

# PROGRESS.

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## A MOTHER'S DEVOTION

### RESULTS IN CONTRACTION OF THE DISEASE AND DEATH.

The Sad Circumstances Attending the Death of Mrs. Michael McDade, who After Nursing Her Infant Back to Health Succumbed Herself.

It seems difficult at this Christmas season, when joy and thanksgiving abound on every side and happiness apparently reigns supreme, to realize that so great a sorrow could come to any home as that which entered into the household of Mr. Michael McDade last Saturday, depriving him of a loving wife, and seven little children of the best of mothers. Mrs. McDade was a lady well known and esteemed, not only by those of her own sex who were acquainted with her, but as well by the many friends of her well known and popular husband, who, as a newspaper man of long and excellent standing, an official reporter of the House of Assembly, an active special representative of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and president of the St. John Liberal Association has had opportunities to enter more thoroughly into the life of the community and so form greater and more numerous friendships than usually fall to the lot of so young a man.

The illness which caused Mrs. McDade's death was in reality the result of a mother's devotion to a sick child not yet a year old who was attacked three weeks ago with that dread disease, diphtheria. The rest of the young family, six in number, were immediately sent from the house, two of them going to their grandmother, Mrs. McWilliams on Coburg Street, and the other four to friends on Cliff street. Then for a week the mother and father endeavored to nurse the baby back to health, and when on the following Sunday, the physician, Dr. John Berryman, assured them that the little one was out of danger Mrs. McDade resolved to go to her church, which was nearly opposite her home and return thanks for the child's recovery. She was only able, however, to remain a little while, feeling faint and ill, and on the following morning she too was seized with diphtheria. Dr. Berryman was immediately in attendance again and both he and Mr. McDade made every possible effort to secure the services of a trained nurse to attend upon the sick bed. All their efforts, however, were in vain. The professional nurses were all engaged and amateurs whom they requested did not care to risk the danger of infection. It is only just in this connection to mention the fact that Mrs. McDade's relatives, who would undoubtedly, under ordinary circumstances

have nursed her, were worn out with their attendance upon a near relative who has been exceedingly ill for nearly a year. More than that, caring for two of the sick lady's children, neither she nor her husband would permit any of them to approach the house. So the task fell upon Mr. McDade himself and for seven days and nights he attended his sick wife and did it so satisfactorily, so unremittingly, that the physician declared that nothing more could possibly have been done. After the diphtheria had disappeared and in fact had been cured, Mrs. McDade was seized with an attack of pneumonia, but this too was under subjection on the Saturday of her death and the only fear remaining with the physician and her husband was that her extreme weakness following her devoted efforts to her child and her severe



Mrs. Michael McDade.

illness might cause her to succumb herself. Still on this Saturday morning Dr. Berryman was so hopeful and so encouraging to both the husband and the wife that a short time after his departure the little one, then thoroughly restored to health, was taken to visit its mother, and while there, laughing and crowing, the mother passed away so suddenly and so quietly that her husband, who was standing beside the bedside, did not realize it for a short time. When the news of her death reached the community the surprise to everybody was intense and immediate sympathy went out to the bereaved husband from all those who knew him and knew of him. The cause of death being, in a sense, diphtheria, would not permit, of course, any delay in the funeral services, but there were many people who did not take that into calculation and commented on the fact that the funeral was fixed for the following day.

The body was not taken to the cathedral, not because there was any objection to it on the part of the church authorities but because of arrangements entered into by the husband, (who was very desirous that there should not be the slightest danger of infection to any one else) and the chancellor of the diocese, Rev. Father McMurray, who, on the evening of Mrs. McDade's death, called at the house, and consulted with the husband and learned his views. So the prayers for the dead were read there and all the necessary arrangements made for the funeral on the following day.

Few people who have not experienced a death from diphtheria or any other contagious disease in their homes will realize the difficulty there is in obtaining the necessary assistance and attention requisite, but in this case to her credit it may be mentioned—Miss Maher, as soon as she heard of the death of her friend hastened to the house and prepared her body for burial and remained there until Tuesday following the funeral. Mr. James Coll was the first to visit Mr. McDade after his bereavement and then Mr. H. A. McKeown, another close friend of his, went to the house and remained with him from the evening of his wife's death until after her burial.

Still if few people thought themselves privileged to call at the house owing to the danger of infection to those in their homes, there was no lack whatever of the most cordial expressions of sympathy on the part of Mr. McDade's friends in the city and province and a few of them at least who wired or mailed messages may find their first acknowledgement in the article. Mr. McDade says that he has been too much prostrated since the sad event to reply to his friends but he wishes to acknowledge the cordial expressions of sympathy in the order that he received them from Mr. E. S. Carter, Professor Stockley of Fredericton, W. H. Trueman, Charles E. Scammell, John Condon, St. John, John M. Lyons, Moncton, Alfred M. Pound, St. John, J. F. Richards, Fredericton, F. B. Smith, Western Union Manager, Fredericton, R. B. Owens, Newburg Station, H. B. Rainsford, Fredericton, F. B. Carvell, Woodstock, H. D. McLeod, Assistant Receiver General, St. John; Frank H. Risteen, John Black, M. P. P. Fredericton; Hon. H. R. Emmerston, Premier, Dorchester; George U. Hay, Hon. A. T. Dunn, L. C. McNutt, Fredericton; Fred C. Lane, W. K. Reynolds, St. John; Major Cropley, J. H. Barry and Mr. and Mrs. Phelan, Fredericton; T. C. Allan Dibblee, M. P. P., Woodstock; G. X. Y. Dibblee, Assistant clerk of the Legislature Assembly; F. B. Meagher, Inspector of schools; Mrs. Jeremiah Meagher, Milford; Mr. and Mrs. William J. Graham, Milford; His Honor Judge Wilson, Fredericton; Honorable John P. Burchill, speaker of the Legislative Assembly; John Montgomery, Campbellton; Honorable L. P. Farris, member of Executive council; John O'Brien, M. P. P., and Mrs. O'Brien, Nelson; Rev. Father Doyle, Milltown; Rev. Father O'Donovan, Carleton; Fred W. Sumner, M. P. P., Moncton; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. B. McCready, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Division No. 3 A. O. H., Carleton, St. John; John Connor, Ottawa; Dr. Hand, Woodstock; Professor Alf. E. Macintyre, Quebec; and J. A. Johnson, Halifax. In addition to these, handsome floral offerings were received from Mr. and Mrs. McGaffigan; Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Fian and Miss Edith Little.

The funeral was one of the largest that has been seen in recent years in this city and marked the general esteem in which the deceased lady was held. The portrait which we print of her gives but a faint idea of the kindly and attractive features indicative of her character. She was one of the most devoted wives and the best of mothers, and no higher praise can be given to any woman.

**A Good Time for the Sick.**  
The hospital commissioner for the month Alderman McGoldrick, proposes to give the patients there a good and happy day as far as the good things the market affords will permit of. In this he will have the capable assistance of the matron Miss Mitchell who is filing that position to the entire satisfaction of the board. The resident physician, Dr. Macanlay, and the staff of nurses will do everything possible to make the patients forget their sufferings in the enjoyment of the day.

**Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 17 Water Street.**

## ALDERMANIC MATINEE

### CHIEF OF POLICE, CLARK FURNISHES THE ENTERTAINMENT.

By His Replies to Many Questions and His Attempted Explanation of Many Acts of His—He Denied That Officer Boyle Was Requested to Re-sign—The Facts.

An aldermanic matinee! That is what it was and the chief of police was the actor who furnished the entertainment.

In consequence of the general and unfavorable criticism that followed several of his recent appointments the chairman of the board of safety called a special meeting of that body for Tuesday afternoon and when the call to order was made there was an interested gathering.

The chief of police was present and nervous, while those who "wanted to know" sat around the big committee table ready for any and all information and to pop an awkward question at any time.

There were lots of them asked and answered before the meeting closed and the chief spent a trying hour under the cross fire of queries that were flung at him.

He went prepared for the occasion, only instead of books he had a written statement which recited the orders from the council he had received and declared the way he had carried them out. He read this document when called upon and most, if not all of it was stale news for the aldermen.

What they wanted to find out was why the chief, after getting instructions from the director of safety to appoint a senior special to fill the place of officer Gilson, resigned, ignored the order and appointed a man who did not live in the city and who had to take out a license before he donned his uniform.

And when they got the chief's answer it was a surprise to them. For all anybody knew outside of the chief himself, Gilson was at that time the only man who had left the force but according to the chief at that very time he had another resignation up his sleeve—that of Officer Burke.

The surprising answer that he gave the board Tuesday as to why he had not appointed a special in place of Gilson, was that he did appoint a special, Officer Lee. This was a poser and brought a lot of aldermen to their feet at once to declare that Lee had been on the regular force for a long time. But the chief said he hadn't and Alderman Smith, one of the representatives of the West side, where Lee belongs declared emphatically that he had understood from Lee a year or two ago that the chief had made him one of the regular

force and Alderman Stackhouse, another representative of the West side, who was not present at the meeting but whom PROGRESS saw later, indignantly denied the chief's statement and repeated a conversation he had with that official just before the appointment of Special Officer Johnston as a regular. He said he spoke about Lee then, not being quite certain that he was a regular, and the chief laughed at him and said that Lee had been on the regular list for a long time.

Incredulity that was very apparent marked the countenances of the aldermen as the chief made the statement about Lee and the pertinence, searching and embarrassing question was put to him as to whom he notified of Lee's appointment.

"Did you notify the director of safety, chief?"

"No, I did not," was the reply.

"Did you notify Lee himself that he had been promoted?"

"No, I can't say that I did," said the chief.

"Then you just appointed him in your own mind?"

Of course there wasn't any reply to be made to this but the nature of the first explanation was not as satisfactory as the aldermen had hoped for and a disposition began to be shown at once to give the witness no quarter. And the inquiry proceeded thus.

"Well if Lee took Gilson's place whose place was Sullivan appointed to fill?"

"Officer Burke who resigned" said the chief.

"But Sullivan was appointed on the 13th and sworn in on the 14th. That was before Burke resigned."

"Now that is something that I want to explain to you" said the chief. "Burke signed his resignation on the 13th but it was dated the 14th."

A broad smile was on the features of the aldermen at this apparent explanation and the chief hurriedly went on. "The facts of Officer Burke's resignation are simply these. I called him into my office and told him that he was too dull. Poor fellow, he couldn't help it but his sight was bad though the story that he had been dismissed because he failed to recognize me on the street was all nonsense."

Here is where the chief and Burke differ.

The latter gives the conversation between himself and the chief and one would imagine that even if he was as dull as the chief says he is he would be interested in remembering what was said.

Up to this time Alderman Maxwell had been in a quiet mood and had not said much but at this stage he began to try and get at the root of the matter, following up each move of the chief carefully. Speak-  
CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

## Lashed Her Husband.

HALIFAX, Dec. 20.—A very unusual scene was witnessed at the corner of North and Lockman streets, one evening quite recently. The interested parties were a man and his wife, and the wife of another party. It is very seldom that Halifax has to record a public horse whipping case, but such an episode occurred on the night in question. From what can be learned about the affair, it was justified, and the party who received the whipping deserved it. The man who received the whipping is an employee at a north end brewery, and he has a wife and six children residing on North street. It appears that of late he has been neglecting his home in more ways than one. Every morning he would dress up in his best, leave the house, and that would be the last seen of him for several hours. His wife heard several stories about him keeping the company of other women, but she at first turned a deaf ear to them all, as she was under the impression that her "bubby" was a good and true man. The stories set her thinking however, and finally she became suspicious that everything was not all right, so on the evening referred to, she decided to watch him. As soon as the husband went out one door the wife went out another, and she traced his "little footsteps in the snow don't you know." She armed herself with a good stout horse whip in case that there would be any trouble, and before she returned home she had occasion to use it, and she did so with good effect.

better half halted, and paced up and down in that vicinity for a short time, while the wife stood in the background and awaited developments. By and by a veiled female appeared on the scene and after exchanging a few words with the other woman's husband, she took his arm, and the pair were soon quietly sauntering off together. His wife who had taken in all the proceedings, fairly jumped with joy, as the long looked for opportunity had come at last. Across the street she went rapidly and walked smartly up behind the couple who were utterly unconscious of her presence, until she confronted them. By this time her temper was up, explanations were of no avail, and she brought the whip down with tremendous force upon her poor husband's head several times in quick succession. The couple were so completely taken by surprise that they could hardly move and it was not until the other female got a cut across the face that she started to get a move on. Once she got under way it did not take her long to reach home and thus avoid further punishment. The hubby was in for it however, and he was obliged to remain and take his medicine. He was as meek and as mild as a child at being caught out, and did not even make the slightest effort to claim his infuriated better half. When he reached home in her company hostilities were again renewed, and continued for some time after. The woman who was the cause of all the trouble has a husband, so it is understood, employed at the Dockyard.

## Drawing the Color Line.

HALIFAX DEC 22.—The agitation over the disreputable houses on Brunswick street has subsided to some extent. The police are making a feint at the closing up of the objectionable houses, and the action taken seems to have satisfied those who were the prime movers in the matter. It is almost laughable the way the Police Commission conducts its sittings in connection with this special matter. Previous to this trouble it was always very difficult to obtain any information whatever about the doings of this special body of three, but in the case referred to it was no trouble to get all the information that was desired. The change has been a very noticeable one, and the public cannot help being surprised at the suddenness of it. All the business transacted was freely given out, with the expressed idea that it would ensure publication. This was mainly done to satisfy those who were clamoring for reforms. Why the commission even went so far as to give in advance the line of action that it was going to take—a most unusual precedent. It was sent out as a sort of a warning to those upon whom a dead set was about to be made. The battle was opened by three uniformed officers patrolling up and down in front of the houses in question. For one night only were they there, since then the number has dwindled down to one, and it is expected that ere long he will be remembered. The color line seems to have been very distinctively drawn, and only those females of darker shades, also of

ways, have suffered as a result of the crusade, that has been commenced. The commission was going to do wonders with the civic employee who made the statement that he could clear all those houses of their occupants within a month, if he was not hampered in his duty by his superiors. If his name was ascertained, he was to be dismissed upon the spot. The commissioners went so far as to hold an investigation, and if possible obtain the name of this man. If they ascertained they kept it quiet, and he is still on the force. It is the general impression that his name was learned, and that the commission thinking there was more truth than fiction in his statements, decided not to molest him in any way, for fear of stirring up the bottom. Another very peculiar incident in connection with this so-called spasm of virtue is that a few months ago the commission told delegation after delegation that it was powerless to act, as there was no way this class of people could be got at. The legislature has not met since, and it seems very strange where the lawful means were obtained in such a short time. Ald. Hubley claims that the commission makes laws of its own to suit special purposes. He further openly stated that orders are given the police in direct violation of an act of the legislature, which governs the duties of police officials. The alderman referred to is kept pretty well informed of the inner workings of the police department, but is generally understood that he obtained his "tips" from one who has some connection with it.

A TRAMPS NEW SCHEMES

SOME OF THE MEANS THEY USE TO GET A SQUARE MEAL.

They Have Worked the Santiago Racket all Summer Until it was Found out—How the Weary Wanderers Sometimes Outwit Ladies—A Soldier's Camp Yarn.

'One of the newest schemes out this winter,' said a tramp, 'is to ask for a job of work for a pair of old trousers. It is only worked in the residence parts of the suburbs of a town when the men folks are off to business. You ring the door bell, ask to see the lady of the house, and then say to her: "Lady, haven't you some shovelling or cleaning-up to do about the back yard? Any odd job for me. I need a pair of old shoes or trousers. Often they suspect you're a thief and slam the door on you. Other times they'll look soft-eyed and tender and say, "Why, yes, you can help the girl to dust a Brussels carpet, and I'll give you a right good suit." What is a fellow to do? Why, you bet not shake that carpet. I answer, thank's mam. I've a partner around the corner. I can get him to help. He'll take the shoes, and I the trousers, or coat; if you don't mind? She says all right, I go for my partner, and of course don't come back. But that's the exception. In most cases the kind lady takes pity on a fellow, and when she finds a man willing to work any odd job for a few second-hand clothes they give up a nickel or a dime and let you go, if they haven't any old clothes handy.

'Of course, asking for work is the trick of it. There's never any work in it. We're all out of business, generally, when it snows. People are willing to have their sidewalks shovelled off. The other day I asked a kind lady for work for an old pair of shoes. She said I should come around in the afternoon and wash off the sidewalk. I told her I was going out of town, but could do it right off if she'd allow. She said she was then going to the dentist's. I appeared anxious to get right at the job. Then she staggered me by saying: "All right, I'll trust an honest fellow like you. Get into the yard for the broom bucket and hose. The girl will give you a pair of trousers and shoes when you've finished, what was I to do? Beat a retreat of course, I said, "Kind lady, I can get my breakfast around to the soup house if I go right off. I will be back in ten minutes. I had nothing to eat since yesterday." She says, "All right; the girl will wait for you." Of course I goes, but never comes back. It's too hard work doing sidewalk washing. Let the girls do it.

'My experience is that seven kind ladies in ten will rather give up a little good money to a fellow who asks for a job than be bothered with him. I had a good thing this summer out in the country. I was always wanting a dime to have just enough railroad fare to get to the next town where there was a recruiting station, for I was to enlist in the regular army. It worked well. Everybody wanted to see me get into the army. They called me a brave fellow. No, I never enlisted. I tried one other army scheme. No, it was a navy scheme. I was along shore one morning early and I found a cap some sailor from a United States ship had dropped while on a cantico, during night. I had a pair of blue trousers. I stopped at a front gate and asked a kind lady for just enough change for car fare to get down to the wharf, which was five miles off: that I had lost all my money or been robbed. Of course I thought it would yield a quarter and no questions asked of one of the heroes of Santiago in hard luck for the moment. Just then a bloomin' lass sang out to a man on the inside. "Lieutenant, out here is one of the men of your ship." I thought I was been played in a false alarm but I took no chances. So I walked off, and as I disappeared I heard the girl's merry laugh, and then I knew I was a chump. I took the sailor cap into a drug store and told the clerk to telephone for the owner. Before I left I asked the quills man for a jigger of brandy, as I wasn't well. He told me he didn't own that cap. I wouldn't think of trifling with the navy again.

'I tried an experiment during the recent storm. It wasn't half done snowing when I rang a door bell. The man of the house came out. "Mister, give me the job of cleaning off your sidewalk? I'm nearly starved," says I. Well, sir, that man had the gall to say, "All right; go ahead." In all that storm, mind you, and I a hungry man, shivering and no overcoat, he told me to go ahead. "My partner's got my shovel around the corner," said I, "and I'll get it." I walked off in a hurry like, business you know, when I heard the man laugh. "Come back, says he; "use my shovel." I knew he was on to me. He called again, louder than before. I went back. "You can't work me like that, old man," said he. "Here's a dime, for luck."

And I took it, with a smile, telling him he was gay.

'One day I heard of an order against allowing tramps in or near a big stable. I went there and asked a boss to let me work cleaning horses, as I was nearly starved. I expected him to give me a dime and order me away, according to the rules. He handed me a meal chuk, said "Go eat; then come back. I don't work a hungry man." He growled like a man eater. I took the check went to the eating house, filled up and then shied off toward the wharf. Hard luck! That man was there shipping thirty head of horses, bossing the job. He collied me with a whip, growling: "Why ain't you at the barn?" I told him I was reportin' to him in person for that job. He didn't let fall that he'd just then one of the horses got away. So did I. Talking about meal checks. I met them often out in the smaller cities this fall. Many saloon men have them. I was playing a bad burned arm game and it was surprising how easy I could get a meal check, good for a five-cent plate at a five and ten cent eating house. I never went hungry but was thirsty. The checks were no good for beer, and none of my acquaintances on the road had money to buy them because they did not need them. It was a common thing to stop a man on the street. To get rid of us he'd just hand out a five-cent meal check. But a man get's tired of eating. He's got to have drink and clothes. The new racket I told you about is to get clothes for work you never do. Of course a good deal of money naturally goes for rum. Happy? No. But there's thousands what has got more worry nor I. And yet I envy them. I covet. It is one of my sins.'

THE PRAISES OF WALKING.

Mr. Nobbley, Just in from a Spin Adds a Verse or two to the Song.

'I have sung before,' said Mr. Nobbley 'the praises of walking, and, when I come to think of it, I am but one of many that have chanted the same measure; but I wish I might be permitted to sing one more verse.

'To restore the mental equilibrium there is nothing like walking. It is one tired with work, and, if not just despondent, at least doubtful and depressed, let him drop his work right where it is and get out and walk. Fifteen or twenty minutes of it will do, will bring in a jolly, joyous, rushing tide of good spirits that will make the mental shores to smile. And when you go back and take up that same work that had seemed so dull and hard before you see it clearly and grapple it with the confidence born of strength. All due to fifteen or twenty minutes walk. And this right here in the crowded streets of our city.

'Perhaps, indeed, the crowd helps to divert the mind. But the main thing, the great thing, is to ease up on the tension a little. We get to holding down the spring and hanging on to it so hard that we numb both body and brain. We let up on the spring, let it go entirely, and take a little turn in the air and there's never a fibre in the body, nor a drop of blood, but what comes up and smiles at us and says:

'"Ho! Ho! Old man! It's a fine day!" They were tired, every one, and thus wanted a little rest; and now they're ready to go at it again. And with these in the mood to back you the work is easy. You see it with a clear brain and you tackle it with a sure and steady hand.

'This for a strength renewer in working hours. Who does not know the delight of the first turn of the day in the open air, after a night pent up in a room indoors, when, as he steps off briskly, his blood smiles in every vein with the fresh bright air of the morning! And think of walking just for pleasure, under lovely skies and by stream and forest!

The Jury Were Piqued.

A contributor narrates the following incident as illustrative of the manners and customs of the British juryman:—

'At a certain court of law,' he writes, 'a decidedly suspicious-looking man was placed in the dock, charged with the theft of a gold watch. He was identified not only by the owner of the watch, but also by two constables, and the evidence seemed quite conclusive. The prisoner, however, showed remarkable astuteness in defending himself, and by a certain shallow trickiness induced the witness to contradict each other in some trivial details. He strongly emphasised the fact that the watch had not been found upon him (which was not surprising as it was alleged that accomplices were with him at the time of the theft).

'The jury, who were led by a dull and obstinate foreman, were evidently much impressed by the prisoner's defence. It did not seem to occur to their simple minds that his astuteness was not of a kind which one usually associates with innocence.

'In the result, therefore, they returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," to the intense disgust of everybody in court, except the prisoner and his friends.

'Nearly purple with indignation, the judge, taking up a paper at his side, read to the astonished juryman a list of some seven or eight previous convictions against the prisoner for exactly similar offences to that of which the guileless jury had just pronounced him innocent.

'Deep humiliation settled among the twelve good men and true. The foreman, looking very shamefaced, expressed a wish

that the law had permitted them to know the prisoner's antecedents before giving their verdict.

'It will be a bad look-out for the prisoners in the cases to follow,' remarked a police sergeant to the writer. 'That last case has thoroughly piqued the jury.'

'He had, indeed, correctly gauged the situation. For the rest of the day that jury returned verdicts of "Guilty" with a steadiness and unanimity that were worthy of a better cause.'

Christmas Odds and Ends.

There is always a 'fitting opportunity' at the tailor's, especially at Christmas time.

Patent (the day after Christmas)—Doctor, what's good for dyspepsia? Doctor—'Christmas pudding and mince-pies.'

'Blykins said, at the Christmas party that his wife is one in ten.' 'So she is. She is the one and Blykins is the cypher.'

'What made you think the collection was taken up to get the minister a new suit for Christmas?' 'Because so many of the congregation put buttons in.'

He (as they sit under the mistletoe)—'Mabel, tell me, do you love me?' She—'Yes, darling, I would die for you.' He—'No, dear; I prefer your hair as it is at present.'

Barber—'But you have paid me two-pence too much.' Victim—'That's all right; it's a Christmas tip for not trying to sell me a bottle of your never-failing hair-restorer.'

Wee Miss—'Mamma, mayn't I take the part of a milkmaid at the Christmas fancy ball?' Mamma—'You are too little.' Wee Miss—'Well, I can be a condensed milkmaid.'

Freddie—'Ma, didn't the missionary say that the savages didn't wear any clothes?' Mother—'Yes, my boy.' 'Then, why did pa put a button in the missionary box on Christmas Day?'

'Do you think, dear, with my cold, it would make my head bad if I were to take a solo in the church choir on Christmas Day?'

'No, dearest, but it might make somebody else's head bad.'

Mamma (to Johnny, who, the day after the Christmas-party, has been given a pair with pills artfully concealed in it.)—'Well, dear, have you finished your pear?' Johnny—'Yes, mamma; all but the seeds.'

Mrs. Newly Wed (returning from church on Christmas morning)—'What prompted you to ask me to be your wife, dear?' My Newly Wed—'I think, my sweet you prompted me more than anybody else.'

'Have you received an invitation to the Bachelors' Christmas ball?' 'Yes indeed: I'm to be the only girl there.' 'What?' 'Yes, really. You know, the bachelors only had an invitation apiece to send one, and I received one from each.'

Eager maiden (on Christmas Eve)—'Well, Reginald, what did papa say?' Rejected Suitor (about to depart)—'It cannot be expressed in words. All that I can tell is that his answer gave me great pain.' (The old gentleman had kicked him).

'I must say,' ejaculated the majestic matron, during the conversation after the Christmas dinner, 'I should like to have a decent and pretty expensive funeral, plenty of flowers, and all that kind of thing—in fact, the sort of funeral one has been used to all one's life.'

Hubby—'How do you suppose the saying, "There is nothing new under the sun" originated?' Wife—'Really, I don't know, unless some woman who wore a bonnet like mine said it to her husband.' And he straightway bought her a new one for Christmas.

It is not everyone who can display the coolness of the gentleman who once carried the Christmas turkey with such misplaced energy as to send it under the table. Seeing that the guests evinced some discomfort, and an anxiety to know where it had gone, he said, "All right ladies and gentlemen, it won't hurt you; I have my foot on it."

Mrs. De Flat (on the look-out for a Christmas present)—'Have you anything new in folding beds?' Dealer—'Only this, madame; and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring, and it turns into a washstand and bath-tub. After your bath you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing-case with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast you press these buttons at once, and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do, except that, when you die, it can be changed into a rosewood coffin.'

Reputed.

At the men's service in Yorkshire parish the vicar tried to convey the lesson that the truest heroes and heroines are those who do noble deeds in the secret corner of the home, where none can see or applaud. 'Few of you seem to think,' he concluded, 'that your wives staying at home uncomplainingly to mind the children, and prepare the meals, are heroines. And yet their touching devotion to duty proves them to be so.' It certainly hadn't struck a certain old farmer in this way before, and as soon as he got home he promptly told his wife that the vicar had called her

The Kola Asthma Cure.

Positive and unlimited confidence in the Kola plant as nature's sure remedy for Asthma has been abundantly manifested in the many remarkable cures obtained through the use of Clark's Kola Compound. It is a great discovery. Endorsed by the medical profession. Over 200 cases absolutely cured in 100 days. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists.

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and are perfectly satisfied to depend upon the Post Office as an ordinary channel of communication whenever the telegraph fails. More importance is attached to literary style than to exact details in local newswriting, and it is therefore possible to publish with entire pecuniary success a Paris newspaper from the columns of which all items of expensive news are omitted. Moreover, many of the French political papers, so called, are subsidized sheets, deriving their support, not from their readers or advertisers, but from sundry 'funds.' So long as these funds continue the papers appear; when the funds languish the funds disappear, and to this condition is due the fact that the number of daily newspapers published in the city of Paris varies radically from time to time, and in an apparently inexplicable manner, under stress of some local event which visiting strangers would not regard as of considerable importance. In France, outside of Paris, the number of papers published is practically stationary.

SMALL PAPERS OF PARIS.

Their Number not Regulated by the Demand but by the Occasion.

The press of Paris, describing under that generic term all the newspapers published in the French capital, is a somewhat spasmodic group, the number of newspapers being regulated not by any ordinary rule of demand, but by the necessity of some public occasion. In times of excitement there are more papers published in Paris—not more copies of established papers, but more newspapers—than in times of quiet. A great sensation adds not so much to the number of copies sold of any particular journal as to the number of newspapers published, and whenever, as sometimes happens, there is a lull in public interest, it manifests itself not in the suspension of newspapers, for French newspapers never 'suspend,' but in the disappearance of a number, for some Parisian journals appear and disappear without any apparent good reason for so doing.

The population of the city of Paris by the last census was approximately, 2,500,000, and the number of newspaper readers in Paris was a little larger, perhaps, than in other large cities, speaking relatively, for the reason that practically every one in Paris speaks or understands French, for there are very few foreigners in the capital city unfamiliar with the French language.

According to the recently published Presse Annuaire for 1899, the Paris newspapers for this year number 2,587—more than ever before.

There are in Paris at present 140 daily political newspapers, but how many there will be next week or how many the week after is practically impossible to state. Some effort has been made to classify according to divisional lines the daily papers of Paris which devote their chief attention to politics, and it has been found that 97 come under the category of Republican, 30 are Conservative and 13 are Socialist.

The 97 Republican papers are subdivided into moderate and radical Republican papers opportunist Republican papers which support whatever particular Government is in office, and Republican papers which oppose whatever Government is in office. The 30 Conservative papers are divided into those that support the various groups of pretenders. Orleanist and Bonapartist, the clerical papers, the financial papers and the papers which cater to various interests connected with the army and navy. The Socialist papers of Paris, being 13 in number only, are less easily susceptible of subdivision, but some are more radical than others and some are more moderate than the average; but the maintenance of 13 Socialist newspapers in one city is strongly indicative of the extent to which French papers take up and consider politics.

This state of affairs is rendered possible by a variety of conditions which do not prevail in the United States. The price of French newspapers is high; the reading matter is small in amount and the space taken by it is very limited. French newspaper readers do not require much news

and are perfectly satisfied to depend upon the Post Office as an ordinary channel of communication whenever the telegraph fails. More importance is attached to literary style than to exact details in local newswriting, and it is therefore possible to publish with entire pecuniary success a Paris newspaper from the columns of which all items of expensive news are omitted. Moreover, many of the French political papers, so called, are subsidized sheets, deriving their support, not from their readers or advertisers, but from sundry 'funds.' So long as these funds continue the papers appear; when the funds languish the funds disappear, and to this condition is due the fact that the number of daily newspapers published in the city of Paris varies radically from time to time, and in an apparently inexplicable manner, under stress of some local event which visiting strangers would not regard as of considerable importance. In France, outside of Paris, the number of papers published is practically stationary.

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Attendants at the leading churches tomorrow will be regaled with special Christmas music, and following its long established custom PROGRESS gives its readers the programme of what they may expect to hear in the way of good music in these edifices.

