity makes it a peculiarly happy time for erasing from the scroll of memory all bad debts of ill will and unkindness, and beginning on a new book of mutual good will. The song of the angels repeats itself instinctively in every mind; every star puts on a new brightness, and the story of the shepherds "who watched their flocks by night" is told over and over again beside millions of firesides. The Christmas story is the greatest tale that was ever written, and one that through all the centuries has never grown old. It is ever new and ever glorious; and though perhaps in this practical age there is not quite so much outward display of rejoicing, the true Christmas spirit still prevails; it is the time of kindly impulses, of self denial and little deeds of unselfish kindness practised towards those to whom the great day is but a name. Christmas is what each heart makes it, bright with the memory of a year well spent, of happy hours that have flown too quickly; or, staided by the remembrance of pain and bereavement. Progress tenders a kindly regard to all its readers, and wishes a continuance of happiness for those who are happy—and a hope for all, that life troubles may be few and far between, and that this and coming Christmases may be happy ones in the truest, highest sense of "A Happy Christmas."

A BAD SMASH UP.

There is some interest in the Maritime provinces in the affairs of the Farmers Loan Saving Company of Toronto which went into liquidation recently. The interim liquidator in his report says that the affairs of the company are in a disgraceful state, and the worst fears of the creditors and shareholders of the concern have been realized. There has been, he says, a total disregard and ignorance of a proper system of keeping accounts. No balance sheets and no ledgers have been kept. Lump entries have been made. The result has been that even when certain assets were making no revenue the fact was not known. The company has therefore taken credit for more income than it has received, and has in that way paid \$361,000, in excess of its earnings. Hon. WILLIAM MULLOCK postmaster general of Canada is interested to the extent of \$100,283, which includes his private investment as well as that of several estates which he manages. Maritime province people are involved to the following amounts as shown by the stock list at the beginning of the present year:

Estate of J. S. Belcher, Halifax,.....	\$1,400
Trustees Belcher and Paisley, Sackville,.....	5,500
Mrs. A. M. Belcher, Halifax,.....	1,800
Mrs. E. A. Brashe, Halifax,.....	4,800
Mrs. H. A. Cressman, Truro, N. S.,.....	2,150
Trustees of Mrs. H. Dickie, Truro,.....	3,750
R. Gow, Dartmouth,.....	1,600
Isma Hart, Halifax,.....	7,800
Mrs. A. M. Smith, Halifax,.....	1,000
Lady Alice Tilley, St. John,.....	700
Mrs. E. H. Watt, Halifax,.....	5,000

\$31,300

Bad management is given as the cause of the smash. Perhaps the fact that the mortgages were for the most part taken on property in and near Toronto Junction may account in a great measure for the

collapse, the boom in real estate in that section having had its day.

Curious was one of the results of the recent railway accident upon the New York Central railway. Mr. Anoniz, the philanthropic editor of Our Dumb Animals had offered a prize of \$300 for the best story, illustrating the fashionable cruelties of fashionable people to dumb animals. Seven such stories were received, and on their way, by the American Express, to the critic in Philadelphia when they were plunged into the Hudson River in the terrible accident which recently occurred there. They were recovered in bad condition, but the editor hopes to be able to send all again to Philadelphia, except possibly one that was written with blue ink, which was very much blotted. Authors have indeed a hard time of it.

When Christmas day comes do not be ranked among those who of late years have banished Santa Claus to the realm of exploded fancies. Keep Santa in the family. He was a good and wonderful being to you, and your parents, and grandparents in years gone by, and you should not let cross grained, matter-of-fact persons persuade you, at this late day, that this same perennial Santa Claus is not good enough for your children. So here's continued life and many returns of the day to dear old Santa Claus, rein deers, sleighs and bells, pack and all. And may no chimney be too small for his entrance.

A change in the form of worship in any presbyterian church is worthy of note and St. Mathew's, one of the historic churches of Halifax, has recently furnished an example. Two changes have been made and now the Lords prayer which the officiating minister has always pronounced alone is to be said by the congregation as well, and "Amen" is to be sung with organ accompaniment at the end of each psalm. How the good old presbyterians of a century ago would stare if they could drop into St. Mathews some fine Sunday morning.

Progress will contain next week an interesting and able article on "The Meaning of Coalition Governments," contributed by a writer well acquainted with the political history of the country. The article will be of great interest to the politicians of both parties—liberal and conservative—and more especially so to the members of the local legislature and those composing the present administration of the Province.

The man who discovered quinine is to have a monument in Paris; and an exchange suggests that a useful inscription would be one telling how to pronounce the name of the substance he discovered.

Do not forget to put sufficient postage on the packages you mail; and get your holiday things started in time too. The post office department can't handle everything in twenty four hours.

The six days bicycle race in New York should be the last of its race.

Tuesday was the shortest day of the year.

Are you watching for Santa Claus?

A Pretty Souvenir.

"Canada, a metrical story" by Charles Campbell of this city, has been placed on sale, and makes a charming holiday souvenir. The poem is dedicated to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G. C. M. G., and to the memory of the loyalists. Mr. Campbell was the author of the New Brunswick prize ode on the Queen's diamond jubilee. Though received too late for an extended notice it may be said that "Canada" is extremely well written, and is quite equal to Mr. Campbell's previous efforts in this direction. It is neatly gotten up by William Briggs of Toronto, and is on sale at E. G. Nelson's bookstore.

Christmas Numbers.

Christmas editions of the Toronto Globe, and London Black and White have been received from D. McArthur's Book store, the headquarters of everything nice in the way of Christmas literature, or Christmas gifts, according to popular opinion. A call at McArthur's is one of the chief joys of the holidays both for the children and the grown up folks.

New Calendars.

The Union Assurance Society, of which G. O. Dickson Oty is the agent in this city, has issued calendars for 1898 to their patrons. The large lettering makes it a very effective wall calendar. This is one of the oldest fire offices in the world being instituted in 1714.

Positively all Done by Hand.

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

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

I let my peaceful spirit free,
In the calm of a Christmas night;
Nothing was left on earth of me,
With thought or sense or sight.
Out of a snow white cloud, behold,
The Christ child softly came;
Down from the Christmas stars of old,
And breathed to me His name.
"Come thou with me to the land of love,"
The Christ child whispered low,
And we winged our way to realms above,
Where the souls of the blessed go,
And there in the mansions bright on high,
In countless thousands sang;
Children angels the Father nigh,
And the land with their voices rang.
Beautiful angels O mother sad,
Like the angel child you gave;
Singing together redeemed and glad,
No pain of death or of the grave,
And there were places for others still,
Great mansions for many more;
Then He spoke again, "It is my will,
We fly to the earth's far shore."
To the homes of the suffering poor we came,
The dwellings of want and woe;
Where sick and aged the Christ child's name,
And nobody cared to know,
And the Christ child said "we take away
The dear ones they say will die;
Better than suffering here to stay,
Is my glory beyond the sky."
A Christmas choir in every land,
In snowy fields and in the woods;
Gathered out of the household band;
Was His answer to holy prayer.
In wretched alleys and reeking lairs,
To the great of the earth unknown;
The little ones given in sad birth pain,
He counted as most His own.
Down to the earth by star ferns walled,
To the spear flame lighted north;
Mothers long to the Lord have called,
In agony bringing forth.
And following still His red cross sign,
Into the crimson south;
His love in her was in drink divine,
To pain parched woman's mouth.
And taking star and distant flight,
Away to the new world east;
A virgin mother's childbirth night,
Is the greatest made the least.
The manger straw is a couch of pain,
And every so in the west,
Mark to that bitter cry of pain;
And a babe on a mother's breast.
And many a lovely babe we found,
Forsaken and left to die;
Naked out on the frozen ground,
And no one standing by.
A selfish world to such mothers dear,
No charity has for tears,
But to them the Christ child first drew near
Calming their troubled fears.
In the heavenly land we now behold,
In the light of His golden gleam;
The lost lambs all in the fold,
We gathered up in my dream.
The Christ child loved them much, and made
His choice from the earth's unknown;
The Christmas flowers that never fade
To bloom by the great white throne.
There in a choir of voices sweet,
From two years old and under;
The innocents slain at their mothers feet,
And before them torn and under,
They are His jewels who day and night,
Serve Him with golden song;
O mother be patient it must be right,
The waiting is not for long.
Under the Wreath, Dec. 1897. CRUICKSHANK-GOLDIE.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out the bells of Christmas,
Ring out ye merry bells,
O'er all the earth with gladness,
The Christ child's message tells.
In a lonely manger sleeping,
Lay the infant meek and mild,
And o'er the manger bending,
Was the mother of the Child.
So sweetly sang the angels,
Their joyous songs again;
Peace on earth with the joyous tidings,
And good will to countless men.
And now this little story,
That often has been told,
Is the story of our Saviour
In those blessed days of old. S. W. M.

THE SHIPS OF ST. JOHN.

Smile, you inland hills and rivers
Faint, you mountains in the dawn
But my riving hills are seaward
With the ships of gray St. John.
Fair the land lies, full of August,
Meadow island, thimble bar,
Open bars and breezy twilight,
Peace and the mild evening star.
Gently now this gentlest country
The old habitude takes on,
But my wintery heart is outboard
With the great ships of St. John.
Once in your wide arms you held me,
Till the men-child was a man,
Christmas, great nurse and mother
Of the young sea-roving clan.
Always your bright faces above me
Through the dreams of boyhood gone;
Now far alien countries call me
With the ships of gray St. John.
Bring you hides, up out of Funday
How you white tops, far from sea!
I was born to be your fellow,
You were bred to pilot me.
At the touch of your strong fingers,
Doubt, it is denied, is gone;
Sane and glad I cheer the headland
With the white ships of St. John.
Loyalists, my fathers, builded
This grey part of the grey sea,
When the day to likely was,
Could not let well-being be.
When the breath of scarlet bunting
Purs the wreath of maple on,
I stand cheer too—silly my moorings
When the ships of gray St. John.
Peerless-hearted port of breezes,
Be a word to lit the world,
Till the many seas the signal
Of the few once more married.
Past the lighthouse, past the sunbony,
There are dreams go down the harbor
With the ships of gray St. John.
In the morning I am with them
As they cheer the island bar,
Fide, fill speak by speak the middy
Has foregone the day's star.
But I light a wester sea-line,
White sea-way, longer sun,
Whose discoverers return not
With the ships of gray St. John.
—Miss Garmen.

NEW SEASONS OF BIRING LAWN.

New Glasgow, Dec. 24.—Jas. F. McLean, a lawyer of many years standing has assigned and abandoned, leaving numerous creditors to settle their loss. Debts to the extent of \$20,000 are already known, and still they come.
He was a great speculator, on other peoples money, and holds shares in half a dozen companies. On several of these he figures as a director, none of which are money getters; whether he hooded them, or from other causes will be known later; most of the stock has been hypothecated and much is valueless. He lived in good style and was a devout church goer, and being the son of a respected clergyman, had a large number of retired clergymen as clients, who allowed McLean to invest their money, and now they mourn, and like Rachel refuse to be comforted, because their money, and their lawyer, is not. The lawyer true to all tradition, gobbled it up.
He was the agent for the Eastern Canadian Loan Co., who are out some \$1300. They sometime ago requested bonds to the extent of \$2000, but McLean procrastinated and now it is too late.
His office has been benegged for days by men and women of all grades, who are in many cases ill able to bear their loss. He made an assignment which appears to be a matter of sentiment, as he had previously disposed of his property. His preferred creditors are down for \$8000, but he might as well have made it \$80,000.
McLean was a liberal giver of other people's money, and contributed nobly to all good causes. He even put a telephone in his pastor's house, so that he could converse on spiritual things when not able to go bodily to the house of prayer; still as a means of grace, this telephone was not a howling success.

He was also a lover of art, and when a strolling sculptor came this way he had a lion devouring a goose cut out of stone. How he got the idea of a roaring lion going into a man's back yard and scurrying after the fowls, is not known, unless he himself typifies the lion and his dupes the geese.

McLean's life insurance premiums amounted to eight hundred and fifty dollars, while his rent, light, taxes &c. would make up a thousand; besides this he lived on the fat of the land and only earned perhaps about what an ordinary laborer would. Lately he opened an office in Stellarton but unless he was able to get some money to invest, in his own questionable ways, it was not otherwise lucrative.

A son of Esculapian drove him out of town after midnight, while other brother limbs of the law bid him an affectionate goodbye, when he called on them to meet him in heaven; and in this James drew on his imagination largely, or a future hope of reformation, for men who deserve to have their pictures in a certain pictorial gallery, are not usually dead again of getting to heaven.

He was kept away for five years too long, by indulgent money lenders, who ought to have known, and who did know better. Now it will be difficult to get good paper discounted, for lack of discernment at an earlier date. When last seen the straggling lawyer sported a cane, a heavenly smile and a corrugated upper lip, while his baggage consisted of a cough and a pair of eye glasses.

A Little Union Episode That may be exaggerated
Labor unions are perhaps a little strict about their rules, but the innocent reader is under no obligation to accept as literal truth the following story printed by the Cleveland Leader. The best newspapers will sometimes exaggerate.
There was trouble at the Maginnis night before last. Mrs. Maginnis had just made a fine batch of "ketchup," which she left in the kitchen. When Mr. Maginnis got home he went into the kitchen for a drink of water, and presently several "dull thuds" were heard in the back yard. Loud talking between Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis followed, and at one time the sounds indicated that something like a fight was in progress.

When Mr. Maginnis fared forth, next morning, one of his neighbors asked him if he and his wife had been having an engagement with burglars.
"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Maginnis. "I trowed Mrs. Maginnis' ketchup out o' the house, so I did."
"Why did you do that?" he was asked.
"Why did I do it? Say, I'm a union man."
"Well, what has the union to do with your wife's ketchup?"
"If I had a 'left that ketchup in me house I would have been expelled," said Mr. Maginnis.
"How so?"
"Why, there it was ten o'clock, and the ketchup working over time! The union don't allow that. Not a bit of it!"

ROYAL TO THE UNION.

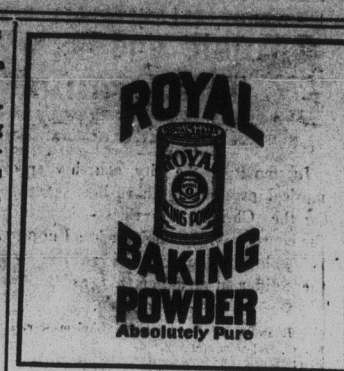
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Dec. 21.—Mrs. H. Palmer entertained a few friends at tea on Thursday last; her guests were Mrs. J. H. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, Judge and Mrs. Landry, Mrs. A. E. Oulda, Mrs. M. I. Lane and Mrs. Joshua King. A very pleasant evening was spent by all.
Mrs. M. I. Lane returned to Sackville yesterday. The closing of the schools last Friday was very successful in every way. A public examination of different classes was held in the morning, and in the afternoon a programme consisting of songs, recitations etc. was very well carried out. The greatest credit is due the staff of teachers. At the close of the examination Mr. Justice Landry chairman of the board of trustees presented honorary certificates to a number of pupils, and gave an encouraging address. Addresses were also given by Rev. J. R. Brown, Mr. Thomas and the principal Mr. N. W. Brown. About seventy visitors were present. The teachers have all scattered for their vacation. Miss Girtson going to E. Chatham, Miss Burt to Fredericton, Mr. N. W. Brown to York Co., and Mr. J. D. Brown to Amherst.
Miss Ethel Emmerson, Miss Blanche Burgess and Master Henry Emmerson have returned from Acadia college and are spending their vacation at their homes.
The many friends of Miss Maud Hanington will be glad to hear that she is expected home tomorrow for a few weeks' vacation. Miss Hanington has been in Boston for the last year taking a course in vocal culture.
Miss Blanche Hanington is spending today in Moncton.
Mr. C. L. Hanington went to St. John today.
Lady Smith, Mrs. Joshua Chandler, Mrs. Geo. W. Chandler and Miss Constance Chandler all expect to spend Christmas with relatives in Moncton.

ACADEMIA.

Dec. 22.—Miss Nina Stanot spent Tuesday in St. John.
Mr. L. A. Fenwick is home for the holidays from Acadia University.
Major Montgomery-Campbell spent Wednesday in St. John.
Mr. Herbert A. Smetz, Gagetown, is home for the holidays.
A beautiful soft, and thick head of long hair, of a natural hue, will be produced and by using Hall's Hair Renewer, the lady's favorite hair restorer and beautifier.



Adaptation of Dress Silks.
An English chemist has recently analyzed a sample of a silk dress that was submitted to him by a lady. He found that it contained only a fraction over 68 per cent. of silk, and as much tin was found in it as that present in poor tin ores from Cornwall. The tin occurs in the so-called weighing of the silks. The chemist states that he at once realized the fact that the silk dresses worn by the ladies in Regent street and Bond street, London, taken together, would represent a Cornish tin mine of very fair quality. He was informed by an expert that the silk he had examined would not stand more than three months' steady wear.

Antiquity of the Dog.
Professors Ratinmeyer and Waldrich have discovered evidence that domestic dogs, resembling more the dogs of today, existed in Europe, not only during the Age of Iron and the Age of Bronze, but even in that exceedingly remote time known as the Neolithic period, when man made his best tools of polished stone. In South America, also, according to the opinion of Doctor Lydekker, man had cultivated the friendship of companionable dogs long before the extinct mammals, whose wonderful remains are now found in the peatbogs, had disappeared from among the living-forms of the world.

Overseen in Hayti.
The report that Germany had moderated her demands upon Hayti proved to be unfounded. On the contrary, she sent two cruizers to Port-au-Prince with orders to bombard that port if the Haytian government did not yield within eight hours. Resistance was impossible, and Hayti paid the indemnity, and the German flag, and received the German charge d'affaires.

Indisputable.
"I don't know about the feasibility of the single tax."
"Why man; it covers the whole ground."

(Continued from Monday's Paper.)
much better, having reached the chicken broth diet stage of his convalescence.

On Monday Miss Josephine Cram passed through Sackville on her way home to Bayfield after a trip in Boston, New York and up the Hudson.

Dr. and Mrs. Inch and Miss Dorothy are expected to spend Christmas at Mrs. Huntos.
Miss Alice McElroy leaves shortly for a visit in Boston.

Mrs. and Miss Mundy visited friends in Moncton this week.
A white party was given by Mr. McDougall on Friday evening. The guests were, Senator Wood, H. A. Powell, M. P., Messrs. Thor. Murray, W. H. Harrison, H. C. Head, A. T. A. Fraser, A. B. Copp, J. F. Allison, B. B. Teed, H. C. Henderson, C. Pickard, A. H. McCready, and Mr. Mowbray. After a long and strong pull at the game a bountiful oyster supper with other delicacies was served.
LADY OF SVALOTT.

DORCHESTER.

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Advertisement for Royal Baking Powder, Absolutely Pure.

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Overton in Haiti. A report that Germany had moderated demands upon Haiti proved to be unfounded...

Indisputable. It is known about the feasibility of...

Christmas Eve. The guests were, Senator Wood, Howell, M. P., Messrs. Thor, Murray, W. J. Allen, H. C. Read, A. Tall, A. Fraser, A. E. F. Allison, B. B. Teed, H. C. Henderson, Ford, A. H. McCready, and Mr. Mowbray...

DORCHESTER. A party was given by Mr. McDonald on...

Miss Alma Gibson arrived from Marysville the first of the week. Miss Jennie of Campbellton was in the city for a little while this week.

