

PROGRESS

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

ABUSING THEIR POWER.

THE MAGISTRATE AND CHIEF GO BEYOND THE LAW.

Illegal Arrest and Imprisonment of Two Women Found on the Street—A Heavy Penalty for No Crime Defined by the Statutes—In Jail for Two Months.

When some well meaning women recently advocated the establishment of a curfew for children on the street after nine o'clock at night, they had an idea there might be some old and nearly forgotten law which could be utilized for their purpose. The police officials, ambitious to shine as moral reformers, thereupon set about to find such a law, and they were stimulated by the remarks made by Judge Tuck, in the Wells trial, on the depravity of young girls whose home training was neglected. They found a section in the Police Act which they thought could be applied to the situation, and which would apply if certain essential clauses of sentences could be ignored. This section was quoted in full in PROGRESS last week, and it is not necessary to repeat it. It gives a policeman authority to arrest certain persons, including night walkers, loose idle and disorderly persons, "whom he shall find disturbing the public peace," or be suspected of having committed or being about to commit a crime. Further, he may arrest between 9 p. m. and 5 a. m., at this season, any person "lying or lurking" in any highway, yard or other place and not giving a satisfactory account of themselves. This is the extent to which this section of the law can be applied, and any arrest made under it without the essential conditions quoted is clearly an unwarrantable trespass.

As the police magistrate reads the law, however, he considers the words "whom he shall find disturbing the public peace," etc., and the words "lying and lurking" as by no means necessary. In other words, he seems to think the police can arrest all night walkers, loose and idle persons wherever they are found, and that a policeman can stop an orderly man, woman or child on the street, order them to go home, and arrest them if they refuse to do so. As the law makes no distinction as to age or sex, it applies as much to men as to women and children. If it applies to a woman on Walker's wharf it applies to a man on King street. It is simply left to a policeman to judge as to whether the man or woman has a good moral character. If, in his opinion, he or she has not, that policeman can lock him or her up, and the magistrate will endorse his high handed and illegal act. It is time the police were taught better and that the magistrate should be brought to account as well.

So far, Chief Clark's silly order to arrest all children found on the street after nine o'clock has not borne any fruit. Whether he has recalled his order or whether the policemen have had sense enough not to try to carry it out, makes little difference. The arrest of a child under the chief's order cannot legally be made.

Not can the arrest of a woman, good or bad, be legally made because a policeman tells her to go home and she refuses to go, when she is merely walking the streets. Despite of this, two young women were arrested last week, under orders from Chief Clark, for no other crime, and were sent to jail for two months in default of payment of a fine of \$20 imposed by Magistrate Ritchie.

The two women, who gave their names as Jennie Robertson and Annie Thomson, aged 20 and 23, were on the street early in the evening by policemen Evans and McConnell, who ordered them to go home. They said, as they had a perfect right to say, that they would go when they pleased. The policemen encountered them again, later, and took them into custody, on the charge of being on the street at night and refusing to give a satisfactory account of themselves. The policemen were "of the opinion" that the girls were "vagrants and street walkers," knowing one of them to have formerly been an inmate of a house of questionable repute. As a matter of fact, both girls were hotel servants, and by no possible construing of the law could be termed vagrants. They were walking the streets as any woman has a right to do, and there was not a shadow of evidence that they were "lying or lurking" or committing any other offence.

The young women knew nothing of law, and had no lawyer to tell them or the court that they had committed no crime. They knew they had been on the street after nine o'clock and that they had refused to go home when ordered to do so. They knew, too, that their lives were not all they should have been. They pleaded guilty to the charge of being on the streets and not giving a satisfactory account of themselves, and for this crime, invented by the joint mental efforts of the magistrate and the chief, they were fined \$20 and sent to

jail because they had not the money to pay.

This happened on Friday, while the issue of PROGRESS calling attention to the illegality of the chief's order was going to press. Since then there have been no further arrests, though one of the daily papers, in noticing the case, remarked that the chief was "more determined than ever to see the law enforced." If he is still of this determination he is likely to butt his head against a very hard stone wall. His success in procuring the arrest of two friendless females, and the abuse of authority [by the magistrate in sending them to jail for no crime cognizable to statute cannot be continued in future where there is any show of a defence] by persons thus illegally arrested and imprisoned.

Even had the authorities had law on their side in this instance, and had they power to enforce a curfew law, or a law against immoral people walking the streets, the usual course would have been to impose merely a sufficient penalty to warn others, for the officer was but a recent one and it may be hundreds had never heard of it. Instead of this, the magistrate, in his great zeal for public morals, imposed a penalty of \$20, an amount which, at servants' wages, it would require three or four months to earn. It is just the sum which, at certain intervals, is levied upon this or that proprietress of a notorious den of infamy, who is charged with the lightest possible offence of keeping liquor for sale, and who is known by the police to sell it persistently in quantities which make the fine a mere trifle off of the profits. In default of this fine, the two ignorant young women were sent to jail for two months, to be further demoralized by the vile associates they will have there. This term is just twice the length of that which the same magistrate recently sentenced a man for stealing about \$50 in cash and mixing off with his plunder.

But the main question is not as to the amount of the fine or the length of the sentence. It is that there should have been no fine, no imprisonment, and no arrest in the first instance. If it is desirable to deal with such cases, as good people think it is, let there be a law under which proceedings can be taken. The spectacle of the magistrate and chief overstepping their authority is one that must not be tolerated.

THAT DANFORTH DISPUTE.

Mr. Willis Has the Evidence to Prove That He is Right.

The interesting case brought before the board of review of the National Trotting association in which Mr. E. Le Roi Willis was interested has caused much comment in sporting circles because in some way the decision has been misunderstood and the impression created that Mr. Willis was fined and required to repay some \$400 before he could figure upon association tracks again. This rumor was most absurd and can hardly be accounted for. The facts of the case are that when Mr. Willis entered his horse Pilot Jr. in the Danforth meeting he hired to the secretary to enter him in the race for all. Mr. Watson who also entered horses for that meeting wrote his telegram at the same time for the classes he wished to enter in. Mr. Willis was under the impression that the last race was a free-for-all, and though he sent his telegram on the 19th of August it was not until the 21st that he got an answer from Dr. Porter, the secretary of the track, in these words: "No free for all. Shall I name in 20 and 25 classes?"

It must be remembered that the above telegram was sent to Mr. Willis on the 21st, two days after the advertised date for closing the entries. Dr. Porter considered Mr. Willis' intention correctly to enter his horse in the fastest class and as he stated when Mr. Page made the protest on the day of the race he did enter Pilot Jr. in the 20 class when he received Mr. Willis' telegram of the 19th, authorizing his entry in the free for all.

Mr. Willis replied to the telegram quoted above as follows: "Enter Pilot Jr. in 20 class. And to that telegram he receives this reply signed by M. L. Porter the secretary of the Danforth trotting association. Pilot Jr. entered in 20 class."

Mr. Page protested on the day of the race claiming that the horse was not properly entered and the track derided payment of Mr. Willis' first money pending the decision of the board of review. That decision at present is that the horse was not properly entered, but the claim of Mr. Willis that if there was any mistake it was on the part of the track secretary, would appear from the evidence of the telegrams to be a perfectly just one. The amount of his first money was \$120 which he never received, but which he thinks he is justly entitled to from the track.

Agent for the Denmore.

Mr. Ira Cornwall has been appointed agent for the Denmore typewriter, which is said to be one of the easiest running machines upon the market to day. Mr. Cornwall has the agency of the Xent machine, an excellent typewriter and also of his expensive machines.

FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE CITY GETS A PRESENT OF A LAWYER'S SERVICES.

Dr. Pagsley Says He Will Not Take the Five Hundred Dollars—The Harbor Master's Clerk is Glad to Get that Amount for a Whole Year of Work.

The common council has got clear of one \$500 puzzle to take up another. The one got rid of is the salary of the harbor master's clerk, while the one still on hand is the much reduced account of Hon. Wm. Pagsley, counsel for the city in the Connolly suit. The story of the counsel fees and how it was proposed to reduce them was told in PROGRESS last week, and on Thursday the council dealt with the matter as had been proposed. It was recommended that Dr. Pagsley be paid \$500, instead of the \$841 he claimed, and that Recorder Skinner get \$400, instead of the \$500 he asked. The latter gentleman is satisfied but the former is not, and he says that rather than accept the \$500 he will make the city a present of his services.

Dr. Pagsley was heard on his own behalf before the treasury board earlier in the week. It would probably have been more than common courtesy had he been heard by the committee in the first instance, before the reduction was decided upon. Whether his bill was too large or not, he should have been allowed to explain his views of it before any action was taken. As it was, the reduction was first decided upon and then Dr. Pagsley was called on to show cause why it should not be made.

He did so, claiming that his charges were fair, and reasonable and only in line with the importance of the suit, to which he had given great attention. His fees were less than those willingly given to the counsel on the other side, and no more than he had previously received in large cases. He could not admit that his services and knowledge were worth any less than those of the opposing counsel, and he considered there had been an implied understanding that he should be paid at the rate he had previously charged in cases of similar importance. He had been sought by both parties to the suit, and could have appeared for Connolly had he not decided to espouse the cause of the citizens, for which he is now, no doubt, profoundly sorry. As a climax to his arguments, he stated that rather than make the proposed reduction he would make the city a present of his services.

The council has decided to accept his generous offer. It is not often the city gets a Christmas present, especially from a member of the legal profession, and it is not likely the custom will be followed to any great extent. According to Dr. Pagsley, the amount of the gift is \$811.16, but the city will only be grateful for \$500. It is a difference of degree, but not of kind.

Figuring the amount of the gift at \$500, the council presently proceed to appropriate an equivalent amount in the settlement of a small but long troublesome question, and end a contention originally raised by PROGRESS. This was the matter of the salary of the harbor master's clerk.

Several months ago PROGRESS called attention to the fact that while the reform council had sought to make a reduction in the harbor master's salary, it had succeeded only in bringing down that of the clerk, who had done most of the work of collecting the revenues, and had been ill paid at the best of time. The clerk was appointed by the harbor master, and paid by him, but PROGRESS contended that the city should control both the appointment and the salary.

The story awakened a large amount of interest, which was increased when the clerk in question, Frank Alward, applied to the board of works to have justice done him. Then that body did a foolish thing. It proceeded to take his ex-parte statement and act upon it, making its recommendations without calling on the harbor master to state his side of the case. The latter official naturally protested against this summary method of dealing with him, and asked for a hearing. This was given, but it did little to make matters clear as the harbor master had one story to tell and the clerk another, and it was difficult to see just where the mistake happened to lie. The matter has thus been unsettled for a long time in the hands of a committee appointed to deal with it, but a report was presented to the council Thursday, so that the question could finally be settled.

One thing which had been quite clear from the first was that the clerk was getting too little. The harbor master got \$1,900 in salary and revenue, while the clerk, who did a very large portion of the work, got only \$400. The idea was to make the latter salary \$500, but the point was as to how it should be done. The report of the committee was that \$400 should be paid by the harbor master as in this past and \$100 be added by the city from the general revenue. It was further recommended that the clerk should be appointed by the

council, instead of by the harbor master, as in the past.

Ald. Christie had an idea, and put it in the way of an amendment, that the \$500 be all taken out of the harbor master's commission. He wanted the appointment of the clerk left in the hands of the harbor master. This was also the idea of Ald. Blizard, who seemed to think it was no concern of the city if the harbor master could get a clerk even as low as \$300.

The principle at the bottom of the question was brought out by Ald. Smith, when he showed that as the city appointed and paid a clerk to the public works it should also do the same in this instance. If it paid the whole or any part of a salary, it should have control of the appointment. After a good deal more talk Ald. McCarthy moved an amendment to the amendment, that the salary of \$500 be paid out of the harbor master's commissions and that the city appoint the clerk. This does justice to the clerk, does no injustice to the harbor master and entails no extra cost on the city. Frank Alward was then appointed clerk, and thus the matter came to a final settlement, and PROGRESS scored one more in the list of things it has undertaken to accomplish by calling attention to wrongs which require to be made right.

THAT FIFTEEN CENT SUIT.

Kane, Flett & Co. Explains How They Came to Be Involved in It.

In the suit brought, in Halifax, by Murdoch's Nephews against Kane, Flett & Co. where the amount involved was fifteen cents, judgment was received last week, but was delivered on Thursday in favor of Kane, Flett & Co., with costs. These gentlemen have sent the letter to PROGRESS for publication:

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: We notice by your issue of Dec. 7 a reference to the now celebrated case Miller vs. Kane.

As the defendants in this suit, we beg to say, that while we have no desire to tell our troubles to the public, or publish our business abroad, at the same time we feel that in justice to ourselves a few additional facts would not be amiss.

When the trouble over the early closing movement arose, we owed Murdoch's Nephews considerably more than a discount of 35 cts. would lead one to suppose, but on account of having been refused the regular discount and to avoid trouble we paid only the one portion of the account.

On the first of the following month we were furnished with a statement of balance due, which was also subject to discount but we only took off the discount on \$7.06 which was for goods bought two weeks previously, or in other words a day or two before the unpleasantness referred to.

In answer to this we received word that they would not allow us any discount and a memo to the effect that they retained cheque but, afterwards claimed the word was intended for return cheque, but not finding the cheque in the envelope we thought we read aright and so dismissed the matter from our minds for the moment. You can imagine our surprise on being served with a writ in the county court only a day or two afterwards and without the least warning or notice of any kind.

We immediately wrote their lawyers Borden Parker & Co. stating the case and telling them we had no desire to have anything to do with their clients, especially over so small a matter as 35 cents and enclosed them the amount in full.

In reply to this we were told that the writ would only be stopped on the payment of costs, but thinking this just a little too much for human nature to stand, we took legal advice and defended the suit.

The plaintiffs admitted in their evidence that we were entitled to 20 cts., discount at least, and so this writ was issued against us on a claim of 15 cts., for purchases of two weeks standing, and without any warning.

Yours truly,
KANE, FLETT & CO.

Halifax, Dec. 9.

[While willing to allow of any explanations in the matter, it has been necessary to omit some portions of the above letter as reflecting too much on Murdoch's Nephews and their alleged motives in the suit.—Ed PROGRESS]

Peck is Very Lucky.

Edson Peck, charged with perjury at Hampton, has been discharged after a trial before Judge Wells. The singular fact remains, however, that while he was in custody, charged with perjury, he was brought from jail to testify in the Scott Act cases against Doherty and Kilpatrick, who were convicted on his unsupported testimony and fined, in the aggregate \$200. The sight of a man awaiting trial for perjury being allowed to appear as a credible witness is a rare one in any country. Supposing that Peck had been found guilty of perjury in the Scribner case, of which value would have been the evidence on which Doherty and Kilpatrick were convicted?

Wholesale Dealers of Teas, Coffee and Dairy Food and Best.

HAD A SERVICE OF SONG.

DEACON CLEMENTS LED AND THE PASTOR FOLLOWED.

Exciting Musical Competition Among the Colored Brethren in the Inglewood Church—The Cause of the Contest and the Prospect of Better Days.

When some of the colored baptists of Inglewood, near Bridgetown, N. S. looked their new pastor out of the church, a few weeks ago, they thought they had given him a pretty strong hint that at least a portion of the flock to which he had sought to minister had no use for him. They had dispensed with the services of Rev. Philip Hamilton, the cooper-evangelist, after he had labored for years to bring them to repentance, and they had concluded that there was enough spirituality among them to run the church to suit themselves. They did so, for a time, as PROGRESS has already told, and they might have continued to do so with more or less success had not a new pastor in search of a flock happened to come along and proffer his services.

They were accepted by another portion of the congregation, but this move of the opposition failed to make the de facto government resign and give up the keys of office, including the key of the church. They used the latter to lock up the building, and by this piece of strategy they were able for several weeks to resist the innovation and exclude the innovator.

The adherents of the new minister, after a due consideration of the case and a survey of the door casing, made a brilliant coup d'etat by the summary and simple expedient of taking off the old lock and putting on a new one, the key of which was securely lodged in the custody of one of the faithful. The way being thus prepared for ingress, egress and regress, it was announced that divine service would be held last Sunday evening, when the new minister would officiate. There was a counter announcement that the service would be conducted by Deacon Clements.

The deacon is one of the late government party which had undertaken to run the church, and he had been preacher after the deposing of Pastor Hamilton. He had not looked with favor on the advent of the new minister and had opposed the proposition to employ him. He considered that he was a good enough pastor himself for all practical purposes, and his friends were of the same opinion. He decided to hold service as usual, whether the new man liked it or not.

Deacon Isaac was on hand betimes on Sunday evening, and so were his followers, who ranged themselves on one side of the hall while the supporters of the new man were ranged on the other side. The situation was strongly suggestive of the sheep and the goats, but which were the good and which were the bad depended altogether upon the point of view from which the opinion was given. There was a pretty fair division of the congregation on the government and opposition benches.

The new pastor had no doubt prepared himself with a timely discourse on brotherly love, and his face beamed with pious fervor as he rose to begin the service of prayer and praise. Just then Deacon Clements also came to the front with a do or die look on his face and a hymn book in his hand.

"The brethren and sisters will join in singing the hymn of 'Only an Armor Bearer,'" said the deacon. Then raising his quivering voice he sang out the line, "On-ly an ar-mor bear-er," while about half the congregation joined with great vigor in the words of the familiar hymn.

The new pastor was surprised beyond measure, and his indignation at this usurpation of his functions was beyond the power of words to express at the moment. He gazed at the deacon and at the people with a look of righteous wrath that may have been intended to silence them, but which had no apparent effect except to make them sing the harder. Presently he found his voice to shout silence but his adversaries only sang the louder. They were getting warmed up to it, and were tuned to sing all night if need be. Then the pastor finding his words drowned by the flood of melody, began to wave his arms and jump around, calling on the singers to cease. They wouldn't do anything of the kind. They were having a good old-fashioned sing and they liked it, and far out on the evening air were borne the strains of "Only an Armor Bearer", sung by a chorus of mighty voices, which waxed louder with every line.

Then the happy thought came to the pastor to fight the adversary with his own weapons, and he accordingly shouted to his adherents to sing the doxology. They did so, and with a will, for they were fired and full of fight. The other party continued to sing for all they were worth, and the mingling of "Only an armor bearer" with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" made a discord worthy of Babel.

The fearful racket was kept up, both sides singing at full strength, until the sinners who were listening outside the building wondered if there wasn't some danger of the roof flying off.

Finally the singing stopped, for both sides wanted a breathing spell. Then came the pastor's opportunity, and he made a very much more lively address than he had had in mind on his way to church. With all the vigor of outraged dignity he denounced the proceedings, and asserted his right to alone conduct the services in that church. He concluded his remarks by a scathing rebuke of the leader of the singing, whom he indignantly denounced as "that old nigger Clements." With this parting shot he dismissed the congregation and left the building.

Better days may be in store for the colored brethren of Inglewood, for a number of prominent baptists of Bridgetown, including Rev. F. M. Young and W. A. Craig, are striving to put an end to the contentions and to restore peace among the colored brethren.

THE GLOBE'S "TRADE" EDITION.

An Entertaining and Useful Departure From a Business View.

The diverting of the Globe from its usual pessimistic policy and issuing a sixteen page "trade edition" has been the topic in journalistic circles this week. PROGRESS congratulates them upon the enterprise which prompted such a venture and the success which their advertising canvassers met with. Perhaps there were too many of these "notices," however, to suit the man who would naturally look in a "trade" edition for some facts and figures of the general trade of the city. It may be that one proud of the appearance of his city would look with some interest for illustrations of public buildings, of handsome streets and residences showing that St. John is indeed a city where those in trade prosper. But of course people have different ideas of these things and it could hardly be expected that the two American hustlers who canvassed the people for the edition should enter into the spirit of St. John citizens and give them what they wanted. Still these gentlemen had ideas and carried them out in an ingenious fashion. No merchant was asked to pay anything for his notice but unless he could use a certain number of papers the notice did not appear and the length and character of the article depended upon the size of the order for copies. One hundred copies called for \$25 and half a column of business and personal description was thrown in.

It is only just to the Globe to say that the scheme was not advertised in its columns but still the mantle of its name was thrown over the efforts of the itinerant canvassers who go from city to city selling people "gush"—as one merchant advertises it—all doing legitimate advertising all possible harm by disgusting merchants with this sort of stuff.

Suffered by the Big Failure.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S. Dec. 12.—Among the many victims of the financial disaster, occasioned by the failure of the late firm of Farquhar Forest & Co., of Halifax, is the Rev. John Cameron of this place. Mr. Cameron is a retired minister of the presbyterian church, who can ill afford to lose the amount which he had in the firm's hands. The loss, although considerable for one in his circumstances, might have been much greater—indeed all the savings of a life-time would have been swept away—had he not, fortunately, withdrawn from them a year or two since, the greater portion of the amount, in order to purchase some land. He was intending to withdraw the balance a few weeks hence in order to erect a new barn, and fix up the premises in which he resides; but the failure came, and now this loss has upset all his plans. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Cameron in this community, where he is highly respected for his many sterling qualities of head and heart. Aged—being now seventy eight years old—some what infirm, though still able to look after his little farm, he bears his loss with quiet composure, and while freely expressing sympathy for the many who have lost their all, feels much chagrined, that a portion of the economical savings of a lifetime should be spent by other people. Mr. Cameron's many friends all over Nova Scotia, and especially in Eastern Hants where he has spent the greater part of his life in preaching the gospel, will regret to hear of this loss he has met with.

Winter in Real Form.

It will interest the foreign readers of PROGRESS to read that winter in all its glory has begun in this part of the country. Perhaps not enough snow to make good sleighing everywhere in the lower part of this province but it has been cold enough to make ice thick enough to carry the biggest team of horses in the country. Farmers are reaping a harvest from ice congested water pipes and woolen goods are in demand. Not in many years have so many people seen so severe an early December.

GOLD IN A SICK WHALE.

AMBERGRIS AND A LATE THEORY AS TO ITS ORIGIN.

Said to be Produced by a Disease which is Like Appendicitis—The Substance is of Great Value—Its use in the Art of Making Delicate Perfumes.

Three sperm whale specimens were companionably floating about in southern waters one sunny day not so very many years ago. Two were fine specimens of the genus Physeter. The third, however, though of the same species, was lank and scrawny, and lolled listlessly on the dark blue surface of the Gulf Stream, while its more rotund and sporting comrades eluded about vigorously and sent the lipid waters far above them, to fall in refreshing sprays. It was a mystery why any whale at that season should have presented an ill-conditioned, as the feeding grounds had been unusually well populated by the tentacled and foul-mouthed cuttlefish—Sepia octopodia—and no whale had need to go a single day with an empty stomach. Perhaps if the two well-conditioned animals had been less frolicsome and the third more aroused, they would have been on the alert for defence. As it was, a long narrow boat, pointed at both ends, bore down unobserved upon them, and the whaler sent with unerring aim their weapons straight into two bulky creatures. The scrawny whale escaped, though it made no motion to get away; but because it was evident there would be but little if any oil in the animal, and because the capture of the two splendid specimens had been more than was expected, it was left unmolested, still rocking lazily in the sea.

Next day, to the amazement of the whaler, the animal was seen in almost exactly the same spot, as though inviting death. "Well," called out the captain of the whaling fleet, who had been of the party of the day before, "if you wish to die you poor crazy lubber, you shall," and forthwith it, too, was disposed of, the easiest task, the men agreed, that they had had in many a day. But little more than two barrels of oil were found in the emaciated whale. Another and vastly more important discovery was the largest single lot of ambergris ever sold in this country. It was exchanged for a check signed by a well-known drug firm of this city, whose figures rounded close on to \$60,000. Never had so large a check been sent till then in the little Cape Cod fishing town, where it was divided among the whaler and the ship, as each man on a whaler receives a certain percentage of the proceeds of the voyage. The number of pounds found in this whale aggregated to over 150, valued at \$30 per ounce, the price paid for the best ambergris.

It would seem that the animal had sickened of a malady caused by the unnatural growth, and such was undoubtedly the case, and if its sufferings had not been brought to an end by the whaler, it would have lingered till the disease itself had finally caused death. What is ambergris? In the "Arabian Nights" we are told of Eastern beauties whose cheeks were marked with moles like bits of ambergris, and in the story of the sixth voyage of "Sinbad the Sailor" we read in the description of the place where the voyagers were wrecked, "Here is also a fountain of pitch and bitumen that runs into the sea, which the fishes swallow and then vomit it up again, turned into ambergris." That unique author, Robert Boyle, considered it to be of vegetable production and similar to yellow amber; thus it received its name, ambergris—gray amber.

This and other even more plausible theories are but indeed fallacies that puzzled savants have set forth when they were at a loss to account for its origin. It is now ascertained beyond a doubt to be generated by the large-headed sperm whale and is the result of a diseased state of the animal. The victim of this rare malady may possibly throw off the morbid substance, or finally die of the ailment. The disease is located in the intestinal canal, and some savants suppose it to be caused by a bilary irritation. After a deep study on the subject several modern scientists have agreed that the disorder is akin to that now fashionable human peril, appendicitis, intensified and prolonged in this great mammal, yet that dread ailment that has but lately been understood by the surgeons and medical men of the world.