- I. J. D. Landry, organist. 6 a. m. Grand Pontifical High Mass. The choir will sing the Kyrie and Gloria of Mozart's 12th Mass. Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei of Bartolo's Mass. The Adeste Fideles will be sung at the Offertory. Solo by Miss Lawlor. 11 a. m. Solemn High Mass at which the choir will sing Farmer's Mass. Offertory, Adeste Fideles, Solo by Mr. J. A. Kelly. 3.15 p. m. Grand Pontifical Vespers. Psalms Gregorian. Hymn followed by Mozart's Magnificat. Before the Hymn will be sung Signor Gloria's Christmas Anthem. Trio, by Miss Lawlor, Miss Brennan, and Mr. Kelly. Benediction. O Salutaris, Duett by Mr. J. Stanton and Mr. J. Lantalam. Tantum Ergo, Chorus. St. Peter's Church. Miss Moriarty, Organist. MORNING SERVICES—5.30 and 10.00 o'clock. Solemn High Mass—10.30. Kyrie and Gloria.....Mozart's 7th Mass B. Flat Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei.....Farmer Offertory—Adeste Fideles. Christmas Hymns. EVENING SERVICE—7.30. Musical Vespers. Laudate Pueri Dominum.....Zingerella Benediction. Solo—O Salutaris.....J. Weigard Tantum Ergo.....Lambillotte Christmas Hymns. St. Luke's Church. Miss Farmer, Organist. MORNING SERVICE—11 o'clock. Hymn, "Christian Awake, Salute the Happy Morn To Deum Laudamus.....Walwright Hymn, "O Come All Ye Faithful" Hymn, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing..... Mendelssohn Anthem, "There were Shepherds"..... Albert H. Holden EVENING SERVICE—7 o'clock. Hymn, While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night.....Webb Hymn, Hark What Mean Those Holy Voices..... Dr. Boyer Anthem, O Zion that Bringest Good Tidings..... E. Burnnett Hymn, O Savior Precious Savior..... Sir J. Barnby The usual Canticles and Psalms. Mission Church, Paradise Row. 11 a. m. Holy Communion services.....Smart in F Processional Adeste Fideles..... King Offertory "Sing O Heavens"..... Kyrie Benedictions and Agnus Dei..... Kyrie Christmas Hymns 3.15 Children's Carol services..... Hopkins 7.30 Canticles of Greenish from Anthem—"Let us now go"..... Hopkins Christmas Hymns and Carol Gounod's Christmas songs, Nazareth and Bethlehem. Organ Handel's Pastoral Symphony. There will also be Carol singing on Christmas eve at 8 p. m. Trinity Church. R. F. Strand, Organist. 8 a. m.—Holy communion Pro—Hymn 85 Rec—Nunc Dimittis 11 a. m. Morning Prayer, Sermon and Holy Communion Pro—Hymn 85 Proper Ps.—XXX. XLV. LXXXV. Te Deum } Benedictus } Woodward in D. Anthem, "We have seen His Star" etc..... C. Simper Hymn 88. 3 p. m. Children's Service. Ps. XIX. Magnificat Carols. 7 p. m. Evening Prayer and Sermon. Pro—85 Proper Ps.—LXXXIX. CL. CXXXII. Service, Stainer B flat. Anthem, "Behold, I bring you" etc..... C. Simper Hymn 76. Centenary Church. J. Clawson, Choir leader, Miss Hes, Organist. MORNING SERVICE. Te Deum in G.....J. B. Calkin Anthem, "How Beautiful upon the Mountains"..... Hamilton Clarke EVENING SERVICE Anthem, "The whole earth is at Rest,"..... J. Farley Roberts Soprano Solo, "Contique Four Noel"..... Hamilton Gray Mrs. F. G. Spencer. Christmas Chants and Hymns. Leinster Street Baptist Church. Prof. Tapley, Organist. MORNING SERVICE—11 o'clock. Holy, Holy, Holy..... Gebel There were Shepherds. EVENING SERVICE—7 o'clock. Glorious is Thy Name..... Mozart Glory be to God..... Mason Several Christmas Hymns will also be rendered. Holy Trinity Church. Miss McCafferty, Organist. 7. A. M.—High Mass—Farmer's Mass in B. Flat. At the 8.30 and 10 a. m. services the usual Christmas hymns will be sung. 7.30 p. m.—Vespers. Psalms Gregorian. O Holy Night..... Adam O Salutaris..... J. Weigard Tantum Ergo..... Lambillotte

DISFIGURED FOR LIFE

Our little girl's humor commenced with a tiny sore on one nostril, but it kept on spreading till we thought she would never get it cured. We tried everything we could get, but it kept getting larger all the time, till both nostrils, the upper lip, a part of the lower lip, and up one side to the eye, were a solid sore. We thought there was no cure, and that she would be disfigured for life. Finally we tried CUTICURA REMEDIES. We used CUTICURA RESOLVENT and nearly a box of CUTICURA (ointment), and in a short time she was entirely well, with no scar or trace of the humor. Mrs. W.M. CHESTER, Plainville, Ct.

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Main St. Baptist Church.

The Choir is made up of nearly 20 voices. Prof. C. Williams, Leader, Mrs W. H. Simon, Organist. MORNING SERVICE 11 a. m. Organ Voluntary—"Berceuse in A"—(G. Delbruck).....Mrs. Simon Hymn 148—"Angels from the Realms of Glory" Anthem—"Behold I Bring You Glad Tidings" (C. Whitney Coombs).....Choir Hymn 168—"Joy to the World the Lord is Come" Quartette "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" (Billhorn).....Main St. Baptist Male Quartette Hymn 155—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing" EVENING SERVICE 7 p. m. Organ Voluntary—"Romance"—(Haydn).....Mrs. Simon Hymn 154—"Hark the Glad Sound the Saviour Comes" Anthem—"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" (Arthur Sullivan).....Choir Hymn 151—"Calm on the Listening Ear of Night Vocal Solo—"He Shall Feed His Flock Like a Shepherd" (Messiah).....Miss Truman Quartette—"Come Unto Me" (Stomquist).....Main St. Baptist Male Quartette Hymn 160—"Hark From the Midnight Hills around" St. John's Church.

James S. Ford, Organist and Choir Leader.

MORNING SERVICE.

Hymn, "Hark! the herald Angels sing,"..... Mendelssohn Venite, to chant.....Aldrich Proper Psalms, 19, 45, 85 to chant, by Medley, Wesley and Hunt. Te Deum.....Selby in A Anthem, "The Angel Gabriel was sent from God,".....Smart Hymn, "Joy fills our inmost heart today,".....Gadsby EVENING SERVICE.

Reading Proper Psalms, 87, 110, 132, to chant, by Adams, Best and Hopkins. Magnificat.....Stanford in B. flat Nunc Dimittis.....Stanford in B. flat Anthem, "O, Sing to God your Hymns of Gladness".....Gounod Hymn, "Give heed, my heart,".....J. S. Ford Hymn, "While shepherds watched their flocks".....Old Carol Hymn, Angels from the realms of Glory.....Naylor Salvation Army.

Brigadier and Mrs. Fugure, assisted by Major Collier and Provincial staff, will conduct meetings in the Charlotte St. Salvation Army barracks on Christmas Sunday and Monday, Dec. 26th and 26th as follows:

SUNDAY, 7 a. m.—Love Feast. 11 a. m.—Purpose of Christ's mission. 3 p. m.—Xmas memories. 7.30 p. m.—Valvary.

MONDAY, Dec. 26th.—United meeting of city corps. Service of Song entitled "From the Manager to the Cross."

Tones and Undertones.

New York Opera this week comprises "Die Wankuere" (Eames, Nordica, Van Rooy, Van Dyck), "Carmen" (De Lussan, Eames, Saleza), and "Lohengrin" (Van Dyck, Bispham, E. de Reszke, Eames and Meisslinger).

Calve will make her debut at the Paris Opera as Ophelie, and it is nearly decided that her next part will be Salammbo.

E. A. Phelps, a musician at one time with Patti Ross, committed suicide by swallowing laudanum at Berlin, Wis., on Dec. 5. He was forty years of age, and left a widow and two children.

Adelina Patti and Baron Cedarstrom will be married at Neath, Wales, on Feb. 25.

John Philip Sousa is said to be at work upon a new comic opera, the King of Clubs, in which Walter Jones may star next season.

Clara E. Williams a member of the Bride Elect company and professionally known as Belle Lyman, through her counsel, Milliken and Gaston, was granted an absolute divorce on Nov. 30 in the Supreme Court from her husband, "Taylor" Williams, of the Nancy Hanks company.

Alice Nielsen has contributed an interesting article about geisha girls to the December number of the Cosmopolitan.

William E. Philp, for three seasons principal tenor of The Bostonians, resigned from that company last Saturday.

A severe cold prevented Emma Eames from singing the Countess in the Nozze di Figaro at the Metropolitan, New York, last Wednesday night. The Barber of Seville was substituted hastily in consequence. All sorts of snags are confronting Mr. Grau this season, but he does not seem to be perturbed by more than a fair share of the customary woes that beset the path of an operatic impression.

The Minister Extraordinary, a new comic opera by Barclay Walker, will soon be produced at Indianapolis for copyright purposes.

Edward Webb, tenor, has left the Dorothy Morton Opera company.

TALK OF THE TOWN.

The Paul Caseneuve Company closed a weeks engagement at the Opera house on Wednesday evening. The company was good and certainly merited better patronage than was extended to it. Mr. Caseneuve himself was excellent in every part he essayed and fully justified all that was expected of him. Another member of the company whose work was good and who made a splendid impression was Mr. Ulysses D. vis. His roles were many and varied but in every one of them he was

and his efforts to provide good wholesome amusement meet with substantial appreciation. An excellent way to spend Christmas afternoon and evening will be in seeing the Boston Comedy company in the two pieces mentioned. Isbams Octoroons close a three days' engagement this evening. The entertainment is a sort of farce comedy. A matinee will be given this afternoon. On Thursday The Williams' band will give a concert. Mrs. Spencer, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Bowden will take part.

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MADAME MARIE HARRISON.

The portrait which appears above is an excellent one of Madame Marie Harrison, the charming Canadian songstress who according to the London Figaro is shortly to visit the great metropolis. Madame Harrison continues to add to her laurels with every appearance, and she bids fair, so far as popularity goes, to sometime occupy a place in the Canadian heart second only to that of the great Albari, the favorite of royalty. Madame Harrison has been heard many times in this city and her numerous friends will wish her every success and triumph in her contemplated English trip. A recent issue of the London Figaro, a musical and dramatic paper, has the following to say of her proposed visit to London:

"From a private source I hear of the forthcoming visit to London next month of Mme. Harrison, the famous Canadian soprano. During her recent tour in the United States she created a sensation in

musical circles, the range of her voice being described as something remarkable. An American critic enthuses thus over her vocal powers:—"Mme. Harrison's voice— an unequalled soprano—is even purer and more flexible in the lower register than in the 'top' notes where it belongs." That that critic evidently knows how to express an opinion without any unnecessary bother. The critics of Gay Paree described her as one of the best exponents of bravura singing now alive, and that she is the favorite pupil of the great Marchesi, and one of the most beautiful women on the lyric stage; so it seems safe to predict a warm reception for Madame Harrison. I understand that it is the lady's intention to confine herself for a time to platform concerts exclusively. When Mme. Harrison has arrived, been seen, heard and has conquered, don't forget to thank me for being the first to announce her intentions. I don't wish to brag, or make myself conspicuous, but still it is good to be in front at times, even if you are not thanked for it."

thoroughly at home and on every side one heard nothing but praise of his work. The general support was better than that with which a star usually surrounds himself.

On Christmas day the stage will be occupied by that old favorite H. Price Webber and The Boston Comedy Company, when two performances will be given in the usual holiday fashion. At the matinee the bill will be The Honeymoon and in the evening a performance of the Gypsy Queen will be played with the company's usual attention to detail, and all that goes to make an interesting performance. Mr. Webber and his clever wife are prime favorites in St. John and are always welcomed with audiences that tax the capacity of the Opera House. Other footlight favorites may come and go but Mr. Webber retains a firm hold on public esteem.

Louis Parker is putting the finishing touches to "The Swashbuckler," written for E. S. Willard. J. M. Barrie is writing a new comedy for Maude Adams. John Hare is rehearsing Pinero's new modern comedy. "Share and Share" is the title at present chosen for Dr. Conan Doyle's new drama at the London Garrick. "Ziz," in which Mrs. Leslie Carter is to star, will be produced for the first time in America at Washington on December 26. Maud Dixon, the widow of Alexander Salvini, expects to revive "The Three Guardsmen."

Mrs. Fiske will probably add "Magda" to her repertoire next season. Elsie De Wolfe is to play the title role in "Frou Frou" at a matinee in New York next year. Kate Claxton will manage a Brooklyn theatre. Marie Dressler will retire from "Hotel Topsy Turvy," and Laura Burt from "A Dangerous Maid," when those pieces quit New York. M. Jean Aicard read on Tuesday his confidential clerk and his son ere depicted the characters of the old Emperor William, Bismarck, and the present Kaiser. The production of "The Sorrows of Satan," an adaptation of Marie Corelli's novel, was made in the Broadway Theatre New York, on Wednesday evening. The hope that Charles Coghlan would appear in the leading part was not realized. John E. Kellard, Mary Shaw, Grace Filkins, Ida Vernon and Miller Keut are in the present cast. In Augustin Daly's production of "Mme. Sans Gene," on January 3, Ada Rehan will be seen as Mme. Sans Gene, George Verneuil as the Francais. Beside M. Monnet-Sully as the Moor the cast will include M. Paul Monnet (Iago), Mdlle. Lars (Desdemona), M. Albert Lambert, Jr. (Cassio), MM. Baillet, Langier, Fenoux and Delaunay. M. Jean Aicard

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PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, DEC 24th

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

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

It may be true, as some people contend, that Christmas is coming to have less and less of a religious significance, but the facts hardly bear out the charge. It is indeed becoming less and less of a church feast but that need not detract from its religious aspect. It all depends upon the point of view. If religion, pure and undefiled, is best shown through kindness to the widow and the fatherless, then each year deepens the religious significance of this festival. The Christmas spirit is abroad in the air, and while we may not hear of the complete conversion of any savage we do hear whisperings of the good work it is accomplishing. Antinomies are forgotten, personal woes are laid aside, and we find ourselves yielding to an irresistible impulse to brighten some life about us, and to fill the heart of some neglected child with happiness. And all of this is done, consciously or unconsciously, for the sake of a little child, who, we are told, lay cradled in a manger nearly nineteen hundred years ago. Wise men paid him homage then, and wise men of today pay homage to childhood by honoring and keeping Christmas. It is the children's festival, and he, to whom this knowledge brings no quickening of the pulse, would better take heed to his ways for it were better for him that he had a milestone hung about his neck and was crowned than that he offend a little one. Make the children happy now, that their after-lives may be rich in Christmas memories; gladden the lives of the poor by the cheerful word and kindly deed, and the religious significance of Christmas may well be left to take care of itself, and its beneficent influence will be felt on every side.

THE CYNIC'S CHRISTMAS.

He, who, by word or deed, adds to the sum total of human happiness, is a benefactor of the race, and has not lived in vain. By all the pleasant words we speak, all the friendly acts performed, even by the kindly thoughts we think, this sum total of happiness is increased. Therefore, even to the world-wearied cynic Christmas should be a welcome season. Of course, we are presuming that the cynicism is honest, growing out of disillusionment with our civilization, and not assumed for appearance only, to cover verdant youth. With the cynicism of inexperience, we have little patience. Its very shallowness makes it far-reaching, so that nothing is free from its blighting touch. The real cynic is one who began life with high ideals and earnest hopes, that who from year to year has learned the bitter lesson that apparently ideals count for naught in this world, and that self-aggrandizement is the ruling passion of men and nations. Experience teaches him to thrust his ideals out of sight and the instructive law of self-preservation compels him to fight his own battle for existence against the world it need be. But his ideals are cherished in his inner nature and only the seeming hopelessness of their realization makes him view the world so critically and regard life as a failure. Mark you, if his ideals had been destroyed he would not know that life might be a better thing. Therefore we repeat that Christmas must be as welcome a season to him as to the more thoughtless. Selfishness is thrust aside for a time and everybody seems to be intent upon making everybody else happy. The wolfish characteristics of mankind give

place for a season to the lamb-like, and each one becomes a benefactor by adding to the happiness of those about him. Once a year then the cynic takes a look at his ideals and though he may soon have to put them out of sight again that one look gives him a fresh hold on life and makes it possible to live and hope a little longer.

CANADIAN INTERESTS MUST NOT BE BARTERED.

It has been said that the Quebec-Washington Commission will adjourn for Christmas, and the members thereof take a rest from their arduous labors. It is of course fruitless to conjecture what the final outcome of the commission's deliberations will be, but judging from the rumors that have from time to time leaked out, nothing satisfactory has been accomplished yet. Events, that wide-awake, all-editorial paper of Toronto, had some forcible remarks about the rumor that the United States had been granted the use of our canals for military highway. The writer very truly said that no friendly country should ask such a favor, while to grant it would be treason. It is wise to sound the alarm in good season and worse than useless to protest after the thing has been done, so we can but thank Events for its warning note. Nevertheless, it is incredible that any man or set of men could for an instant contemplate such folly as giving a foreign nation howsoever friendly, a privilege of this sort. It would be suicidal for Canada to think of granting any terms to any outside power that would include a right to our water-ways. Our canals have been maintained at an enormous expense to our people for our own benefit and not to enable Uncle Sam to entrench himself in our midst in the event of any complications arising between our neighbor and motherland. The Canadian commissioners should remember when our national existence was threatened by the rebellion of 1885, the United States would not allow our troops to be transferred across their country although time, money and much suffering might have been saved thereby. Canada has lived and can live whether the United States is or is not willing to make reasonable terms with her. The only thing she cannot afford to do is to sell her privileges in the cheapest market and buy concessions in the dearest. What she has to offer will be a full equivalent for what she asks in return so that there can be no question of throwing in anything to boot. We hope that upon a renewal of the conference matters will be pushed to an early and equitable conclusion, or the labors of the commission cease before our national dignity is compromised.

PLEASANTLY PLANNED SURPRISE.

A Boston Gentleman Shows His Appreciation of St. John Friend.

A pleasant surprise will be one of the many agreeable memories that Mr. and Mrs. John Walsh will retain of the Christmas of 1898. And their friends who gathered about their friends on Thursday evening will not forget the hospitable greeting they received and the happy manner in which they were entertained. Mr. Walsh has many friends wherever he is known and as one result of the good feeling between himself and Mr. Thomas F. McGuiness of Boston the latter planned to surprise him this year by an oil painting of himself Mrs. Walsh and their little girl. No pleasant way of carrying out the surprise could have been devised than forwarding the portrait to Alderman McGoldrick with the request that Mr. Walsh's friends be invited to witness the presentation. And some score or more were quietly notified of the hour and put in an appearance much to the surprise of "Jack" who for the life of him could not imagine why so many of his intimate acquaintances were showing up. But the secret was soon out and the party gathered in the cosy parlors where a short address was read and presented with the painting to Mr. and Mrs. Walsh. The likenesses are splendid, more particularly of Mrs. Walsh, and the work is well done and handsomely framed. "The alderman" made the presentation with his usual tact and complimentary remarks followed by Mr. D. C. Clinch, Mr. John Kelly, and others present.

Good friends in the secret had provided a splendid supper which was daintily served and the guests enjoyed the bountiful Christmas cheer and good will which with song and jest, mirth and jollity, made up an evening of rare pleasure.

Steady Book-keeping. The general value of the study of book-keeping is greatly enhanced when it is taught by means of facsimile business transactions, or in accordance with the Laboratory Method in use at the Currie Business University of this city. The method introduces a large body of practical business instruction and practice not included in book-keeping as ordinarily taught in the business colleges.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Rosaline.  
Finely dressed in my Christmas best,  
And I top cat-spick and sew,  
And I top cap-warm as a robin's nest,  
I came o me what to do.  
For there was lonely Rosaline,  
And a word from this side and;  
In a charming way like a very queen,  
But I'd rather have yesterday.  
"Why gets the mistle over in",  
Why about any strain or mass;  
Why he may take the accident fee,  
Which they call exp. au. bilis.  
Then I had my plant within my cap,  
O a white cold Christmas day;  
Afer a Christmas dinner nap,  
I hautild along her way.  
With Christmas songs and Christmas cheer,  
The hou's took wings of lish,  
Till time the runaway charioteer,  
Had screeched us to Christmas night.  
And Rosaline angel then as she second,  
Smoothing my cap in play;  
Little of what it conceal'd she dream'd  
At the close of the Christmas day.  
"I think it would quite become you too,  
O a sleigh ride or a skate;  
For a moment try it on I please d,  
I'm going, I see it is late."  
It was on her splendid head for time,  
And I quickly reached her then;  
"I have the mistle to ever you,  
Though how, you can scarcely ken."  
I pressed the cap, and the mistle sang,  
Down on her forehead white;  
And sweetest then sung by a poet hung,  
She stood in my rapitid sight.  
A heavenly moment and all was still,  
There was no one to hear or see;  
And she said with a calm and yielding will  
"How nicely the cap fits me."  
Beautiful Rosaline none so sweet,  
The wide world o'er that year;  
Stood under a mistletoe cap complete,  
There was none on this earth so dear.  
And as long as a Christmas night draws nigh  
And its h. pines still I see,—  
I think of a long and last good bye,  
The said at all to me.  
CYPRIUS GOLDB.

The Old Farm.  
I live to dream about the days  
I spent on the farm;  
The theme is rich in memories  
That never lose their charm.  
Though early Ired away by tales  
Of traffic's golden rain,  
How oft, how oft I've longed to turn  
Back to the farm again!  
I've toiled for gain in busy mart  
And scored the path of ease;  
I've wooed with fervor fortune's smiles,  
And sought the bribe of seas;  
But neither fabled wealth of Ind  
Nor fame's ambrosia wine  
Could ever dim the last delights  
Of that old home of mine.  
There every humble duty bore  
Of rich reward its meed;  
And sweet approval gave a smile  
If every kindly deed.  
There peaceful sleep did wait upon  
Each day of toil and care,  
And here every strength each dawning day,  
Its burden new to bear.  
There peaceful scenes on every hand  
Did o'er beguile the eye;  
The woods, the hills, the winding streams,  
Riffling the azure sky;  
The knee, contented browsing o'er  
The blossom-broidered wold;  
The ewes and lambs, at wane of day,  
Returning to the fold—  
All filled my little world with joy  
And bade brief sorrow flee,  
As soft as the infant's gress away  
A mother's lullaby.  
Nor sordid aims did mar the flow  
Of unceasing delight;  
While honor's precept were just lied  
With love's persuasive might.  
Then take me back, oh, take me back  
To that fair spot once more,  
To me more lovely than the famed  
E states of classic lore;  
O, take me back and let me rest  
There, safe from grief and harm,  
To spend my brief declining days  
Upon the dear old farm!  
—Chicago Democrat.

Christmas Song.  
Lou fly ring the merry bells,  
In the morning's frosty air;  
Sweet the news their music tells,  
As softly o'er the earth it swells:  
"Let the Christmas feast prepare!"  
Bless we all that happy morn  
Afar in eastern lands,  
While the shepherds watched for dawn,  
O the promised Saviour born,  
Fling hoods of angels' gold.  
In spite of prophet and of sage,  
The penit's blood and gift of flame,  
Sinned the dark, departing age,  
Spirit of superstition's rage,  
Till the pitying saviour came.  
Now we keep the Christmas feast,  
Mindful of that greatest boon,  
Our hearts with charity increased,  
We spread our gifts from great to least,  
And raise the grateful tone.  
Hear the music floating by!  
Holy angels come again,  
Join we all the angels' cry;  
"Glory be to God on high,  
Peace, goodwill to men!"

The Yule-Log.  
When the religion ceremonies of Christmas Eve  
were concluded, our ancestors were wont to kindle  
a monstrous fire upon the festive hearth, and feed  
it liberally with the Yule-log. Hericid, the poet of  
old English customs, thus alludes to it:  
Come, bring with a noise,  
My merrie, merrie boys,  
O the Christmas log to the firing.  
Well's my good dame, she  
Bid ye all be free,  
And drink to your heart's desiring.  
With the last year's brand  
Light the new block, and  
For good success on his spending.  
On you pealties play  
That sweet luck may  
Come while the log is a tending.  
We Have Also Added to our plant,  
A Modern Carpet Duster Machine, doing  
away entirely with the use of chains or  
strap that is used on most machines, consequently we do not remove the pile off  
your carpet when we dust it, UNGAR'S  
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ALDERMANIC MATINEE

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

ing of Sullivan taking Burke's place instead of Gilson's the alderman incidentally remarked that L. J. had told him that he was a regular months ago, that he was on the regular force and then he asked the chief if he meant to say that Sullivan was not appointed before Burke resigned.  
"Was not Sullivan," he asked "appointed on the 18th of December?" "Yes" was the reply.  
"And did not Burke resign on the 14th?"  
"Well, his resignation was dated on the 14th, but he signed it the day before."  
Then Alderman Purdy broke in with the interrogation, "How long has Sullivan been a resident of the city?"  
Of course the chief had to acknowledge that he had only been a resident since his appointment.  
"Was there any other officer except Burke asked to resign?" asked Alderman Macrae.  
"There was not," said the chief, "the report in the newspapers regarding the request for the resignation of officers Boyle and MacDonald was incorrect."  
These were almost if not exactly the very words of the chief, and he went on somewhat hurriedly to explain his relations with the members of the force, and to express his anxiety to do everything he could for them, and he mentioned in this connection how just before he went to the safety board he had been called to the bedside of Sergeant Hipwell, the oldest officer on the force, who being extremely ill, wished to see him, and, said the chief, "he spoke to me in these words,— Chief you have been kind to me, you have been kind to all the men on the force, and I wish to tell you so."  
"Now," said the chief, "is not that statement a great satisfaction to me as the chief of police?"  
Of course the aldermen were sorry to hear that Sergeant Hipwell was so ill as the chief represented him to be and they listened to his sympathetic story with much attention, but it did not make sufficient impression on Alderman Waring to get him off the track of his inquiries. He wanted to know why when Burke had resigned, the chief appointed Sullivan and why he did not promote a special and asked the chief in a pertinent way if he was not aware of the fact that it was the policy of the council to give the preference to the special and why he had acted contrary to the expressed opinion and recommendation of the safety board.  
"I tell you," said he "that we can not have an efficient police force without the chief and the council working in harmony."  
When the chief assured him that he thought he was working in harmony with the council, the alderman remarked, "If you think that, you must be a duller man than you say Officer Burke is."  
"I do not think I am any duller than the most of men are," said the chief.  
"Now, chief," said Alderman in rather an impressive way, "we want to work in harmony with you and if you show a disposition to do that I want to assist you."  
"Thank you, I am with you," broke in the chief and as the alderman continued his remarks he broke in again and again with the words,—"I am with you, I am with you."  
Alderman Maxwell then spoke of the unfairness of making Sullivan a regular in the place of Burke, while Rankine who was a special and a good officer had been left where he was and Alderman Purdy continued in the same strain objecting to the fact that a stranger, a man who was not a taxpayer should be appointed in the place of a citizen.  
Alderman Hamm asked if Sullivan was still on the force and the chief said "yes."  
"Well I think that is very unfair," said the alderman for Kings.  
"Then," said the chief, "let me know what you want and when the regulars go out if you want the special appointed, the special will go in."  
Alderman Purdy,—"I think you ought to know yourself when to appoint a good special."  
The chief,—"Now aldermen you know how hard it is to get good men, it is as hard to get good men, or harder than it is to get good horses, and this board has had some experience with that lately." He further explained how difficult it was to get a proper age certificate.  
Up to this time Alderman White had not said anything but he made a pretty careful summary of the discussion and concluded that the chief had acted "according to his light." He spoke of the chronic condition of misunderstanding that existed between the chief and the council, the latter, it seemed, wanted the force reduced to 34 men and the chief was aware of the fact. He could not reconcile the chief's actions in the past with his desire to please the council and follow out their

Finer Cake

and biscuit are made with Royal Baking Powder than in the old-fashioned way, with cream of tartar and soda, or saleratus and sour milk. The ingredients of Royal Baking Powder are most highly refined and absolutely pure. Royal is always uniform in strength, making the food evenly good and wholesome. No spoiled or wasted materials where it is used.

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wishes, but he thought it would be well that there should be no possibility of mistake in the future and that a resolution should be passed which would not be ambiguous in any way.

This about concluded the discussion on the appointments. There was some little talk about the request of Sergeant Campbell for the pay of a sergeant, but after the chief had left the room, the petition was tabled.

There was a good many amusing incidents during the afternoon and one of them was the discovery that Sullivan, the big man, who got the appointment over city residents and taxpayers was taken ill on the first night of duty and was on the sick list for three days. When the aldermen heard this there was a roar of laughter, and the chief was not a bit pleased. He did not think it was much of a laughing matter. Then another one was when Alderman Hamm asked if the chief knew of any man on the force who drank rum, and the surprising reply was, "I do not know of any man on the force now who takes liquor." Taking the chief's word for it Alderman Purdy concluded that the police force was better off than the aldermanic board itself.

Alderman Hamm followed up his question by stating that in conversation with Inspector Jones he expressed his belief that whenever a raid was about to be made on houses of ill repute and saloons for illegal liquor selling they were notified, and the alderman asked the chief what he knew about it. The reply was that the statement was a very serious one and if Inspector Jones had made such a statement the chief would have had an investigation.

About this time he left the room and the aldermen after a very short discussion passed a resolution requiring that the force be reduced to 34 men without making any dismissals and that as vacancies occurred on the regular force the same be filled by competent specials.

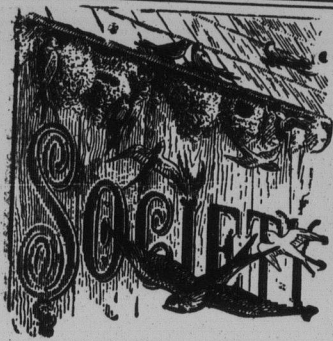
Boyle was Asked to Resign.  
The sensation caused by the statement of Chief Clarke, that no other officers had been requested to resign was not without reason. He must have known that the statement would surprise the aldermen and lower their opinion of his frankness—to say the least.

Officer Boyle was asked to resign. He was asked by the captain and the latter would not do it without the authority of the chief. Boyle was much disturbed about the matter and he lost no time in seeing his friends. They advised him to go to Recorder Skinner and get his advice. He did so and he has not resigned. More than that there is no disposition in the council to remove a man who has served the city so well and faithfully for 24 years.

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There is one thing the youth of St. John and older ones too, look forward to each year with joyous anticipation and that is the opening of the skating season. It is a pastime characteristic of Canada and in our own city it stir up all the sociability there is in it. During the past week the two principal ice rinks have been formally opened, each occasion being attended with unbounded excitement among the young people. Once more the merry chatter of half a thousand or more skaters commingling with sprightly band music, delights the heart of the city's "future hope" and from this until spring-time influences are felt these tri-weekly evenings of exhilarating amusement will hold their own against all other amusements in social circles. Carnivals are booked for January and February as well as ice sports and all the season's prospects are particularly rosy as far as the skating season is concerned.

Fresh from the hands of carpenters and decorators the rink of generations, the old Victoria, was thrown open on Tuesday evening to an assembly of nearly a thousand people. The clinking of the merry old turnstiles at the entrance was music to the ears of skaters and when the first "band" peeled forth across the mirror-like sheet of ice, a general hurrah went up around the happy circle of humanity. It took but a glance to show what improvements had been made since the last winter. Instead of the homely seats round about, the management has had a very neat boxwork built, and the once grim-looking walls, sheathed with light wood. Pionious paint of pleasing tints offset the bright woodwork and the rink looked almost new. Dressing rooms had been enlarged and the parlor with its plate glass front and easy chairs was better fitted than ever. A huge old fashioned fireplace with burning logs made this a cheering place to sit between hours, and was crowded all the time. Fully three hundred spectators walked around in both the ground floor and overhead promenades.

The "Vic's Own Band," upon which Manager "Bob" Armstrong prides himself with a justifiable pride, supplied the following programme which will be seen is fully up-to-date musically and containing some of the most popular tunes of the day.