Miss Julia Jordan is in Woodstock visiting Mrs. C. D. Jordan during the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Eagles were here from Woodstock on Monday.

Miss Annie King left this week for Ottawa where she will spend the winter. Mrs. Emma Grimmer and her sister Mrs. G. Howard returned from St. John this week...

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Mrs. J. T. Knight of Douglas Ave gave a charming little party this week in honor of Master Jack's birthday...

Among Master Jack's boy friends present were Master George Hanna, Charlie Day, Arthur Coleman, Robert Tapley, Gilbert Tapley, Jack Tapley, Donald Miller, Harold McClean, David McClean, Jack Roberts, George Miller, Harry Patterson, Ira White and Bob Smith.

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Mrs. J. King Kelly will receive her wedding callers at her home Mount Pleasant avenue on the 4th, 6th, 8th, of January. Mr. Edward Murphy is home from Toronto for the holidays.

Mr. John McGoldrick Jr. returned this week from his school in Montreal to spend the holidays with his parents. Mrs. F. L. Fuller and child of Truro are visiting Mrs. Fuller's mother, Mrs. James Millican of Wright street.

Miss McAvity returned the first of the week from Bangor. Mr. E. M. Hancock of Halifax was at a short time in the city this week.

Mrs. I. C. Bowman and Miss Bowman returned the week from a visit to Montreal. Mrs. James W. Bristall of the West End is entertaining Mrs. Gilvan, sister of Rev. James Burgess of the Carlton Presbyterian church.

Miss Kate Buckley the Misses Annie and Maggie Kelly left the first of the week on a trip to Boston. Miss Nora Cosgrove is the guest of her aunt Mrs. F. X. Anderson.

Miss Nan McDonald came home from Toronto this week. Rev. John Hawley of St. George's is spending a short time in the city. Miss George MacLeod and her son Mr. R. J. MacLeod of Denver, Colorado have taken rooms at the New Victoria for the winter.

Mr. Fred G. Spencer spent Sunday and Monday in Boston. Ven. Archbishop Neale came down from Sussex on Monday morning, having held special service in that town on Sunday.

Miss Alice Innes left Tuesday on a lengthy visit to New York, Montreal and Boston. Mr. and Mrs. H. J. McInnis of Dorchester were in the city for a day or two the middle of the week.

Stoppage of the steamer moving to Fredericton to receive passengers and will occupy 24 hours. They will receive a hearty welcome from many old time friends when they return to the city.

Mr. R. A. Estey has gone to Boston on a business trip. Mrs. and Miss Henderson of Boston are visiting Mrs. John Palmer.

Hon. Messrs. Emerson and Tweedie were in the city to-day on their return from St. Stephen. Speaker Barclay and Mr. John O'Brien were here on Saturday en route to St. Stephen.

Mrs. Wm. Bridges of Sheffield is visiting her daughter Mrs. Millard Reid at Marysville. Miss Winifred Johnston is home from Sackville for the holidays.

Miss Alma Gibson went to St. John yesterday. Mrs. T. C. Allen went to Boston this morning. Miss Ida Haviland of Chatham is visiting friends here.

Miss Stella Stevens daughter of Mr. C. A. Stevens, barister of Moncton, is visiting her aunt Mrs. McN. Shaw at Gibson. Mr. Jacob Barker and Miss Kitchen have gone to Bathurst to spend the winter.

Miss Cassler returned to Boston on Tuesday after a visit of several months at her home in Douglas. The boys of the Bethany school are home for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. George F. Beverly of St. John will spend Christmas in Fredericton with his father, Mr. Fulton Beverly at Grape Cove. The pupils of the business college presented their principal, Mr. Osmond, with a gold headed cane before leaving for the Xmas holidays.

Advertisement for WELCOME SOAP, featuring the text 'WELCOME SOAP FOR FAMILY USE' and 'WELCOME'.

Advertisement for The St. John Millinery College, located at 85 Germain Street, Saint John, N. B.

Advertisement for Fry's Cocoa, 'Absolutely pure. Concentrated—hence of great strength.'

Advertisement for THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO.'S, 'RECORD IN MAKING RUBBERS. RESULT: Rubbers that "WEAR" and are "UP TO DATE" as their immense sale and popularity proves.'

Advertisement for Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines, 'Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., AMHERST.'

Advertisement for Pilsener Beer, 'PILSENER BEER. BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. E. G. SOOVI, 62 Union Street.'

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

BRUNSWICK STREET... C. S. DeFRETAS... BARRINGTON STREET... LANS & CO... GEORGE STREET... J. W. ALLEN... DARTMOUTH ST. S. QUEEN BOOKSTORE... 109 HOLLIS ST.

Last week, with bad weather and the near approach of Christmas has been a dull one, though it was not without its teas, and even a couple of dinners.

This week is quieter still, as many ladies are engaged in church decorations in addition to purchasing presents for a list of friends which seems to expand every year.

Miss Maud Gile's son is home from Dochester. The Boston Comedy company under the arrangement of E. Webber, are playing in the Temperance hall this week.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. B. Wall & E. Robinson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treat's.

Dec. 21 - The frosty weather of the past few days seems to have brought with it a Christmas to us that our people see and all have sadly lacked since December came in.

I have heard of a number of Christmas home parties in Calais. Madame Chipman is to entertain Lady T. and Miss Alice Tilley, and Messrs. Herbert and Leon, and Tilley and Goldwin Howland, who come from St. John and Toronto, especially to spend Christmas with her at the "Cedars."

Mrs. Harriet T. Todd of Boston so well known in the province, as a brave worker in the W. C. T. U. has been elected president of the W. C. T. U. of Boston last week.

Mrs. Charles W. King entertains the Travellers club this week. Mrs. C. L. Anderson entertains the F. U. S. club at her residence tomorrow evening.

Rev. Dr. McKennie and Mrs. McKennie are receiving congratulations this week on the birth of a daughter.

The Park society were invited by Mrs. A. E. Neill to spend Saturday afternoon with her. Mrs. Neill being a most lively and pleasant hostess the meeting was an unusually happy one.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Pike left on Saturday for Baltimore to spend Christmas with Mrs. Pike's parents Captain and Mrs. Gilkey.

WOODSTOCK.

Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. L. L. Lorne & Co.

Dec. 21 - Mr. and Mrs. George Belmont entered a number of friends most pleasantly at a drive whilst party on Wednesday evening last.

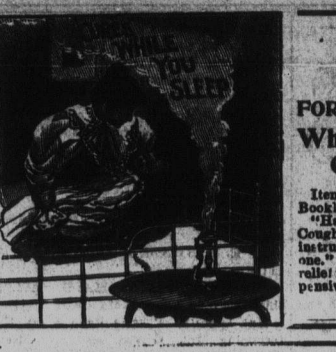
Five tables were placed and a very lively competition made for all of the prizes. The ladies first was won by Mrs. Herbert Stealy, gentleman's first Mrs. Julius T. Garden.

Mrs. B. Barry Smith and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale were a tie for the consolation prize, while Mrs. E. H. Smith was the proud possessor of the gentleman's consolation prize.

A dainty supper was served about twelve o'clock. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mrs. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. and Mrs. J. Norman Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Julius T. Garden, Mr. and Mrs. B. Barry Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stealy, Miss Emma, Miss Helen Jordan, Miss Edith Jordan, Mrs. G. E. Anderson, Mr. F. B. Meagher, Mr. G. Hugh Harrison, and Mr. J. S. Leighton.

The Carleton County teachers institute met in Woodstock on Thursday and Friday of last week, and several interesting sessions were held.

THE many advantages of this use as a modern substitute for wood and plaster, has in the fact that they are light in weight, will not crack nor drop off, consequently no danger of falling plaster; are unquestionably durable, having straight joints, are easily applied, are practically fire-proof, are highly artistic, do not harbor vermin or germs of disease, and possess splendid acoustic properties, in addition to many other points of excellence over any other form of interior decoration.



CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

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

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

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

Parisian 163 Union St., ST. JOHN. THAT PALE FACE may be a sign that your blood is poor in quality, and deficient in quantity.

Puttner's Emulsion produces pure, rich blood, and restores vigor and strength, and bloom to the cheek. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE! A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Tongues and Sounds Received this day-3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 28 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. E.

LADIES EVERYWHERE... Admire the NEW COSTUME FABRICS for '97, made by the... Oxford Mfg. Co., Oxford, N. S.

TRURO.

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

Dec. 22 - The Misses Brown, Halifax, who are boarding this winter with Mrs. H. F. McKenzie, are spending the holidays with Wolville friends.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Chisholm of the Hotel American Moncton were guests of their relatives at the Learmont for a few days this week.



True happiness does not begin for a woman until she becomes a mother. The fear of death stands between thousands of women and this supreme joy.

Pierce's For sick headache, lousiness and constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most rational cure known. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Never gripes. No other pill is like them.

A CASE OF IMPORTANCE



DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND WILLIAM McINTYRE, St. John, N. B. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY McINTYRE & TOWNSEND, JOHN O'REGAN, 12 and 14 Water St. 3 Union St.

GRANT'S LOVE OF HORSES.

The Characteristics of a Great Man—Little Anecdotes.

One of General Grant's marked characteristics was his love of a horse. Mr. George F. Floyd, who was familiar with this side of the general's character, has written an article on the subject in the American Cultivator. He declares that Grant lost all his reticence and boldness of manner in the presence of a good horse; the hinges of his tongue were loosened, and he became eloquent, and even gesticulated, almost like a Frenchman. The late Colonel Peyton, who has written a book of reminiscences, tells in that volume the story of his first meeting with Grant.

It was in 1838, when Peyton, as a boy, was working in a store at Flat Rock, Kentucky, and Ulysses Grant, then sixteen years old, lived at Georgetown, Ohio, not many miles distant. Ulysses, who, according to Peyton, was then 'awkward, ungainly, determined, industrious, and very poorly dressed,' drove over to Flat Rock on an errand. He had to stay all night, and slept at the store with young Peyton. It was very cold, and the boys kept close to the lee of the counter. In the morning Grant asked Peyton if he could help him; Peyton said, 'Yes,' and Grant helped sweep out the store, take down the shutters and put the stock in place.

After breakfast young Grant drove off; but his horse was a vicious one, and he had not gone far before it ran away, and brought up in a fence corner. Fortunately no damage was done. Grant jumped out, seized the trembling horse by the bit, and tied his handkerchief over his eyes. Then he drove the horse blindfolded all the way to Georgetown.

But at sixteen Grant was an old horseman. He began his driving at seven, when Mr. Floyd says, he hitched an unbroken colt to a sled, in the absence of his father, and hauled brush all day. At ten years of age he drove a spirited pair of horses alone from Georgetown to Cincinnati, forty miles.

The familiar story, told of so many famous people, of blundering bargaining is told also—and very likely with truth—of Grant as a boy. Ulysses' father, it is said, had offered a neighbor twenty dollars for a colt, but the neighbor wanted twenty-five. Finally Grant sent his boy for the colt, with instructions to get him for less if possible, but if necessary to pay the twenty-five dollars. When he arrived at the neighbor's, Ulysses was asked, how much his father had told him to pay for the colt.

'Father said,' replied Ulysses, 'for me to offer you twenty dollars, and that if that did not get the colt, to offer you twenty-two and a half, and if that did not fetch him, to give you twenty-five.'

It is not necessary to say how much he paid for the colt. At West Point Grant was the best horseman among the cadets. He rode a horse named York, known to be the most un-governable animal at the academy. With this horse Grant made a leap over five bars the topmost about six feet from the ground. He was also an adept in changing the gait of a horse from a trot to a pace, and back again—then a rare accomplishment.

Then, as always, Grant was peculiarly successful in breaking intractable horses through the exercise of his quiet and gentle disposition, coupled with a remarkable degree of firmness.

Such a rider would naturally have preferred to go into the cavalry on his graduation from West Point, but his scholarship was low, and as commonly the case with such cadets he was assigned to the infantry.

General Grant's biographers would find it impossible to deny, if they wished to do so, that he was, in his later years, fond of fast trotting; but he cannot be accused of encouraging any racing of a demoralizing character, nor of any 'speeding' which involved the slightest cruelty. He liked to drive, even during his presidency, in his moments of relaxation, a team of horses that could 'go.' Mr. Floyd tells an amusing story in this connection.

On the road from Long Branch, Eatontown, New Jersey, in June 1869, Mr. Floyd was driving an old stager named Sorrel Dan, who could go his mile in two minutes and twenty-eight seconds. While minutes and seconds were being counted he was jogging along, a team of chestnuts hitched to a light road-wagon and driven by a sedate-looking man, came up and attempted to go by. Sorrel Dan was unwilling to be passed, and Mr. Floyd allowed him to go. Nevertheless, the chestnuts went past.

After the two drivers had slowed up, and were walking along the road, Mr. Floyd looked at the chestnut's great deal more closely than he did at the driver. 'That's a good team you have there,' Floyd said. 'They look like the Gold dust breed.'

'So they are, and I think they go very well,' said the man. 'They belong to Mr. Lew Pettee of New York, and he lent them to me for a drive. You handle a double team to perfection. Mr. Floyd went on. You must have had a good deal of experience.'

'I have driven a good deal when not engaged in the army. Oh, then you were a soldier? Which side were you on? On the winning side. My name is Grant. Mr. Floyd looked at him in astonishment. What! Not our President? Yes,' General Grant laughed heartily, and the two men drove on, still talking about horses.

PERSONAL FITNESS.

His Absolutely Trustworthiness the Secret of His Success.

The secret of the success of Sir George Burns, one of the founders of the founders of the great Canard Company, that controlled the first line of trans-atlantic steamships, was not to be attributed primarily to his shrewdness, nor even to the soundness of his business principles, but to his absolutely trustworthy character. 'If George Burns is prepared to go into any scheme, I am prepared to go with him,' said more than one capitalist.

This impression of his integrity gave him his first lift toward fortune. A line of sailing-smacks in the coasting-trade came into the market. Burns was then what is known in Scotland as a 'general merchant,' but his business foresight at once told him that money was to be made in this new venture.

He had a powerful rival in an old and well-known firm, who made no secret of their intention to obtain control of the line at any cost, and who were, moreover, supported in their application by a 'round robin' of influential people. But the London agent was a reader of character; his interview with Burns terminated with the following words: 'I look to personal fitness as of the first importance.'

Burns received the appointment on the most liberal terms. But he perceived that the new power, steam, was destined to drive sailing-vessels out of business, and soon bought out a line of trading-steamers. In order to avoid sailing, as far as possible, on Sunday, he arranged that the first vessel should make its trip on Friday, in defiance of the prevailing sailors' superstition regarding that day. His London partners objected to this arrangement, adding, with intended sarcasm, that it would be better to sail on Saturday and provide chaplains!

Burns' reply was that he thought very well of the suggestion, and that he and his brother would pay the entire expense of the experiment. In spite of the jeers of the would-be wits regarding the 'steam chapel,' the experiment proved a success. Later, a war arose regarding the control of another steamship line. The agent of the rival company came to Glasgow; he enrolled capital, he vowed to 'drive Burns' vessels off the seas; he was constantly on the vessels himself, urging on 'extra coals, extra pressure, extra speed.' But when the balance-sheet was struck, it was found that not the fine fleet of the new company, nor its reputation, nor its management, could compete with the simple confidence people had in George Burns. 'Personal fitness' had again carried the day. Then Burns said, in effect, 'It is useless to be untriedly. Let us make a common purse.' Character won.

The agent was the first to yield, and he and Burns became the closest friends, and eventually, partners with Samuel Cunard in the famous 'Canard Line.'

A HYPNOTIZED DOG.

Remarkable feat of a Fox Terrier in Chicago.

In Chicago there is a very wonderful little fox terrier, Esau by name, who shows great intelligence in response to hypnotic suggestion. Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn, his owner, has put the dog under hypnotic influence so many times and with such success that it almost seems as if Esau had a trained mind and a human consciousness.

While he performs readily all the tricks of the best trained dogs, Esau has thirty-four tricks of suggestion which no other dog has learned. He receives instructions through a written paper folded and laid on his nose.

The suggestion, for instance, is that he shall at once scamper upstairs to bed. As soon as his nose receives the intelligence he rushes out of the room and upstairs like a wild thing, and scrambles into bed, where he remains until his master suggests to him to return.

When Esau is ill the doctor strokes him gently while he says to him in a hypnotic voice, 'you are not suffering! You are better, you are well now,' and the dog has lost all traces of indisposition and is as well as ever.

'How many people are in the room?' is one of the questions propounded to him, and Esau immediately barks a wrong number.

Count them yourself, his master says, and the number of barks which he gives always corresponds with the number of people present.

'Yawn, Esau,' and the dog yawns until the tears stand in his eyes, and everybody in the room wants to yawn, too.

'Where are your bones, Esau?' the doctor asks, and the dog suggests the ceiling, to indicate his playground on the roof. 'Did you ever let your bones fall off the roof?' is the next question propounded, and Esau sits up and wails 'yes.' Esau says his prayers, standing on his hind legs, with his fore paws on a chair. 'You cannot move,' says the doctor, and Esau is as immovable as a statue. He kisses his master's fingers one by one, with the touch of a human being. He turns handspindles, somersaults and stands on his head. He has enjoyed the enviable distinction of posing for a painter.

Dr. Parkyn has learned enough from his study of the dog to believe that the same course of hypnotic treatment on human beings will result in their twenty boys from the streets and treat them by the method of suggestion until they are twenty years of age. They must not be vicious boys, and they must be musical. He will give them a musical education, and when they reach the age limit furnish each with the musical instrument he desires, and send them out to make their way in the world. His influence of mind upon mind, or mind upon matter, as in the case of the animal, will make the boys excellent musicians.

THINGS OF VALUE.

'D. is very skeptical. Unless he sees a thing he won't believe it exists.' C.—He never ran into a rocking-chair in the dark, then.' The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable medicine for affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Sickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely vegetable compound and acts promptly and effectively in subduing all coughs, colic, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc., it is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put in a package that will not excite the poor from its benefits.

A man arrived in San Francisco on a jackass the other day, having ridden the animal all the way from New York on a bet on Bryan's election. Both jackasses are well, though some what weary.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the results of his scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with the most valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Of all the deliriums that I met at the Christian Endeavour Convention,' says Dr. J. L. Hill, 'I liked him best who, on being asked what his business was, said, "I am chestnut-feeding."'

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the ordinary duct, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills take before going to bed, for a week, Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: 'Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock.'

'They say that poetry is dying.' 'Yes, but, unfortunately, the poets aren't.'

An aluminum ship in Germany rose 1,000 feet in the air and flut d twelve minutes. This is considered such good proof that one can be constructed that will float twelve days.

Out of Sorts—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, turned tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a little saying that an 'ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness from going to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and be up in three nights in good health, and a cure will be effected.

He—I told your father we expected to be married next month, and he was wild. She—What did he say? He—He wanted to know why we couldn't make it in six weeks.

A short road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lambeo, indigestion, rheumatism, excoriated lips or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the tonic and effective remedy, Dr. THOMAS' EMULSION OIL.

In 1896 carriages valued at \$25,000 were imported from South Africa, America, not \$15,000 of that sum, England \$1,000 and Germany \$6,000.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Gray's Worm Expeller. Get a bottle sure and effective. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

'Uncle Alex, why do people saw wood and say nothing?' 'Because the words a man wants to say when he is sawing wood would get him tarred out of shoes.' All-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Kellaway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

A pair of shoes was put into a trunk and sent off. A pair of shoes was put into a trunk and sent off. A pair of shoes was put into a trunk and sent off.