It is known that the ambergris whale feeds upon the cuttlefish. This creature is armed in its head with a sharp-pointed curved black horn resembling a bird's beak, much like that of a porcupine, only the lower mandible is the larger. This is found—as it is too indestructible to be digested—in many specimens of ambergris, and may oftentimes aid in establishing a seated disease. It may be considered, though, to be but the primary cause of irritation, as much of the finest ambergris is entirely free from the tough little horns. Such is the effect in the whale of the magnified illness which, when established in our own comparatively puny organism, causes an instant and fatal collapse unless quickly and heroically attacked by the skill of the surgeon. The habits of the great water mammals, however, tend to prolong life, and their resisting power against the insidious destroyer is eloquent of their tenacious hold on existence.

To the conservative whale fisher of New Bedford or Provincetown, the discovery of ambergris is an unexpected and as longed for as the sheeny splendor of the pearl that gladdens the pearl fisher. Almost awe-stricken are the sailors when the cry "ambergris" is uttered. This is the happy event of a lifetime. The substance is carefully taken from the bowels of the whale and is packed in casks if it is in liquid form, or in sacks if it is dry enough. It is then brought direct to Boston, where it is appraised by the head of the largest wholesale drug firm in the city. This young man has no envious task before him in ascertaining the value of the article. He has to examine the fetid mass, which is sometimes in a rank liquid state, sometimes of the consistency of soft putty, and again a chalklike substance. That which is more like putty usually is to be relied on for making the best market ambergris, and gradually, as it dries, the only curing process it undergoes, the unwholesome dark shade turns to a soft squirrel gray. The substance lightens in weight, developing a fascinating odor almost indescribable, like the blending of new-mown hay, the damp woody fragrance of a fern copse, and the faintest possible perfume of the violet.

And to what use is ambergris put? It is an indispensible article with fine perfumers, as it is used to give permanency and lasting qualities to very fleeting scents. It is a curious fact that the keynote or basis of "nosegays" or "bouquets," as handkerchief odors are called, is not, as one might suppose, the attar of garden flowers, neither the penetrating balsams. These are indispensable, but are not the groundwork. That basis is always one of the four animal odors, i. e., ambergris; musk, obtained from small musk deer of Asia; civet, from the civet cat of India, and castor, a secretion of the castor leaver, and now obsolete in the perfume trade. The pure and separate tincture of any one of these odors is too intense and powerful to be tolerated. Like all substances of these kinds, it must undergo a slow decomposition, till the remainders possess very little volatility. Even then they contain a virtue which clings pertinaciously to woven fabrics, and not being soluble in weak alkaline lyes, is still to be detected in the material, after passing through the severest lavatory ordeal. They are, therefore, of great value to the perfumer, and are the foundation in almost every formula.

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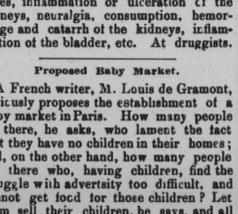
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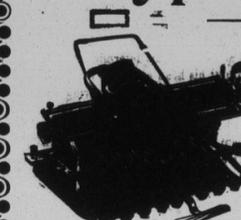
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FINE ART PRINTING of the way to describe the work writing without ribbon. A Clear Saving of \$5.00 to \$10.00 a Year. VISIBLE WRITING AND DIRECT INKING, GOOD DUPLICATOR. Price Only \$45.00. The Visible Writing is worth the money.

A Full Key Board Machine, 84 Characters, Capitals, Figures, Fractions, French, German and English, Change Wheels: It will do all that can be done on the 1250 Ribbon Machine.

For years a large majority of the people have been looking for a practical, low-priced, portable, key board machine. A machine that equals any of the high-priced ones in capacity and quality of work, and excels them all in convenience. This is the purpose of the Blickensderfer No. 5.

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It is a type-wheel machine; the wheels are interchangeable and inexpensive, writing is always in sight; has very few parts; can be adjusted to any width between lines; is a good manifold, and has a light, well arranged key-board. It shows lightness, simplicity, scope, inexpensiveness and strength.

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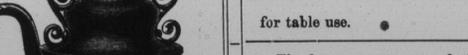
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for table use. The finest assortment of these goods ever shown in the city, with stoves and spirit lamps, also kettles separately. The Kettles are solid brass, handsomely finished, stands in brass or wrought iron.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Musical matters of interest during the week have been embodied in the concert given in the Queen Square Methodist church on Tuesday evening last and in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Wednesday evening. In each instance some of the best of our local talent participated both vocally and instrumentally. The concert in the Methodist church was attended by an audience that was limited only by the capacity of the building. Applause by the hands was permitted to mark the appreciation of the several numbers given. Mrs. Spencer was in good voice and was down on the programme for two solos and a part in a duet. She sang in her usual good time and taste, and so impressed her hearers an earnest endorsement was insisted on and responded to I like her flower song from Faust but thought her effort was slightly handicapped by the use of words which are in themselves foreign to the composition. Mrs. Pidgeon sang in the duet with Mrs. Spencer and in her middle register was pleasing. The upper tones impressed me as somewhat strained not to say strident. The duet however was so agreeable to the audience that at the close of the programme it was given by special request. Dr. March, the composer, has good reason for satisfaction to the grand reception this duet received from this cultivated audience. The other contributors deserve their word of praise but neither Miss Godard nor Prof. White seemed to me to be in anything like their best form. Of Prof. Titus' contributions special mention is due. He always sings well and his distinct articulation is a delight. I was not enabled to attend the Y. M. C. A. concert but may express the belief that it was a musical, as I have learned it is a financial, success. The belief I consider well founded in view of the fact that Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Spencer took part. The Oratorio society is doing good steady work at its rehearsals which by the way are being well attended by the active members.

Tones and Under-tones.

Miss Saville a young Californian lady has recently made an emphatic success in opera in New York. She sang Marguerite in Faust and was dark-haired, "charming; sympathetic, sweetly girlish and decidedly artistic in voice and action." Her voice is rather liquid than dramatic in quality. Yaeye has purchased the violin "Ercolo" by Stradivarius. It bears the date 1732. The next violinist to visit the United States it is said will be Preaki. The eighth rehearsal and concert of the Symphony orchestra was given in Music hall yesterday afternoon, Dec. 13, at 2.30 o'clock and will be repeated this, Dec. 14, at 8, o'clock.

The programme: Symphony in E minor, No 4 Brahms; Concerto for Violin Beethoven; Rhapsody Liszt. Soloist, Mr. Franz Ondrick. This is the eighty first season of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston and the first concert will soon be given. The Oratorio concerts will be five in number and B. J. Lang will be the conductor. The Oratorios selected for this seasons work and their dates of giving are as follows: Dec. 22, "The Messiah;" Dec. 23, "The Messiah;" Feb. 2, The Verdi Requiem; April 3, Good Friday, The Passion music; April 5, Easter, "The Creation." With the great chorus of the society, complete orchestra and eminent soloists, there seems little doubt as to their success. Mr. Jerome Hanabue, is the name of a young tenor who is singing the role of Lorenzo in "Fra Diavolo" at the Castle Square theatre this week. He is said to have a fine voice. "Hansel and Gretel" is shortly coming to the Hollis theatre, Boston. A new comer to the Castle Square theatre company this week is a Miss Rose Leighton. She has been with the Camille D'Arville company during the season. Signor Cremonini is a tenor singer new to the New York public but he made a great success as Fernando in "La Favorita" recently. He is described as "a tall handsome fellow, whose youth, good looks and manly style readily commend him to an audience and more especially to the feminine portion of it. There is a hearty straightforward way about him that is enjoying to man and he is evidently intelligent." His voice is said to be "of sympathetic quality and of fairly abundant power though its lack of resonance on the higher notes of the upper register prevents him from producing marked effect in broadly dramatic concerted music such as the finale of the last act of "La Favorita." The following is the list of singers engaged for the coming concert of the Handel and Haydn society of Boston, viz., Mrs. Clementine De Vere Sapio, Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, Mr. Thomas E. Johnson, Mr. Arthur Berensford, Mrs. Emma Juch, Mrs. Vandervoer Green, Mr. William H. Rieger, Mr. Max Heinrich, Mrs. Emma Albani, Miss Carlotta Desvignes, Mr. Emil Tisser, Mrs. George Henschel, Miss Gertrude May Stein, Mr. Pirangoon Davies, Mr.

Watin Mills, Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Myron W. Whitney.

There is a lady flute soloist in New York now in the person of a Miss Julie Paterben. Signor Montegriffo has been engaged to sing the leading tenor role in the romantic opera, "The Sparrow," music by Otto Erk, commencing January 6, 1896, at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, Pa. The DeKoven-Smith opera company is the name of a new organization, which has the first rights of all operatic productions of DeKoven and Smith for a term of years. Charles E. Evans and W. D. Mann arranged the matter in the interest of the Herald Square theatre New York. Annie Montagu, a member of the Kellogg opera company of some years ago and who recently lost her husband in Australia, has gone to Honolulu to reside.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Henry Irving gave "Much Ado about Nothing" at his New York engagement and after eulogizing his work and that of Miss Ellen Terry in the role of Beatrice, the critic says "Julia Arthur is a beautiful and affecting Hero. She shows new facility in the Garden scene which she treats with charming vivacity." It has been figured that \$22,000 was expended in Boston on Thanksgiving day for amusement tickets. Richard Golden, the actor is under treatment for alcoholism at the Bellevue Hospital, New York. Irene Parry is trying to get a divorce from her husband, Albert Weber, the piano manufacturer. Same old reason. Max Figman, took the poor debtor's oath in the Municipal court, in Boston last week, in the suit of J. R. Whipple, proprietor of the Parker house, for a board bill for \$300 contracted by the defendant and his wife, Sadie Martinot, last year while playing in that city.

"A Contented Woman" Charles H. Hoyt's new comedy will receive its first presentation in Boston at the Park theatre on the 16th, inst. In this piece the new woman's appeal for suffrage has been satirized with much keenness and vigor. The scene is laid in Denver, where a beautiful home-loving woman is persuaded to accept the nomination for mayor against her husband. She is elected, but resigns after a week's trial of the office. The leading role is played by Caroline Miskel-Hoyt, a beautiful woman, wife of the author, who has returned to the stage after a year's absence, and is credited with having made a great success in the new play. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Byron were recently playing at the People's Theatre in their latest success, "Ups and Downs of Life." Just before a matinee a couple of out-of-town visitors passed the theatre, and the man proposed going in to see the play. "Oh, yes!" exclaimed the woman, "for I have read all of Byron's works, excepting "Ups and Downs of Life."

The new play called "The Lady Slavey," is a modernized version of "Cinderella." The wife of actor J. K. Emmett, although she denies her husband's allegations will not oppose his action for a divorce. Blondin, the famous tight rope walker, who first crossed Niagara Falls on a rope, has recently married a young wife. Blondin must be upwards of 70 years of age. Mrs. G. C. Pabst, better known as Margaret Mather, is ill at St. Joseph's hospital, Chicago, where she is unable to see even her relatives. She is suffering from nervous prostration. She received \$100,000 in divorce settlement.

This is the fourth week of "Too Much Johnson" at the Boston museum, and the audiences are as large as ever. Gillette plays the principal role of Augustus Billings. Miss Georgia Cayran is in New York, recovering from a surgical operation for tumor, performed about a fortnight since. A writer recently said "How many times we read of young actors who are going to fill Edwin Booth's shoes, but somehow they find the shoes too large." Several young women who want to keep the curler bell silent were tried at the Herald Square Theatre last week. The management is afraid Mrs. Leslie Carter of "The Heart of Maryland," may be injured some night when she is swinging on the bell clapper forty feet above the stage, and an understudy is very much desired. William F. Connor received from Justice Bookstaver, in the Court of Common Pleas, New York recently a divorce from Florence Brandon, an English actress, now in this country. Miss Brandon's first husband, Frederick Augustus Hetherington, is living at 251 Waterloo Road, London, and she never was divorced from him. She says she thought he was dead.

Dangers of Excessive Piano Practice. A corresponding member of the Paris Academy of Medicine has submitted to that body a memoir in which he maintains that the numerous cases of chlorosis, neuritis, and neurasthenia observed among girls is due to excessive practicing at the piano. He has drawn up statistics which go to prove that of 6,000 pupils who were obliged before the age of 12 to learn to play the piano, nearly 12 per cent now suffer from nervous troubles.

GOT THEM ALL THE SAME.

The Senator Wrote Two Letters and Mailed One of Them by Mistake.

Back in the '70s, when Zach Chandler was at the head of the Interior Department, a young man from one of the Western States came to Washington to try clerical life in one of the departments. He had been quite a ward politician in his Western home, and imagined both the Senators from his State would be glad to do him a favor. He spent several days taking in the sights at the capital, then went up to the Senate one afternoon and sent up his card to Senator Blank. The Senator responded promptly, had the visitor shown into the marble room, and for some time they sat on the sofa together, talking of his home news, and the home crops. Then the young man broke the ice by informing the Senator just what kind of a place he wanted—didn't care much what department it was in. "Well, I don't know," said the Senator. Such places are not to be found every day, and there are hundreds here from about every state in the Union for almost anything in the shape of an appointment. "Come up to my house about 8 o'clock to-night," said the Senator, and we'll talk the matter over."

Promptly at the appointed time he pulled the door bell, and was ushered into the library, where he found the Senator puffing a cigar. "Ah! Good evening, Mr.—; I was just thinking of you," said Senator Blank. "I have written a strong letter to Secretary Chandler requesting him to give you a position in the Interior Department," picking up an unsealed letter from his desk and handing it to the young office seeker, "and I would suggest that you call at his office and present it about 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. I have also mailed the Secretary a little note, letting him know that when I write anything in his office I want it badly."

The young Westerner was bowed out of the room with smiles and a hearty handshake. At his hotel he sat down to think over his good luck; then he thought of the Senator's letter, and pulled it out of his pocket and read: "DEAR CHANDLER: Some time to-morrow morning a young citizen of my great and glorious State will call on you with a strong endorsement from me for a clerkship. I have no earthly interest in him, so I turn him over to your tender mercy. Let him do down easy. Yours, "BLANK."

The young man dropped the letter, and a big sigh struggled up from under his watch pocket. "I wonder what he said in the little note he mailed to the Secretary," thought the young candidate. Then he realized that the Senator had given him the wrong letter, and he at once determined to call at the Interior Department the next morning and see what the next chapter would bring forth. About 10 o'clock the next forenoon the colored messenger showed the young man into Secretary Chandler's office. "Senator Blank told me last night he had written you and advised me to call on you this morning," said the young gentleman. "Ah, yes," smiled the Secretary, good-naturedly, picking up from his desk an open letter and glancing over it. "The Senator speaks of you in the highest terms, and is very urgent in his request for your appointment. Wait a moment," and, touching a bell, he sent for the chief. After a moment's conversation with the chief clerk the Secretary said: "You are fortunate. There is a \$1,200 clerkship vacant by resignation this morning, and I have ordered your appointment to the place."

A month later Senator Blank was walking through the Patent Office and in the corridor met the new clerk in his office coat. The Senator was surprised and a trifle disconcerted, but he shook hands with his young friend and said he was glad to see him there. "Well, I'm glad to be here," responded the clerk, "and, Senator," putting his hand inside his vest and looking squarely in the other's eye, "right in my inside pocket I keep that little personal note you thought you mailed to Secretary Chandler telling him when you wanted a thing you wanted it bad."

Explanations were unnecessary. The Senator went out of public life and died long ago, but the clerk manages to squeeze along through the hard times on his \$1,200 a year.—Washington Star.

HEART TROUBLE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES. Wonderful Results Follow the Use of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

The good that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has done finds a ringing echo in the hearts of thousands in Canada who have used this medicine. There are some diseases where prompt action is not absolutely necessary to avert quick disaster. This is not the case with heart affection of any kind. Whether this be chronic or sympathetic, or paralytic of a more startling character, he is a foolish one who will hesitate to apply an immediate remedy. This remedy will never fail to relieve in 30 minutes, no matter how long standing or distressing the trouble may be. If you have heart disease and wish to live, you have only to use this great cure. At druggists.

That Ugly Silk Hat. Every man who wears a tall hat will be interested to read an Englishman's opinion of the same: "Is there anything that can be said in favor of a man's tall hat? And yet it has almost entirely superseded the folding hat for evening wear. Convenient as it was, the chapeau bras is quite out of date. The chimney pot has withstood the sharpest sarcasm of our best writers. It is hot in summer, and neither warm nor protective in winter, neither a shelter from the sun nor rain and singularly costly. Out of

town men gladly cast it aside, but nothing has yet been discovered to take its place in London. It was in favor of the old cocked hat that it could be put on in various ways, showing the character of the man who wore it in our damp climate and the hurry and scurry of modern life could we do with its cockades and its feathers? The ugly chimney pot is out of keeping with every line and form of the human figure, and on'y rivalled by the gear of the Parisian fire worshiper. Did it come thence to our western Europeans? How has it emanated from the early hood? It was originally made of cloth or leather, and in order that it should fit the head some stiffening matter was introduced, and a cord fastened around to keep it in place, which has survived in the common buckled band of the black hat that now hides the seam of the brim and the crown."

Years of Suffering from Rheumatism Relieved by One Dose of Medicine.

"For many years," writes Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of the well-known Birch manufacturer, of Higby's Cut, "I was sorely afflicted with rheumatic pains in my ankles, and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctored for years without much benefit. Though I had lost confidence in medicines, I was induced to use South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight the first dose gave me more relief than I have had in years, and two bottles have completely cured me. You can publish this letter." At druggists.

The Gallant Grocer. Mrs. Binks—My husband did not like that tea you sent us last. Grocer (politely)—Did you like it, madam? Mrs. Binks—Yes; I like it. Grocer (to clerk)—James! Send Mrs. Binks another pound of the same tea she had last. Anything else, madam?

After a Lion. "Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" whispered a society lady to Lady Bulwer at a party. "I should so like to invite him to one of my receptions." "Alas, madam, the dean has done something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me! you don't say so? What a dreadful thing!" said the lady in a breath. "And what was it?" she added. "Well, about a hundred years ago he died."

Was a Walking Cash Drawer. John Blakely, a successful business man who died in New York last summer, had a curious method of disposing of his money during business hours. He had seven pockets in his clothing, and in each pocket he kept a special denomination of coin, and he made change by diving his hand in this or that pocket, whichever was necessary.

Sounds Like the Hon. William. The new woman prisoner looked over the jury of gentlemen in the box. "May it please the court," she said with great hauteur, "I desire to be tried by a jury of my peers."

"That is impossible, your honor," interposed the solicitor general. "This court hasn't the power to summons angels to serve on juries."

Suited Her Style. Mistress (who had given her maid a ticket for the theatre)—Well, how did you like the performance, Alma? Alma—Oh, it was splendid, ma'am. You should have heard how a servant girl sauced her missus!

England's wheat area was diminished by 510,000 acres over 26 per cent, last year while at the same time the number of pigs was increased 6000,000, or 21 per cent.

Granby Rubbers

Are out again this season in new styles and in all the new Shoe shapes, right up to date, but with all the same old "wear like iron" quality that has always characterized them because they are honestly made of pure Rubber. Be sure you get Granbys this year.

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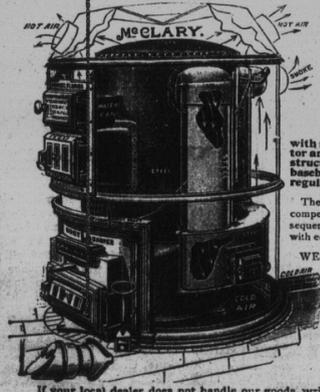
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JOHN H. McROBBIE, 94 King St
 Has XMAS Presents to Suit All.
 If you want something that is useful as well as ornamental It will pay you to call and see us.
 Here are a few to choose from:
 Ladies' Warm Lined Skating Bals. at \$1.85, 1.50, 1.75 and 2.00
 Ladies' Felt Slippers and House Shoes at 50c., 65, 80 and \$1.00.
 Ladies' Overshoes at \$1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 1.90.
 Men's Fancy Velvet and Kid Slippers at \$1.00, 1.25 and 1.50 to 2.00
 Men's Overshoes from \$1.25 to 2.50.
 Also Rubber Boots, Moccasins, Gaiters, Leggings and Slippers of all kinds.
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 It is known that England has the strictest food law in the world. Even tea passing through in bond is inspected by a representative of Her Majesty's Customs.

Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea
 Passing through England would be at once stopped if it were not pure and wholesome as represented on the package. In pound and half pound lead packets only as manufactured on the gardens in India.
 GOLD LABEL, 50c. LAVENDER LABEL, 60c. GREEN LABEL, 75c.
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Hot Air Furnaces
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 The distance the heat has to travel compels its utmost radiation, and consequently insures great heating power with economy in fuel.
 WE HOLD HIGHEST TESTIMONIALS FROM USERS.
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Social and Personal.

There is very little to report just at present, as at this particular time of the year there is always a little dullness so far as social functions are concerned, Christmas week and Christmas shopping engrossing the entire attention of the feminine portion of the community; one finds the stores crowded at all hours of the day and at every step groups of ladies deep in the discussion and admiration of the many elegant things exposed to tempt the unwary and even the wary shopper; and what a lot of lovely things there are—indeed the contemplation of these quite stones for the awful social dullness. The gentlemen are having decidedly the best of it this week, and no doubt they manage to have quite as good a time at their luncheons and dinners as the ladies do when they meet at the afternoon teas and receptions from which the gentlemen are excluded. I mentioned Mrs. Kelties Jones' tea of Friday afternoon in last issue but was unable to give any particulars; I have now learned that it was given for Miss Katie Caverhill-Jones and was a very bright affair; it was quite small however only forty invitations being issued. The hostess who wore a beautiful blue satin gown with chiffon trimmings, was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Katie Caverhill-Jones and Mrs. Cushing, the former in a lovely dress of blue brocade velvet and lace, the latter in black satin. The table decorations were exceedingly pretty, white chrysanthemums being freely used; Mrs. Rankine and Mrs. Cushing in dainty gowns dispensed tea and coffee a hot cup of either beverage being particularly welcome on such a cold and disagreeable afternoon; the guests were waited upon by Miss Wilson, Miss Gertrude Allison, Miss King, Miss G. Scammell, Miss Edna Jones and Miss Robertson. Among the ladies who called during the afternoon were Mrs. de Wolfe Spurgin, Mrs. Walter Trueman, Mrs. Geo. K. McLeod, Mrs. Charles Harrison, Mrs. Scammell, Miss Katie Bayard, Miss Travers, Mrs. Loring, Boston, Miss Florrie McMillan, Miss Mary MacMillan, Miss Ada Bayard, Miss Emma Tuck, Miss Alice Tuck, Miss Dever, Miss Mello Vroom, Miss Stainer, Miss Mabel Thompson, Miss Batts, Miss Dunlop, Miss Anne Smith, Miss Nan Burpee, Miss Pogies, Miss May Blair and many others. The junior male members of society are arranging for a ball which they are to give to their lady friends on New Year's night. I believe it is to be on quite a large scale and will doubt be a very pleasant affair.

Miss Florrie MacMillan goes to Quebec after Christmas and will spend some time with friends. Mrs. L. R. Harrison returned Thursday from Montreal where she was the guest of Mrs. Ross. Mrs. Warren left Monday for New York where she expects to remain for about a month. Mrs. Stratton, who has been visiting New York, returned home on Friday of last week. The Banjo harmonic club met with Miss Thompson on Monday evening and had a very pleasant practice. The members are now at work on "Patrol, in 2 parts," which is said to be a very bright piece of music. Miss Addie George is expected from Fredericton on Monday to pay a short visit to the Misses Purvey. Miss Flossie Stockton is confined to her room at the Aberdeen with a very severe cold. Judge Mrs. J. G. Forbes entertained quite a number of young people at a dancing party last evening. Excellent music was provided for the dancers, and it was quite late when the party dispersed.