Grand march.....	Admiral Dwyer
Valse.....	La Villagroy
.....	Epiphimosa
Valse.....	Der Sunnuntags
Cake walk.....	At a Geat Camp Meeting
.....	The World of Dreams
Valse.....	On the Banks of the Wabash
.....	The Sweet Vows
March.....	Stars and Stripes
God Save the Queen	

The "L.M." whilst club held a meeting recently at the residence of Mr. Leonard Shaw Queen Square, and an enjoyable evening was spent in whist, music, etc. A recherche supper was served. Last Thursday the club met at the residence of Mr. Guy Robinson Stanley street. A dainty supper was served in the dining room and at 12:30 the party dispersed. A list of the club members was given some weeks ago in Progress.

Queen's Rink the society resort for skating, the bath of every St. John hockey match, made its bow once more on Thursday evening with a large attendance of young people and others not quite so juvenile. This rink as well as the Victoria has undergone a beautifying process pleasing to patrons, and also a brand new order of management. Mr. A. J. Tutts son of Ald. Tutts is now the director of this rink's fortunes and his experiences in both social ice skating and ice sporting matters will recommend him strongly as the correct man in the proper place. A thorough renovating makes the "Queen's" appear as brand new, and so rigid have become the rules of order and procedure that nothing but utmost regularity and peacefulness will reign there all winter. The Artillery Band, Prof. Horsman leader, supplied one of their faultless programmes on opening night, and all went merry as the proverbial marriage bell. Monday is an exclusive night at the Queen's.

The young people's ball will take place on Friday of next week the 30th. This function has hitherto been held on New Year's eve but of course as the day comes on Saturday this year that is out of the question. Elaborate preparations still go on, and the committee in charge say the prospect for a very brilliant affair are excellent.

Lady Tilley and Miss Winifred Howland went to St. Stephen this week to spend the Christmas holidays with Lady Tilley's mother, Madame Chipman of the "Cedars."

Mrs. R. K. Jones gave a very delightful card party during the week, at which many ladies were present, and enjoyed the games immensely.

Miss Mary Inches, Miss May Harrison, Miss B. Schofield and Miss Robertson are home from their school at Windsor, N. B. for the holiday season. Others who arrived this week to spend Christmas at home are Mr. Fred Fisher from an upper Canadian college, Misses Nellie McAvity, Constance Smith, and M. Thompson from Queen's boarding schools, while the Fredericton contingent includes Messrs. Henry Harrison, J. Caswell, M. D. Coll, W. J. Wilson, G. C. Crawford and Chester Martin.

A musical event of which the entire city is looking forward with a great deal of pleasure is the advent of the Redpath concert company the last of January. Madame Clara is one of the names mentioned among the brilliant galaxy of artists who compose the aggregation, and the others are equally well known in the musical world. The dates for the concerts are January 30 and 31st.

Mr. F. MacMichael left Wednesday to spend Christmas with his relatives in Toronto.

Miss Hattie Steeves of Elgin is the guest of the Messrs Gladys and Annie Stammers during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Sherwood of Hillsboro spent a few days in the city lately.

Capt. Kinney of the S. S. Prince Edward and Mrs. Kinney will spend the winter here, and have taken rooms at the Grand Union hotel.

Mr. Edmund L. Breese leading man with James O'Neill has been spending the week in St. John a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. J. D. Landry, Leinster street, and leaves today to rejoin his company at Washington, D. C. Mr. Breese and Miss Landry have been overwhelmed with congratulations upon the announcement of their engagement.

*Chairs re-seated, Cans, Spits, Perfumery, Duvall, 17 Waterloo Street.*

which interesting bit of news appeared in Progress a week ago. During his short stay in the city Mr. Breese has made many friends, his bright, social nature making him a most agreeable acquaintance. In a week or two a large number of invitations will be issued for a ball masque to be held in the Institute on January 25th. The invitations will be sent out a little earlier than usual in order to give those who intend to make the forthcoming ball much more brilliant than its predecessor.

One of the pleasantest events of the latter part of last week was the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Rankin in honor of their son, Mr. Harry Rankin's eighteenth birthday.

A large number of young people were present and those who assisted the host and hostess in looking after their entertainment were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rankin, Mrs. Allan Rankin, Miss Anna Taylor, of Halifax and Mr. and Mrs. James Clarke. The supper arrangements were excellent, and the table decorations exceedingly pretty, the centre of attraction being a large birthday cake on which were traced the words "Harry's Birthday," 1880-1898.

Miss Louie Crosby of Nova Scotia was introduced to St. John society at this party and looked very pretty in a crisp white muslin gown trimmed with flowers.

Excellent music was provided by Mr. Morton Harrison violinist, and Mr. Archie Cook, pianist, for the following dances. The programmes were pretty souvereirs of the event: 1, valse; 2, lancers; 3, milha re; 4, valse; 5, valse; 6, two step; 7, valse; 8, waltz; 9, milha re; 10, two step; 11, valse; 12, polka; 13, lancers; 14, milha re; 15, valse; 16, galop and two or three supper dances.

Among those present were:

Mr. Harry Pheasant,	Mr. Fred Pheasant,
Mr. Sandy Fowler,	Mr. Walter Harrison,
Mr. Maurice Purdy,	Mr. Blanchard Fowler,
Mr. Kenneth Inches,	Mr. Ned Sears,
Mr. Harold Sears,	Mr. Harry Brown,
Mr. William Rodgers,	Mr. A. Clarke,
Mr. Ralph Clarke,	Mr. Douglas Seeley,
Mr. Louis Barker,	Mr. Stanley Emmerson,
Mr. Frank Robinson,	Mr. Duane Robertson,
Mr. Jack Purdy,	Mr. Fred McNill,
Mr. Charles McDonald,	Mr. John Kimball,
Miss Emma Rankin,	Miss Zella Rankin,
Miss F. F. F. F.,	Miss Louie Crosby,
Miss Louise Girvan,	Miss Olive Lawson,
Miss Kate Pheasant,	Miss Lou Harman,
Miss Nan McDonald,	Miss Fanny deForest,
Miss Lily Adams,	Miss Elsie Holden,
Miss Lou Kimball,	Miss Rebekah McAvity,
Miss C. Gerow,	Miss Gillis,
Miss Olive Stone,	Miss George Scammell,
Miss Kins,	Miss Nellie Thorne,
Miss Florence Robertson,	Miss Belle,
Miss Ella MacAulay,	Miss Hazel Rainnie,
and others.	

Among the pleasantest small events that have recently taken place was the dance given last week by the Misses Armstrong, of Sydney street and at which the young folks present spent a very charming evening.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. J. Estel issued invitations last week for a large dance at their residence German street next Thursday evening the 29th.

Speaking of local events recalls an incident that occurred at a very well at home given two weeks ago and illustrates the folly of inviting more people than a house will comfortably accommodate. At this particular function the crush was so great that those who go into the dining room had to stay there, and many of the guests left without the usual refreshments.

Mr. Guy Johnston has accepted a position in the C. P. R. office on King street, in which new scent of work his friends will wish him every success.

The Misses Emma McAvity and May Inches arrived this week to spend the Christmas holidays with their families.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Patterson left on Wednesday for Boston to spend the holiday season.

Mr. Harry Featman spent part of last week at her home in Greenfield.

Mr. E. G. Dunn, Jr., of Ashland, Me., is paying a visit to his father, Mr. E. G. Dunn of Lunenburg.

Mr. George Moore's friends will be sorry to learn that he is seriously ill at his home on Main St.

The organ recital in St. Andrew's church the beginning of the week was one of the most enjoyable events of the kind that we have had for some time, and certainly merited a much larger attendance.

The programme was a most interesting one and thoroughly enjoyed by those present. The names on it included those of Mr. Fred H. Blair organist, who is connected with Mt. Allison university and whose numbers were played in a thoroughly finished manner, Miss Jean Bruce of Moncton, violinist, whose work was most graceful and well nigh faultless, and Mr. Lindsay, vocalist, who acquitted himself in an exceptional good manner. A very enjoyable feature of the programme was the quartette rendered by Mrs. Frances Forbes, Mr. Cochran and Mr. MacNeill.

Mr. Kenneth Hally and Mr. Wylie Manning arrived home this week from Acadia University to spend the holidays with their parents.

The following account of a marriage which took place in Los Angeles, California on Monday Dec. 12th, will be read with interest in this province where the contracting parties formerly belonged. The bride, a Fredericton lady went west with members of her family about five years ago, and the groom, a native of Kingsclear, N. B., is a more recent exodist.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place yesterday afternoon at two o'clock at Christ church, the contracting parties being Miss E. Marion Scarnell and Walter Davidson Chalmers. Rev. George Robitson officiated. The wedding march was played by Mrs. T. F. Robertson, the church was decorated with Smilax, La France and Marechal Neil roses. The bride wore a gown of national blue cloth. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers, after spending a few days at Coronado, will make their home in West Riverside. —Los Angeles Times.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Calhoun of Albert Mines, N. B., have taken rooms at the Clifton House for the winter.

Mr. W. K. Reynolds, editor of the N. B. Magazine, was confined to his room for a day or two last week from the effects of a cold.

Dr. T. D. Walker was called to Riverside this week to attend Mrs. McClelan the wife of the Lieut. Governor, who was quite ill for a time, but who is now much better.

Letters received from Mr. D. R. Jack recently report a very pleasant and interesting trip abroad. The last of November he was in St. Petersburg and expected to leave in a few days for Rome, and from there would leave by steamer for London.

Last Saturday evening Miss Irving's afternoon dancing class for the very young pupils closed with a charming little evening party which lasted from 7 until 10:30 o'clock. Refreshments were served, and the time passed very pleasantly. Miss Irving supplied the music for the dancers. The classes will re-open after the holidays and Miss Irving who is very popular with her pupils will receive a warm welcome on her return from a visit to friends.

Among those present: at the charming little dance were:

Miss Ethel Robertson,	Miss Jennie Robertson,
Miss Violet Simonds,	Miss Francis Simonds,
Miss Mabel Taylor,	Miss Smith,
Miss Daisy Sears,	Miss Lettie McAvenny,
Master McAvenny,	Master Ken McDonald,
Miss Lee Flaw,	Miss Ethel Baird,
Miss Lydia Kimball,	Miss Mary Harvey,
Miss Olive Harvey,	Miss Campbell,
Miss Daphne Crosby,	Miss Ina McLaren,
Miss Mary McLaren,	Miss Jean McDonald,
Miss Nellie McDonald,	Misses Climo,
Miss Vera Nevins,	Miss Beatrice Sutherland,
and others.	

On Thursday evening of this week Miss Irvine's German cotillon class was entertained with a very enjoyable little dance, the last until after the holidays. The affair was a small and early, besides the members of the dancing class there were others present, all of whom of course had a delightful time. Light refreshments were served during the evening to those who participated in the affair among whom were:

Miss Rogers,	Miss Lou Kimball,
Miss Elsie Holden,	Miss Winnie Barnaby,
Miss Tessie Smith,	Miss Molly Peters,
Miss Nellie Thorne,	Miss Lonnie Crosby,
Miss Mazie Thorne,	Miss Emma Tins,
Miss Alice Grant,	Miss Grace Campbell,
Miss Daisy F. Irweather,	Miss Grace Dick,
Miss Ethel Fenjoy,	Miss May Fenjoy,
Miss Minnie L'Kelly,	Mr. A. W. Rodgers,
Mr. Guy Johnston,	Mr. Harold Sears,
Mr. D. McLaughlan,	Mr. Ned Sears,
Mr. Sandy Fowler,	Mr. W. Barker,
Mr. Stanley Emmerson,	Mr. Guy Bostwick,
Mr. C. McDonald,	Mr. Harold Parvis,
Mr. Charles Likely,	Mr. Pakes,
Mr. L. G. Street,	Mr. J. Dick,
Mr. Louis J. Street,	Mr. C. Gregory,
Mr. L. Vroom,	Mr. Walter Harrison,
Mr. Frank Magee,	Mr. Andrew Frith,
Mr. A. Schofield,	Mr. Guy McLeod,
Mr. Reg. Kerr,	Mr. R. Clarke,
Mr. A. Rodgers,	Mr. T. A. Ison,
Mr. Douglas Seely,	Mr. A. Dick,
Mr. Harold Robinson,	Mr. Bee Straltee,
Mr. C. Likely.	

Miss Nellie McAvity, Miss Edith Higgins, Miss T. Robertson, Miss Marion Bolyea, Miss Mary Inches, Miss Lily Adams, Miss B. Schofield, Miss Constance Smith, Miss Amy Smith.

"The Burns' Almanac."  
[Compiled by Dr. John Ross.]

I.  
A record, this, of Robert Burns,  
For all who ken him well,  
For trusting youth, or wisest age,  
Who love his magic spell.  
His fateful muse hath yet a charm,  
To draw our hearts along,  
And every lad still thinks his lass  
A heroine of song.

II.  
To Burns we wear the ivy crown,  
Although a century dead,  
Whose verses yet will breathe and live  
'Till love from earth hath fled.  
His men were brave—his sweethearts true,  
His lassies all divin'  
O'er Scotia's hills his halo streamed  
In days of Auld lang syne.

III.  
"The Braes of Ayr" and "Bonnie Doon"  
Historic are in story,  
And Devon Banks and heathen glens  
Filled with the Poets glory.  
For "auld acquaintance ne'er forgits,"  
To learn from him our duty,  
The love of home, the pride of race  
The homage rendered beauty.

IV.  
So Bu us shall always find a place  
Where souls are free of gull,  
Where doubt ne'er enters faithful hearts,  
Nor scowls repress the smile.  
Where skies are pure, 'neath shining stars,  
Where music, mirth and song  
To ardent youth still give delight,  
Though years have sped along.

V.  
Our mother earth remains as fair  
As in the fabled ages  
When 'er'es danced upon the green  
And 'er'es danced in the breeze.  
The spring still comes in native grace,  
The summer sun is bright,  
The autumn comes in wreath of gold,  
The winter garb is white.  
For all is now as it has been,  
While tides still ebb and flow,  
And present days are just as good  
As the o' long ago.

Hillsboro, O., December, 1898. C. H. COLLINGS.

Christmas in the Olden Time.  
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
The huge hall-lable's oaken face,  
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,  
Borne then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the luscious brown,  
By old blue-coated serving men;  
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high  
'Treated with bays and rosemary.  
Well call the goose-roasted rancer tell,  
How, when, and where the monster fell;  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the betting of the boar.  
The wassal round in good brown bowls,  
Garnished with ribbons, blithely hard;  
There the huge squire reeled; and by  
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;  
Nor failed old Scotland to produce  
And all the merry maskers if,  
And carols roared with althome dia;  
It was a hearty noo, and strong,  
White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And snuffed cheeks the visors made;  
Old Christmas brought his sports again,  
But O! what masks were richly dyed  
Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
England was merry England when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again,  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas rambol out could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.  
—Sir Walter Scott.

Of all the countries in the world there is none so cold as this little country, with fewer than 1,300,000 inhabitants, there are 875 persons whose age exceeds 100 years.

Christmas Annals, all kinds, at McArthur's, 90 King Street.

Handsone Premiums—Save the Wrappers. "What is, is Best" AND WHAT IS BEST, IS

**WELCOME SOAP**

It helps a woman economize at home. It has that free lathering, great cleansing and at the same time lasting quality. Many thousand housekeepers throughout Canada have learned to pin their faith to.....

**THE ONLY REAL BORAX SOAP, WELCOME**

The Welcome Soap Co., - St. John, N. B.

**Clear Soap.** You will want a clear Soap for the Christmas Dinner, and you can have it easily. Your grocer (if he is progressive) has those little English Soap Squares made by E. Lazenby & Son. There are Clear soaps among them—a delicious julienne for example. Each square makes 1½ pints of soup. Lazenby's Soup Squares. Dissolve one in boiling water—that's all the work there is.

**WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.**

**FREE FREE FREE**

An... Extraordinary **FREE Offer**

Beautiful Solid Gold Shell Ring with your Birthday Stone Mounted in Genuine Belcher Setting, FREE.

YOU PAY NOTHING. Simply send your Name and Address on a Post Card, plainly written, and we will send you Twelve packages of Petal Perfume (which is a concentration of the sweetest flowers) to sell for us, if you can, at 10 cents per package. When sold, send us our money. To each month is dedicated a precious stone, and, according to the Greeks and ancients, any person wearing the enchanted stone of his birth month, insures them great and undying good luck. Thus to January is dedicated the garnet; February, amethyst; March, bloodstone; April, diamond; May, emerald; June, agate; July, ruby; August, sardonyx; September, sapphire; October, opal; November, topaz, and December, turquoise. Remember, to obtain your choice of these Rings FREE, we only ask you to sell \$1.25 worth of our goods. Send address on a Post Card at once; mention this paper, and we will send the Perfume. No money required; we take all risks. Perfume returnable if not sold.

**PETAL PERFUME COMPANY,**  
94 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

**FREE FREE FREE**

**You Want a Piano**

But you scarcely see your way clear to pay for it....

Well! There are many who feel that way, but if you will take the time to consult us, we will convince you of the possibility of securing a piano on such easy terms of payment that you will scarcely feel it as an addition to your regular expenditure. The years slip around quickly and before you know it you will absolutely own a first-class piano free of any encumbrance if you purchase on our system. Come and see us, or if you live at a distance write us and we will mail you a beautifully illustrated catalogue free.

**W. H. JOHNSON CO., Limited.**  
PIANOS & ORGANS, Granville and Buckingham Sts. Halifax.

**PELEE ISLAND WINES**

BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROFESSOR LEBLANC.

"Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DECAT.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It

**E. G. SCOVIL** Tea and Commission Merchant | 62 Union Street.

**Get Your Xmas Candy**

AT **McCLASKEY'S.**

Special 5th. box best Chocolates and Bon-bonns \$1.50  
" 6 " " " " " " \$1.00  
" 7 " " " " " " " \$1.00  
" 8 " " " " " " " \$1.00

Large line of Fancy Baskets and Xmas novelties.

**McClaskey's - 47 King St.**

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 centers. MORSON & Co., Barrington street CLIFFORD SMITH, Cor. George & Granville Sts CANADA NEWS Co., Railway Depot J. B. FIDYLA, Brunswick street J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. St Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St

Dec. 20.—The Well String Quartet's concert, came off successfully in the Conservatory of Music last week in the presence of a fashionable and appreciative audience, and at which Miss Margaret White made her musical debut. This young lady in her playing displayed splendid execution, a thorough knowledge of technique, combined with wonderful expression, which is the soul of music Mrs. Curran sang with charmingly rendered, and we will look forward to hearing her again in the near future. Too much praise cannot be given to the "Quartette." They gave us first-class music, which was rendered in a masterly manner.

The Shakespeare class is still in a most flourishing condition. At each meeting there has been a marked increase in the number of students. On Saturday of last week the large assembly hall at the Conservatory was filled, every seat was occupied, the class at present reading "Macbeth." A goodly number of "volunteers" acceded to Dr. Black's wish and read the play aloud, each reader impersonating a character. Among those who were generous enough to add so much interest to the afternoon proceedings were Mrs. Kennedy-Campbell, Miss Leitch, Col. Collard, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Allen and several other ladies and gentlemen.

Almost immediately after Xmas we are to have a very pretty wedding—that of Miss Oliver. The ceremony is to be held in the "Garrison," so that in every detail it promises to be a military wedding. The young lady is one of the greatest favorites in society.

Mrs. J. W. Longley left last week for Bermuda. Having been in a delicate state of health for some time, she cannot stand the severity of Canadian frosts and snows. Mrs. Longley spent last winter in the Southern States.

Lieut. Dumble was also among the passengers for Bermuda. Mr. Dumble, who has been on this station for some time, was a great favorite among "Haligonians," as Canadian himself, he probably felt "at home" among us. Quite a number of "societies" went to the Bermuda boat to see friends "off" on Thursday morning last.

Colonel and Mrs. Arstruther-Duncan bid adieu to Halifax this week, and there is much regret evinced by a large number of friends at their departure. They contemplate taking an extended tour before reaching their final destination—England. From Halifax they go first to Vancouver and thence over to Hong Kong.

Miss Winnie Burns has returned to Halifax after a visit of some months among various cities in the Upper Provinces. She will spend Xmas at "Maplewood."

A SEA OF FLAME.

On the evening of November, 23rd, 1898, a fire broke out in the British ship Melanic, loaded with 500 barrels of petroleum. An awful mass of flames shot up from the main hatch and the vessel quivered from stem to stern with explosion of the barrels. Her seams opened and the blazing petroleum poured out into the river, spreading a belt of fire around her. The master and seamen jumped overboard. Captain Sharp, whose vessel was lying close-by, propelled a small boat through the blazing river and after a severe scorching and imminent peril, saved the seamen from a horrible death.

All over civilization there are thousands of men in imminent danger from those diseases. They are threatened with consumption or are already in the clutch of that deadly disease. If they only knew help is at hand. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption. It also cures bronchitis, asthma, throat and nasal troubles and all diseases of the air passages. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder, and nerve-tonic. It much purifies the system, the digestion and the liver activity. The Golden Medical Discovery is the product of that eminent specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, who, during the thirty years that he has been chief consulting physician at the "Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, has treated more cases than fifty ordinary physicians' treat in a lifetime. Thousands given up by doctors have testified to complete recovery under this marvelous medicine.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is speedily cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

her coalition favors for the winter ball, and in this way she maintains her reputation for giving a greater variety of beautiful and novel knickknacks than any other hostess in town. At the coming dance the usual arrangements will prevail. The sliding partition between the halls of Mrs. Astor's own house and that of her son John Jacob Astor, will be drawn back and the large ballroom will be used for dancing.

Mrs. J. H. A. Tremblere has decided to make New York her home. As Miss Adelaide Van Anken Mrs. Tremblere was one of the most brilliant young women in society. She inherited a fortune from her grandfather, the late Commodore Garrison. So few girls who have married Englishmen of position return to their native land to live that respect. The term of judicial office held by Mrs. Tremblere in India is about to expire, and when it does he and Miss Tremblere will take up their residence here.

Levi P. Morton gave an elaborate dinner last night at his home 681 Fifth avenue in honor of Lord Herschell. Those seated at the board included Bishop Henry C. Potter, Justice George L. Ingraham, the Rev. Dr. John Wesley Brown, Admiral Schley, Rear Admiral Miller, Justice Charles H. Van Brunt, Justice Edward Patterson, Alexander O. Orr, Andrew Carnegie, Horace White, James C. Carter, H. Williams, James Larocque, Darius O. Mill, Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy and Justice Ramsey.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Alice Stuart Wier and Edwin A. Stevens Lewis of 70 in the Protestant Episcopal church of the Redeemer at Morristown, N. J. The bride-elect is a daughter of Henry Harrison Walker, who is a graduate of West Point and was a Brigadier-General in the Southern Army during the civil war. The bride and bridegroom elect are related. Mr. Lewis was graduated from Princeton in the class of '91, and obtained an M. A. there in 1894, the year in which he was admitted to the bar. At Princeton he played on the football team. He is a member of the University Athletic Union League and Princeton Graduate clubs of this city and of the Essex Troop of Newark. He is a son of the late Col. Edward Parke Curtis Lewis, who was at one time United States Minister to Portugal.

A marriage has been arranged and will take place in London on Jan. 4 between Robert B. Hay, youngest son of Lady Hay and nephew of W. Butler Duncan of this city, and Miss Ella Bulkeley Johnson.

too large dances are to be given on the Thursday before Christmas, one in the old Raquet Court, scene of festivities without number, thus being an iron affair; the other in the evening at a private residence given for a pretty dandy-eyed debutante, Miss Estelle Kessler.

Then the Ladies Golf Club a very popular institution, is thinking of repeating its success a last year, that is that they expect to give a ball masque (dominion dance on T. 14th night. The only objection to the costumes is the heat, for it is very hot indeed dancing in a long garment over the ball dress and a mask of lace and canvas over the finished face.

Speaking of dances, the ball given by Colonel Turner, the American Consul and Mrs. Turner was a very brilliant one. The long dining room was transformed by flags English and American—into a most artistic looking salon; two orchestras played, one in the gallery and a second hidden behind the palms, playing during the waltzes. Some very lovely dances were given. Mrs. Stratton, of St. John who has lately come to live in Ottawa, and who is fair to be very popular, looked radiant in red silk with clouds of chiffon edged with gold embroidery.

Though it has been the liveliest of skating weather so far no skating parties have been given at Government House by their Excellencies, but then they have been engaged in making flying visits to Montreal, and Toronto where they opened charity balls, and yacht club ball and patronized amateur performances in theatres and were dined by Lord and Lady Stratton at their handsome residence in Montreal.

Their excellencies went up to Toronto last week to attend the Yacht Club Ball. The countess of Minto wore a beautiful gown of white satin en praline, turquoise and pearl ornaments decorated the bodice, a clarnid t'was was worn. Lady Sybil Beaulieu, the pretty, sweet-faced niece of Her excellency was in white satin with lace fichu drapery. Mrs. Drummond who wins admiration everywhere by her fine presence and distinguished bearing wore on this occasion white tulle embroidered in silver sequins. The bodice outlined with folds of turquoise blue velvet. In the quadrille of honor the Earl of Minto danced with Mrs. Aramias Jarvis, Lady Minto with Commodore Jarvis, and Col. Otter with Lady Beaulieu.

Mr. Almon, a student in a medical college in Halifax, is spending his holidays in Ottawa with Mrs. Almon.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart left last week for Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart of the latter city are guests of Mrs. Sedgwick.

Miss Snowball of Chatham, N. B. who is just now in Toronto, is expected later in Ottawa, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Blair.

Sir Louis Davies and Lady Davies returned from Washington this week.

The Women's Morning Music club and the May Court club are taking holidays just now, their concerts and lectures being given up till after Christmas.

and will after Xmas open a class for the tuition of French.

Mrs. Mitchell wife of Dr. Mitchell, went to Wallace last week to attend the funeral of her brother-in-law Senator Macfarlane.

Mr. T. Inglis Moffat of the Dead letter department Halifax, will spend Christmas in town with his relatives Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Bent, Eddy street. Mrs. Bliss wife of Rev. D. Bliss of Mount Watley spent a few days in town this week a guest of her son Dr. Courtney Bliss Church street.

Miss Trenholm and Mrs. Theo. Roach left today to spend the winter in Los Angeles California.

Miss Elizabeth Page of Port Greville is visiting her relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Curry of Bridgetown will spend Christmas in town with the latter's mother Mrs. Lowe, Church street.

The Aberdeen skating rink was opened for the season on Monday night.

Miss Lawton of the vocal department at Wolveville Seminary is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Moffat Church street.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. (Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, F. W. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. In Calais at G. F. Treat's.)

Dec 21.—Everyone is so engaged in Christmas work and Christmas shopping that there has been no time to give to social doings this week. Both Christ church and Trinity church are prettily adorned with evergreen and appropriate mottoes for the Christmas season.

CATARRAH DEAFNESS. The last stage development of Nasal Catarrh, Japanese Catarrh Cure goes away past the points where even specialists on the disease have been able to reach. It's a penetrating, soothing, healing and strengthening compound, allaying the inflammation and healing without leaving the slightest bad after-effects. The only guaranteed Catarrh cure. 50c at all druggists.

SORE THROAT. Most every family has its subjects for sore throat. It's an ailment that comes in a twinkling—develops dangerously in an incredibly short time. The speediest relief and the sure cure is what you look for in the emergency.

GRIFFITH'S MENTHOL LINIMENT. RELIEVES THE INSTANT APPLIED. AT ALL DRUGGISTS — 25 CENTS.



LOTS OF FUN — FOR — ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND and Canada and all ages playing the great game of BOBITY. Price \$1.25 each. Trade supplied by G. FLOOD & SONS, General Wholesale Agents, St. John, N. B.

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.

THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected until the redness has faded. If NOT CURED by Calton's of all kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Bolts. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co. \$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus.

THE BEST Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

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

Hansen. have become a T's a five mill of milk, a little serves. A Junk into cups or m These tablets 15 cents per 30 accompanies. AG EVANS Mo



The coming generation will have fewer skin diseases, because so many mothers are using Baby's Own Soap

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAPS

NEWCASTLE.

Dec. 21.—Mr. and Mrs. John M. Davidson who have been spending the past three months with Mrs. Davidson's relatives left on Tuesday for their home in Hamilton, Ontario, Mr. Davidson expects in a short time to resume his duties in the bank of Montreal. They were accompanied as far as Moncton by Mr. A. A. Davidson.

Mr. T. W. Adams of Bathurst has been here for several days called by the severe illness of his brother Senator Adams.

Mr. J. S. Fleming went to Campbellton on Monday to attend the meeting of the telegraph association.

Mrs. William Withwell who has been visiting relatives in Boston and New York for the past three months returned home on Saturday.

There is a very successful auxiliary of the women's foreign mission in connection with St. James church presbyterian, Newcastle; it meets weekly in the manse. These meetings are rendered both interesting and profitable by reading and discussing all matters bearing on mission work. The ladies of this auxiliary have been very busy for some time past making up a box, for the children of the new Hebrides mission, last week it was sent on, while it is well supplied with articles of usefulness it also contains a goodly number of toys and other things of childish fancy, "One touch of nature makes the world kin". How pleasant to know that when our Canadian children are rejoicing over the gifts of Santa Claus the hearts of those far distant little ones are no less gleeful and glad over the arrival of their Christmas box.

After an absence of several months Mr. S. Bishop of Bathurst has returned to town to assist Mr. Charles Park in his Christmas bazaar Mr. Park is as energetic as ever and has hired Santa Claus for an hour each day to drive through the town with his well laden trees, we presume for the purpose of enticing purchasers to his emporium.

Masters Allen and Harold Ritchie, who have been attending the Rothesay Seminary, returned on Saturday to spend the Christmas holidays with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Allen Ritchie.

Mr. Edward Sinclair of Bridgeville, left on Monday for New York.

Mr. T. Tozer made a flying trip to Moncton on Saturday.

Miss Gertrude Stothard, who has been attending the Ladies College, Sackville, returned on Tuesday to spend the holiday season at her home here.

Mr. Gilmore Stothard of Loggieville, spent Sunday in town.

Messrs. Geo. Watt and Alexander Morrison, of Chatham, were in town on Sunday.

Mrs. W. P. Bishop returned on Saturday to her home in Bathurst, having spent a week with her mother Mrs. N. Park.

Dr. Smith of Tracadie, was in town the latter part of last week.

Mr. John C. Miller of Millerton, was in town on Monday.

Mr. Robert Willis, who has been visiting friends here, returned to his home in Yongehill on Monday.

There is to be a "service of song" in the Methodist church next Sunday evening. The children of the Sabbath school will assist, and as all the music will be appropriate to the Christmas season, it promises to be well worth hearing.

A number of Newcastle ladies have recently organized a Shakespearean club. It meets on Thursday evening in Mrs. Johnston's house. This is certainly a praiseworthy step on the part of these ladies.

The Booklet "Dainty Delicacies for Artistic Desserts" supplies 33 of Emma H. Crane's most celebrated recipes for making Junket.

These recipes like Hansen's Junket Tablets have become world famous.

It is a five minute job to make Junket—a quart of milk, a little fruit, fruit juice, flavoring, or preserves, a Junket Tablet enough heat to warm, pour into cups or moulds to cool.

These tablets are sold by druggists and grocers 15 cents per packet containing ten. The booklet accompanies.

AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

Their object is not merely to read the post, but to study him. On Thursday evening last they took up the second act in the tragedy of Macbeth. No scene was allowed to pass without being discussed and its beauties noted and admired. We think that these ladies in selecting the works of Shakespeare as a study, exhibit a degree of courage and good judgment which merits deep respect. The meetings are not only enjoyable but instructive and we feel sure the ladies cannot fail to be greatly benefited in mind and heart by the study of Shakespeare who is essentially the poet of human life.