Empty Stockings. Oh, mothers in homes that are happy, Where Christmas comes laden with cheer, Where the children are dreamier already Of the merriest day in the year. As you gather your darlings around you And tell them the 'story of old,' Remember the hearts that are cold! And thank the love that has dowered you With all that is dearest and best, Give freely, that from your abundance Some rare little gift may be blessed! Oh, go where the stockings hang empty, Where Christmas is sought but a name, And give—for the love of the Christ-child! 'Twas to seek such as these that He came. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Cause of Much Misery. Of all microbes the animalcule of la grippe is the ugliest to look upon. Magnified five hundred times, this microbe has the appearance of a new kind of bug—all legs and body. Suffering mortals who have been sneezing, sniffing and mopping watery eyes will be interested to see the cause of their trouble. This microbe is industrious, if not pretty, and he will continue to be much in evidence unless all present indications fail.

Prize Beef, etc. Heifer taking Jubilee Prize and Sweepstakes at Guelph, Ont. Fat Cattle show. First prize near close competition with Heifer. Also 8 Steers averaging 1090 lbs each. A very large and carefully selected stock of Poultry, Pork, Roasters, Lamb and Beef, Prairie Hens, Quail, Pigeons, Venison, Celery, Lettuce and Snowflake Potatoes. Above will be on exhibition on and after Dec. 20th.

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

SPACE is not sufficient to tell about my HOLIDAY STOCK. But my store is large enough to display an immense stock, which will prove a great pleasure to me to show you. All marked at lowest figures. Call and examine my stock.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 35 King St. St. John, N. B. Telephone 229.

Stock Still Complete. Our stock of cloth is well assorted in all the leading cloths in Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings for late Fall and Winter wear. As the season is well advanced, customers would do well to leave their orders early.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.

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

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

FERGUSON & PAGE 41 KING STREET.

HOTELS. THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. L. LAROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMS, Prop.

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

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

CHOICE SCOTCH WHISKY. LANDING 25 Cases... Old Mall Liqueurs. 50 " " Usher's Special Reserve. 100 " " Scotch Whisky. Wholesale.

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

T. O'LEARY, RETAIL DEALER IN...

Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars.

16 DUKE STREET OYSTERS FISH AND GAME always on hand. In season!

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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

Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES AND LIQUORS.

News and Opinions OF National Importance

THE SUN. ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c a copy. By Mail \$2 A Year. Address: 75 N. 2nd St., New York.

Resolene. Cough, Croup, Colds, Asthma, Catarrh.

CREOSOTE COUGHS. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

Elegant Ribbons.

to be the most fitting phrase to the New York RIBBONS now play here.

STOCK BOWS FOUR-IN-HAND-TIES.

DRESS TRIMMINGS, never Milliners are ready to make Free of Charge.

163 Union St., ST. JOHN.

AT LE CE

may be a sign that your blood is poor in quantity, and deficient in quality.

Puttner's Emulsion produces pure, rich blood, and restores vigor and strength, and bloom to the cheek.

ways get PUTTNER'S the original and best.

ROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

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

THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

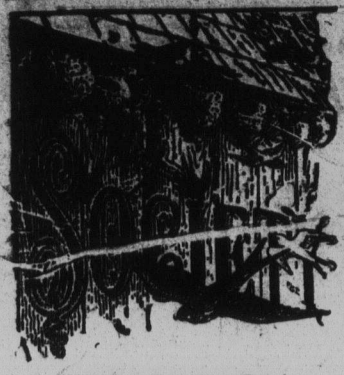
ngues and Sounds received this day—3 bbls. Codfish and Sounds. Wholesale and at 19 and 28 King Squars.

D. TURNER.

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

everyWHERE....

Mr. Co., Oxford, N. S.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
 their sign out and were transacting business as if nothing had happened, in their new quarters, just five hours after the walls of that former establishment fell in, the large store of goods in their warehouses enabling them to do so, and others who suffered from the fire were almost as prompt in repairing damages.

SAKENVILLE.

[Promises for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

Dec 21.—School closings have been occupying the public mind lately. I have no doubt they were all satisfactory to parents pupils and teachers but I had only the opportunity of attending one department in the school on Equire street; that presided over by Miss Mary Fawcett. Something in this school seems to make it extremely popular as the room was crowded with visitors; among others I saw Judge and Mrs. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Read, Mr. W. Turner, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. W. Donli, Prof. Huston, Mr. Howard, Mr. A. H. McCready, and more too numerous to mention. The exercises were very interesting. One or two of the demonstrations in geometry were admirable; the recitations were all good and the essays of Miss Bessie Carter and Miss Gladys Dixon were above the average. A little girl gave a cuckoo song with the self possession of a prima donna and the exhibition closed by the singing of the whole school of a clever parody on "Dear, what can the matter be" with a strong local application. It was unanimously agreed by the visitors that the good work done in this and the other departments of the school richly deserved a better building. The new school house question which was so fiercely agitated last spring seems to be hibernating for the cold season.

A very pleasant party for the young people was given by McDonald Trueman on Friday evening. The guests were Miss J. Ford, Miss L. Ford, Miss May Wells, Miss Evelyn Irving, Miss Mabel Goodman, Miss Bessie Carter, Miss May Scott, Miss F. Milner, Miss Laura Milner, Messrs. B. McLeod, Fred Leaman, F. Copp, Roy Ford, Erymalon Richardson, Geo. Palmer, E. Esty; and of the grown-ups there were, besides the young ladies of the house, Miss Allen, Miss Fawcett, and Mr. Wm. Fawcett. The first part of the evening was spent in progressive croquet, played at tables, then for something more lively various games such as "musical chair," "twice the platter" etc. were indulged in. A great deal of amusement was afforded by the cobweb arrangement which settled who were to be partners at supper. Long threads were twisted about the room and on the two ends of each string were cardboard chips with "Boy" and "girl" written on them. Each guest was given a chip and told to wind up. Great and many were the engagements and fast and furious was the fun but at last the threads were all smoothed out and everyone provided for. It was a case where no girl however great a belle would have more than one string to her beau or less than one bean to her string. The supper served on the small tables was a particularly good one; and the young folks fully appreciated the salads, orange pudding and various kinds of cake which with other nice things made up the menu. The first prizes for the progressive game were taken by Miss Bessie Carter and Mr. E. Richardson and consisted of a little silver trinket box for the lady and a silver calendar for the gentleman. The booby prizes were secured by Miss Laura Milner and Mr. Beverly McLeod and were the same, two tin plates with A. B. C. on them which enabled the holders to have the consolation that if they did not take the prize they could at least "take the cake." This was altogether one of the most agreeable entertainments that has been given for some time and the young people heartily wish there will be plenty more of the same kind during the winter.

On Wednesday evening Miss Ethel Odgen entertained a few friends with whist.

On the same evening the lady teachers of the college were invited to Mrs. Andrews to tea. A quiet but very pleasant time was spent.

On Friday evening the closing exercises of Mt. Allison ladies college took place or rather half of them as there were so many pupils to appear that a second recital was given on Monday evening. Those taking part in the two performances were; on the piano, Misses H. Allen, Taylor, Archibald, S. Nichol, Borden, Cole, Chipman, H. Hart, Inch, Palmer, Newman. In vocal music, Misses Nichol, A. Hart, F. Smith, D. Smith, violin solos by Misses S. Webb and S. Benedict and an orchestra numbers Reading by Misses Chittick and Evans. The pro-

Strong Nerves

Nerves just as surely come from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla as does the cure of scrofula, salt rheum, or other so-called blood diseases. This is simply because the blood affects the condition of all the bones, muscles and tissues. If it is impure it cannot properly sustain these parts. If made pure, rich, red and vitalized by Hood's Sarsaparilla, it carries health instead of disease, and repairs the worn nervous system as nothing else can do. Thus nervous prostration, hysteria, neuralgia, heart palpitation, are cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Because it is the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, etc.

GREAT CHRISTMAS AUCTION SALE!

At MYERS BROTHERS,

29 Charlotte Street,
6 Doors from City Market. Is going on Every Afternoon and Evening.

\$10,000 WORTH OF BANKRUPT STOCK

Consisting of Solid Gold Cases, Solid Silver Cases, Cold Filled Cases.

All Gold Filled Cases are Warranted by Certificate from the Manufactures to wear equal to Solid Gold for 15 and 20 years.) Silverine and other cases made by the best American and Canadian Watch Case Makers. MOVEMENTS—Made by the American Waltham Watch Co., The Elgin National Watch Co., The Springfield, Illinois Watch Co., The Trenton Watch Co. and New Haven Watch Co.

DIAMONDS and Other Precious STONES

Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Rolled Gold, Plated Rings, Necklaces, Watch Chains, Locketts, Charms, Bracelets, Ear Drops, Ladies' Brooches, and Bar Pins, Gents' Scarf Pins, Studs, Collar and Cuff Buttons, Pens, Pencils, Opera Glasses, (in Oriental, Pearl and Morocco), Pocket Cutlery and Scissors.

SILVERWARE in Triple and Quadruple Plate.

Berry Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Tea Sets, Waiters, Cake Stands, Dessert Sets, Dinner and Pickle Cruets, Napkin Rings, Spoons, Knives and Forks, (English and Rogers make.) Fancy Plush Goods, Albums, Musical Instruments, Accordions, Violins Mandolins, Opera and Field Glasses, etc., etc.

This Stock is being Sold Without Reserve to the HIGHEST BIDDER.

If you are in need of anything in this line do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity to get goods for half price or less. Come early and avoid the Holiday rush. Private sale going on all the time during auction sale.

Remember we are a Reliable and Responsible Firm

and have been dealing in Bankrupt Stock for years. With all Watches sold we give a written Guarantee, stating the material of the case, and the length of time for which the movement is warranted to keep time, with the numbers of case and movement, so there can be no possible mistakes.

SALE EVERY DAY AND EVENING AT 29 CHARLOTTE ST.

MYERS BROTHERS, Props.

grammes were not so varied as usual in consequence of a number of the students having already left for the holidays, notably those of F. E. Island but as an exhibition of students work it was good. A very delightful feature was the Romanza played by the orchestra which was a composition of Professor Chisholm's. Miss Alice Hart's song showed great flexibility of voice and much careful training. Miss Newman always a good player naturally excelled herself on this occasion. There were others who rendered their parts extremely well but those were too many to give individual mention. The audiences were rather meagre owing partly to the busy season of the year, but they were appreciative.

On Saturday evening a farewell reception was held at the ladies college which did not differ greatly from those given once a month. A number were present from the town; and among them were Senator Wood and family and their guest Mrs. Andrews Mrs. J. Cole, Mrs. Calhoun, Miss F. Harris, Miss Richardson, Miss M. Harrison, and Messrs. F. Blank, C. Fawcett, D. Pichard, L. Harrison. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Trueman of St. Martins passed through on Friday on their way to Point de Bute.

Miss Jennie Black has been the guest of Mrs. A. W. Bernst.

Miss Freeman has returned from Mt. Whalley.

Mr. E. Beale of Nappan was here over Sunday.

Mrs. (Dr.) Andrews of Middleton is visiting Mrs. Wood and the doctor is expected in town for Christmas. Dr. and Mrs. Andrews spent a winter in Sackville some seven or eight years ago and their many friends will give them a warm welcome.

Mr. Walter Black is home from his Moncton school for the holidays.

Miss Cummings is visiting her sister Mrs. F. W. Hammon.

Mr. Wootton was seriously indisposed for a few days, but is well again.

Mr. Robert King of Sackville is enjoying his vacation in Sackville.

Coleman's SALT
 CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM
 PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED
 CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
 CLINTON, ONT.

OPERA HOUSE A Suitable Present
 Christmas, Dec. 25th '97
 2 PERFORMANCES ONLY.
 MATINEE and EVENING.

BOSTON.....
Comedy Co.
 H. PRICE WEBBER, Manager.
 Matinee at 2:30 p. m.
 Lord Tenyson's Beautiful Play.

DORA!
 and the Farce of the
SILENT WOMAN.
 Evening at 8 p. m.
 Edward Stirling's drama,
WHITE SALVE,
 or THE FLAG OF FREEDOM,
 and the Farce of the
ROUGH DIAMOND.

THE POPULAR ACTRESS,
EDWINA GREY.
 assisted by a competent company,
 will appear.

HARRISON'S ORCHESTRA, M. L. Harrison, leader, will furnish appropriate music.

Admission Entire Orchestra, Dress Circle and Balcony, all seats reserved, 25c; Gallery 15c.

Emerson & Fisher.
 P. S. Store open every evening until Christmas.

for Xmas.

- A Brass Coal Vase.
- A Japanned Vase, Brass Mounted.
- A Brass Hot Water Kettle.
- A Chafing Dish.
- A Set of Carvers.
- A doz. Plated Spoons Knives or Forks.
- A Carpet Sweeper.
- A Set of Fire Brasses.
- A Granite Iron Tea Pot.
- And lots of others.



Mr. Hugh Hooper is visiting at the rectory at Mt. Whalley and will take part in the Christmas services.

Mrs. Handford of Fort Lawrence is laid up with a badly scalded foot, and her health otherwise is not so good as her friends would wish. Miss McMann of P. E. Island is to spend the winter with her.

Mr. Fraser of the Merchants bank leaves the end of the week for Bridgewater to spend Christmas in his home.

All the teachers and students will be absent this year from the ladies college, those who don't go home will visit friends.

Miss Jones goes to New York for the holidays.

Professor and Mrs. Chisholm take a trip to Boston.

Miss Williams and Mrs. Cole go to their respective homes in Vermont.

Miss Hanington will visit Miss Johnson in Fredericton.

Miss Vroom and Miss Cook go to Truro.

Miss Webster returns to Quebec and Miss Latham to Halifax.

Miss Thomas visits friends in St. Stephen.

Mrs. Archibald will probably spend part of the holidays in Halifax.

The latest account of Mrs. Wetmore, Liverpool; is encouraging, he is on the fair road to recovery.

Mr. Daniels is to be moved this week from the Brunswick house to Mr. E. Bowers' on York St. He is stronger and hopes are entertained that he may get well.

The other fever patient, Mr. Baidy is a less promising case.

Continued on Fourth Page.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

KNOWLEDGE ABOUT THE PYTHIAN BROTHERHOOD.

Its Organization in This City and the men who Form the Bulwarks of the Association—The Different Lodges in St. John and Their Membership.

St. John has the distinction of being the first place outside of the United States where Pythian principles were established and the order has in the past few years increased and flourished in this city and province at an unprecedented rate.

The Pythian knighthood is the young man among the trio of great fraternal organizations and is to a great extent a young man's society. Its history goes back less than four decades, but considered from another point of view it goes back to the dim shades of antiquity.

It is very fitting that this great order should have for its natal place that centre of American republicanism, Washington. The principles of the order originated with Past Supreme Chancellor J. H. Rathbone and on Feb. 19th, 1864, Washington Lodge, No. 1 was instituted with Friendship, Benevolence and Charity as the shibboleth of its aims and desires.

The lodge rapidly broadened its sphere of influence and lodges were planted right and left and as the number increased in a state grand lodge was formed and in a few years thousands were gathered into the warm arms of the brotherhood. The first grand lodge was that of the District of Columbia and in 1868 the order had grown so rapidly that it became necessary to organize the Supreme Lodge of the world which was done at Philadelphia in May of that year, five grand Lodges being represented on the occasion.

With the organization now pretty well complete the work rapidly grew and in 1870 they invaded new ground outside the United States by the erection of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 1, in this city. The fathers of the order in this city are Messrs. John Beamish and James Moulson and the Knighthood was established here largely through the influence of Mr. George Nulty a Past Grand Chancellor of New York. On Sept. 29th, the Supreme Scribe received an application for a charter to establish a lodge in this city, the application bearing the names of twenty young men residents of the city. On Friday evening, Oct. 30th, Supreme Chancellor Reed and Past Chancellor Schurz, of New York, organized the lodge which had a lusty birth sixty-three members being enrolled including many prominent citizens. The following were the officers installed.

W. J. McDordick, Venerable Patriarch, Thomas Walker, M. D., Chancellor, Andrew J. Stewart, Vice-Chancellor, David H. Waterbury, Recording Scribe, James Moulson, Financial Scribe, James Thompson, Banker, Fred Sandall, Galde, David A. Sinclair, Inner Steward, Samuel Armstrong, Outer Steward, Robert Parks, editor of the "Warden and Monthly Masonic Record", was appointed Deputy Grand Chancellor.

The Dispensation under which this

Lodge was erected is an interesting document. It sets forth that "the supreme chancellor and officers of the Supreme Lodge of the world, Knights of Pythias, reposing especial trust and confidence in the following Messrs.—James Moulson, John Beamish, Robert J. Melvin, Simon A. R. Nicoud, William Shaw, Samuel Tutts, William Quinley, Andrew Lawson, Thomas Walker, David H. Waterbury,—and their successors doth hereby grant this warrant of dispensation to institute a warranted lodge at St. John, New Brunswick, to be known as and to have emblazoned on their Armorial Escutcheon the title and name of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 1, U. D. Knights of Pythias, for the purpose of promulgating and practicing the three great chivalric principles of the Pythian Mystic Trio, F. C. B." The document further authorized and empowered the lodge to confer the initiatory rank of Page, the Armorial Rank of Equire and the chivalric Rank of Knight. The Dispensation bears date of Oct. 28th, 1870, and is signed by S. S. Davis, Supreme Chancellor.

At this time the order had increased from three lodges with 78 members on Dec. 31st, 1864, to 700 lodges with 84,000 members on Dec. 31st, 1870. On Dec. 31st, 1895, there were 6,494 subordinate lodges with 464,539 members. The order had sent its tendrils into every state or nearly every state in the Union and also into the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, Ontario, Mexico, and the Hawaiian Islands. And, by the way it is interesting to note that the founder of one of the lodges in Quebec was a St. John knight, Past Grand Chancellor Powers who instituted a lodge in Montreal with a membership of 38.

The order had prospered sufficiently in St. John by March, 1874, to warrant the establishment of a new lodge and Union Lodge, No. 2, was formed. This lodge has outdone its elder sister for vigor and strength and the two lodges together are numerically and financially as strong as any two lodges of any of the orders represented in the city and the same applies to the sum total of fraternity and good fellowship that prevail therein.

The semi-annual reports for the term ended June 20th, 1897, show their strength to be as follows:

	MEMBERSHIP.	ASSETS.
New Brunswick	178	4,450.70
Union	102	2,340.04
	280	6,790.74

St. John has nearly a third of the membership of the whole jurisdiction of the grand lodge of the Maritime Provinces, that membership being 1273, and over 40 per cent of the total assets which are \$21,556.

Westmorland Lodge (Moncton) and Frontier Lodge (St. Stephen) were organized in 1875 and Cumberland Lodge (Springhill) in 1883.

In 1886 these five lodges determined to organize a grand lodge for the Maritime Provinces and on June 30th, of that year the organization took place in this city. Since then there have been three annual conventions held here in 1887, 1890 and 1893.

Five St. John knights are entitled to the honorable position of Past Grand Chancellor of the Grand Lodge. These are Messrs. James Moulson, Col. John R. Armstrong, E. Allison Powers, J. Fenwick Fraser and Hedley V. Cooper.

