

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 681

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY DECEMBER 7, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENT

MANITOBA LIQUOR ACT.

The Law is Very Strict But There are Many Loopholes for the very Thirsty.

The Privy Council having declared the Manitoba Liquor Act constitutional, there is now a likelihood of a similar act being introduced and passed by the legislatures of all of the Provinces in Canada except Quebec. The Manitoba Act provides as follows:—

"48. No person shall, within the Province of Manitoba, by himself, his clerk, servant or agent, expose or keep for sale, or directly or indirectly, or upon pretence or upon any device, sell or barter or in consideration of the purchase or transfer of any property or thing, or at the time of the transfer of any property or thing, give to any other person any liquor, without having first obtained a druggist's wholesale license, under this act, authorizing him so to do, and then only as prescribed by this act."

The next forbids the keeping of liquor within the Province, except in private dwelling houses.

"49. No person within the province of Manitoba, by himself, his clerk, servant or agent, shall have or keep, or give liquor in any place whatsoever, other than in the private dwelling house in which he resides, without having first obtained a druggist's wholesale license or a druggist's retail license, under this act, authorizing him so to do and then only as authorized by such license."

Exception is made for the case of alcohol for mechanical or scientific purposes, up to ten gallons, none of such liquor to be consumed as a beverage. Clergymen may have not more than two gallons for sacramental purposes, and a supply may be kept at hospitals, to be consumed by patients only.

Brewers licensed by the Dominion government are free to store liquor for export in warehouses specially constructed.

The consumption of liquor on any licensed premises is forbidden. There is strict provision against the violation of the act by societies, associations or clubs.

A physician may prescribe, intoxicating liquor for a patient, giving a written order "before upon a druggist, for the purpose of prescription, he may have liquor in his possession, not exceeding two quarts. If he prescribes intoxicating liquor, not for a bona-fide medical reason, but to enable any person to obtain the liquor contrary to the intent of the act, he is liable to a penalty of not less than \$50, or more than \$300, for the first offence. Similar provisions are made in the case of dentists and veterinary surgeons.

The clauses relating to "Enforcement and Prosecution" provide for a Chief Inspector, who shall reside in Winnipeg and for local inspectors. Any policeman or inspector may enter and search premises other than a private dwelling house, and have full authority to enforce the act.

Regarding the licensing of druggists, it is provided that a druggist's wholesale license may be granted only to a person carrying on exclusively a drug business. The quantity of liquor to be sold at any one time to any one person for mechanical or scientific purposes is restricted to ten gallons, and to five gallons at a time to a physician or a druggist holding a retail druggist's license. Sales of liquor for mechanical or scientific purposes require the production of an affidavit declaring what use it is to be put to, and that it is not to be used as a beverage, nor to sell, nor to give away. A record of every sale with particulars, is to be kept. The licensed retail druggist is to be allowed to sell liquor only upon presentation of a bona fide prescription from a registered medical practitioner, or to a dentist or veterinary surgeon, or to a clergyman for sacramental purposes, the amount being restricted to two gallons. Under penalty of forfeiture of the license and a fine of not less than \$50, nor more than \$300, or imprisonment for not less than two nor more than four months, a full record of every sale is required to be kept. Under pen-

alty of forfeiture of license and a fine of not less than \$200, nor more than \$1000, or imprisonment for not less than three nor more than six months, no liquor is to be consumed on the licensed premises.

The word "liquor" includes all fermented, spirituous and malt liquors and all combinations of liquors and all drinks and all drinkable liquors which are intoxicating. Every applicant must be the true owner of a stock of drugs worth \$1000 in the city, and \$200 if elsewhere, and he is required to give a surety bond, himself for \$500 and two sureties for \$200 each. He must fulfill many conditions and if ten or more ratepayers resident near the place proposed to be licensed object, and if the complaint is established, the Attorney General shall cancel the license.

It is provided that in proving the sale or disposal, giving, purchasing or receiving gratuitously or otherwise, or consumption of liquor, it shall not be necessary to show that any money actually passed, or any liquor was actually consumed, if the judge or magistrate or justice hearing the case is or are satisfied that a transaction in the nature of a sale, or other disposal, giving, purchasing or receiving actually took place or that any consumption of liquor was about to take place; and proof of consumption or intended consumption of liquor on premises on which such consumption is prohibited, by some person not authorized to consume liquor therein, shall be evidence that such liquor was sold or given to the person consuming, or being about to consume, or carrying away the same, as against the occupant of the said premises. The presence of beer pumps or other appliances, usually found where liquor is sold, shall be considered prima facie evidence against the occupant. No judge or magistrate shall have power to remit, suspend or compromise any penalty incurred under the act.

In regard to the penalties provided, the violations of the act fall into two main classes. The first includes any violation of sections 48 and 49, quoted above; any sale of liquor contrary to the act by a licensed druggist, wholesale or retail; the consumption of any liquor on such druggist's premises, and any violation of the act in connection with any club, association or society. The penalty in these cases is a fine of not less than \$200 nor more than \$1000, or imprisonment for not less than three nor more than six months, and in the case of license holders the forfeiture of the license. The second class of violations includes violations of the sections governing physicians, dentists and veterinary surgeons, and certain other sections; the penalty being a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$300, or imprisonment for not less than two nor more than four months.

The Small-Pox.

There are a few more cases of small-pox reported this week, but that was expected as there are so many persons unvaccinated yet. It is very probable that the government will order compulsory vaccination as there is some doubt about the power of the authorities to enforce it under the present law.

Recent Deaths.

The death took place Monday of Mrs. Walter S. Potts (after a lingering illness) The deceased lady left a husband and a little girl and a large circle of friends. The funeral was held Wednesday and was largely attended despite the terrific storm.

After many weeks illness, Mrs. Mooney, wife of Mr. M. F. Mooney, manager of the Mispec pulp mills, died about 10 o'clock Wednesday night, at her home on Watson street, Caleton. Mrs. Mooney was 67 years of age. She was born in New York, N. Y., this year, and there it was thought she had improved somewhat, but this was only temporary and hope for her recovery

was abandoned. Mrs. Mooney was a woman of admirable character. She is survived only by her husband and two young sons, and to them the sympathy of their many friends will go out. Mrs. Mooney is also survived by an sister.

THE OLD MILLS WILL START NEW YEAR.
The old Parks' Cotton Mills will be running by the New Year says Manager Cudlip and this will be great news to hundreds of people. The management has overhauled the old machinery and bought some new, and everything is practically ready for a start now, except that the factory hands have not been secured.

The incorporators of the Co. will and York Cotton Mills Co., are James F. Robertson, James Manchester, Geo. W. Jones, W. H. Thorne, Thos. McAvity, W. H. Barnaby, F. P. Starr, Wm. Crawford, Grace F. Tuohill, Mrs. Silas Alward, John E. Wilson, D. O. Conell, P. J. Mooney, G. S. Fisher, S. P. Gerow, and W. G. Smith. The capital stock is \$500,000.

The Theologian Took the Prize.
Four academicians, a Jurist, a Doctor, an Electrician and a Theologian, were seated at a table. A discussion arose as to which of their professions were the oldest. The law undoubtedly is, said the Jurist, because Adam and Eve were thrown out of Paradise.

Not at all, replied the Doctor, before that occurred, an operation had already been performed on Adam, wherein a rib was removed.

Won't do, gentlemen, said the Electrician, for before there ever was anything it was said: "Let there be light!"

Honored sir, said at last the Theologian, I think I see the priority, before there ever was light there was darkness.

HALIFAX WAKING UP.

The Board of Trade in Favor of Transfer of the Intercolonial.

The Halifax board of trade Thursday afternoon unanimously passed a resolution favoring the transfer of the management of the Intercolonial to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company; also the following:

"Therefore resolved, that this board communicate with the several boards of trade throughout the dominion and ask if they would unite in a memorial to the federal government favoring the transfer of the management of the Intercolonial Railway to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, provided such arrangements could be made with that company as would while retaining government ownership of the road, promote local traffic and lead to the extensive development of Canada in export and import business through the ports of Quebec, St. John, Halifax and Sydney.

A strong resolution was also passed urging upon the dominion government the necessity of establishing a fast steamship service. The resolution calls for a line equal to a running out of New York.

St. John's Pilot Earnings.

J. U. Thomas, secretary of the St. John pilotage commission, gives the following figures as the individual pilot earnings at this port for the year 1900:

Bennett, James.....	\$1,146 48
Cline, Richard.....	2,150 50
Cline, Richard B.....	1,002 65
Cline, Alfred.....	469 10
Conlin, Patrick.....	118 45
Daley, Charles.....	419 60
Doyle, James.....	1,500 65
Doherty, Joseph.....	8,245 67
Lube, William.....	657 12
Lube, Frank L.....	1,675 80
Mandle, James E.....	472 01
Miller, James H.....	1,585 93
Murray, William.....	424 12
Quinn, William.....	1,383 45
Reed, J. mes.....	59 50
Rogers, Bart.....	1,786 30
Spears, John.....	645 23
Spears, Henry.....	1,230 88
Spears, Maria.....	1,121 48
Suerard, John L. O.....	543 76
Stone, Thomas J.....	1,214 61
Scott, William.....	808 83
Scott, Richard.....	826 85
Thomas, John S.....	1,802 90
Thomas, Robert.....	415 78
Raynor, Thomas.....	1,629 77
Total.....	\$29,591 01

SMALL POX IN HALIFAX.

Meanness of the Board of Health—New way of Treating Consumption—Many Items of Interest.

At a meeting of the Halifax Board of Health this week there was a lively row among the members about the way quarantine regulations were broken. The parsimony of the Board was clearly indicated when they refused the matron and nurse at the Pest House an increase in her salary of two dollars per week. The Recorder says:

The Secretary announced that he had already received bills amounting to \$1200, and there were some others outstanding. On motion of Ald. Geldert the bill will be submitted to the City Council for payment.

Dr. Trenaman reported that Mrs. Riskey, the matron and nurse at the small pox hospital, had asked for more pay. Dr. T. stated that she had to work day and night. She had taken \$25 a month, but since she had been at the hospital she found the work was harder than she had expected it to be. She would like to have at least \$35 a month. If she did not get the increase she would have to leave and go home.

It was held by one member of the Board that she would have to give a month's notice before she could leave. A motion to give her an increase resulted in a tie vote. Those voting for the increase were Ald. Geldert and Cosby, and those opposing it were Dr. Mackay and Mr. Nasli. Dr. Cushman gave his casting vote against the increase.

Dr. Trenaman said he didn't think the woman would stay and he could not allow the patients to be there also without a woman nurse. She was most capable and could not be replaced. Mr. Neal thought that was a mistake. Nowadays persons can always be found to replace others.

The caretaker at the hospital, Mr. Cobbin will be given a week's notice to quit. He is receiving \$17 50 a week. The board will replace him by another man, a cook, who has offered to see her for \$45 a month.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Massachusetts Sanatorium which goes the Dever Colony One E. et.

Boston, D. C. 3—A sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis, established near Plymouth on a spot open to the keen air of the Atlantic as it sweeps across Buzzard's Bay, goes even farther than the colony of consumptives living in tents near Denver. The consumptives of the Plymouth sanatorium live in what are practically three-sided shacks, open to the air at all times, and part of the treatment consists of exposing their naked bodies to air and sun for a certain period of each day.

It is a remarkable colony in every respect but the patients seem to have found the treatment beneficial.

The colony is established on a hillside sloping toward the south. The patients dwellings are small three-sided wooden structures raised slightly above the ground. On the fourth side the only protection is a screen, which is pulled down only in rainy weather.

It is not intended to keep out the air, but, by a method possible to keep the air moving through the little dwellings is provided. There are little windows on the wall sides screened by lattices so arranged that the air can be kept constantly changed even when it rains.