The social event of interest to the junior members of the legal fraternity this week was the dinner given by Mr. George Reed at the hotel Aberdeen on Thursday evening. The new dining room of the hotel is a splendid apartment, bright, airy and brilliantly lighted, and perhaps it never looked nicer than on that evening; the two tables were in the form of a T and both were gorgeous with silver, china, glass and flowers; the menu was of excellent and pure white chrysanthemums were used in the decorations and smilax was twined gracefully around the epergnes; palms were effectively arranged on the side tables and other parts of the room; the dinner began at nine o'clock and the forty gentlemen around the table found the menu most attractive one; after dinner the usual toasts were given—and the usual amount of speckmaking indulged in. The party was an exceedingly merry one and there was not a dull moment throughout the entire evening; it was long after midnight when the party dispersed after singing "Auld Lang Syne." The gentlemen present were, E. Waterbury, H. H. Pickett, H. W. Puddington, R. W. Hannington, S. M. Skinner, S. L. Fairweather, S. B. Bustin, J. J. Porter, M. G. B. Henderson, H. G. Fenety, C. F. Sanford, D. Mittle, J. R. Campbell, R. H. Ritchie, C. J. Carter, H. E. Boucher, A. G. Blair, Jr., L. P. D. Tilley, J. B. M. Baxter, Thos. Regan, J. E. Cowan, C. S. Skinner, J. A. Sinclair, J. Montgomery, C. J. Milligan, H. A. McKee, C. H. Ferguson, A. P. Barnhill, J. L. Carleton, J. R. Dunn, J. F. Ashe, C. W. Bailey, J. K. Kelly, R. G. Murray, W. H. Trueman. Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gilmour, of Calais, are visiting the city. The basket in the school room of Leinster street baptist church this week received the usual amount of patronage. The large number present seemed to enjoy themselves very much, and no doubt the members of the mission band who had charge of the affair were delighted with the financial result; at six o'clock tea was served, the following ladies being in attendance: Misses Howes, Miss Allen, Miss Clarke, Miss Fossie, Miss Brundage, Miss Loomer and Miss Curry. At the missionary tree were Miss Smalley, Miss Heestis and Miss Ebb, while seats were dispensed by Miss Clark, Miss Allen, Miss Wetmore and Miss Forbes. On the fancy table were very many useful and beautiful articles of fancy work that could not fail to please the most fastidious; the ladies who presided at this table were Mrs. Rising, Mrs. Haley, Mrs. Wilson and Miss Stetson; the ice cream and lemonade tables were also presided over by efficient waitresses. During the evening several musical selections were given by Mr. Edgar Davidson, Miss Calhoun, Miss Allen, Mr. Bostwick and Mr. Wetmore.

A very large and appreciative audience gathered in the pretty Queen Square Methodist church on Tuesday evening to hear the concert in which the best local talent was announced to take part. That the audience appreciated the musical treat was quite evident from the applause bestowed upon all who took part; every number was encored and in almost every case a response was given. Mrs. Spencer was in excellent voice and her "Fidelity" was exceedingly well done, as was also her "Flower Song from Faust." In the duet "Love Divine" Mrs. Spencer and Miss Fiddgen were excellent and met with a hearty recall. Mr. Titus sang unusually well but declined to respond to any encores. The clarinet and violin solos were beautiful things and Prof. White was obliged to appear in answer to prolonged applause; Miss Brown recited very nicely but there is just a little monotony about her voice which at times becomes a distinct drawback. With little care she could overcome this very noticeable defect and it would then be a great pleasure to listen to her; her recitations were in excellent taste and in "The Loper" she was very much better than in the "Legend Beautiful" that beautiful poem of Longfellow, which the program called the "Beautiful Legion." Miss Godard was the efficient accompanist of the evening. Following is the programme: reading, "The Loper, Miss Isa Brown"; vocal solo, Our King, Mr. L. W. Titus; violin solo, Benedictus, Prof. J. M. White; vocal solo, Flower Song from Faust, with violin obligato, Mrs. F. G. Spencer; reading, Legend Beautiful, Miss Isa Brown; vocal

solo, Star of Bethlehem, Mr. L. W. Titus; vocal solo, Judith, with violin obligato, Mrs. F. G. Spencer; violin solo, Cavatina by request, Prof. White; vocal duet, Love Divine, Miss Fiddgen and Mrs. Spencer.

A pretty and successful five o'clock tea was given on Thursday evening by the Mission Band of St. Andrew's church, assisted by several young ladies of the church; those who presided were all in bright dainty costumes and paid devoted attention to their patrons; those who rendered aid were Miss Olive Stone, Miss Bertie Balant, Miss Florrie Balant, Miss Hazel Balant, Miss E. L. Mearns, Miss Fannie Russell, Miss Edith Balant, Miss Belle Dunlop, Miss Forbes, Miss Cameron and Mrs. John H. Thompson.

Mrs. B. Happley and Miss A. M. Prince are visiting in Detroit, Michigan, where they are guests of Mrs. H. H. Yalpey.

On Tuesday evening the marriage of Miss Katie McKnight and Mr. Burpee Boyd took place, Rev. Job Shenton officiating. The bride and her maid, Miss Boyd were both appropriately attired in becoming costumes; the groom was supported by Mr. Ernest Thomas.

A large number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brown surprised them very pleasantly on Monday evening it being the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage; the evening was spent in dancing and cards and it was after two o'clock when the party dispersed after a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Mr. A. E. Alexander of Campbellton is spending a few days here.

Mrs. F. E. Hirston of Fredericton was here for a part of this week.

Mr. John Cann, who has been visiting Moncton for a short time, came home this week.

On the evening before his departure for the West Indies, Mr. W. S. Macfarlane was presented by the Bicycle club, of which he was an esteemed and popular member, with a handsome gold ring, with his name and the date of presentation inscribed on the inside and on the outside the club emblem a winged wheel, and the letters S. J. B. C. On every side Mr. Macfarlane was the recipient of good wishes for his future success, and it is safe to say that no young man ever left this city more highly esteemed and generally liked by the various classes of citizens with whom his work brought him in contact. Mr. Macfarlane was from time to time a valued contributor of Progress, and carries with him to his new field of work the good wishes of the entire staff.

The following account of the Webber-Kimball wedding at Brookline last week is from a late Boston paper. Several St. John people went to Brookline to be present at the wedding.

"In a bow of palms, beneath a canopy of delicate apparatus vine, Miss Jane Webber, daughter of Mr. John P. Webber of Brookline, was united in marriage to Elbridge Kimball Jewett, at the Webber residence, on Beacon street, last evening."

To the strains of Wagner's wedding march, by Miss H. A. Shaw, harpist, of Boston, the bridal procession descended the staircase.

First came the ushers, Spencer K. Hill of Brookline, Luther G. Paul of Newton Centre, W. B. Johnston of Staten Island, N. Y.; John Webber of Brookline, Haven Sawyer of Bangor, Me.; Leonard March Jewett of St. John, N. B.

They were followed by the bridesmaid, Miss Elizabeth H. Cushing, attired in a rich costume of white silk.

Then the bride descended upon the arm of her father. Her costume was of ivory-white satin, on train, fastened at the neck by a diamond brooch. She wore a handsome marquis ring, the gift of the groom. She carried a white prayerbook.

The bridal party were met at the foot of the stairs by the groom and his best man, William Pitcher of St. John.

Rev. D. D. Addison of All Saints' church, Brookline, read the impressive marriage service of the episcopal church, to the music of Gounod's "Ave Marie," by harp and violin.

The Boston Stringed Quartet club played while the happy couple received the congratulations of the immediate family and relatives.

After an extended tour through the southern states, Mr. and Mrs. Jewett will board at Roxbury until their new home at Chestnut Hill is completed.

About 1000 invitations were sent out, and some 600 people were present, despite the storm. Among the St. John guests were Mr. E. G. Dunn, Miss Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Jewett, Mr. L. Jewett, Miss E. H. Mr. F. B. Ellis, Mrs. Allison Cushing and Miss Hiljard.

Mr. Campbell T. Mackay of Liverpool, G. B., is in the city a guest of his brother, Mr. Malcolm Mackay.

Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Blair left this week on a trip to Boston and New York.

Mr. A. H. Robinson of Halifax was here for a short time this week; Mr. D. Waters of the Bank of Nova Scotia was also here for a short time lately.

Mr. John P. Lowry has returned from quite a prolonged trip to Chicago, New York and Philadelphia.

Judge Forbes spent a part of the week in Woodstock.

Mr. Thomas of Birmingham, England, sailed for home Wednesday on the Lake Superior.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Richards of Boston were here for a short time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Black of Sackville were here for a short time lately.

Miss Ada Marie Crowe of Truro spent a few days in the city this week.

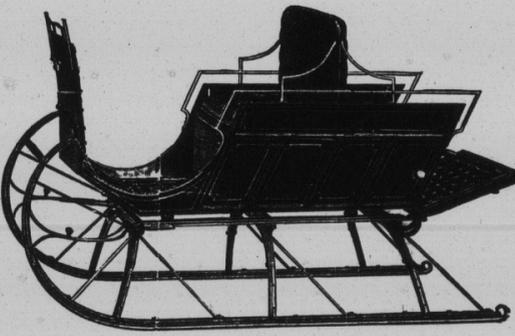
Mrs. (Judge) Palmer arrived Saturday from Ottawa where she had been visiting her sister Mrs. Dawson. Mrs. Palmer joined the judge in Boston this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Burgess of Wolfville were here for a part of the week.

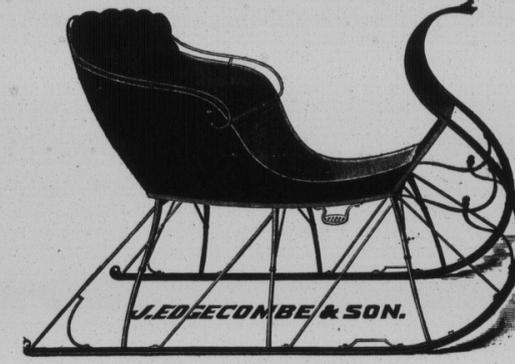
A Pure White Soap.
 Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.
 The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft, smooth and healthy.
Sea Foam
 It Floats.
 5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.
 ST. JOHN BATHING CO. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Merry Sleigh Bells

Winter has come with a rush this time. HAVE YOU GOT A NICE SLEIGH?



If not, just look at this Family Gladstone. Neatest and handsomest turnout made.



And then on this Single Sleigh. Just the thing for Comfort, and for Fast Driving. Strong and Durable.

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Priestley's "Eudora" Cloth
 "Eudora" is the name of the new black dress fabric put upon the market by the Priestley's, whose famous dress goods are a household word all over the world. It is like their much esteemed Henrietta cloth; indeed, it has all their merits, and a few things which they lack. It is made in black only, it is a perfect dust shedder, has extra weight and width; and, fitting easily and draping gracefully it gives a distinction to the wearer which all of Priestley's goods confer. This is their excellence, which sets them apart from all other goods. "Eudora" is wrapped on "The Varnished Board," and Priestley's name is stamped on every five yards so that ladies cannot be deceived.



"Where Music is there you will Find the Happiest Home."



Absolute Clearance Sale of High Grade Pianos. Now is Your Opportunity to Get a Piano for Christmas.

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N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Mr. MacNichol has for years been a most prominent lawyer in the state of Maine.

Mr. Frank Nelson cashier of the Calais National Bank, has been confined to his residence this week with a severe cold.

Mr. Arthur Mills of Boston, was the guest of Mr. Frederic Hain during the past few days.

Mr. John Bridges of Freeport Maine, has been spending several days with friends in Calais.

Mr. W. Wilson manager of the cotton factory left town on Wednesday for Georgia, where they intend spending a couple of weeks.

Mr. A. E. Killam is closing his beautiful residence at Lewisville for the winter, and the family have moved into town, and taken up their residence on Fleet street, the distance from the city making Lewisville an inconvenient place to reside in during the winter months.

The Monton friends of Mrs. Horace E. Dibble, wife of the rector of Margerville, formerly Miss Ethel Foster of this city will be interested in hearing of the arrival last week of a son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. Dibble.

Miss Cresswell of London, England, sister of Rev. A. J. Cresswell of Springfield, Kings County, N. Y., who is spending the summer in Canada, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Taylor, of Fleet street.

Rev. W. B. Hinson of Montreal arrived in the city last week and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John McKerzie, of Queen street, Mr. Hinson preached from his former pulpit of large congregations on Sunday, and met with an enthusiastic reception from his old parish.

Mr. J. F. Blagden, inspector of the Merchant's Bank of Halifax, spent some days in town last week.

The many friends of Rev. E. B. Hooper, rector of St. George's church, who was compelled by ill health to seek rest and change a few weeks ago, will be glad to hear that he is very much better, and hopes to be able to resume his charges Christmas.

Mr. Fred Wilbur, of the Woodstock branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and son of Mr. S. C. Wilbur, printer to the city, is spending a short vacation at his home in Moncton. It will be remembered that Mr. Wilbur met with a serious accident at the athletic field some time ago, but I am happy to say he is quite restored to health now.

Miss Ethel Summers many friends will regret the loss of her cousin, Miss Emma Summers, who was obliged to give up her studies at the Rogers College for girls, some weeks ago, and has been a great invalid ever since coming home.

Miss Lena Snow of Ottawa, graduate of the Lady Stanley Institute, an excellent nurse, and also of the Ottawa Contagious Hospital, who has been engaged in the practice of her profession at Ottawa for the past year or two, arrived in Moncton last week on a long leave, and will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. A. H. Jones. Miss Snow is being cordially welcomed by her numerous friends.

Mr. J. V. Cooke, general storekeeper of the I. C. R. left town on Monday evening for Montreal where he intends spending a day or two.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Osmán of Hillsboro paid a short visit to Moncton on Monday.

MISSOURI FURNISHES yet another negative answer to Shakespeare's query as to whether there is anything in a name. Mad is the name of one of the boys in the town of Ripley in the state of Missouri, who is a near-by town that the eloquent Alderman Stambaugh lives.

AYER'S PILLS, being composed of the essential virtues of the best vegetable aperients, without any of the woody or porous material whatever, is the reason why they are so much more effective and valuable than any other cathartic. The best family medicine.

AYER'S PILLS are now being painted in "colors" in England, presumably those of their owners, the leaders of the riders, and points to promising artistic developments.

It is often a mystery how a cold has been "caught". The fact is, however, that when the blood is poor and the system depressed, one becomes peculiarly liable to diseases. When the appetite or the strength fails, Ayer's Sarsaparilla should be taken without delay.

Snow and sleet have their advantages. While there is no danger of slipping down on icy sidewalks, there is no danger of being run down by a horse-drawn carriage.

Hall's Hair Renewer produces the hair lustrous and silken, gives it even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

It might be supposed that the greatest number of stings and bites occur in the warm and southern countries, but the fact is, that in proportion to the population, more stings and bites are worn in the north.

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

Beating traps is a profitable business in Maine this year. One trapper of Brighton, realized \$31 on one bear last week - \$15 for the skin, \$5 bounty, and two gallons of oil at \$4 a gallon.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more deplorable than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

An ephemeral journal is La Tels Cortada ("The Cut Cloth") a Spanish illustrated comic weekly, published in the city of Havana, Cuba, and sold for five cents. After it has been read it can be put in water, when the ink washes out and only a handkerchief remains.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moulting and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to use a bottle of Mother Gray's Worm Exterminator; it is an infallible medicine.

Pine resin has been obtained from the emerald by Mr. Lebanus by heating the emerald in the electric furnace until the silica is volatilized, when the residue is confined with hydrochloric acid, and, after a series of purifications, gives gum resin.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer up to thirty times a day with headache. There is nothing more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more deplorable than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

The proprietors of Parmentier's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself: Mr. John A. Bean, Waterloo, Ontario writes: "I never used any medicine that could equal Parmentier's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was a great boon to my family. I have since used Parmentier's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic."

It is proposed to supply London with sea water for bathing by running the water from the coast near Brighton, and conveying it to a great reservoir on the South Downs, from which it would flow down hill to London.

Money saved and pain relieved by the leading remedy, Dr. THOMAS' EMERALD OINTMENT. It is a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a corn, heel, sore, burn, scald, or sprain, relieve rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or swollen breasts.

The best prices for the Corn Cure are: Retail, 25c per box; Wholesale, \$1.00 per dozen. Sent by mail on receipt of the money. Address: Dr. J. C. Parmentier, 111 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

Highest Awards at World's Fairs.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1895

SHE IS NOT IN HALIFAX.

THE RUMOR THAT MRS LEAR IS IN THAT CITY DENIED.

She Will Attend the Trial Next Spring and Give Evidence—Judge Graham Angry—King's Regiment Succeeded by the Royal Berkshire—A Great Bank Clerk.

HALIFAX, Dec. 12.—Another step in the Byron (Lear) versus Tremaine suit has been taken. The pleadings are now complete since the plaintiff's solicitors have filed their reply to the defence set [up to Tremaine. It was expected that that reply would have been a lengthy document answering the different paragraphs in detail, but the prosecution decided otherwise. All they filed in the prothonotary's office on Saturday were the words: "The plaintiff joins issue with defendant's defence."

This simply means that they will place upon Tremaine the burden of proving [the truth of the statements he has made, rather than by any possibility raising fresh questions. They will absolutely deny that Tremaine had any right to pay one cent of the \$900 collected from the four young men to Perry Lear, or to any one else than to Mrs. Lear. Even granting that there was any liability on Lear's part to Tremaine, the plaintiff will contend that the money collected, as she alleges for her sole benefit, had no right whatever to go to the husband who secured divorce, any more than to the sultan of Turkey, for instance.

In connection with divorce costs, by the way, while Tremaine rolls up a bill of costs of over \$1,000, in one way or another in this suit of the Lears, the cost in recent proceedings where a divorce was granted by Judge Graham, amounted to only about \$140.

The trial of Byron (Lear) versus Tremaine will come off probably in the early spring. Then it is said that both Mrs. and Mr. Lear will be on hand to give evidence. There was a rumor that the plaintiff was in town a week ago but it was a mistaken report, for she was far enough away. But it is confidently stated by those interested that she will be on hand bright and early when the stand it will be an interesting story they will tell even though its novelty be somewhat dimmed for the public are already pretty well acquainted with the principal features of the story.

If ever there was an indignant judge, it was Mr. Justice Graham, when he found out how the divorce court, over which he so ably presided, had been treated in this matter by all concerned in the notorious divorce proceedings of Lear versus Lear.

The King's Liverpool regiment has gone and the Royal Berkshire is here in its place. It cannot be said that the departure of the King's was regretted so keenly as is often the case with the embarkation of a regiment which has been garrisoned here for between two and three years as was the King's. There are always scenes of weeping and mourning along the line of march from the barracks to the dockyard. "The girl I left behind me," is not anxious to conceal her feelings as Tommy Atkins goes aboard ship, and she does not mind who knows how dearly she loved her departing red coat. But the public were not "broken up" over the exit of the King's. Colonel Stone was not by any means, what would be called a "popular" commanding officer. The trouble between the Wanderers and garrison, too, originated with the King's.

The departure of a regiment in old times was the signal for ship-keepers to arm themselves with capes for departing officers who had contracted accounts with them. A soldier below the rank of a commissioned officer cannot be proceeded against for debt. But a soldier holding a commission is as liable in this respect as any civilian. The capias is frequently resorted to as the eve of a regiment's departure to collect bills from officers who would not or could not pay up previously. But in these days the number of capias issued under such circumstances is not so numerous as once it was. An authority says that nowadays not one-third as many are taken out. While in times past the departure of a regiment would mean the issuing of a half dozen or more capias, when the King's left, for instance there were only two, and the sum total of debt claimed was only \$13. One of the capias was issued by a Barrington street firm for the arrest of Major Banning, for \$9. The other was for Captain Pollett, by a piano dealer who claimed \$4 for piano tuning. Sergeant Baker presented himself at the Wellington barracks' gate with the capias for the arrest of the two officers named, but the sentry suspecting something of the kind, would not let the policeman in. Then Baker betook himself to the ship's side and awaited the arrival of his prey. By and by, the keen-eyed policeman saw them, and he lost no time in laying firm hold upon his men. Mayor Banning paid up, and he

was a free officer once more. Captain Pollett gave security for his \$4, and he, too, went aboard ship in proper form.

The capias is a rough and extreme way of collecting a debt, and it is pleasing to know that our military friends are called upon to endure it less frequently than hitherto.

Is there any danger that the rapid outpouring of lawyers from our law schools and elsewhere will produce a class of shysters rather than a set of honest legal gentlemen? There are those who fear that the legal ranks are being so overcrowded, often with incompetent men, that the shyster will out-number the lawyer. The shyster has long been represented in Halifax, as doubtless he also has been in other cities.

What would be thought of a lawyer were it to be shown that he went into the Halifax police station and there found a poor, unfortunate young woman who had been sentenced by the magistrate to a \$4 fine for drunkenness. Supposing he were to enter into conversation with that woman, and learn from her that she had no money wherewith, to pay her fine, but that if her mistress were acquainted with the facts she would readily hand over the necessary cash to escape a term in Rockhead. Then supposing that the lawyer were to go to that mistress and state the case, and were to get the \$4 to pay the fine, and supposing that with the money in his hand he were to give the police station a wide berth and never go near the prisoner, and were to keep that money in his pocket, supposing that in the meantime another friend came to the rescue, raised the \$4, and paid the woman's fine, while the lawyer still retained the money he received from the mistress. Supposing a Halifax lawyer did this, which it is alleged he actually did, and which is a matter of common talk among members of the bar here, is that legal limb a lawyer or a shyster?

The S. P. C. is in communication with a Mr. Stubbing, clerk in a bank in this city. The grievance the society has against the young man is that he is said to have been guilty of cruelty to a dog which it appears had the misfortune to have him for its owner. Fashion, it seems, demands that a dog's tail should be cut short. Nature did not cut Mr. Stubbing's dog's tail short so, if the reports to the S. P. C. are to be believed, the owner took the matter into his own hands and artificially made the tail the regulation size. Probably the S. P. C. would have done nothing in the case if that had been all, but that was not all. A neighbor of Mr. Stubbing's had rather information which he did not hesitate to impart to the crusty prevention people. It came to this neighbors knowledge that the poor dog had been treated with cruelty beyond the average with such people as dock horse's tails and cut short dog's tails merely because it is the fashion of certain sections of "society" to do so. This kind-hearted neighbor of Mr. Stubbing's acquainted the S. P. C. A. with the fact that twice over was the dog's tail abbreviated with a knife, and that after the second cutting the poor canine was left in a barn, where he bled to death. After the first operation, so the informant alleges, the bank clerk was not satisfied with the extent of the knife's work which had been done by another hand than his, and the "surgeon" (?) is known, so he himself took off another slice. In the morning the dog was found in the barn where he had bled to death. This case looks something like the refinement of cruelty.

Chief O'Sullivan and his force have again taken to some liquor license law enforcing, such as they carried out during the last year of Inspector Mackessey's regime. Within two weeks the police have reported five cases, and already some of them have paid fines. Among those reported for selling after hours, are the Aberdeen hotel, Ted Wright, Captain Verge's, and Andrew Finlay's. It looks as if the chief were inaugurating a new campaign of liquor law enforcement, which may prove interesting in its outcome.

Society in Little Harbor. The squeal of the babies and the pigs is heard through the land. The following arrivals are noted: to Mrs. David Harding a son; Mrs. A. Swansburg, a son; to Mrs. Allen Swim, a daughter; Mrs. Melbourne Ringer, a daughter. The following killed pigs six months old.—John Ringer, 345 lbs; Snyder Decker, 277; Frank Godfrey, 244; Dan Swim, 242.—Lockport, N. S., Hustler.

Lost Faith in Her. "Woman," said the dejected young man, "is a fake." "Yes," spoke one listener. "Yes. It has not been so many moons since I saved up all my billiard money and lived on beans two weeks to blow myself out on an opera and a supper for a young woman. Then I asked her to marry me, and she said she was afraid I was too extravagant to make a good husband."

IN THE BALMY AZORES.

WHERE ONE MAY FIND REPOSE IN A VERDANT PARADISE.

Sights and Scenes Among Quiet Islands of the Archipelago—The Natives and the Animals are Small and Peaceful—Cottages to Rent for Families.

Sailing from Fayal to Terceira, a distance of only sixty miles, we passed in the darkness of night between the two small islands, Sao Jorge and Graciosa, without getting a glimpse of either; and therefore felt constrained to retrace our steps over the ocean highway in order to pay them a flying visit. As everybody knows, this widely scattered archipelago is divided into three distinct groups, the extreme eastern and western islands lying some 300 miles apart, with Fayal, Pico, Sao Jorge, Graciosa, and Terceira, and is yet in a measure dependent upon it, as Pico is upon Fayal and Corvo upon Flores.

The six hours' run between the two is generally accomplished in the small hours after midnight. You go to sleep in your berth at one port and awake to find yourself in the other. Graciosa ("gracious paradise") has, as its name indicates, a rich beauty peculiarly its own, pervaded by a sort of mellow effulgence due to certain atmospheric conditions, such as I have rarely seen elsewhere. It is barely twenty miles in circumference, with a population of less than 20,000 and only one settlement large enough to be called a village—Santa Cruz, its port and capital. Seen from a distance, it looks like two tiny islets, because of tall mountains at either end, the land between them being on a level with the sea. A more verdant and peaceful looking spot could hardly be found, and so fertile is it that the people manage to export an incredible amount of fruit and vegetables, barley, wheat, and corn. Before the bright created such havoc in the vineyards of all these islands, wine used to be the staple production of Graciosa, or, rather, wine distilled into a fiery brandy, called agas ardente ("burning water.")

Nowadays, since grapes are scarcer, the Azoreans content themselves with the milder, tippie, made from sweet potatoes, a cheap intoxicant, to be brought in all the so-called "dry goods" shops for two cents per glass, and these glasses are warranted to produce the desired state of semi-oblivion and a fine "head" for the morrow. There is no hotel or other public accommodation for strangers in Santa Cruz, but a couple of hours will give you ample time to see everything of interest on the island, unless you care for a rough tramp over the hills, to peep into the inevitable crater of the interior, one which has had no eruption within the memory of man.