Miss Whitlock of St. Andrews arrived on Saturday to spend several weeks with her aunt Mrs. E. Lee Street.

Messrs. R. T. Aitken and F. Yorton drove to Bay du Vin on Saturday.

The King's Daughters met on Monday evening with the president Mrs. Osborne Nicholson. The ladies of this circle are preparing for a tea and tree between Xmas and the New Year.

The sale held by the ladies of St. Andrews Guild on Wednesday afternoon and evening though not very largely attended was a very pleasant affair socially as well as being quite a success financially. The evergreen decorations and arrangement of the different attractions for the occasion, reflected much credit on those who managed the affair. To one coming in from the keen frosty air outside the refreshment table with its steaming cups of tea and coffee and large variety of cake seemed to be especially attractive. Mrs. Harley assisted by Miss Sargent and Miss Thomson, distributed their cups of comfort to ten cents each and were particularly attentive to the wants of their customers. Mrs. E. P. Williston assisted by Mrs. Morrell had charge of the apron table and found a ready sale for the different styles displayed thereat. At another division of the same table Mrs. Snow was selling useful articles and near by a ten cent table was managed by Miss Mary Maltby, everybody bought home-made candy from Miss Beattie Smith and Miss Annie Russell, while all the little ones tried their luck, again and again at the "Brain Pie" which seemed to contain no end of surprises. The fancy work table which had been so tastefully arranged by Mrs. J. W. Davidson and Mrs. Allan Ritchie was well patronized and many pieces of pretty work were carried away to gladden the hearts of some friend on Christmas morning. The amount realized was seventy dollars.

MIRAMICHI.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

Dec. 21.—Last week everyone was much saddened by the sudden death of Mrs. Allison. Though she had been shut away from her friends by ill health for two years yet she held a firm place in the affections of many, having always been essentially the friend of the people. The beautiful and impressive funeral service held Friday afternoon in Lingly hall was something that will long be remembered. The hall was draped in black relieved with the college colors of garnet and gold and the casket was heaped with flowers. Wreaths were sent by the faculties of the university, academy and Ladies College and by the university students and hosts of friends. H. A. F. well and family sent a beautiful broken column of white flowers. The service was conducted by Rev. S. Howard assisted by Dr. Borden and Dr. Chapman. Rev. C. F. Higgins, Rector of St. Paul's also assisted by special request of the deceased. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Stewart and Dr. Brecken both of whom spoke warmly of the many estimable qualities of Mrs. Allison. Under the direction of Prof. Osteking the university and Ladies college choirs furnished appropriate hymns and at the close Prof. Vincent rendered artistically a funeral march from present from neighboring towns.

Last week the Literary Society of the Epworth League had a very pleasant meeting at the home of Prof. Andrews, something like twenty members being present. There were readings from "Makers of Methodism" and "The Fairy Land of Science after which a most interesting paper on "A drop of water" was read by Miss Ramey which was illustrated with boiling water, shown by Prof. and Mrs. Andrews. The evening closed with coffee and cake.

Tuesday evening Rev. E. B. Hooper of Moncton gave an admirable service in St. Paul's church, the occasion being the meeting of the assembly of the Wednesday evening there was service in the school house when very telling addresses were made by Revs. C. H. Fullerton, J. E. Campbell and Rev. A. Burk.

Last Sunday there were special services in the Methodist church a continuation of the opening. In the morning Dr. Brecken preached from the 42nd psalm a most eloquent and soul inspiring sermon. The evening service was conducted by Dr. Chapman to the great pleasure of his many friends who were glad to see and hear their old pastor again. The music under the direction of the anthem "The Lord is my Light" by Hills was well rendered and Miss Minnie Moore's execution of the aria from Mendelssohn's Elijah, "If with all your Heart" reflected great credit on the singer and her teacher. In the evening the anthem of last Sunday was repeated "The Radiant Morn hath Passed Away," which the choir give better than any other. It is not only a lovely selection in its self but is a great favorite with many being one of the pieces learned a number of years ago in the choral class so pleasantly conducted by Prof. Crang. Miss Wright gave an artistic rendering of the aria from the "Messiah" "Come unto Him" and at both services the hymns were given with spirit and good tempo.

In consequence of Mrs. Allison's death the closing exercises and farewell reception were omitted. The students began leaving Saturday as they got through their examinations, but the final departure was today for both pupils and teachers. Of the faculty those remaining at the ladies college for the holidays are Mr. and Mrs. Vincent and Prof. Osteking and of the students Miss Moore and Miss Blanchette. The rest of the staff have dispersed to their homes or friends. Miss Williams left early last week so as to witness Miss Fanning's wedding on the 16th.

From accounts that have reached Sackville from different sources this wedding was a very smart function. Masses of smilax and white chrysanthemums adorned the quaint interior of King's chapel and every pew was marked by a large bouquet. The bridegroom Mr. Eben Howard Gay was supported by his brother Mr. W. O. Gay and as both are well known society and club men there was a large attendance of fashionable Boston people. During the seating of the guests the Symphony orchestra played delightfully and rendered the usual wedding marches as the procession entered and left the church. The bride who was given away by her mother Mrs. Charles C. Fanning of St. Paul's was gowned in white satin en traine, the high corsage trimmed with point lace. Her tulle veil was edged with point lace and fastened with orange blossoms; the bouquet was of bride roses and ferns. The maid of honor and the two bridesmaids wore white mousseline de soie over pink silk with pink ostrich tips in their hair. Two little flower girls

of Mrs. Gay, strewed roses before the bride party as they left the church. The officiating clergyman was Rev. H. B. Brown. Among the eight ushers was Judge Wells of Moncton. After the service a reception was held at the Tullieries the beautiful new hotel of Boston, where the decorations were in pink and white for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Eben Howard Gay and Mrs. Fanning assisted in receiving. Mrs. Fanning was in black and white satin with steel trimming and Mrs. Gay was gowned in purple. The Boston Herald speaking of the wedding says: "the bride was one of the most beautiful girls who ever stood at that chancel" and Boston society is to be congratulated on such an addition for Mrs. Gay is not only a beautiful but a clever and accomplished woman, with a rarely winning personality. LADY OF SCHALOTT.

ST. GEORGE.

The funeral of Miss Eliza MacGowan took place from her late home on Tuesday afternoon Rev. Mr. Fraser officiating; death was caused from heart disease. Miss MacGowan, was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Alex MacGowan, had been a resident of St. George all her life and a teacher in the public school for nearly twenty-five years she was highly esteemed and her many friends will bear with deep regret of her death and sympathize with the relatives in their sad bereavement. This deceased was a consistent member of the presbyterian church, superintendent of the Sunday school, active in missionary work vice pres. of Charlott county S. S. association and at one time preside of the W. C. T. U. Among the flower girls girls was a very beautiful wreath from the teachers and scholars of the public school testifying to the affectionate regard in which she was held.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin spent part of last week in St. John.

Mr. Henry Hill of Milltown is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. J. S. Clark who has been dangerously ill with typhoid fever is slowly recovering her health. Dr. Armstrong of St. Andrews has been spending the week in town.

The different choirs are practicing their Christmas music.

Rev. Mr. Hall of Halifax and Mr. Reid of Sackville have been the guests of Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Lavers this week.

The children of the baptist S. school are to be entertained from three until five in Dewars hall on Wednesday afternoon Dec. 23rd.

Mr. Fred McMaster is very ill with congestion of the lungs.

Mr. A. Young leaves this week to spend the holidays with Mr. F. M. Young and family in Bridgetown, N. S.

Dr. Alexander leaves this week to spend Christmas with relatives. Max.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Dec. 21.—Christmas being so near all social functions are at a standstill, with the single exception of thimble parties and one can scarcely go out to tea or call upon a friend without being asked, "Did you bring your work?" As no one seems to have a thought or time for anything else but working Christmas presents one feels quite out of it, if not engaged upon some very important piece of work.

Pleasant humors are adroit concerning one of Maryville's bright young ladies, whom some rumor says will wed with a young man from the vicinity of Boston before the old year wanes.

Miss Stella Hart and Miss Mary Earle are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Sparden.

Mr. Boyer is here and will spend the Christmas holidays with her parents Dr. and Mrs. McLeod Mr. Allen Massie is spending Xmas at home.

Mrs. Wm. Logeombe is visiting her daughter Mrs. A. W. Edgcombe.

Messrs. Ryan, Lynch, Bert Wiley and Hanford McKee, are home from McGill University for the holidays.

Mrs. Ada Twining and daughter Miss Violet Twining are visiting Hon. J. P. and Mr. Thompson will spend Christmas here.

Mr. Wilmot Lemont is home from Boston for Xmas.

Col. F. B. Gregory of Victoria B. C., will spend Christmas at his old home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry O'Key and Mr. O'Key's sister of Port William, N. S., are here and all spend Christmas with Mrs. O'Key's parents Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe.

Mr. Fred Eaton of Boston is in the city the guest of his sister Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe.

Miss Beattie Gibson gave a skating party last evening at the Maryville rink; it being opening night a very large party went up from the city.

Dr. Fletcher of New York will spend Christmas here with his sister Mrs. L. C. MacNutt.

M. S. Timothy Lynch returned yesterday from a two months stay in Montreal.

Mr. John Tilton of St. John spent Sunday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker of Melvern Square N. S., are here to spend Xmas with Mrs. Baker's parents. CURIOUS.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hatfield Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones bookstore, and Monson's, and at Canadian Railway News Co. Depot.]

Dec. 20.—One of the best amateur entertainment given in Moncton took place in the evening of the thirtieth of December, in the basement of St. Bernard's church, in aid of the poor. The first part of the entertainment consisted of declamations and music. Mr. J. H. Corcoran gave one in English, and Mr. K. Breaux's comedienne of undoubted talent, gave another in French. Of the musical part, the gems of the programme were Mr. W. D. Simpson's vocal solo "Ashore", and Miss Nellie Gallagher's delightful rendition of Chopin's "Bird Ballade". Mr. Simpson was a welcome addition to Moncton's musical circles. His excellent well trained tenor voice will always be heard with pleasure. The comic dialogue "Too on parle Français", concluded the entertainment. Mr. J. H. Corcoran took the part of "Mr. Spriggins" to perfection, Miss Nellie Lyons as "Mrs. Spriggins", made a decided hit; while little Miss Walker evoked much applause as the overworked "Anna Maria", Miss Joe McSweeney made a pretty and graceful "Mrs. Rattan", while Mr. B. E. B. Simpson as "Victor Dubois" filled their parts in the most satisfactory manner. Miss Zephy Fianagan's "Angellina Spriggins", was also worthy of much praise.

JUBILEE STATION.

Dec. 22.—A very pleasant entertainment was given on at Nauwigewank hall last Thursday by the school children under the instruction of their energetic teacher Miss Annie Darling. The proceeds went for the purpose of supplying some extra which were much needed in the school and it is safe to say that it was successful both financially and socially as the hall was crowded to its utmost limit. The appended is the programme.

Some people may prefer some other than **Monsoon Tea**—because Monsoon lacks that "bite" which those who have used tannin teas expect in a tea. The refreshing purity of the Monsoon flavor, and the wholesome and permeating richness with which monsoon satisfies the system, may disagree with some tastes.

MONSOON

In sealed packets only—Never in bulk. By grocers, at 25c, 50c, 40c, 50c and 60c.

Opening address, Louise Chandler; Our Greeting, School song; The Eth Child, Pauline Dickson; Dialogue, From Down East; Song, The Minstrel Boy; March, by school; Dialogue, In Want of a Servant; Recitation, The Secret of Success; Recitation, Naughty Nell, Ethel Saunders; The Seasons Tablan Virginia; Song by a Chhmanan; Dialogue, The Somanballit; Recitation, The married man, Roy Flewelling; Gay and Happy, song by school; Recitation, The Lost Mitten, Miss H. Langstroth; May Drill, school; Reading, A. L. Darling; Dialogue, Brought to Trial for Blown Christmas Bells, song; Tablan, Santa Claus; God Save the Queen.

Dec. 20.—The Ladies church aid society held a fancy sale and pie social in the public hall on Thursday evening last which proved very successful.

Mr. Harry Postman, St. John, spent a few days at home last week.

Miss Jennie Seely's friends will be glad to learn that she is recovering though slowly, from a severe attack of typhoid fever, as one time no hopes were entertained for her recovery. Mr. Will Seely who has also been ill with the same disease is recovering.

Dr. J. B. Gilchrist was in St. John last week.

Mr. Fred Whelpley was also in St. John last week.

Miss Alma Jones is in Woodstock where she will spend the winter with her sister Mrs. W. W. Hay. Miss Edith Belyea is expected home this week to spend the holidays, after which she will go to West-land, where she is engaged to teach the coming term.

Miss Maggie Smith who is at present teaching at Clifton, is expected home this week for the holidays.

Mrs. S. F. Belyea's friends will be sorry to learn that she is confined to the house through illness. Capt. Peatman returned from St. John this week. The church of England Sunday school children are looking forward to the Christmas tree which will be held after Christmas.

The young people of the parish are very busy this week with the Christmas decorations of St. Paul's and St. James' churches.

THINGS OF VALUE.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief, and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

When a girl's clever tongue keeps her from marrying, it is because she has not yet met her equal among men.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheeks and morose restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

No person in Norway may spend more than threepence at one visit to a public-house.

Are your cornea harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

So many men are born to luck that it seems strange how we missed it.

An idle public mind is the demagogue's workshop.

Money saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast.

Among every 1,000 bachelors there are 38 criminals; among married men the ratio is only 18 per 1,000.

BELLOUSNESS BURDEN'S LIFE.—The bilious man is never a companionable man because his ailment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Farnelle's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

The new cable which has been laid across the Atlantic weighs 300 lbs. to the mile. This is the biggest of all the cables.

Useful At All Times.—In winter or in summer Farnelle's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nastier in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Don't Chance it! Silver plated knives, forks or spoons without this trade mark. Wm Rogers. may be good—but with it they are good—the best that money can buy—YOU ARE SURE OF THE BEST Sole manufacturers SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn., U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada.

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 King Square, makes it a most desirable 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. E. LABOI WILLIS, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator. and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. OYSTERS always on hand. FISH AND GAME in season! MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFÉ ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

THE NEW YORK DISPATCH. Oldest and Best Recognized Weekly Paper in the United States. Improved Management and Methods up to Date.

A Live Family Journal. Leads in the greatest news of the Day. Literary, Scientific, Humorous, Dramatic, Entertaining. Masonic and Society News.

One Copy, One Year, \$2.50. Post yourself on what is going on in New York. Address, New York Dispatch, 68 Broad Street, NEW YORK.

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 bbls. P. B. Island Oysters. Large and fat. At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leoschetzky" Method"; also "Synthe System," for beginners. Apply at the Residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

Isn't it Worth Something —TO HAVE— Your Business Boom. To be successful you will need PRINTING. We would like to do your work. We will try to please you. We will give you good Stock, good Ink, good Presswork. And we claim our prices are right considering quality. We Have The Facilities. TRY US NEXT. "Progress" Print.

ONE OF CALEB'S WAKEFUL NIGHTS.

Happening in the Penguin Household on the Occasion of the First Snow.

'There is one kind of insomnia that I don't find in the books,' said Mr. Penguin, 'though it is, if not as old as the hills, at least as old as mankind. That is the insomnia that is brought upon us by the wakefulness of children; and I don't refer now by any means to the time honored wakeful infant that we walk the floor with nights, and that sort of thing, but to youngsters, say, of the age of my Caleb, who is 6.

'Now, Caleb, as a rule goes to bed at 8 o'clock and sleeps beautifully until 7 or 8 the next morning; but occasionally he gets a wakeful streak; and then Mrs. Penguin myself know there will be no sleep for us until 3 o'clock in the morning. It may be some perfectly simple thing—or simple to most people—that keeps Caleb awake.

The most recent occasion of his wakefulness was the season's first snowstorm. That made a great impression on Caleb and filled him with delight. He was more than pleased, not alone over the prospect of sliding in the morning, but over the marvelous snow itself. I doubt if we older people can realize, in our maturer years, the impression made upon children by the wondrous spectacle of the falling snow.

'Well, it was snowing when Caleb went to bed, and after his mother had tucked him in and kissed him good night and left him, Caleb lay there and sung softly to himself. Usually he turns over on his side and goes to sleep in about a minute or a minute and a half at the outside, but that night he just lay there and sung so himself he was very quiet in his manner, but he was all keyed up just the same, and sure to lie there awake, with brief intervals of dozing until 3 o'clock in the morning. He keeps very still, though, now, for he doesn't want to disturb you, and he's stopped singing long ago, but he hears you when you are going to bed at 10 o'clock and he asks what he means shall be his only question, for then he's going to sleep. When you do he doesn't want to disturb you:

'Is it snowing yet?' 'And you, with perhaps rather incautious emphasis, with an interest of your own in the snow, or one caught from him: 'Yes, hard.'

'And that starts Caleb to singing again, but he stops soon and quiet settles down and we all go to sleep; or, as it turns out, all but Caleb; for after a while a voice gradually breaks in on us:

'Mom! mom! mom! mom!' 'That's little Caleb calling to his mother, and calling as gently as he can, but with the persistency of children; and when his mother asks 'What is it, Caleb?' Caleb asks 'What time is it?' The clock strikes as he speaks, eleven. 'Eleven o'clock, Caleb,' his mother says. 'New go to sleep.' And Caleb tries to, but finds he can't, and presently begins to whistle very softly to himself; but it's plain enough for us all, and we settle down now to wait for Caleb. When he drzes we get ready to, or we may even doze off ourselves; but in a minute we hear the soft whistling again, and pretty soon Caleb speaks:

'Mom! mom! Mom! mom!' 'And when 'Mom' says: 'What is it, Caleb?' Caleb says: 'I tell you what I'd like for Christmas, Mom.'

'What is it, Caleb?' his mother asks, and Caleb says: 'A new sled; and then he goes on to tell with great detail what sort of a sled he wants. And his mother listens patiently all the way through, until Caleb, fearful that she has not heard it all, winds up with 'Hey, mom? and mom says All right Caleb now go to sleep.' And Caleb tries again and compromises this time with soft singing.

'At 1 o'clock he announces that he can't go to sleep.

'Oh, yes, you can his mother tells him. 'I keep thinking of the snowstorm,' says Caleb.



Eyes Tested Free

—BY— EXPERT OPTICIANS.

The best \$1 glasses in the world.

Everything at cut prices.

Open evenings, till 9 o'clock.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,

25 King St. St. John, N. E. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

Acute Rheumatism

Pains in the Foot and Limb—A Complete Cure Accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

'For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a vial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure meant a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post.'

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

are purely vegetable, care fully prepared. 25 cents.

'Oh well' his mother tells him, you go to sleep, and you'll forget all about it. 'But at 2 o'clock Caleb asks: 'Is it snowing yet? And you hearing the wintry blast as it sweeps against the window answer but with more calmness this time: 'E—yeh.'

'Then a period of quiet, and then more low whistling and singing; and finally, at 3 A. M. 'What time is now,' and you tell him. 'Three o'clock.' 'And then Caleb goes to sleep.'

A CANADIAN RAILWAY GENIUS.

A Millionaire Who Worked for two Shillings a Day.

Among the comparatively few individuals who have risen from humble circumstances to eminent positions and millionsaires, there is probably no more extraordinary case than that of Mr. James J. Hill, president and controller of three large American railways, which give employment to 30,000 men.

Mr. Hill was born on a little Canadian farm sixty years ago, and is a fair specimen of a crossbred—his father being an Irishman and his mother a Scotchwoman. His father, it appears, gave him a fair education, his idea being to make him a minister. This calling, however, did not suit the young man's taste, so he left his home and journeyed to St. Paul, where he procured work as a coal-shoveller on the quays, his wages being 2s. a day.

His employers, however, quickly recognized that he had ability for a higher post, and promoted him to the position of clerk, and afterwards to that of levee agent. He worked in St. Paul for eight years, at the end of which time he occupied a position of trust in one of the large river transport firms.

At this period the American War broke out, and although Hill offered his services he was not accepted. He remained in St. Paul, and was offered the agency of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway. With the acceptance of this agency his wonderful career as a railway genius begins. His active mind quickly perceived the great future for railway transportation and interesting himself in some wealthy bankers he formally opened the Great Northern line in 1893, which was followed in due course by the Northern Pacific and the Baltimore and Ohio lines, which represent investments to the value of over £175,000,000, all controlled by Mr. Hill.

Over these lines which can boast of a total length of 14,000 miles, 4,000 passenger cars and 80,000 freight cars, drawn by 1,500 locomotives, are continually travelling, conveying passengers and goods. Mr. Hill has also not neglected the water transit part of his system of transportation. He has steamers traversing the Pacific from Seattle to Japan and China, as well as vessels on the great lakes.

Mr. Hill modestly puts his personal wealth down to £8,000,000, which he has made entirely through his own energy. He has a beautiful home in St. Paul, its crowning feature being a magnificent art gallery, which extends 200ft. in length, and is declared to be the best and largest collection of masterpieces on the other side of the Atlantic. One of his hobbies is that of stock-raising, and his summer seat, which is situated some twenty miles or so from St. Paul, is an immense farm of 4,000 acres, and the cattle to be found there can be numbered in thousands.

Alcoholic Milk.

It has long been known that ginger-beer is a favorite drink of teetotalers, as being cooling and refreshing, but it is not so generally known that it contains an appreciable quantity of alcohol—about 2 per cent. It has now been discovered by a German chemist, Dr. H. Weller, that milk containing alcohol can be got straight from the cow.' Dr. Weller was employed to examine some milk which had an irritating taste, and discovered that it contained alcohol to the amount of 0.96 per cent.

The cause was not far to seek, for the herd belonged to a distillery, and were fed on the waste, which obtained alcohol, which alcohol was excreted in the milk. It will, however, be a comfort to really enthusiastic teetotalers to know that the obnoxious addition was easily driven off by heat. Alcoholic preparations of milk, such as koumiss, have of course been known from time immemorial; but the fact of alcoholic milk straight from the cows, at first sight, startling.

MR. GALLOWSAY'S AMBITION.

It was Curbed by his Uncle's Toler, Sim's Boy, and a Shark.

'When I was a lad,' said Tom Galloway of Warwick, 'I was eager to become one of those who go down to the sea in smacks and tawl for cod, but about that time an uncle of mine began to brag in talks that caused my eagerness to lag somewhat, and I never knew, from personal contact, the perils and hardships of the cod fish-mad's life.

'That uncle of mine was a sailor, an all-around sailor. It was all the same to him whether he sailed as a deckhand on a ferryboat, steersman on a raft or able seaman before the mast. Besides my eagerness to snake in codfish off the Banks I inclined towards harpooning whales in the North Seas. When my uncle came home one time he said he had just got back from a three year's cruise off Greenland catching whales. I told him I thought I would go with him when he went for another cruise. He said all right. There would be a good chance for me as they were three men short.

'All eat up by sharks last trip,' he said. 'I didn't say much more about going after whales to uncle just then, but his memory seemed to be refreshed by my bringing the subject up and he became reminiscient.

'A curious thing about it was,' said he, 'that by rights we should have lost five of the crew. Sim Clipp, the cook, took a fever, and when he kicked the bucket we tied an old grindstone and a rusty blubber axe to him to give him weight and tossed him overboard. As poor Sim's body struck the water a big shark came up, opened his jaws wide enough to take in a barrel, and down into that shark's maw went Sim. I know it wasn't just the right thing to do,' said my uncle, 'but as I see Sim go into the shark I couldn't help saying to myself that if Sim wasn't any better than some of the grub he used to dish up for us that shark would be sorry it took him in before Sim had been on his stomach ten minutes. I thought maybe the shark might get away with the grindstone and the axe,' but Sim would puzzle its digestion, sure.

'Sim's boy Jack was one of us, and when he see his father pass in between the shark's jaws he gave a yell and jumped overboard. The shark hadn't got his jaws shut yet, and the boy went straight in after his father. I remember,' said my uncle, 'that the Captain was mad as thunder, and swore that he might just as well have scurvy the worst kind aboard-ship as to have sharks gobling his crew, this making five, that had gone to make victuals for 'em, and he ordered us to keep a lookout for sharks and make way with every eye we saw.

'About an hour after the cook and his boy disappeared an old leviathan of a shark came up right alongside of us and looked wishful. We baited a shark hook with blubber, handed it over to the big fish and in a half a minute had the old man-eater fast. We got him aboard by hard work butchered him, and cut him open. And what should we find inside of him but Sim Clipp and his boy. We had captured their shoes. I said then, and always will say,' said my uncle, 'the shark discovered what a job he had on his stomach and actually followed us to get caught and he saved a lot a future misery.

'But the funniest part of the whole matter was, Sim and his boy were both alive! We had made a mistake about Sim being dead. He was only in a trance when we cast him in the sea, and had gone down the shark's throat and come to just as his boy went thumping in against him. Sim and the youngster held a council, and what do you think they were doing when we cut the shark open? Rigging up the grindstone to sharpen the axe on, so they could cut a hole and get out!

'My uncle left home again soon after that visit to go on another cruise, but my folks wouldn't let me go with him. So I was prevented from trawling in tempestuous seas for codfish and harpooning whales in boreal zones. Yet, bobbing for bull-heads off in the stillly night and spearing suckers in the purling brook ain't so bad, after all, and I have done my share at both of 'em.'

THE S. D. OF LOTTERIES.

How the Revenues of Some European Countries are Increased.

In the Prussian Budget of receipts and expenses for 1898 there is one item which may seem somewhat strange to British financiers—82,000,000 marks (equivalent to about £4,100,000) from authorized Government lotteries. The lottery is operated under the direct authority of the State, and prizes of 500,000 marks and other sums are offered at regular intervals.

There can be little doubt that this source of revenue raising is a remunerative one for lotteries are the rule rather than the exception in almost every country in Europe. In Italy this year, in the annual budget, there was one item—65,000,000 lire from lotteries, a sum equal to nearly £3,000,000.

Denmark made last year a net profit on its lotteries of 1,000,000 crowns, equivalent to about £36,000. In Holland, too, there is a State lottery, the net proceeds of which are figured each year at 659,000 guilders, or about £53,000. Portugal is another country which recruits its revenues from this source. In the year 1897 the Portuguese lottery gained 1,750,000 milrees (nearly £365,000). This country however, has some justification in its adherence to lotteries by reason of the fact that the finances are in an unsettled condition, the creditors are pressing against scarcely that the expenditure has, for a number of years, exceeded considerably the revenue.

The Spaniards are great believers in the advantages offered by lotteries, and the financial plight of that country having become so serious, there will be started soon under the auspices of the Spanish Government a great lottery scheme, the receipts of which, minus the prizes, will be turned over to the Government for its needs. Circulars are being sent out, and it is expected that 500,000,000 pesetas, or about £17,000,000, will be netted for the Government. There are five capital prizes of 500,000 pesetas each.

Of other countries that derive immense revenues from State lotteries mention might be made of France, Belgium, and Austria. Indeed, Vienna might be described as the hotbed of lotteries, for taking place there. There is a unique scheme in France in connection with the Ville de Paris Government bonds. These bonds each bear different numbers, and are Government stock of the value of £40 each. A small dividend, which varies slightly, is paid annually, and in addition to this bondholders have the right to participate in certain lotteries, which take place four times a year, the first prize being no less a sum than 100,000 francs. The bonds are guaranteed by the government, and, of course, the investment is a perfectly safe one, as well as a source of considerable income to the country.

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

**BICYCLES!**  
QUALITY—AWAY UP.  
PRICES—AWAY DOWN.  
**EMPIRE \$37.50**  
Ladies' or Gents' C. R. Co's guaranteed tires.  
**EMPIRE 40.00**  
Ladies' or Gents' Dunlop Tires. Thoroughly high grade, forged crown, cranks and sprockets, flush joints two piece cranks.  
**Canadian, Ladies' and Gents, . . .**  
**King of Scorchers,**  
28 inch wheel, all the latest details **\$50.00**  
**Canadian**  
**King of Scorchers,**  
Gents' 30 inch wheels - - - **\$55.00**  
We handle no poor cycles and every cycle is fully guaranteed. Write for agency at once so that our Agent may call with samples.  
**E. C. HILL & CO., Toronto.**

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**Opera House,**  
Monday, Dec. 26.  
**H. Price Webber**  
AND THE  
**Boston Comedy Co.**  
Supporting the Charmant Actress, MISS EDWINA GREY, in Two great Plays.  
AFTERNOON AT 2.30:  
**The Honeymoon.**  
EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK:  
**Gypsy Queen.**  
Matr. on 25c. to all parts of the house.  
Evening Prices, 25c. and 35c.

**Church School for Girls,**  
EDGEHILL, WINDSOR, N. S.  
The Lent Term begins WEDNESDAY, Jan. 11, 1899.  
For Calendar apply to  
**DR. HIND, Windsor, N. S.**

**DELICIOUS PAPAWS.**  
Be Overcome By Objection to the Fruit and now Swears by it.  
Real lovers of that peculiar fruit, the papaw, which grows so luxuriantly along the river bottoms of the great Middle West do not hesitate to pronounce it the most delicious and altogether satisfying edible that nature turns out. It has been happily described as a 'natural custard,' its rich, golden-yellow pulp admirably carrying out the simile. Many persons cannot eat it at all, and many others have to acquire a liking for it. A man from the far northeast, who was visiting a cousin in Ohio in early October was shown one day a fine, large specimen of the fruit.

'What is that?' he asked.  
'Break it open and see,' was the reply.  
He broke it in two, inspected it, and smelt of it.  
'Well?' he said.  
'Taste it.'  
He did so.  
'Fugh!' he exclaimed. 'What kind of game are you trying to play on me?'  
'I am merely giving you a chance to eat the most toothsome dainty that grows in the world,' rejoined the cousin.  
The next day the visitor tried again to eat a papaw. He could tolerate it but that was all.  
'You'll be eating them by the hatful before you go back East,' said the cousin.  
As having some bearing on the outcome of this prediction it only remains to be recorded that when the visitor returned home, a week or two later, he took along with him a half bushel of papaws, carefully selected and packed in a box, and that on his arrival at the ancestral mansion, he is said to have placed alongside the framed motto in the family sitting room. 'What is Home Without a Mother?' a similar but smaller one: 'What is Home Without a Papaw?'



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1898.

## The Christmas Time.

The years whirl so rapidly by that the glad hallelujahs of one Christmas tide scarcely die away before the merry chimes of another arouse us to a realizing sense that the happy season has returned again with the self same gladsome tidings. We are reminded that as these pleasant days pass so quickly one after another, so are the years of our earthly lives running back and from us. We lose ourselves in the festivities of the season. We are young again in spirit if not in years. We are happy again in momentary enjoyment if not in reality. We are surrounded by friends, in memory of other days, if not in their presence. We inhale the sweets of the Christmas feast in perfumes wafted from the past, if not filling the atmosphere of our present abode. We hear the merry laugh of childish, gleeful surprise that rings down the years if not filling the air of the present moments. And so at Christmas tide we live over again the scenes of the recorded years.