The shacks themselves are about 12 feet square. In each one are an iron bedstead, a bureau, wardrobe, papers and books. The rooms are like sections of a hospital ward out of doors.

About the grounds hammocks are hung, in which on the coldest days patients, wrapped in warm clothing, some even with hats and mittens, swing as it were summer.

Sun baths and hydrotherapy combined complete the course. On the top of the sanatorium proper, which once was a colonial mansion, a large open space has been arranged, fitted with cots and surrounded by lattice work.

On the cots the patients are compelled to lie naked for a certain length of time each five days, turning their bodies about so that they may receive on each part the rays of the sun direct. The whole outfit of each patient is soon as tanned as the

neck and arms of a summer yachtman. Following the sun bath comes the hydropathic treatment. The patient, after exposure to the sun, is made to undergo a needle bath, the temperature of which is regulated by the operator, ending with a sluicing down with cold water forced upon the patient at high pressure.

A rub-down comes next, leaving the cuticle in a glow, and then the patient is dressed and sent out of doors. It may be imagined that no diets are to be feared after this ordeal.

Very little medicine is used in the institution. As to diet, milk, butter, cream and eggs are lavishly supplied, but the patients may eat almost anything.

"It is one of our rules that patients shall have everything within reason," said one of the physicians to a reporter. "It is part of the treatment. We find that the appetite calls for certain things and we supply them as we do in health, if the food seems to agree with the patient. We have a large vegetable garden that we use freely throughout the entire year."

Patients are not allowed to visit one another in their rooms, and a rule against expectation is rigidly enforced, both of course with the idea of avoiding infection. The managers of the institution assert that its methods have been beneficial in every case treated in the last year. It is pointed out however, that the sanatorium is not intended for patients who are past cure.

It is only for incipient cases of tuberculosis and lung trouble which can be treated in such a manner as to put new vigor in the patient and send him home with a renewed interest in life.

CHANGED HER FAITH.

Miss Kelly's Marriage to Wed. Frank Gould.

Miss Margaret Kelly, daughter of the late Edward Kelly, and granddaughter of Eugene Kelly, was married to Frank Gould this week at the residence of the bride, No. 17 East Thirty-second street, New York. For the man of her choice she left the church of her father, embracing Protestantism.

The ceremony was very simple, and performed according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopal church, by the Rev. Dr. Greer. There were no bridesmaids or best man or ushers, and the bride was attended by her mother and her little sister Eugenia.

The date for the marriage was not decided until lately. Miss Kelly was dressed very simply in white satin, and wore a string of magnificent pearls, the gift of Mr. Gould. She carried white orchards and lilies of the valley.

The marriage was witnessed by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould, Miss Helen Gould, Mr. Bedell, Dr. A. Harned, Mr. Nathaniel Campbell and Mr. William Northrup.

It was stated some time ago that Miss Kelly was under the tutelage of the Rev. Dr. Greer, but at the time this was denied.

Mr. Gould announced on Saturday that he would give away most of the St. Bernard dogs which fill his kennels at Irvington. He intends to build a fine country home on the Hudson.

Miss Kelly is in her 19th year. She is a beautiful girl. She and Mr. Gould have known each other since they were children. They were separated for several years owing to the fact that Miss Kelly was in school, but upon completing her studies she and Mr. Gould met again and the old-time friendship speedily became an engagement.

By the will of her grandfather, Miss Kelly received a fortune, and she also had an estate which she inherited from her late father. Her income is between \$50,000 and \$60,000 a year.

Her fortune is estimated at over \$1,500,000. Her grandfather was very fond of her, and shortly before his death made arrangements for her future. Miss Kelly's mother is her guardian. The bride's sister, now six years old, also inherited more than a million dollars.

Miss Kelly's family is one of the most prominent in New York Catholic circles.



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The Best Friend
Wash every day
Give the best service
Uniform in quality
Cannot do better than have
Always in your home.

PLATE THAT WEARS.
FORKS AND SPOONS
STAMPED
ROGERS BROS.
ARE
THE LARGEST
MANUFACTURERS
THE WORLD.

Wood's Phosphorine
The Great English Remedy.
Sold and recommended by all
druggists in Canada. Only reliable
medicine discovered. See
packages guaranteed to cure all
Weakness, all effects of
Worry, Excessive use of
or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt
package \$1, six, \$5. One will please
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Food Company, Windsor, Ont.

ADIAN PACIFIC
Travel in Comfort
Tourist Sleepers leave
Montreal every Thursday
at 9.30 a. m. through
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Passengers for all points en
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RTH WEST, BRITISH
IA and PACIFIC COAST
to
LIFORNIA,
sh Columbia or via
and also to all other
es points, write to
A. J. HEATH,
P. A. C.P.R., St. John.

ONIAL RAILWAY.
Unclaimed Goods
A sale of Unclaimed Goods at the
St. John Station on FRIDAY, the
30th, commencing at 10 o'clock.
Goods can be seen at the Railway
Station.
D. POTTINGER,
General Manager,
11th Sept., 1901.

Large Wholesale House intends
cash office in New Brunswick and
for same. Salary \$150 per month.
Applicant must furnish good
\$1500 to \$2000 cash. Address
P. O. Box 161, Philadelphia Pa.

ROSE MEAT
—AND—
WILSON.
N. City Market.

KITTY'S PUNISHMENT,

IN TWO INSTALLMENT—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

The morning was a glorious one, all sun and breeze, and Kitty Wood, as she stood on the steps of Port Lodge, a gay boarding house at Tor Bay, and looked up and down the street, thought the little white town smiled back at her and invited her to investigate it.

She was a new visitor to the place. Last night her aunt, Mrs. Mapleson, a good, simple-minded, easy-going matron, had brought the girl here for a change of air—for a change altogether, it might be added, for Kitty had never been in a boarding house before, never left home alone, never even seen the sea.

It was a delightful experience to the unsophisticated little maiden of seventeen, to be, as it were, entering the world—her home life, with an elderly uncle and aunt at Primrose Farm, affording her few chances of gaiety, or any but the most humdrum of enjoyments.

She was therefore, on this June morning, brimming with health and spirits.

Her pretty feet, shod in country made shoes, longed to dance upon the stone steps.

Her blue eyes shone with anticipation, and some of her fellow boarders, watching her from the windows of the house, smiled at the transparent pleasure upon her countenance.

'There's that little country girl who came last night,' one said to another. 'Very pretty isn't she? Such an uncommon shade of hair! and not a bad figure, either if she were dressed a little more à la mode.'

'Not at all bad; but I prefer a simple holland frock like that, myself. Though she and her aunt seem a very unpretentious pair, I heard the aunt mentioning to Mrs. Polson that she would be quite an heiress some day—the niece, I mean—she lives with another aunt and uncle, who are very well off, at a farm in Berkshire.'

'Ah, really? Well, she looks an innocent little thing, and it's rather a treat to get a girl like that among the others here. I don't so much care for some of the people in the house,' observed the first speaker.

'So sh, my dear! somebody or other over there, whispered her companion, hearing a slight movement, and glancing over her shoulder.'

'Oh, only Mr. Caloney, and he is by no means one of those I was speaking about; rejoined the first speaker. 'I like him immensely; but some of the others, really—' 'I quite agree with you. And one does not know who half of them are or where they come from.'

'Precisely. But it's generally the case in all these places.'

Meanwhile, Miss Wood, ignorant of the encomiums passed upon her by the two ladies regarding her, was wondering how she should spend the time until lunch, her Aunt Julia preferring to remain indoors. 'Goosey, goosey, gander, whether shall I wander?' she hummed, looking out towards the cliffs, dotted with figures in cool morning attire, at the sunny esplanade, and the sea, flecked with dots and splashes of light.

Old boatmen were hiring out their gaily-painted craft; children were sitting on the strip of sand and shingle, in readiness for the fascinating 'Christys'; ladies were hobbling up and down in the water with sudden ecstatic shrieks, or complaints of its coldness, in spite of the June sun.

Everything was interesting—very, delightful.

The only difficulty was, in what direction should she turn to gain the most amusement?

She was alone. It was a little bit of a drawback for the scene was so new to her that she wanted a companion to share her emotions.

She decided not to bathe until she became acquainted with the other girls from the house.

She looked along the sea-front, but at last she chose the cliffs, making up her mind to walk out along them for a good distance.

It looked so fresh high up there, and so bright and sunny.

Besides, Mrs. Mapleson would be sure to want her for a stroll nearer home later.

So she started off rapidly, looking around

her, at the unfamiliar scene with delight.

She was, as one of the speakers at the house had remarked, an innocent, very youthful-looking girl, shyer and simpler than most of the others there, and with nothing of an artificial tendency about her; indeed, she was so unsophisticated that she took everything in a trusting way that was extremely amusing to a certain class of persons, of which there were not wanting examples at Port Lodge.

Her eyes were blue, dark, half-roguish, half-sentimental.

She was exceedingly pretty, and, though not unconscious of it, by no means self-assured in consequence of the fact; but rather doubtful if what passed for good looks in Northford would be considered as up to the standard of Tor Bay.

She was not, therefore, filled with resentment, but rather with confusion and, in a manner, gratitude, when, as, after passing the second turnstile to the heights, she was uncertainly regarding her watch and the couple of miles directly in front of her, a tall and well-built form loomed suddenly beside her, with certain details of unsolicited information.

The gentleman was very handsome, and she had seen him, and, in fact, once spoken to him, before, and that was in the dining room at the boarding house.

The other visitors talked of him as Reggie Caloney, and he seemed very popular.

Therefore, it was evident it was good nature, or the possession of well bred manners, which brought him forward to speak to her now—simply Kitty Wood, who did not know her way about, and among all these gay groups and couples felt merely the rustic she was.

'Pardon me, Miss Wood, but I imagine you are wondering at what hour they lunch at the Lodge, Mr. Caloney remarked, as he advanced to her, from what point she did not know.

'Oh, o'clock is the time.'

'Oh, thank you!' Kitty murmured blushing very much.

She felt so awkward and gauche at being thus unexpectedly addressed, that she could have almost regarded an easy self-possession as the greatest of all virtues at a moment like this, and Mr. Caloney held this virtue in a marked degree.

'So you see you have plenty of time for a very much longer stroll,' he went on, 'taking no apparent notice of her confusion. 'I was going in that direction myself—just for a constitutional, you know.'

'Oh, yes; it looks a very pretty way,' said little Miss Wood, wrenching a button off her glove in her nervousness that the young man—by far the handsomest she had ever seen—had begun to walk along by her side in the most matter of fact manner.

She hardly liked to do more than steal a timid glance at his dark eyes and hair, and clearly-cut features, as he kept pace with her rather uneven footsteps.

'I suppose you know this place well?' she asked, for want of anything more original.

'Well, I know it about as much as one can know a place in a week,' he said. 'I only came down last Monday. I should have been here last month, only my uncle, Sir Charles West, was taken ill, and sent for me, and I've been knocking about with him all the time since. He has no one to look to but me, consequently I'm bound to give him what attention I can.'

'Oh, of course!' assented Kitty vaguely. Mr. Caloney had a great charm, a great fascination.

He went on chatting in an easy way that was calculated to make this little seventeen-year old rustic feel perfectly at home with him.

'And how do you think you will like Tor Bay, Miss Wood?' he inquired.

'Oh, I think it will be delightful,' she answered, 'Aunt Julia has brought me for a month at least.'

'And it is quite a change to you after town, I'm sure?' he went on.

Miss Wood could not help feeling slightly gratified at the mistake made by her companion.

She held her pretty head and shoulders more erect as she answered.

'I don't live in London,' she informed him. 'I come from Northford.'

'Yet I thought I heard you aunt saying

something—' began Mr. Caloney.