The Grand Chancellors have been the following:

- James Moulson, 1869-87.
- Murray Fleming, 1888.
- W. C. H. Grimmer, 1889.
- E. Allison Powers, 1890.
- J. F. Fraser, 1891.
- F. L. Foss, 1892.
- Jas. D. Fowles, 1893.
- W. B. Nicholson, 1894.
- H. V. Cooper, 1895.
- J. M. Deacon, 1896-97.

Among St. John knights who are on the roster of officers of the grand lodge are Messrs. F. A. Godsoe, John Beamish, Major A. J. Armstrong, A. W. Adams, H. L. Cole, Frank Fales, Le Baron Wilson, F. S. Merritt and W. S. Vaughan. Dr. Frank A. Godsoe has been grand vice-chancellor two years and was nominated for the position of grand chancellor at last session of grand lodge against Mr. J. M. Deacon, the successful candidate.

The standard bearer of the order in this jurisdiction, however, is Mr. James Moulson, the only one outside the United States.

Short's Dyspepticure.

cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 35cts. and \$1.00 from C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

who has held office in the Supreme Lodge of the world. He was deputy supreme chancellor at the organization of the grand lodge in 1886, was grand chancellor for two terms and Supreme Representative to the biennial sessions of the Supreme Lodge. He also served as Supreme Inner Guard of the Supreme Lodge, and at the last convention at Cleveland, Ohio, in August, 1896, he was promoted to Supreme Master-at-Arms.

There is another branch of the order which meets in their palatial rooms where Royal dignity pervades the whole spacious and finely furnished apartment in which their deliberations are held. This is the military order of the Uniform Rank and for excellence of drill and elegance of equipment the Knights of Pythias excel. On March 31st, 1896 the Uniform Rank numbered 1174 divisions and 44,960 members.

Ten years ago the banner of the military rank was unfurled in St. John and the parchment which constituted Victoria Division No. 1 bears date of May 23 d. 1887. The applicants for the instrument were Messrs. John A. Ewing, Charles Nevins, Thomas A. Vaughan, Walter S. Vaughan, Jacob S. Brown, E. Allison Powers and James A. Ewing and it was granted by Howard Douglas, Supreme Chancellor.

Cygnus Division, No. 5, was created by powers granted on July 3rd, 1891, by George B. Shaw, Supreme Chancellor, to Hedley V. Cooper, J. Fred Sullivan, James Duffell, Robt. L. Sims, Le Baron Wilson, John Russell, jr., and Robt. O'Shaughnessy.

Beside the two St. John Divisions or Companies there are five others,—Moulson No. 2, of Moncton; Fleming, No. 3, of Springhill; Frontier, No. 4, of St. Stephen; Fowler, No. 6, of Fredericton; and Wilfred, No. 7, of Woodstock. Within recent years these companies formed a regiment for the Maritime Provinces of which Mr. Hedley V. Cooper is Lieutenant Colonel.

No sketch of the order in this city would be complete without a brief reference to their chief annual occasion, Decoration Day, when they pay their tribute to the memory of departed Knights by decorating their graves with a wealth of flowers donated by the Knights and their friends. The brethren of the order are remembered not only in life but also in death.

THE DAY OF THE CLIPPER PAST.

So the Stunsail has Disappeared for Good From Most American Ships.

'Stunsails out of fashion' said the Old Skipper, as he puffed vigorously at his old clay pipe, which has been around the Horn almost as many times as its owner. 'Wall, they may be; but it is because financial economy has abolished them on American ships. However, as an old shipmate of mine, who is a bit of a crank, and left this port the other day, still carries a topmast stunsail. It may be for sentimental reasons just as a Confederate veteran might display the flag under which he went to battle. But stunsails are just as practical to-day as ever.

'Studding sail,' you say? Oh, yes; studding sail may be literally correct, but Jack says 'stunsail.' His objects to mousing particles and words with long endings. He wants brevity all the time, in everything, perhaps, except rum. The corruption of language by sailors is proverbial. Stunsail may be a corruption of studding sail; but studding sail itself is a corruption of steadying sail, or steering sail, which, in my opinion, was the original term. The stunsail, although used only in moderate weather, was a driving sail. Our yachts carry stunsails to-day in the form of the immense side sail that is called the spinnaker.

It costs to fit a ship with a suit of stunsails. Their use means extra labor for the crew, or a larger crew, and their storage takes valuable cargo room. This means expense for the ship, which her earnings in these days of railroads and ocean tramps do not warrant. The cargoes that sailing vessels carry to-day do not demand quick transportation; with its high freight rates. The modern sailing ship is little better than a floating warehouse. It is not driven; spars and canvas are pressed as they were before the advent of the steamship. Sailing a ship to make a short passage is one of the lost arts. There is no demand for auxiliary canvas such as stunsails. The Yankee clipper is out of it—defunct.

'Away back in the middle of the century

the Stars and Stripes floated over ships that were really clippers, below and aloft. In competition with one another and with foreign craft our clippers carried valuable cargoes—tea from China, coffee from Rio and fancy merchandise to San Francisco. The steamships do the tea and coffee carrying now. It was not in those days a go-as-you-please run. The clippers were under orders to get there to catch the top of a market. Hours saved on their voyage, long though they were, meant many dollars for all concerned. Ships were driven then with canvas that fairly smothered them in fair weather and foul, and Yankee seamanship, with its characteristic judgement and nerve, was recognized and rewarded.

'But all this is merely a memory now. I can fancy the clipper of the fifties coming head-on, rising against the clear sky of the lower latitudes, her sails mounting above the blue horizon, tier upon tier—sky-sepers moonrakers, cloudcleaners—a snow-white pyramid, an argo's footstool, as Jack says. Did they carry stunsails? Aye, up to the royal yards!'

NOT IN FICTION BUT IN REAL LIFE.

The Story of a Daughter's Devotion and a Lover's Faithfulness.

Twenty-five years ago there was a romance at Maysville—a love story in which there was nothing out of the ordinary. It was like hundreds of others, and there did not then appear to be a possibility that it would become remarkable. It became known there that two young people, who will be called John Smith and Mary Jones, were engaged to be married. John Smith had been paying attentions to the young lady about two years, and the announcement of their engagement did not cause any surprise.

The wedding day was set, and nearly all the preparations had been made, when the mother of the bride-to-be became ill. On account of her illness the marriage had to be postponed. In a short time it became apparent that her mind was impaired, and still a little later the terrible truth forced itself on the minds of her friends—the mother of Mary Jones was insane. Arrangements were made to send her to the asylum, and it was then that her daughter raised objections. She would not have her mother sent to the asylum at all, and declared that she would devote her life to taking care of her.

When she made that vow Mary Jones was 18 years old, a bright, intelligent young woman, handsome and talented. In addition to that, she was engaged to be married to one of the best young men in the country—a young man of wealth and refinement, to whom she had made a solemn promise. Her father owned a large tract of land and a fine house. He was amply able to employ a nurse for the demented woman as long as she might live, and to his mind there was no reason why his daughter should not marry after a reasonable length of time.

There was a reason, however—the strong sense of duty the daughter had and her resolve that she would never leave her mother while she lived. She triumphed over the arguments of her friends, and settled down to a life in which there appeared to be little hope, except the reward for filial duty. She put aside all thoughts of the life she had contemplated, and from that day she has been her mother's loving and devoted attendant. The mother's mind is a total wreck. She is not violent, but her mind is gone, and she must have constant care and attention. Twenty-five years have passed since she became demented, and during that time her daughter has not been away from her a single day.

Twenty-five years ago John Smith used to call every Sunday night at the home of Mary Jones. They sat on the cool front porch during the summer, and by the

fireside in winter. Then they planned their future—the happy life they were to live after they were married.

John Smith still makes the Sunday night visits as regularly as in the olden times. If he should miss one Sunday night it would be understood as once that he was ill, or that some other good and sufficient cause had prevented him from being there on time. His hair is gray, and there are wrinkles in his face. The girl he expected to claim as his bride is an old maid now, and her once bright eyes are beginning to lose the lustre of youth, but she is still firm in her determination to remain with her mother as long as her mother lives. The engagement has never been broken. The young man said he would wait until her task at home was over, and he has waited. The years seem long to him, but he is true. If he ever grows impatient, the patient face of the woman whose devotion is more than remarkable is enough to make him ashamed of his impatience. It is said to be the slightest effort to persuade the daughter to leave her mother.

Stories like this are often told in books, but this is one in real life.

TOLD BY AN OLD CIRCUS MAN.

The Circumstances Attending the Loss of a Large Anconda.

'We lost a big anconda once,' said the old circus man, 'in the most singular manner you ever heard of; you couldn't guess how if you could guess for forty years.

'This was at the time when we had the great eighteen foot giraffe that I've told you about, and, by a very singular coincidence, this anconda was just the same length—just eighteen feet long. It got out of its cage one day, how nobody ever knew, and strolled over to where the giraffe was lying, outside the big tent, asleep on the ground. What under the canopy could have possessed the anconda to collar the giraffe I don't know, unless it was the first living thing it came across; but it began coiling itself around the giraffe's head; it had taken about two turns, I guess, when the giraffe woke up.

'Frightened? Well, now! The show was going on—just started for the afternoon performance. The clown was walking around the ring cracking his whip when he rushed the giraffe, swaying his long neck and cracking his whip, the lash made of fifteen feet of anconda, which the giraffe slashed around in the air and slatted up against the canvas roof and slammed down on the ground, jumping around itself mad. I'd been in the show business some time, but I'd never seen anything like that.

'The people didn't know what to make of it first; they kind of thought it was part of the show, though they acted as though they thought it was a pretty akery part; but in about five seconds they realized what it was, and then they thought they'd had their money's worth, and they wanted to go; and they did go, dropping down from the backs of their seats, and away through the seats, and getting out any way they could; and leaving the big giraffe there rattling with the anconda and thrashing it around and slating it down, and making every effort to shake it off, but without any effect.

'Then a while the old man come in, as he always did in any real emergency. He was walking around the ring, now back of the giraffe and alongside of him, and keeping as close to him as he could and waiting for a chance. Presently the giraffe slashing the great snake around in the air in all directions, doubled it around the centre pole. It just happened so, but that was the old man's chance. When the anconda's tail swung around he seized it, and fourteen other men tallied on in less than that number of seconds. A canvassman came out with an axe.

'Chop!' says the old man, and one blow on the bend of the big serpent where he went around the centre pole was enough. And that's the way we lost the big anconda; but as compared with giraffe ancondas were cheap; and we were glad to get out of it as well as we did.'

Ticklish Things.

Coughs are ticklish things. Nowhere does the extravagant saying: "I was tickled to death," come nearer being true, than in the case of a severe cough. Do you know the feeling? The tickling in the throat, that you writhe under and fight against, until at last you break out in a paroxysm of coughing? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rest? You can do so by using

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Charms, Brace-

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Fisher.

gon will visit Miss Johnson in

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returns to Quebec and Miss Lathern

his friends in St. Stephen.

id will probably spend part of the

ent of Mrs. Wetmore, Liverpool; he is on the fair road to recovery.

s to be moved this week from the s to Mr. E. Bower's on York St.

and hopes are entertained that he

er patient, Mr. Baisley is a lee

road on Fourteen St.

The Maid With no Appetite.

Rebecca Dainty was a maid whose summers no one knew. Though she had been years had said that she was thirty-four. And though she never felt real smart, folks called her rather bright. And while she had a good, kind heart, she had no appetite.

She always came to breakfast late, and never forgot her sash. First she would pass her little plate and try a piece of pie. Next she would cast her eyes around the table, but not right. To see if something could be done to tempt her appetite.

If on the table beans were found, to eat some she would try. And then of lamb chops spoil a pound nor pass the coffee by. A piece or two of hot corn bread was always her delight. Although, poor thing, she always said she had no appetite.

She next would try a chicken's leg and then a piece of wafers. Next she would eat a soft boiled egg and then most anything. She always wanted something light when first she started in. But how she coaxed her appetite would make an outside girl.

* A CHRISTMAS NIGHT. *

'A queer place to spend Christmas, isn't it?' asked Jean as she walked the deck of the Irrawady, with Jack Hallway, that eventful night.

'The place doesn't matter, does it?' returned Jack meaningly, with an emphasis on 'place.' Now I confess, he continued, 'there might be circumstances that would make me extremely lonesome blocked up here, but with you, Jean—'

But their moonlight musings were interrupted by Mr. Forsyth, who shouted: 'Hello, there, all of you, let's go ashore and stretch our sea legs.'

There was a jolly party on board the Irrawady bound for Rangoon. Traders and their wives, gentlemen of leisure, a subaltern or two, three young ladies from Maine going to Burma as teachers and missionaries, and Jean Robertson, the prettiest little Scotch girl you ever saw, at least so the male members of the party thought.

My bonny, blue-eyed Scotch lassie, Jean, was a favorite song upon that voyage, especially with Jack Hallway, a young English physician on board.

Jean had been at school in England and was going out, in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth, to join her father, whose regiment was stationed in India.

Christmas eve found them anchored at a station on the Suez canal waiting for the way to be cleared below.

It was almost as light as day. In Eastern countries the light of the moon seems almost like the electric light and one can easily see to read by it. Every one on board was ready for a ramble.

As Jack Hallway helped Jean ashore, he whispered: 'I shall take care of you to night. We are in the land of the Sultan, and I can't trust you to a chaperone.'

'All right,' said Jean, laughing, 'don't let me be carried off, will you?'

'Not unless I carry you off myself,' said Jack, tenderly.

'Oh, that wouldn't do, unless you carried me out to papa. Just think, I'm eighteen and I've grown so tall he won't know me.'

'Shall I carry you out and ask him—'

'Hush, please,' said Jean, 'those American ladies will hear you.'

'They wouldn't understand, but you do, don't you?' whispered Jack.

Jean murmured something that sounded like 'yes,' and she hoped he did not know how happy it made her. Soon they were racing over the sands, like so many children out of school, playing at snap-whip, hide-and-seek, and up to all sorts of larks.

Along the shores of the canal the ground is covered with mounds of shilting sand and clumps of the inevitable aspidistra brush, so, among these they went chasing and hiding, jumping out from their places of concealment amid feminine 'ohs' and 'ahs.'

'Where is Jean?' asked Mrs. Forsyth of her husband. 'We must keep near her, Edward.'

'Halloway seems to be doing that, observed Mr. Forsyth, dryly.

One of the girls from Maine began to sing 'America,' and they soon had a chorus. Then followed 'God Save the Queen,' 'Annie Laurie' and 'Scotch Lassie.'

'We ought to go on a starting tour,' said Malcolm.

'I am afraid we are attracting attention,' said Mrs. Forsyth. 'I see something behind that bush.'

'Oh, nonsense!' retorted her husband. 'Isabel, you are always seeing something. You ought to carry a dark closet around with you to look in at night.'

'But I see it, too,' and I, said several of the ladies in a whisper.

'It changes position from one bush to another. There, Edward, see, a tall white object!' and Mrs. Forsyth promptly swooned.

Attention was immediately divided between the lady and the ghost. Several gentlemen started in pursuit of the latter. Among these was Jack Hallway.

'Don't be alarmed,' he said to Jean, 'stay with the ladies a moment and we will soon have this masquerader in hand.'

Objects at a distance could be plainly seen and this white will-o'-the-wisp led

'Here we are,' said Spiller, finally, 'just about the place where he skipped us.'

Making a circle around the spot, they soon found places of concealment and waited silently—five—ten minutes, eternities to Halloway.

He imagined Jean in captivity, carried off to some haunts by the ever-greedy Turk. How their conversation came back to him. 'You won't let me be carried off, will you?' and her whispered 'yes' the sweetest word he had ever heard. Then he remembered some suspicious-looking fellows who came to the landing that very day—dark visaged, brutal-looking men, fit envoys for kidnapping a beautiful girl.

'I can't stand this,' said Halloway. 'We're wasting time, for God's sake let us move on,' he urged in an undertone to his next neighbor.

'Sat' came from the next bush. One—two—three minutes more of waiting and they could see an object moving along in the shadow of a mound—a man creeping slowly along. Just a little nearer, and Halloway sprang upon him like a tiger.

'Where is she?—tell, you viper!' said he, grasping the newcomer by the throat.

'Don't choke his wind off,' said Forsyth. 'We can't find out anything if you do.'

The captive groveled at their feet, bumping his head in the sand, and repeating a lot of jargon.

'He can't understand a word you say, but his turban is gone and I guess he is our man,' said Spiller.

'One of the williams we saw hanging around the landing,' said Forsyth, 'and, by Jove, he was staring at Jean, we remarked it.'

'Take him aboard. Old Alex will find out his tongue is any one can,' said Spiller.

'No more delay, I can find it out,' said Halloway, quietly; at the same time administering a series of kicks. He then proceeded to go through the pantomime of the turban and the stick and ended by pressing the barrel of his revolver to the ruffian's temple.

More kicks from Halloway, as he seemed undecided. 'I've got to choke him to it,' said he grasping the cringing fellow by the throat. 'Oh yes, he begins to understand, burry up, move on, no monkey-shines now,' said Halloway, excitedly.

He was, urged by Forsyth and Halloway who each had a firm grip upon him. After wandering for about ten minutes around the sand hills the party came to a stop and threatened the fellow in English which he could not understand, but the cold barrel of Halloway's revolver he did understand and started off in a different direction.

He set them in a different direction of the canal where they found a long, low building, evidently a straggle. In front of this their guide stopped and gave a little low chirrup. Immediately a figure appeared in the doorway but before they could secure the accomplice he ran swiftly out of sight.

More kicks for the one who was left in Halloway's clutches, and he led them within the shed. 'Now be careful of your matches,' said Forsyth, 'or we'll never get out of this.'

'Ah! What sound? was that?' Halloway's ears were strained to hear.

'Jean, Jean,' he called.

From the corner came a distinct moan.

'Out with the match! Light up,' said Forsyth.

Matches were struck and by the flickering light, they saw little Jean lying upon the ground, bound and gagged.

It was but the work of a moment for Halloway's tender but firm hands to release her. 'Are you harmed dearest? Tell me,' he asked quickly.

'No,' she sobbed, clinging to him, 'only frightened almost to death!'

Just then there was a scuffle. 'Catch him,' yelled Forsyth.

Escaped, both of them, and out of sight.

'Fairly leaked away,' said Forsyth. 'Glad to part with him. I feel as if I had been in bad company.'

When they came out into the moonlight, all was still, nothing to tell of the tragedy almost enacted on Christmas eve.

Halloway was piloting Jean this time, you may be sure. In the darkness of the old storehouse as she clung to him he had found her rosy lips and imprinted a long kiss.

'I will never leave you again,' he whispered as they walked home along the shore.

'I couldn't lose you now after that kiss, Jean,' and he actually paid it back, then and there.

'Could you tell us all about it now,' said Forsyth a moment later, or do you feel too nervous, my dear?'

'Oh, I'm not nervous now,' said Jean, leaning a little more upon Halloway's arm than was actually necessary.

'The way it happened,' said Jean, 'Mrs. Forsyth had fainted, so she didn't know but that I was with Jack, and the rest were so excited they didn't know or think where to go. When she recovered so we could go aboard, I started along with the rest but happened to be the last one. I saw some one behind a bush at one side, and thinking it to be one of the party stopped to see who it was when some one sprung up behind me and covered my mouth so I could not scream, and I was immediately gagged and bound. Another came and they carried me to that shed where you found me. One or both kept guard. They seemed to be waiting for someone and they paid no attention to me after depositing me in that corner. And what were they going to do with me, do you think, Mr. Forsyth?'