All the world rejoices. It matters not what may be our condition. We cannot escape the contagion of joy and mirth that pervades the whole earth. All are more or less sentimental and all more or less feel the influence of the happiness of others. "What a wonderful thing is Christian Science," remarked some one the other day. "It leads a person to forget every ailment. I knew a young man who suffered from melancholy for years until his friends feared he would never smile again. A Christian scientist pointed out a way of escape; he availed himself of the opportunity offered and is now as cheerful and happy as can be." While there is nothing in the Science that will of itself cure a case of fever or heal a broken limb, yet there is a wonderful power in the clearing away of the cobwebs of care, and sorrow and sadness from the mind. It helps nature to do her work of curing the body. It creates fortitude and patience, two great panaceas in the world of suffering. If Christian Science would confine itself to the one field of useful benefactions, the lifting up by means of cheerful surroundings, and appealing to the mind to forget for the time the body, and let the means provided by the Creator as antidotes to the physical ills of man, it would be a blessing to humanity, and would go hand in hand with the medical profession and aid in the relieving of distress.

Christmas tide is a time of memory and a season of forgetfulness. Memory calls up the troop of happy seasons gone, and forgetfulness drives out the ills and disappointments of the present. Hope does not assert its way at the present; it retires until memory and forgetfulness have been substituted by the realization of the stern realities of life. For a time we rise above the petty things that annoy us and float on a sea of pleasures, and not until we reach the shore beyond this season of joy are we aroused to labor and toil again. Such is the influence of the scenes that surround us, that like the devotee of Christian Science, we are made happy by having the mind freed from the melancholy of our hard lot. Indeed so much are we impressed with the joy that abounds, the shouts of happy childhood, the merry chimes of Christmas bells, the pleasure of exchange of greetings, that we would not for a moment intrude our own unhappiness upon the world. We tread lightly, fearing that the fall of our feet may disturb the peace and good will among men, and the happiness of the hour. All men rejoice at the freedom from sin and sorrow, pain and suffering, which the glad Christmas morn so grandly typifies. The angels sang a song that has so filled the high arches of heaven, that with the lifting of the clouds of disappointments of life, it reverberates through the earth and is still ringing clear and sweet. "Peace upon earth, good will towards men."

Let us join in the grand chorus, and enter whole heartedly upon the happy hours of this Christmas time.

In the different charitable institutions in the city preparations are being made to celebrate the Christmas season with all good cheer. The inmates will for get for the time that such a thing as unkind fate ever held sway over their lives.

In one of the Orphan Asylums the little folks have been busy for a week or two

writing mysterious letters to Santa Claus. Some of them are pathetic in the extreme. A little girl expresses herself in one of them as follows:

wagging, a apple an' some crackers, I mene the kind what goes of when you lite them to a match an' some blocks to make a horse."

This is the way one unselfish little girl writes to the good old man:

Deare Mister Sandy Clase,—I aint been very good this yere and I dont want nothin fur miself but will you please bring my little sister Jessie some toys. She only

the King of the forest, the writer accompanied him to his caravan and asked him what it felt like to have his head in such a deadly vice.

"Truth to tell," he said, "it's a matter of putting a bold face on it. As a rule I don't feel queer at all, but there are times I'm thankful when the show is over. I really believe the lion, which I have had for many years, knows me as a friend; but

I can never feel absolutely secure. I have to trust him, though, for the public will have its money's worth, even when it only pays twopence for the front seats."

"But while I feel comparatively safe with the lion, I really dread doing into the den of the two lionesses, as you saw me do to night. They are, malignant untamed brutes, and all I or anyone else dare do is to wait till they've been driven with ropes to the far end of the cage, just pop round the door, fire a pistol, and jump to the ground. I daren't try more than that with them."

## WHERE GOOD HORSES ENJOY LIFE.



MR. WILLIS' NEW BARN.

Showing one Corner with Special Blend in a Modern Box Stall.

This illustration represents a small portion of the new barn of Mr. E. LeRoi Willis, the proprietor of the Dufferin Hotel. Those who remember the old premises, formerly occupied by the late John Ryan, would not recognize them now in the handsome, well lighted and splendid barn that Mr. Willis has fitted up. The illustration shows but a small corner of it and one of the box stalls there in which the good horses there have the pleasure of living. That part of the head and shoulders of the quiet animal shown in the illustration belong to the speedy and famous "Special Blend," who has done as much almost to advertise this city and province abroad as to advertise the Dufferin.



MR. WILLIS' NEW BARN.

Showing the Horses in their Stalls and the Neat Arrangement of the Premises.

This illustration shows a portion of the barn and the six or seven horses boarded there. They are all splendid animals—drivers owned by citizens who love to see their stock as well cared for as themselves. They enjoy comforts that are not given to any other horses in the city. The premises are warm, light is abundant and cleanliness reigns supreme. The men in charge are experienced and equal, if not superior to any others in this line of business in the Dominion.

Everything is kept every day with the same neatness, the same order as the illustration shows. Boots, blankets and paraphernalia of every sort in connection with the life and work of fast horses are placed just where they can be found at all times. Even wagons are washed in a room that can be heated at any time and the discomforts of employees washing in cold weather is unknown. There is ample room for wagons and sleighs, a splendid harness room, a small but neatly fitted up apartment where the night man can sleep as well and as comfortably as he could in the Dufferin itself. Many people have admired this new idea of Mr. Willis' and it is not to be doubted that the information and knowledge that the owners of horses have gained by an inspection of this modern barn will result greatly to the benefit of horse-kind in this province.

Dear Sandy: Can you please send me something to eat besides what comes in tin cans. I'm so tired of tin cans, an I'll be a good girl." Another ran:

"Dear Mr. Santy Claus: I hear you was comin. I was hungry and col last Christmas, but I'd rather have a drum than any anything else."

This one was somewhat a surprise so different is it from the usual childish letter to jolly old St. Nick and so altogether practical in its tone:

"Please Mr. Santa Claus, I want a new dress, a pair of gloves a jacket, a fur collar some chocolates, an orange, some waists, a hat, a pair of stockings and boots. I haven't much of anything."

A young lad in the same institution has expectations that like those of the young lady mentioned above are not likely to be realized. The following are his very modest requests:

"Mr. Santa Claus, dere Sir,—I want you to please bring me a new pair of boots, bekos my old ones is bad at the heels, a bicycle, a pare of scates some candy an a overcoat with fur on it, a nan goat and a

got a few and she wants a nue doll awful jimmie sinclare broke her other one last week but Jimmie aint a bad boy at all, and will you please bring him a hors wat rocks. Could you put some quilts on the grond wer they snout was las summer cos I'm afraid the snow will get on her if you dont, thats all an' I'll be a good girl next yere soas I can get scms' presents fur misself. I hope you will have a mary Kristmas an get a lot of presents yurselt."

There are two homes in this city for aged ladies and those who make their homes therein will not be forgotten either by the respective boards of management or the thoughtful friends outside. At each of the orphan asylums there will be a Christmas tree and the usual festivities, and it is pleasant to note the fact that busy as are those in the outside world at this time they still give a kindly thought to these institutions, and many are the remembrances that have found their way into them to gladden the hearts of the children and make the day in very truth a merry Christmas.

In the Lion's Jaws.

Having been pleasantly thrilled by seeing a showman put his head well within the jaws of a lion, and then twist the tail of

the King of the forest, the writer accompanied him to his caravan and asked him what it felt like to have his head in such a deadly vice.

"Truth to tell," he said, "it's a matter of putting a bold face on it. As a rule I don't feel queer at all, but there are times I'm thankful when the show is over. I really believe the lion, which I have had for many years, knows me as a friend; but

## TIERD OF BILLBOARD SOLDIERS.

Protect Against Army Being Used as Advance Agent of New Preparations.

"My command was in the Indian battles. But there are some things worse than fighting Indians. I had a little experience in everything that makes up a soldier's life. I was in Cuba, I have had all sorts of creeping things for companions. I have had the gnawings of hunger. I appreciate the gratitude of this country for its soldiery. There is no better country on earth to fight for, to die for, if one must.

Thus spake an officer of the regular army as he walked about Governors Island with a reporter.

"But there is one thing that makes an army man feel like getting out of the business," he continued. Don't misunderstand me—it is this thing of everlasting picturing the American soldier along with every new article that is offered for sale to the public.

"Every man in business has the undisputed right to sell his wares. But the soldiers of this country are lined up before the public on every billboard in the land. The wounded are represented as beseeching an angel for some new decoration or some article that is sold. A company is represented as rallying from a panic by the arrival of a sister of charity with an armful of new liniment. A patient is in a hospital, his cot surrounded by his family—no body knows how they got there—and while the family weeps a band of cherubs break through the tent, or the roof, as the case may be, each loaded with a newly discovered panacea or balm, which fetches the dying man out of his cot. A whole regiment is represented as beseeching an angel for some new decoration or some article that is sold. A company is represented as rallying from a panic by the arrival of a sister of charity with an armful of new liniment. 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# A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS.

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc

After I had been asleep an hour or two, I woke, and missed her from my side. Startled, I sat up, and then saw she was walking about the room; her eyes were wide open, but she was fast asleep.

"Will you betray me to Sir Gerald now?" she hissed, in a voice of wicked exultation. And then she made a movement with her hands, as though she were warding off some heavy body from falling at her feet.

"Yes, Morewood, those were her very words, and, after that, her power of cajoling me was gone forever. I felt to loathe myself when I remembered I was her husband—when I remembered how often I had held a murderess to my bosom."

"That isn't an easy question to answer, Morewood. If she told you I mistreated you because I saw her leave your room, she told you what was false; but it is true, that, for weeks before, I had seen that in her which made me feel it would be as well for you not to be a frequent visitor."

"Yes, you. She would murmur your name in her sleep, coupled with the tenderest endearments, and once or twice I have seen a look on her face which warned me I might have been a dishonored husband if I had a less honorable and faithful friend."

"I know that. You could trust—never for one single moment, did a doubt of your perfect loyalty creep into my mind. But, all the same, it wasn't exactly pleasant to know she loved you; and, as I have told you, suspicions of a darker sort were continually rising in my mind, so that I was troubled and oppressed almost beyond endurance."

"Accept this explanation if, at times, I seemed to forget how dearly I loved, and how implicitly I trusted you. I had never had a friend like you before; I shall never have such a friend again. Indeed, I shall never form another friendship in this world."

"I saw her open the door and leave the room—still fast asleep—without attempting to stop her. I remember, dimly, feeling it would be a merciful ending to it all, if she inflicted some fatal injury upon herself—anything, anything—so that I might not have to look upon her living, face again—so that I might not have to endure the torture of hearing her addressed as Lady Vere."

"But she came back to the room awake startled, and alarmed; in deadly fear, I doubt not, lest she had betrayed her secret. The moment she saw my face, she knew she had done so. She fell on her knees, imploring me to believe her, using all the old arts to get me to believe it was her sister, not she, who was the murderess."

any rate, an explanation of my altered looks and manner."

"I should like to know one thing, Gerald. Did Lady Vere really and truly believe you were insane?"

"What torments can be worse than mine—worse than the agony of finding that it was on a murderess and a fiend I had lavished a love such as it is not often a woman's lot to inspire in man?"

"Gerald," he gasped, rather than said, his voice hoarse with excitement—"Gerald, is it true her death was as they said? That overdose of chloral—was it—accidental?"

"I was not!"

"I know you would be shocked," went on Sir Gerald, in a tone of unnatural calmness. "This is what I meant when I said you would, perhaps, never touch my hand in friendship again. I have no wish to defend, or excuse myself. I am past all that. And, besides, what I did was done too deliberately for me to make excuses for it now."

"Ever since I knew the truth, I have asked myself, many times, whether I ought to suffer her to live; and yet I knew full well I could not give her up to the law. If she died at all, it must be by my own hand. It was a terrible thought, Morewood. I shrank from it; but I have been brought to it at last."

"I was sitting in my room the night before last, when she came to me with the old story—protesting her innocence, and trying to conquer me with her sweet looks and still sweeter voice. But the time for that was gone. I had caught a glimpse of the soul that lay beneath that beautiful mask. Then she pleaded to me to be reconciled to her, because she expected to become a mother. Think of it, Morewood!—she, a double-dyed murderess, the mother of my child!"

"That decided me. When she had gone, I made up my mind, sternly, steadily, and deliberately, that she must not live to bring forth a child in whom would flow her tainted blood. I dared not accept the responsibility of peopling the world with a race of fiends, especially as my might, like her, deludes men by wearing angel's guise. I resolved that she must die that night!"

"I prepared the fatal draught, and went with it to her room. She was asleep, and looking as calmly beautiful as she does now. I awoke her. She saw, by my looks, what I had come to do. There was little need for me to tell her. She was very brave—braver than I had thought to find her. To me it seemed as though a soul so evil must needs stand in horrible dread of death."

"But when I bade her offer a prayer to God for mercy on her guilty soul, she drew herself up in scorn, and said: 'I have no God. I can die as I lived! I am not a coward. Besides I have known, for days that my death was at hand!'"

"And with that, Morewood, she took the poison, and drank it to the last drop. The end came very soon. There was no pain. Nothing but a sleep that merged slowly into death. I sat beside, and watched her die!"

"A spasm of pain contorted his livid features—his voice almost broke; but in a moment or two, he recovered himself, and went on in a tone of sorrowful sternness, which went to Morewood's heart."

"Of my own sufferings I have no wish to speak. To Heaven alone I hold myself accountable for that deed. In the eyes of heaven alone I shall make my expiation for whatever guilt attaches to it."

"To me there seemed literally no alternative. What I did was done calmly and deliberately, in no heat of passion or resentment, with no wish save to free the world from one who had no longer the right to live, and to keep her from transmitting her evil nature to future generations."

"For myself, I should be glad and willing to lay down the burden of life. But I have my sin to expiate—and other work to do. Since I came to Italy, I have been convinced that the one true religion is that of the Roman Catholic Church. I shall retire to a monastery, and there devote my life to praying for the soul I hurried into eternity in the midst of its awful guilt."

"My Cousin Charles may take all that I possess. The Court is his from this moment. I hope he will try to keep unstained the honor of the Veres."

"Now, Morewood, I have done. You, and you only, out of all the world, will know my secret, and I have told it you because my heart, detached from almost every other earthly thing, clings to you, and craves for your friendship even now."

"I am glad of that—very. It makes the rest of my story so much easier to tell. Nevertheless, you must prepare to be greatly startled. Since you already know that Sir Gerald's wife was Madeline Winter, I need only tell you one important fact which even Sir Gerald himself, has I believe, never guessed at. I can only hope and trust it will be happy news to you."

"Happy?"

"And Morewood, as he spoke, looked the astonishment he felt."

"Yes; I both hope and believe that you will so regard it; assuredly you will, if you have any spark of affection left for the lady you once loved so well. Mr. Morewood, Miss Lisle never eloped with Louis Rochefort, as was believed. She was kidnapped and has been kept a prisoner ever since."

"What?"

"Morewood sprang from his chair in uncontrollable excitement, his face flushed his features working with emotion."

"It is quite true, Mr. Morewood. All the time you have been thinking of her as false to you, she has been living not more than fifty miles from here the victim of a diabolical plot as, perhaps, ever entered a human mind."

"And who has been the doer of this vile thing?" exclaimed Morewood, his eyes sparkling with fury, as his thoughts flew to Louis Rochefort.

"That daughter of Judas—Madeline Winter!"

"By a most fortunate chance, I have in my possession a drug which is the antidote to the one administered at the command of Lady Vere. Indeed the drug itself is not permanent in its effects. Unless it is administered frequently, its effects wear away. I believe I am right in saying that, in a day or two, Miss Lisle will be practically herself again."

"But now, with your permission, I will tell you the whole story, as it became known to me."

"Thank you, doctor; I shall be glad to listen."

"Moorwood spoke calmly, although, as may be imagined, his inward agitation was very great."

"To begin with, then, I will tell you how I came to discover the whereabouts of this deeply-wronged young lady."

"And, as briefly as possible, Dr. Browne told what is already known to the reader, concerning his discovery of poor Kate, beginning with Sir Patrick's meeting with her and ending at the hour when Louis Rochefort lay face to face with death, and resolved on a confession."

"Now," said the doctor, at this point, "I come to the real truth of my story. According to Rochefort's confession, he had two sisters, one older than himself, named Leila, the other younger, Madeline."

"His sister!" exclaimed Moorwood. "I never dreamed of that."

"Yes, his sister, or, to speak more correctly, his half-sister; for he and Leila, were by the first husband of James Winter's wife. His name was Rochefort, and he died while the two children, Leila and Louis, were in their infancy."



**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

**SICK HEADACHE**  
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for 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.

Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

## CHAPTER LXXXI.

MOREWOOD RECEIVES A VISITOR.

Late that evening Morewood was alone in the apartments which had been set aside for him. Sir Gerald, after that paroxysm of mental anguish, was quite prostrate, and was now lying on his bed, in a vain attempt to sleep.

## CANCER

And Tumors cured to any extent, at home, no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 250-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE CO., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading

Christmas Eve. The children dreamed the whole night through...

Black stockings, red, brown, white and gray— Long, little, warm, or patched and thin—

But, as he felt his head grow light, A tear drop glistened in his eye;

Upon the white and frozen snow He knelt his empty bag beside—

Though I their stockings may not heap With gifts and toys and Christmas cheer,

Thou wert a little child like them, Prayed he, for whom I would provide

As soothed thee then thy mother's kiss, And all her comfort, sweet and kind,

That sweetest gift, dear Lord, bestow, On all the children far and wide;

The Right Kind of Boy. 'Oh, say, Mr. Bradford, are you in a hurry?' panted bright, rosy-cheeked

'In too much of a hurry to stand long in this snowy air. Come into the store if

'Thank you, sir,' and picking up a basket the driver had set upon the curb,

'Thank you,' said the gentlemen. 'Now, what is it?'

'My mother slipped and broke her ankle—'

'Yes, yes, I heard of it. Very sorry! Hope she is doing well, and hope she may

'It takes time, of course, sir, and it is so hard for her to lie on the sofa all day.

'Did she send you to ask this?'

'Oh, no, sir, I thought of it myself.'

'What could you do? I never have had a boy about the place.'

'I know it, sir, but I can see things that might be done. The plants there in the

'How did you happen to notice them?'

'Mother has taught me to care for hers. These are fine ones. Every time I pass

'I dare say they have been neglected. I bought them to make up an assortment.

'Oh, thank you, sir!' and the lad's mittens and coat were off and he was at

George found real delight, as a genuine plant-lover, in seeing the thirsty green

He then polished the plate glass window spread down green straw carriage mats

Being near the entrance, he politely opened the door for every lady who came

Mr. Bradford from his desk could not help noticing this spontaneous anticipatory

service and was interested when the lady said: 'I am so glad that you have

George Ellis here. I am afraid he and his mother are having a hard time to get along.

He is in my Sunday School class, and the brightest, most obliging lad I know. Did

he arrange that window? I might have known it. It is a perfect picture, or what

is better, a bit of summer. No wonder

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anæmic rich and red.

It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowledged as The Standard of the World.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

that every passer-by stops to look at such a delightful contrast to the world outside.

Mr. Bradford, whose store was known as the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' or 'The Museum,' had never felt so complacent

over his surroundings in his life, and was now most pleasantly surprised by an acquaintance coming in to ask the price

of the landscape in the window, and by his purchasing it at once, saying, 'My shut-in-

ister has been asking for a picture of green fields, but I didn't suppose I could

find one in town. It will be a delightful Christmas surprise for her.'

'That picture has stood by that window all winter.'

'Well, I never looked in your window, and if I had I could have seen nothing for the dust, but your show this cold morning

would attract anyone. What's up?' and the man went off laughing.

'Where is George? He must find another picture to replace that one,' said Mr. Bradford.

'And what then, sir?' asked the boy respectfully.

'Anything that suggests itself to you.'

'Oh, thank you, sir! There are so many nice things here your store should be one of the prettiest in the village.'

'And it's only a lumber room; but I give you liberty to make whatever you can out of it.'

Before evening the front of the store was so pleasantly and artistically arranged that every customer had some complimentary

remark to make, and two drummers running in, one exclaimed, 'I thought I was in the wrong store. I have been describing your

'Old Curiosity Shop' to my friend here, and telling him he could buy anything from a humming bird's nest to a second

hand pulpit, but—'

'But altogether order is being brought out of chaos I have the same variety,' and he told the story of how it all happened,

adding, 'I have not the least particle of order about me, and I never yet employed a clerk who had interest enough in the

business to do anything except what he was told, until this lad came in.'

'That is just the kind of a boy we are looking for. There is always a place for that kind of boy. You'll have to pay him well or you won't keep him long. There's our train. I'll run in on my way back and have a talk with the fine little fellow.'

'Fine little fellow, indeed,' said Mr. Bradford to himself. 'Think they can get him away from me, do they? I guess not!'

and, calling to George, he said: 'Here is the balance of what you have earned over and above paying for the rent of the chair; and tell your mother I am coming in tomorrow to see about your staying on with me for a year out of school hours. A lad with your head for business mustn't neglect school.'

'My head for business is following mother's way—doing whatever is to be done and doing it well. You are very kind, Mr. Bradford,' and the boy's feet kept pace with the wind as he flew up the street to tell his mother the good news—that he was sure now of steady work and she needn't worry any more, for he could take care of them both.

Only a few Christmas eves have come

and gone, but it is Bradford & Ellis now, and you wouldn't know the place; but there are always picturesque effects in the the windows, and Mr. Bradford is never weary of telling how his young partner made himself a necessity to the business.

Enjoying Religion.

The people that enjoy religion most are those who are not seeking for enjoyment but to accomplish a great and good purpose. Paul du Chailu, speaking in Boston, of the hardships through which he he had past in the course of his African explorations, stated that while he was in the forest three years he ate five pounds of quinin, sometimes 150 grains a day. He had had to submit to all sorts of unique and disagreeable experience. He however advised young men to rough it when they could. He had eaten snakes, monkeys

elephant meat, and a little of everything, but had never had a dyspeptic symptom in his life. The reason this great traveler could do this was that his mind was buoyed up with another purpose. A purpose large enough to make a diet of snakes seem a very insignificant factor.

So if you will fill a man with the great purpose of pleasing God, of being a friend and disciple of Jesus Christ, of helping to cure the world's sorrows, he will rejoice in the midst of trials and hardships, and the real abiding joy of his life no combination of evil circumstances will be able to take from him.

A Graceful Setting.

Our religion ought to have a graceful setting. We should make our goodness attractive to people. There is a Scripture admonition which says, 'Let not your good be even spoken of.' A gentleman paused the other day at a push-cart standing by the sidewalk to buy an apple. He dropped a nickel which fell between the curb and the wheel of the cart, an inconvenient place from which to recover it. As he stooped to pick it up, the peddler said, 'Don't!'—and he handed him a nickel from his own pocket. He would pick it up. How graceful and gracious that was. It left a sweeter taste in the gentleman's mouth than the apple did, tho' it was a good one. The Christian graces of gentleness and politeness and forbearance adorn our religion and give us joy in it.

The Spur of Love.

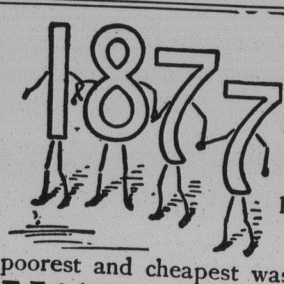
Bishop Randolph Foster, in an address to a company of ministers in Buffalo not long since, speaking of his own denomination, and of the need for greater results in the conversion of the world to Christ, and what was necessary in order to bring it about, said: 'The fault of the Methodists is laziness. They have resources and men and money. All they need is a spur.' I presume thoughtful men in other denominations would accept that as a pertinent criticism on the Christian churches generally. The only way we can get the 'spur' is by meditating on the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, made in our behalf, until our gratitude and love and appreciation of His love shall spur us to seek after and save our brethren who are also the subjects of his deathless love.

Christmas on the Heartstone.

The blessed Christmas festival is the one day in all the year when care should be put aside. The 'bad days and sad days' of the year that is almost over lie behind us; let the very memory of them be banished as we prepare to make the feast a joyful one to the children around us. What better possession can we give them for their future lives than the remembrance of hours of unclouded happiness in their childhood's home? When they are old enough to appreciate them they will recall with inexpressible tenderness the sacrifices that were made to give them pleasure.

The Importance of the Standpoint.

Mr. Zangwill, the brilliant Hebrew novelist, recently said that a baby is a joy to its mother, an heir to its father, a charge to its nurse, a soul to the clergyman who baptizes it, a new biological specimen to the physician, a new customer to the shopkeeper, and a nuisance to the neighbors. This characterization suggests how important it is to take into ac-



Millions of Pearline

count the standpoint of observation in measuring the value of the opinions of people on any given subject.

A Pastoral Episode.

A shepherd boy sat on the brow of a hill, And played on a crinkled horn, He played to the sky to the woods, to the rill, And 'twas a summer morn.

Blithe lambs, encircling the dusky lad, Browsed as they heard him play, The ewes and the wethers and all were glad, And the youth ceased not his lay.

When a ma'den, with eyes of an evening hue, And cheek of a morning glow, Silently passed, as the zephyr that blew Thro' the verdant vale below.

She looked but once, on the shepherd's care, And on him but once looked she, She parted her lips and tossed her brown hair, Then tripped by gracefully.

A shepherd boy sits on the brow of a hill, rill, And plays on a crinkled horn, But not to the sky, the woods, nor the Thro' 'tis a Christmas morn.

AN ARMY INCIDENT.

One of the Most Touching Episodes of the Late War.

A pathetic story comes from a Pittsburg hospital to which a number of soldiers wounded and ill were taken after the war with Spain. One soldier, having been told that he could not live, begged the nurse to see that he was buried in his uniform.

She went to find it, and was told that it was so ragged and stiff with blood that it had to be burned. 'What am I to do?' she cried. 'I cannot find a uniform anywhere!'

Hearing this, a poor fellow from West Virginia, who was just able to hobble about, went to his room, stripped off his uniform torn and worn, but it was all he had, and clothed himself as best he could in some old rags.

'Take him this,' he said coming out. It doesn't matter what for me I want clothes I wear.'

The uniform was taken to the dying man, closed his eyes satisfied that he should sleep in his grave clad in the livery of his country.

It is pleasant to know that the story reached some friends of the soldiers, and that the generous-hearted West Virginian went home also clad in the uniform in which he had served his country so well.

Descriptions of the campaigns are full of individual instances of the fine temper, the courage and unselfishness of the American man in his new work of fighting. Captain Arthur Lee, the English attaché, says:

'I saw many thousand shots fired, but not one in anger. Most men were anxious, many excited, but they never seemed to be angry with the enemy.' Again he says, 'I found in one spot' (at El Caney) 'over a hundred killed and wounded lying so close that one could only pass by stepping over them. There was a strange silence among these men, not a whimper or a groan; each lay with closed eyes and set teeth. Some of the more slightly wounded were tending those who were badly hit. Nothing could have surpassed the unskilled tenderness of these men.'

Mr. Harding-Davis, writing of the Battle of San Juan, says: 'As to their suffering the wounded were silent, they neither groaned, nor complained, nor cursed. White men and colored men, veterans and recruits lay waiting for hours to be carried away to safety, but not one questioned or complained.'

These scattered facts and others that can be printed, exhibit a gratifying phase of American character, one that holds within it a promise of study and generous manliness, which we trust the future will show as a national characteristic manifested by our people—not in war alone, but in every department of life.

Something Like a Butler.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, had an old servant, his butler, valet, and faithful slave, named William, who knew and understood his master's ways and habits perfectly. Though Sir Edwin, when he was put out, would bully this man at times, he thoroughly appreciated his usefulness, and could not have got on at all without him. William was particularly assiduous in guarding the outer portal no one could by any possibility gain direct access to Sir Edwin, even though an appointment had been made. The answer would invariably be, 'Sir Edwin is not at home.' Even the Prince Consort himself once, received the answer when he called, amplified on that occasion by the assurance that 'he

The best guarantee of the future is the experience of the past.

(PATRICK HENRY). When you look back on Pearline's twenty years' experience, how can you think that any less-tried washing-powder will give the same security against harm? And Pearline costs only a trifle more than the poorest and cheapest washing powders.



had gone to a wedding, an entire fiction on William's part, as His Royal Highness found; out; for, on walking boldly in and around the garden, he noticed Sir Edwin looking out his studio window. The same faithful attendant one day, when a lion had died at the 'Zoo,' and his corpse came up in a four-wheeled cab to be painted from, started his master with the question:—'Please, Sir Edwin, do you border a lion?'

All Doubts Vanish

When Paines Celery Compound is Used.

Its Wondrous Work Commands the Admiration of All.

It only requires the fair and honest use of one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound to convince a suffering man or woman that there is virtue, power and life in each drop of the wondrous medicine. This assertion is supported by the fact that thousands of men and women in Canada who can well afford to call in the best medical aid in times of sickness are now using Paine's Celery Compound in preference to all other medical prescriptions.

Some people, who have never tested the health-giving virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, wrongly class it with the common patent medicines, sarsaparillas, nervines and purifiers so extensively advertised. Paine's Celery Compound is far removed from any of these ordinary preparations; it is as much superior to all other medicines as the diamond is superior to cheap glass.

Paine's Celery Compound is the marvellous prescription of one of the greatest physicians that ever lived, and has won the hearty endorsement of the noblest medical men of the age. Its merits and its continued victories over disease have carried it to enduring fame. It has given new life to those almost dying from liver and kidney troubles; it has raised up the rheumatic, neuralgic and dyspeptic, and purified the blood of those tortured by blood diseases.

If you are sick, ailing and cannot enjoy life, try one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound.

Marking the Goods.

Old Johnson, a veteran on the road, and a well-known commercial of Newcastle-on-Tyne, always delighted to take a rise out of a fresh man. On one occasion seeing a new traveller, enter the room, he told his friends to prepare for fun.

'For whom do you travel?' inquired Johnson.

'Noses,' replied the young fellow.

'Noses and Co., the tailors?'

'No, no. Noses, human noses.'

'No one will sell his nose.'

'Oh, yes. We pay cash down and don't require delivery until death.'

'Will you pay me cash down and not require delivery until I am dead?'

'Yes; a nose like yours is worth thirty pounds.'

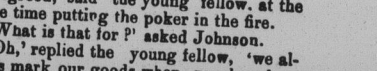
'Done,' said Johnson. 'Thirty pounds down, and either party refusing to complete the bargain forfeits glasses round.'

'Agreed,' said the young fellow, at the same time putting the poker in the fire.

'What is that for?' asked Johnson.

'Oh,' replied the young fellow, 'we always mark our goods when purchased, to prevent mistakes.'

The bargain was not completed, and Johnson stood glasses round.



The 1st Cost—25c.

Cuts but a small figure when buying ordinary Shoe-Dressing. It is the indirect cost—The Injury Done to Shoes—That runs into money.



PACKARD'S

Special Combination Leather Dressing

(RUBBER, TAN, BROWN—ALL COLORS.) Though sold for 25 cents.

REALLY COSTS NOTHING. IT PAYS FOR ITSELF IN SHOE-LIFE.

PACKARD MAKES PACKARD BY APPOINTMENT AT (L. H. PACKARD & CO.)