'Oh, Aunt Julia lives in town—at least at Norwood,' volunteered Kitty; 'but I don't live with her. My home is with another aunt and uncle.'

'And is Northford a nice part of the world?' inquired Mr. Caloney.

'In a way,' replied Kitty slowly and dubiously. 'It is very dull. At least, it seems dull to me. I don't go out very often. Uncle John does not care for it. He likes people to stay at home.'

'Ah! a literary recluse, I suppose!' observed the young man.

'To; oh, no—he is a farmer,' replied Kitty, with a little blush, for which she despised herself.

What did it matter to her that her companion's connections and relatives occupied such a much higher niche in the world?

'And he is so fond of work himself, although he's quite old, that he believes in seeing everybody else busy too. It is a very large farm,' she added, desiring to lift herself and her people a little in the estimation of her handsome and charming companion.

'A very worthy principle,' said Reggie Caloney, laughing. 'But I'm afraid I and you uncle should not agree, Miss Wood, for I'm one of the drones of the world. It's a great temptation to a fellow who has no need to work to be idle, don't you think so? It would do me all the good in the world to find myself without means for a time.'

'My uncle is a rich man,' said Kitty, 'but he does not very much like to spend his money.'

This was a mild explanation—very mild—for old Mr. Wood of the Primrose Farm, Northford, was a notoriously mean man—a man who hoarded up as much of his money as he could save from pure pleasure grudging having to pay his labourers their well earned wages, and kept his wife and niece rigidly economical, in spite of sense and reason.

'Oh, that's frequently the case, commented Mr. Caloney; 'likes to count it up occasionally, and see it's all right, eh?'

'Yes,' replied Kitty, smiling. 'He has very large sums in the house sometimes. I often think what auntie and I could do with them if they belonged to us.'

'It is a foolish thing to keep a lot of money in one's house,' remarked Reggie.

'Oh, yes; but then it is only for a night or two at a time,' explained Kitty, 'when he has been arranging a sale of some of the stock, or returned from what he calls a heavy market—of course, it is soon taken to the bank at Greatover. One could do such a lot with money like that, travel and see the world, or entertain friends at home, or—' or anything.'

Then she suddenly felt that she was talking too freely and unservedly to this young man, who, in spite of his pleasant manner, was, in reality, a perfect stranger to her, and she stopped and turned the conversation into another channel.

She disliked, above everything, to be taken for a foolish little rustic; and she felt she had a way of liking to talk about her own affairs and interests to a sympathetic listener, such as Mr. Reginald Caloney, who, out of such sympathy or the possession of courteous manners, seemed to draw her out in an unusual degree.

The stroll proved so pleasant to both that they walked on and on until they had outstripped most of the other couples; and when they returned to the boarding house, as the luncheon bell was ringing, the two ladies, who had discussed the pretty country girl in the morning, smiled significantly to see her accompanied by their favourite, Mr. Reginald Caloney.

CHAPTER II.

It was the evening before Kitty's return to her own home, and she was sitting upon the balcony at Port Lodge after dinner, with only Reggie Caloney for her companion.

It was dark—the darkness of nine o'clock on a July night—but light streamed out upon the balcony from the lamps in the drawing-room, and there was lamp-light 'so in the street below, up and down which gay throngs were patrolling, chattering, laughing, singing.

Tor Bay was gay as ever.

The little town was filling with 'trippers,' and Kitty sighed to think that she was leaving it.

There was an awning stretched over the balcony, and Kitty leaned back in a canvas chair with a gandy Japanese parasol fastened behind it.

Reggie had one of her small brown hands in his, as he sat beside her on a fashionable but uncomfortable stool.

Yes; they had become lovers in the summer month they had passed together—the most glorious month the young girl had ever spent, or would, as she felt, ever spend again.

Every hour of every day had been a delight to her, and she had a vague fore-

boding that it would be impossible for just such a perfect summer idyll to repeat itself in any circumstances.

They were lovers, but not in any way declared ones.

To Kitty, in her youth and foolishness, it seemed quite enough that Reggie should have singled her out from among the other girls, to gaze into her eyes, to tell her, in his low, musical voice, that he loved her, to be ever at her side.

She did not desire any publicity, as a more worldly-wise and discreet maiden would have done.

She only smiled and blushed when Mrs. Mapleson, in her silly, easy-going way, rallied her upon the handsome young man's attentions.

She was fathoms deep in love with him—too much in love to think of herself at all, or of what was properly required of him.

He admired her so unmistakably, he haunted her so persistently, he was so different from anyone she had ever met in her cramped and simple life.

What wonder was it that the innocent, thoughtless child should dream of him from morning to night, should entertain no thought of anything or anybody but him, with his many fascinations and his easy, dashing way?

He was immensely popular with the other visitors.

His manners were so pleasant that without any effort, he captivated those who met him, and he seemed to scatter money around him, as some prince might have done carelessly and unthinkingly, so that Kitty was often almost startled by his generosity, and admired him with awe and wonder.

He was like some being from another world to the country girl from Primrose Farm—a world far above that in which she moved, just as his pale, clearly-cut face with its gay, dark eyes and satirical mouth was so much more attractive than any honest, stolid countenance she encountered in her everyday round.

He was a hero to her—hardly in touch with others of either his sex or her own—infinitely superior to the rest of the world.

It never occurred to unthinking Mrs. Mapleson—more foolish even than her niece—that there was anything really serious in this affair with the handsome stranger with whom they had become acquainted, by reason of living under the same roof.

She looked upon Kitty as too young, too much of a child, for her to trouble herself about her, and she knew her own girlhood, between thirty and forty years ago—had been full of just such 'fun' and 'nonsense.'

So she was never one of those who saw fit to worry over any younger charge.

'Girls would be girls,' she used to say knowingly, and a child as pretty as Kitty would, of course, attract a little notice.

'But, law, tell me to begin to be careful in five years time! she would have replied to any well-meant caution, and, therefore, pretty little Kitty had it all her own way, and was overwhelmingly happy.

'So this is your last evening,' Reggie said, as they sat side by side on the deserted balcony, and he squeezed the soft fingers lying in his.

'Yes,' replied Kitty, with a sigh. 'I don't believe I shall ever enjoy myself so much again. It seems to have passed like a day, the time. I do so hate the idea of Northford after all this!' and she leaned out over the curved iron rails and looked at the crowd, and the dark sea in the distance, with the long, lighted pier, and the boats with brilliant specks that shone out from the obscurity beneath it.

All in the scene was dear to her; it was all connected with Reggie and her lovely idyll, which had been a very happy one.

She did not expect anything from him; he had confided to her once that his old uncle, who was a sort of guardian to him, objected strenuously to any thought of his ever marrying.

'And he's one of those old cranks who would cut me off with a shilling if I did,' Reggie had said; and Kitty, satisfied with the present, had vaguely trusted that the future would somehow turn out to be pleasant too.

She was unthinking, like a child; to be with her handsome admirer was enough for the moment, and she thought of any unwelcome thought that intruded for an instant occasionally, and persuaded herself that her happiness would not only last, but increase.

'What times we have had!' she went on. 'How nice it used to be on the water, with the sun and the blue sky above one; and the walks on the cliffs—oh dear! Tears in her eyes. 'It's very unpleasant that everything one enjoys comes to an end so soon, isn't it, Reggie?'

'We can write to each other,' he said, standing beside her with his arm around her waist; 'and I shall come down to Northford one of these days, only the worst of it is there are some people down

there that I don't want to run against. I told you; and it will be only on your account that I shall go near the place. You've stolen my heart, little Kitty, and I sha'n't be able to remain away from you, I know, however much I try,' and his lips met hers in the friendly darkness.

'It will be so miserable there without you,' said Kitty, with a sob, laying her head on his shoulder in passionate love. 'I don't know how I shall bear it all. You will come, won't you, Reggie? You won't forget me?'

'Kitty, what nonsense! You'll see me there as soon as I can manage it, of course darling. Only there's this difficulty Caloney explained reluctantly, looking into the girl's brimming eyes as they were raised to his, 'you'd have to meet me in the neighbourhood, somewhere—I mean, I couldn't come to your uncles house, because they would see my secret in an instant, and naturally expect me to declare my intentions. Now to you, darling, pressing her fingers tenderly—' my situation is known, and you understand; but your aunt and uncle couldn't, and therefore it would be a case of my either staying away altogether, or—'

But this idea was unbearable to Kitty.

Besides which it was a sort of relief to her that her lover should not expect to visit Primrose Farm, as she was fully aware what opinions old John Wood would entertain upon the subject.

'Oh, Reggie, I would meet you anywhere, she exclaimed hastily and fervently, hardly daring to breathe lest he should suddenly declare his scheme impracticable, and stifling rather unpleasant qualms concerning her own conduct and what she was promising.

'I understand how different your case is from ordinary ones, and I know you love me and I love you, and shall never care for anybody else, she declared passionately, as a sort of excuse to herself for something out of the usual run of her life. 'I'm only afraid you'll forget all about me. I don't know how you could ever have looked at such a silly, ignorant little thing as I am, when you—'

'There you go again! What a foolish child you are! laughed Reggie, kissing her reassuringly. Haven't I told you scores of times that you're the only girl in the world for me, darling? I'm not my own master just at present, but let me get my chance, and we'll be married the same day. If I don't write, you'll see me before long, so don't go and worry about it, remember. I'm not always certain of my exact movements, because I must dance attendance on my uncle if he sends for me' but you'll be in my mind all the time; till I see you, little girl.'

Kitty could not help feeling happy, even although their parting was so near.

How glorious it was to have a lover like Reggie! and how her friend, Nelly Chambers, would envy her could she but see him—Nelly, who was as full of sentiment and romance as herself.

He was like no other girl's lover, she was certain; and she went up to her bedroom that night more proud that she had chosen her than unhappy that she must leave him.

When she reached the little chamber she took a photograph out of a box she had brought with her from Northford, and looked at it critically and with a sense of contempt.

I represented a young man of two or three or twenty—younger than Reggie Caloney—with an open, frank, fearless face, of no particular beauty or distinction.

He was dressed in the uniform of the merchant service.

Kitty regarded the photo for some time, and then blushed as her eye caught a faded rose at the bottom of the box.

'What nonsense!' she exclaimed, tossing her head. 'What a little simpleton I must have been to think I might ever get to care for anybody like Jim! Suppose I had gone and bound myself to him when there was Reggie waiting here for me all the time? I'd better have done with all this sort of silliness!'

And she took the rose out of its cardboard resting place, and flung it into the street, where it was quickly trodden underfoot by the merry throng.

CHAPTER III.

Kitty's eyes were red with weeping when she alighted at the Northford station, for she had a carriage to herself all the way from town, and had occupied herself in sorry fashion.

She had had to bid Reggie farewell at Tor Bay, for he had told her that his arrangements did not admit of his leaving the little place for a time, and that a friend was coming down to stay with him for the end of the week.

She seemed, somehow, in her life, so far away from the lover whom she had set up as a sort of idol in her girlish heart.

Continued on page Three.

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Continued on page Three,

SPERULATION. "Make your money earn a steady in... come." \$50,000 upwards invested with...

You're killing two birds with one stone when you use PEARLINE. "Work" and "Wear" are both avoided by washing without rubbing...



When You Want a Real Tonic: ST. AGUSTINE (Registered Brand) of Pelee Win. Gagetown, Sept. 21, 1899.

SMOOTH SEWING SILK. Cortelli sewing silk is twisted on automatic machines which stop when a break or knot happens in any one of the twisted strands...

That Famous English Home Dye Maypole soap. Washes and Dyes in one operation. One for colors—15 cents for black. Sold everywhere.

There is no danger of heart burn or heart trouble from the use of Chewing Tobacco...

Don't Use that Dirty Towel. Around my more. We have just received 100 new oak toilet cases...