'Devil!' muttered Forsyth under his breath, then aloud: 'Probably they wanted to make your papa pay a big ransom.'

Jean met with a warm reception on board the Irrawady. She was embraced and petted by the ladies and had to relate her story amid exclamations of horror and pity.

'Oh, you poor darling,' said Mrs. Forsyth, 'I was nearly wild with fright. I fancy you will remember this Christmas eve to the end of your days!'

WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP

is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing. It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name SURPRISE.



'Yes, I shall always remember it,' said Jean quietly as Halloway's eyes sought her own.

'Well, Isabel, what was the extent of our responsibility with Jean,' said Mr. Forsyth in an aside to his wife.

'Why, we promised to see her safe to her father. What else, to be sure?'

'Without falling in love, eh?' suggested Forsyth.

'Well, Edward, how could it be otherwise with a sweet child like Jean?'

'And a fine fellow like Halloway,' added Forsyth. Portland Transcript.

THE BROKEN PANE.

Johnnie Squared His Deb: After Many Years.

Forty years ago a certain Cleveland family lived on Huron street, close to the corner of Miami street. Huron street was a leading thoroughfare then, and a number of prominent Clevelanders resided in the neighborhood. The lady of the house was a young bride; and she and her husband had arrived in Cleveland quite recently. In Miami street lived a family in very moderate circumstances, and among the numerous children that filled the tiny house was a boy called Johnnie. He was a bright manly little fellow of perhaps eight years, and the Huron street bride took quite a fancy to him. He would come to her home every day and do her simple errands, and she always had something nice to give him. One day he was playing in front of the bride's home with some other boys, when he chanced to throw a stone that missed its mark and crashed through a parlor window. The bride happened to see the accident, and as the little fellow looked up and saw her, an agonized expression clouded his face, and he turned and took to his heels. He never came again to the Huron street house. Look as she might, the bride caught sight of him no more. A few weeks later Johnnie was soon only a faint memory.

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth So Famous
—No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was DODD'S. Their discovery startled the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of 'Dodd's Kidney Pills.' Why is the name 'Dodd's Kidney Pills' imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

His Favorite Feature.

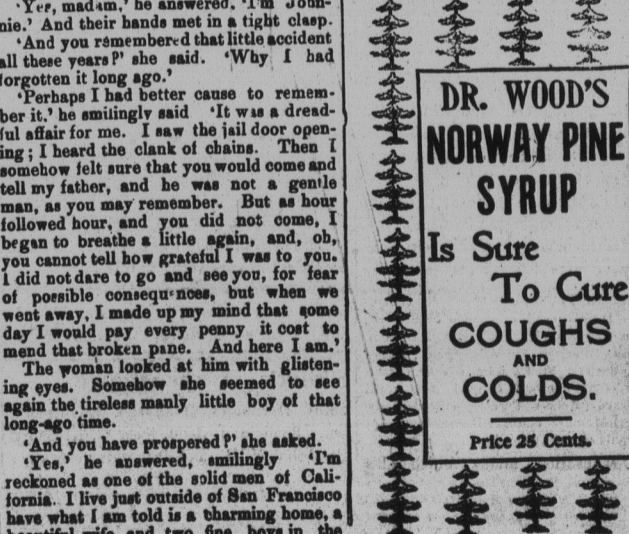
'Say,' said the watch dog to his friend, the goat, 'which of your interesting features are you most chummy with?'

'My broose,' answered the goat as he absorbed another mouthful from the clothes line.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is Sure To Cure COUGHS AND COLDS.

Price 25 Cents.




FOOT ELM

Makes tired feet rested.
Makes clammy feet comfortable.
Makes cold feet warm.
Makes sore feet well.
Makes new shoes easy.

There are imitations of this as of every good thing. There is no more satisfaction in an imitation of Foot Elm than there is in an imitation dinner. Don't take either.

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STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.



IF DONE... Soap... Surprise.

Sunday Reading.

A Song of Coming Christmas. Oh, softly sweet, oh, softly sweet, an angel band on high...

A LIFE MADE HAPPY.

Little deeds of kindness that cost those who do them almost nothing sometimes carry a great deal of sunshine and happiness into other lives.

Oh, no, don't do that! I said the poor woman eagerly. I've been looking at them while I've been working in the room and wondering if it—well, it may be bold and presuming in me to ask, but if I might have just two or three of the picture papers to carry home to a little girl of mine...

'My good woman,' interrupted the lady, 'you may have all of them, and you shall not work a minute for them. Take all of them with you when you go home.'

'All of them?' exclaimed the woman with a suggestion of tears in her voice. 'All of them! Oh, ma'am, you can't know, you can't think, what they'll be to my little girl! They'll make her happy for weeks and months. I can't thank you enough! I can't begin to tell Jennie will just go wild over them! Won't she be happy, though?'

'Enjoy it? Why, ma'am, I ain't words to tell you how happy she'll be, nor I ain't words to tell you how thankful I am!'

Six months later the lady, who had been abroad, returned, and sent for the charwoman to do some more work. She came wearing a bit of rusty crape on her old black hat.

'And it was such a little thing to do,'

said the lady afterwards when she told the story. It was a little thing for her to do, but it made true these words: 'We may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at so little expense! Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the minds of others; and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the boom whence they spring.'

GET THE DAY. Good Opportunities Come to us but Once in Our Lifetime.

A great help to the accomplishment of any task or pleasure would be found in the three words of our title. How many beautiful things we all plan to do sometime? And how the years go by without their ever being attempted!

Mr. Anytime is a most deceptive friend and counselor. You do not mean to deceive yourselves. You only ask Mr. Anytime to jog your memory. He is a good-meaning fellow, too, and does not in the least intend to thwart you. It is only that he does so love to wait for a 'convenient season.'

The truth is, most things worth doing are not easy. The minute you plan to do a thing, there are half a dozen reasons for not doing it. 'I wouldn't start for school to-day. It looks like rain!'

You see, in even a little matter like that, liable to come up any dull-feeling morning, the right thing isn't quite easy. You have to brace yourself to a bit of an effort. Seeing that this is so, it will not do to say, 'I'll do it sometime!'

'What is to be done?' Why, 'grit' your teeth, square your shoulders, and—'set the day.' Arrange for success. Fix things so that at some definite time in the future you can write over against the thing that should be done the canceling label 'DONE.'

Oh, how easily you might change all that! You do not need to let your life drift one more day. Blot that word 'sometime' out of your dictionary. Decide exactly when you will do this good thing you are promising yourself. Let it be the earliest possible time it could be done.

A Definite Purpose. Most men merely drift through life, and the work they do is determined by a hundred indifferent circumstances; they might as well be doing nothing at all.

ceased to ring like a tocsin in his soul. He lived with the account which he would have to give at the judgement seat of Christ ever in his eye, and his heart was revived in every hour of discouragement by the vision of the crown of life which, if he proved faithful, the Lord, the righteous Judge, would place upon his head.—[James Stalker, D. D., in 'The Life of St. Paul.'

IF YOU HATE IT. It is not Always a Misfortune to Earn our own Living.

It is very easy for young people to envy others whose natural abilities surpass their own. Plodding students sigh as they tell of some class-mate who can learn a history lesson by reading it over once.

In the same way, there are many who envy those who inherit fortunes. It seems to them the very height of happiness to be born rich, to have one's desires gratified without the need of exertion.

It is not a misfortune if we are obliged to earn what we have. We need not complain even if we can learn only by dint of hard exertion. It is no reason for regret if we must win our friends by lives of loving usefulness, rather than through some natural charm.

It is not a misfortune if we are obliged to earn what we have. We need not complain even if we can learn only by dint of hard exertion. It is no reason for regret if we must win our friends by lives of loving usefulness, rather than through some natural charm.

STEP BY STEP. It is as Easy to be a Christian Always as for a Short Time.

Young folks—and they are very much like older people in this—think it is far easier to pledge themselves for a limited time, a month or a year, than for life. If you would ask some of them to follow Christ a week, they might not think that hard; but they would hesitate to give the matter to him forever.

Edwin was a good, thoughtful boy, free from bad habits, very constantly at church and an associate member of the Endeavor Society; but he refused to become an active member.

The pastor was very much concerned for Edwin. He felt that if the boy remained in such a state of mind he would lose all care for Christ and, by and by, drop all interest in the church also.



study and showed his new book to the pastor. 'There are more than four hundred pages in this book, Edwin,' said the pastor soberly; 'you can never learn so long a history.'

'I have already learned tomorrow's lesson; we have only seven pages, and they are very interesting,' said the boy. 'But there are at least sixty such lessons in this book. How in the world are you going to learn all those?'

'Oh, you have only to think of a day at a time,' said the pastor again; 'then you would about as soon promise to learn the whole book, as to promise to learn one lesson. would you not?'

'I have made up my mind to know all that my history tells about before school ends,' said Edwin confidently. 'Step by step, lesson by lesson. I have no doubt, Edwin, but that you will do what you have made up your mind to do. Now, can you not learn Jesus' lessons, one at a time, and follow him step by step, day by day, just as hopefully as you begin your beautiful book? Won't you promise me, with his help, to begin to learn of him now?'

The pastor took Edwin's hand affectionately, and the boy returned the clasp promptly and with shining eyes. He pledged himself as an active member of the Endeavor society at the next meeting.

THE OFFICE OF SORROW. The Growth of Secret Faults eats our Spiritual Strength.

All sorrow has a purifying purpose with it; but bereavement is meant to produce results which perhaps no grief can bring about in the same way. When, with the spirit of the departed, we have, so to speak, mounted up in the higher heavens and looked on the earth, as men might look at it from the stars, we see it at its best worth, both in its comprehensions and its disappointments—not despising fit utterly, since it is the place God has chosen for us, yet coloring it no longer with the old false hues.

Edwin was a good, thoughtful boy, free from bad habits, very constantly at church and an associate member of the Endeavor Society; but he refused to become an active member.

'That means, to become a Christian, to act like a Christian always, and I am afraid that I could not hold out.'

The following incident, related by an English minister and published in the 'Christian Herald,' carries a helpful lesson to those who have watched in vain for results to their efforts to widen Christ's kingdom.

I was asked to go to a public-house in Nottingham to see the landlord's wife who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Savior. I asked her how she found the Lord.

'I looked at it, and found that it was part of an American newspaper containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion.'

'Where did you find this newspaper?' I asked. She answered: 'It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia.'

and, and after all its wanderings, giving me message of salvation to that woman's soul! God's Word shall not return to him void.

The Tramp's Good Nap. In the articles I have spoken often about the importance of rest, of sleep, of doing what you can to provide for a lull in the rattling, banging battle of living.

One night last winter—and it was cold and frosty—I chanced to see a man asleep in the hallway of an apartment building. He was sheltered on two sides of him and that seemed ample. He was not drunk, but breathing as regularly and gently as one should when enjoying Heaven's best gift.

A little later I met the servant of one of the richest and foremost men of our town on his way to rouse the night clerk of the chemist's shop to get some bromide for his sleepless and tormented master.

'In April, 1894,' she tells us in her letter, 'after my confinement, I was not able to get up my strength. My appetite was poor and fiftful, and after eating I suffered great pain at the chest. I also came to be much swollen around the body.'

'After taking this medicine a short time, I began to improve. I could eat better, and the food I took gave me no pain or distress. As you may suppose, this good effect induced me to continue the use of it, and I gradually recovered my health and strength. Since then by taking an occasional dose I keep in good health. For the sake of the benefit the knowledge of my cure may be to others, you are at liberty to publish this statement and refer any inquirers to me. (Signed) (Mrs.) Richard Brooke, Aberford, near Leeds, March 19th, 1897.'

'In this low and feeble state I continued for fully a year, during which time I spent pounds in doctoring, but got no better for it all. 'At about this time it was that I read in a book what Mother Seigels Syrup had done for people afflicted as I was; and I bought a bottle from Mr. Prudences, the grocer, etc., Aberford.'

'After taking this medicine a short time, I began to improve. I could eat better, and the food I took gave me no pain or distress. As you may suppose, this good effect induced me to continue the use of it, and I gradually recovered my health and strength. Since then by taking an occasional dose I keep in good health. For the sake of the benefit the knowledge of my cure may be to others, you are at liberty to publish this statement and refer any inquirers to me. (Signed) (Mrs.) Richard Brooke, Aberford, near Leeds, March 19th, 1897.'

This woman rests and sleeps now without a break from bedtime till morning. Not because her bed is softer than it was; not because a worthy relative has left her a fortune, but because Mother Seigels' Syrup delivered her from her malady—indigestion, or dyspepsia—that vile destroyer of strength and comfort, that ugly slayer of sleep.

I hope plenty of other pained and sleepless men and women may see this little story and learn its valuable lesson. No matter what your ailment seems to be, or how much it bothers the medical men, try Mother Seigels' Syrup for it. For—I give you my word—out of a dozen diseases, ten are dyspepsia with a different sort of clothes on.

There is a vast difference between prayer in faith and faith in prayer. Having faith in prayer is believing that because certain prayers are offered certain results will follow, that the praying will secure the thing prayed for. Praying in faith comes of an abiding confidence in the person prayed to; the confidence is in him; it is based on a knowledge of what he is and on a conviction that he is every way worthy to be trusted. Praying in faith is the act of a simple-hearted child of God.—[H. Clay Trumbull.

'Is it fair to forget all the good, or kindness, shown to us, by those with whom we live, for the sake of one little pain they may have caused us, and which, most likely, was quite unintentional on their part?'

'Like the sunlight which fills the air all around us, and enters wherever there is an opening, so does the presence of God fill the whole universe, and enters every heart that opens to receive him.'

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. Is Sure To Cure COUGHS AND COLDS. Price 25 Cents.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates. Established 1760. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture.

Notches on The Stick

The mournful crisis came, with which we must not too much sadden our recital. It was an agonizing departure; but the pang is over the troubled heart at rest, and the story has often been told. We have seen the passage in our vision—a woeful phantasmagoria, indeed! Not so should poets die, despairing. We see, with a shudder, this strong soul entering the valley of Shadow, and compelled to struggle with the last adversary, without alleviation, unsoothed; and without calm or peace. We see him daily still with love and mirth and song, at the brink of death. One white glimmer of his Orphic flame darts up before all shall be ashes, and the image of that brightness abides. This lyric is matchless, as brief:

"O wert thou in the cold blast,
On yonder lee, on yonder lee,
My bosom to the angry air,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee."

One of the greatest masters of tone has wedded its melody to his own. Ah, thou sinning, suffering melodious brother, thou must make atonement; 'I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee!' Could no friendly arm shield thee in that hour of duns and debts, of despair and desperation, of fever and delirium,—the whole overbearing fatality of a life-time concentrated at the grave's black focus? Not so should poet die. The parting of a great harmonic soul,—is it not the setting of a sun—the withdrawal of great seas?

"So dies a wave along the shore."

Nay, he is pursued into the valley of Averna by all the hounds of misfortune, like furies at his heels. He goes with an imprecation on his lips! Is this fit for him who was the gleeful, brotherly Robin? In one room of that poor house in the "Wee Vennel" lies the form of a man, mute and motionless. In another mourns a woman in bitter travail. Life follows strangely upon death in this dim shadow-world; and even now a soul is born that bears the name of Burns.

The public swam, with tears flowing in the old churchyard at St. Michael's; then, they go their way to fill the world with vivas over another laurel-bough wrenched from its place in Apollo's great tree of song, and broken and burned, as is this world's habit. Still Jean lives on amid the scenes of her loss and sorrow, and gets Heaven's healing and Time's, and keeps open house to a world's pilgrims who come year by year to see the shrine of a great genius. It might be said of her, as of a tender heart of earlier sorrow—"She goeth to the grave to weep there." So runs the story: The Spring that brought buds to St. Michael's for the first time since this new mound was made, brought also two passing strangers. They observed a woman in the weeds of widowhood sitting near a grave, and one of the men accosted her: "Mistress, we are strangers, and we would feel obliged if you could show us the grave of Burns." The woman pointed to the mound beside which she sat and with words choked by her tears, answered: "This is his grave, and I am his widow." She could not have written—

"See at thou thy lover lowly laid;"

but she could feel and show all the sorrow such words might mean. The men, with still deeper reverence, apologetically retired.

But over against this may we place another picture? We have seen the boy, who was to be the author of the great prose-epic of his century,—the wisest, most generous of our poet's apologists,—poring by the hour over the slab that is now one of the treasures of the museum, and spelling the name of "Robert Burns." This is the tribute of genius to genius. But he is preeminently the poet of the

Many persons cannot take plain cod-liver oil. They cannot digest it. It upsets the stomach. Knowing these things, we have digested the oil in Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites; that is, we have broken it up into little globules, or droplets.

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common and the unlettered man. It was when a "a fierce noonday sun" sent travelers to rest in sheltered places, when trout leaped, and "larks rendered a pean of praise," when the flowers were richest in perfume, and the sound of the reaper was in the land, that an "aged figure" was seen upon the road—"a pilgrim at the shrine of Robin." Yes, some one who had, from Sierra or Alleghany ranges, crossed the main our poet sang and dreamed of crossing,—a pilgrim, talkative, companionable,—whom said: "I have long wished to see the sould clay biggin, and the banks and braes o' Bonnie Jean; to-day I have seen them, and shall go home to die in peace." An advance herald, he, of a ceaseless procession, following, and to follow:

"Pilgrims whose waning feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or tread the piled leaves of the west—
My own green forest-land—

"All seek the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sang,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

"They linger by the Doun's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round the sepulchre, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there."

Au, Jean! true wife and true mourner was she! Speak no more of offenses, or connubial neglects; she could more than forgive. To her, after her husband had gone, his memory was radiant, and outline and color of his faults faded away. The largeness of her heart had something of divineness in it; and it was no small tribute to her erring lover when she could say of him, years after his death, while conversing with the Ettrick Shepherd: "He never said a misbehadden word to me a' the days o' his life." Then, I will venture to say that, were he here to declare himself, he could utter as much of her, indeed, have we not his idea of her as well as his ideal of her? He spoke it to Mrs. Dunlap; and, writing to his friend, Miss Chalmers, did he not declare that in her he had "the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kindest heart in the country"? Yes, and to make the picture more attractive, "the finest woodnote wild I ever heard!" Yes, and more,—she had the truest heart, as well as the warmest. Fortunate poet, indeed, in this! Where in the wide world could he have found a better? Mild of speech, gentle of heart, prudent and discreet; she could soothe and charm his perturbed spirit—that had in it something of Saul as well as of David—and settle his cares to rest. Was any woman he ever loved and sung so well fitted to him? Highland Mary might indeed be sent to beckon him from Heaven, but Jean Armour was set to steady his sometime faltering step upon the earth.

She survived him till the lichens had time to grow upon his gravestone; till his dust had been exhumed and grandly encephalred again. She lived to a serene and beautiful age; she saw the star of his fame ascend high, and knew him, by universal rumor, one of the greatest poets of all time. She lived, honored, respected beloved, and dwelt among her children and her children's children. In her widowhood she abode, holding the name and memory of her consort sacred, nor ever pined for another manly arm to lean upon. Of the glimpses we get of her in her tranquil age, here is one among them.