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1760. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates



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

### Notches on The Stick

To one who reflects upon the tenuous and emotional character of the Negro race,—their fervid temperament full of wild music, it may seem singular that they should be so destitute of anything like a superior artist in verse; that the race has produced orators, and musicians, of a crude type, very frequently, but never a poet of mark. Even the sweetest songs which express the old slave-life, with some of the sentiments most congenial to every heart, are the product of the white man. But when we reflect that poetry in any high realm of that art, is the out come of the most refined and exalted spiritual and intellectual power we may conclude that the race has not yet come to that estate which may render such art possible. But that the race will arrive at that estate—may be arriving—seems evident by the appearance of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, a poet, not indeed of a large but of a genuine type. That poetry, as well as music, is latent in the race, is manifested by the most unlettered in the utterance of rude prayer and homily; but it requires a certain degree of intellectual strength and refinement to give the artistic form and literary value to the crude material. Dunbar—who bears cognomen not in the least syllable African, and who is the second to adorn the name with lyrical honors—is of pure negro blood and feature, with an expression of noble intelligence and an artistic sensibility to which his verse bears witness. He was born in Ohio in 1872, and is now a resident of Dayton in the State. His "Lyrics of Lowly Life," endorsed by William D. Howells in a preface full of warm commendation, have given him a wide currency. He has enjoyed the patronage or rather the championship, of the people of his own state and nation. The poems that stand him as unique are chiefly those written practically in dialect and expressive of the life of his own people, with which 'he is in the most perfect sympathy, and about which he may be supposed to have exact knowledge. His poetry, other than dialect, is harmonious and fluent, and sometimes striking in thought,—as in the lyrics we are about to quote,—but on the whole, not of a quality to give the author a wide reputation if he had been a white rather than a colored man.

#### Conscience and Remorse.

"Good-bye," I said to my conscience—  
"Good-bye for eye and ear,"  
And I put her hands off harshly,  
And turned my face away,  
And conscience smitten sorely  
Returned not from that day.  
Put a time away when my spirit  
Grew weary of the peer,  
And I cried: "Come back, my conscience;  
I long to see thy face."  
But conscience cried: "I cannot;  
Remorse sits in my place."

Mr. Howells, in his "Introduction" says: "So far as I could remember, Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically. It seemed to me that this had come to its most modern consciousness in him, and that his brilliant and unique achievement was to have studied the American negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be, with entire truthfulness. I said that a race which had come to this effect in any member of it, had attained civilization in him, and I permitted myself the imaginative prophecy that the hostilities and the prejudice which had so long constrained his race were destined to vanish in the arts; that these were to be the final proof that God had made of one blood all nations of men. I thought his merits positive and not comparative; and I held that if his black poems had been written by a white man I should not have found them less admirable. I accepted them as an evidence of the essential unity of the human race, which does not think or feel black in one and white in another, but humanly in all." Perhaps a few examples will best reinforce this critical opinion, with such of the readers of PROGRESS as have had no opportunity to examine his volume:

When De Co'n Pone's Hct.  
Dey is times in life when Nature  
Seems to slip a cog an' go,  
An' 'a-rattle' down creation,  
Lak an ocean's overflow;  
When de worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'  
Lak a picaninny's top,  
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'  
'Twell it seems about to slop,  
An' you feel jes' lak a reach,  
Dat is tralin' 'n' to trot—  
When yo' mammy says de blessin'  
An' de co'n pone's hot.  
When you set down at de table,  
Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,  
An' you see jes' a little tabed  
An' perhaps a little mad;  
How yo' gloom tu's into gladness,

### No Gripe Hood's Pills

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. See C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

How yo' joy drives out de doubt  
When de oven do' is opened,  
And de smell comes po'nt' out;  
Why, de 'lectric light o' Heaven  
Seems to settle on de spot,  
When yo' mammy says de blessin'  
An' de co'n pone's hot.  
When de cabbage p't is steamin'  
An' de bacon good an' fat,  
When de chittlin' is a-spittin'  
So's to show you wha dey's at;  
Tek away yo' sody biscuit,  
Tek away yo' cake an' pie,  
Fu' de glory time is comin'  
An' 'tis 's roachin' mighty zib,  
An' you want to jump an' singin'  
In a happy ash tone;  
Dough you know yo' d' bettah not,  
When yo' mammy says de blessin'  
An' de co'n pone's hot.  
I have heahd o' lot o' sermons,  
An' I've heahd o' lots o' prayers,  
An' I've listened to some singin'  
Dat has tuk me up de stairs  
Of de Glory-Lan' an' et me  
Jes' befo' de Mastah's throne,  
An' 'tis 's roachin' mighty zib,  
In a happy ash tone;  
But dem w'd's so sweetly murmured  
Seem to tek de softest spot,  
When my mammy says de blessin'  
An' de co'n pone's hot.

The Corn-stalk Fiddler.  
When the corn's a cut and the bright stalks shine  
Like the burn and spars of a field of gold;  
When the field-mice rch on the stubbins dine,  
And the fiddler comes white and the wind blows cold;  
Then 'tis belah! it flows and li-diddle-diddle,  
For the time is ripe for the corn-stalk fiddle.  
And you take a stalk that is straight and long  
With an expert eye to its worthy points,  
And you think of the bubbling strains of song  
That are bound between its pithy joints—  
Then you cut out strings, with a bridge in the middle,  
With a corn-stalk bow for acorn-stalk fiddle.  
Then the strains that grow as you draw the bow  
O'er the yel-irg strings with a practiced hand,  
And the music flow never loud but low  
Is the concert note of a fairy band.  
Oh, your dainty songs are a musty riddle  
To the simple sweets of the corn-stalk fiddle.  
When the eve comes on, and our work is done,  
And the sun d'eps down with a tender glance,  
With their hearts all prime for the harmless fun,  
Come the neighbor girls for the evening's dance,  
And they wait for the well-known twist and twiddle—  
More time than time—from the corn-stalk fiddle.  
Then brother Jaber takes the bow,  
While Ned stands off with Susan Blad,  
Then Henry stops by Milly Snow,  
And John takes Nellie Jones's hand,  
While I pick off with Mardy Biddle,  
And scrape, scrape, scrape goes the corn-stalk fiddle.  
"Bain's your part ear" comes the call,  
"All join hands and circle round,"  
"Graud' r' in back," and "Balance sil,"  
"Yo' steps high ly spurs the ground."  
"Take yo' part lady and h'acco down the middle"  
To the merry strains of the corn-stalk fiddle.  
So the night goes on and the dance is o'er,  
And the merry girls are homeward gone,  
But I see it all in my dream once more,  
and I dream till the very break of dawn  
Of an impish dance on a red-hot griddle  
To the creak and scrape of a corn-stalk fiddle.

Accountability.  
Folks ain't got no right to censur othah folks about  
deir habits,  
Him dat ev' de squirls de bushbills made de bob-  
tails to de rabbits.  
Him dat built de great big mountains hollered out  
de little valleys,  
Him dat made de streets and driveways wasn't  
shamed to make de alleys.  
We is all constructed diff'ent, d'ain't no two of us de  
same;  
We can't he'p o'uh likes an' dislikes, if we're bad  
we ain't to blame.  
Ef we're good, we needn't show off, case you bet it  
ain't o'uh doin'.  
We gits into su'tain channels dat we jes' can't he'p  
pu' 'em out.  
But we all fits into places dat no othah ones could  
fill,  
And we does the things we has to, big or little,  
good or ill.  
John can't tek de place o' Henry, Su and Sally  
ain't alike;  
Bess ain't nuthin' like a suckab, chub ain't nuthin'  
like a pike.  
When you come to think about it, how it's all  
planned out it's splendid.  
Nuthin's done er evah happens, 'toubt hit's some-  
fin dat's intended;  
Don't keer what you does, you has to, an' hit sholy  
beats de chicken—  
Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o' mastah's  
chickens.

"A Corn-Song," "The Old Apple-Tree,"  
"An Ante-Bellum Sermon," "A Banjo  
Song," "Song of Summer," "The Rivals,"  
and "The Spellin' Bee," are pieces not  
less characteristic.

Since our mention of "A Canuck Down  
South," by Arthur Weir, we have oppor-  
tunity for greater familiarity with its pages.  
It is, by no means a dull book, for the  
style and humor are as variant as scene  
and subject, which change continually. As  
a member of a group of invalids, in search  
of health, though at times hinting on the  
grave, the author never lapses into the  
gloomy, or the querulously sentimental

strain, but like Hamlet adorns even the  
grim front of death with blossoms of poetry  
and humor. It must be confessed that fre-  
quently this humor has a very jaunty holi-  
day attire, and has the sound of boyish  
smartness;—as, for instance, where the  
sure footedness of the burro in narrow  
places is spoken of as being "the envy of  
politicians;" or where he describes a trail  
from Sierra Madre to Wilson's Peak "on  
which two counterfeit bills could scarcely  
pass one another." Yet all this serves to  
pique the appetite of the reader and to en-  
courage him to proceed, and it is not the  
blame of many books of travel that there  
is in them an excess of flavor. Our author  
combines the reflective and descriptive  
habit of the scholar and poet, with the  
practical turn of the man of affairs, and  
the observant eye of the savant. He dis-  
covers himself likewise, as a family man,  
the knight of "The Princess," not inatten-  
tive to the claims of the "enfant terrible," who  
must be pecked in the "top drawer" as he  
persisted in calling the upper berth loca-  
tion." We are entertained by sketches of  
different members of the party, with  
episodes of travel; sketches also of the  
country through which the train passes  
with historic allusions. So "On the  
Trial of the Voyager," and "Across the  
Prairie, and over the Divide" we travel  
with them into the land of sunshine and  
roses. Interesting as the voyage is, we  
are inclined to felicitate the Post and his  
"Princess," and the children, especially,  
when they are out of the rolling confine  
into that snug cottage "In Arcadia." "A  
short drive through avenues shaded with  
pepper trees, eucalypti, palms and live  
oaks, brought us to the cottage [in Sierra  
Madre,] that was to be our California home  
a sweet little place sun smitten all day  
long, its verandah gloomed with morning  
glories and climbing roses and its carriage  
drive lined with broad-leaved palmettos  
drawn up soldierly on either side, as  
though to keep in check the mob of  
orange and lemon trees that crowd the  
ranch. Here in the golden afternoon was  
gathered a party of reunited Canadians, and  
while the children romped in the garden,  
pelted one another with roses and carnations  
or playing hide-and-seek behind banks  
of chrysanthemums, Diogenes and I talked  
of the long ago, and offered such incense  
of tobacco (brought from Canada) to the  
Manitou as would have made Barrie write  
a second volume in honor of 'My Lady  
Nicotine' and have shamed the tribute of  
the Algonquins who guided Champlain be-  
yond the Chaudiere Falls." His resting-  
place is presently transferred to a shoulder  
of "the Sierra; and that he is at home there  
is manifest from the commencement of  
Chapter V.: 'Nineteen of the Sierra  
peaks rise to a height of 10 000 feet, and  
seven of them rise still higher, until Mount  
Whitney wears the crown, rising to the  
height of 14,000 feet. Some of these sum-  
mits are still warm with volcanic heat,  
There they stand, white-hooded, with  
glaciers moving along their flanks, as if a  
thousand years were but as yesterday, let-  
ting loose the mountain streams that go  
singing down to the sea. There is the  
divine sculpture of the rocks, the lakes  
that mirror those eternal ramparts, the  
great forests that sing in the storm and  
sigh in the summer breeze, and the groups  
of sequoia overmatching in height and cir-  
cumference any other conifers on the globe.  
There the clouds come down and kiss the  
mountains, and the lesson is renewed every  
day of eternal repose and majesty and  
strength. The mountains are not solitary,  
but are rich in floral and animal life.  
There butterflies flit and birds sing and  
huge grizzly bears come out of caves and  
caverns. There the Mariposa lily unfolds  
its petals and the snow-plant, red as blood,  
springs in a day mysteriously out of the  
margin of receding banks of snow. And  
there the lakes repose in bowls with  
the mountains for rims.' But, as we wish  
to incline the reader to purchase and read  
this book, we will quote only so much as  
may show its character in its more eloquent  
and poetic parts. The rest may be taken  
on trust, for there is something suited to

the taste of many. It may be had in  
paper covers, from the publisher John  
Lovell, of Montreal, for the small sum of  
25 cents. Several lyrics and sonnets, ap-  
propriate to the text, are inserted, that  
first appeared in his last collection of verse,  
"The snowflake and Other Poems."

A modern English poet has written a  
lyrical allegory, of which we give the sub-  
stance in our prose. Will the reader  
name to us the author, and put upon the  
poem his interpretation?  
"One day I cast into my garden a flower-  
seed, which, when it had grown and blossomed,  
many pronounced a weed. They came and went,  
looking with disfavor and discontent upon it,  
and spake slightly of me and my flower. But it grew  
at last so tall, and put on a crown so beautiful,  
that it conquered dislike and provoked envy;  
so that thieves climbed over my garden wall,  
rifled my seed and sowed it broadcast, till all the people, claiming its  
fragrance and beauty, called it Splendid!  
Now that all, having obtained possession  
of my seed, can raise my flower, it has be-  
come cheap, and they call it a weed again."

We copy from the Hants Journal the fol-  
lowing paragraph: "Rev. John A. Faulkner  
has been appointed Professor of Historical  
Theology, Drew Seminary, Madison  
New Jersey. Mr. F. was born at Grand  
Pre, graduated at Acadia College Wolf-  
ville, in 1878, and at Drew Seminary in  
1881. He has had a distinguished career  
and been a man of much research."

It may be concluded that he who takes  
his place beside such men as Dr. Henry  
Buttz and Samuel F. Upham—both noble  
examples of character and masters of the  
art of teaching—has something to bestow,  
as well as receive. Drew is justly proud  
of its faculty, and is in the front rank of  
Theological institutions in American Metho-  
dism. The other day the corner stone of  
the Drew Seminary Chapel and Adminis-  
tration Building was "well and duly laid,"  
by Bishop Andrews; and "the rich tones"  
and "perfect articulation" of the blind  
preacher, William H. Milburn, D. D.,  
Chaplain of the United States Senate,  
were heard expansively, to the joy of many  
assembled listeners. If equal to the de-  
mands, Dr. Faulkner is not to be commis-  
ered, as he will not lack inspiration.

We have "Selections From The Poems  
of John Irvine" (of the firm of Imrie and  
Graham, Printers and Publishers, Toronto)  
This appears to be the work of a right  
warm-hearted man, of no inconsiderable  
gift, and it makes its appeal to the sym-  
pathies and affections, as to the moral side  
of man. He sings of the common and  
familiar things that interest us all,—the  
love of home, of country, of childhood,  
of nature, and of God,—in such a way as to  
be easily understood, and to impress the  
heart. Mr. Irvine is a Scotchman born,  
and glories in it; but that does not prevent  
him being a very loyal, enthusiastic Cana-  
dian; he is not ashamed of the Maple Leaf,  
nor silent about the Heather. Two editions  
of his poems have been sold, and he  
is about preparing another. It may be  
justly conceded that these songs and poems  
have done their useful part in inspiring the  
feelings of patriotism and religion, and  
that kind of sentiment which tends to  
purify and sweeten society.

William Black, the prose-painter of the  
sea and of the Scottish Hebrides, is re-  
ported dead. Another spring of pleasant  
phantasy has ceased to flow, and to some  
of us the world is poorer.

PASTOR FELIX.  
The Mispliced Finch.  
A well-known Archbishop of Dublin was,  
towards the end of his life, afflicted by his  
absence of mind, that led often to start-  
ling developments. The most devout of  
men—the best of husbands—he figured in  
one anecdote that might have got a less  
well-known pietist into trouble. It was at  
a dinner given by the Lord Lieuten-  
ant of Ireland. In the midst of the din-  
ner the company was startled by seeing  
the Archbishop rise from his seat looking  
pale and agitated, and crying: "It has  
come—it has come!"  
"What has come, your grace?" eagerly  
cried half-a-dozen voices from different  
parts of the table.  
"What I have been expecting for years  
—a stroke of paralysis," solemnly answered  
the Archbishop. "I have been pinching  
myself for the last two minutes, and find  
my leg entirely without sensation."  
"Pardon me, my dear Archbishop," said  
the hostess, looking up to him with a quizz-  
ical smile, "pardon me for contradicting  
you, but it is me that you have been pinch-  
ing!"

A Deterrent.  
Badger: "Charley, you are a man of  
more than average talent. Why is it you  
never did anything to make yourself  
famous?"  
Mildmay: "I have been tempted to do  
something grand now and then, but I  
desisted when I reflected how many noodies  
and nonentities might be named after me."

The Young Harvesters to Their Grandire—  
(Dedicated to Rev. B. B. Fyffe, on his  
85th birthday.)

PRELUDE.  
Dear Brother Byrne,  
With living rhyme  
We hail return  
Your natal time,  
And with the Heaven-sent years may shed  
Their richest blessings on your head.  
With songful cheer,  
And steadfast heart,  
For many a year  
You bore your part—  
Still doing what you found to do;  
Now some may sing a song for you  
The well-set will  
It can but thrive,  
And prosper still  
At eighty-five:  
Would that for five and eighty more  
We might be happy on this shore.  
Yes, to inspire  
And swell my song,  
We might desire  
Your life so long,  
If it were kind, or wise, or best  
To keep the pilgrim from his rest.  
Sorrow was yours  
Amid the years;  
When oozed the dew:  
Then call your tears:  
Sorrow might be for God to know,  
But sunshine to your friends you at o'w.  
My rhyme I weave,  
My rhyme you live:  
Be thrice, receive  
The cheer you give!  
May never clouds around you close  
But evenings suns shall change the rose.  
A little song,  
A little story,  
To you belong  
This allegory:  
For you knew, once upon a time,  
The resper and the harvest rhyme,  
A little song,  
A little story,  
Mid that high throng,  
In that great glo'ry,  
O may the heavenly harvest-chime  
Breathe sweeter song and richer rhyme.  
Sep'tember's sun is broad and bland,  
The flits are dreamy-sweet,  
The grass is short, and all the land  
Waves with the ripen'd wheat.  
Hie to the harvest—ye who call!  
The reaping time begets;  
And let each young and busy man  
Now thrust his sickle in.  
A ruddy, red and group are they,  
With hearts and cheeks aglow;  
And from the door the grandire gray  
Locks after while they go.  
He sees the yellow-waving prize,  
He sees the soft sunshine;  
The tears of longing fill his eyes,  
And gleams of Auld Lang Syne.  
"O bonnie days that now are fled!  
For you my spirit burns,  
When sometimes o'er this whitening head  
The sun of youth returns,  
"The gift of strength, how loth we yield!  
The boon of toil, how dear!  
My heart is in the harvest field—  
Why stand I lagging here?"  
But when the harvest sun is low  
Morn's carol bidde is dumb,  
And back, with heavier step and slow,  
The wearied reapers come.  
"Alas!" they say, "our force must yield,  
Though brave our hearts and true;  
Weighty and wile is the harvest-field,  
But they who toil are few."  
The grandire leaves his easy chair,  
Chirping with youthful joy;  
And from his presence creak and care,  
Like mist at morning, fly.  
He cheers them and they can but heed—  
New wine each heart uphears:  
They see in cast the hopeful seed  
In stonier fields than theirs.  
They see him clear for them a way,  
With song and merry din;  
They see him on the harvest-day  
He thrust the sickle in.  
He praises them with generous fire;  
They all his worth declare;  
The old man's courage they admire,  
And long his faith to share.  
If at their lot they might complain,  
When wearied and depressed,  
The thought of him, made young again,  
Shall animate their breast.  
"Hail to our Sire!" the young men say;  
"Him long to us Heaven spare!  
We hang our wreath of mint and bay  
Upon his easy chair."  
PASTOR FELIX.  
Hamden Corner, Me., Dec. 13, 1898.

SEPTEMBER'S SUN IS BROAD AND BLAND,  
THE FLITS ARE DREAMY-SWEET,  
THE GRASS IS SHORT, AND ALL THE LAND  
WAVES WITH THE RIPEN'D WHEAT.

HIE TO THE HARVEST—YE WHO CALL!  
THE REAPING TIME BEGETS;  
AND LET EACH YOUNG AND BUSY MAN  
NOW THRUST HIS SICKLE IN.

A RUDDY, RED AND GROUP ARE THEY,  
WITH HEARTS AND CHEEKS AGLOW;  
AND FROM THE DOOR THE GRANDIRE GRAY  
LOCKS AFTER WHILE THEY GO.

HE SEES THE YELLOW-WAVING PRIZE,  
HE SEES THE SOFT SUNSHINE;  
THE TEARS OF LONGING FILL HIS EYES,  
AND GLEAMS OF AULD LANG SYNE.

"O BONNIE DAYS THAT NOW ARE FLED!  
FOR YOU MY SPIRIT BURNS,  
WHEN SOMETIMES O'ER THIS WHITENING HEAD  
THE SUN OF YOUTH RETURNS,

"THE GIFT OF STRENGTH, HOW LOTH WE YIELD!  
THE BOON OF TOIL, HOW DEAR!  
MY HEART IS IN THE HARVEST FIELD—  
WHY STAND I LAGGING HERE?"

BUT WHEN THE HARVEST SUN IS LOW  
MORN'S CAROL BIDDE IS DUMB,  
AND BACK, WITH HEAVIER STEP AND SLOW,  
THE WEARIED REAPERS COME.

"ALAS!" THEY SAY, "OUR FORCE MUST YIELD,  
THOUGH BRAVE OUR HEARTS AND TRUE;  
WEIGHTY AND WILE IS THE HARVEST-FIELD,  
BUT THEY WHO TOIL ARE FEW."

THE GRANDIRE LEAVES HIS EASY CHAIR,  
CHIRPING WITH YOUTHFUL JOY;  
AND FROM HIS PRESENCE CREAK AND CARE,  
LIKE MIST AT MORNING, FLY.

HE CHEERS THEM AND THEY CAN BUT HEED—  
NEW WINE EACH HEART UPHEARS:  
THEY SEE IN CAST THE HOPEFUL SEED  
IN STONIER FIELDS THAN THEIRS.

THEY SEE HIM CLEAR FOR THEM A WAY,  
WITH SONG AND MERRY DIN;  
THEY SEE HIM ON THE HARVEST-DAY  
HE THRUST THE SICKLE IN.

HE PRAISES THEM WITH GENEROUS FIRE;  
THEY ALL HIS WORTH DECLARE;  
THE OLD MAN'S COURAGE THEY ADMIRE,  
AND LONG HIS FAITH TO SHARE.

KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS  
STAMPED  
1847 ROGERS BROS.  
ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE  
Meriden Britannia Co.  
THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS  
IN THE WORLD.

**BILIOUS** Last summer I was troubled with Sick Headache and Biliousness, and could not sleep at night. I tried several doctors but to no effect, and got completely discouraged. At last I saw an advertisement telling about Burdock Blood Bitters. My husband induced me to try it, and to-day I am using the third bottle, and can truly say it has done me a wonderful amount of good. I feel better than I have for years, and am confident I owe my restored health to B. B. B. MRS. EDWARD BECK, Riverside, N.B.

**SPELLS** B.B.B. is the best remedy for Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headaches, Coated Tongue, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Scrofula, Blood Humors, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels.

**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS**

## Christmas Decorations.

Christmas would hardly seem like Christmas without an abundance of evergreens, the waxlike mistletoe, the glossy holly with its bright red berries and ribbons to match these berries everywhere. Parties and reunions come with the holiday vacations. Invitations have been sent and acceptances received ere this, particularly among the little folks. This is the children's season, and everything is done to make it memorable for them.

Attractive and unique decorations add much to the spirit of a holiday party, and the mothers who are anxious to do all they can to delight their children may welcome a few new and inexpensive hints in this direction. A miniature Christmas tree or a Santa Claus laden with bonbons has been a welcome decoration for a long time. In place of the single tree it is a novel plan to have four tiny trees placed at the corners of a mat made of a square of sheet wadding. Pull the wadding apart and place the smooth side next to the table; outline this mat with sprays of holly; scatter thickly over the mat and trees frost powder or powdered isinglass, which will glisten in the candlelight like frost, and provide as many little robins or birds of any other kind as you have guests, arranging them prettily upon the trees, keeping several to place upon the snow mat.

Another plan is to use two small cultivated pines, placing one at each end of a long mat. In place of a mat an oval looking glass may be used, and with the frost powder scattered lightly over it the glass has the appearance of frozen water. A fine wire should be strung between the tops of the trees and three or four of the smallest birds fastened to it.

An unusual and very pretty decoration is made with a split log of wood about the size of one used in a modern fireplace. Lay the wood upon a bed made of mosses and evergreens. With the aid of long tacks or brads fasten red candles to the log, placing them irregularly. Lay pieces of ground pine in and out over the log and candles, letting it trail about on the damask with holly sprays here and there. Place little patches of white wadding over the green and then sprinkle thickly with frost powder.

A bell composed of holly or mistletoe or a bell formed of red immortelles, and suspended by red ribbons from the chandelier just high enough to escape the candle light, is a great addition to a room.

A novel decoration that does not strictly belong to Christmastide, but may be useful at some later festivities and delights the little folks, is a table with Japanese parasols and tiny dolls. For the center of the table have a red parasol about fourteen inches wide when open. Place the end of the handle in a glass filled with white sand to keep the parasol secure, covering the glass with a mound of holly and ever-green. Arrange a red mat of ruffled edged crepe paper so as to show a margin outside of the greenery. Hang with red bady ribbon from the points of the umbrellas any light Japanese paper novelties that will answer for favors. At the four corners of the table place smaller parasols. Obtain as many tiny Japanese dolls as there are little people arranging them in groups under the umbrellas and in different positions. A rail fence of mottoes is a good support for many of them. The clever hostess that originated this decoration had mistletoe suspended from the chandelier, and two of the little Japs were fastened to the top of the centre parasol, in the act of kissing.

An ingenious hostess delighted not only the little folks, but their elders as well, with a unique and beautiful ice mountain for the table at a children's party. To make this mountain place in the centre of

the table a quart preserve jar. Around this jar arranged at equal distances four pint jars, and still outside of these have six inverted tumblers. Upon the top of each jar and tumbler place a tiny glass dish to hold a small night light or candle, such as is used in illuminated flowers for dinner decorations. Have at hand a supply of large lumps of plain washing soda. Begin outside the tumblers and fill each part up with uneven pieces of soda were scattered around below the mountain, where two tiny Eskimos with shovels were making a path for a miniature sleigh drawn by four curly dogs. The bonbon boxes were in the form of sleighs.

### TRILLS OF FASHION.

Of all unsightly sights the sight of a woman in a dowdyish evening gown is the worst. The chief characteristic of the evening gown should be freshness, for therein lies its primary charm. At the most fashionable concert given in town during the week scarcely ten women wore evening gowns that were dainty and unrumpled. Most of them had on dresses that looked as if they might have been brought out of the ragbag for the occasion or have been packed away in a clothesbag all summer. They were crushed and crumpled and for the most part soiled, and many of them needed a stitch here and there and some a good many. The men in the audience commented on the frumpy appearance of the women, as they expressed it. They were evidently much impressed, but not in the direction which makes a woman feel that even if clothes do not proclaim the man they go a long way toward making the woman.

If a woman doesn't happen to immaculate evening gown in her wardrobe, and for one reason or another can't get one to wear on an occasion when most women appear in full dress, let her go evening gownless. She will look far better in a light street gown or a dark one, and she is sure always to find lots of company. Soiled satin, crushed chiffon, messy mousseline de soie, battered bows, faded flowers, artificial though they be, and rumpled ribbons are not attractive separately or combined. Woman is queer in this matter of dress; she'll wear an evening gown that is a wreck when she wouldn't dream of appearing on the street in a costume that is not fresh in every detail. This most mysterious, inasmuch as there is so much to be said in favor of the evening gown, sumptuous or simple. In it many a woman has found a panacea for advancing years, for if becoming and fresh (that cannot be emphasized too much) she looks her best in it.

Golfers, both men and women, are wearing ascot ties and stocks made of tan or gray suede. They have pipings of red, and are said to serve as chest protectors. Added to utility, they possess a degree of smartness to the well dressed.

Men have had cigar cases, cigarette cases and flasks with a secret spring, which upon being pressed displays a miniature of the one best loved of all. But now comes a matchsafe, of a size built for holding respectable matches, and not those ostentatious wax tapers, with a place for miniature. One ordered by a young woman, for her best beau as a Christmas present, is made of gun metal metal, which makes a fine setting for her blood hair and rosy cheeks. When her picture is out of sight the safe looks like an ordinary one and has a fleur de lis in diamonds on one side and the man's monogram on the other.

Some people believe that a sharp girth, such as a knife or a pin, is fatal to friendship. If so, there'll be a good many fatalities of this sort Christmas day, for hundreds of people will receive a case of pins of one kind or another. They will make pretty and useful gifts, too, and no doubt will do more toward making than marring pleasant relations between the giver and receiver. Some of the cases contain six tiny catchpins, of one size embellished with a single jewel in the centre; others hold two stickpins and a belt pin, each with a single stone; still others are supplied with three catchpins of graduated size, suitable for holding the placket of the new style skirt together. Cases better suited for a man's needs hold six scarfpins, each with a different stone.

Fashion rarely changes in evening gloves and evening slippers, except as to material and ornamentation. At the moment, white, cream or pale grey suede gloves which meet the short sleeves of the gown, if there are any, and which, if it is sleeveless, come well up on the arms above the elbows, are worn with light gowns as a rule. Gloves to match the gown, say pale blue with a pale blue dress, are entirely out of vogue. If one can afford slippers and stockings to match the gown in point of color, it is always well to wear them, but not necessary. Handsome black slippers and stockings are always good form, and at the moment a severe black slipper



## "Chic" Gowns

are easily modeled from Priestley's Black Wool Figured Fabrics because the firmness of the texture and exquisite weave yield ideal draping qualities.

Combined with this is the originality of the designs in Black Wool Figures—in Matalasse effects, Armures, Pebble Cloths and Wool Canvas Cloths.

## Priestley's Black Wool Figured Fabrics

For the street, for calling or for the house, Fashion dictates from across the water as eminently correct this season

"Priestley" stamped on the selvedge.

Sold by Leading Dry Goods Houses everywhere.

of soft kid, set off by a single very handsome plain gold or jewelled buckle, is considered quite smart with light gowns.

New silk petticoats are trimmed with ruchings of ribbon.

A harvest moon lace pin is made of small letters and pearls and has a small butterfly set with gems in the centre.

The tiny fur collars for dressy wear are to be finished with a frill or tufted rosettes of real lace, mousseline and artificial flowers.

A novelty in costume lining is black hairlined striped cherry and currant red taffeta silk.

White satin vests, embroidered in petunia or soft pink or green shadings, are worn with costumes of royal or silver blue Venetian cloth.

Fancy crowns are in rich effects, spangled in colors and embroidered in silk and tinsel thread and heavily threaded with gold and silver bullion, in which mock pearls and white and colored crystals are set.

Silk stitched hems, bands and straps with frequently, the addition of small silk crocheted tailor buttons, are still greatly in vogue for decoration, notwithstanding the leaning towards overtrimmed gowns and wraps.

One variety of the new combination of chenille cord and wood fibre ribbon shows the ribbon almost an inch in width, relieved with chenille dots, in sizes from that of buckshot to that on an old-fashioned three cent coin.

A stylish dark walking suit has the effect of a long outdoor garment. The coat has a straight front, buttoned the full length with large rubber buttons, four or five of them, and they are met by buttons of the same kind and size, which run the full length of the skirt, which has the effect of an opening.

Entire gowns of fur are again exhibited this season. They are made of Russian sable, sealskin or Persian lamb. This fashion is one that can never become common, as the expense is always large, and the costumes are not suitable for anything but street wear and in the coldest weather.

A little close-tied bow of mirror velvet, with flaring ends, is one of the pretty touches on the new gowns. It is fastened with a jewelled buckle on the lower edge of the collar band, directly in front, without any regard to the material of which the band is made, and is always in some contrasting color. Black is often used, even when it is the only bit of black in the gown, and as most of the neck bands are white nowadays the bow is very effective. Mirror velvet ribbon and satin ribbon, tied in a short bow, with long ends, form another fancy in bows for the neck. The ends are sometimes finished with jet or silk fringe. Bias velvet is also used for bows, and bias liberty satin in black makes another pretty finish for the neck on a bright blue or pink silk waist. The satin is narrowly trimmed in the edges and draped narrowly around the neck on the lower edge of the white lace-covered collar. It ties directly in front in a very short bow, carried down the front, and tied in a knot midway between the neck and belt, underneath which the ends fasten.