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Is essentially used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, efficient. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound...

EFFECTIVE COMBINATION. SIMPLE STRONG. SINGER SEWING MACHINES. SILENT SPEEDY. Perfect Design, Best Materials, Skilled Workmanship, Unequaled Facilities.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER IS THE BEST DENTAL PRESERVATIVE. Has the Largest Sale of any Dentifrice. Sold by Chemists, Stores, &c. P. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

Mrs. Kilkour Shives, of Campbellton, spent this week in the city. Mrs. Fielding left Monday evening for Ottawa. Mrs. C. H. Martell, of Great Village, N. S., who has been visiting Mrs. J. W. Manning, left for home Monday.

Walter H. Golding and Miss Lillian Whelpley were united in marriage Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. McCall street, Mr. Golding is a son of John N. Golding, and is on the reporting staff of the Globe. The bride is the only daughter of George L. Whelpley. The ceremony was performed at 8:30 o'clock by Rev. J. G. B. Appel, of Douglas avenue Christian church, in the presence of friends and relatives of the young couple.

Miss Helen N. Porzelle, of Somerset, Bermuda, who has been visiting friends in our sister city, St. John, here, was a passenger on the Orinoco yesterday. Miss Porzelle was found in her praises of the restaurant recorded her in both cities, and considers Halifax an ideal summer resort, having improved considerably in health during her visit here. Her many newly made friends were glad to learn that she is returning home in the enjoyment of good health.

Mrs. Whelpley has had quite a notable career as a business woman in St. John, where she is highly respected. For several years after her husband's death she conducted an ice business, which she built up solely through her own efforts. By her honesty, courtesy and untiring energy the enterprise expanded until she was able to sell out in March of last year for \$90,000. It is likely she would be engaged in the same business had not the death of her daughter, which occurred last year, removed one of the greatest comforts of her life. She has recently returned from a trip abroad; she has a son living in England.

house. Mrs. Thersie is a handsome woman, who shows by her bearing and conversation that she has unusual intelligence and executive ability. Her enterprise and business acumen have been widely commented on in the press of the province, but she takes all the praise bestowed on her in a modest way. (Worcester Evening Globe, Nov. 29th, 1901.)

Can't help Fitting. This is the Best Velveteen. No other binding has half its Wear. "S.H. & M." Bias Brush Edge Skirt Binding. It must fit—the famous original Natural Curve is produced by the brush edge being woven with a double binding, the S.H. & M. velveteen cut on bias and inserted between sides of head.

SHAMPOO with TARINA—it cleanses the scalp and hair—allays irritations, promotes the growth, and leaves the hair glossy and sweet. "Tarina" "The ladies' hair soap," is a preventative against the disagreeable effects of perspiration, and every lady should have a cake, 25 cents, in tin-folled box, at your druggist, or sent by mail on receipt of price. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS. P. O. Box 2410, MONTREAL.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY! Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Scott's Food. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Time. Includes Intercolonial Railway and TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Time. Includes TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

BABY'S SKIN. In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so sweet, so safe, so speedy, for removing purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, and hair, and eradicating every humor as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure. CUTICURA EVERY HUMOR. It is always suspicious when a widower gets in the habit of being dressed up all the time. A woman can get just as mad as a man, but nobody will ever believe it, because she doesn't know how to swear like him.

Chat of the Boudoir.

It means more to be a baby nowadays than ever before, says the N. Y. Sun. Babies are getting in society, and even an ordinary infant has far more dignity and importance than formerly.

Only the very crudest of mothers nowadays orders an infant's outfit from the shop at which she trades, even though it be without reproach. The babies' outfitter must be consulted, and the fashionable baby is started in life with some particularized of its own, a color, a style in caps or nurses, a distinctive fashion in its embroidery or lace that must be carried out in all its belongings.

It used to be that when a girl gave up her dolls she relinquished her last chance for really enjoying the delight of doll making, the dressing and undressing, the putting to bed and taking up immediately afterward, the spankings and all the other keen pleasures that the little mother of a big wax doll enjoys.

Babies of modern times are frivolous society butterflies, gay as belles, beautifully gowned as brides with laces, jewels and above all individuality of their own. Their belongings in some cases are so numerous that they must be inventoried; their collections of jewels so large that a safe deposit vault must be taken to care for them and their lists of friends so long that a secretary must be engaged to reply to the notes of congratulation and acknowledge the arrival of gifts, and flowers that are sent them.

Many fashionable babies find a ready-made bank account waiting for them with a tiny checkbook bound in white flexible covers, from which checks are sent out to various charities and orphan homes just as soon as the lucky infant opens its eyes to the golden sunshine about it. Then there are stocks and bonds presented to the modern baby before it is a day old, sometimes when its sex is gratifying to the giver of the gift.

Babies in these times have their own note paper and even visiting cards. Time was when a baby's mother sent out an announcement of its birth on a card inclosed in an envelope, the flap of which was ornamented with the engraving of a safety pin in silver or gold. This has grown to be very bad form among babies; it is considered almost as bad as illustrated stationery, which no baby who knows what is what will use under any circumstances.

Visiting cards have the babies name and its day at home, for babies have their days now and people who wish to see them must come at the designated time or will most probably find the infant out driving in the park or else asleep. When the nurse takes the baby for its airing each morning the infant frequently returns a call or pays a visit upon some other baby in its own set and in these cases the tiny card is sent in on a silver tray in thoroughly correct style.

The jewels and plate of the up-to-date baby are so numerous that a special vault is taken for them in the name of the lucky infant. Here, also its stocks and bonds or the valuable heirlooms that have come to it are placed. Sometimes a girl baby gets a string of pearls before she is a week old, and sometimes one single pearl is placed in the satin case and then within her vault to be added to, each year on the baby's birthday, so that when she makes her debut later on, she will have the necklace that no debutante must be without.

The baby's jewelry must remain in the

vault until it grows older, for although a child has heaps of studs and chains of rings and pins given it, it is an unwritten law that no diamonds or other stones must be worn by the properly cared for infant. Chains and studs and pins, like monograms are not used principally for the reason that they hurt the baby when it sleeps. Even lace and embroidery must be of the very softest and downiest variety and some mothers banish pins and substitute silken tapes that tie the clothing in place.

But the babies' pins that are made up nowadays in silver and gold with protected points, are so small and light that they can be used with perfect comfort to the ruler of the nursery. Dozens of these, in assorted sizes, go in the outfit of a smartly frocked child and are really the only jewelry allowed it. Its mugs and plates, its paper bowls and spoons must all be stowed away until the baby is grown. Even its silver 'pusher,' invented in Boston is put away until the baby can take up the serious work of propelling it intelligently. Rattles are retained for immediate use, for the reason that they are the only toy that a young baby has any use for.

The baby's toilet accessories are of quite as much importance as those of a grown-up beauty. Of course, they are diminutive and very pretty. The bath is of silver and the toilet things, the combs and brushes, the powder puffs and manicure implements are of ivory or pearl in preference to silver or gold. Every baby of any importance has its own weighing machine, sometimes of silver with a little cradlelike arrangement in which the baby can rest while its weight is being ascertained each day after the bath.

The days are past when a baby was tied in a bundle and suspended from a scale, like a ham. The weighing machines come in unpretentious nickel plate as well as in the silver which only very swell babies can afford. But the weight must be watched and in the case of an important baby it is recorded each day in the baby's diary, kept by the nurse and copied afterward by the secretary in the baby's book.

He Caught the Car. The man dashed down the street after the retreating car.

Every muscle was strained, his breath came in quick gasps, the beads of moisture stood upon his forehead. His feet were working like the pedals on a bicycle. He only touched the ground in the mere allitunduous places.

'I'll catch that—street—car, he gasped, 'er die.'

Faster went the street car. Faster went the man. He overturned fruit stands and aged blind men in his wild career. He knocked down children and trampled upon them. But onward he rushed. He collided with a baby buggy. The baby was knocked into the street. The mother of the child picked it up. She pointed a finger at the disappearing form of the man. 'Murderer!' she hissed through her clinched teeth.

He draws nearer to the car. Nearer yet. He reaches out his hand. He touches the rail on the rear platform. He gives one last convulsive effort. He is on the car.

He sinks breathless into a seat and mops his brow. The conductor touches him on the shoulder.

'Git often here,' speaks the conductor. 'We're a-goin' to ther barn. No more cars tonight.'

A Problem That Won't Stay Solved.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine of Chicago, whose scheme of employing servants by relay, and only for certain prescribed hours, attracted such attention a few months ago, has had to give it up. Report has it that after faithfully testing the plan, Mrs. Blaine, retired to the country this summer, a perfect wreck—utterly worn out through her efforts to solve the servant question in a way hailed by theorists as his only salvation both for maid and mistress. Somewhat recuperated, Mrs. Blaine will venture back to Chicago this winter but her house, the scene of the late domestic experiments, will remain closed. She has taken an apartment; her meals will be taken at a restaurant, and whatever service she requires will be performed by the attendants of the apartment house. It begins to look as if the only way to get rid of the servant question was to get rid of the servants.

Stuck to His Bargain. It is sometimes said of a manly boy who hates deceit, dishonor and impurity, that he was born so. He inherits the good qualities of his ancestors. Blood will tell. However much this claim may be worth in any case, it is certain that some example and teaching are always largely responsible for a child's goodness or badness; but it is certain, too, that as soon as he knows right and wrong, and can choose between them, he begins to build his own character.

At the 'Old Cummins Jackson Mills' on the West Fork River, in what is now West Virginia, was living sixty-seven years ago a healthy boy who had very definite ideas of honor and a strong sense of right. Little Tom Jackson, like a good many other boys, was fond of fishing and equally fond of selling his fish whenever he could find customers.

In the village of Weston, three miles above the Mills, Conrad Kerster kept a small store and market. He had agreed with the boy to give him fifty cents for every pike a foot or more in length that he caught in the mill-pool.

The boy was only ten years old, but he made the contract in good faith, and as the sequel showed, he knew how to keep it.

As time went on a good many twelve inch pike were delivered at the market with mutual satisfaction to both parties to the trade. One day the boy was seen tugging through the village an enormous fish that almost dragged on the ground. It was two inches over a yard long. Colonel Talbott, a gentleman who knew the young fisherman very well, hailed him and complimented him on his success.

'A noble fish, Tom! Where are you going with it? I want to buy it.'

'I's sold to Mr. Kerster,' said the boy, without stopping.

'That can't be. He hasn't seen it. Say, I will give you a dollar for it.'

'I tell you it's sold. 'Tien't mine.'

'What is Kerster going to give you for it?'

'Fifty cents!' shouted Tom, still keeping on his way.

The colonel called after him, 'I'll give you a dollar and a quarter.'

Tom turned a moment with an indignant look, and replied, 'if you get any of this pike you'll have to get it of Mr. Kerster,' and on he went bending under his load, till he reached the store.

Mr. Kerster was astonished. 'Fifty cents isn't enough for that fish,' he said. 'I shall have to give you a dollar.'

'No, sir, it's yours at fifty cents,' insisted Tom. 'I'll not take any more. You've been kind enough to pay me for some that are pretty short,' and fifty cents was the price paid for the big pike.

This story Mr. Kerster himself in his old age, related to his nephew, Judge M. Whorter, who gave it to the Chicago Standard.

The fine conscience and keen sense of honor that ruled the boy fixed the habit of his life time. The name by which he became known to the world was 'Stonewall' Jackson.

If a man put in the savings bank for her all the money he spent on theatres, snappers, flowers, candy and such things for a girl she wouldn't look at him.

FALLING HAIR



Save Your Hair with Shampoos of Cuticura SOAP.