Before Hew Ainslie, the Scottish poet left Scotland for America,—which was afterwards his home and the place of his grave—he called on "Bonnie Jean," where in her cottage she lived in comfort, visited by many, whom she received with an unmailing courtesy. "They got unco pack and thick together, in less time than it takes to tell it, and of course the dead poet formed the staple of 'the twa handed crack' Ainslie, by invitation, remained to drink a cup of tea; after which, upon his request that she would accompany him to some haunts of the bard, she immediately arose and put on her shawl. "I'm thinking," remarked our young man, "that can hardly be the shawl ye got frae George Thomson." "No quite, was her simple reply; 'that wad need to have been well hained to last so long. It's sax an' threety years sin' he made me that present.' They walked together to Lindcluden Abbey, I think—at any rate to a ruin—and she stood for a moment on a certain sheltered and lovely spot. 'It was just here,' she observed, 'that my man often paused, and I believe made up many a poem an' sang ere he cam' in to write it doun. He was never fractious—aye gude-natured and kind baith to the bairns and to me.' How felt then, as he did long afterwards, that Jean, of all the women in the world, was the one specially fitted to be the poet's life long companion. Clarinda had a dangerous spunk! about her, and would have stood no nonsense, nor tolerated his admitted aberrations. Mary Campbell, though gentle and amiable, has yet Highland blood in her veins, and the ire of the scions of Macallum is sometimes easily roused and not so easily laid. But Jean was indul-

gent, patient, affectionate, gentle, good; and above all, forgiving. She was by no means the untidy woman she has [sometimes] been represented. Her skin and complexion, even in advanced age, were fine, and she might be considered a comely as 'she was unquestionably a pleasant woman. When they returned from the trip, Ainslie proposed taking his immediate departure, but before leaving, grasping her hand, he said: 'I wad like weel ere I gae, if ye wad permit me to kiss the cheek o' Burns' faithful Jean, to be a reminder to me o' this meetin' when I'm far awa.' She laughed, held up her face to him and said: 'Aye, la? an' welcome.' So he printed a kiss on her still unwithered lips, and that was the last he saw of Jeanie Armour."

Still fragrant is her memory; and, together with that of her husband,—whom she survived for a term of years equal to the whole duration of his earthly life,—it forms a part of that haunted landscape. She died March 26, 1834, and was buried beside her poet in the vault of the mausoleum a few days later. She was in the 70th year of her age, "having spent not less than 44 years in the town of Dumfries."

An attendant speaks of her closing hours: "I used to read to her out of the family Bible, and I can vividly remember seeing her after her last seizure (paralysis) lying speechless with her eyes closed. After our minister, D. Wallace, prayed, she opened her eyes and looked around the room for me, and as I went beside her the tears coursed down her cheeks, but she never spoke again." Ever will she be held dear, for her poet's sake and for her own. Just now beneath our eyes lies a rude engraving of Bonnie Jean, and of her little grand daughter,—a slip of a girl, who stands beside the seated matron, enfolding her neck with a slender arm. A white frilled head-dress give an appearance of unusual fullness, almost of puffiness, to the face.—a face that is still fair, it not beautiful. These are the same winning eyes that captivated Burns, the same motherly lineaments that Ainslie looked upon and that Letto described. Dark curling locks partially escape from the cap's border, and the lips and nose suggest none of the shrinking or pinching that comes with age. It is an engaging and lovable face, with its brightness and freshness that belong to flowers and running water,—so I marvel not her poet sang of her:

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweetest hair;
I hear her in the sweetest birds
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain shaw or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean."

The "Golden Treasury" has long been known as the most perfect of English Anthologies. The Compiler, Francis Turner Palgrave, Professor of poetry at Oxford—himself a poet—has recently given the public a second volume, embodying the choice work of more recent poets, which is not up to the earlier mark, judging from the animal-dversions of so good a critic as Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts. He says, (Criterion of Nov.) regarding this second series,—"It is partial, unbalanced, hopelessly out of proportion and perspective; ever marked everywhere by personal bias." The sins of omission are shown to be very numerous, and in closing his comments Prof. Roberts says: "What can be said of the critical discernment of a professor of poetry at Oxford who could omit such a poem as this of Stevenson's:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me,
Here I lie where he longed to be,
Home is on sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Ralph H. Shaw of Lowell, Mass., author of "In Many Moods," "The Bar Hunt, and Other Poems," "Camp Ossipee, and Other Poems," is soon to publish by subscription a new volume to be entitled "Legend of the Trailing Arbutus, and Other Poems." It will be neatly bound, containing 100 pages, and will be sold for one dollar. Mr. Shaw is a writer of excellence, and there is a peculiar sweetness and delicacy in his best verses.

PASTOR FELIX.

Caring for the Teeth.
Do not eat, or do not feed your children on, white bread, which is deficient in phosphates, and causes the teeth to crumble. A little hard food requiring thorough mastication should be taken at every meal. The teeth should be brushed both night and morning. Avoid sweets. Drink at least two quarts of water a day—a glass the first thing in the morning, another the last thing before going to bed, and the remaining quantity between meals. Consult a good dentist about every six months.—Ladies Home Journal

A FAILURE. The knife has signally failed to cure cancer. It cuts it out, but leaves seeds and roots. There is a cure, and we will send full particulars for 6c. (stamp).
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A PERILOUS CALLING.

Divers Who Make a Good Living at Their Perilous Calling.

Some of the self-employed divers enjoy good incomes from their labors. As a rule, a diver of this class goes down, looks at a sunken vessel and then states what he will charge to raise her. Diver Victor Hinton was paid \$159 a day for locating the sunken steamer City of Chester, and captain Anthony Williams, having raised the schooner Dantless in two days, received \$750 for his time and trouble. The same diver, having repaired with iron plates and raised in fourteen days the steamer Meredith, ashore near Jerome in Hayti, demanded and was paid \$7,500 for the work.

Abram Onderdonk, whose home is on Staten Island, is the oldest deep-sea diver in this country. During forty of the sixty-two years of his life he has been continuously engaged in the pursuit of his calling, and it has carried him at one time and another to nearly every part of the globe. Diver Onderdonk or Captain Abe, as his friends call him, who after forty years under the waves, has come to regard nerve with prudence as reasonable guarantees of a diver's safety, counts the sword fish as the greatest danger members of his craft have to face. This fish, which has a short bony sword, as strong as steel, protruding from its head, speeds along through the water, charging dead ahead and never veering from its course for anything save a rocky ledge or the iron hull of a steamship; if it strikes a wooden craft its sword seldom fails to cut clear through the vessel's side. Should a man be attacked by it certain death awaits him. Diver Onderdonk himself never encountered but one of these creatures,—and that was a young one whose sword had not yet hardened. He was at work on the deck of a sunken vessel, when he saw the fish coming from a distance and heading straight for him. He took a tighter grip upon the axe which he held in his hand, and made ready for attack, but, to his surprise and relief, the fish, never swerving from its course, glided past him and out of his guard's range, and a moment later disappeared.

Captain Abe has often encountered sharks and says there is little to be feared from him. A mate of his was laying some wharf blocks when suddenly surprised by an unmanly foe. Despite his struggles—and he was a giant in stature and strength—the monster quickly and completely overpowered him. He was locked in the tremendous jaws of a devil fish, and fastened helplessly against a submerged spile. McGavran realized his peril, and kept quiet until his assailant, whose arms measured nearly nine feet, loosened his hold. Then he signaled to be drawn up, and came to the surface with the writhing creature still clinging to his back.

Diving in the great lakes attending with even greater perils than with these I have just described. In Lake Huron opposite the entrance to Thunder Bay, a large buoy marks the spot where, nearly twenty-five fathoms deep, lies the wreck of a once famous lake vessel, which sank while sixty of its passengers were still in their births, not one of whom ever made a sign. The steamship took down with it when it sank not only that precious human freight, but \$300,000 in gold coin and 500 tons of copper. The sunken steamship was the Pawabic. Several lives were lost in attempts to get at this treasure, before a diver succeeded, many years after the wreck.

This business has its humorous side. Off Barnegat light a diver at work on a sunken steamer signalled to be drawn up, and reached the surface thoroughly unnerved. He said he has seen two huge objects coming toward him and nothing could dissuade him from the belief that he had encountered two submarine ghosts—until his mate went down and discovered that there was a mirror at the end of the gangway, and that the diver had seen the

reflection of his own legs vastly enlarged, coming toward him.

The veteran from whom I had this story told me of the amusing mistake made by a diver, who, much against his will, had been sent down to recover a body from a wreck. Some divers have an ineradicable dread of the dead, and never handle them when they can possibly avoid it. He was of this kind, and the water being very thick, he went groping gingerly about the cabin. After a lengthy search he found a body, and, fastening a line around it, gave the signal to haul it up. When he followed and took off his helmet a large hog lay on deck. He had tied the line about it thinking it was the body he was looking for. After that he was always called the "pork" diver.

His former comrades have also many amusing stories to relate of a diver of other days, Tom Brintley by name, who, though a competent man and a good fellow, was over fond of stimulants. On one occasion he went down with a pretty good cargo of spirits aboard, and the men above not knowing his condition, became seriously alarmed when several hours passed by without their receiving any signals from him or any other response to those they made to him. Another diver, sent down to look for him, found him lying on his back at the bottom of the ocean, 60 feet below the surface, fast asleep.

The bed of the ocean would seem to most people an exceedingly strange place in which to take a nap, but divers live in a world of their own—a world of which their fellows know little or nothing, yet abounding at every turn with curious, beautiful and indeed, almost incredible sights.—Portland Transcript.

MARRIAGE SCHOOLS.

Education for Matrimonial Duties in Germany.

Germany has the distinction of having started a new idea—marriage schools—and they are said to be meeting with undoubted success. No girl is admitted unless she has finished her ordinary education. The principal instruction is in housekeeping, although she keeps up, more or less, the cultivation of her mind.

At the opening of the school term the mistress singles out four girls, whom she expects to take entire charge of the house for a week. Two servants, cook and housemaid, are employed to do rough work. These embryo housekeepers are expected to rise with the lark and see that the servants get through with their duties. The girls prepare breakfast with their own hands, and then make a tour of the house to see that every room has been put to perfect order. Dinner—under the supervision of the mistress—they must also cook and later on they prepare supper, tidy up the kitchen, and again go over all the house to see that everything is secure for the night.

The following week another quartet of girls is chosen; they perform the same duties. Frequently guests are invited to dine, and the girls, in turn, act as hostesses. They carve the joints, and sit the ball of conversation rolling after the fashion of their elders. Dances and musical parties are given occasionally, and walks and bicycling enter into the day's programme of amusements.

There does not appear to be any active effort on the part of the managers of these schools to obtain husbands for the girls, as would seem to be implied in the school title, but it is thought that men of judgment will give the preference to young women trained in all the arts which go to the making of a comfortable home.

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MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
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TAYLOR & CO.
Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

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Woman and Her Work

The very latest fad in bicycling gymnastics programmes is a bill sticking contest. A lady and gentleman enter the lists to gether, the latter carrying a pastepot and brush, and as they ride along he applies the paste the lady sticking a bill from a role she carries with her, all without pausing. We are told in a late English magazine, that Lady Adela Cochrane, and Mr. Vereker, were the winners of the first prize in such a contest lately. Of course, the king can do no wrong, and people occupying the exalted position which doubtless belonged to Lady Adela and Mr. Vereker by right of birth, can usually be relied upon to do what is the correct thing in the eyes of their set in the matter of amusements, as well as general deportment, but all the same it must have been an edifying sight for the vulgar herd if any of them happened to be around, to see these amateur bill stickers performing their self imposed task; and what anguish of soul it must have cost the enterprising tradesman who happened to witness the exciting scene, to think what an advertisement it would have been for him, if he could only have induced the aristocratic young couple to boom his special blend of tea, or the brand of laundry soap he was dealing in most extensively at the time! His fortune would almost have been made, and the thought that so much enterprise and, such opportunities for business, were wasted on mere posters which did no one any good, from a commercial point of view, must have cost him keenest suffering. By the way the ideas of amusement which prevail amongst the aristocracy of England, are a continual wonderment to the middle class mind, especially when the said mind is set in a Canadian body, and one is tempted to wonder whether these women are really built of the same materials as we are, or if it can be possible that the "guinea stamp" of rank, is something more than Burns thought it, and possesses the power to transmute the original metal into something quite different, if no more admirable.

We frequently read, in those English magazines, and papers, which seem only to exist for the purpose of imparting scraps of information to those outside the charmed circle, concerning the doings of those within it—that the delight of the Duchess of Moorlands is hunting, and the favorite pursuit of the Countess of Barrenlands is deerstalking, in both of which sports these noble ladies excel, the duchess never failing to be in at the death, and the dear countess who is known as one of the loveliest women in the United Kingdom, having any number of mounted antlers every pair of which once belonged to some monarch of the glen, which had fallen a victim to her bow and spear.

As I said before one wonders exceedingly, and as her nature may be, either falls prostrate before these noble ladies, in admiration of their prowess or else longes for the pen of a "Quidam" with which to scourge these aristocratic Amazons for their cruelty, and unwomanliness. How the gifted author of "Under two Flags" and "A Dog of Flanders" has lashed Englishwomen for their brutality, and now her great warm heart, and brilliant mind have worked together in defence of the four-footed and winged creatures she loves so well; and how little result there has been from her labors! The abnormal thickness of the British head, and the British skin have stood these ladies in good stead, and they go on uninterruptedly in their sanguinary career serene in the certainty that everything English is right, and everything un-English is wrong.

It must have been a sight to make the angels weep, to see her ladyship of Barrenlands, clad in tweed skirt shooting jacket and gaiters, with her substantial English feet laced into hob nailed English shooting boots, sneaking the glens after one of the noblest and most beautiful of God's wild creatures; the lust of slaughter in her aristocratic eyes, and her fine features illum-

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

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

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

inated with the truly noble thirst for the blood of the helpless, that it is so thoroughly characteristic of the whole British nation. I wonder if her ladyship ever has "luck agree" and misses her quarry, or whether her aim is unerring? What a beautiful spectacle it must be, to see her fling her rifle to the gillie and rush to the dying creature's side to shout with triumph, and gloat over his last struggles, and receive the last glance of his beautiful and agonized eyes. I wonder if this sweet womanly creature draws her hunting knife, and plunges it into the fallen monarch's throat, or whether she allows the gillie to give the coup de grace?

And the duchess, Her Grace of Moorlands who wears the strawberry leaves so proudly! I wonder what she would think if she could only know just how she appears in honest plebeian eyes as she tears across the country after a pack of yelling hounds leaping over fences and ditches, a maniac amongst maniacs, chasing a defenceless little animal, which is far more plucky, far braver, and many times more intelligent than any of his pursuers, to a barbarous death. Picture this flower of the aristocracy "in at the death" shouting herself hoarse in the melee of huntsmen, dogs and horses, wild with excitement, flushed with victory, and the fierce delight of killing, looking on with delight while a score of snapping snarling hounds tear one brave hearted little animal to pieces, after chasing him till he fell from exhaustion. Fancy Her Grace waiting smilingly while the huntsman flogged the dogs into submission, and secured for her the bloody "brush" which she receives with a gracious smile, and forthwith fastens to her saddle, to be preserved as one more trophy of her prowess in the hunting field.

I don't think we have many Disnas amongst our Canadian girls; they may not be brave, indeed I am fain to confess that few of them could refrain from mounting the nearest chair or table, and shrieking lustily if a mouse happened to run across the floor; but could any I know, refrain from standing up in her own stirrup, and screaming frantic entreaties to have the fox's life saved, and equally wild threats against all who refused to execute her orders, if she chanced by any accident to witness the end of a run. You would not catch her accepting the brush, and carrying it home as a trophy. Neither would you catch her stalking deer, or slaughtering pheasants just for the pleasure of seeing them die. She isn't an aristocrat and she hasn't a handle to her name, she is just a sweet wholesome creature with a tender heart, and a mind set on something more elevating than the destruction of animal life—and thank Heaven, she sees more pleasure in protecting God's helpless creatures, than in destroying them for so called sport.

Christmas is nearly here! the grand old festival that has gladdened a sad and suffering world for more than eighteen hundred years, and for nearly half that time has been observed as a season of merry-making, and rejoicing throughout the civilized world; as well as a time for drawing back the curtain which separates the hard work a day world, from the paradise of God, and holding it for a moment, just the briefest breathing space while we catch a glimpse of the perfect life beyond! love, peace, joy and unselfishness the only remnants of paradise to which the struggling denizens of this weary old earth can still cling with any certainty! All of these seem born to a new life with the Christ Child, and like the shepherds of old, we leave our own affairs behind, and follow His star in the east, bringing offerings of our choicest store to lay at His infant feet. What matters it if the gifts do not consist of the symbolical gold, frankincense and myrrh, so long as they are really offered in the same spirit that animated the magi of old? The humblest gift bestowed in the hope of bringing a ray of sunshine into some sad life, is of more value in the sight of God, than the finest gold; and a loving remembrance of the needs of souls of his little ones into whose hearts joy seldom enters, is sweeter than the choicest sacrifice, while the self abnegation, and asceticism which the giving of these gifts often represents, is indeed myrrh for burial—the burial of self, from which springs the glorious resurrection of all the better qualities of the heart, and which is of all obligations the most acceptable His in eyes.

We don't follow the star very long, I know! Just for a brief time while we gaze behind the curtain with eyes which are momentarily clear from earthly mists, and take our blessed breathing space; but all the same that short journey does us infinite good! We can no longer lay our gifts directly at His feet, or before His altar, but who shall know how sanctified is the cheap toy, or the trifling ornament, by the self-denial which its purchase cost the giver? Often the presents which are so lovingly offered at Christmas time represent weeks

of close work, or months of careful saving, for the poor must work hard for the blessed privilege of giving, and each gift means some act of self denial worthy of a place on the tablets of the recording angel. There are people in this world who do not like Christmas; they feignly feel it they say and cannot understand why it should be called a happy season, or why there should be so much stereotyped talk about "A Merry Christmas." It is a time of sadness to them reminding them of their lost youth, a time of forced festivity and hollow mirth when, if people only told the truth they would gladly dispense with the whole thing, never give or receive a present, and observe the great feast merely for an extra Sunday. Such people declare that Christmas is only intended for the children, and it is manifestly impossible for anyone who has passed their childhood to really enjoy it, or cultivate the proper Christmas frame of mind. When people feel this way be sure the fault lies in themselves and that they have never known the happiness of sinking self for a while, in order to make someone else happy, thereby winning true happiness for themselves.

For my own part I love Christmas, and though the festive season brings many sad memories to me, as to most people who have passed the spring time of youth, yet I can truthfully say that I am always happy at Christmas. There is something in the very air that seems to bring peace and contentment, and a feeling, indescribable, but vastly different from that of everyday. I like to give what presents I can, and I am always as pleased with those I receive, as a child is with his stockings. Everything one gets represents the love, and thoughtfulness of some friend, or at least I like to think so, and that alone is enough to give any right thinking person a goodly amount of pleasure. And then everybody one meets seems to have the same expression of contentment and satisfaction; old quarrels are made up, old animosities forgotten for the time, and just for a while love reigns on earth. Therefore I hope that amongst the many grand old institutions which are being assailed and swept out of existence now-a-days, Christmas at least will be left to us in all its beauty and sweetness, and that for many centuries to come poor humanity may have the benefit of so blessed a breathing space, and so refreshing a glimpse of the better world which, however short may be the duration, yet helps us so wonderfully to bear the burdens which in some shapes or other fall to the lot of the whole human family, and make our progress through the world so weary a journey. And so I wish for my heart, that all my readers may have as happy and a merry Christmas, as I wish them.