There was a fiesta in progress the day we were at Santa Cruz; the church bells were ringing merrily and the streets were full of people in holiday attire. The houses are well built, the thoroughfares clean, and everybody looks prosperous and contented. We strolled two or three miles beyond the town, into the green and pleasant country, and were much interested in the glimpses of peasant life afforded. The tiny farms are cultivated to the utmost, and the raising of sheep, cattle, and donkeys appears to be a prevailing industry.

By the way, an odd circumstance, which cannot fail to strike the observant traveler in the Azores, is the fact that all our four-toed creatures seem to increase or diminish in their proportions, according to the size of the island upon which they are found. Thus, in San Miguel, the largest island of the archipelago, the cattle and horses are of ordinary size, as seen in other parts of the world, while in Fayal and Terceira they are "midding," in Pico and Graciosa very small, indeed, and on tiny Corvo and St. Mary's so infinitesimal that they look like toy animals escaped from some miniature "Noah's ark." There is a so noticeable difference in the produce, fruits and grain degenerating in the smaller islands, as a rule, and exotic plants losing much in bloom and perfume. The people of Graciosa seem to match their island homes to perfection, being small in stature, gentle, mild-mannered, ignorant, and happy. Mormonism is said to prevail among them to a considerable extent—but there may be worse things in the world, even than that. There is not such a thing as a jail, an almshouse, an orphanage or a foundling asylum on the island, nor need of any. There is one manufactory, for the burning of bricks, and a number of the islanders build boats, from models of their own, which are famous in these waters for exceptional seaworthiness—though the timber for them, as well as wood for household purposes, must be brought from Terceira. They also make the material for their own wearing apparel—excellent white linen and well-dyed woolen cloth. The homes of the peasant are so nearly alike that a description of one answers for all the rest.

The whitewashed stone cottage has generally two rooms, with roof of thatch and

Annual Christmas Sale. Special Values for Christmas Presents. Silks, Furs, Umbrellas and Waterproofs.

SILKS for Evening Dresses and Blouse Waists. Novelties in Striped and Broche Taffeta. New Designs, Exquisite Colorings, Moderate Prices. Black Faille Francais. Black Satin Duchesse. Black Satin Merveilleux. Black Empress Silks. FURS, JACKETS, CAPES, COLLARS and MUFFS in the Fashionable Furs of the day. Special value in Greenland Seal, Astrachan, Black Marten and Baltic Seal Capes. UMBRELLAS with Novelty Handles and Durable Silk Coverings, with Steel Frames and Wooden Shafts. WATERPROOF CLOAKS, Latest English Shapes.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

mother earth for floor. An opening near the apex of the roof serves for both window and chimney, or else a square aperture is left in the side wall, without glass, but provided with a rude barn door like shutter. The furnishings are scant, indeed. A pile of stones in one corner serves for a stove upon which the cooking is done, the smoke escaping as best it can. In another corner is the bed, so high that it almost needs a ladder to climb into it, covered with a gay patchwork spread, such as our grandmothers used to make in the days of "crazy quilts." There is also a hand loom, a deal table, with some scriptural prints on the wall, a bench, and, perhaps, a chair or two, with seats of woven rushes. But the latter seem to be merely ornamental, or reserved for company, the ladies of the household invariably squatting upon the floor when busy with their sewing or spinning, carding flax or wool, weaving baskets and bridging hats, doing their beautiful knitting and embroidering, and making exquisite lace out of the split fiber of the aloe. For illuminating purposes there is the same modification of the old Roman lamp that our Puritan ancestors used in New England, viz., a small triangular pan to hold grease, with a floating wick of twisted rag in it.

One thing which perplexes a stranger in the Azores is the multiplicity of names in the same family, making it difficult to identify its members. When a girl marries she sometimes takes her husband's name to which of her father's names she chooses, or she takes the name of her mother's in the same manner, but neither ever assumes the father's family name. This is considered of no consequence whatever, the baptismal name being the one to which importance is attached. Thus Maria and Filomena, Jorges and Jesus abound in distracting numbers, and in the postoffice letters are assorted accordingly, no attention being paid to the surname, but the Antonio put in one pile, the Bats in another, and so on through the Alphabet.

Sao Jorge is about the same size as its near neighbor, Graciosa, but greater contrast can hardly be imagined than that between the appearance of the two islands. Topographically considered, Sao Jorge is by far the most interesting island of the archipelago—except, perhaps, Pico, which surpasses it only in the height of its single volcanic cone. Thirty miles long, but barely three and a half wide, with tall mountains ranging from end to end, it presents one of the most impressive sea walls eyes ever beheld. Skirting it in a yacht, on a tranquil summer's day, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience as full of danger as of sublimity. No wonder that sailors dread the approach to this small speck in mid-Atlantic even more than rounding the storm-beat Cape Horn! The mighty mass of headlands, rising sheer and abrupt out of the Azorean Sea from 800 to 1,600 feet, with scarcely a break in their grim sides save where gulches corrugate the upper heights are guarded by projecting reefs of high black rocks against which the surf beats with ceaseless fury. Strong currents set in shoreward, with blasts blowing down the gulches with destructive force soon dash to pieces the unfortunate vessels driven under the lee of this Titanic wall, where not a solitary rage projects to which a drowning mariner may cling.

Sao Jorge's one town, or rather hamlet, called Ponta de Las Valbas, set close to the shore on the shelving edge of one of these heights, looks just ready to slide off into the water. Taken all in all, it is the most lugubrious, woe-begone, and desolate-looking place to be found in many a long journey. You climb up to it over a slippery, wave-washed heap of rocks, called by courtesy a quay, and enter the village through a picturesque medieval gateway. Remains of ancient fortifications surround the little harbor, as if nature had not sufficiently fortified the undesirable possession; but the rusty guns, long since planted in the earth, mouth downward, serve the peaceful purpose of tying-posts for boats. Grass and weeds spring up unhindered in the irregular streets, and there are a few poor shops, a market place with a covered shed, a great church, and a hospital. The latter building was once a populous convent. The narrow cells of

the monks, turned into sick wards, have a cheerful outlook into the cemetery on one side and into the patio on the other, where the official coffins are stored. These black painted boxes have been many times used, being only loaned to the dead for the short journey to the grave, the box being returned to the patio to serve the same purpose again and again. The most attractive place in Velhas is the central plaza, standing in which, looking up and around, you feel as if at the bottom of a mighty well, so close on all sides are the precipitous mountains, the broad plateau which forms the backbone of this rocky islet is extremely fertile, and every available patch of soil is cultivated to the utmost. Even the most perpendicular sides of the loftiest cliffs are terraced and tilted, to the edge of precipices which drop down hundreds of feet to the ever-raging surf below, on slopes so steep that it would seem as if both wings and claws were needed to cling to them, and in gorges accessible only by boat from the sea, where the pheasants' sole companions are mountain goats and buzzards. Men and women working on these terraced heights look like flies clinging to the wall of a room. In pleasant weather the scene is attractive, green, and peaceful; but imagination fails to depict the terror and devastation which follow in the wake of the fierce gales which so frequently buffet these stern coasts. Even more destructive, though happily less frequent, are the eruptions of volcanoes which so often have their vent on this side of the island; and after each disaster nature has made extraordinary haste in gliding the ravages under an additional bloom and beauty. It is hard to believe, but is nevertheless true, that the industrious population of 19,000, not only manage to wrest a comfortable living from these rugged hills, but actually export considerable butter, cheese, fruits, and cattle to Portugal and the neighboring islands. Their cheese is said to be of especial excellence and the shipping records show that in a single year one house alone in Lisbon received \$50,000 worth of butter from Velhas.

The peasantry of Sao Jorge are more picturesque in dress and manner than any we have yet met in the Azores. Their ways of living and methods of labor are as primitive as were those of the Moors, when they invaded Spain and Portugal, from whom these people are said to have sprung and to whom they certainly bear a strong facial resemblance. The women wear dresses of dark blue woolen cloth, with enormous balloon-like skirts thrown up over their heads from the waist and scant petticoats of the same material, bordered with scarlet. Of the men's outfit the most noticeable part is the funny little cap, of dark-colored Porting cloth edged with red, with triangular venter turned up in front, so that the long, sharp point looks like a finger pointing skyward.—Fannie B. Ward, in Inter-Ocean.

Doctors for Rheumatism. "I saw a Digger Indian medicine man treat another old Indian for rheumatism a few days ago," remarked Dr. W. L. Berry "and I can assure you it was something new in therapeutics. I was travelling in Mendocino County when a young buck who spoke good English informed me that one of the Indians had devils in his legs and the medicine man would take them out at the rancharia. Of course I was anxious to see the operation.

"When I reached the scene I saw a pile of dry wood with green willow boughs heaped over it. The old Indian, who was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, was carried out in a blanket, the corners of which were tied around his neck, while his feet stuck out through a couple of holes. He was placed on another wet blanket that was spread over the willow boughs, strings were run from his big toes to the tops of two little saplings about thirty feet away, and lizards, toads, frogs, water dogs, and garter snakes were tied all along the strings at intervals of six inches. Then the medicine man set fire to the dry wood, and danced around the fire till the paint and perspiration on his body shone like varnish. All the while, he shouted appeals to the

Great Medicine Man up above to use his influence in persuading the devils to leave their victim's legs. He threatened that the reptiles on the string, which are supposed to be the favorites of evil spirits, should be tortured till their masters left the victim of their torments. "The old fellow on the fire commenced getting hot, and he yelled murder for fully five minutes before the medicine man and his assistant took him off the fire. The old fellow was almost roasted, but they carried him down and ducked him in the cold water of the little creek that ran by the rancharia. Then they placed him on his feet again, but he was still unable to walk. He was placed on the blanket and grilled again, and again ducked. This operation was repeated till the poor old fellow tottered half a dozen steps to avoid further torture, and the medicine man announced a cure."—San Francisco Post.

Laid Low by Indigestion.

I was so run 'Down I had to Give up Work. Scott's Emulsion is the kind that Cures. Indigestion or dyspepsia is the bane of thousands, and is one of the most depressing of afflictions. It arises from an impure or impoverished condition of the blood, which weakens the digestive and assimilative organs, rendering them incapable of performing their natural functions, and if neglected, the sufferer loses flesh, complains of exhaustion after slight exertion, and becomes rapidly debilitated. Mr. Wm W. Thompson, a prominent resident of Zephyr, Ore., in a letter dated Aug 12 h, 1895, says: "It gives me great pleasure to testify to the fact that Scott's Emulsion has caused a most remarkable change in my condition. I was so much run down I had to give up work and felt as if life were not worth living. Mr. Datoe induced me to try Scott's Emulsion, and after taking four bottles I am now feeling as I formerly did years ago, and I want to say for the benefit of those suffering from indigestion and feeling, to use slang phrase, 'completely knocked out,' don't despair until you give Scott's Emulsion a fair trial."

Scott's Emulsion is a blood food, it stimulates all vital organs to healthy normal action, enabling them to throw off all poisonous and debilitating humors. Sold by druggists at \$1, but there is only one Scott's. The kind that cures.

Truck Powerful Medicine. A physician of Pocahontas county, Va., tells a story of a patient who one night recently swallowed two 32 calibre cartridges in mistake for two five grain capsules of medicine. The doctor left the capsules with the instructions that the sick man should take them during the night. The man awakened, reached for the capsules, but somehow got hold of the cartridges, and did not discover his mistake until he had swallowed them. No serious harm resulted, though the patient had an anxious time for some hours.

Money That Should be Saved

is a study for all, and in a few words we can explain it. A suit of clothes does not want to be laid aside because it is faded or soiled in any way, or because it is not a seasonable color. Have it sent to UNGAR's to be cleaned and dyed at a small cost and save the money that would buy a new suit. The above applies to all garments, which can be made as good as new by UNGAR.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE OUR WAY. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS. 24 Waterloo St. (1879) Eastmain St. St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

CEREMONIES OF THE INVESTITURE OF A CARDINAL.

How the Red Hat is Conferred—Origin and History of the College of Cardinals—What has Been Done in the Instance of the American Bishops.

Cardinal Gibbons will present the red hat to Mr. Satelli soon after Dec. 13. Now that it is authoritatively and positively announced that Archbishop Satelli is to be made a Cardinal, it may be interesting to tell how a Cardinal is made and what his duties are.

In the first place, the College of Cardinals consists of seventy members, divided into three ranks—Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal Priests, and Cardinal Deacons. Of the former there are six, each of whom has charge of one of the suburban sees in Rome. There are fifty priests, each of whom holds a title or parish in Rome, and fourteen deacons. The latter hold no titles, and may be laymen. Cardinal Antonelli was a layman and was created a Cardinal long before his ordination.

The words cardinals, cardines, incarnidare, are found in ante-Nicene ecclesiastical writers, and are used to designate the fixed permanent clergy of any church—those who were so built into it and necessary to its being that it might be said to revolve round them as a door round its hinges. They are thus distinguished from Bishops, or priests, or deacons, whose connection with a church was loose or temporary.

Parish churches, or titles, were first instituted in the time of Pope Marcellus (304-309), and the priests to whose charge they were permanently committed were styled Cardinal Priests. The deacons were at first seven in number, in imitation of the original apostolic institution. They were not at first assigned to particular districts, but as time went on and various charitable institutions for the relief of the sick and poor, with chapels attached to them, arose here and there throughout the fourteen regions into which Rome was divided, each deacon had a region, with its institution assigned to his care. They were then styled Cardinal Deacons, from the fixed nature of their charges.

For a long time there was no such thing as a Cardinal Bishop, because the Pontiff himself presided in Rome in that capacity. But there were several Bishops in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome—namely, Portus, at the mouth of the Tiber, Ostia, on the opposite side of the river, Praeneste, Sabina, Tusculum, Albano, and St. Rufina—the Bishops of which appear from the very early times to have sat in synod with the Bishop of Rome, which later developed into a closer connection.

In the eleventh century these sees were reduced to six, St. Rufina having been united to Portus. At the council held in Rome 1059, under Nicholas I., it was decreed that Popes should henceforth be elected by the six Cardinal Bishops, who should be the Bishops of the sees named. The number of Bishops fluctuated until 1586, when Sixtus V. ordered that the number of Cardinals should never exceed seventy, and the sacred college remains at that number today.

The Cardinals owe their appointment solely to the Pope. The Pontiff as a rule announces the names of those appointed at a consistory of the Cardinals. Usually at the consistory following the names are made public.

In the case of a new Cardinal residing near Rome, he is summoned before the Pope, who confers upon him the berretta, and at the following consistory the red hat is given him. In the case of a Cardinal living any distance from Rome, a member of the Pope's household, usually a Monsignore, is designated as an Alegate, and, together with a member of the Papal guard, is sent to the new Cardinal with the succetto, or skull cap, the red berretta, and the documents authorizing the investiture of the new Prince of the Church with the berretta.

As soon as the messengers arrive at the house of the new Cardinal, the member of the Papal guard presents him with the skull cap; then the Alegate is introduced, and after a short speech asks the Cardinal to fix a date for the bestowing of the berretta.

Mgr. Cesare Ronchetti was the Alegate and Count Mareschchi the member of the Papal Guard who came to this country at the elevation of the late Cardinal McCloskey. The berretta was imposed by Archbishop Bayley, then Archbishop of Baltimore. The ceremony was performed in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mott street, on April 22, 1875, being preceded by a solemn pontifical mass, celebrated by Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn.

Although Cardinal McCloskey was made a member of the College of Cardinals by Pope Pius IX., he received the red hat from Leo XIII. He was summoned to Rome at the death of Pius IX., but did not reach there until after the election of Leo, from whom he received his hat and his title of Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

In the case of Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Straniero and Count Mucicola were the messengers from Rome. Archbishop Peter B. Kendrick of St. Louis, Mo., imposed the berretta in the Cathedral in Baltimore on June 30, 1886, after a mass celebrated by

Archbishop Williams of Boston. The Cardinal went to Rome and was vested with the red hat and the title of Santa Maria in Trastevere.

The raising to the cardinalate as a matter of fact means the investiture of three hats—the skull cap, or zucchetto; the berretta, which is the same shape as the ordinary berretta, and differs only in color from a priest's or bishop's, and the red hat. This last is simply held over the Cardinal's head by the Pope and is never worn. At a Cardinal's death it is laid upon his breast until the interment, when it is suspended over the sanctuary of his cathedral. Cardinal McCloskey's may still be seen hanging in the cathedral on Fifth avenue.

At the imposing of the berretta a cardinal makes an oath that within a year he will visit the tombs of the apostles, and it is while on this visit he usually goes through the ceremony which makes him a full member of the Sacred College. This is the most important and interesting of the ceremonies. The day preceding the hour appointed for the public consistory the chief of the College of Apostolic Curators, in full official costume, repairs to the respective residences of the newly created Cardinals, and notifies them in a regular Latin formula of the public consistory.

This is one of the most brilliant scenes conceivable. Surrounded by the members of the Papal Court, the Holy Father sits on his throne at the far end of the Sala Regia, with his golden mitre upon his head. Long rows of benches are placed on each side of him, upon which sit the members of the Sacred College in their full cardinalial robes. On the steps before their eminences sit their chaplains, whose duty it is to hold the scarlet berretas on their knees and to gather up the Cardinal's train.

The hat is only placed by the Pope on the Cardinal's head; he then lifts it up and hands it to the prefect of papal ceremonies. In the evening it is carried in great style by the master of the pontifical wardrobe to the residence of the new Cardinal, accompanied by two prelates and five servants in rich liveries.

After the giving of the hat the Pope rises, and, imparting the apostolic benediction to all present, retires to his apartments. The Cardinal Dean recites a prayer over the new members, who thereupon are embraced by the Cardinals present and welcomed into the ranks of the sacred senate.

The ceremonies open with the "Obedience." This consists of the Cardinals going up one by one to kiss the ring of the Pope. After the professed Cardinals come the newly elect, who have first taken, in the Sistine Chapel, the oath of allegiance prescribed by the apostolic constitution, in presence of the Pope, the Cardinals, and the superiors of various religious orders. They enter the consistorial hall in procession and kiss the hands and feet of his Holiness, after which they exchange the accolade, or ecclesiastical embrace, with their colleagues, beginning with the senior member of the Sacred College and ending with the last promoted.

During these proceedings one of the consistorial advocates pleads the cause of the beatification or canonization of some person eminent for sanctity. The new Cardinals then return to the pontifical throne, and the Pope places the red hat on the head of each one, saying as he does so, "Receive, for the glory of Almighty God and the adornment of the Holy Apostolic See, this red hat, the sign of the unequalled dignity of that even to death by the shedding of thy blood thou shouldst show thyself intrepid for the exaltation of the blessed faith, for the peace and tranquillity of the Christian people, for the increase and prosperity of the Holy Roman Church. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

After the public consistory a secret consistory takes place. In this consistory the Pope closes the mouths of the new members by saying: "We seal your lips so that ye may not be able to speak your opinion either in consistories or in other ecclesiastical functions." The business of the meeting is then transacted, and at the end the junior Cardinal Deacon rings the little bell, when the Pontiff, making the sign of the cross over them, opens their lips again by saying: "We open your lips so that in consistories, congregations, and other ecclesiastical functions ye may be able to speak your opinion. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

This ceremony is of great antiquity, having existed since before the thirteenth century. A few days after this consistory the new Cardinal takes formal charge of the titular church to which he has been assigned.

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TOLD BY FINGER NAILS.

HOW MANICURES TELL PROPER DISPOSITIONS.

Individual Tastes and Dispositions to be Recognized at Sight—Nails that Indicate a Love of this or that—Some that Show Bad Dispositions.

"Dear me, but you are luxurious in your tastes!" said a pretty little manœuvre who does a thriving business in caring for the hands of men as well as those of women. The customer to whom she spoke was a young woman whom the manœuvre had never seen before.

"And, pray, how do you know that I am luxurious in my tastes?" the customer asked in astonishment, and at the same time with much interest.

"Oh, I can tell by your nails. You hear people constantly talking of character being shown in the hands, feet, eyes, or mouth, but no one but a manœuvre with years of experience knows how people can be read by their finger nails.

"Because they are such tell-tales. As soon as I took your hand in mine and saw how your nails grew into the flesh at the points and sides, I knew instantly that all your tastes are luxurious, and you indulge yourself, too, just as far as you can, don't you?"

"I'm afraid you're right."

"There, now, I knew it. All of my customers who have such tastes have nails that grow into the flesh. They quarrel about it and beg me for something to stop this tendency, but I can't stop the work of nature. Of course, it's ugly and often causes pain to have the nail embed itself in the flesh, but if one is fond of self-indulgence one must pay the penalty, even to the finger nails."

"The other day a little woman came in with pale nails; they were almost lead-colored. She made two or three pleasant remarks, and finally said:

"I wish my nails were pink like those of most girls."

"But you can't have pink nails so long as you are so melancholy," I answered, and she blurted out:

"You never saw me before, and don't know whether I'm melancholy or not?"

"Oh, yes, I do," I said, "because the color of your nails tells me so. I've several melancholy customers, but they don't know that I know it. When a person is subject to fits of the blues, or rather is in a constant state of depression, the nails seem to turn lead-colored from sympathy. If you would make up your mind to always be cheerful, your nails would grow pink after a while."

"Then she told me how she had lost her sweetheart just two weeks before they were to have been married; and although three years have elapsed she has never been able to shake off the melancholia."

For a while only the sound of the file was heard, and then the customer said:

"Do you know what you've been telling me is very interesting? I wish you would tell me more, for I'm going to begin to study nails."

"Well," resumed the manœuvre, "broad nails indicate a gentle, timid, and bashful nature. Of course, people with broad nails often overcome their timidity and have perfectly easy manners, but they are invariably gentle. I made a customer very angry once. She was a middle-aged woman, and it was the first time that she had ever come to me. She said that a dear friend, Mrs. Brown, who was one of my regular customers, had recommended her to come to me. As soon as I began to work on her nails she began to quarrel. She quarrelled with my instruments and my way of using them, and finally let in on her dear friend for sending her to me. I worked away and said nothing, and when I finished her nails looked really beautiful. She looked at them and then at me and said:

"You must think me very disagreeable."

"Oh, no," I answered. "I knew you would quarrel about something when you sat down, because your narrow nails told me that you had a quarrelsome nature, and you are not only quarrelsome but you have an inordinate ambition. Pardon my frankness, but people with narrow nails like yours are always quarrelsome and ambitious."

"She flounced out, but she has come to me once a week ever since."

"That very day a stout man of athletic

build came in. He fixed his piercing eyes upon me, and seemed to be trying to read me, but I had the advantage, because I could read him without glancing at his face. After a time he began to question me about my business, and I plucked up courage to volunteer:

"And you are a student—you are fond of knowledge and are full of liberal sentiment."

"He stared at me as if I were crazy, and said nothing more, but when he went to leave he picked up a parcel, took out a book, and wrote upon the fly leaf. 'For the little manœuvre who read the author at first sight from the Author,' and presented it to me. That author was one of the most popular belonging to the realistic school, and I guess he thought I was a witch, or of course he thought that nobody would take him for a student with his magnificent physique. He didn't know that his round nails had indicated to me what his chief characteristics were, and he has never been back since. Perhaps he was afraid of me; but any way I prize that book he gave me above anything else that I have."

"Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy, and conceit. Watch out for the person with small nails, especially if it happens to be a man, for he will be capable of petty thoughts, speeches, and actions, and thinks more of himself than of any one else. If it is a woman, she is apt to be spiteful and jealous, and generally speaking says things behind your back that she wouldn't to your face."

"People of bilious temperament have red and spotted nails, and so do martial men, delighting in war. Where you see these red nails you will be sure that the person possessing them is easily irritated, though apt to get in a good humor just as easily."

"There is a superstition to the effect that white marks on the nails denote misfortune, but there is nothing in it. These white marks that schoolgirls call beauty-moles show that there is too much acid in the system. They are rather disfiguring, but are easy enough to get rid of if one is inclined to diet for a week."

"People with very pale nails are subject to much bodily infirmity, and if you observe them closely you will find that they always have a grievance. They really are easily imposed upon, and often suffer persecution from neighbors and friends, and they do not talk about their troubles. Be lenient with them, because they cannot help it.—N. Y. Sun.

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Use SURPRISE Soap on wash day. It Saves money. READ the directions on the wrapper.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces

Give me Progress please. Illustration of a woman at a desk with a typewriter and a man standing by.

BUCKETS FROM THE WELL. Set down the bucket and draw a single bucket-full of water from your well. The act of one who, by some strange power, says to an evil thing, 'Depart!' and it vanishes. Having gratefully announced his recovery, the writer of the letter adds: 'Since then I always keep this medicine in the house. When any of my family are ill we resort to it, and it never fails us. You can publish my statement that other sufferers may hear of it. Yours truly, (signed) William Barry, Pork Butcher, 435, New Chester Road, Rock Ferry, near Liverpool. December 20th, 1894.'

Timely Warning. The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

Sunday Reading.

KNOWN BY NUMBER. The Story of a Shoemaker Who Helped His Fellow to do Better.

In a blind lane at the back of a large block of buildings off Tooley street, London, two men were stripped ready for a fight. I walked up towards them with the intention of acting the peacemaker.