Tulle and mousseline de soie rosettes are the prettiest trimming imaginable for a velvet toque, as they give the desired con-

trast in light effect which a velvet hat needs.

The chrysopease is the coming fad in jewels.

The long lace bars which have been stored away in the treasure box for years may be brought out once more and used for a necktie. They are long enough to tie in the fashionable manner, and it hardly matters what kind of lace they are, since everything in the way of lace is worn.

Fashionable dress fabrics are varied indeed this season, but it is the soft clinging textures that have first place. A new cloth called drap de chine, soft faced cloths and drap d'ete are all worn, and the silks must be soft and pliable, or they have no style. Fleur de velours make beautiful gowns, and the old fashioned armure and ottoman silks are coming into favor again. The prettiest of all the fabrics for a dressy gown is the new crepe de chine, as glossy as satin. To be sure it costs three, four or five dollars a yard, but then this is an extravagant age.

"Oh, no, we don't wear hats or bonnets at the opera or theatre any more," say the women. And they don't, except in exceptional and very inconsiderate cases. But they wear ornaments in their hair which keep those behind them on the dodge. The higher the better seems to be the rule for dressing the hair just now. Some of the ornaments, made of upstanding, outspreading crinkled velvet or ribbon, are likely to make a man feel that he has "had one too many" when a woman wearing one begins to crane her neck to see what the other women in the audience has on. Other designs have the appearance of a barbed wire fence, and one erected by the Spaniards at that. It is hard to say whether this style of ornament or one topped by a fluffy marabout feather can cause the people, sixteen deep behind it to do the most gyrating in their efforts to catch a glimpse of more than three square feet of the stage at one time.

Many a woman hopes to make the heart of some man glad on Christmas morning when she presents him one of these handsome new style razor strops with a magnificent silver or gold handle and end. Her intention is good but the strop, so man says himself, is hopelessly bad.

"Why you couldn't sharpen a meat axe on that thing," an ungrateful younger brother remarked to his sister when by mere physical force he discovered what she had for him. Boys of larger growth have much the same feeling about the average elaborate razor strop.

A very handsome card case is made of tiny beads in some delicate shade, say light green with a flower design wrought in a contrasting color. The work is done by hand entirely, and the cases are leather or silk lined.

### Why Women Look Old.

"That women age so much more rapidly than men, said a member of a well-known ladies' club, is to my mind a shame and reproach to the male sex." The writer, who is a mere male, quailed visibly, and the lady continued: A woman is expected to look attractive and amiable in all circumstances. To adopt any of the usual methods which a man employs for working off his irritability would be so terribly unladylike! She must be gracious and affable to women whom she thoroughly dislikes on pain of being twitted by her husband for other male relatives with indulging in "feminine spite and little-mindedness." As the "angel of the household," she is expected at mealtimes to cater for the most varied tastes, and her best efforts in "the commissariat lines are very often the subject of the most unsparring criticism. All the labor and contrivance necessary to keep herself and

her family suitably clothed falls to her share, and very frequently her task is made harder by inadequate means. She must know where everything in the house is kept, and be able to find it at a moment's notice. Whether it is the family hammer, Johnny's ball, or her husband's stove links, the missing articles must be forthcoming at once, or clamour and complaint ensue. When I think of the amount of worry and vexation that fall to the lot of the average woman, I cease to wonder that a wife shows traces of age much sooner than her husband.

### Speaking Clocks.

We speak of watches and clocks as telling the time, but we do not as a rule expect to be understood as saying that they do it in so many words. Now, however, we make mention of clocks that literally tell the hour. These phonograph clocks are being made in Switzerland, and are the very latest thing in the line of time-pieces. When a button is pressed they pronounce the hour distinctly, thus saving the owner the trouble of looking for himself to see where the hands point. The new invention has been utilized to awaken a sleeper in altogether a more natural manner than the old system. A clock set to awaken its owner at six, calls out to the slumberer, "It is six o'clock get up!" Some clocks, evidently intended for the use of obstinate sleepers, add, "Now don't go to sleep again!" The form of warning can be chosen by the buyer, and may be more or less emphatic. The application of the phonographic principle to watches and clocks is the work of a French watchmaker settled at Geneva. He introduced into the timepieces little slabs of vulcanized rubber, on which the desired words are traced in grooves corresponding to the hours and fractions of hours.

### His status.

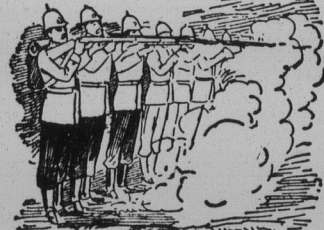
"Isn't that new neighbour of yours rather eccentric?" inquired the commercial traveller.

"No," answered one of the village's prominent inhabitants. "He ain't rich enough to be called 'eccentric'—he's just a plain crank."

## A BRITISH SOLDIER

Tells how Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Conquer Disease.

Like the conquering armies of Britain, which are marching to victory in every quarter of the globe, Milburn's Heart



and Nerve Pills are everywhere triumphing over sickness, weakness and suffering.

Mr. David Walsh, of Carleton Place, Ont., a man who has served with distinction and credit in the British army, and is now an employee of the C. P. Railway, says, "While in the army I got broken down, and my nervous system was completely shattered."

"I was much troubled with liver complaint, loss of appetite, etc. My rest became broken and was disturbed by vivid dreams. This had been going on for 14 years, although I took a great many remedies to escape from the troubles which afflicted me."

"However, I got no relief until I started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I used together with Laxa-Liver Pills, and now after having used a few boxes, I am better than I have been for years. My nerves are restored to full force and vigor, I eat and sleep well, and my entire system has been toned and strengthened."

"Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists."

"Laxa-Liver Pills," says John Doherty, 35 North Street, St. John, N.B., "cured me of Constipation and distress after eating. Their action is natural and effective."

**ENAMELINE**

**ENAMELINE**

THE MODERN  
**Stove Polish**

PASTE, CAKE  
OR LIQUID.

The only up to date Stove  
Polish in the market.

J.L. Prescott & Co. New York.

**SHARP KNIVES**

and Scissors are ensured by buying those bearing the registered mark of

**WALTER'S** Celebrated  
**TRUE BRAND**  
**CUTLERY.** Leading dealers sell them.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS. They are Marked by a Simplicity Others Might Emulate.

Simplicity does not always dwell in the cottage nor its opposite in the palace. Household Words some time ago gave an interesting picture of Queen Victoria's observance of Christmas. Since the death of the Prince Consort the holiday has always been spent at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. There the Queen makes arrangements for her Christmas gifts and greetings: and a long list she has, for no member of her large family is forgotten, and all her friends and ministers receive greetings from her.

She invariably writes to the ex-Empress Eugenie and ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. The late Lord Beaconsfield often received a present from her, and Lord Salisbury is honored in the same way. Christmas presents go to all her ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and the more humble servants are not forgotten. Every royal servant receives a gift from the queen at Christmas. She sends cards to her former maids of honor, her favorite clergymen, doctors, singers and musicians.

The queen's taste in cards is not governed by fashion. She does not care for the private cards bearing a printed greeting, now so fashionable, but prefers to select a suitable card for each recipient. For her immediate relations she chooses a simple card, on which, for a especially favored one, she paints a rose, lily, or some unpretentious designs, with a Christmas greeting in her own flowing handwriting.

Her actual gifts are on as simple a scale as the cards. She does not favor expensive presents, but she prefers to give and receive tokens slight in themselves, but expressive of the good wishes and affection of the donor.

Her majesty is very fond of knitting, straw-plating and crocheting with large ivory hook and soft Shetland wool, and quilts, mufflers, mittens and hats made by the royal hands are greatly prized by the members of her family. Flower epergnes, dainty bonbon dishes, photograph frames and beautiful bound books figure largely in the queen's list of presents.

Tradesmen who by royal warrant are 'purveyors to her majesty' forward to the queen large consignments of articles suitable for Christmas presents, and from these she can select all she requires. It often happens, however, that a pretty advertisement in one of the weekly journals will bring a command for a selection of the goods to be sent to the queen, followed by a substantial order, even in which the firm is not a warrant holder.

To her younger nephew and grandsons the queen gives handsome tips, and to the girls dress lengths of fine stuff, with the direction that the dress is to be made up as the recipient pleases, and the bill forwarded to her majesty.

To a favorite grand child the queen will sometimes send a fine uncut jewel, with the message that it is to be set as the receiver chooses, as grandmamma does not know the latest fashion in jewelry, but will pay for the setting.

NATURE'S GUIDEPOST.

Meant for People who may be Lost in the Mountains.

In the first place one should carry a general idea in one's head of the main streams, mountains, and gulches. In a new or strange country this knowledge should be obtained at once. On the first day out of a new camp keep on high ground as much as possible. Look back frequently so that the country will not appear strange when you turn back, and do not try to burden your mind with too many small details. Simply remember, for instance, that if you turn to the left from the divide on which you are you will come into the valley of the stream on which you are camped; but that if you turn to the right you will come down unto a stream that flows in an other direction. Also remember that your camp is near such a looking hill, or, better still, that it is in range with two mountain peaks. It is always better on the first day for two, out to get out of the valley in which your camp is located, but if you should do so, go way you came. Short cuts in a new country lose many a hunter.

Always carry a compass, as there is no way of telling the points of compass by means of bark or branches that can be relied on. Remember the direction in which your camp is, and then if you get lost, sit down, build a fire and make a big smoke. This is supposing that you have companions as no greenhorn should be alone in camp. They will look you up the next day, and it is better to sit by a fire and take it easy than it is to run all over the country. Every year men are lost in the

mountains who, if they had kept cool and sat down and made a smoke, would have been in camp by noon next day. Instead of this they lose their head, travel clear out of the vicinity of camp and sometimes suffer terribly or die of starvation before being found.—Forest and stream.

SIX YEARS OF SILENCE.

The Well-Known Vow of a Prisoner in the California State Prison.

Edward J. Cunningham was released from San Quentin, California, a few days ago, after serving a sentence of six years for burglary committed in Orange County, and with his liberation there passed from the prison walls one of the strangest characters that ever wore the striped garb of the penitentiary. When Cunningham was landed within the walls of San Quentin Prison he turned to the Sheriff who had conducted him hither from the southern part of the State, and swore heavily a solemn oath that no word would escape his lips during the period of his incarceration. Cunningham stood by his oath through the long, weary years of his sentence, and his tongue never loosened until he stepped without the prison walls, a free man.

Whenever it became necessary for Cunningham to communicate his needs or wants to others, he did so in writing or by motions. After being confined in the prison a short time he was thought to be insane and was sent to the Ukiah Asylum. Here he was confined but a short time for it was soon ascertained he was in his right mind and merely acting in a stubborn manner. Word was sent to the prison officials and Guard Miller was sent to the asylum to bring the prisoner back. When near Santa Rosa he jumped through a car window, but was captured after a hard chase. After his return he still preserved an inviolable silence, and was put into what is known as crank alley. Here all kinds of influence were brought to bear upon him to cause him to speak, but without avail. He also refused to have his hair cut, and when released yesterday morning his hair was measured and was found to be fifty-four inches in length.

When relieved of his prison garb a smile overspread his countenance. Several people spoke to him, but he only grinned. Once outside the prison gate Cunningham made up for lost time. He condemned everyone around the prison for his confinement. When asked how he managed to control himself and preserve an unbroken silence for so many years, he angrily replied that he had no explanation to make.

Don't Begin Paddling.

'Oh, yes, sir,' said the tailor. 'I can pad your coat to any extent you like, but I shouldn't advise you to have it done.'

'Why not?' I asked.

'It is a mistake,' he said. 'I have a good number of customers whose clothes I always pad for them. I have done so ever since they first came to me, and while I continue the practice they will always need it more and more. A young gentleman comes to me, just out of his teens and beginning to think himself a man. But he hasn't filled out yet, his shoulders are narrow, and his chest is flat. So he asks me to build him up a bit. Of course, I have to do it to please him, and he struts about in his frims of horse hair, proud of his appearance, and looking forward to the time

when he shall have a figure like that all his own. But that time never comes—and the pads are responsible for its absence.

'The fact of the matter is, that the weight that presses on the deficient part is so great, and the heat produced so constant, that profuse perspiration is always going on, and instead of developing and filling out, as the youth would do if he left Nature alone, he finds his weak points growing weaker; his shoulders shrink, his chest falls in, and far from being able to throw off his pads and appear in the manly symmetry of his own form, he has to increase his padding from year to year as his flesh is sweated away.

'No, I should certainly never advise anyone to begin padding. A little dumb-bell exercise is worth all the tailor's padding in the world.'

What he Lived for.

The lowliest of lives, in the plainest of surroundings, may sometimes show that the highest wisdom is the absorption of the greatest truths in the simplest way. A water in the Church Union gives this instance: The writer's grandfather had an old colored workman, who had been a slave, and was used to the severest kind of labor. No need of a slave driver for him, however, as his tasks were always conscientiously performed. Corporal, as the old slave was called, was of a religious turn, and believed with an unalterable firmness in the truths brought to him. In his own simple way he was a good deal of a philosopher, and did not a little good by the every-day showing of his quiet faith. Finally the time came for Corporal to leave this world. The doctor said to him:

'Corporal, it is only right to tell you that you must die.'

'Bless you, doctor; don't let that bother you. That's what I've been living for, said Corporal, with the happiest of smiles.

People Who Can't.

or imagine they can't, take pills (which is perhaps true of about one person in a hundred), only fail, as a rule, because they do not know the right way to go about it. It is not the right way to hold the head back and endeavour to throw the pill as far as possible down the throat. This is very liable to produce choking, and possible coughing out of the pill. The following is the right way. Try it once; unlikely as it sounds, it makes pill-taking perfectly easy. Keep the face in its normal position. Place the pill under the tongue, and drink a few mouthfuls of water, deliberately and without nervousness, when the pill be swallowed without being felt. If there is any real difficulty, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be dissolved in water; or (what is preferable) cut into small pieces and swallowed with a drink of water.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.

A gentle tonic that increases the gastric juices, regulates the bowels, assists Nature in digesting the food, which gives the nutriment that makes good rich blood and nerve force, builds up the broken walls that disease has bombarded, forces the enemies of health to capitulate and sue for a truce. 35 cents.

'Ellen, has George come home from school yet?' called Mrs. Snaggs to her servant.

'Yes, ma'am,' came back the answer.

'Where is he?'

'I haven't seen him.'

'How do you know, then, that he is at home?'

'Because the cat's a-bidin' under the dresser.'

SKIN LIKE BABY'S

Skin diseases from the merest pimples to the most obstinate eczema, salt rheum, running sores, are quickly, pleasantly and permanently cured by Dr. Agnew's Ointment—35 cents.

Who does not envy a baby its soft velvety skin? How many suffer from distressing skin diseases—Do you suffer? Have you tetter—salt rheum—scald head—ring worm—eczema—ulcers—blotches on the skin—chronic erysipelas—liver spots and what not else of these distasteful and aggravating disorders which disfigure and discourage? Dr. Agnew's Ointment allays the distressing itching, burning, stinging sensations which are part and parcel of such troubles, and in a thousand cases where internal treatments have failed to heal and eradicate them it has worked wonderful and permanent cures—and no skin disease, no matter of how long standing, has baffled its curative qualities. In cases of chronic eczema it has proved its great worth, and cases are on record where this dread affection has been the birthright of its patient and constant companion until past middle life, and Dr. Agnew's Ointment has cured speedily and permanently. It is a boon to mothers because it is a boon to babyland—scald head and its irritations, which are accompaniments to the teething period, are quickly driven off and restlessness passes away—and where torture reigned with baby this balm brought rest and a cure—it affords instant relief from the itching distress. . . .



Do you suffer from piles—itching, blind, bleeding or ulcerated?—No remedy has brought so quick relief, spared painful surgical operations as Dr. Agnew's Ointment—it has proved itself an absolute cure for piles in all forms and at all stages—

one application will relieve the itching, irritating sensations in an instant—and long standing cases disappear after from three to five nights' treatment—the pain and soreness quit you and the tumors vanish.

The baby of another lady living on Pacific Ave. in Toronto, was terribly afflicted with scald-head and eczema—she tried washes prescribed by her physician, and soaps advertised for such purposes, but the disease remained—Dr. Agnew's Ointment was her friend; half a box cured the baby and cured herself of troublesome piles which had been the bane of her life since baby's birth.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART—Cures palpitation, fluttering, shortness of breath and all heart disorders—relief in 30 minutes.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER—Has cured cases of catarrh of 50 years standing—relieves sold in the head in 10 minutes.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS—Stop sick headache—cure constipation, biliousness and liver troubles—pleasant little doses—40 in a box—50 cents.

FLASHES OF FUN.

When a boy washes his face without being told, his mother thinks there is something the matter with him.

The director of a matrimonial agency says the young girls ask only, 'Who is he?' the young widows, 'What is his position?' the old widows, 'Where is he?'

Tupman: 'I hear you are building a new house?'

Snodgrass: 'Yes; I couldn't very well build an old one, you know.'

A servant-girl, writing home to her parents, said:—

'I am sorry I have no money to buy a stamp for this letter. I will put two on the next.'

'After all,' remarked the sentimental wife; 'home is the dearest spot on earth.'

'That's so,' replied the practical head of the family, as he finished auditing last month's grocery bill.

Muggins: 'Do you believe it is unlucky to have thirteen at a table?'

Juggins (who had callers at the time): 'Yes! if you've only made preparations for two.'

'How much do you charge for a ride in the balloon?'

'A Shilling going up.'

'And down?'

'Ten shillings.'

'If I had known how sarcastic you were, I never would have married you,' he said.

'You had a chance to notice it. Didn't I say "This is so sudden" when you proposed after a two-years' courtship?'

Dixon: 'Why is it that it is usually unmarried women who write articles on "How to Manage a Husband"?''

Hixon: 'Oh! you don't suppose a married woman is going to give her little plan away, do you?'

'So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?' asked the old man, with as much fierceness as he could assume.

'Well,' said the young man, 'I don't want to, but I suppose I'll have to be if I marry your daughter.'

A small boy in an elementary school, on being asked what were the races that had dominated England since the invasion of the Romans, replied:—

'Epsom races, Ascot races, Newmarket races, and Doncaster races.'

Wife: 'I am trimming up last year's hat for this winter to save the cost of a new one.'

Hubby: 'How good of you; you're a perfect little angel!'

Wife: 'Am I? Then give me a guinea to buy wings.'

Tommy: 'Is that a he or a she lion, papa?'

Pater: 'Which one, dear?'

Tommy: 'That one with his face scratched and the hair off the top of his head.'

Pater (with a sigh): 'That must be the male, my son.'

'The gentlemen who came to see papa said I was one of the most intelligent children they ever saw,' said little Jack.

'Indeed,' said the proud mother. 'Did you recite "Little Drops of Water" for them?'

'No'm I refused to.'

Mr. Polwag (goaded into the reckless action by the impetuous Mrs. P.): 'I—I—I shall report you to your master, conductor, for not putting us down at the corner.'

Conductor: 'Lor' bless yer' art, sir, it ain't my master as I'm afeard on. I'm like you it's my missis.'

Quoth he, 'You are my life, dear girl, Consent to be my wife.'

'I cannot, George,' she quick returned; 'The law forbids, you see.'

'The law forbids!' he gasped. 'Yes, George.'

She playfully replied.

'If you should take "your life," of course You'd be a suicide!'

They were talking of figures of speech.

'Have you ever noticed,' said one, 'how fond people are of vegetable metaphors when they are dealing with a woman. Her cheeks are "roses," her lips are "cherry," her hands are always "lily" hands, her mouth is a "rosebud," and her complexion is like a peach,' and her breath is "fragrant as honeysuckle."

'You've forgotten one,' said the cynic.

'What's that?'

'Her tongue. It is a scarlet-runner.'

A Saving Clause.—'I will never—'

Her eyes met his with a fixity of purpose from which he was compelled to quail perceptibly

'—wed any man.'

His heart seemed a great lump of lead, and he felt himself on the very verge of dark despair.

'Present company—'

He looked up, and clutched at her words as a drowning man clutches at his would-be preserver's hair.

'—always accepted.'

And now the wedding bells built for two will peal joyously in this merry springtime.

Host: 'Now, old boy, make yourself comfortable, and let's talk over old times. Haven't seen each other since we were schoolboys together. I told you I had married. Well, this is my house, and my wife will be in presently. By the way, you once lived in Nicoville, didn't you?'

Returned Traveller: 'Yes, lived there some years.'

'Then you may have met Miss Flirty?'

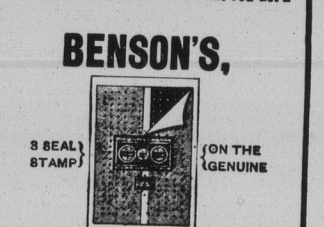
'Met her? I was engaged to her. But so were all the other fellows, one at a time. What has become of her?'

'Why—or—I was just going to tell you that she is the one I married.'



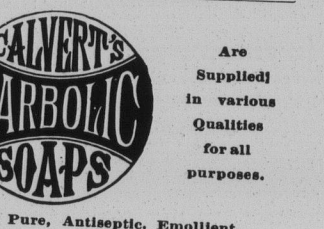
is the kind that housekeepers who want only the best always buy. Packed in pound and two-pound tin cans, it comes into the home with all its natural aroma and strength. Protected by our Seal, the consumer knows that its purity and strength have been untampered with. Your grocer sells this kind, but be sure our seal and name is on the can you buy.

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't is the best POROUS PLASTER

The most successful remedy against Coughs, Colds, Grip and Chest Troubles, now so prevalent. Clean, safe and sure. It never fails. Price 50c. All Druggists, of Agents, Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, if unobtainable.



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Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

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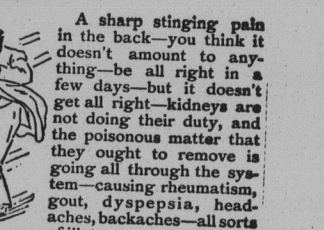


CASTLE & SON,

30 University St., Montreal

Write for catalogue E.

JUST A BAD COLD.



A sharp stinging pain in the back—you think it doesn't amount to anything—be all right in a few days—but it doesn't get all right—kidneys are not doing their duty, and the poisonous matter that they ought to remove is going all through the system—causing rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, headaches, backaches—all sorts of ills.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Cure the disease by removing the cause.

W. D. Popham, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I have for a long time had serious back and kidney trouble. My back was so stiff and painful that when I sat down I had to have something to assist me to get up. I have taken four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and they have taken the stiffness and pain from my back and enabled me to straighten up without pain or difficulty."

Price 50c. a box, a for \$1.25, all druggists.

The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Continued from Tenth Page.

she had been seen by anyone who knew her during the few weeks she lived at Brookstone, she had nothing to fear. Her eyes might be recognized, she knew; but then, if the worst came to the worst, it was so easy to account for the resemblance, by admitting some sort of relationship to Madeline Winter.

'But, of course, the real secret of her safety lay in the fact that Madeline Winter was believed to be dead, and in her grave. It was impossible for suspicion to arise in the face of that.'

'You did, indeed, do her an infinite service when you got that coffin buried, under the supposition that she lay inside it, Mr. Morewood.'

'I assisted in a great tragedy,' said Morewood, gravely. 'I wish to Heaven any other man had taken my place that night.'

'He was thinking of his friend—thinking sorrowfully, of what the end of the tragedy had been.'

'In France,' resumed Dr. Browne, 'she contrived to make the acquaintance of Lady Ruth Palliser's great friend Lady Agnes Dunbar.'

'Assuming the name of Lillian Delisle, she obtained the post of governess to Sir Gerald's little sister. It was her deliberate intention to make Sir Gerald fall in love with her, and marry her. She knew he was a bachelor, she had heard of his great wealth, she had made up her mind to be Lady Vere.'

'As you know, Sir Gerald did fall in love with her at once; but when he first proposed to her, she hesitated greatly about accepting him. This was partly assumed with a view to impressing him with her disinterestedness; but she had another and stronger motive.'

'What was it?' asked Morewood, struck by the other's tone.

'She was hoping you would make her an offer to marry. She would have preferred you to Sir Gerald.'

Morewood did not answer.

He got up from his chair and took a hasty turn up and down the room, his cheeks flushing and paling by turns, as he recollected how he had once all but loved that beautiful Circe and how only the thought of his friend's greater passion had held him back from trying to win her for his wife.

'What might not have been the tragedy of his own life but for that scruple of honor which had urged him to stifle his love almost at its birth!

'You must understand,' said Dr. Browne 'that when she went into Hampshire, she had no idea you were there. But, after her escape from the train that night, she had taken the trouble to enquire your name, and when she heard that Mr. John Morewood of Beech Royal had once acted as a railway guard, she, of course, knew she ran the risk of being recognized by you, and at once she made up her mind that, in the event of such recognition she would declare herself the sister of Madeline.'

'I presume you know she was identified by Madge Rivers who had hated the whole race with too deep and deadly a hatred to ever forget those wonderfully beautiful dark eyes which seem to have belonged to them all. You know she took the poor old woman's life!'

'Yes; all that I know,' said Moorwood, with an involuntary shudder, as he recalled that awful story he had heard in the very presence of the guilty deed.'

'Well, then, you know how she cajoled Sir Gerald in believing her completely innocent. Her powers of dissimulation were, indeed wonderful. I remember that I myself, when called in to attend Miss Lisle, thought Lady Vere was the sweetest, noblest, most unselfish woman I had ever seen. Her tender devotion to Miss Lisle especially struck me, and yet I know now, that it was she who had given her the position.'

Morewood uttered a passionate exclamation.

'Great Heaven! I he cried. 'The woman must have been a fiend. Thank God she is dead, and so beyond the power of doing further evil.'

'I must go back a little in my story, to tell you something else,' said Dr. Browne. 'Last winter a clairvoyante established herself, for a few weeks at Basingstoke. That Clairvoyante was Leila Rochfort, Madeline's sister. She came to Basingstoke under Lady Vere's instructions, and she styled herself Madame Santanello.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Morewood, with a violent start.

He knew that name only too well. He had good reason to know it.

Dr. Browne continued—

'Lady Vere was resolutely bent on parting you from Miss Lisle, and, to accomplish this, she conceived a perfectly Machiavellian scheme. She talked about the clairvoyants in such terms as made Miss Lisle earnestly desire to pay her a visit, and, at the same time, she made you promise not to take her to Madame Santanello's.'

'Matters fell out just as she wished. Miss Lisle went with her friend, Miss Muggleton, and, of course, the clairvoyante, inspired by Lady Vere, poured into her ear a prophecy, that she was destined not to marry you; but that a man, who was approaching from foreign lands, was the one who would truly win her heart, and whose wife she would eventually become.'

'She described this man, giving, as you may guess, a description of her own brother, Louis Rochfort. She, moreover, supplemented all this by the information that you did not truly love her—that all you love was given to Lady Vere.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Morewood again, with a look of keen intelligence.

He was beginning to understand many things which, before, had puzzled him sorely.

Often and often had he wondered whence poor Kate had got the notion that he was in love with his friend's wife; but the whole thing was plain.

'No wonder she resented my interference over those theatricals, if she thought that,' he said to himself, remorsefully. 'My poor Kate! if only we had understood each other better before it was too late!'

CHAPTER LXXII.  
RECONCILED.

You, of course, remember,' resumed Dr. Browne, after a short pause, 'that Rochfort was introduced as Lady Vere's cousin, not as her brother. Moreover, she took every occasion of professing to fear and dislike him, so that there should be no suspicion of collusion between them.'

'At first, it was her intention simply to make a breach between you and Miss Lisle, in the hope that the young lady would then allow herself to be won by Rochfort. But when she saw that there was no hope of Miss Lisle transferring her affections, she resolved upon a bolder scheme.'

'You may perhaps, remember that on the night of the supposed elopement, Miss Lisle retired—or so it was thought—very early to her room. As a matter of fact, she stole out of the house with the intention of meeting you.'

'Meeting me?' exclaimed Morewood, in amazement.

'Yes. She had received a note, purporting to come from you, imploring her to meet you at a certain wicker-gate in Mr. Muggleton's park. In this letter you professed unbounded sorrow for your doubts of her, and entreated her, if she had still one spark of love for you, to give the immediate private interview you sought. I need scarcely tell you it was a forged letter, or that the ink with which it was written was of a kind to become invisible within a few hours after it had been used.'

'Miss Lisle, only to glad to be reconciled to you, went to the gate, and there found Louis Rochfort. A carriage was close at hand, in which sat Madame Santanello; she was hurried inside it, and taken first to Basingstoke, then to London, and finally to Italy, where she has remained ever since.'

'And this drug that you spoke of? Her memory—you have told nothing of that.'

'It is such an extraordinary thing, that I scarcely know how to explain it to you, Mr. Morewood. I may tell you that although such drugs are, particularly unknown in Europe, I have heard often in connection with Orientals. Their action affects the memory simply and solely.'

'Four-and-twenty hours after the drug was administered to Miss Leslie, she would lose all consciousness of her previous identity. She would then be told her name was Hilda Mostyn, and whatever else the conspirators thought fit.'

'To do them justice, they seem to have treated her kindly, although she was, in a sense a prisoner, and rarely permitted to go beyond the garden alone.'

'And Rochfort did not marry her?'

'Certainly not. Those letters purporting to come from her, were of course, forgeries. She has simply been living in the Campagna with Seila Rochfort. The brother Louis, has been in Algiers almost the whole of the time. He only arrived in Italy five days or two ago, and, oddly enough, he declared he had had a foreboding that during his stay here, he should meet his death.'

'There is one thing that occurs to me which I don't understand. You say the sister Leila was Madame Santanello, the clairvoyante. Well, I happen to remember that Sir Gerald himself went to consult the woman. How was it he didn't detect the remarkable resemblance to his wife?'

'If you will consider a little, you will own that the resemblance lay almost entirely in the eyes. The clairvoyante got over this difficulty by the very simple expedient of wearing blue glasses.'

'Ah! I had not thought of that. As you say, it was very simple. And where is this Leila now?'

'I cannot tell you. I only know she has deserted the house where her brother's dead body lies, and has disappeared, together with an old woman, a nurse or housekeeper, who seems to have been in their secrets. She was desperately opposed to any confession being made. Her love for her sister amounted to a passion, and I should say she would have been ready to do anything on earth to gratify her lightest wish.'

'The brother was by no means so devoted to Lady Vere. He seems, so far as I judge, to have been by far the best of the three. The diabolical nature of the plot against Miss Lisle weighed very heavily on his mind. Of that much I am certain. Death bed repentances are lightly thought

of; but I verily believe that this was sincere.'

'And Kate—where is she? Is it—would it be possible for me to go to her at once—to-night?'

His face was pale with emotion.

Dr. Browne's voice was full of kindly sympathy, as he said—

'Well, it is hardly possible for the meeting to take place quite so soon as that neither do I think it would be wise, even if it were possible. You may rely on it, Miss Lisle is in the best of keeping. She is under the special guardianship of your friend, Sir Patrick Donovan; and my brother, who is quite as skilful as myself—in not, indeed, more so—is watching her in a professional capacity.'

'By tomorrow afternoon she will, I hope have so far regained the use of her memory as to be able to recognise you. Let me advise you—nay, let me very earnestly beg of you—to wait till then.'