Bangles are in again, and like every fashion which is unexpectedly revived, they seem to be taking a greater hold on public favor than ever. So that now, wherever the fashionable girl does mostly

COULD HARDLY WORK.

He Was Ill—But Now is Well.

Mr. T. Sarchet, the well-known tailor, Court House Ave., Brockville, Ont., got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills sometime ago. He did this because he had been seriously troubled for over a year with pains in his



back across the kidneys, together with headache, dizziness, tired feeling and a general sensation of weariness and lack of ambition. Referring to the result of the use of these pills, Mr. Sarchet says, "I can tell you that the pains in my back while sitting at work, made it almost impossible for me to keep on. I took a great many remedies, but they did me little or no good. "When I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had but little faith in them. Now I have the greatest faith in them, because I believe them to be the greatest specific in existence for all kidney and back troubles. "I say this because they have completely cured me, and I say it out of gratitude, and so that others who suffer in a similar manner may derive like benefit from a knowledge of the virtues of these pills. "I can recommend them highly to any sufferer from kidney or back troubles, and feel that if they are given a fair trial no case, however severe, can resist their medicinal effects."

292
LAXATIVE PILLS CURE BILIOUSNESS AND SICK HEADACHE.

The Patent Felt Mattress, \$15.00

is equal to the best \$40.00 Felt Mattress in durability, durability and comfort. The best homes and thousands of institutions in the United States have adopted the felt mattress in preference to hair on account of its being more sanitary, ventilated, more durable as it never loses its shape, packs, or gets lumpy and cheaper.

If you wish to try one write to the exact size of your bed (inside measure), and the name of your furniture dealer; and the mattress will be delivered at your door free of transportation charges and if not satisfactory in every respect at the end of thirty days free trial, we shall refund your money.

References: The Merchants' Bank of Halifax or any wholesale Dry Goods House in Canada.

THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN COMPANY, Limited, 200 Guy St., Montreal, Que.
Samples at Mr. W. A. Cookson's St. John.

A Fair and Beautiful Complexion
Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Redness,
And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of
Dr. Campbell's **SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS**
.....AND FOULD'S.....
MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

THE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the whitest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.

Beware of Wholesale Counterfeiters. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six six boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to
H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.]
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

congregate, there is the jingle of the bangle in evidence. The wearing of the bangle is quite an old custom, but it is a pretty one, and I think most of us will be very ready to welcome it back. The up to date girl loves to see her pretty wrist encircled with innumerable rings of silver and gold, and while she can only wear one bracelet on her arm at a time, she may wear as many bangles as she likes, up to seven, which is considered a sort of limit, being the lucky number. The bangle was the first of the Christmas novelties to reach us and it has come in such varied forms that it may safely be said to be "within the reach of all." There are bangles reposing in the jewellers show cases so heavy and massive that they resemble silver ropes, and others again, just as fashionable, and just as desirable, but scarcely thicker than a silver thread. The bangle of today partakes largely of the nature of a talisman, and by far the most popular are those hung with charms. We have every variety of "lucky" bangle. There is the "lucky clover" bangle, the "lucky pig" bangle, the "lucky coin" bangle, and the "lucky heart" ditto, but perhaps the greatest favorite of all is the four leaved clover, which is considered the luckiest of all as a charm. It is not an ornament of either gold or silver, but a genuine four-leaved clover, covered and framed in glass like some tiny miniature. The clover charm is usually framed in heart shape, but sometimes a circle is preferred, and it dangles from a slender band of either gold or silver.

these stocks are also made of corded silk and black or colored satin, and the daintiest of all are the soft neck specie of small, chiffon, net and silk, trimmed with imitation, hemstitching, and lace on the ends, tied in a large bow in front.

A novelty in problems for the woman with two much flesh comes in a report from Paris that in gowns of certain colors flesh seems to shrink, in others to expand. A subdued shade of peacock blue, plum color and olive green, with black, of course, are announced as the colors under which flesh seems less ostentatious, while Wedgwood blue, pale gray, and almost any shade of red are to be avoided studiously. In the way of trimmings and light tints, orange, yellow, light blue and carise should not be used. Mauve and the higher tints of green are the two colors that in decoration about the throat and shoulders are especially helpful in diminishing the effect of flesh.

Wear a wreath of little roses in your hair at the theatre, instead of a bonnet; and you will be quite up to date, the envy of all the other women, and the delight of the fortunate person who sits behind you. The roses encircle the knot, which is arranged high on the head, and two or three extra blossoms form a tiny bunch on one side.

Whits made of silk is worn for dressy theatre gowns, and is much admired for its white braid and gold buckles, besides having a vest, revers, or yoke collar of white satin covered with cream lace.

The pale bonnet of velvet is making good progress in the face of fashion, owing to the modernized edition, which is vastly more becoming than the old-time shawl. The crown is less prominent than in the old fashion, giving it a rounder effect, and it has more width at the side.

The newest turbos is a trill of fur plaited and wired on the edge to keep it in place. It fastens in front with a head and many tails and it may be lined with a contrasting fur if you like. Examine with a shibe is quite the thing.

The latest bonnet is nearly three-quarters of a yard wide. Velvet leaves in all the gorgeous colors of autumn foliage trim some of the latest hats.

A GRAND TRUNK BREAKER.
Tells the Story of His Exposure—The Fate that Befel Him, and how he was Relieved of his Sufferings.
W. Lavelle, G. T. R. brakeman, Allandale, Ont., says: "Through exposure I contracted that dread disease—catarrh. My case became chronic. I was recommended to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, in ten minutes after the first application I had relief, and in an almost incredibly short time all symptoms had disappeared. I feel I can not speak too strongly in recommending the remedy. It is a pleasant, safe and quick cure."

An Accommodating Curlew
Evanston, Ill., has passed a curfew ordinance, but the students of the Northwestern University may remain out after 9 o'clock if they can show that they have been to prayer meeting or a church social.

Retired from the Rank.
Wallace—What is the reason Johnny isn't wearing his "Little Defender" badge any more?
Mrs. Wallace—He doesn't seem to be so fond of ministering to dumb animals as he held a poor little half-frozen bee in his hand to get it warm.

CLAMMY FEET.
Are bad for your health.
Foot Elm makes them comfortable. See a box at drugstores or sent by mail to
R. S. BROWN & JONES, Bostonville, Que.

OSTRICH FARMING.
Now an Established Industry in Sunny California.

Ostrich farming is now one of the profitable industries of the country, there being in Southern California some large farms, those at Pasadena, Norwalk and San Diego being particularly noticeable. Here birds of various ages, from the newly hatched chick, to the full grown, may be seen. The climate is particularly adapted to this bird, and the transplanted industry, says a Los Angeles letter in the Philadelphia Times, may be said to be a perfect success. The first birds were brought here in 1885, an Englishman securing fifty-two South African ostriches. Forty-two arrived in Southern California in good condition and formed the basis of all future operations, their descendants to-day numbering over two-hundred California-born birds.

The Pasadena ostrich farm is the most convenient to the general public and lies on the north side of the Arroyo Seco—the river, often dry in summer, which forms the western boundary to the city. Here a large inclosure is divided off into yards and corrals in which are found birds of all ages, while in a small building are exhibited the products of the farm. Up to within a few years all the ostrich plumes were brought from Africa, but now there is a duty of 28 per cent on the plumes and the young American industry is able to compete. At the Pasadena farm the feathers are to be had at cost. Here one may purchase a cape of feathers, if one wishes, for \$25 or \$30, or the plumes made into a variety of articles useful and ornamental, which are distributed all over the country.

A flock of fifty or one hundred birds presents a most interesting and singular appearance. They have a jaunty, debonaire air as they approach the fence, and when startled and they rush away with wings and feathers erect, present a very peculiar appearance.

The birds in Pasadena are kept in small corrals, separated by a space of five or six feet, to prevent them from fighting. In this pasture they strike with their feet with a force sufficient to kill a man or horse, the long sharp toe being a terrible weapon. When the Pasadena attendants are attacked they throw themselves upon the ground and lie flat, escaping for the singular reason that the birds cannot strike anything less than three feet from the ground. The old birds first attract the visitor's attention—a flock of fifty, weighing about 250 pounds, their rich plumes falling gracefully from wing to tail. They appear to have unbounded curiosity coming to the fence and gazing at the observers with great wild eyes. In one pen sits a nesting bird in the hot sun. The nest is simply a depression in the soil. When the bird nests she deposits in all ten or fifteen eggs, over which she distributes a little sand. From now on the two birds devote themselves equally to the hatching process. The male bird takes his place at 4 p. m. and sits until nine in the morning; then the female, who has been feeding and exercising relieves him. The male also relieves the female an hour in the middle of the day, that she may feed.

For forty days this regime is faithfully followed, when an observer will hear the tap tap from the shells and soon they begin to break, aided by the female, and the strange wire-haired young appear. They are immediately taken from the mother and placed in a brooder, and the female will soon begin to lay again.

Daniel Webster's oxen

Ox Mr. Webster was always fond, and was as good a judge of them as could anywhere be found. He knew all his own by name, kept track of their ages and peculiarities, and frequently wrote home from the national capitol directing such and such a yoke to be sold and replaced by others, in order to keep his stock always at the best. On his return from Washington they were among the first objects of his thought, and sometimes, after entering the house and greeting the members of his family, he would, without sitting down, go out to the barn to see those dumb members of his larger family, going from one to the other, patting and stroking their faces, and feeding them from his hands. Equally fond was he of showing them to his guests. On one occasion, as he stood thus with a friend, feeding them with ears of corn, his son Fletcher amused

Biliousness
Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putridity in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills
Insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

himself by playing with the dog. My son, said Mr. Webster, 'You do not seem to care much for this. For my part I like it. I would rather be here than in the Senate. I find it better company. Every one remembers how, only about a week before his death, he had them driven up into the lane before the house, in order that he might see them for the last time. Such glimpses as these are worth whole volumes in revealing to us the real character of the man.—Providence Journal.

A MIGHTY CHANGE.

Made Well and Active After Years of Suffering.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND WAS THE GREAT LIFE-GIVER

New life, health, vim, energy and activity are some of the blessings Paine's Celery Compound bestows on those who are helpless, weary and half dead.

If you are a martyr to rheumatism, tortured with neuralgia, distressed with dyspepsia, or laid low with kidney trouble, that infallible life-giver, Paine's Celery Compound, will restore you to perfect health and give you a long lease of life.

Mrs. Page, of Arnprior, Ont., after years of suffering, experienced the happy and mighty change that Paine's Celery Compound alone can give to the afflicted. She says: "I have been for many years a great sufferer from rheumatism and a complication of other troubles. About a year ago I was prevailed upon to try a course of Paine's Celery Compound, with a result so marvellous that my most intimate friends and neighbors could scarcely believe me to be the same woman. Formerly I could only move about with the greatest caution; now I am well and active and my general health is good. I believe Paine's Celery Compound will do all that is claimed for it."

Cheers for the Posters.

The gifted young poetess of passion had written some soulful stanzas entitled, 'He Cometh Not Back.' They began with the line:

'My own love has gone to the Klondike.' With rare presence of mind she enclosed a stamp with her verses when she sent them to the Daily Bread for publication.

They came back the next day with this note from the editor pencilled on the margin:

'My dear young woman, give him time! Give him time! He's worth his weight in walrus meat he'll come back long before you get this poetry into print.'

"FELL DEAD"

What More Every-Day Reading do You Read in this Paper than that?—They are Legion.

Don't dally with heart disorders. There is but one cure. 'I had been for a number of years sorely afflicted with heart disease. At times my life was despaired of. Doctors had prescribed, and I had taken every known heart remedy made. I had supposed, and did not get any benefit. I read of the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I procured a bottle, and in less time almost than it takes to tell it, the distress was relieved. I followed the directions closely and to-day I am a well woman again, and I shall do all in my power to make known to every one suffering as I did the wonderful cure it worked for me. Mrs. Wm. Burton, Dartmouth, Ont."

The Many Names in the Prayer.

A little four-year-old girl was saying her prayers the other night, and after her 'Now I lay me' asked God to bless her papa, mamma, each one of her brothers and sisters, and Mr. and Mrs. Black, mentioning a lady and gentleman of whom the child was very fond, who had dined with the family the night. Her wise older sister of 6 years listened critically to the prayer, and when it was done said severely:

'It isn't necessary to pray for any one outside your own family. You shouldn't have prayed for Mr. and Mrs. Black. God might get so many names mixed up.'

Read this Testimony Carefully.

The most rooted case of bronchitis could not resist the action of this medicine both agreeable and beneficent. We shall tell you of the latest case brought to our knowledge.

Mrs. Pierre Proulx, of Cape St. Ignace, was suffering for several months with bronchitis which was giving her no rest and breaking her system down gradually.

On the 28th, of October last, after having followed the treatment with Wine made with Creosote of Basch-wood, she was happy to notify Dr. Ed. Morin that she had been perfectly cured by the use of this remedy. Her cough had disappeared altogether, while her respiration had returned to its normal state, and her whole system had been restored wonderful. Here is another family where Mr. Morin's Creosote Wine shall now be the remedy en vogue.

Language of the Coattail.

When you see the lower half section of a coattail missing it means: 'I have been introduced to her father's dog.' 'If the coattails look like a porous plaster full of holes; 'I didn't get the shot at a hard-ware store.'

Coattail with a large, open-faced tear on the bias: 'I scaled the back fence.'

Dust on the boat-tail: 'I had a painful interview with her papa's boot.' Coattail ripped up to the collar: 'I had two leapyear proposals at the same time.'

No Reason to Make Excuse.

'Come and take lunch with me to-day,' said one business man to another. 'I can't. I've an appointment.' 'Can't you break it?' 'No; a man has promised to come to my office at noon and pay me some money.' 'Oh, then, that's all right. I'll order the lunch for two. He won't come.'

Active Man Wanted.

To read this advertisement and then see Putman's Painless Corn Extractor at al. It never fails to cure. Acts in only four hours and causes neither pain nor discomfort. Putman's Corn Extractor treats corns. It is best.

The Princess of Wales' Favorite

When upon one occasion the Princess of Wales was induced to write her 'confessions' in one of the albums people used to be so fond of keeping for their own and their friends' edification, she recorded her favorite dish as being Yorkshire pudding; her favorite art, millinery and her favorite occupation, minding her own business.

The Undertakers Welcome.

At the recent reunion at Lavenworth a local undertaker thought he was showing the proper spirit when he displayed a banner in the window with these words on it, 'Welcome, comrades.'

Middle Aged People.

It is after or about the middle period of life that cancerous growths usually manifest themselves. People at this time should be careful of their health. Have any little suspicious lumps removed by a course of our

Vegetable Cancer Cure.

Its truly wonderful action in preventing and curing Cancer we can convince you of by writing for particulars. Sent on receipt of 6 cents in stamps.

STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

Give the Baby a Chance

The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is

Martin's Cardinal Food

a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, Montreal.

SCIENTIFIC DRESS CUTTING.

Dressmaking and Millinery taught thoroughly at our Academy or by mail. First class certificates granted to pupils when proficient enabling them to obtain good situations or start in business for themselves. Shorter courses also taught in cutting and fitting for home use. Terms moderate.

For further information address:

National Dress Cutting Academy, 85 St. Denis St., Montreal

STEM SET, WATCH FREE



To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney diseases, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give away a 14K gold-plated watch, Ladies or Gent's, nicely engraved, suitable time keeper, warranted 5 years. The Pills are 25c. per box, \$3.00 for 6 boxes. Send this amount and you receive a box and the watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. THE DR. WESTON PILL CO., 256 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

THE NEW SILK STITCHED EVER-READY DRESS STAYS

MADE IN SATTEEN, RIBBON CLOTH (Novel and Attractive) AND SATIN. Thinner, Lighter and More Elastic than any other Dress Stay.

BOOTH-TUCKER'S OWN HIM SAW.

Booth-Tucker Was Disappointed, but the Joke was Better Than the Work.

Commander Booth-Tucker secured a subscription of \$5,000 to the Salvation Army's fund for colonizing Western farming land with the destitute of New York in a rather unexpected manner a week or so ago. He called on a gentleman in his office on Liberty street and asked for a subscription of \$1,000, advancing his usual argument that thousands of unemployed men and women in New York were anxious to improve their condition if the opportunity was given them. The gentleman was skeptical, however. He was inclined to the belief that a great majority of the persons seeking charitable assistance would not work if they had a chance. This was denied by Booth-Tucker, and in order to convince the skeptic he produced reports of the various managers of the Army's institutions, showing that 90 per cent. of the men and women receiving aid at the relief stations did work enough to pay for the aid given them.

'If you do not believe this is so,' said the Commander, 'I shall be delighted to have you visit a number of these institutions where you will be convinced by personal observation.'

'All right,' said the gentleman, 'if I find conditions as you represent them to be I will gladly give \$1,000.'

A day or two later the Commander and the skeptic began a tour of investigation. The first relief station visited was on the east side. The officer in charge explained that it was late in the day to see any work done as most of the men who had been given a night's lodging had waded and chopped their portion of wood in the morning.

'There is one very worthy young man,' added the woman, 'who has been in much better circumstances, and who told a very pitiful story. I have just given him his dinner and he is now working. His case is very sad, but it is an example of what we meet every day.'

The workshop was visited, but the young man of the unfortunate circumstances has departed. On the sawhorse, which was to have held the wood, on which he should have worked, was pinned a piece of brown writing paper on which was scrawled:

Just tell them that you saw me. But you didn't see me saw.

The officer appeared greatly embarrassed; the Commander was undoubtedly annoyed, but the skeptic laughed uproariously.

'See here, Commander,' he said, 'when able to control his laughter, this is too rich. Just give me one of these bland promissory notes, and I will make it \$5,000. Shall we visit another relief station? Well, I should say not; I wouldn't spoil this story for twice the amount by seeing a tramp really work.'

FABINATING PAWNSHOP.

Few People Can go by Without a Look In at Its Windows.

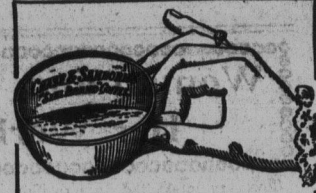
Few persons can pass a pawn-brokers' window without stopping to look in, says the New York Evening Sun. It contains so much suggestive interest, so much that speaks of associations and history. No parvenu products or things of mushroom growth, such as stare at one from the windows of shops that preach the gospel of the brand-new. Each article of the pawnbroker's stock-in-trade has its reason for being there, its own little tragic significance. The eloquence of the inanimate object is never greater than when in a pawnbroker's window.

Wedding rings, love tokens, medals and badges, how they set one to speculating upon their past, and the why and wherefore for their present! Offer one is tempted to himself settle their future. Class pins and fraternity badges in the pawn-broking plight are especially suggestive, and more especially if one be a member of the class or the fraternity. Unconsciously one soon forms the habit of never passing a loan shop in any part of the town without stopping to see if any of his class pins are being held as hostage.

There is a conscious pride at the discovery that more pins of some other fraternity are in disgrace. The redemption of the pins follows as a matter of course. As many of them are marked with the name of the owner, it is often possible to return them, in which case the lender has all the righteous glow of the good Samaritan.