'Better not interfere, sir,' said a woman, gently thumping my arm, 'they're brothers—more's the pity—and wouldn't stand it from a stranger; but we've sent for '37,' and he'll be here afore they can hurt themselves.'

'You should not have sent for the police in a case like this,' said I, 'they will only make a bad matter worse.'

'Oh, '37' ain't a policeman, was the reply, 'but he'll settle that fight quicker nor half a dozen hobbies.'

Before I could speak another word the two brothers had rushed at each other, and were savagely struggling together. Almost at the same time a little man quietly pushed his way through the crowd of people that had assembled, and, slipping between the combatants, lifted both arms, saying:

'I—say—no!'

Never shall I forget the scene. The fighting was immediately stopped, and the two men slunk away to some iron railings hard by, against which they sullenly leaned. No one in the little crowd stirred or made the slightest sound, and nothing could be heard save the quick breathing of the men who had just been fighting. It seemed like the stilling of the storm on the lake of Galilee.

The man who had thus exercised his almost supernatural power over the storm of human passions was not more than five feet in height, and had a thin, withered appearance. He was clean shaven, and his close-cropped hair was as white as snow. Dressed in shabby grey clothes and wearing a leather apron, he had the appearance of a shoemaker.

At the first glance he seemed to me a very old man, but, observing him more closely, I could see that he was aged in looks more than in years. As he turned away from the crowd, followed sheepishly by the two brothers, I said to the woman who had before spoken to me:

'What a strange being!'

'He is that, sir,' she replied, almost in a whisper, as if struck with awe.

'Where does he live?'

'37, Brunswick Buildings.'

'Do you know his name?'

'Nobody knows it, sir. We call him '37' 'cos that's his number in the buildings; and he's never called by anything else, at least about here.'

'What can be the secret of his strange power over these men, and others around here? You, for example, are under the spell.'

'I expect we're all of us in his debt, sir,' she replied, 'and I don't see as we shall ever be out of it. Me and my man never will, I knows that.'

'Does he lend the people money?'

'What! A money lender! Do's look like it?'

'I cannot say that he does. Neither does he look like a creditor of any description people need be afraid of.'

'Bl as yer art, sir, there ain't a soul in th' buildin's afraid o' '37,' but everybody loves 'im.'

'Humph! Debtors don't very often love their creditors.' And then our Lord's parable came to my mind, and I repeated it to her: 'There was a certain creditor which had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty, and when they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most.'

'Is it like that?'

'No, sir, it ain't; but come along and ask my man.'

She led the way up to the third flat and into her own sitting-room, where the husband, evidently a docker, was sitting before the fire, reading an evening paper.

'Here Jack,' she said, almost laughing, 'this gen-man is curious to know what it is we owe '37,' perhaps he thinks to pay it off and get us out o' debt.'

'Then he must be wonderful rich, Polly, said Jack, entering into the humor of the thing. 'It ain't very often we gets such wealthy men in these buildings. Please take a seat, sir.'

'You puzzle me, said I. 'What is it you are indebted to '37' for?'

'Kindness, sir, God bless him!' he exclaimed.

'Amen!' responded the wife, and tear stood in her eyes.

'May I ask you to explain?'

'I'll tell you what we mean, sir, in as few words as possible. Two years ago I was one o' the biggest drunkards about the place, and he meets me one day, an says he, in a short, sudden way as knocked the wind out o' me, 'Jack, if you don't pull up you are a lost man.' He said nothing more at that time, but a few days arter he tackled me again as I was coming up these steps, not to say drunk, but just as little bit inebriated, 'You haven't pulled up yet, Jack,' and he stood lookin' at me for a minute or so. As soon as I'd got back my breath, I says, 'Can't do it, '37,'

upon my word.' Before that little man, sir, I felt like an infant. 'So, so, do you want to?' says he. 'I do, '37,' says I, for there came over me a feelin' all at once as I'd like to be a different man.

'So, so, come up to my room.' I foller'd 'in up all a tremble. 'Sit down, Jack,' he points to a chair, while he sat down on his bench an' begun waxin' a piece o' thread. Lookin' me straight in th' face, says he, 'Jack, you are a fool.' 'You never spoke a truer word, '37,' says I. He didn't speak for a minute, but went on patchin' an old shoe. Presently he says, 'Been to church lately Jack?'

I laughed at that. 'Not since I wur a boy.' He draw'd th' wax-end through th' leather agen, an' says he, 'So, so, mother took you eh? Let us both thank th' Lord for good mothers,' and puttin' down th' old shoe he says a short prayer. I was beginnin' to feel awful queer, I can tell 'ee, sir. Presently he spoke again, 'Do you remember some words the parson said when the wicked man turn'd away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.' 'What be I to do, '37,' says I. 'Take the first turn to the right by signing the pledge,' says he, 'and then keep straight on, so, so, so, well, I signed there an' then, but arter I'd done it I went all a tremble. What's the matter, Jack?'

'It's dem pubs! I shall never get by em,' and ashamed o' myself for showing such weakness I bolted. You see, sir, between th' buildings and Shad Thames, where I worked, there's near upon a dozen pubs, and I was acquainted w' th' inside o' every one on 'em; I'd got to pass th' lot four times a day and know'd I should have a job to get by. I went on fairly well for nearly a week, when, comin' home one evenin' from work, a most awful crave for a drink overtook me, an' feelin' as I couldn't bear it any longer, turned to the first pub in the way, was just openin' th' door when someone touched me on th' arm, 'Come with me Jack, sir,' and '37' led me off home as he would a naughty child. Another day when the crave came over me in just the same way, I turned into a pub and had got up to th' counter when a voice called in a whisper, 'Jack! I look at you, and there's was '37' a-peepin' in at th' door. No sooner did I ketch sight o' his head than I slip't out at another door an' run'd off home. I should never a got by them pubs if it hadn't bin for him. He stood by me in hours of awful weakness and temptation, and taught me to lean upon the strong arm of my God and Saviour. That will give you some idea, sir, o' what we owe '37' an' you may find lots o' other men about here who could tell yer a like story about themselves. It's th' shadderin' business as does it, though I can't say it's nice work; an' there's very few as 'ud undertake it. I never knew another yet as 'ud tackle th' job.'

'I should like to see '37,' said I. 'Would he see me, think you?'

'I'm not so sure o' that,' said Jack, shaking his head. 'If yo'd got into any trouble—say a summons for bein' drunk—'ud see you in a minute; but if you wanted to see him only out o' curiosity, I'm afeard he'd be rather short. You can but try, sir.'

I went up to the old man's rooms on the topmost flat and knocked. 'Come in!'

'I saw you stop a fight just now,' I began, 'and I have learnt that you are helping many in these buildings to lead better lives. I would like to know the secret of your influence.'

'I have no secret that I am aware of, answered '37,' and then speaking very gently with a far-off look upon his face, 'I pity them greatly, I love them for the Master's sake, and—and—I have suffered.'

I bowed in silence; he then gave me an earnest look, and speaking more sharply: 'So, so, you are anxious to it. I'll tell you, and the more you know of them the deeper will be your anxiety.'

We shook hands most cordially at parting, and I left the building as one under a strange spell. Shoemaker as he was, something in his appearance commanded my reverence. What, I knew not.

As I came to know more of this remarkable man, and to associate myself with him in Christian work, my reverence and affection greatly increased, and among many friends there is not one who has a warmer corner in my heart than '37.'—British Workman.

INA HEATHEN LAND.

More About the Massacre of Christians in China Last Summer.

The massacre of Christian missionaries in China last summer is an event not too remote to be read of again with a thrill of sympathy and indignation when described by one of the actual victims of the tragedy, a tragedy that brought an ultimatum from Great Britain that soon stirred the Chinese government to punish the offender. In the Pall Mall Gazette is an interview with Miss Codrington, one of the ladies attacked by the Vegetarians. She is a soldier's daughter, and full of resolution, though small and of delicate build. She said: 'First of all, I ought to explain that the village of Hua Sang, where the massacre took place, is about six miles from Ku Cheng, and is not one of our mission stations, but a summer resort in the hills, where we go, some from one station, some from others, to spend part of the hot weather, and at this time Mr. Stewart and his party were occupying one house and our party another close by. Early on the morning of Aug. 11 was startled by a shouting of men's voices, children screaming, and terrified cries from the servants' quarters. I went at once to the front door, and there met one of our ladies, who had been sitting outside reading, coming into the house, followed by a man brandishing a long spear. We got the door and shutters fastened up, and aroused the others in the house. The man outside was hammering in the windows with his spear and

calling on others to join him. More men came, and they set to work to break down the front of the house. We then shut ourselves into a bedroom, but thinking that the Vegetarians probably came for plunder, and would not harm us, we determined to make a rush for the open. We were delayed by a fastened door and one of our party received a wound on the shoulder.

We then tried escape by the window, but were driven back by two men with spears. We knelt together in prayer as the mob burst in on us, but they were then too busy searching for plunder to molest us, so we made our way out to the court at the back. Here we were again confronted by men, who pulled us about, searching for money, and one man pulled the ring off my finger. Still we did not conceive that their object was anything worse than plunder, till another man, who seemed to have some authority, came up and said: 'Have you secured everything and the foreigners—have you killed them?'

'Not yet,' was the reply, and the man issued the order: 'Then do it quickly.' Just at the moment a man in different dress—I think he was a Hua Sang villager—made an appeal on our behalf, and begged them not to kill us. But this had no effect on the mob, who said: 'Give us \$2,000 and we will not.' While this was going on we had got clear of the house, and were in the open between Mr. Stewart's house and ours, surrounded by Vegetarians. I endeavored to work on the fears of those who seemed to be the leaders, telling them that the consequences would be most serious to them if they ill-treated us in any way. The men were gathered round, threatening us with knives and spears. Some said, 'Take them to Ku Cheng,' in the hope of reward. Others said, 'Kill them.' The former seemed to be gaining the day when a man bearing a red flag rushed up, crying: 'Kill them; kill them every one!'

'This was the signal for the onslaught. A man seized me by the collar of the jacket and pointed a knife at my throat. Then, as our eyes met, he dropped his hand and walked away. In the scuffle I had been dragged away, but now got back to the others, and standing close together, we received the attack. That when we were struck, we should fall and feign death. A blow on the head made me unconscious for a minute. When I recovered, I was lying between two of the girls. I still heard men's voices, so lay quite still. Soon I heard the order to start giving, followed by the cracking of burning timber, which told me that our houses were on fire. I remembered hearing one of the children crying, 'Oh they've killed them all!' As soon as I dared, I got up. Two of my party were dead, and two seemed to be just breathing. They were lying under the wall of the house and I managed to drag them out of the reach of the flames. Then my strength gave way, and I went in search of help. Seeing a man standing near who answered my friendly signs, I made my way to him, and we were joined by some friendly native Christians. They seemed nervous, and afraid to take me to a friend's house, but in case the natives should return. But I was now quite exhausted, and they took pity on me and got me into the house. I must have lost consciousness, for I remember nothing until I found myself being attended to by Mr. Philips. Dr. Gregory arrived later and dressed my wounds, and I cannot be too grateful for his kind attention of these two gentlemen, who worked by the fitful light of a Chinese lantern at a time of great anxiety and peril. One thing further I should like to add. It has been said that the sufferings of my poor murdered friends were terrible. I do not believe in the least that such was the case. None of us thought that the rioters would do worse than plunder, and the suddenness of the final onslaught acted, I sincerely believe, as an anesthetic, and they suffered little.'

Miss Codrington explained that the vegetarians, who hold it wicked to take life of any kind, are found in every class of society, and are not necessarily of the lowest grade. These particular ones were mountain rebels from a stronghold near the city. Miss Codrington doesn't think the average inhabitants of the villages and towns, where the missionaries work, are in sympathy with these outrages.

WHAT PRAYER MAY DO.

Views of a Secular Paper on the Nature of Human Supplication.

The persons and newspapers which are charging and ridiculing the Christian endeavor societies and Salvationists of Cleveland for attempting the conversion of Colonel Ingersoll by prayer are wasting their efforts, probably, if they hope thereby to shake the faith of members of these organizations in the efficacy of petitions to the throne of grace. Agnosticism and infidelity may charge these people with being the slaves of credulity and superstition, but most of the latter have doubtless felt the potency of prayer too effectually in their own experiences to be turned against religion by taunt and sarcasm. They have an "internal witness" which defies the shafts of the enemies of christianity. They have been baptised with a pentecostal fire which human logic is powerless to dissipate. Moreover, they have seen too many persons redeemed from lives of vice and sin, and too many kept in the paths of virtue and righteousness, by the force of prayer to be easily persuaded to abandon that weapon. It is to be remembered, also, that no believer in the efficacy of prayer expects an answer to this supplication unless it accord with the divine will. Every invocation to Heaven is either tacitly or explicitly made subject to this condition.

One difficulty with great numbers of earnest Christian people to their failure to recognize that prayer has its limitations. By construing certain expressions of the Bible in a literal and narrow sense, they set upon the assumption that the legit-

maste objects of prayer are as infinite as the power and goodness of the Being to whom they appeal. This is a mistake. For instance, it would be the height of absurdity for an individual to pray that he may be made the owner of the New York Central Railroad. It would be equally absurd for him to pray that he might be elected President of the United States, or to be presented with free transport around the globe. In the economy of this universe Providence has seen wise to arrange such things in a totally different way. Much the same is true concerning matters like "plague, pestilence and famine." The Creator, in his supreme beneficence, has ordained certain natural laws, and a violation of them, whether through ignorance or perversity, is unavailingly attended with inexorable penalties. Prayer in such cases is likely to be of little avail except as it may fortify the sufferers to bear their afflictions with patience, and to teach them that their chastisement is sent in mercy. It is the knowledge of this fact which has enabled enlightened nations of the present day to ward off many of the dire visitations which were endured by people of other times. When some community like Hamburg is stricken nowadays with a frightful infection, the people do not seat for a remedy in prayer but in proper medical and sanitary measures. They realize that the contagion in the result of an infraction of the physical laws of the world, and that until they place themselves in accord with it they need hope for no relief. Prayer is not what is needed in an emergency of this kind. It is human action, prompt, intelligent and resolute.

Prayer has its office, and unquestionably an important office, but it is not intended to do away with self-help or lessen the responsibility of the individual. The Author of Prayer was also the inspirer of the declaration, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and likewise the injunction, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." The Christian Church might pray from now until Dissidence for the conversion of heathendom, but unless its supplications were re-enforced by earnest and suitable evangelical work they would constitute a waste of breath. When the Nazarens gave his last commission to the Twelve, it was not "Pray ye therefore, for all nations." Prayer as a means of grace and strength is universally admitted, but, like faith, unless accompanied by works it is dead.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Not Saved in the Ark.

Many were employed by Noah in the building of the ark who were not saved by it. They knew well its design, the material composing it, the details of its construction, and the way of entrance into it. Many long years they had regard to his directions in the working assigned them. They felt the force of his exceptional character as he superintended their labor and also preached to them of duty and of danger.

It is easy to believe he selected those not in the fullest sympathy with the corruption and violence of the times. Possibly their employment gave them some measure of welcome separation from the worst elements of society and protection against it, and they may have been subjected, because of their relations to him, to something of the same scorn he experienced. Their contact with him and his words of warning doubtless awakened clear convictions of responsibility and interest, but they failed to hear his teachings, yielded to the multitude of evildoers, and when the door was shut they were without and not within the ark.

Rest for the Weary.

Many honest souls tried and troubled, weary of life, long for the grave, sigh for heaven, and never imagine that rest is for them right here on earth, right here in the midst of the cares and turmoil of life. Jesus offers it free to all. 'Come unto me all you that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, learn of me, I am meek and lowly in heart, and you will find rest to your souls. Rest for the soul is the essential thing. But it is rest, not rust. Work, honest toil, is one of man's greatest blessings. Idleness genders poverty, crime and suffering. Faith in Jesus Christ and his atoning work brings rest of soul, but it makes toil easy, and lifting the burden from the weary heart it transfers it to Jesus whose grace carries the burden light. A holy heart is always at rest. There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—King's Highway.

Refuge in Sheltering Arms.

Baby stood by a chair upon which were heaped her small treasures, and an attenuated rag doll, a rattle, some bright blocks, and a train of cars that would not 'go. Mamma, who thought it time the little feet should begin to tread the restless body about, was pleading with her to come across the narrow space between them. The little brain seemed to calculate carefully the distance and the probable danger; at last she shook her head in a decided manner, turned her back upon her mother, and resumed her play with the toys, dead to all further pleading. Holding fast to her support with one hand, she moved cautiously about the chair intent upon the disposal of each one. By-and-by mamma leaned forward, lifted up the most cherished of these, and placed it near her chair across the bit of space. Baby frowned, shook her head disapprovingly, and begged those remaining more closely. Another was lifted across, then another, until the little one stood, with fearful, wondering eyes beside an empty chair. Presently, with eyes fixed on her treasures, she stretched out her hands, took two uncertain, wavering steps, and was in her mother's arms. How like the Heavenly Father's leading! Intent upon our own affairs, we refuse to

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CONTAINS New Ideas and Improved Construction developed in the manufacture and use of the No. 1. It is a marvelous combination of simplicity and capability, being rapid, durable, portable and serviceable. Writes in eight, uses no ribbon, but prints directly from the type, which, combined with the perfect alignment, gives results unexcelled by any; handsomely enamelled and nickel-plated; every machine is guaranteed.

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For the Maritime Provinces, Board of Trade Building, Canterbury St., St. John, N. B.

BABY'S OWN SOAP. The Egyptian's Star, All Nations Hope, Is—BABY'S OWN—the best of Soap; The softest skin, it cannot hurt, Is fragrant and removes the dirt. Some dealer, being over cute, May offer you a substitute; But—BABY'S OWN—you can't replace, And tell him so—right to his face.

Our Trespases

There is a great deal in the papers nowadays about Dodd's Kidney Pills. Scarcely a daily paper, or any paper, in fact, but you may meet the particulars of some one who had been at death's door and cured.

It seems that at last there is a medicine that has been designed and advertised for a single purpose, and it answers expectation. Dodd's Kidney Pills is for the kidneys, and every day it becomes more and more certain that all diseases resulting from impure blood are kidney diseases.

The doctors know this to be true. They understand that the blood must be as pure as distilled water. You can't make water pure with drugs. It is nonsense to say it can. You must filter it. And so must the blood be filtered and that is what kidneys are for.

A grateful old farmer who had been cured at a hopeless stage of diabetes said: "People ought to buy Dodd's Kidney Pills the same as groceries and never be without them in the house."

The moment any of the symptoms are felt, such as chills, fevers, creeping sensations, backaches, headaches, etc., then you ought to take a few doses of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They are so much like the stitch in time. It is wonderful how like a "shoulder to the wheel" they are for tired kidneys. Except sitting in a draft, over-eating and overdrinking has more to do with poor kidney work than any other cause.

Then Dodd's Kidney Pills effect us like forgiving our trespasses. What in the case of sorrow, sickly skin, nervousness, depression, lack of ambition, hysteria, sleeplessness, Bright's disease, diabetes, paralysis, female troubles, etc.

The plain unvarnished truth is, the kidneys are failing or have failed to do blood filtering work. They want the help, the cleansing that only one medicine in the world can give, that is, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The Chinese have a singularly complicated calendar. Their cycles have sixty years—each year, month, and day having its own name; and by combining these the day, month, and year are designated.

day.

the directions on the wrapper.

Wine RAPE JUICE

LAND GRAPE JUICE

Street, St. John

Maritime Provinces



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Yours truly,

Pork Butcher,

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little bit inebriated, 'You haven't pulled up

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NOTCHES IN THE STICK

PATREXX DISCUSSES WRITERS HERE AND THERE.

The Charm of Crockett.—Value of the Study of History.—Nicholson's Tribute to Burns.—The Woman's Bible Folly.—Hall Caine's Address at Ottawa.

Crockett "conveys the perfect charm" in one particular; he knows how to combine incident with description, human sentiment with a most exquisite feeling for nature, in such a way as to captivate his readers. He lives in the bracing atmosphere of out-of-doors.—the atmosphere of the Scotch hills and moors, and it is like drawing a deep draught of cooler air to get interested with his pages. He is not a great master of plot, but a loving and affectionate delineator of such character as one is willing to know. You are sure, though you were never there, that his Galloway folk and Galloway scenes are nothing fictitious, but life true, peculiar and delightful. Laying down one of his books you feel very speedily like taking up another.

This is a time when public attention is to be turned to history. The historical passion has seized our scholars in all departments of learning, sacred and secular; and it is being felt bow closely related the historical is to all the other sciences. The regards of the past are to be deciphered more accurately, and read more generally. And what studies are more fascinating than history and biography? Take simply the history of England. What a long list of characters with which one ever desires to become more intimate: More, Sidney, Falkland, Milton, Cromwell, William of Orange, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Gladstone,—a strong and glorious company. Not merely the fortunes and the follies of kings; but the sufferings, struggles, triumphs of a great people,—our own progenitors and forefathers. We cannot say better to any student than this: Read history; read it with diligence; read it with zest and passion; read it to repletion; read it till you know the past and present of the world in which you live, till you understand mankind, and that race of mankind of which we are individuals.

Among the local poets of England, we hear of John Nicholson, known as "the Aire-dale poet," who wrote these lines on Burns:

Learning has many a rhyme made To flatter meat the throne; But Scotia's genius has displayed A poet of her own His lyre he took to vale and glen, To mountain and to shade; Centuries may pass away, but when Will such a lyre be played? His native strains each bard may try, But who has got his fire? Why none, for nature saw him die, Then took away his lyre. And for that lyre the learned youth May search it world in vain; She vowed she ne'er would lend it more To sound on earth again; But call'd on fame to hang it by— She took it with a tear, Broke all the strings to bind the wreath That Burns shall ever wear.

The lies were spoken at Leeds, England, on the 24th Jan. 1820 and attracted attention. A copy having been sent to Lieutenant Colonel Burns, the poet's son, he thought so highly of them as to address an appreciative letter to Nicholson's widow. The last stanza is particularly excellent, and has been declared one of the finest tributes ever paid to Burns. His chief poems are "The Lyre of Ebor," and "Airedale in Ancient Times." He was also author of a successful play, acted in 1820, "The Siege of Bradford." The Yorkshire poet is yet remembered in his native place. He was born, Nov. 29th, 1790, and was drowned in the river Aire the evening before Good Friday, April 13th, 1813.

The expurgated Bible, or Bible for woman, referred to in a recent paragraph under this head, it seems is no longer a radiant promise, but a hard and disappointing fact. A rocket in the air, it is a stick on the ground. How can it be otherwise? Surely it must be folly's height to make a new Bible, not by bringing the original meaning to clearer light, but by an imposition of our later principles and ideas. This is the manner in which it is spoken of by a bright editor:

The first installment of the Woman's Bible has arrived. We have looked into the plan and scope of the work with a good deal of care. Result: surprise and disgust. The Woman's Bible is not a Bible at all. It is not an attempt at a new translation. It is simply a compilation of criticisms of those portions of the scriptures which have anything to say concerning women. These passages are tinkered to suit the wishes of the writers without reference to the original or to the ridiculous results where the same rules of interpretation are applied to other passages. The work is crude in the extreme, and reflects seriously upon the intelligence of those who have had it in hand. The friends of Mrs. Stanton, the chief editor, will apologize for any short doings upon her part on the ground that she is an old and feeble woman. (This is probably a misconception of one who, though aged, is hale and vigorous.) But how about the twenty or more assistant editors? They are in the meridian of their intellectual vigor, and have been accorded chief places among representative public women. The Woman's Bible will only be with us a little while. It will excite the interest of the curious, the ridicule of the critical, the disgust of all true friends of women, and will presently pass away into oblivion. To-morrow's historian will write it down as one of the large-sized follies of our country.

Ottawa was well pleased with Hall Caine,

and his address at the banquet.—as there was reason for being. He has the sense of justice and the feeling of generosity, and is in a position to appreciate Canadian needs and to sympathize with the Canadian people. He is evidently a man who easily awakes cordial regard on the part of those who see and hear him. We in our from his address that he has the tongue-ster's skill, as well as the pen of a ready writer, he said:

If it is not ungracious to say so at this general board, it is not my fault that I came to Canada, but it will be my fault if I do not carry home from it a vivid and undying memory of a great and beautiful country. I cannot easily tell you how Canada has impressed me. It has impressed me from the point of national grandeur as the most wonderful country I have seen on this continent. Its mighty forests, its great inland seas; its vast oceanic plains—I can never forget them. But Canada has impressed me yet more as a commonwealth, as the youngest among the nations. In this regard it is difficult for any exercise of the imagination to be fantastic, to be overstrained, no outdo in dreams what the future may bring forth. But great cities that are yet to spring up out of deserts, your mighty railroads that are to link ocean to ocean, your future ships that are to bridge the sea, your future telegraphs that are to bridge the land, your material science that is to conquer even the frozen territory that freezes on you from the north,—nothing can effect the imaginative mind more profoundly than these near and imminent possibilities. But it is of Canada in relation to England that I think oftenest: when I allow myself to make visions of your future. Gentlemen, if you ask a matter of romance, the answer of the two promises the most romantic future—Canada as an independent nation, fighting its own hard fight and winning its own place as a separate state among the states of the world, or Canada as the newer Zealand beyond the seas, the younger son of an old sire—I cannot hesitate a moment. I see Canada in the time to come, if you can forgive the figure as Joseph the son of Jacob being sent out to the strange land, becoming master there, and if the days of death should ever befall, feeding with his corn the sons of his father from the old country. It is a great future that is before Canada, and I rejoice that no little thing, no narrow interest, no interest of class whether high or low, is to be allowed by you or by yourselves to strain the relations between us.