And light dressings of CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes cruds, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN Use CUTICURA SOAP assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of cruds, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby itching, rashes, and inflammations, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcers, sores, and sores, and for many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour, Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of cruds and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SPECIAL SET of these great skin cures is often sufficient to cure the severest humours when all else fails.

Sold by all druggists. British Depot: 27-28 Charterhouse Sq., London. FOREIGN DEPOT: 4, Cross Street, Boston.

One Obstacle Overcome.

Willie was a bright boy, of an inventive turn of mind. At the age of eight or ten he was seized with the 'perpetual motion' idea and began to make all sorts of queer machines, despite the advice of his father, who told him of men that had devoted their lives to a vain search for perpetual motion.

'It violates the first principles of mechanics, my boy,' said his father. Action and reaction are equal, as you will understand some day. When you can pull yourself up by your bootstraps, you may hope to invent a machine that will start itself and run without stopping.

The next day Willie came to his father in great excitement and told him he had done it—had pulled himself up by his bootstraps.

'Its no trick at all,' he said, as he led the way to the barn, where he showed his bewildered father a pair of old boots nailed, soles up, to a beam overhead.

'There he exclaimed, as he climbed on a box, reached up, ran his fingers through the straps of the boots and pulled himself up. 'What do you think of that?'

Willie's father did not reply in words. Instead, he took a harness-strap, and then there was an imitation of perpetual motion which required no elaborate apparatus.

Landlady (frigidly)—You seem to be examining that egg very critically, Mr. Slopoy. Is there anything wrong about it?'

Mr. Slopoy—Not at all, Mrs. Hasbur. I was only looking for the wishbone; that's all—Puck.

Use Fry's Cocoa and be Sure of Cocoa Purity. Made but sold by APIOL & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IMPERFECTIONS. Contains Bitter Apple, Peppermint, Penicillin, etc. Order of all Chemists, or send for \$1.00 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada, Victoria, B. C., or Paris, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton Eng.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water. 'THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME' For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

AT THE TOP.

It is a laudable ambition to reach the top of the ladder of success. But many a man who reaches the topmost rung finds his position a torment instead of a triumph. He has sacrificed his health to success.

A man can succeed and be strong if he heeds Nature's warnings. When there is indigestion, loss of appetite, ringing in the ears, dizziness, spots before the eyes or palpitation of the heart; any or all of these symptoms point to weakness and loss of nutrition. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. By perfect and abundant nourishment distributed to each vital organ it enables the co-operation of all the organs to preserve the perfect health of the body.

'For about two years I suffered from a very obstinate case of dyspepsia,' writes R. E. Secord, Esq., of 13 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ontario. 'I tried a great number of remedies without success. I finally lost faith in them all. I was so far gone that I could not bear any solid food in my stomach for a long time; felt melancholy and depressed. Could not sleep nor follow my occupation. Some four months ago a friend recommended your Golden Medical Discovery. After a week's treatment I had derived so much benefit that I continued the medicine. I have taken three bottles and am convinced it has in my case accomplished a permanent cure. I can conscientiously recommend it to the thousands of dyspeptics throughout the land.'

The 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' 700 pages in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

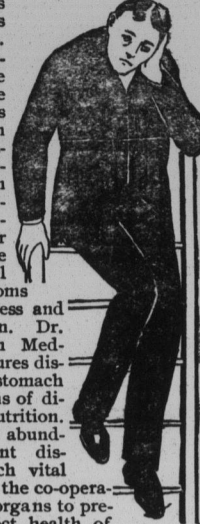
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Line of Life on PEARLINE users' hands should be deep and long. PEARLINE lengthens life by removing the evils of the old way of washing: cramped bending to rub, long breathing fetid steam, weary standing on feet, over-exertion, exhaustion. Doctor Common Sense tells you this is bad. With PEARLINE you simply soak, boil and rinse. Quick, easy, sensible, healthful—proved by millions of users. 639

AT THE TOP.

It is a laudable ambition to reach the top of the ladder of success. But many a man who reaches the topmost rung finds his position a torment instead of a triumph. He has sacrificed his health to success. A man can succeed and be strong if he heeds Nature's warnings. When there is indigestion, loss of appetite, ringing in the ears, dizziness, spots before the eyes or palpitation of the heart; any or all of these symptoms point to weakness and loss of nutrition. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. By perfect and abundant nourishment distributed to each vital organ it enables the co-operation of all the organs to preserve the perfect health of the body.



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Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Magazine. The book contains a selection of the best of Eugene Field's poems, and is a valuable addition to the library of every home. It is published by the World's Greatest Authors. Address: Eugène Field Monument Souvenir Fund, 180 Moore St., Chicago. (Also at Book Stores.) If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

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National Importance.

The Sun

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New York Sunday Sun.

Line of Life

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Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Beatrice Morgan, one of the beauties of the stage, is a daughter of the late Matt Morgan, the famous artist and caricaturist. John P. Sousa and Franklin L. Wood are the authors of The Education of Mr. Pipp, which J. Herson de Angelis will present in January.

Richard Mansfield has announced that he will play 'Beaucaire' throughout the season and that Herod will not be produced until next year.

N. C. Goodwin has casted Klaw & Erlanger from London to book a route for them and Maxine Elliott to open Jan 20. They will begin their tour in Brooklyn borough on that date, presenting When We Were Twenty One.

Little Miss Robertson, the lately arrived daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson, has delayed the appearance of Madeleine Lucette Ryle's new play, Mice and Men, in London. Mrs. Robertson was Gertrude Elliott before she married.

Frank Daniels is writing anecdotes of his stage career.

Rostand and Sardou have both promised new plays for Mrs. Fiske.

Mrs. Fiske has been on the stage since childhood, a period of more than 30 years. Maude Adams expects to play L'Aiglon, The Little Minister and As You Like It in England next April.

William Gillette will probably tour the United States next season, appearing in Sherlock Holmes for the last time.

It is said that Julia Marlowe will impersonate Mary Magdalene in a new play by Stephen Phillips, author of Herod.

Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, who has made a hit in The Way of the World is to become a Charles Frohman star, and it is expected that Clyde Fitch will provide her with a medium.

When it came down to a point of staging Ben Hur in London the managers over there were scared at the enormous expense which confronted them, and as a result Klaw and Erlanger are reported to have deposited \$25,000 to cover the cost of the play's first production.

News comes from Paris that Miss Bessie Abbott, a young American woman (whose family name is Pickens), who a few years ago was singing songs with her sister at the vaudeville houses, is soon to make her debut at the Grand Opera as Juliette, in Gounod's opera of Romeo and Juliette.

One of Julia Marlowe's tastes is the engrossing of all plays in which she has appeared. The work is done on vellum, ornamented with illustrated initial letters, and bound in silk. Miss Marlowe is making designs for the vellum volume of her new play, When Knighthood Was in Flower, the edition being limited to one copy.

Miss Viola Allen will spend the early part of next summer in England conferring with Hall Caine regarding the dramatization of his book, The Eternal City, which Miss Allen will present next year.

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, who has been of the stage for several weeks, in fact, since she celebrated her 80th birthday in St. Louis, resumed her role of the Queen in A Royal Family at the Lyceum theatre, New York, Monday evening. When she made her appearance on the stage she was greeted with a storm of applause that amounted to an ovation. She seemed to be in excellent health, and acted with all her accustomed spirited excellence.

Nixon & Zimmerman will present their American production of the latest London Gaiety Theatre hit, Toreador, at the Knickerbocker Theatre Jan. 6. Rehearsals began last Monday. The company will include such widely known artists as Christie MacDonald, Adele Ritchie, Queenie Vaszar, Maud Raymond, Jennie Hawley, Melville Ellis, William Blaisdell, Joseph Coyne, Robert A. Evans, Edward Gore, William Broderick, Joseph Fay and Henry L. Wallis. L. F. Gottschalk will be the music director. The scenery and costumes will be of American production.

Julia Marlowe celebrated the first anniversary of When Knighthood Was in Flower, at the Colonial theatre in Boston, Monday night. Its first performance was in the Olympia theatre, St. Louis. Miss Marlowe was welcomed to Boston by a brilliant audience, including many literary people, who after the performance were her guests at a birthday banquet given at the Touraine hotel. Among the guests were Charles Major, author of the book, who came from Indianapolis, for the occasion, and Paul Kester, who made the dramatization. A massive silver loving cup was presented to Miss Marlowe by

the company.

E. H. Sothern has the best play of his career in Justin Huntley McCarthy's If I Were King. In point of literary worth, in the elements of poetry and romance, in picturesque and in character it is the drama for which Mr. Sothern has been waiting, and it comes to him at the proper time—in the ripeness of his powers, when his art has acquired poise. Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Sothern are well met; for the play, fine as it is, needed the beautiful, tasteful production and interpretation given it by the actor. The only lack in the performance is in Miss Cecelia Loftus, who is no part of a capable actress, and who, it must be plain to Mr. Sothern, never will be.

The Bostonians have scored a big hit in De Koven and Smith's Maid Marian, which is pronounced the legitimate successor to Robin Hood. George Rogers, the critic of music for the Philadelphia Inquirer, a writer of 25 years experience, has written R. G. Koven's letter in reference to Maid Marian, in which he says: "In my judgment it is easily the best thing you have done and the best thing any American composer has done in this class of composition. It is fresh, bright, spontaneous and vital; full of melodic invention and harmonic skill, thoroughly artistic and musicianly. The song for Burdabee with chorus in the first act, the snake charmer's song, the love duet and the concerted music in the last act are worthy of Sullivan at his best and the whole thing, musically, is most interesting and admirable. Pray accept my congratulations. They are disinterested and sincere."

Klaw & Erlanger's three leading attractions, Ben Hur, The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast and The Rogers Brothers in Washington, are playing to an average business of \$45,000 each week. Besides these phenomenal receipts, their opera company in Fuxy Quiller is beating the records of all traveling musical organizations and The Liberty Belles at the Madison Square, New York, is taking the largest receipts in the history of that theatre. With these five companies over 1,050 individuals are employed, so that the success of these enterprises represents success to this small army of people, not to mention those connected with the other vast enterprises of this firm.

W. A. Whittecar is playing in By Order of the Czar.

Annie Blanche is playing in The Little Red School House.

Jules Gran Opera Co, which comes to St. John, in April, opens at Victoria, B. C., this week.

A Brace of Partridges, with the regular company, will be seen here this season.

Kate Dalglish and C. B. Hawkins, who have been here with Harkins, are with the Aubrey Stock Co., New Orleans.

The Boston Comedy Co, Price Webber and Edwin Grey are in New Glasgow this week.

Joseph Brennan, who has been here several seasons with Harkins, is among the company supporting J. K. Hackett in A Chance Ambassador.

Miss Bonstelle will appear in her great impersonation of Cigarette in Under Two Flags at Halifax Friday and Saturday.

Al. H. Wilson, who was here in the Evil Eye, is again starring in the Watch on the Rhine this season. Fannie Bloodgood and Mrs. Nell Warner are in the company.

Lilian Russell poured tea at the bazaar for crippled children at the Waldorf hotel, New York; \$1 a cup was willingly paid.

Miss Guch—Poetry of course, comes natural to you. I suppose it's really 'the breath to your nostrils.'

Rimer—Just about that substantial. It certainly isn't the food to my stomach.—
"No, George, the idea of love in a cottage does not frighten me. You know I am a good cook."

"Yes, I know dear. That part is all right. But where are we to get the things to cook?"

WHY CROUP IS FATAL

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may strike without warning. All the children develop quickly, and when any kind of cough appears there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness. Many a child has choked to death with croup because the right remedy was not convenient. Every one should know that the right safeguard for a child's cough or any cough is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm. With this soothing compound in the house, croup is always easily checked and relieved.
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Continued From Page Two.

She knew so very little of him, though the two great facts that she loved him and had been torn away from him were quite enough to occupy her.