But whatever the result, this sort of rescue work is always interesting. If impossible to trace the owner the pins make a significant collection on their own account; when unhampered by any stubborn facts the imagination can invent their histories to suit itself. It is worth noting how few badges of women's societies one ever finds at the pawnbrokers'.

The times are replete with clubs and classes and fraternities of women, both in college and out, but their insignia, it would appear, are rarely pawned. The contrast with the number of men's badges that are so fated is remarkable. Any one who makes a study of the pawnshop windows and the pawnbrokers themselves, indeed will assure you of this. The unexpected happens when the badge of a woman finds its way into a loan shop.



A delight to contemplate is a cup of coffee, clear, pure, and harmlessly invigorating.

Are you one of the millions who use Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee?

If so, you know its unquestionable excellence.

The manner in which you buy it, in pound and two-pound cans, insures its purity and freshness. The Chase & Sanborn seal guarantees that it is a perfect coffee. If you have failed to use this famous brand of the best blend of Java and Mocha, you have yet to experience tasting the most delicious coffee imported into or sold in any country.

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY

Inflammations are quickly drawn to the surface and cured by the absorption of the powerful and highly efficient medications which

Benson's Porous Plasters

contain. Prescribed in every civilized country on the globe, and have proved themselves indispensable for the quick relief of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Kidney Affections, etc. Have them in the house ready for emergency, as a delay in treatment is dangerous. Accept none but a BENSON'S. All Druggists. Price 25c. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Agents for Canada

Burdock

Burdock Bitters has the most natural action on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood of any medicine known, hence its effects are prompt and lasting. It cures, without fail, all such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Bad

Blood

Sick Headache, Boils, Pimples, Tumors, Scrofula, Kidney Complaint, Jaundice, Coated Tongue, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. The fact that it is guaranteed to cure if used according to directions warrants any sufferer in giving a fair trial to Burdock Blood

Bitters

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS

Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS

The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia

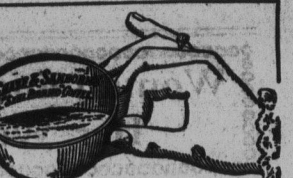
HERPINE BITTERS

For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

TEABERRY For The TEETH

A Most Popular TOILET PREPARATION 25-CENTS-A-BOX. ZODIAC CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO



A delight to contemplate is a cup of coffee, clear, pure, and harmless invigorating.

Are you one of the millions who use

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee?

If so, you know its unquestionable excellence.

The manner in which you buy it, in pound and two-pound cans, insures its purity and freshness.

The Chase & Sanborn seal guarantees that it is a perfect coffee. If you have failed to use this famous brand of the best blend of Java and Mocha, you have yet to experience tasting the most delicious coffee imported into or sold in any country.

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY

Inflammations are quickly drawn to the surface and cured by the absorption of the powerful and highly efficient medication which

Perous Plasters

Prescribed in every civilized country, Perous Plasters have proved themselves indispensable for the quick relief of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Pleurisy, Fractures, Kidney Affections, etc. Have them in the house ready for emergency use in delay in treatment is dangerous. Accept none but a **GENUINE**. All Druggists. Price 25c. Loaming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Acts for Canada.

Burdock

Burdock Bitters has the most natural action on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood of any medicine known, hence its effects are prompt and lasting. It cures, without fail, such diseases as **Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Bad**

Blood

Headache, Boils, Pimples, Tetter, Scrofula, Kidney Complaint, Jaundice, Coated Tongue, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. The fact that it is guaranteed to cure if used according to directions warrants any sufferer in giving a fair trial.

Burdock Bitter

Bitters

HERBINE BITTERS
Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS
Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS
Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS
The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS
Cures Dyspepsia

HERP'NE BITTERS
For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

TEABERRY For THE TEETH

A Most Popular Toilet Preparation 25-CENTS-A-BOX

LOEWS CHEMICAL CO.—Toronto

An Unfortunate Likeness.

The friendship that existed between Tommy Simpson and Bob Scatterly was a trifle one-sided. Figuratively speaking, Tommy Simpson prostrated himself at Bob Scatterly's feet, and allowed the latter to trample upon him, which he, Scatterly, did without the slightest compunction.

They were both young men, Simpson being the elder by a couple of years, and they both worked in the big dry-goods establishment of Messrs. Trickett & Chiffon. Simpson was a weak-kneed, under-sized little fellow, with light hair, no eye brows to speak of and a nervous manner. His hero was of a very different type. Hew was sturdy and thick-set, and impudence lurked in the corners of his little blue eyes. In his own estimation he was a denoted smart fellow, don'tcherknow; up to snuff and a pinch or two over, etc.

Little Simpson had that admiration for him which a junior often has for the captain of his school, and he constituted himself his 'big'—did his errands, posted his letters and lent him money. They spent their holidays together, appearing for a week at the seaside in yachting caps and peajackets. No one, however, mistook them for sailors. On Sundays, they walked in the park, smoked cigarettes and passed remarks on the girls.

Now, had anyone told Tommy that the day would dawn when he and Bob would pass each other in the street without so much as a nod, he would have scouted the idea with scorn.

Yet so it came to pass.

The cause, of course, was a girl. Her name was Sally—Sally Lowe—and she was employed in the millinery department. She was an attractive damsel—a blonde, small and graciel, with a creamy complexion, and a fondness for flirting.

All the young men at Trickett & Chiffon's became her slaves, and risked their situations in reckless fashion by attempting to exchange sentimental nothings with her during business hours. When old Trickett reproved her for carelessness they shook their fists at his broad back and said it was a shame.

Like their fellows, the two friends fell victims to the little milliner's charms. Tommy's passion was a secret one. He would, indeed, have liked to confide with his friend but he was afraid the latter might treat his confession with ridicule; again, his passion was quite hopeless. Sally laughed quite openly at him.

On the other hand she smiled graciously upon Bob, who wooed her with a boldness that soon won her fickle heart.

In a word they became engaged.

'She's a nice little thing, is Sally,' he observed condescendingly, when he communicated the intelligence to his henchman; 'it's a pity she hasn't a bit of money. I'd always made up my mind to marry a girl with money.'

'Her face is her fortune, Bob, the miserable Mr Simpson murmured sentimentally.

'Ye-es; but her face won't stock us a shop in the High Street. I'm a go-ahead chap, Tommy, and if I'd only a bit of tin I'd leave old Trickett's tomorrow and start on my own.'

His friend was silent. He, too, had had these dreams; he, too, had thought of a little shop, with Sally and himself snugly ensconced therein.

One Sunday evening, when Tommy was turning out for his now lonely stroll, an arm was thrust familiarly through his.

That arm belonged to Mr. Scatterly.

'I'm off duty for an hour or two,' he explained, in answer to his friend's look of inquiry. 'Sally's gone to church with her married sister. Come along for a walk in the park; I want to have a bit of a talk with you.'

Ten minutes later they were sitting on a bench by the miniature lake, watching the children feed the swans. Mr. Scatterly pushed his hat from his brow, toyed with his cigarette, and dug little holes in the gravel with his mulloco.

His companion saw that something was troubling him.

'Nothing wrong, is there, Bobby, old man?' he said at length.

'Why, no—not exactly what you might call wrong,' Mr. Scatterly replied slowly; 'but the fact is Tommy, old pal, I'm in a bit of a fix.'

Mr. Simpson sucked the head of his stick. His hero had often been in a bit of a fix before, and they generally came rather expensive to Tommy.

'It's about Sally, his friend went on. 'You see my people are always telling me I'm throwing myself away. She's a nice girl—a very nice girl, but she ain't exactly in our walk of life, and her people—well we've had them to tea and their manners are awful.'

'One can't have everything,' Mr. Simpson remarked, relieved to find that no call was made on his slender purse; 'and I'm sure Sally—'

'Oh, Sally's all right! She'd pass as a lady anywhere. There's only one thing she's short of, and that is a bit of cash. As I've said before, I'd always made up my mind to marry money until I met her. I'm a practical sort of a chap. There's no blooming sentiment about me. I like a girl with expectations, or a snug little fortune in railways or gasworks. Beauty ain't everything. I'm just beginning to find out.

So he who on these changing chords of life, With firm sweet touch plays the Great Master's course, Of faith, and love, and duty evermore, Knows, too, that far beyond this rear and stride, Though he may never hear, in the true time, These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime.—Anne L. Roth.

'You—don't mean to say you're thinking of breaking with Sally—with Miss Lowe?' Mr Simpson asked, in a tremor of agitation.

'Thomas, you've hit,' Mr. Scatterly said. 'That's just what I am thinking of.'

'But—but why?'

'Don't you excite yourself, old man. You keep your hair on and listen to me. I didn't tell you that while my sister Polly was up in Cumberland she made friends with a Miss McKenzie; I didn't tell you either that Miss McKenzie's a bit of an heiress in her way. She lives with an aunt, and this aunt was in the Barley railway accident last year, and got £2,000 damages. Well, Polly chums up with her, as girls will, writes to her, and asks her over on a visit, and she's coming on Saturday.'

'Coming on Saturday, is she?' repeated the bewildered Mr. Simpson.

'Yes, and I'm going to have a cut at the old lady's two thousand.'

'But—what about Sally?'

'Why, I mean to have a split with Sally! Oh, I've got it all fixed up! I mean to do it gently, in a way that'll never make her suspect the real facts of the case, and you must help me.'

'Me?'

'Yes.'

'But I don't quite see—'

'You soon will,' responded his friend—'you soon will. You see, it's our Polly's birthday next week, and we're having a little party in the evening. Sally's coming, and one or two other girls; and Miss McKenzie'll be there of course.'

'Now my little game is this. I shall pretend to be vexed with Sally, and flirt with Miss McK. Naturally this'll make Sally jealous, for she's a girl of spirit, and she'll try to pay me out by flirting with someone else—with you. Then we shall have a row. I shall refuse to admit my self in the wrong, so will she. There will be a coolness between us, and we shall gradually drift apart. What d'ye think of it, eh?'

Half a dozen young ladies in their Sunday frocks and their hair delicately curled, sat in Mrs. Scatterly's front parlor, looking at the family albums and sustaining an intermittent conversation with half a dozen young men in black coats and white ties, who might have been happy had they known what to do with their hands.

Miss Lowe, looking her best in a white blouse and a blue skirt, sat on the sofa waiting for Bob, who had not yet appeared. Miss Lowe assumed an air of distinct patronage toward her less fortunate companions, and when her lover at length entered she smiled confidently. He, however, went straight to the heiress—a red-haired girl, with a face spotted with many freckles, and in no way remarkable for beauty.

He devoted himself to her until tea was announced, and then he gave her his arm in his most engaging manner.

The fair Sally fumed with anger and poor Tommy, who was allotted to her, found his position anything but enviable. Although he exerted himself to his utmost to shine, his partner paid little heed to his efforts, her attention being concentrated on her lover, who was constantly laughing and whispering with Miss McKenzie.

After tea there was singing. Miss McKenzie played, and Bob turned her music for her. Then there were games, and in every one he chose her for his partner.

Sally noted all this with rising temper. She was not capable of any strong emotions, for she had frittered away her heart in endless flirtations. Nevertheless, she bit her lip ominously.

'I can't think what the matter with Bob,' she remarked at last as if half to herself.

Tommy was silent. It wrung his heart to see her suffer.

'He's not spoken to me once to night,' she went on. 'Do you know what's the matter with him, Mr. Simpson?'

'Me, N. no.' Tommy stammered, coloring guiltily.

Sally tossed her head.

'Well, I'm sure I don't care,' she said. 'I didn't know he was so fond of red hair and freckles before. Funny taste some people have. However, I'm not going to bother myself, and I'll let him see it, too.'

She was as good as her word. From that moment she was a changed girl. Her ill-temper was flung aside. She laughed and chattered in the gayest fashion. She rallied Mr. Simpson on his quietness and encouraged him to talk; in a word, she flirted openly with him, and sent him into the seventh heaven of delight.

A few days later a young man, wearing a light suit of a large check pattern, and carrying a Gladstone bag, containing among other things, a complete nautical costume, took a ticket from London to Margate. The young man was of the 'loud' type. He pulled a rank cigar with 'swagger' air, and joked affably with the porters.

The evening following the same young man came back to town. Yet was it the same? He had lost his 'swagger' air. His head drooped dejectedly. He no longer joked with the porters, and he let another passenger jostle him with lamplike meekness.

In the street he ran against a little man with a portmanteau who was hurrying to the station. The little man apologized,

though he was in no way to blame, and then uttered a startled exclamation.

'Why, Bob?' he cried, 'I thought you were at Margate?'

The young man—whose name, by the bye, was Scatterly—betrayed symptoms of discomposure. 'I—I've come back rather unexpectedly,' he said.

'There's—there's nothing wrong, is there?' the little man—whose name was Simpson—inquired anxiously.

'Yes, there is his friend answered frankly. 'Come along, and I'll tell you all about it.'

The two went into the adjoining hotel.

'Tommy,' said Mr. Scatterly, in the privacy of the deserted smoking-rooms, it's all off! The old woman wouldn't take me at any price. She said it Lizzie married me she wouldn't leave her a sixpence. And all because I'm like a young man she knew who married a girl for her money, and then left her! She says she's sure I should do the same to Lizzy.'

Mr. Simpson's nervousness had increased to an alarming degree. He was pale, and the beads of moisture stood on his brow.

'I—I'm very sorry, Bob,' he murmured. 'But I shall make it up with Sally again now, Mr. Scatterly remarked.

The little man sprang to his feet.

'What's the matter with you?' his companion demanded testily.

He might well ask; Mr. Simpson's manner was extremely strange.

'I've something to tell you, Bob,' he stammered, edging toward the door.

'Well, out with it!' Mr. Scatterly retorted impatiently.

'It's—it's about Miss Lowe—about Sally, Mr. Simpson went on, his hand grasping the door.

'What about her?'

'What? Why she's—she's my Sally now.'

'Your—'

'Yes. While you were away we made it up, and we were married this morning at the registry office. She's waiting at the station for me now. We're off on our honeymoon.'

Then Mr. Scatterly was alone.—John W. Maynard in Answers.

Send it Back

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

Between the two soap and poor washing powders—the women who don't use Pearline have a trouble-me time. If they want to make sure of perfect safety, they have to take the hard work; if they try to make the work easier, then they have to take the risk of harm. Now, how much better it is to get rid of the hard work and the risk, both together, by the use of Pearline! Every question as to the safety, the effectiveness, or the economy of Pearline has been settled by millions of women.



Send it Back

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

JAMES PYLER, New York.

Relief from Pain.

The agony one suffers while waiting for something to relieve the pain of an accidental scald, burn, sprain or wound, should convince anyone of the necessity of always having "Quickcure" at hand. It gives instant relief, and cures quickly, as no microbe can retard healing or cause inflammation where "Quickcure" is used.

HANDLING DEAD LETTERS.

An interesting Division of the Postoffice Department at Washington.

Mary Nimmo Valentine, writing of 'Women in the Government Departments' in the Women's Home Companion, says: 'Eight hundred and twenty-two clerks find employment in the postoffice, of whom one hundred and seventy-seven are women. Their salaries range from nine hundred to eighteen hundred dollars a year, and they are engaged in general clerical work and copying. The most interesting division of the department is the dead-letter office, where about one hundred and twenty-five women are employed. Twenty thousand undelivered letters are received here every day. Each clerk is expected to open two hundred and fifty letters each day, and as many more as she can handle. A record of the daily number examined by each one is kept, and credit for proficiency awarded. Letters containing checks and money are given special attention, and are returned to the sender, if any address can be found; if not, they are recorded and placed on file to await application. Those containing money may be reclaimed in four years, after that time elapses they are sent to the Treasury of the United States, and are often identified and reclaimed after many years. Letters containing no inclosures are returned to the writers if they contain the address; otherwise they are not preserved and no record is kept of them. There is a museum of unmailable articles that have been taken from the mails; its shelves contain every imaginable sort of things, as diverse in character as a wash-board and a skeleton.'

DIAMOND DYES.

Simple, Strong, Sure, Never Fade, Never Fail, Best in the World.

They color: Dresses, Costumes, Blouses, Capes, Shawls, Coats, Vests, Trousers, Silks, Ribbons, Wool Yarns, Cotton Yarns, Rags for Carpets and Mats, Flannels, Sheepskin Mats, Feathers, Photographs, Easter Eggs, Chickens, Pigeons, Mosses, Grasses, Basket Work, Bone, etc. etc.

They make: Writing Ink, Marking Ink, Stencil Ink, Stamping Ink, Shading Ink, Art Colors, Wood Stains Colored Varnishes, Shoe Dressing, etc., etc.

No other dye in the world can give the same grand results as the Diamond Dyes. Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, for book of Directions and simple card of colors; post free to any address.

The Main Thing

A poet proffering his work to an editor said:

'This is a small poem, but quality is the main thing. I venture to think you'll find it true poetry.'

Having read it the editor put it into a drawer and handing the poet a 10 cent piece said:

'This is smallish coin, but I am so bold as to hope that you will be pleased I wish its purity. It is nearly all silver.'

SKIN DISEASES!

One Remedy Which has Never Failed—Tried and Tested Ointment.

Because other alleged remedies for piles, scrofula, eczematous eruptions, scald head, chafing, black heads, salt rheum and skin diseases generally have proved useless, don't condemn Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. For instance, Nelson Simmonds, Meyersburg, Ont., writes:

'I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for Itching Piles, and can recommend it highly. Since using it I have had perfect freedom from the disease.'

Peter Vanallen, L'Anasle, Que., had the eczema for two or three years. He tried three doctors, but received no benefit. One box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and three boxes of Dr. Chase's Pills cured him completely. Large scales covered his legs and body, but the ointment soon removed them. He will swear to these facts.

Chase's Ointment may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturers Edmondson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard Street Toronto. Price 60 cents.

Mother's greatest remedy for coughs, bronchial and lung affections is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. The medicinal taste is wholly disguised making it pleasant to take. Large bottles 25 cents.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by this Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Value of Five-Legged Frogs.

Five-legged frogs, dead and stuffed, are worth \$21 apiece according to a French court's decision. A fish vender of Lucon found one and took it to the druggist's to be stuffed. While they were discussing the price of the operation the druggist's cat ran off with the frog, but her master found it later and presented it to the Nantes Museum. The fish vender thereupon sued the druggist for filching the frog, and recovered 105 francs damages.—New York Sun.

Handling Dead Letters.

An interesting Division of the Postoffice Department at Washington.

Mary Nimmo Valentine, writing of 'Women in the Government Departments' in the Women's Home Companion, says: 'Eight hundred and twenty-two clerks find employment in the postoffice, of whom one hundred and seventy-seven are women. Their salaries range from nine hundred to eighteen hundred dollars a year, and they are engaged in general clerical work and copying. The most interesting division of the department is the dead-letter office, where about one hundred and twenty-five women are employed. Twenty thousand undelivered letters are received here every day. Each clerk is expected to open two hundred and fifty letters each day, and as many more as she can handle. A record of the daily number examined by each one is kept, and credit for proficiency awarded. Letters containing checks and money are given special attention, and are returned to the sender, if any address can be found; if not, they are recorded and placed on file to await application. Those containing money may be reclaimed in four years, after that time elapses they are sent to the Treasury of the United States, and are often identified and reclaimed after many years. Letters containing no inclosures are returned to the writers if they contain the address; otherwise they are not preserved and no record is kept of them. There is a museum of unmailable articles that have been taken from the mails; its shelves contain every imaginable sort of things, as diverse in character as a wash-board and a skeleton.'

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