Our good professor and poet who lately hailed from "Kingscroft" (Windsor, N. S.) is now at home in Fredericton, and with pen and voice at work in honor of his country. He has recently been at Acadia College addressing the young men on a patriotic theme. Several volumes, in verse or prose are appearing, or in course of preparation, of which more particular mention will be made.

The columns in the Montreal Gazette headed "Old and New" and bearing the initials "R. V." will attract not only the scholarly and the critical, (for of such is the author of their contents,) but the genial and the humane as well. The books and literary topics of the time are there dealt with by a hand no less gifted than that of John Reade, the author of "Merlin."

It has been rumored to us through the letter of a friend that Bliss Carman has been ill, but is better. We trust that he will soon be well and able to meditate some lyrics as full of living life and unforgettability as "Lal of Kilrudden," and "Golden Rowan of Menalowan." To use a forcible, if questionable phrase, "They get there!"

About is Grippe.

The public does not hear as much about the grippe as when this terrible epidemic breeds camp, and it may be so in this case. For grippe is still with us, and has many a victim. Its after effects are as much to be dreaded as ever, and too much care cannot be taken to fortify the system against them, or against the disease itself. It makes the strong weak, and the weak more wretched still. The loss of appetite, the shattered nerves, the impaired digestion, the sleeplessness, the loss of energy and ability for sustained labor, either mental or physical, that are its results can be replaced by health and vigor through the agency of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. No remedy before the public is supported by a more influential and convincing array of testimonials from well known people who have endorsed its value. It restores lost appetite, gives new richness to the blood, rebuilds the wasted nervous tissue, induces healthful slumber, and gives back the will and the power to do life's work well. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will overcome the after effects of a grippe in every instance where it is faithfully used according to directions. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at fifty cents per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

His Money's Worth of Moon. A well-known scientist was walking along a London street when he came across an itinerant astronomer, who was inviting the passers-by to gaze through his telescope at the moon at a halpenny a time. The scientist in London was speculative enough to venture a halpenny, and on applying his eye to the instrument was astonished to see a beautiful picture of a full moon, although at the time the moon was only in her second quarter. Puzzled by the circumstance he examined the instrument and found that it was not a telescope at all, but simply a tube with a hole where the eyepiece should be and a transparent photograph of a full moon, with a light behind it at the other end.

On the scientist asking the exhibitor how he could cheat the public, the man simply remarked: "It's all right, sir. People like a lot for their money nowadays. I used to have a proper scope once, but I turned it up for this after an Irishman picked into me for showing him only 'ari a moon. This way pays better and gives more satisfaction."

Lemons for Soap. In countries where lemons are indigenous they are often used for soap. When, for instance, the men and women of the West Indies want to wash their hands, they squeeze the juice of a lemon over them briskly in water until they are clean.

SKUNK FARMS IN MAINE.

THE STATE HAS FEARED OF THESE PECULIAR CREATURES.

Not Pleasant to Meet in an Unfriendly Way, but They Are Worth Money When Kept in Colonies for Commercial Uses—How The Industry Is Carried On.

Attars and sweet essences cannot be said to permeate the air in that part of the town of Mexico near Henry Ladd's skunk farm says an Augusta, Me., despatch. Mexico is a remote little town up near the New Hampshire line on the Androscoggin River, nine or ten miles from Rumford Falls. It has a pulp mill which gives employment to a goodly number of its inhabitants, while those not engaged in running the wood chewing machines or sorting logs in the company's boom support themselves by farming. Henry Ladd is a farmer, but of late he conceived a scheme of skunk propagation, which promises good returns. This little animal is multiplying so rapidly in Maine as to become a subject of serious consideration. Only a month ago some of the residents of Bangor came out with a double-leaded protest against this nocturnal prowler, and thought the Legislature should do something in the way of offering a bounty for pelts. That he is a nuisance all who travel by night on the trains between Boston and Bangor can bear testimony. Never since 1636, when Gabriel Sagard, in his history of Canada, first called the attention of naturalists, to skunks, have they been more numerous, or the subject of so much speculation as now. Sagard called them the children of the devil, but passengers on the night Pullmans, aroused from a sound sleep by the villainous protest of one caught under the wheels, have given them names much more opprobrious. But there is money in skunks.

Despised as they are the farmer has no better friends in the way of insect destroyers. The skunk devours vast numbers of beetles and grasshoppers, to say nothing of innumerable field mice. He is nocturnal in habits, and will, on a pinch, negotiate a hen roost. This one failing puts him on the black list with the farmer, and many is the complaint lodged against him. Some time back in the thirties a fur dealer discovered that the skunk produced as good "foreign sable" as ever graced a woman's cloak. After that there was a call for the pelts, but just how to handle the animals was an art not yet attained, and skunk hunters were few. There was a steady demand for good skins ever since 1810, until about eight years ago, when the fur went out of fashion. Good black pelts will bring the killer in Maine \$1 or more; so that it pays to hunt them.

Mr. Ladd began collecting for his farm early in September, and has now over 100 skunks. At a good distance from his house, in a rocky old pasture, he enclosed a space 100 by 200 feet with a fence of poultry netting. Before the fence was put up a trench two feet deep was dug around the enclosure and filled with stones. The fence posts are set in this, so there is no show for the animals to tunnel under and escape. Inside the wire fence boards are so fixed as to prevent the animals from climbing up and over. There are a number of kennels in the enclosure but the skunks seem to prefer to burrow, and several of them have already taken up winter quarters in the ground. Occasionally a fight occurs, and Mr. Ladd has seen several skunks attack the weaker one in a fight and kill him. This done the whole colony turns to, cannibal fashion, and eats up the slain. They are fed on bits of meat and waste fish, table scraps, or any kind of refuse food. They will eat sweet apples, pumpkins, milk, woodchucks, chickens, eggs, and honey.

A son of Mr. Ladd helps in the enterprise. He looks after the trapping of the animals. Small steel traps, with smooth jaws, are used, the spring being strong enough to hold without breaking the leg. To each trap is fastened a pole about ten feet long. When a skunk is trapped it takes two men to take the animal. One uses a net, fashioned from a meal sack, with a ten-foot handle, while the other works the hole attached to the trap. The skunk's dead line, or limit of range, is from ten to fourteen feet, but there is not much to be feared from one in a trap, as it usually exhausts itself before the trapper appears. To release one and secure him, the man with the net attracts the skunk's attention, while the other goes up and lifts the trap from the ground with the long pole to which it is fastened. Suspended in air the skunk is helpless. While in this position he is released, dropped into the net or sack, and from there deposited in a large box, with a trap-door arrangement;

which skunk hunters on a large scale take along with them in a wagon.

About a mile west of Hallowell, in the Kennebec, is another skunk farm which two weeks ago had fifty occupants. The proprietor of this institution catches his animals in a antique way. He is not wholly opposed to traps, but he says there is no sport in trapping. He hunts at night with a cocker spaniel, who, although often overcome, still sticks valiantly to his work. The cocker takes up the scent of the skunk as a bound does a fox or rabbit, and just yaps enough to let his master know that he has found one.

After him goes the hunter with a lantern, and when the skunk is sighted the spaniel sets up a boisterous barking. He barks at long range—a judicious caution born of experience—but he fixes the attention of the skunk while his master slips the game into a net. It takes an adroit turn of both wrists to do this, but the Hallowell man makes few mistakes.

This skunk farm has for its enclosure an old hay barn. The floor has been removed, and boards driven, pile, fashion, around the inside to prevent escape by tunnelling. When seen two weeks ago the animals on this farm were sleek and fat. The proprietor, who is something of a fox hunter besides, did not intend killing any this year. After one breeding he would begin the slaughter. The skunk has from six to nine young at a time. The little ones are as playful as kittens: very mischievous, too, and some of the up-country people, notably the Indians, consider the meat to be excellent. It is white and compact, like the breast of a partridge. The pelts of most of the animals killed in this State are sent to Boston and New York to help swell the big cargoes of skunk skins sent abroad. The oil is valuable for dressing leather, and brings a fair figure, a good fat skunk yielding about a quart of oil.

CHILDREN AT CHRISTMAS.

New Ideas as to Trees for Them and Devices in the Place of Trees.

A revolving Tree.—Fasten the tree on a frame consisting of three planks three feet long, and crossing each other in the center; place six small casters under them, one at each end, bore a hole through the center of the frame, into which fit the lower end of the tree. The tree, with frame under it, is set on a raised platform, the sides and front of which are trimmed with evergreens. A hole is bored in the platform, into which the end of the tree penetrates, the latter being small enough to work loosely. A person behind the tree turns it by taking hold of the ends of the planks, and thus pushing the tree around. In trimming the tree have the sides differ as much as possible, so something new will be presented with each turn. Begin lighting the tree at the back, and as it is revolved keep lighting.

"Jacob's Ladder" is formed by two ladders forming an arch and decorated with evergreens. From the centre is suspended a large evergreen bell with a calla flower for a tongue. To this are attached several ribbons, which are pulled by boys and girls, thus swinging the bell. Ar they pull the ribbons they sing such songs as "Christmas Bells," "Ring the Bells of Heaven," etc. At the same time a real bell behind the scenes is sounded. A very large sleigh, decorated with evergreen, cotton for snow, etc., can be made to form a pleasing spectacle from which Santa Claus can distribute the gifts.

A Christmas garden.—This idea is suggested by a legend to the effect that in some remote and mysterious region there lived a band of christian monks whose life duty was to plant the seed and grow crops of toys for Santa Claus to distribute. These monks dressed in white gowns and always wore evergreen Christmas wreaths about their heads. Arrange the stage as a terraced garden, and devote one terrace to each kind of presents. Dolls appear growing on small trees and bushes, etc. When the curtain rises there appear two or three white-robed monks in the gardens, working. Santa Claus then comes in view and announces that Christmas is come and they must gather their harvest for the good children. Sticks are gathered for the bad ones.

A boat is coming in use in some places as a pleasing change from the old-time trees. A rowboat can be arranged with little boys for sailors, and Santa Claus, with white wig and whiskers, knee pants, and pack on his back. The boat is to be rolled in, when the crew begins unloading the presents.

To make a boat, lay two boards on the floor so that they fit very closely at the edge; they should be fourteen feet in length, fifteen inches wide and half an inch thick. Screw three cleats firmly upon these flat boards, one near each end, and one in the centre. Turn the whole thing over and there is a flat surface fourteen feet long and two and a half feet wide. Draw upon one end the profile of a bow of a boat, and upon the other the stern. Saw the ends carefully, following the drawing. Paint the whole a light chrome yellow. Shave the upper edge into a slight

A FARMER'S WEALTH

Does Not Simply Consist of Broad Acres and Ready Cash.

Health is His Fortune.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND RESTORES IT WHEN LOST.

Broad acres and a good bank account, do not constitute a farmer's true wealth. There are hundreds of farmers around us who possess wealth in lands and gold, but who lack that true fortune and coveted possession known as good health. True manhood, vigorous health and strong nerves, are Heaven's best gifts for all classes and conditions of men.

It is a melancholy fact that men and women in the country, breathing the purest air, drinking from God's bubbling fountains and springs uncontaminated by germs of disease, are liable to the same dread diseases that come thick and fast to city people.

Nature's grand laws are continually violated everywhere, and as a consequence, the penalties come swift and sure. These penalties consist of diseases varying in form and character. We find debility, nervousness, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney and liver troubles, heart disease, dyspepsia, indigestion and a variety of terrible blood diseases.

When the arrows of affliction pierce with venomous sting, the farmer and his family must seek the same healing agent that city people use with such success. Paine's Celery Compound is, today, the farmer's great health-restorer and true life-giver. Its record in the rural districts of our Dominion is as bright and lustrous as it is in

the thickly populated towns and cities. To so high an eminence has its credit and worth been advanced, that the majority of country and city families now regularly keep one or more bottles for any emergency that may arise.

Paine's Celery Compound has done more life-saving work than all other medicines combined. It has saved life after the doctor failed; it has given health and vigor after years of failures with common medicines. Mr. Samuel Hanns, an esteemed and well-known farmer of Manvers, Ont., given his wonderful experience with Paine's Celery Compound as follows:

"After severe sickness and suffering for a length of time, I am happy to state that I was made well by Paine's Celery Compound. To be raised up from a low and weak state, inside of two weeks, is a marvelous work, which nothing else but Paine's Celery Compound could have accomplished."

"After using half the first bottle of the Compound, I was able to dig the holes for a forty rod fence, and help to build it. Before using Paine's Celery Compound I could not sleep, and had no appetite; now I enjoy good sleep and a healthy appetite. Paine's Celery Compound is worth its weight in gold to any sufferer; it is the best medicine in the world."

curve, beginning eight inches from the bow, and descending to the middle, then ascending to within two inches of the stern. Paint a black stripe three-fourths of an inch wide, six inches below the upper edge, following as nearly as possible the curve, and six inches apart, no stripes below it. Next, shade the bow in black, also filling the curve from the lower edge.

The boat can be made to stand firm by nailing two boxes, in one of which is fastened a mast, and to which is tacked a sheet for a sail. Stretch a strip of blue cambric eight inches wide across the front of the stage, having three way lines of white printed on it for water.

Telegrams from Santa Claus.—During the programme which generally precedes the appearance of Santa Claus a telegraph messenger boy rushes into the room, bearing dispatches from Santa Claus, which are opened and read to the school. The first is dated "North pole" or "Polar Town," and so on, announcing his start, and the various mishaps and delays. The dispatches report him as coming nearer and nearer, until at last his bells are heard jingling in the distance.—Eureka Entertainments.

Was Fond of Plopping.

Westminster School recently celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the death of Dr. Richard Busby, who was head master for fifty-seven years, and, though a staunch royalist, held his place through the civil war and the Commonwealth. Dr. Busby's reputation as a flogger has lasted to this day. When Charles II. visited the school it was Dr. Busby who asked the King to take off his hat while he kept on his own, on the ground that discipline could not be maintained if the boys should believe that there was a greater man in England than their head master. Another old story told of him ought to keep him immortal. A Frenchman wandering into the school playground was set upon by the boys. Dr. Busby saw the row and ordered those engaged to be flogged; the Frenchman was taken with the boys and flogged, too. He then went in his wrath to the Doctor to demand an explanation, but as he could not speak English well after a few words the doctor got angry and ordered him to be horsed, which was done. The Frenchman, mad with rage, went to his inn, wrote a challenge and sent it to Busby by the porter. The doctor read the challenge and at once had the porter horsed. That was too much for the Frenchman. He packed up his valise and fled in terror to France.

Good Clothes of a Mayor.

London's Lord Mayor has to put on three suits of clothes on taking office. He wears a wide-sleeved, velvet-faced, fur-trimmed robe of purple silk rep on presenting himself to the Lord Chancellor at Westminster; this he uses afterwards as a police Magistrate. For his show he wears a robe of superfine scarlet broad-cloth, faced with sable fur and lined with peal satin; this he must wear when greeting the Judges at the Old Bailey and on all saint's days. The dress for evening and formal receptions is of black damask satin robe, embroidered with silver gilt. Under these he wears a velvet coat and knee breeches. The robes are a perquisite of the office and cost \$1,000. The chain of office has on it diamonds worth \$600,000, and each Lord Mayor must give bonds for its safe return on receiving it. When the Queen passes

through the city a fourth robe is necessary, but, as that seldom happens, it is bought only when the occasion arises.

A Good Risk. After moving a large stock of goods into a building in the wholesale district, the owners learned that they could get no insurance.

The building was on the "black list" of the insurance companies, because one of the tenants had already burned out four times under suspicious circumstances, and apparently with pecuniary profit to himself.

It was, therefore, impossible for this tenant to get insurance from any company and the boycott went so far as to include any building that harbored him or his stock of goods. The business concern that had moved into the "blacklisted" building was disturbed. The head of the firm went to an insurance agent and said: "I wish you could arrange it in some way to insure our stock."

"I'm sorry," replied the agent; "but the companies have no confidence in that man on the floor above."

"He can't get insurance, eh?"

"Not a cent's worth. They're onto him all along the line."

"Well, do you think there's any danger of a fire in that building as long as he's not insured?"

"Well, I should say not. I never thought of that before, and I'm sure the firm received its policy at once.—Chicago Record.

"77" FOR GRIP Known by Sense of illness, pain or soreness in the head, back, chest, side or limbs; or cough, sore throat, catarrh, influenza, or profuse flow from the nose or eyes, itching, and redness of the eyelids, general prostration and fever. Sometimes one and again another symptom is more prominent. The appetite is impaired and the nervous system unstrung, depressed and run down. "77" meets the epidemic condition and is the cure for all its manifestations. Taken early, cuts it short promptly; taken during its prevalence, prevents its invasion; taken while suffering, a cure is speedily realized. Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza and Catarrh. "77" FOR COLDS. "77" will "break up" a cold that "hangs on." Dr. Humphreys puts a specific for every disease. They are described in his Manual, which is sent free. Small bottles of pleasant pellets—five year's stock; sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c.; or five for \$1.00. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 111 & 113 William St., New York. Be sure to get H-U-M-P-H-R-E-Y-S'

FIBRE CHAMOIS KEEP YOURSELF SNUG with a comforter made of some cheap dainty material over FIBRE CHAMOIS. It is light and porous and makes the warmest and most sanitary bed wraps you can find. Find the name on every yard. PROTECTION FROM COLD

WOMAN and HER WORK.

There is just one word more that I would like to say on the subject of Christmas presents, to the girls who read this page, and that is—buy or make your present as if they were for yourself! Do not let the fact that a thing is within your means, and looks pretty well, influence you in making your purchases. And above all, do not make some utterly senseless, and useless piece of fancy work, and inflict it on a friend, just because you saw a description of it in some newspaper, and it was easy to make, and cheap! I really do not know of any class of gift that is so abused as fancy work, and when one remembers that the unfortunate recipient is expected to be delighted with a present and profuse in expressions of gratitude I think the giver is under some obligation to make the gift really acceptable.

What abominations I have seen inflicted on men, and the poor souls were supposed to be transported with rapture over them! The penwipers, the worked spectacle cases, the tobacco pouches and the made slippers! It has really made my heart ache. I know it is hard to select a present for a man, but then that is no reason why the first thing that comes to hand should be chosen, and inflicted upon him. Work him a necktie, if you cannot afford an expensive present, but be sure to put your best work, and your best taste, into the choice, and manufacture of it, think of his general appearance, and his complexion, just as you would if you were choosing a hat for yourself, and be sure you get something which will suit him. There are so many dainty ways of working ties for one's male friends now that nothing is simpler than the preparations of a really pretty gift at very slight expense. No man ever had too many ties, and he is sure to be really pleased with a pretty one, which some lady friend has taken the trouble of working for him.

It is a hard, task, though a pleasant one, to choose presents for one's friends, but when I take my purse in one hand, and my courage in the other, and start out to buy the small offerings that I can afford to lay on the altar of friendship, I always look for something I would like myself, and it is within my reach I get it. It may be a narrow way of making a choice, but I have found it rather successful; tastes differ I know, but still what one woman admires and would like to have, is very likely to please another woman; and as for selecting a present for the masculine side of the house, why one only can do their best and trust to Providence.

As for the children, and the girls and boys who are not quite children but still not yet grown up, do buy them something they will enjoy at the time even if it does not last very long. Christmas belongs exclusively to young people, we poor grown-ups don't get very much enjoyment out of it except the pleasure of making others happy, and our Christmas jollity is more than half the time put on, a sort of dreary make believe, with rather a hollow ring about it, like a Britanna metal dish which is trying to masquerade as solid silver. But to the folk who are under fifteen it is a very genuine season of rejoicing and their elders should take care to enhance the delight they feel in looking forward to the holiday season, by every possible means. There is sorrow enough waiting for all those young things somewhere in the world—perhaps just around the corner—and the young feet will have many a thorny path to travel before they are finally at rest. Therefore I believe in parents being just as frivolous as they can afford to be, at Christmas! Unless you are really poor, don't try to give the children good, and economical habits by giving them strictly useful presents! I heard of a sensible and strong minded mother once, who gave her boy a new geography, which he needed at school, and a grand pair of snow excluding overshoes. She was quite well off, but had a theory that children should be taught to be practical and sensible as early as possible, and wouldn't I have enjoyed the privilege of giving her a good slap, it would have aroused some feeling in her even if it was of an uncomfortable kind? Most mothers, aunts, and sisters can easily find out what young people would like, and it is just as easy to give them something they wish for, as some present which will be valueless to them.

Unless you know the boy very well, and are sure it is what he would prefer, don't present him with a book! The average healthy boy in his natural state sees all the books he cares about at school, and as long as the shops are full of skates, hand sleds, and mechanical toys he has no use for books. Of course there are plenty of exceptions, and a percentage of studious boys who would prefer a good book even to a pair of skates, but even to such lads don't give "an improving book" at Christmas; "a memoir of the Rev. Norman MacLeod D. D." or "Short Studies in Science" may be appropriate as school prizes, though I have my doubts on the subject, but "Robinson Crusoe" or "The Arabian Nights" are more entertaining reading for the Christmas holidays.

For the girls—well I think the best plan

is to look back to the time when we ourselves were thirteen or fourteen, and try to remember what we liked then. Who wanted a new pair of overshoes, or good comfortable pair of kid mittens then for a Christmas present? not we! A hangle, ever so plain a ring, a little pin, or even a bright necktie, any one of them was worth all the sensible presents in the world; while a box of candy, provided the box was highly ornamented, was a source of purest joy. Therefore give the girl something they can display to their girl friends, and be proud of; you want them to have the real Christmas feeling, and take all the good there is to be got out of the holiday.

For the little one's give them anything that will make them happy, fill their poor little stockings full to the top, and if you want to inculcate careful habits, and teach them wisdom beyond their years, but them some good mechanical toys, an engine that winds up and runs for five minutes or a bicyclist racing around a pole, and teach them that they must take care of their treasures and not break them. If there is ever any doubt about what to give a child of any age, it is easily solved by a box of candy, which is always sure to meet with an enthusiastic reception.

In short I don't know of any occupation in life, to which the golden rule of doing as you would be done by, applies more closely than in the choosing of Christmas presents for one's friends. I am not speaking of those who are obliged to count every cent before they spend it, and whose poverty compels them to combine all possible usefulness in the gift itself, with the loving care they expend in choosing it, such gifts are sanctified by love and self sacrifice far more often than the most expensive offering that could be purchased. But I refer to those who are in sufficiently easy circumstances to please themselves in the choice of presents.

We are assured by some fashion writers that the possibility of hoops coming in fashion again is by no means remote; in fact that like the sword of Damocles it is hanging over our heads all the time, though I do not know that it is suspended by so slender a support. The latest threat is in the shape of a silk undershirt stiffened with no less than seven rows of wire reaching up to the knee. The dress skirt which is worn over such a petticoat is quite without stiffening and hangs in full soft ripples. It seems a pity that when such good effects can be obtained from the perfectly out, full skirts without any trimming fashion should demand a return to trimmed skirts, but I am afraid that is what we are coming to very soon. The thin end of the wedge seems to have been already inserted by the Marie Antoinette effect of front breasted differing from the rest of the skirt and having the appearance of a petticoat and overdress. Panels by way of trimming have followed and the next innovation is to be the cutting of the foot of the skirt into deep vandykes or (square), and setting a finish of velvet under them. This will be most convenient for those whose dresses have shrunk around the foot, or got shabby, and need lengthening; but the plain skirt is decidedly the more stylish, to my taste.

Another indication of the return to skirt trimmings is the appearance of skirts made of flowered materials. Black cashmere sprinkled all over with flowers, such as roses, are shown, made up into plain colored bodices. A skirt of this kind may be worn with a bodice either of black sarak silk or satin, or one matching the roses with which the skirt is ornamented in tint, and the dress is often lined with silk of the same bright shade. Such dresses are very effective, and stylish looking without being at all expensive.

It is odd that white satin should continue so popular as a trimming when it is so perishable but it is still used lavishly on many dressy costumes, cuffs, vests, and broad revers of it covered with either yellow, or gray lace, are seen on dresses of dark colored cloth or velvet, and it is always effective.

Full waists of plain chiffon which are of course made up over a silk or satin lining, are seen on many evening dresses, and finished by a rich deep belt of colored mirror velvet, they freshen up a last year's gown in almost satisfactory manner. The sleeves are sometimes of a contrasting material and a very pretty model is a dress of pink satin with black chiffon sleeves, and neck trimming. The sleeves are very short and arranged in a series of deep lengthwise puffs with tiny bands of jet trimming separating them, the frill around the neck is very deep, and caught up at the left side with either a bow of pink satin, or a cluster of pink roses. The sleeves of evening dresses are much shorter than they were last year, and stand out in full round puffs or short double frills. This will rejoice the heart of the girl whose arm is all that can be desired above the elbow but whose forearm does not bear inspection. Many of the sleeves of dresses for day wear are cut very long, and shaped in a long point which falls over the hand and is often finished with the always becoming frill of lace.