But to think of weeks, perhaps, passing without a glimpse of his face or the sound of his deep, musical voice, seemed almost too appalling to be borne.

She had expected her uncle to be in waiting for her, but he was not; and all she could see in the way of vehicles was a dog cart, which did not belong to Primrose Farm.

But she recognized the pretty bay mare beside its shafts, and, as a young man jumped from his seat and hurried towards her, a vivid flush rose into her cheeks.

"What a bother! It's Jim!" she ejaculated to herself.

Then she exclaimed aloud, rather ungraciously—
"What brought you here, Jim? Are you going away?"

"Going away? No; I've come to meet you," replied young Delamere promptly, with a smile of welcome in his grey eyes. "Mr. Wood told me last night that he—"

"Oh, very well!" the girl interrupted pettishly. "But I think Uncle John might have come. I quite expected him."

She kept her face as much away from the young man's eyes as possible, being conscious of the tear-stains that marked it and climbed into the conveyance hurriedly.

Jim Delamere's countenance had fallen a little, and he drove along for a minute or two in silence, glancing sideways at his companion.

"You are sorry to come home, Kitty?" he murmured at last, in a low, half sympathetic, but disappointed voice, that told a tale as plainly as his eyes.

"Of course I am!" she returned. "Who wouldn't be to return to this sort of place?"

And she looked around her defiantly.
"Why, Kitty, is where you've lived all your life!" he remonstrated.

She would not recognize the pain in the tone, but tossed her head.
"I don't see that that improves it," she returned.

"Well, then, leaving the place alone, aren't you pleased to see any of the people again?" asked young Delamere.

"Oh, yes," rather wearily; "I suppose I am, Jim. But don't worry me now. I feel very tired of everything and everybody, and just now Primrose Farm is the last place I want to go to, somehow."

Jim Delamere's heart sank.
Too quickly did his fears hit the target of Kitty's discontent.

He had grown up with Kitty Weed, or almost with her.

Half of his time was spent upon the sea, the rest upon a sunny little farm two or three miles from John Woods, of which he was the owner; so that he had always seen a good deal of the girl.

He seemed to know her thoroughly—to understand every inflection in her voice and every expression upon her face.

And these were of moment to him.
He did not speak for a minute after Kitty's heavy sigh, and then he stretched out his hand and covered her little gloved one with it gently.

"Come along to Manor Farm, then, dear," he whispered. "You know I've always wanted you."

Kitty gave a start, and drew away her hand quickly, not roughly or impatiently, but in a sort of fright.

"Oh, no, Jim, I couldn't," she protested. "Don't talk any more about that, there's a good boy. I'm only a bit depressed. It's the usual end of a holiday, isn't it? I shall shake down again in a day or two, and be myself once more, no doubt."

She knew Jim Delamere was fond of her.
She had known it for more than a year, and she knew he would be happy to win a word of encouragement from her—that even though she did not reciprocate his feeling for her now, she might in time.

She knew also that any girl might be happy as his wife—that he was upright, constant, and worthy of esteem.

She had begun, a few months back, to imagine a sort of interest in herself for him.
In a dull place like Northford it was pleasant to have a merry, good tempered, devoted admirer hanging about one, and she had said to herself she might, perhaps, after some time—several years—for she knew there need be no hurry about making up her mind, as her uncle and aunt would not allow her to enter into a matrimonial engagement, even with Jim, before she was twenty-one, and old enough to know her affections were securely fixed—come to think of him as a possible husband.

But now all thought of such a contingency was over—that idea was gone for ever.

She had met Reggie Caloney, and oh! how different he was from any other man—from poor Jim, or any of the Northford people!

Where was the fascination that shone out in him to be found in any one else? No other eyes held the magic light of his dark ones; no voice was like his, with its caressing power.

No, he stood alone.
But then, was it to be wonderful? He belonged to a different sphere from all these.

He was a man of birth and breeding, the nephew of a baronet, possessed of wealth, which he scattered broadcast with easy grace.

He had some flashing into her life like some brilliant meteor, and the lesser lights were extinguished by his radiance.

It was difficult to settle down to life at Northford—the old ordinary, common place life, that always tried poor Kitty, aching for gaiety and fresh scenes.

For a fortnight she looked out daily for a letter from Reggie, but she did not receive a word.

She was half-distracted by her disappointment and anxiety.
She was sure of his love, or tried to feel sure, however dark things looked.

But the weary round, the common task, were very bitter to her now, and sometimes she was tempted to wish she had never left them, and found better things, which had shown her their dreary emptiness.

One morning at the little baker's shop, to which she had cautioned Mr. Caloney to send any message, she found a letter for her in his handwriting, and when she opened it she discovered—joy of joys!—that he was coming down to Northford immediately, and that if she could be near the station at about nine o'clock on the next evening they might be able to have an interview.

This sent her spirits up as high as they had before been low, and she flew home to the wings of hope.

It was awkward, to arrange about being so far from the farm at so late an hour in the evening, and had not a propitious fate waited upon her she might have been tempted into open falsehood, for Mrs. Wood was a strict guardian, and Kitty's determination to meet her lover was strong.

However, it so chanced that one of the maid servants was anxious to return home for a week, and had obtained leave to do so from her mistress, and Kitty skillfully worked round the opportunity until it was settled that she should drive Ann to catch the train that left Northford Station at a quarter before nine, the maid's destination being only twelve miles distant.

So that this first obstacle was overcome, and all turning out as had been arranged, the girl met her lover in the dusk of the summer evening, and they turned into a secluded lane for a few minutes to discuss their plans.

"I am only down, for a few days, and owing to what I told you about those people—in fact, relations of mine—that I want to avoid meeting, I am going to take quiet lodgings at Greatover. It is only three miles away, you say," Reggie explained. "I don't want you to talk about me to your friends, Kitty, but I shouldn't mind being introduced to your aunt or uncle."

"Oh," exclaimed Kitty. "I thought you said—"

"So I did," interrupted Caloney, "and I should now if I were going to make a long stay; but after all, just an ordinary call from a friend you made at the seaside couldn't do much damage or make them guess our secret, if we're careful. What do you say, darling? I thought you'd be pleased."

"So I am!" exclaimed Kitty. And, indeed, as he was speaking, it had occurred to her that this seemed to show a real desire to know more of her life and people, and her pulses began to beat in joyful triumph. "But you see, Reggie—"

"Have you mentioned me to them at all?" he asked.

"No, she answered, blushing a little constrainedly. "You did not want me—"

"No, of course; I know, dear, and you are a good, obedient little girl, and a wise one too, whom I can trust," he replied fondly. "Still, I have been thinking the matter over, and perhaps towards the end of the week I may put in an appearance at your home, which, for our sake, my dearest, I am anxious to see. But I think I shall tackle the aunt first when the uncle is away on business. I generally get on well with ladies—particularly old ladies," laughing. Tell me what she is like, Kitty?"

"Oh, she is very kind and good to me, and I'm fond of her than I am of my uncle," answered Kitty. "Uncle John is—rather hard upon us—I mean in the way of money, and amusement, and that sort

of thing. But I think Aunt Milly, although she has to be a little bit strict because of uncle, would sympathize about the friends I had made when I was away, and I'm sure she would make you welcome Reggie."

She then described to her lover the whereabouts of Primrose Farm and other important features of the neighbourhood, and promised that, if it were possible on the next day, she would get away into the Greatover Woods, that she might meet Reggie, unseen by curious eyes.

It would not do for her, any more than for him to be seen about the roads and lanes nearer home, until it was, at any rate known to her aunt that he had come down as a visitor to Northford.

So she could not even offer him a lift towards Greatover in her uncle's trap, but had to drive off alone, and very quickly, to make up for the time they had spent together.

She was not quite easy in entering upon her course of deceit, for, until Love had cast its glamour over her, she had been an open, fearless, innocent child.

Now, for Reggie Caloney's sake, she had developed into a girl who was ready to plan, and scheme, and hide the most ordinary doings from the old pair who had brought her up.

But she always assured herself with consoling egotism that Reggie's circumstances were so peculiar.

His position in the world was so much higher than her own, that had his old uncle discovered his attachment to her, it might be the means of separating them forever, Sir Charles being opposed to the idea of his nephew marrying at all, even in his own rank of life.

And then, Reggie did not, of course want his relations in Berkshire to discover he was paying his addresses to her, for, in that case, they would be sure to write off to the old baronet with the whole story at once; and he could not be very open with her people because he could not formally talk of marriage yet, dependent as he was upon the old man, and she could not be open because of these circumstances.

Still, it showed that he was making a great effort in his love for her that he had decided to call at Primrose farm before his departure; and he had been very glad to see her to-night—of that there could be no doubt whatever.

And, oh, how handsome he was! how he put every other man into the shade!

She drove home in a state of rapture more deeply in love, more completely under the spell than ever.

As she was going up the old, shallow staircase to her bedroom that night, an hour and a half later, she paused for a moment to look through the window into the dark lane that ran by the side of the farmyard; she did not know why.

Cleverer Than She Looked.

One of the curious prejudices people sometimes take against a stranger recently possessed a Hartford woman who was coming home by rail from New York. The object of her dislike was a girl who occupied the seat in front of her, and the thing to which the Hartford woman especially objected was the girl's hat, which, says the Post, was very unbecoming.

About the time the Hartford woman had settled it to her own satisfaction that the girl had no taste and did not amount to much, anyway, it chanced that an acquaintance of the girl entered the car. The two began to chatter. The girl exhibited various packages of dry goods, evidently the spoils of a day's shopping in New York. Finally she produced needle and thread, scissors and thimble, and temporarily turned milliner.

She cut and hemmed a long strip of Persian satin. She reshaped the ugly hat. Then she trimmed it. That unlovely piece of head-gear became, as the Hartford woman owned to herself, the most stunning hat she had seen during the year. At New Haven the girl put on the hat. She was a different looking person from the one who had started from New York.

"I may just as well have been doing that as wasting my time," she explained to her companion. "It has made the journey less tiresome, and I have saved that much time. Now I think I can just about finish this shirt-waist before we reach Hartford."

So saying, she took out a dainty affair of French flannel and went industriously to work, at the same time talking vivaciously on intellectual subjects in a way that made the woman in the seat behind hold her breath.

"And I thought she hardly knew enough to come in out of the rain!" murmured that lady. "Well, that's all you can tell sometimes. I'd like to know that girl!"

"Was your amateur play a success?"

"Oh, yes; every member of the cast had friends who told them they would make air fortune on the stage."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES. ST JOHN N.B. SATURDAY, DEC 7.

SUNDAY SALOONS IN NEW YORK

The question whether saloons where intoxicating liquor is sold in the city of New York shall be permitted to do business during all or a portion of Sunday, is fast becoming the most absorbing topic in that city. It is also attracting great attention throughout the state, because an act of the legislature will be required to make such permission legal. Naturally, people outside of New York state are interested, inasmuch as the recent victory in the city achieved by the anti Tammany forces was deemed to be of national importance.

The most stubborn single fact to be considered is that Mayor-elect Low, District Attorney-elect Jerome, and many other principal candidates on the reform ticket, pledged the German voters that in case the reform ticket was victorious at the polls, Sunday beer should be granted. There is no doubt about this, and no dispute. The pledge was given openly, explicitly and repeatedly. Rev. C. H. PARKHURST, D. D., so long president of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and anti Tammany leader, says, over his signature, in a recent issue of the weekly paper called Christian Work:—

On the 24th of October, in Bohemia Hall, he (SETH LOW) practically served notice on the public that, in case of his election, saloons would be open all day Sunday. He was at this meeting subject to a catechism that he would certainly have been very glad to be protected from, but he practically promised them an easy enforcement of the law; and if he had not, he would not have been elected.