'If you think it will be better for her.'

'I am quite sure it will be. She will be in a more normal condition—better able to bear the agitation and excitement.'

'Very well. We will start tomorrow; and, in the meantime, you can tell this story, or as much of it as you think well, to Sir Gerald. My heart bleeds for him. Oh, what a tragedy it has been!'

'It is a merciful thing that she is gone,' said Dr. Browne. 'He must feel it to be so.'

'Yes, I think he does,' said John Morewood, gravely.

He said not another word; but, nevertheless, Dr. Browne, who was a shrewd observer, was as certain that Lady Vere had met her death at her husband's hands as though he had seen him administer the fatal draught.

Morewood, looking him fully in the face, felt that he guessed this; but he felt, too, that he was to be trusted to keep the awful secret.

Dr. Browne could feel nothing but pity for the man whom the tragic fates had made their victim.

It was late the next day when Morewood and the doctor arrived at the villa among the hills.

Sir Patrick was there, and Dr. Jem Browne was there too, in close and anxious attendance on poor Kate.

The antidote had been administered, and with such good effect, that she had recognized Sir Patrick, and then had remarked, in a quiet and perfectly natural tone—

'I think I must have been very ill. I don't seem to know where I am even. Am I at The Towers? And where is Vi—and all the rest of them?'

Dr. Jem bent over her, with a grave, kindly smile on his pale thin features.

'You will see them all in good time,' he said, cheerily. 'For the present I want you to be careful not to agitate yourself. You have been very ill—so ill that you did not even remember your own name. I want you to tell me what it is now, if you please.'

She looked up at him in wonder.

'My name is Lisle—Kate Lisle,' she said, without a moment's hesitation. 'Please tell me where I am. Have I had an accident? What has been the matter with me?'

'Do you remember playing "Juliet," in the private theatricals, at The Towers?'

'A wave of color swept over her pale face. "Yes, yes!" she said eagerly, and put up her hand to her forehead, as though struggling desperately to recall some image to her brain.'

'The gentleman to whom you were engaged—Mr. John Morewood—was displeased at it? Do you remember that?'

'Yes, yes!' she cried again.

She rose from her couch, in her excitement, and looked round her with a look of horror.

'I remember now,' she almost shrieked. 'I remember everything. He did not come to meet me, as he had said he would. That woman was there instead—the clairvoyante—and Mr. Rochfort. They forced me into a carriage, and—oh! where am I?—where am I? How is it I don't remember any more?'

She had spoken in a hurried, gasping way—the result of intense excitement.

The color had receded from her face, leaving her almost deathly pale; but Dr. Jem was quite satisfied that that fiendish drug had been successfully counteracted.

'With a very little care Kate would soon be herself again.'

'You have been very ill,' he said, with a reassuring smile, 'and that is why you can't remember things. Don't try just at present. It will only worry you. You are in good hands, rest assured of that. Sir Patrick Donovan is taking care of you, and Mr. Morewood will be here very soon.'

'Mr. Morewood?'

A lovely pink color tinged her pale cheeks.

It was clear she remembered what had passed between her and Morewood at their last meeting.

'Yes; he knows how ill you have been, and he is very anxious to see you. But now, let me beg you not to agitate yourself by trying to think. You are still very weak, you must remember.'

At this moment Sir Patrick, his genial face all aglow with happiness, looked in at the door.

'Jem, I want you just a moment, please,' he said.

'Excuse me,' said Dr. Jem to Kate, and he went out of the room.

'Morewood has come,' whispered Sir Patrick. 'And he's wild to go in—what do you say?'

'I see no reason why he shouldn't,' said Dr. Jem, calmly. 'My brother is with him, of course? I'll just have a word with him, if you please, Sir Patrick; and then I have no doubt Mr. Morewood can see the young lady. Perhaps you wouldn't mind taking my place in there?'

'With all the pleasure in the world,' declared Sir Patrick heartily.

And he went into the room, and drew a chair up to the couch on which Kate was reclining, in a pretty blue dressing-gown, her cheeks delicately flushed, her eyes all aglow.

'I wonder whether you are strong enough to receive a visitor?' he said, smiling very kindly at her.

She looked up at him with beseeching eyes.

'Oh, yes! do please let him come,' she said, eagerly.

Her heart told her who the visitor was he meant.

He smiled again, and, rising, went to the door.

'I think you may come in,' he said.

And, in a moment, in response to that invitation, Morewood was inside the room.

Kate rose from the couch, in her glad excitement, though it was easy to see she trembled very much.

Before she could open her lips to speak, Morewood had her in his arms, and was pouring a very rain of kisses on her upturned face.

'My darling!' he breathed, in a tender whisper. 'My poor, poor darling!'

And then, fearful of overtaxing her strength, he drew her back to the couch, and, sitting down beside her, supported her with his arm, while he looked deep down into her sweet eyes.

'My Kate! my Kate!' he murmured with a passion of remorseful tenderness, as he noted how much paler and thinner her face had grown, and yet how her eyes shone with love of him. 'I only I had known! Tell me you forgive me my unkindness, dear.'

She clung to him, and laid her head upon his bosom, just as a little child, worn-out and weary, might have nestled in its mother's arms.

'John, dear, I don't even now remember quite all that has happened. And they tell me that, until I am stronger, I am not to try to think. But one thing is quite clear and distinct to me. All the trouble has been caused through my foolish—nay, my wicked—obstinacy in playing that part against your wish. But if you'll forgive me, dear,' she concluded, with a meekness inexpressibly touching, 'I'll never disobey a wish of yours again.'

'My darling, it is I who need forgiveness quite as much as you. I was harsh and unkind. I didn't make allowances—I didn't sufficiently consider your woman's pride.'

'I shall never be proud again—at any rate, not to you John.'

And, as she whispered that soft confession in his ear, she nestled still closer to his strong, loving heart.

She knew her place of rest was there.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

MARIE MUGGLETON IS MADE VERY HAPPY.

In an express train, from Southampton, alone, in a first-class compartment, Sir Patrick Donovan was seated, a very eager look in his eyes, a flush every now and again mantling his honest, sun-browned face.

It was only three days after Kate's meeting with Morewood, and from the latter he had heard such news of things in Hampshire, as had made him pack his valise and start for England, in his usual impulsive, hare-brained fashion.

The particular piece of news which had so strongly influenced our worthy Irish baronet, was that Samuel Muggleton was a ruined man, and the immediate effects of his ruin had been the withdrawal of the Reverend Mr. Tiptaft from all pretensions to Miss Marie's hand.

'The scoundrel!' muttered Sir Patrick with blazing eyes, as he rushed upstairs, and began to cram a couple of shirts and some brushes into his valise straightway 'The low black-guard! The miserable black-souled hypocrite!'

Fiercely indignant Sir Patrick; but indignation was not his only feeling.

A very pleasant hope sprang up in his breast side by side with it; and it was of that hope he was thinking, as he sat alone in the railway-carriage, with a tender smile playing round his lips.

Arrived at the station nearest The Towers, he went straight to a hotel. Vivian Court was no place for him now, he told himself.

All the blinds were drawn, out of respect for the dead Lady Vere, who was still unburied in Italy, and Lady Ruth and little Sylvia were weeping for her early death.

'Poor souls! I couldn't face them knowing what I do,' thought tender-hearted Sir Patrick. 'I only hope it will be kept from them always.'

As soon as ever he had washed away the dust of his travels, he set out for The Towers, with a determined countenance.

He had quite made up his mind to ask Marie to be his wife; and, deep down in his heart, there lurked a delicious hope

that, this time, he would not be sent away an unsuccessful wooer.

A word or two, judiciously dropped by Morewood, had first aroused this hope.

I am perfectly certain she never cared for Tiptaft. Morewood had said, with energy. 'Of course I don't know why you went off as you did without ever giving her a chance of being Lady Donovan; but it's strongly my impression, and has been all along, that she only took Tiptaft because she'd been piqued of you.'

'If I thought so!' Sir Patrick had said; and it was then that muttering objurgatory language against the Reverend Augustus, he had rushed upstairs to pack his valise.

'My bit of money will keep us just decently he thought, 'and what I can't give in luxury, I'll try to make up in love. If only the dear girl can make herself happy with me! Poor little darling! She needs somebody to be very kind with, her after all she's suffered at the hands of that sanctimonious black-guard!'

It was late in the afternoon when he turned in at the lodge-gates of The Towers; and, as though the Fates had conspired to bless this honest Irish gentleman, who should be standing in the porch of the lodge-keeper's cottage, but Marie Muggleton herself.

She was looking very pale, as Sir Patrick was quick to observe; but, at sight of him, she flushed a sudden rosy red, and her eyes dropped almost timidly before his eager gaze.

'Miss Marie this is pleasure!' and his face testified to his sincerity, as he took her hand and clasped it warmly, holding it for some seconds before releasing it.

'Are you going up to the house? May I walk with you?' he asked, in the genial, mellow tones poor Marie had used to love so dearly.

It was fully a quarter-of-a-mile from the lodge to the house; and, as the day was warm, Sir Patrick and Marie turned aside from the carriage-drive, and took a side path, pleasantly shaded with trees.

The very spot for a tale of love.

Truly the Fates were smiling upon Sir Patrick—ay, and upon Marie, too!

Just at first there was silence—almost an embarrassing silence—between them.

Sir Patrick broke it by saying, in his softest kindest voice—

'I hope your father is quite well. You'll forgive me for speaking of his great loss? It's a delicate subject, and a painful one, of course; but I feel as though I must just tell you how sorry I am.'

'Thank you, you are very kind,' murmured poor Marie, trembling a little, as she asked herself whether he had heard of the desertion of Mr. Tiptaft.

Sir Patrick walked on by her side, in silence for a moment or two after this.

Then he turned to her, a little abruptly, and said—

'Miss Marie, there's just a word or two I'd like to say to you. I wonder if you'd mind listening.'

Her heart gave a great leap for joy.

'Of course I shouldn't mind listening, Sir Patrick,' she murmured.

'It can all be said in a word or two,' he went on, stopping in the middle of the path, and taking both her hands in his. 'I wanted to say it six months ago; but—well, perhaps, I was a big stupid, or, perhaps, there was some mistake. Anyway, I wanted to ask you if you'd marry me, and I got it into my head you'd think the offer an impertinence, and so I just went away without making it; but now that your father's lost his money, and I've had the good luck to come in for a bit of a legacy, why, I thought I'd come and take my chance with you. I know I've put it very stupidly; but I think you'll know just what it is I mean. Anyway, I love you, my darling—love you better than my life. There, I can't say more than that.'

There was no need to say more.

The look on his dear, honest face was enough for Marie, and in a moment she was sobbing out her joy and thankfulness in his arms; and, in less than two minutes, he had learned the great secret, that, from the day of her first meeting with him until now, she had cared for him more than she had ever cared for any other man on earth.

Mr. Muggleton was sitting in his own room at the Towers, a look of deep thought on his face, when the door opened to admit his eldest daughter.

He raised his head to look at her, and was struck, in a moment, with her altered appearance.

When he had watched her leave the house, an hour ago, she had been pale, sad-eyed, and altogether dispirited.

Now her cheek was flushed, her eye bright, her every look full of happiness and animation.

'Why, my Pollicie, what's happened?' he questioned, tenderly, and he held out his arms to her as he spoke.

Ever since the detection of Mr. Tiptaft, he had been wonderfully tender with his girl.

She went up to him eagerly, glad to hide her blushes on his shoulder.

'Oh, papa!' she whispered, tremulously. 'I—I am so happy! Sir Patrick has come, and—'

'And what, my girl?' exclaimed Mr. Muggleton eagerly, as she paused. 'Make haste, Pollicie. Tell me.'

'He wants me to be his wife papa. And he says he loved me all along. He never was engaged to anyone else, and he only went away because he thought he wasn't rich enough for me. But he's had some money left him lately; and he says he'd sooner take me without a penny than with a million pounds. Oh! papa, isn't it noble of him?'

And Marie's bright blue eyes were full of happy tears.

'Noble!' Mr. Muggleton dashed his fist down on the table till the golden inkstand fairly shook and trembled.

To be Continued.

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Her Next Move.

Geraldine Fowler sorted her mail somewhat listlessly. Some of the envelopes held rejections. She could tell them by their plumpness. There seemed to be an unusual number this morning.

There were one or two acceptances. She smiled as she drew the checks from their envelopes and laid them carefully away. It had paid, after all, her coming to New York. She had gained her experience and broadened her outlook. Yet, perhaps, it had made her restless as well.

A troubled look came into her eyes as she took up his letter and read it. A flush spread over her face. 'I thought so,' she said as she finished reading and dropped it on the desk.

It had all come so rapidly this new emotion. Less than two weeks ago she had forgotten the existence of Godfrey Taylor. To be sure she dimly recalled the gay times she had had with him one summer, and her admiration of him because he was an editor, and could talk familiarly of books and dramatic events.

Suddenly she had heard from him. He had seen a story of hers and had written. This had been followed by other letters and here was the culmination. 'I have not found you to lose you. I want you to marry me at once. Come to Washington for the fall, enjoy all the advantages I can give you. You can go into society—I have means—you can entertain literary people and indulge your fondness for the stage, which I remember, and in January we will go abroad. I shall probably be appointed to some office there.'

Her eyes glistened. 'It is what I have always wanted,' she murmured. 'And Edward—' She stopped. The faithful lover at home had hardly entered her mind. 'Well, I could not go back there any way and be content,' she sighed. 'My life here has spoiled all that. He must wake from his dream sooner or later. He told me to be free; I will be free.'

She smiled triumphantly. Then she seized the pen and directed an envelope to a little far-away country town. 'I am tired of it all,' she wrote on a slip of paper. She paused. 'The truth will come later,' she said, as she hastily added. 'My next move will surprise you.'

Then she wrote to the other one. 'You may come if you like,' she said; 'I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps—' She left it here. Edward Wherritt entered the post-office with an eager step. A glad light crept into his eyes as he saw the familiar handwriting and a thrill of pleasure ran through the man as he took the letter from the postmistress. His hand trembled a bit, inasmuch that some papers fell to the floor, and he laughed a happy laugh as he bent and picked them up.

Then he slipped them all into his pocket and turned away. It was a long time since he had heard from her. His hand closed tightly upon the letter in his pocket. It was there now fresh from her hand. He would now hasten to read it. It was there—his. No power on earth could take it from him. The light in his eyes grew deeper, and a happy smile played about his mouth. He had several errands to do. He must visit the news stand first. There might be something of hers in one of the magazines. His quick eye caught her name, and he slipped the publication into his pocket.

Well, never mind. He could stand it, and the end would be so much nearer. The letter felt thin. After all, probably it was but a hurried note, to tell of some sudden pleasure she wanted to share with him. His heart gave a bound. Anyway, it was from her—that was enough. The words were so few. 'My next move may surprise you,' he repeated. A quick fear seized his heart. He turned the page for more, but that was all. Not even a signature. 'She must have left out the rest by mistake,' he said, as he held the open page in his hand. 'But whatever the move is, I know it must be right.'

he wandered toward the station, and stood gazing down the track from whence his letter would come. He stamped his feet a bit impatiently, and took out his watch. It was coming at last! With a roar that would seem to waken the yet sleeping people, the train drew in. The morning papers and the mail bag were thrown out to the platform. The roll of papers bounded away into the wet grass. He sprang after them with a laugh. The early morning air was exhilarating. He grasped them in his hand and waved them triumphantly at the baggage master as he leaped out of the door of his car. Then he turned. A woman stood beside him.

'I have come home,' Geraldine said. 'For an instant he gazed at her with startled eyes. Then with a quick movement he gathered her into his big arms and drew her close. Her tired head fell on to his strong shoulder, and the sad, pleading eyes were hidden from view. Her hat fell unheeded to the ground, as he kissed hair and forehead again and again. This was her next move.—The Housewife.'

THE ENSIGN'S EMBARRASSMENT.

It Doesn't Pay to Vest Authority in the Immature. Clothing the immature in a little brief authority and responsibility is frequently attended with results that reverse of impressive, as in the case of one of Uncle Sam's youthful naval officers, concerning whom the Boston Globe furnishes the following: While the Philadelphia was lying at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard a young ensign was placed in command of the deck. It happened that only one item remained on the list of the morning's duties, and that was to sweep decks at seven bells. It was not a very martial command to give, but as the time approached, the officer of the deck waxed nervous. He imagined that the eyes of all hands were on him, and that the safety of the ship depended upon his giving the order in the proper voice. At three minutes of seven bells he again scanned the order-book. It read, 'Seven bells: Pipe sweepers.' It was plain enough, and the young officer took his stand near the mainmast, and called out in a very weak voice, 'Bo's'n's mate!' The man addressed sprang to his feet with finger touching cap. 'Ay, sir, sir,' he replied. Glancing hastily around, the scared officer muttered hoarsely, 'Sweep sweepers!' It was an entirely new order to the boatswain's mate. He touched his cap inquiringly. The ensign, more confused than ever, stammered desperately: 'Peep sweepers, my man!' The words were overboard, and the laugh which followed proved the last straw. The ensign drew himself up, and with withering scorn exclaimed: 'Sweep sweepers, and be quick about it, too!' This time his order was obeyed, the grinning boatswain's mate having fathomed his meaning.

At the end of the afternoon, the captain said, as the crew stepped out of the boat, 'You've got on very well, sir. If you come down again we'll give you another lesson.'

'Thanks,' replied the stranger; 'I'll be very pleased. If you let me have a line I'll be sure to come,' and he handed the captain a card which revealed the fact that the stranger was the then champion sculler Hanlan.

The reply made by a young Swedish maid in service in this country to her mistress expresses clearly, though in imperfect English, what every sufferer from homesickness feels. 'You ought to be contented, and not fret for your old home, Ina,' said the lady, as she looked at the dim eyes of the girl. 'You are earning good wages, your work is light, everyone is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here.'

'Yes, ma,' said the girl plaintively, 'but it is not the place where I do that makes me vera homesick—it is the place where I don't be.'

Voice from doorway: 'Mary, what are you doing out there?' Mary: 'I'm looking at the moon.' Voice from doorway: 'Well, tell the moon to go home, and you come into the house. It's half past eleven.'

Just then there was a violent cackling in the crate, which had been deposited upon the express track, and going over to see what it was all about, the irate farmer found that one of his hens had laid an egg. 'Here! Look at this!' he said; 'this hen has got more soul than your old company!'

'We will call it square,' said the agent, apparently convinced of the justice of the farmer's remark. 'Give me the egg and I'll pay the war tax on this crate of chickens.'

The egg was handed over; the old brown hen gave a final triumphant cackle,—as well she might, for a hen in need is a hen indeed,—and the incident was closed.

The Ambition of a Human Animal. A certain United States Senator is reported to have said to a party of friends recently: 'If I had plenty of money I'd have music played at all my meals, and get cigars made at \$50 a hundred. Those are two luxuries I would most surely indulge myself in. I'd have the music played by a small orchestra, say a horn and two or three violins—and a flute and a

bass viol—and I'd have it play soft, 'ar monious airs while I ate; and now ar'd then I'd have some vocal music given by colored voices. I'd have them sing such things as 'Wen the Watermelon Lings on the Vine'; that's a song calculated to inspire the most sluggish appetites.'

What a high and noble ambition for a Senator of the United States! But he has lots of company—men and women to whom wealth and vast resources mean only ingenious methods of spurring a jaded and sluggish appetite to feed on delicacies for the stomach. Nothing great or noble ever comes from people inspired by such motives.

Number Thirt-en. To hotel managers, ships' stewards, and other people who have the letting out of rooms or cabins, 'No 13' is a nightmare. Nowadays, more than ever before, is the belief prevalent that ill-luck lies in that particular combination of innocent figures. Of course, no one really thinks there is 'anything in it,' but all the same they fight shy of the 'bakers dozen.'

'I've had to do with some eight or nine houses in my time,' declared one hotel manager to the writer, 'and I have found that quite two people out of three to whom a room thus numbered is allotted protest: 'I'm not in the least superstitious, you know; but—er—couldn't you put me somewhere else?'

'So often did this occur that at one place I had the rooms numbered, leaving out number 13 altogether. This worked all right, until one individual had me roused out in the middle of the night to find him other quarters, his room, he had discovered when going late to bed, being numbered '14,' but in reality situated next to '12.'

'At the next place I was at I had a dummy door fixed in a corridor between '12' and '14,' and the objectionable number placed upon that; but this again was soon found out, and a similar objection lodged. And so here I have 'No 13' used as a small store-room, and get over the difficulty in that way. The fact that the only survivor in a recent big shipwreck had occupied berth '13' has not, so far as I can see, done anything to make that number less unpopular.'

A Good man to Have in the Boat. Persons who refuse to acknowledge ability in others until the world has acknowledged it, sometimes have some experiences which should teach them discrimination. The members of a well known rowing club once found themselves a man short in a boat's crew. A stranger stood by the landing-stage, and was hailed by the coxswain. 'I say, mister, can you row?'

'A little.' 'If you like to take an oar, we'll coach you up the stream.' 'Don't mind, if you take it slowly.' The stranger took the seat offered and did his fair share of work. The coxswain, unwilling to let the crew appear too easily satisfied, gave the word to quicken the stroke, and the new man responded admirably.

Quit's Different. The reply made by a young Swedish maid in service in this country to her mistress expresses clearly, though in imperfect English, what every sufferer from homesickness feels. 'You ought to be contented, and not fret for your old home, Ina,' said the lady, as she looked at the dim eyes of the girl. 'You are earning good wages, your work is light, everyone is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here.'

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Parrboro, Dec. 14, to the wife of David Dow, a son. Tatamagouche, Nov. 26, to the wife of Dr. Roach, a son. Shelburne, Dec. 4, to the wife of E. P. Barnaby, a son. Weymouth, Dec. 7, to the wife of Theo. F. Burke, a son. Ferrona, Dec. 4, to the wife of Rev. W. H. Smith, a son. Maplewood, Dec. 15, to the wife of D. McKeen, a son. Parrboro, Dec. 7, to the wife of E. D. Allen, a son. Halfway River, Dec. 1, to the wife of Rufus Crouse, a son. Parrboro, Dec. 5, to the wife of James Allen, a son. Fox River, Dec. 10, to the wife of Wiley Cochran, a daughter. Truro, Dec. 9, to the wife of W. B. Simmons, a daughter. Truro, Dec. 3, to the wife of Edward Bruce, a daughter. Halifax, Dec. 12, to the wife of Fred Jones, a daughter. Kentville, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. Duncanson, a daughter. Gabarus, Dec. 10, to the wife of John McKinnon, a son. Digby, Dec. 6, to the wife of Oliver P. Comeau, a daughter. Baddeck, Dec. 11, to the wife of Capt. D. McRae, a daughter. Harlaw, Dec. 14, to the wife of Wm. Hubble, a daughter. Halifax, Dec. 12, to the wife of Frank H. Black-shall, a son. New Glasgow, Dec. 7, to the wife of John A. Margaree, Dec. 8, to the wife of Malcolm McLeod, a daughter. Colchester, Nov. 27, to the wife of Thomas Higgins, a daughter. Parrboro, Nov. 30, to the wife of Bradford Newcomb, a daughter. Fenwick, Cumberland, Dec. 10, to the wife of Wm. Smith, a son. Coverdale, Dec. 15, to the wife of Fenwick A. Smith, a son. Richfield, Dec. 9, to the wife of the late Edw. Spencer, a son. Englishtown, C. B., Dec. 9, to the wife of Kenneth McLeod, a son. Halifax, Dec. 11, to the wife of Henry J. Barnstead, a daughter. New Prospect, Dec. 4, to the wife of Augustus Givin, a daughter. Shelburne, Dec. 7, to the wife of James A. Kirkpatrick, a son.

MARRIED. Halifax, Dec. 14 by Rev. J. McMillan, John Lynk to Annie Munro. Aylesford, Dec. 7, by Rev. J. L. Read, Wm. J. Topp to Margaret Probert. Boston, by Rev. Henry M. Torbert, Wm. Bates to Daisy White. Lunenburg, Dec. 8 by Rev. Oscar Gronlund, Elfred Ritcey to Chas. Maxner. Eastport, Dec. 2, by Rev. A. J. Ford, William J. Miller to Cordelia White. Haverhill, Mass., by Rev. D. Wo'ol, Harry G. Colburn to Edna E. Hall. Amherst, Dec. 7, by Rev. V. E. Harris, Leigh B. Baker to Harriet F. Facey. Malbone Bay, Dec. 4, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Jas. Frank to Laura Lewis Awall. Port-Lorne, Dec. 7, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Phineas Banks to Mrs. Ada Felch. Truro, Nov. 29, by Rev. Mr. Gaggie, D. J. McColester to Mrs. McKinnon. Colchester, Dec. 7, by Rev. A. T. Kempton, George Whidden to Christie Brenton. Salisbury, Dec. 10, by Rev. J. C. Steadman, George Leod to Lorna Levesque. Oak Hill, Dec. 1, by Rev. H. Harrison, John W. McKenzie to E. M. Moulton. Truro, Dec. 14, by Rev. H. F. Adams, George C. Colchester, Nov. 30, by Rev. A. Chapman, Rupert S. Meadows to Estle C. Taylor. Lower Wakefield, Dec. 14, by Rev. W. Rutledge, George H. H. to Alice Westmore. Fitchburg, Mass., by Rev. A. T. Kempton, Edwin C. Jordan to Elizabeth A. White. Bridgewater, Dec. 6, by Rev. E. P. Churchhill, Ab. North Attleboro, Mass., by Rev. George E. Osgood, F. N. Fales to Mrs. Nellie McConnell. Upper Montserrat by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Range, Queens Co., N. B., Dec. 3, by Rev. F. W. Patterson, Henry B. Fajoy to Agnes Miller.

DIED. Truro, Dec. 8, James Stark, 51. Halifax, Dec. 14, Wm. Bafter, 50. Bridgeton, Dec. 14, Robert Carr, 64. Jordan Falls, Dec. 4, Abner Owen. Kestonville, Dec. 6, John Adams, 57. Weymouth Mills, Dec. 8, Stephen Thibean, 80. Waweg, Dec. 14, John W. Cathcart, 40. St. John, Dec. 14, Mrs. Jessie Slipp, 63. Truro, Dec. 8, Mrs. Henry Kennedy, 62. New Glasgow, Dec. 14, Ellen Magowan, 48. New Glasgow, Dec. 8, Wm. Fallock, 83. Newcastle, Dec. 4, John Manderson, 69. Brookville, Dec. 17, William Armstrong, 71. Economy Point, Dec. 7, Samuel Dunning. St. John, Dec. 18, William Armstrong, 71. St. John, Dec. 14, Mrs. Stephen Storm, 63. Mouth of Jemseg, Dec. 12, William Adams, 71. New York, Dec. 11, Wm. John Murray, 71. Jate P. B. Hamilton, 56. Boston Mts., Nov. 17, Jas. MacKenzie, 25. Maria Joseph, Dec. 1, James Hawbolt, 32. Weymouth Mills, Dec. 8, Stephen Thibean, 80. San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 21, John M. Hockin. Hillsboro, Dec. 11, Ellen, wife of Jas. T. Ward. Chgoquo, Dec. 15, Jessie, wife of Calvin Dalton. Malbone Bay, Dec. 12, Edward Jas. Wynnet, 59. Liverpool, G. B., Dec. 14, James R. McRobbie, 47. Beaver Falls, Pa., Nov. 28, Frederick Posthay, 68. Parrboro, Dec. 7, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Allen, 8 years. Halifax, Dec. 15, Mary Ann, wife of Aaron Simfield, 64. Sackville, N. B., Dec. 14, Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Allison. West Gardner, Mass., Dec. 3, Sleur Banoni D. Cormier. Upper Sacktown, N. B., Dec. 8, Nelson M. Estabrook, 29. Brookfield, Dec. 11, Bessie, wife of Abner P. Dickie, 32. Stellarton, Dec. 10, Elizabeth Fraser, wife of Alex. Mackay, 68. Glace Bay, Nov. 30, Mary Josephine, wife of John Le Abrial, 20. Harvey Bank, A. C., Dec. 18, Alice, wife of Capt. Robert White, 43. Mason, C. B., Dec. 15, Christina, widow of Hon. Wm. McKeen, 84. Apohqui, Dec. 15, Matilda, widow of the late Wm. H. Owen, 74. Croydon, East Loth., widow of the late Edward Fitzgerald, 93. Fort Saxon, Shelburne, Nov. 29, Nancy, wife of Samuel McLean, 76. Digby, Dec. 5, Arnold, son of Capt. and Mrs. Fred Robinson, 10 months. Boston, Mass., Dec. 7, Dora, eldest daughter of the late F. B. Hamilton, 36. Dartmouth, Dec. 12, Beatrice, daughter of Capt. Isaac and Mrs. Hillier, 29. Edgett's Landing, A. C., Dec. 3, Altratta R., infant daughter of William and Ida Barnett.

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New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line: Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14, 24th, and December 1st, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 5th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, N. B., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEITING, Agent. New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 5-11 Broadway, New York City.

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On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.20 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m. Lve. Halifax 8.00 a. m., ar. Tuesday and Friday. Lve. Digby 12.59 p. m., ar. Digby 12.15 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. Yarmouth 8.00 p. m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.44 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.55 a. m., ar. St. John and Truro. Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.32 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., ar. Digby 9.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S.S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.00 p. m. Unusually quick service on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agent. S. E. Vanellie makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrboro. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1/2 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Mgr. T. G. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898 the train of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou 7.00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow, Pictou 12.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal 16.30 Express for buses, Montreal 16.40 Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

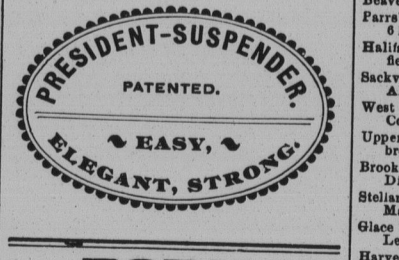
Express from Sussex 8.30 Express from Halifax, New Glasgow, Pictou 16.00 Express from Quebec, Montreal 19.25 Accommodation from Ft. du Clene and Moncton 21.25 Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney 22.45 All trains run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Christmas Holiday Excursion Tickets.

on sale to Pupils and Teachers in Schools and Colleges on surrender of proper certificate from Principal, between stations in Canada, East of Port Arthur, December 10th to 31st, good for return passage until January 31st. To Commercial Travellers on presentation of their Certificate in territory as above, December 7th, and To the Public between all stations on line East of Port Arthur, December 21st, to January 2nd, good for return until January 7th. all at One Way first Class Fare for the Round Trip.

To Boston.

To Pupils on surrender of certificate from Principal any time up to Dec. 30th, good for return until Jan. 31st. To the Public any time up to Dec. 30th, good for return until Jan. 10th. AT \$10.50 EACH. Further particulars of Ticket Agents. C. E. FUSHER, A. H. NORMAN, Genl. Pass. Agent, Ass't. Genl. Agent, Montreal, St. John, N. B.



BORN.

Moncton, to the wife of Wm. Mann, a son. Newport, to the wife of J. F. Rathbun, a son. Sackville, Nov. 30, to the wife of J. R. Ayer, a son. Windsor, Dec. 3, to the wife of Fred Levers, a son. Granville, Dec. 13, to the wife of James Gilliat, a son. Bridgeton, Dec. 10, to the wife of W. H. Cochran, a son. Ellershouse, Dec. 11, to the wife of Anthony Aker, a son. Moncton, Dec. 15, to the wife of M. A. Hutton, a son. Amherst, Dec. 17, to the wife of W. B. Carly, a son.