A very pretty and striking gown worn recently by a young debutante was a combination of pale blue and crimson cloth. Of course the right shades had to be selected, or the result would have been disastrous. It was made with a little round cornered tight fitting jacket just like a zouave, except that it was finished with one of the high round collars so fashionable now, and which are a sort of revival of the medec collar of a few years ago. This one reached nearly to the tops of the ears at the back, and sloped away in front so as to leave the chin quite free, in fact it was rounded down to nothing in front. It was made of the blue cloth, and its only trimming was a border of short black fur with a light tracery of black stitching above it. The great puffed sleeves were of the crimson cloth with flaring cuffs of the pale blue, finished with the same stitching. The vest is also of the same cloth buttoned straight down the front with very small black buttons; it has little lapels, or flaps like the old fashioned waistcoats worn by the beaux of the eighteenth century, and it is a very comfortable looking little garment. The skirt is crimson and very flaring around the foot, above the hem is a pointed trimming of the blue showing the same delicate stitching as appears on the jacket. The vest is provided with large soft sleeves of blue silk, so that the jacket can be removed at will, and the costume is finished with a crimson felt hat faced with blue, and trimmed with blue and white striped ribbon.

A lovely creation in black and white, is of short napped velvet, of the kind known as silk velvet. The bodice is a sort of blouse drawn down with very little fullness into a low round belt of velvet and finished with a very high, round, and flaring collar. The sleeves are narrow and tight fitting at the shoulder, but a balloon like fullness at the elbow, and tight and smooth from hence to the wrist. The rest of the gown is composed of a cream white cloth skirt with a long black coat opening over it. The coat tails are fastened on at the waist, and are removable, so that the costume can be transformed into a white cloth skirt and bodice, at a moment's notice. The novel feature of the dress is its trimming of white leather, which consists of straps of white leather with a slight design of black silk stitching upon them set in the sleeve puffs, and again at the waist where the points turn upwards. The effect is very striking against the black velvet. A narrow strip of fur lines the collar.

Roast Turkey.
To roast a turkey, singe, draw, and wash the fowl, wipe dry, and rub the inside with a little salt. It may be filled with a stuffing made with stale bread crumbs, half a cup of butter, one egg, salt, pepper, and herbs to the taste, and moistened with a little hot water; or an oyster stuffing made as follows may be used: Break into pieces half a loaf of stale bread and mix with it salt and pepper and half a cup of melted butter. Drain off the liquor from a pint of oysters, heat it and pour over the bread crumbs; add an egg and mix all well together; if the stuffing is rather dry add a little sweet milk. Put a spoonful of stuffing into the turkey, then three or four oysters, and so on until the turkey is filled. A chestnut stuffing may be used. To make it boil the chestnuts, remove the shells and brown skins, and mash them. Mix them with a few grated bread crumbs, and moisten with sweet cream; add a little butter, and season with pepper and salt. In filling the turkey do not crowd in the stuffing. Sew up the openings and tie or skewer the legs and wings in shape. Rub thickly with butter and salt and dredge with flour. Place in a dripping pan, and put half a cup of water in the pan. Use a moderate oven, and cover the turkey with another pan for the first forty minutes. Baste frequently and turn the bird occasionally to expose all parts to the heat. It should be tender and moist and a golden brown all over when done. Garnish the dish with small balls of fried sausage or fried oysters and parsley. Serve with a giblet dressing and cranberries.

Boned Turkey.
To bone a turkey, slit the skin down the back with a sharp knife, and, raising one side at a time, with the fingers separate the flesh from the bones until the wings and legs are reached, unjoint these from the body, and, cutting through to the bone, turn back the flesh and remove the bones. The flesh may be reshaped by stuffing. Stuff with force meat made of veal and a little pork chopped fine, and season with salt, pepper, sage, or savory, and the juice of a lemon. Sew in shape, and press the wings and legs close to the body, and tie all firmly so that the upper surface may be smooth and plump. Lard the breast with narrow strips of firm fat pork, and bake until thoroughly done, basting often with salt and water and a little butter. Serve with a giblet dressing, to which has been added a cup of strained tomatoes.

Devilled Turkey.
An appetizing way of using bits of turkey cold is thus: Take the pieces of turkey and free them of bone and skin; if there are any good sized pieces cut them in half. Put the meat in a saucepan with whatever stuffing and dressing may have been left and a tablespoonful of butter. Season liberally with salt and cayenne pepper. Place over the fire, and when the mixture boils break into it an egg and stir thoroughly. Turn into a buttered mould, and when cold turn it out on a dish and slice nicely.

Creamed Turkey.
To make creamed turkey, pick the meat from the bones of a roasted or boiled turkey and cut into small pieces. Allow one pint of meat for the following dressing: Put in a double boiler one pint of cream or rich milk and place over the fire; rub together two tablespoonfuls of flour with one of butter, and stir into the milk when boiling; add salt and cayenne pepper and stir until it thickens like custard; mix the meat with the dressing and fill buttered individual shells with the mixture; sprinkle cracker dust over the top of them with bits of butter and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

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To bone a turkey, slit the skin down the back with a sharp knife, and, raising one side at a time, with the fingers separate the flesh from the bones until the wings and legs are reached, unjoint these from the body, and, cutting through to the bone, turn back the flesh and remove the bones. The flesh may be reshaped by stuffing. Stuff with force meat made of veal and a little pork chopped fine, and season with salt, pepper, sage, or savory, and the juice of a lemon. Sew in shape, and press the wings and legs close to the body, and tie all firmly so that the upper surface may be smooth and plump. Lard the breast with narrow strips of firm fat pork, and bake until thoroughly done, basting often with salt and water and a little butter. Serve with a giblet dressing, to which has been added a cup of strained tomatoes.

Worn Shoes Indicate Exercise.

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RIPANS ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Turkey Rechauffe.

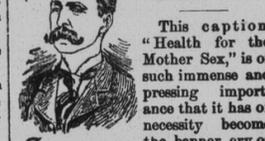
There are many dainty ways of using bits of cold turkey. To scallop turkey cut the meat from the bones of cold boiled or roasted turkey, remove the skin and cut the meat fine. Put in the bottom of a buttered dish a layer of bread crumbs moistened slightly with milk—or if it is a boiled turkey, use some of the liquor it was cooked in—then spread a layer of the minced turkey, with bits of the stuffing, some pieces of butter, and pepper and salt, then another layer of crumbs, and alternate them until the dish is filled. Pour over the whole whatever dressing may have been left, and if there is not enough add a little hot water to it and season with a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Spread crumbs over the top and scatter bits of butter over them. Cover the dish with a plate and bake in a brisk oven. As soon as it is thoroughly heated remove the plate and brown. Serve at once.

Sauces for Boiled Turkey.
Chestnut sauce: Shell and blanch three dozen French chestnuts. Boil in water enough to cover them for thirty minutes. Drain off the water and pound the nuts to a paste. Add one tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Stir gradually into the paste one pint of milk. Rub the mixture through a coarse purée sieve, and place over the fire in a double boiler to cook for half an hour.
For celery sauce, cut one quart of celery into small pieces and add one quart of milk. Put in a double boiler with an onion in which four cloves have been stuck, add a blade of mace, and cook until the celery becomes tender. Remove [the onion and spice and thicken with a] little flour that has been moistened with some of the stock that the fowl was boiled in. Season with salt and pepper and boil for five minutes. It should be as thick as custard.
To make oyster sauce, put one pint of small oysters, with their liquor, into a saucepan and heat them to boiling point. Skim out the oysters and add to the liquor one and one-half cups of milk, and when it is boiling add one-third of a cup of butter creamed with three tablespoonfuls of flour. Season with salt and cayenne pepper, and let the sauce boil up once. Then add the oysters, and it is ready to serve.

ASTRA.
Wanted His Case noticed.
—A man who eighteen years ago was sentenced to serve a year in the penitentiary, but who has been at home ever since no effect ever having been made to take him to jail, appeared before Gov. Brown of Kentucky recently and asked that he be permitted to serve his term or else that he be pardoned. The man said that in 1877 a jury found him guilty of malicious cutting, and he was sentenced to serve a year in the penitentiary. No one offered to take him to the penitentiary, so he went to his home in Clark county. He was never asked to go to jail, so he never went. What was the reason for the remarkable failure to carry out the sentence he did not know. The Governor pardoned him.
A dry heat of 250 degrees destroys germs of infection.

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A dry heat of 250 degrees destroys germs of infection.

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This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

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ORIGINAL OF A HEROINE.

The Real Eliza of Mrs. Stowe's Great Story of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The incidents which formed the basis for the story of the escape of Eliza, the slave mother, with her child across the Ohio river on the ice, which is familiar to readers of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and to theatregoers who have often seen the dramatic representation of the scene, was the most interesting of the stories of runaway slaves told by the Rev. S. G. W. Rankin to a large audience last evening.

As Mr. Rankin tells the story, his father's family, living on the bluffs on the Ohio side of the river, were well known as in the business of helping runaway slaves, and slaves knew them as friends. It was one Christmas week that Eliza, a stalwart negro woman, came to the Rankin house in the night, having brought her husband across the river in a boat. He was covered with ice from the river, the night having been intensely cold, and the man, who was not as bright as Mrs. Stowe's George Harris by any means, had fallen into the river in getting out of the boat.

True to the arrangements, she crossed the river one night in February, when the river was in a treacherous condition, carrying her young child in a shawl strapped to her back. The ice was in broken floes, and she carried a board with a rope attached to it, by which she passed from one cake to another. She got across safely and was sent to Canada to join her husband. She still had five children in slavery, and said to the Rankins that she was going back to Kentucky after them the following June, naming a certain day. She was discouraged in this, but promised to come back nevertheless.

On the June day in question she appeared in Mr. Rankin's garden, and she was disguised as a man and sent across the river, where she made her way to her former master's plantation and hid beneath the currant bushes in his garden. Here she was discovered by her oldest daughter, a girl of seventeen, and at midnight was hidden beneath the floor of her old cabin in the negro quarters. Sunday, after dinner, her master and his wife went several miles away to visit a friend, and Eliza, following the example of the Israelites when they despoiled the Egyptians, took blankets and household goods to the amount of about two hundred pounds' weight, divided them into bundles for the five children, and started on an eleven miles' walk to a point on the river which she was to reach at 2 o'clock Monday morning. She had been told to bring nothing but the children, but she had so over-loaded them with the packages that the smaller ones gave out, and she was obliged to carry one child a little way, a bundle a little way, and then go back after another child and another bundle, until she was so delayed that the river was not reached until 10 o'clock in the morning, and the boat that was to carry her over was gone. It was very foggy, however, and by walking about a mile and a quarter in the shallow water of the Kentucky side of the river, to throw off the scent of the blood hounds, she reached an anti-slavery man's house, where she remained all day.

"That morning," said Mr. Rankin, "when we expected to have Eliza and her children safe in Ohio, after the fog lifted we saw thirty-one men on horseback, with dogs and guns, across the river hunting this defenceless woman with five children after a reward of \$1,200." Communication was opened to Eliza during the day, and she was told what to do. At nightfall Mr. Rankin, disguised as a woman, with a party of young fellows, made a feint on the Kentucky shore, a few miles further up the river, and gave the negro hunters a lively chase, they supposed they had track of Eliza. The hunters were evaded, and at the same time a trusted boatman had ferried the woman and children across to the Rankin house, where she remained in hiding for two weeks, being finally taken to the "Quaker settlement" in a load of flour and bran. She escaped to Canada and lived there with her husband and six children.—Hartford Paper.

Precedents for our County Court.

An old man in England was sent to prison for four months for petty stealing whose record, the Judge who sentenced him said, "is one of the most awful pieces of reading that has ever come to my notice." In 1863 he was sent to jail for three years for stealing two tame rabbits; he then got seven years for stealing five shillings and a shawl; then ten years, with seven years' police supervision, for stealing three ducks, and finally consecutive sentences of five years each on three charges of stealing a coat, a pair of reins, and a shawl, with another seven years' police supervision. In all, thirty-five years of penal servitude for three thefts of objects whose value amounted to a few dollars.

Nervous debility, general d-bility, then consumption; step by step, that's the way they go. Take a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the greatest nerve and brain invigorator, blood builder, appetizer and digestive aid ever discovered, ere you too reach the final step.

Do not trifle with a cough, Hawker's pills cure it. Files are speedily cured by Hawker's pills cure.

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WANTED BITTER MOONS.

A Theatre Goer who Objected to the Lunar Fictions Seen on the Stage.

Old Mr. Churchill is an inveterate theatregoer. He is a great advocate for realism on the stage, and has become very much exasperated at many defects in the stage management and particularly at the inferior quality of the moons. Being recently introduced to a theatrical manager the latter happened to ask:

"What do you think of the theatrical performances at the New York theatres, Mr. Churchill?"

"Most of them are very good, but the stage management might be very much improved," replied the old gentleman, glad of the opportunity to ease his mind.

"In what respect?" asked the manager. "The moons which are sprung upon the audiences are very poor. The New York stage moon is getting worse and worse all the time. It is a disgrace to the city of New York.

"My dear sir, you don't expect me to supply the audience with real moons, do you?" retorted the manager.

"No, sir; the public don't ask that much, but you might have a bogus moon built that was not a reflection on the nineteenth century and the great Architect of the universe. You New York stage managers are very lucky. If you were giving performances on the planet Mars or Jupiter, you would have to bring out three or four moons. [As it is, on our planet you have only to trot out one moon purveyors might get up a decent orb of night."

"What are your objections to our moons?"

"In the first place, there is no regular size for the stage moon. At one theatre there is hardly enough to go around it there is a full house, while at others it has a bloated appearance. One moon rises as slow as a messenger boy travels, while another booms up like the circulation of Texas Sitings."

"Is there anything else wrong about our moons?"

"Yes, there is; every stage moon in New York has contracted the vile habit of rising about six feet above the ivy-mantled tower and then refusing to move a single inch. There it dangles in the air, in defiance of the laws of gravitation. You never saw the real moon display such ignorance, did you? Perhaps you never saw a real moon. You ought to go out some night and take a look at the moon."

"I've seen the moon frequently."

"Then you must know that she always arrives on schedule time. There is no messenger boy business about the moon. She never pauses to listen to what the lovers have got to say, as your moon invariably does. I, however, did see one pretty fair moon in a New York theatre, but it bobbed up and warbled about the sky in a most undignified manner. A number of club men in the audience thought that they were intoxicated whenever they looked at it."

"What was the matter?"

"I suppose the moonist was a little off again, as usual. You theatrical managers, in order to save money, rarely hire a competent moonist. You hire, for a few cents, some wretched bum, too ignorant even to sit on a jury, and turn over the moon to him. Because you have a full moon you think you must have a fool moonist, consequently the moon acts as if she had been taking too much gin, whereas it is the moonist who is full."

"Do you suppose we can afford to hire regularly ordered astronomers to take charge of our moon?"

"No, I don't; but when you hire a moonist you should apply the Jeffersonian test—Is he honest? Is he capable? Is his heart in his work? Does he stay out late at nights?"

"I am really much obliged to you; some of your points are well taken." "Well, this is a matter in which the public is interested, and this palming off a painted mule of a moon for a real zebra is being overdone. Realism should be preserved on the stage. If such absurdities as three-cornered moons are tolerated, it will not be long before you will have Hamlet rebuking his mother through the telephone, and Julius Caesar standing off the conspirators with a Winchester carbine. The press, regardless of politics, should take hold of this growing outrage."

"I am much obliged to you for your timely hint. As soon as I have secured a good moon, and the services of the right kind of a moonist, I'll send you a complimentary ticket."

As the indignant old gentleman walked off the theatrical manager remarked to a friend:

"Why, he is a regular old stick of lunar caustic."—Texas Sitings.

Cycling on the Briny Deep.

A bicycle boat has been invented by a telegraph operator in Seattle, and has been successfully operated on the waters of the harbor there at a speed of nine miles an hour. It is a combination of whaleback boat and bicycle. Described in the simplest way, it is a boat with a bicycle mounted amidships, the power exerted on the pedals being transferred to a propeller arrangement at the stern. The rudder is operated by the bicycle handle bar, just as an ordinary bicycle is steered. The boat shell is a steel framework covered with canvas, and the whole thing is kept right side up by a 260 pound keel of lead. The inventor thinks he will be able to get much more than the present nine miles an hour out of his bicycle boat when he has perfected it.

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and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

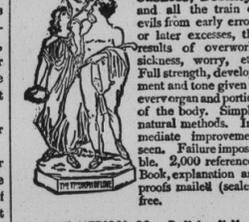
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WORLD'S COAL SUPPLY.

Great Britain in the Lead and the United States Next in Order.

Coal was first discovered in the United States in Rhode Island in 1768—that is in one of the States into which practically all the coal used is imported. Coal mining was begun at Pittsburgh before it was tried in Rhode Island. Fifty years ago the three coal-producing States of the country were Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Rhode Island. There is a very close relation, political economists have not failed to notice, between coal and manufactures, and in the expansion of the manufacturing interests of civilized countries during the present century, the rate of increase has kept up pretty evenly with the increase in supply of coal, taking, of course, those manufactures into which steam power enters.

At the head of all the coal-producing countries of the world is Great Britain, with a yearly average of about 180,000,000 tons. At the head of the countries using steam power for purposes other than railway traction is Great Britain, also. Second of the coal-producing countries are the United States with a yearly average of about 140,000,000 tons, and the United States are also second in respect to steam power exclusive of railroads. Third in production of coal, 100,000,000 tons a year, and also third in steam power for manufactures is Germany; and France is fourth. Russia comes fifth, the increase of the coal production of the Russian empire having been very marked during the last few years. It doubled from 1875 to 1885 and nearly doubled from 1885 to 1895. Among political economists it is pretty generally admitted that the death of coal in Italy is one of the chief barriers to a material development of manufactures which would otherwise be sufficient to put the country in a position of greater prominence in the commercial world. There is the same trouble to be found in Spain, though Spain furnishes some of the coal required for domestic use. Some 25,000,000 tons of coal mined in England are annually exported to European countries which either have no coal supply or mine an amount inadequate for their needs. France, Italy, and Spain, receive a large share of this imported coal. Some, too, goes to Egypt, and some to Canada. A table which recently appeared in England makes this subdivision of 150,000,000 tons annually mined; Used in manufactures, 55,000,000 tons a year; for domestic purposes, cooking and heating, 40,000,000 tons; for railway locomotives and for steamships, 20,000,000 tons; for gas or water works (particularly gas works), 20,000,000 tons, and for mining 15,000,000 tons.

The gradual extension and utilization of the electric current has diminished the demand for coal in many parts of the United States, and the utilization of natural gas, in the natural gas belt, has had a like effect. One paradox connected with the prevalence and use of coal in the United States has come up for discussion again at the Atlanta Exposition, where many of the Southern speakers have been pointing out as peculiar the fact that hundreds of thousands of tons are transported from Southern ports to New England ports for use in Yankee factories, and that the products of such factories are in turn sold to the States and districts from which comes not only the coal but also the cotton.—N. Y. Sun.

Good Points of a French Wife.

Her constant aim is to be interesting to her husband. She multiplies herself. In turn she is his friend, his confidante, his partner in business, his chum, and, if I may use the word in its best and most refined sense, his mistress. She is forever changing her appearance. For instance, you will seldom see a French married woman wear her hair in the same way longer than three or four weeks. She knows that love feeds on trifles, on illusion, on suggestion. She knows that, when a man loves his wife, a rose in her hair, a new frock, a bonnet differently trimmed, will revive in him the very emotion that he felt when he held her in his arms for the first time. She also knows that the very best dishes may sometimes become insipid if always served with the same sauce. She understands to a supreme degree the poetry of matrimony. I have heard men say that matrimony kills poetry. The fool! There is no poetry outside of it. And the poetry has all the more chance to live long in French matrimonial life because our wedding ceremony is not as in England, the end of courtship, but only the beginning of it. In France, when you have married your wife, you have to win her, and the process is very pleasant. I have often told my English friends that in their country there were not so many kisses indulged in before the wedding ceremony, there would be a great many more administered after it. Why is the French woman of forty so attractive? Because every feature of her face shows that she has been petted and loved.—Max O'Rell.

High Price for a Book.

There was purchased in New York recently at the sale of the David Adeo Library the finest copy known of the Earl of Surrey's "Songs and Sonnets." The Earl of Surrey is better known by academic students and bibliophiles than by the general reader of English literature. His fame rests upon the fact that he was the first poet to use blank verse in the English language—using it in the translation of two books of Euclid. He called it, in the subtitle to the work, "a strange metre." The "Songs and Sonnets" were first published in 1567, in the same year with the fragment from the Euclid. The copy sold on Wednesday is from the seventh edition, published in 1585, thirty-eight years after he had been beheaded by Henry VIII. It fetched the high price of \$1,680. It is printed in black letter, in an octavo volume very richly bound. No other copy has been sold at auction for many years, and it is said that another is not likely soon to come upon the market.



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FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. JARVIS, Proprietor. For simple comfort in connection. First class Livory Stable Coaches at reasonable rates.



CELESTIAL

The awful moon to face with her the escapee, a bouidier was deli white walls and evening before had that the afternoon used equally well manvais quart d'heure—rather the sinner. "But my dear to be sent away i Lady Appu... very kind tones. "Nothing, I was—the of all." "Did what?" "Bothered me know, and all th ing rather than marry them all!" "But your fa their falling in suant. "Jilted w that you had jilt edly," said Lesli outrage, "and thing like half. "But, my de must first be ou "Y-o-s," said "but you don't a man when you just to keep his morning, moon "He would w you were engag "Oh, no! I of honor with they were to ke I—told them to never did." Lady Appu... pressibly, but "You mean kias you?" "S-some tim you know," "I'm too tall a ed, drawing up dacionly. "That territ trying hard to was—Bob—ne strong enough "Oh, Bob's engaged to B know." "And did b "I never kin looking misch impertinent u

her aunt w

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Lady App struggle an "When h were true, made all o just for the over, I said son?" And to marry h people who would neve they had w "Oh, Le ther!" "You n want me stuck at B reason he r eluded this woman de "Lesley ly, "do yo town?" The gir began to d



THE LIP BY Sarsaparilla

Obtained by FRUIT

FITS!

Lamb, Keys, Chickens.

and Tongues

THE TEETH, BERRY

CURES

THE MAN,

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Livingston, Public, Etc.

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The Lovely Malincourt

Helen Mathers.

CHAPTER III.

The awful moment had arrived. Face to face with her inquisitor sat Lesley, the scapegrace, and the fact that the bouillabaisse was delicious in its blue and white walls and Nankin china, that the evening before had been delightful, and that the afternoon's programme promised equally well, did not make this mauvais quart d'heure a scrap the more bearable—rather the reverse, in fact, to the sinner.

"But, my dear, what have you done to be sent away in disgrace like this?" Lady Appuldurcombe was saying in very kind tones.

"Nothing. I didn't do anything. It was—the other people who did it all."

"Did what?"

"Bothered me to marry them, you know, and all that," said Lesley, adding rather defiantly, "just as if I could marry them all!"

"But your father didn't complain of their falling in love with you," said her aunt. "Jilted was the word he used—that you had jilted half the county."

"Dad's weak point is his arithmetic. He never could add up anything properly," said Lesley, with a fine air of outrage, "and he doesn't know anything like half the county. It's too big!"

"But, my dear, to jilt a man you must first be engaged to him."

"Yes," said Lesley very slowly, "but you don't call it being engaged to a man when you promise to marry him just to keep him from worrying you morning, noon and night?"

"He would worry you much more if you were engaged to him!"

"Oh, no! I used to make it a point of honor with them that if I promised them to be kept their distance till I—I—told them to come nearer. And I never did."

Lady Appuldurcombe smiled irrepressibly, but shook her head.

"You mean to say they never tried to kiss you?"

"Sometimes, but they couldn't, you know," nodding triumphantly. "I'm too tall and too strong," she added, drawing up her slim white figure audaciously.

"That terrible plural!" said her aunt, trying hard to look severe. "And pray was—Bob—neither tall enough nor strong enough to kiss you?"

"Oh, Bob's different! I—I was really engaged to Bob for a little while, you know."

"And did he kiss you?"

"I never kiss and tell," said Lesley, looking mischievous and with a little impertinent uplifting of her chin that

committed one error—now she married a brute the first time, then left him for a man who treated her worse."

"That looks rather as if it were Lady Cranston's fault, does it not?" said Lady Appuldurcombe, arranging the writing materials before her, but her face was grave. She was thinking it was no wonder Cecilia's child had been up to so many tricks with such companionship as her father had suffered her to fall into.

"We shall never agree on this point, auntie," said the girl in young, vibrating tones. "I shall always stand up for the women, through thick and thin, and, if I can ever do one good turn, I will. When I see the suffering caused by men!"

"And when I see the suffering caused by women," said Lady Appuldurcombe softly.