This is even a greater concession than has been heretofore generally understood; because the usual promise was for only partial Sunday opening. Moreover, Dr. PARKHURST'S report reads as if SETH LOW did not stop at saying he would use his influence to get the law modified, but went the distance of making his Bohemian Hall listeners expect that in the event of failure to secure such legislative relief, he would if elected, connive at a non-enforcement of the existing law.

The Outlook, in its latest issue, gives considerable space to the subject of Sunday liquor sales in Greater New York. Its editorial comment is devoted to urging the justice and necessity of submitting the question to the voters in the city; not, however, as a unit, but by wards or election districts. A somewhat radical change in the present law would be required to bring this about. Local option is now permitted in the rural communities of the state, but not in the metropolis. Even in rural communities, however, there is no local option on the Sunday saloon question.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, whom we judge from internal evidence, to be the writer of the editorial on this subject in the Outlook, lays emphasis on the point that the Sunday liquor question is now, and all ways will be settled by the prevailing sentiment of each locality, law or no law. This amounts to saying that the new mayor could not close the saloons on Sunday if he tried, in those quarters of the city where the prevalent sentiment is in favor of keeping them open. How far this view fairly excuplates Mayor Van Wyck, in respect to that matter, and some other matters, is a question which Dr. Abbott does not attempt to answer.

In another part of the Outlook there is a symposium made up of letters from prominent clergymen, in which a variety of views on the general topic is presented. Rev. Dr. E. D. MCCONNELL, rector of Holy Trinity church, Brooklyn, says:— I am not able yet to see my way to approve of opening saloons at any hour on Sunday.

Rev. D. H. GREER, rector of St. Bartholomew's church, New York, who lately declined the bishopric of western Massachusetts, says:—

This is a big and complex question, and I confess that I am not able to see, as yet, the right answer to it. In the interest of the working man, and more particularly the working man's wife and children, I should be sorry to see it (Sunday) secularized by the opening of the saloon.

Rev. A. P. DOYLE, editor of the Catholic World, says:—

The city will become (under such local option as Dr. Abbott calls for) on account of this multiplication of saloons in localities, like a leper's body, fair and beautiful in some parts, but in others rotting into decomposition.

Rev. D. P. MORGAN, of the church of the Heavenly Rest, says:—

I have come to the firm conviction that the wisest thing we can do at present is to open the saloon for an hour and a half, or so, say from 12.30 to 2 p. m.; so that the working man may be able to have his 'dinner beer.'

The differences of opinion among good people, on this exceedingly perplexing question, are so wide, and the feeling so intense, that calm onlookers are forced to fear that two years hence Tammany Hall will return to power, and the recent glorious victory of honesty and decency over corruption and villainy unspeakable will prove to be temporary, if not mainly barren. This is the dilemma, that if no permission is given for the sale of intoxicating beverages on Sunday, beer-loving voters, without whose votes Seth Low would surely have been defeated, will refuse next time to mark their ballots for the reform ticket. If some concession is made to them, either by law or by winking at the evasion of the law, it may be found impossible in 1903 to unite the anti Tammany forces.

THE CARLETON FERRY.

There is a great deal of complaint from teamsters using the Carleton ferry of being delayed in crossing, chiefly because the smaller boat is on the route. This is the fault of the management of the ferry service. There are two steamers belonging to the service, a large one and a small one, the large one being used in the summer time and the smaller one in the winter. There is no reason however, why the larger boat should not be in the service all the time, except for say a month in spring and fall for repairs; when the traffic is lighter. But the wonderful management of this service takes practically six months to repair each boat every year. There is no reason for this dilly-dallying except it is to give one or two men and the superintendent a steady job. The boats should be repaired when needed as quickly as possible and be ready for emergencies instead of the city having to hire tugs if anything happens a steamer a fifty dollars per day as happens quite often.

Mr. Munsey and His New papers.

Is the young Napoleon of the magazine publishers also to become the young Napoleon of the newspaper world in this century?

It would almost seem so from the way in which Mr. Frank A. Munsey is getting control of great newspaper plants. Following the purchase of the Washington Times Mr. Munsey has purchased a controlling interest in the New York News, and will follow it by the purchase of other newspaper plants in the larger cities until he owns a corcon of them extending almost across the continent.

The action of Mr. Munsey in this particular serves to emphasize the recently expressed opinion of Henry M. Alden, the accomplished editor of Harper's, that the magazine of the future, and indeed of the present, is to be governed by news considerations. The tendency has been obvious for a good many years, and there was a time when Mr. Alden himself did not feel pleased to be told frankly, when he asked what a friend thought of Harper's—a friend who had known the magazine ever since its first year—that its ambition seemed to be to rival Munsey's.

Yet now it is confessedly the truth, Mr. Munsey publishes, we do not know how many popular magazines most of them very much alike. He has not been content to own only those in this country following the original Munsey with the Monthly Jr., the Puritan and so on, but he has purchased and rejuvenated several English magazines so that they don't know themselves? And yet, though he has made the 10 cent magazine universal, he is not satisfied, but must own some newspapers, just for fun and as a means of disposing of his surplus income if for no other reason.

The New York News—which is hardly known above 14th street in that city—is said to be worth \$1,000,000 based on its

earning capacity and its profits this year will be close to \$100,000. It is said that Mr. Munsey has plans for controlling a chain of newspapers in the large cities, and if he can manage them as successfully as he has his magazines his title as the Napoleon of the press may be well deserved.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Winner. She had long been considered the truest thing in the city and county by far. And he who sported might place his bet On a rade and terrible jar. With her nose elevated this maid walked the streets, And no need to say by the way, Till a creature, with masses of hair on his head And clad in a sweeter right gar. Approached her—O dear, her heart pit-a-pat Beneath her waist ruffles did go, And she caught her sweet breath with a cute little resp. And blushed swift man led the saow Of her brow, and she smiled, and the creature it grinned, And they wandered afar from the town, And when all alone, his arm 'round her waist, He made what they call a 'touchdown.' He placed her fair head on his broad manly breast, And called her 'the sweetest wot he,' And the way she cling to him would make any vine, Go out of the tree—twining his, She called him her hero, her own outside toots, And a lot of such good-looking gush, And the one month and the twentieth time, Her face stopped a grand 'create rash.' She declared she had never before met a man Who seemed such an ideal complee, From his hyrick of hair on his head minus bratler, To the tips of his wide-spread, fine feet. Thus did this fair maid lose her marner so cold, As she clung ever tighter to him, And vowed that the chances of all other girls With her dearie were 'mint ty' blamed slim. What was it to her if his face had been broke, And his nose kicked around to his oar, And his briske caved in and his liver jammed out— Clear out of his natural sphere? What was it to her if some one had jabbed Their arm through his eye and sore? What is it to her if he'd 'eft on the field, A bucket of bones and of gore? What was it to her if in any had trod On his features with howlings of joy? What was it to her if many had used His hair—burdened he d for a toy? No, it mattered to her not a single small bit, For such she could easily deride, When her hero had played through a game of football, And come out on the strong winning side.

Brilliant Naval Spectacle.

On the return of the Duke and Duchess the seamen of the coming fleet "joined hand to hand round the ships' sides, and waved their hats in the air."—Daily Telegraph.

The British tar has always been a thing of joy to me, So when 'y' 're so social, As breezy as the sea, It is his pride that nothing he Doth set him self to do Is less than—or better done— As is a case with you. So, welcome the Duchess home, He thought, the other day, "This is a job to tackle in An original kind o' way." Therefore, when came our future Queen, Each man had got the tip To clap his fellow's hand and stand Reciprocating th' ship. Then they waved hats—not with their hands, But sure as eggs are eggs, Each stood upon his steady head And waved with sturdy legs. "This is," they said, "symbolical Of what she's been to see. For sure as the Antipodes Things upside down must be."

From the Turkey's Point Of View.

A turkey sat on the topmast limb Of the very tallest tree, And, peering his 'beak, indulged himself In this soliloquy: "Perchance his thinking of 'ving thanks Is what it ought to be, But I am here to say it does Not look that way to me. "They send a proclamation forth To say that thanks are due For all the blessings they have had, From every part of view. "They say the whole world ought to take One day at least, to show Its hearty thanks to me because I run streams of electricity down. "I fall to see where I am in With all those thins that bless, And why I am in any way A form of thankfulness, "And as to giving thanks myself— Well, really, I don't see Why I should give a single 'thank. Would you, if you were me?" —WM. J. LAMPT. N.

News of the Passing Week.

At this week's meeting of the Bank of New Brunswick directors arrangements were made for the annual meeting in January, and the usual half-yearly dividend of six per cent was declared.

Miss Maud Fairall has gone on duty in the bank as stenographer and typewriter.

The many friends of W. K. Allen, ex-M. P. P., who, accompanied by his brother, T. Carleton Allen, went to Boston last week to consult a specialist with regard to his throat trouble, which had been pronounced cancer, will be delighted to learn that there is strong possibility that he is not attacked with that disease after all, and that the prospect for his recovery is quite encouraging.—Gleaner.

Some time Monday night the store on King street occupied by Louis Green and recently gutted by fire, was entered and seventeen hundred cigars were stolen.

The stock in trade of Paddington & Merritt was sold in small lots by the Sheriff this week.

Business is booming at Sand Point this year. Seven hundred and eighty one horses were put aboard the S. S. Monmouth in 2 1/2 hours on Monday which is probably a record.

It is rumored that negotiations are about to be opened between the belligerents in South Africa for either peace or armistice. It appears to be certain that the Boers are tired of the war, and the latest news from South Africa received by Mr. Kruger is said to show an increasing want of ammunition, arms and provisions on the part of the burghers.

Lord Strathcona, who has been confined to his house with a severe cold for some time, is seriously ill. He is unable to leave his bed or to do any business.

Mr. John F. Fitzpatrick a well-known commercial traveller, died at Halifax Tuesday evening after a week's illness from pneumonia. He was aged 25 years, was prominent in hockey circles and visited St. John on several occasions with the Crescents, and refereed games here.

Subject to the consent of the Imperial authorities, the new contingent will be known as the Canadian Mounted Rifles. Major Hamilton Merritt will be second in command. Capt. Leckie, of Halifax, who went through the South African campaign with Strathcona's Horse, will, it is said, get a captaincy in the Mounted Rifles.

An Indian canoe, containing one man, two women and three children (one infant) was capsized in Vancouver harbor this week. The man and one woman was drowned. The other woman, seeing a child under her arm and grasping the infant in her teeth succeeded in swimming ashore through boisterous icy water. The children, however, succumbed to the effects of exposure. No greater feat of heroism and swimming strength has ever been seen.

Five St. John boys are stowaways in the steamer Baroda, Capt. Davies, which sailed for South Africa with hay on Tuesday afternoon. Their names are Thomas and James Rogers, sons of Pilot B. Rogers; Thomas J. Stone; Harry Doherty, son of Pilot Joseph Doherty, and Samuel Murray, son of James Murray, boatman. None of them are over 16 years of age, and all were employed either at learning trades or were in stores. Their parents are much distressed and an effort may be made to have them sent back from St. Vincent or St. Helena.

Hartwood, the home of James Boyle, milkman Red Head, was burned to the ground Tuesday afternoon. The house was owned by J. D. H. Zen, M. P. P. It was insured in the Commercial Union for \$500. Mr. Boyle lost all his household effects, also \$800 in cash, which was in the building. The barns were saved and so none of the stock or farming machinery suffered. The fire is supposed to have caught from a stove.

The British and the Boers.

By Douglas FOSTER.

The only British Correspondent Allowed Within the Boer Lines.

The facility of war as a political argument has received convincing demonstration in the present slowly expiring conflict in South Africa. Britain went to war with the two Republics to secure the settlement of South Africa. In the third year of the war she stands face to face with a more complicated problem, a stronger and more consolidated opposition and a less amenable population than at the outset. War has proved a crooked path to settlement. War, to effect anything, must be real, must be earnest. To accomplish anything it must be waged as Kaiser Wilhelm urged his soldiers to wage it in China. A declaration of war is a license to kill one's country's enemy. Any departure from that

a trespass upon the gentle demands of politeness and aestheticism.

Much is being written and much asserted concerning the cruelty of the South African concentration camps. But they are a necessity of the case. Had this been real war, instead of dilettante campaigning, every acre of land in South Africa would have been laid waste by the troops passing over it—first, by the Boers retreating before the British; secondly, by the British seeking to corral a light footed enemy depending entirely upon the country for his sustenance.

As it is, the British have brought the women and the children of the Boers into camps, have fed them, have nourished them, to the best of their ability have lightened the burden of war for them. Undertaken as a war measure, the plan has worked for the good of people seeking to live in a battle wasted territory. Those who have denounced these camps are women and hysterical laymen, to whom a cut flagrant excuse for fainting. The condition is bad, is horrible to contemplate, but is inseparable from war.

Lord Kitchener is no kid-gloved warrior, nor there is no delight for him in suffering. I have campaigned with him too long not to know that none in the army will welcome more heartily the day when the women can return to their homes, the children to the healthy veldt, the men to their flocks and their oxen. It is to speed that happy day the present misery is necessary. So long as the Boer was free to farm today, to fight tomorrow, he could accomplish nothing. An enemy who had to glance at the implement upon his shoulder before he would name his occupation for the day—soldiering or husbanding—would tax the energies of a Minerva. Lord Kitchener is but a man in uniform.

The Boers may end the situation tomorrow, but they have the courage of their convictions. Meanwhile, if the statistics I have received from Brussels are to be credited, there were in the month of June 85,410 people in the camps, of whom 777 died, equivalent to an annual mortality of 109 per 1,000; in July there were 93,940, of whom 1,412 died, equivalent to an annual death rate of 180 per 1,000, in August there were 105,847, of whom 1,878 died being equal to a yearly mortality of 214 per thousand.

Such figures need no comment. They speak against war as no advocate for peace could at The Hague Conference. But they speak nothing against the soldiers, only against those busy politicians on both sides who manufactured the war.

Lord Salisbury has said that, as he would, he could tell things would set the whole British nation smiling. Projectual humor is rarely satisfying, but it may be presumed the British Prime Minister had in mind a little scheme for the concentration in camps of all the Kaffirs in the war-torn areas. When that is done the war is done. The Boers cannot live without food; such as they have comes from the natives and from sudden descents upon their enemy's stores. Remove the Kaffir and the Boer must starve or surrender. It is no nice alternative, but it is war.

It is because of that I was recently informed by an aide-camp to H. R. H. the prince of Wales that the best opinion in South Africa dated the end of the war in March, 1902. More satisfactory, to my mind, was the news I recently received from Boer refugees in Holland that the war would end in May, at the beginning of the next South African winter, when fodder for horses was exhausted, when the nights were cold and beds on the open veldt were uninviting.

The question is, will the Boer men of family and the British men of heart stand so long the constant, unavoidable, wholly deplorable mortality of the women and children in the camp? The Boers will, because they have staked themselves to it. It is more doubtful if the British will. Lord Salisbury has protested against the eminent men of his nation who write and speak publicly as though they belonged to the enemy. He is justified in his protest. Who ever of use war possesses as an argument rests on its absolute finality.

A digger in a western Australian town consulted a doctor and then went to get the prescription. "How much?" he asked the chemist.

"Well let me see. There's seven-and-sixpence for the medicine and a shilling for the bottle. He hesitated, as if uncertain.

"Oh, hurry up, boss, said the impatient miner. "Put a price on the cork and let us know the worst."

"Queery—How's your baby?" "Nup—Alas, it's no longer mine!" "O, my! Not dead?"

"No, but we're living with my wife's people at present, and it's our Mary's baby now."

"Boy—Hello, els turk! We're gwine ter celebra Thanksgiving up ter de house tomorrow, an' I expects to see you up dab. Turkey—Oh, go on. You cant stuff me."

"77" USED HABITUALLY KEEPS OFF THE GRIP. The British and the Boers. BY DOUGLAS FOSTER. The only British Correspondent Allowed Within the Boer Lines. The facility of war as a political argument has received convincing demonstration in the present slowly expiring conflict in South Africa. Britain went to war with the two Republics to secure the settlement of South Africa. In the third year of the war she stands face to face with a more complicated problem, a stronger and more consolidated opposition and a less amenable population than at the outset. War has proved a crooked path to settlement. War, to effect anything, must be real, must be earnest. To accomplish anything it must be waged as Kaiser Wilhelm urged his soldiers to wage it in China. A declaration of war is a license to kill one's country's enemy. Any departure from that

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Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - - \$450,000

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Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

HAS NO DIVORCE LAWS.

Very Little Conjugal Unhappiness Reported in Newfoundland.

Newfoundland is the only British possession where a divorce is unobtainable. The colony has no divorce laws and recognizes no interferences with the marriage relation.

In the Australian colonies divorce is recognized as a necessity to the constitutional machinery, and while the laws are rigid, still evidence of infidelity will accomplish his attainment.

In South Africa also the courts are clothed with power to dissolve the marriage vows for adequate reasons, and the aid of this convenience is frequently called upon.

In Canada the procuring of a divorce is a very difficult and expensive operation and necessitates the presenting of evidence of the most conclusive character. The influence of the Catholic church, opposed to divorce the world over, made itself felt through the delegates from Quebec when the Canadian constitution was being framed. They stubbornly resented the proposal to vest the power of divorce in the courts. Only twenty two divorces have been granted in the 34 years that Canada has been a federation.

Newfoundland is stricter still, and refuses to recognize divorces. This attitude is due to the predominance of the Irish-Catholic element in the population.

Truth to tell, there is very little need for a divorce law. Did it exist there would doubtless be many persons availing themselves of it, but as it does not they do without, and are none the worse off.

The colony's whole population consists of but 200,000 persons, and while it would be absurd to contend that there is in conjugal infidelity it is quite correct to maintain that the percentage of marital dereliction is smaller than in probably any other country in the world, barring Iceland.

Cut off from the American continent, the old time virtues flourish more vigorously than in the communities brought into closer touch with the advanced modern thought which finds expression in making marriage a civil contract, to be broken at the will of either, or for very trifling causes. With the exception of St. John's which has 30,000 people, there is not another town on the island with more than 2,000 or 3,000, and the great majority of the places are merely fishing villages, inhabited by the hardy coast folk who for generations have followed the one pursuit.

Not among a people like that, who are face to face with death as an almost daily incident in their existence would a divorce mill find material, nor would a demand come from them for such an accessory to the existing legal institutions.

The nearest approach to divorce which is recognized there is a judicial separation of man and wife for drunkenness, desertion, ill treatment or the like. The husband is almost invariably in fault, and is condemned to pay the wife a weekly share of his earnings, on penalty of imprisonment, the judge fixing the alimony.

Of course this arrangement implies no permission for either to marry again. Strange to say, though, infidelity is a ground for such separation it is rarely pleaded, there being only two instances in ten years, and then by wronged husbands against erring wives.

Proof of it releases the husband from any obligation to support the wife and gives him custody of his children. Women there never advance this plea preferring to endure private grief to creating a public scandal.

Proof of it releases the husband from any obligation to support the wife and gives him custody of his children. Women there never advance this plea preferring to endure private grief to creating a public scandal.

Mrs. Braithwaite was instructing the new cook, who was not only new, but as green as her own Emerald Isle. One morning the mistress went into the kitchen and found Katie weeping over a pan of onions.

'Oh, you're having a harder time than you need to have, Katie,' said she. 'All ways peevish under water.'

'Indeed, ma'am,' said Katie, 'I'm the last one to do that, askin' yer pardon. Me brother Mick was always divin' and pickin' up stones from the bottom. It's little he couldn't do under water, if 'twas tyin' his shoes or writin' a letter; but me, I'm that unaisy in it I'd be gettin' me mouth full and drownin' entirely. So if ye please, ma'am, I'll pile them the same old way I've always been accustomed to, and dhray me tears afterwards.'

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Kweery—How's your baby?
Nupoy—Alas, it's no longer mine!
'O, my! Not dead?
'No, but we're living with my wife's people at present, and it's our Mary's baby now.
Boy—Hello, ole quirk! We're gwine ter celebra' the Thanksgivin' up ter de house tomorrow, an' I expects to see you up dah.
Turkey—Oh, go on. You cant stuff me.

THINGS OF VALUE

To be Cared for one Minute.

Not only toothache, but any nerve pain is cured instantly by Polson's Nerviline. Thousands have testified that its powerful penetrating, pain subduing properties make it an absolute cure for neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, cramps colic and all other pains and aches that beset mankind. The world is challenged to equal Nerviline as a household liniment. Large bottle 25 cents.

Grace—And she is trying to avoid meeting him.
My—Doesn't she want to see him?
Edith—Certainly. She wants him to try to meet her.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these trouble some excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same effectual, are to be found in Mother's Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

'Increase and multiply' is the injunction of the Bible, remarked the missionary.

'In that case,' replied the Sultan of Sulu. 'I am several laps ahead of Christianity, for I have a harem.'

Every Housekeeper must often act as a family physician. Pain Killer for all the little ills, cuts and sprains, as well as bowel complaints, is indispensable. Avoid such ailments, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Don't Forget About Your Corns
If they give you pleasure and you have them as an adornment, don't apply Paterson's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor for in twenty four hours they would be entirely removed and their beauty destroyed. Now this is known to nearly every body, including your druggist; ask him if it is not so.

'Ah! he sighed, 'may I not hope that you will be mine forever and a day?'
'Certainly,' she replied promptly; 'you may hope that long if you wish.'

Unnecessary to Suffer from Asthma.
This distressing complaint can be perfectly cured by inhaled Catarrhona vegetable antiseptic that destroys the germs which cause the disease. Catarrhona is inhaled at the mouth from a convenient pocket inhaler and after permeating the minute air cells, is exhaled slowly through the nostrils. It stops the cough and breathing regular and eradicates the Asthma so thoroughly from the system that it never returns. Don't suffer from use Catarrhona it will speedily cure you. Large outfit \$1.00 Small 50c. 25 cents. Druggist or by mail from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Sue—I wish you wouldn't go to sleep in church, dear.
He—Why not?
'Because you snore so you wake everybody else up.'

They Advertise Themselves—Immediately they were adopted by the public, Farnelle's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for the smallest. That reputation has grown and they now rank among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia and biliousness, complaints of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague and the innumerable complications to which these ailments give rise.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle it sells for 25 cents.

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Royal Opopanax,
Royal Daisy,
Royal Heliotrope,
Royal Violette,
Royal Greek Lilac,
Royal White Rose,
by the celebrated Perfumer, Es. PINAUD Paris. Also, a complete line of Rogers & Gallet, Piver, Coudray and other choice Perfumers.

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W. G. Rudman Allan,
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Tel. 239. Mail orders promptly filled.

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CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.
OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season
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Electric Passenger Elevator
and all Modern Improvements.
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Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

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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. LAZRO WILLIS, Proprietor.

Latest styles of Willis' invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any Address.
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Landing "Corean."
100 Cts. V. Holland XXX
100 " Tobitt & Co.
100 " Moret, France.
10 " Orléans"
For sale low in bond, for duty paid.
Quarts or Pints

THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET
'Her husband is very handsome, don't you think so?'
'Yes, quite handsome.'
'Isn't his plain wife jealous?'
'Not a bit of it. If he gets a little flirtation she simply cuts off his weekly allowance of nine dollars, and that end it.'