"I've got to see it yet. Meanwhile"—

"Meanwhile, my dear, go down to the drawing room and try to forget you are very angry with me just now. Renny is seeing about a home for you, I know, so you will have your gallop in the park tomorrow morning. We don't go down to Ranelagh till after luncheon."

The door closed. Lesley was gone.

"She is a good hater," said Lady Appuldurcombe as she dipped her pen in the ink, "and a warm friend," she added in the same breath.

CHAPTER IV.

Ranelagh nowadays stands in much the same relation to Hurlingham as rustic young beauty in a cotton gown washing her face in the morning dew does to a court belle all powder and patches and trailing, brocaded skirts, and the world seems to prefer the rustic for the present—but will it last?

The quaint house, through which you pass to the grounds, sets your thoughts and memory working, and many a famous scene rises unbidden to the eye, but to young folks who have not destroyed the pleasures of reality by the overstudy of books Ranelagh is simply a charmingly sylvan spot conveniently near town, in which one might spend a few hours very pleasantly without the inducements of those eccentric sports that everybody has ostensibly come to see.

By the time Mr. Yelverton had brought his team, with a flourish, round the wide sweep of grass opposite the seats arranged for spectators, the little hut had gone out of Lesley's heart and that pucker from her brow which had made Renny shake his head at his mother in a way that the latter felt unkind when they were starting.

Lesley was herself again—a most refreshing self, judging by Yelverton's fits of laughter and the occasional difficulties he had got into coming down, through listening to her, instead of minding his own business.

Luckily the horses knew their, and when at last they stopped Renny climbed up behind the box seat and asked the two what they had been laughing at.

Lesley refused to tell, and Mr. Yelverton backed her up, while his mother, now the grooms were at hand, as if she thought to impart such information as she thought fit to the men on the coach, who displayed a great thirst for information about "the lovely Malincourt," as the world had already named her.

"She has a will of her own, and she had never heard of Renny in her life," she confided, by and by, to a vicille mustache, when the others had got down to examine the ponies and dumplings and other odds and ends that make gynec-hans such a huge joke to the lookers on.

"And now she won't listen to him," said the old boy, grinning and looking at the three before him and thinking that Master Renny, who had gone scot free all his life, might get a rap from a slip of a girl over the knuckles yet.

"I believe you were laughing at my expense," Renny was insisting, and addressing the back of Lesley's head.

"You!"

Lesley turned a little, scornful face ever so slightly toward him, the face upon which she instinctively felt, he was always looking for those marks that the kisses of half a county should, by rights, have left upon it.

"I shall call you Aristides," she said. "Didn't the people banish him because they were sick of hearing of his virtues?"

The words were rude, but a certain quality in her voice made them merely piquant.

"Meaning that I'm a dull dog," said Renny imperturbably. "Well, so I am. But I'm very venacious too. What were you laughing at?"

Lesley glanced down and saw Cynthia walking past. This, then, was the reason she could not dislodge him.

"If you really must know," she said, "we were talking about—frills."

"Frills!"

Yelverton threw himself back and laughed. He had not met so much to his taste as Lesley the entire season.

"Frills!" repeated Lesley solemnly, who, like a real woman, wanted to visit that, for all its artful dressing, would break rebelliously, now and then, into curls.

"And so she chose your dresses for you, my dear?" said Lady Appuldurcombe, "and your maid. And she has done it very cleverly, I must say. But how did you manage that gown you had on last night?"

"A pattern bodice to Mason," said the girl, in a singularly lifeless tone. "The dress only arrived here after dinner last night. I love her," she broke out passionately. "You must not say anything against her to me, auntie, please, for I could not bear it."

Lady Appuldurcombe had moved away to her writing table, where, every morning, she was busy with the business of a woman of fashion, who can always make time for what she pleases.

"You could not have a safer guide than Lady Cranston in—clothes," she said dryly.

"Auntie," cried the girl, "is there any such thing as real Christianity in the world—one single Christian woman?"

Yon know her story—how she

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printed all down his back. Lesley drew in her breath. "I've done it now!" she said, nodding and looking up into the kind, ugly face of her companion like a naughty child who is asking a bigger and a naughtier one what he thinks her punishment will be.

"I did it on purpose, you know, to shock him. You'll forget it all, every word, won't you?"

"Pray, what harm was there in it?" inquired Mr. Yelverton stonily. "You should hear some of 'em talk!"

"Only I'm not some of 'em," said Lesley coldly, and lifting her proud little head after her own distinctive fashion. "You were telling me when Major Kilmurray came?"

"About that bay mare? She's ripping."

"If I bring her round to Park lane tomorrow at 10, will Lady Appuldurcombe mind your trying her?"

"Of course not," said Lesley, then remembered that she was, to a certain extent, baggage to be disposed of as her temporary owners pleased.

"When are they going to begin?" she exclaimed. "It seems a lot of running about and nothing done. Like a Funch and Judy show with dog Toby and the baby left out!"

Mr. Yelverton grinned.

"Wait till you see the Johnnies being rigged up in fancy dress by their dames," he said. "It is silly. That's why people like it. Makes them feel so superior, you know. It's when they're asked to enjoy things a bit above 'em and feel small they get mad. Here they come, at last!"

Lesley leaned over as the ponies dashed past, then clapped her hands.

"This was clever!" she said as one of the riders, going at full speed, picked off, with a long spearlike weapon, the rings suspended from a wooden staple on his left. "And that was stupid," she added as the other man missed the ring on the right. "Let us get down."

"No, but a friend of ours, Mr. Heath"—she stopped abruptly—"has, and dad and I often go out with him on it."

"Same old game," he thought. "Where there's a pretty girl there's sure to be a coach—no, I mean!"

"This was the last he saw of Lesley for some time. She was pounced upon, appropriated, divided and introduced till she began to think of climbing the coach again, just to get rid of these men, who all seemed to her exactly alike and left no permanent impression on her mind.

Once she saw Cynthia de Sals at a little distance, who did not appear to see her. She was dressed in white, and her beauty had the same troubling effect on Lesley's mind that it had on so many others.

"I should go mad about her if I were a man," Lesley thought, "but what a pity she has that dash of red in her hair! Red haired women are so terribly faithful! What were you saying, excellency?" to her friend of overnight, who had quietly made his way to her.

"That it's a pity Kilmurray is not riding today."

"Would his dignity stand being dressed up by his lady in fancy costume, like those men over there?" inquired Lesley scornfully.

"Well, we should have the treat of seeing him ride, anyway."

"And can he ride?" There was keen interest in Lesley's tone, for, if she hated men, she adored horses from the bottom of her soul.

"The men surrounding her stared. "Don't you know," said one of them,

"that Renny Kilmurray is the best gentleman rider in England?"

Lesley stamped her little foot on the soft grass and vowed she must have tea or die.

But that stamp of the foot meant—"I'm sick of Renny, and his bravery, and his riding, and his perfection as a son. Hasn't he got a weakness anywhere? It almost makes one want to meet him in the Row."

Meanwhile the fair Malincourt was "going it like steam," as a very considerable number of persons, who already knew her by sight, with some amusement remarked an hour or so later.

On Yelverton's mare—that was a good deal better than the principal people in it—in Yelverton's company, quite alone—well, it was rather rapid, don't you know, but no one could deny that she rode better, dressed better and looked better than any girl who had shone in the Row that season.

The world grinned at the great Lady Appuldurcombe being caught socially tripping, and even the impassive face of her manservant behind the pair did not mend matters in the least. Yelverton, thoroughly uncomfortable, had tried to persuade Lesley to go toward a more unfrequented part of the park, but she liked the shade of the trees and to watch the people, she said, so drew up at the rails and soon had round her most of the men who had been introduced to her since she arrived in town.

She talked to them all with the grace and fearlessness that distinguished her, yet without one word or look to which Lady Appuldurcombe could possibly have taken exception, with no veil to hide the rich bloom on her cheek, the peculiar blue of her clear eyes, the swift changing emotions, all keen and delightful, that came and went on her little spirited, joyous face.

She found one or two old Somersetshire friends among the somewhat sparse crowd—men who had almost forgiven her for jilting them, just as she had entirely forgotten any case of offense they might have against her, and she was having the best of good times, while Yelverton was having the worst, when Ronald Kilmurray rode up, by sheer force of control hiding the intense annoyance that devoured him.

"Very sorry to be so late, cousin," he said, lifting his hat to Lesley and nodding to several men in the group.

"Will you find it too hot for a turn?"

And before she knew his intention he had turned her bride rein, and they were galloping down the Row side by side.

ward as soon as published.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

Of Interest to Bicycle Riders.

A well known bicycle rider has made a discovery that will be good news to all who locomote on the wheel. He says:

Since I first began to ride a wheel, which is several years ago, I have been subject to more or less chafing and irritation. Sometimes when heated the itching inside my legs would be so severe that I would feel compelled to forego riding for a time. Nothing that I tried did any material good until my attention was drawn to an advertisement of Dr. Chase's Ointment for all itching of the skin. I tried it and almost from the moment it touched the skin the itching stopped. I also find its occasional use prevents chafing. Further evidence of the efficacy of this preparation is given by Chas. Roe, foreman Central Press Agency, Toronto, who was troubled with Itching Skin of the most aggravated kind. When the skin became heated during sleep from too much clothing, would wake up with absolute pain from digging into the flesh with his nails. Chase's Ointment gave relief from the first application and permanently cured. Price 60c.



"I give you up," her aunt was beginning to know. "Auntie, don't you think it's rather silly to sit here asking me rude questions when that lovely park is simply spoiling for me to go and walk in it?"

"This is very wrong when you don't mean to marry the man," said her aunt, determined not to smile and to rejoice the heart of the graceless young woman before her. "But you evidently preferred him to the rest, so why jilt him?"

"It was a point of honor with me," said Lesley, folding her hands demurely, "to make him fall in love with me, I mean. Every one warned him against me; said I had broken the other ones—they're all as right as rivets and eat and sleep like anything, auntie; and one man in a hundred has got a heart—and he didn't believe them, of course." Memory perhaps supplied the guileless look with which Lesley looked up at Lady Appuldurcombe. "But he does now."

Lady Appuldurcombe gave up the struggle and laughed heartily.

"When he came and asked me if it were true," continued Lesley, "that I made all the men fall in love with me just for the pleasure of throwing them over, I said, 'Do I look that sort of person?' And then, of course, he asked me to marry him. If I had said 'No,' the people who warned him against me would never have heard of it and thought they had won!"

"Oh, Lesley, Lesley! I pity your father!"

"You needn't, auntie. He doesn't want me to marry anybody, only he staked at Bob. For some uncharitable man's reason he loves Bob, and I don't," concluded this extremely unattached young woman decisively.

"Lesley," said her aunt meditatively, "do you mean to behave like this in town?"

The girl laughed, and springing up began to dance a measure—

BLISS AT AUCTION.

"Come, Courtney, lend me your ears for half an hour for I am in a pickle," exclaimed Fred Sawyer to his friend. "Come up to my quarters, I have something to say to you, and—no joking—I need your advice."

"If you take it will be for the first time," laughed good-natured Courtney. "Lead on, and don't lose any time in relieving this suspense. I'm not fond of riddles, you know."

"Why, yesterday I dropped into the sales room at a London station. You know, they sell off the uncalled-for luggage at intervals, and a sale was just going on. A number of the boys were there, and we each commenced to bid for a trunk. I selected a rather small one, and—Here we are! Come right in, and view the burden of my woes."

"Open it, if you want to," he said. "I've had enough of the confounded thing. It's full of women's stuff, and what do you suppose I can do with it? I haven't an aunt or cousin in the wide world."

"Keep it till you're married, Fred. These seem to be good clothes," said Courtney, peeping into the box and lifting dainty garments with a half reverent touch in spite of his laughing face.

"Humph! The idea of such advice from you! Why, old boy, I shall not marry for ten years—five, anyway—and I'm not going to risk keeping these things here and being taken for a d-d burglar. Mrs. McGaffrey would find them in spite of everything—small murder in the air, and hunt around for the skull bones. No, I'll dump the trunk in the river; that's what I'll do."

"Pshaw! You're too sensible for that. These things cost money—lots of it, I imagine—and you paid something for them in the bargain. You might sell them to the second-hand—No, I've a better scheme than that. Why not go through the trunk systematically, find out the owner's name and address—there are surely letters or something—and write to her, offering the whole thing for a reasonable sum?"

"Do an act of charity, and yet turn an honest penny. Any one would know you are Scotch. But I must go back to the store, and—Here, you have all the time there is; suppose you go through it for me? All I ask is that you will keep Mrs. McGaffrey out of it. Fare-deu. And off he went."

Courtney laughingly locked the door, but the smiles soon left his face as he proceeded with his task. He wondered if the battered little trunk had been lost in some of the dreadful catastrophes he had heard of; he imagined his owner killed and her body as well as luggage unidentified in the horrible excitement.

As he turned the key Al remembered that his own photograph was lying in a conspicuous box, and exclaimed: "Wait until after dinner, then; I'm half starved."

"Perhaps it would be better," was the answer, and they passed out together. When fairly downstairs Al said he had forgotten his handkerchief, and flew back three steps at a time to get it. Securing the picture and placing it in a inside pocket, he said to himself: "Surely there's nothing else to give me away. But I must wheedle him out of the trunk."

After dinner Fred "went through" the contents of the trunk, making boyish remarks concerning each article as he threw it aside. Al inwardly winced at these remarks, and could scarcely restrain himself from knocking him over on the spot.

"What makes you so crusty?" queried Fred, suddenly, as one of his choicest jokes was met by a groan. "There's no fun in you, and why you want this stuff beats me. Your sisters would turn up their noses at second-hand clothing, 'it it is pretty. But it isn't worth fussing over, so take it along. No doubt it would prove a white elephant on your hands or later."

Not until the trunk was safely in his room could Al breathe freely; even though it was no easy matter to keep it out of his sisters' sight. They both made a pet and confidant of their own brother, and had a fashion of dropping into his room at all hours to tell him of their schemes and woes. He pushed a big box in front of it, and then crept downstairs, feeling as guilty as if he had been concealing some crime. At breakfast the girls both talked at once about the burglar who tried to get in, and how they pounded on Al's door and could not get an answer.

At noon he was off, and as the train whirled onward he became possessed with fears. She might not be at Hastings; she might not care for him after these three years; she might even be married or dead. Arriving at his destination at last, he only stopped to leave his bag at a hotel, and walked rapidly to a familiar house in the suburbs. Ringing the bell, he inquired for Miss Burr in a matter-of-fact way, as if he had seen her the day before. He watched the girl's face as she spoke, and saw no trace of surprise. She simply said: "Miss Burr may not be able to see you; but come in and I will ask."

Presently he was shown into a small sunny room, where, on a couch, lay the one girl he had ever loved. He meant to explain at once the cause of his foolish going and eager coming, all of which he had framed into frank, beautiful sentences; but he fell back on the common-places. She received him with quiet words of welcome and then said: "Pardon my position, but I am such an invalid that it is a trial to set up."

"An invalid!" he echoed faintly. "Yes," she answered, "I do not hear of my accident several months ago? On coming home from a visit I stopped for a day or so in a London hotel. The building caught fire a few hours after I entered. The horror of the scene is so stamped—branded would be more appropriate word—on my memory that I cannot bear to talk of it. I lost everything except the ulcer which was wrapped about me, and would have lost my life but for the brave fireman who broke my fall. Oh, no; I am not seriously injured," she continued in answer to his half spoken query, "though I have been ill ever since. It was such a shock, you know." By detest questioning he succeeded in making her say: "Yes, I lost my trunk. It was left at the station (I expected to go on a day or two), and the deposit ticket was destroyed with my pocketbook. Railway people are necessary particular about identifying luggage, and for weeks I was too ill to even remember it. Besides, I had only gone for a short outing, and it held nothing of much value, except some keepsakes that were dear to me."

A deep flush stole over her face at these words; he watched it for a delicious moment, and then gathered her up in his arms, exclaiming: "I will bring them back, if you will pay the reward I want."

"Then—or, rather, after he had tortured her impatience mercilessly—he told her of Fred's bargain, bought at auction. She begged for it, coaxed, pleaded, all in vain. He declared she could only have the little leather trunk as a wedding present. And a very happy wedding party it was, too.—Tit-Bits.

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Lady Whichels, tartly. "I am too angry to sit up; and to talk about it makes me feel worse. Good night."

But just after Miss Dornton's visit came to a termination she had had cause to feel worse still, for something horrible had happened. It began—Where did it begin? It started in the smoking room one evening; it culminated in Lady Whichels' dressing room at 9 o'clock on a ghastly morning when she was half dead with misery and sleep.

For ten days Bertie had been feeling less sure of himself than he had done. Opposition was the breath of life to him, and with the course of true love running smooth, he began to ask himself whether it was true love after all.

In the mean time the baronet's first impression of his brother's fiancée had been more than confirmed, and fickle on the young girl's part as it may look, she appeared to find more pleasure in Sir Philip's society than in Bertie's.

Well, one night when the brothers were alone together in the smoking room, the younger man unbosomed himself. He told the baronet that his engagement had been a mistake, and he wished to goodness that he had never blundered into it. Sir Philip, who had been mixing himself a whiskey and potato, dropped the glass, which shivered into fifty pieces in the Abbotsford stove. As a man not given to dropping things, the accident was noteworthy, and suggested that his nerves were not properly under control.

"You'll have treated the girl damned badly," he said, sharply. "You think that I ought to marry her?" "I think that you oughtn't to have asked her if you weren't sure of yourself. What are you going to do?" "I'm going to jilt her," said Bertie, sulkingly. "I mean to make her believe that I don't fancy it will break her heart, either. I don't believe she likes me as much as she did, Philip."

"A good thing for her if she doesn't!" "I dare say. Anyhow, she leaves us tomorrow morning, and I shall write to her a mistake and—and—that it had better end."

"If she wants a check, I dare say my mother—"

"Oh, don't be such a confounded young cad," exclaimed Philip. "A check?—You seem to have a very wonderful opinion of Miss Dornton. I wonder you don't marry her yourself."

"Perhaps I may, if I get the chance of asking her and she will have me," answered the baronet. "When you have written your elegant epistle let me know. Now I'm going to turn in."

It was on the morning of the next day that one that Sir Philip, who had spent the previous afternoon in London, disturbed his mother's repose in the fashion alluded to. He told her that he was going to be married. Lady Whichels, wrapped in a dressing-gown, listened to him with athen checks.

"To Miss Dornton, yesterday. Bertie has jilted her, and I proposed yesterday. I don't suppose you'll be pleased, but she is the nicest girl I ever met in my life, and I mean to make her Lady Whichels."

"Bertie has jilted her," gasped the widow. "And you—you—"

"Yes; even I! Last month I scoffed, to-day I fall; perhaps it is a judgement on me. Perhaps it is a judgement on you for plotting her downfall as you did. I certainly should not have had the opportunity of falling in love with her if you hadn't. Anyhow, I worship the ground she walks on and we are engaged."

And what is more he married her, a fact from which an interesting moral may be drawn by ladies who fancy their abilities for diplomacy. The engaged dowager never forgave him, no; herself, and when she reflects that it was all entirely due to her own brilliant interference, she feels there are certain emotions which language is wholly inadequate to convey.—The Madam.

"Say, Jimmie, d'yer ma lick yer?" "Naw, you bet she didn't." "Gee! you got off easy." "Yep, you see she was 'raid I'd holler so loud I'd wake the baby!"

They Display Great Intelligence in the Prosecution of Work.

T. T. Lovelace of this city, who recently returned from the intercontinental railway through Central and South America, says one of the most interesting things to be seen in the tropics is the leaf-carrying ants' which are found as far south as thirty-five degrees south latitude, which corresponds to the northern part of South Carolina in the United States. "In the south latitude," says Mr. Lovelace, "I found one species entirely black and another with the head, middle segment, and legs of a reddish-brown color, while on Moro Island, nine degrees north latitude, I found one species entirely black and another entirely red. Here were two distinct species apparently, of leaf carriers, and what was more singular was the fact that Moro Island did not afford a single tree or bush for them to work on."

The leaf-carrying ant is peculiar to tropical America. The two species occupy different nests; they are never seen in the same roadways, and they always enter different holes; but these ants are such great burrowers that one could not say positively that the formicaries do not communicate with each other under ground. Their holes do not cross, and there is no communication between the holes above ground. As an experiment, members of one colony were transferred by hand to the path of another. There was no conflict. The strangers merely made haste to get away.

"Both species," continued Mr. Lovelace, "have the same habits, save that the red fellows are the most industrious. The black ones always 'knocked off' work in the heat of the afternoon, while the red ones struggled along all day, although three were fewer workers to be seen in the path between 12 and 4 o'clock. There being no trees on Moro Island to supply leaves for the ants, they gathered hay instead. A grass that grew close to the earth and produced short seed stalks was just coming in season. The seed heads were just popping out from their encircling sheaves when I was there, and these heads

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- Liverpool, Dec. 3, by Rev. Z. L. Park, Edward W. Dery to Agnes M. Whyatt.
Yarmouth, Dec. 3, by Rev. J. H. Foshat, J. H. Harris to D. to May Reynolds.
St. George, Nov. 27, Rev. Ronald Smith, Charles Goodell to Margie E. Fraser.
Rockland, Nov. 26, by Rev. H. D. Jordan, Armistead to Alice.
Blackville, Dec. 3, by Rev. T. G. Johnston, David W. Wales to Lena McKenzie.
St. George, Nov. 25, by Rev. Ronald E. Smith, Charles Cox to Minnie Gillice.
Scott's Village, Dec. 2, by Rev. Wm. W. Rees, Oliver Dodge to May Reynolds.
Halifax, Dec. 10, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, Edward Maxwell to Ella Mackay.
Kemptville, Nov. 20, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Arthur Harburt to Winifred Norman.
Pleasant River, Nov. 21, by Rev. James Besse to Joseph O'Leary to Lillian Demos.
New Glasgow, Nov. 20, by Rev. Andrew Rogers, George Holmes to Hannah McKenzie.
East Pubnico, Nov. 14, by Rev. C. E. McLean, William Goodwin to Lillian O'Leary.
St. Mary's, Dec. 3, by Rev. George S. Payson, Robert MacLellan to Margie Miller.
Little River, N. S., Nov. 21, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Herbert to Winifred Norman.
Mill Village, Nov. 20, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, Annie Masi Wright to Charles A. Young.
Charlottetown, Dec. 5, by Rev. G. M. Campbell, Nathaniel McCauley to Sarah Ann Bowen.
Lower Millstream, Nov. 14, by Rev. A. H. McLeod, Richard Redstone to Mrs. Julia Bennet.
Black River, Nov. 27, by Rev. J. Robertson, Charles B. McKenzie to Barbara B. McLaughlin.
Halifax, Dec. 5, by Rev. Foster Almon, Alexander Wilson to the Kings relative to Lena Monk.
St. Stephen, Dec. 4, by Rev. A. McKenzie, Hector Murdoch to Albertus Isabel MacEwen.

DIED.

- Amherst, Dec. 4, Amos Page, 92.
Halifax, Dec. 4, William Hart, 63.
Acadia, Dec. 4, Eliza Trevis, 67.
Shelburne, Nov. 28, Frank Blair, 22.
Kentville, D. C., 2, Gideon Strong, 65.
Bay Road, Nov. 27, James Boyd, 61.
Caledonia, Nov. 26, Clarence Johnson, 2.
Rutledge, Nov. 27, Lewis Edwards, 29.
Beaconsport, Nov. 24, Eva Johnson, 48.
Caledonia, Nov. 25, Mary A. McLean, 48.
Martock, Nov. 29, Richard Hater, 74.
Bristol, Nov. 26, William Mahaffy, 51.
St. John, Dec. 7, William S. Brown, 73.
Windsor, Nov. 30, Charles P. Shaw, 59.
Woolville, Nov. 26, Annie Alderick, 49.
Kowlesville, Dec. 11, Annie Currie, 27.
Halifax, Nov. 26, Mrs. C. J. Wright, 67.
Beach Meadows, Dec. 6, Cecil Watts, 62.
Turtle Creek, Dec. 7, Jacob O'Brien, 65.
Blissville, Nov. 20, Richardson Webb, 61.
Richibucto, Dec. 2, John W. Harnett, 63.
Dutch Brook, Nov. 5, John McDonald, 47.
New York, Dec. 1, M. V. Edwards, 46.
Fabius, Dec. 2, Mrs. John Brown, 73.
West Junction, Nov. 27, Ursh Phillips, 60.
Yarmouth, Nov. 14, Capt. Norman Bent, 62.
Sable Head, Nov. 22, Mr. John Westwell, 75.
Acadia Mines, Nov. 17, Mrs. Mary Carey, 72.
Fox Brook, Nov. 27, Mrs. Donald McKay, 62.
Woodstock, Nov. 27, Mrs. Edward Nelson, 29.
Westville, Dec. 2, Jennie, wife of J. T. Loyd, 25.
Manchester, N. H. Nov. 12, Mrs. Henry Hall, 24.
Fitchburg, Mass., Nov. 17, David R. Thomas, 74.
Sherwood Road, Dec. 1, Mrs. John Granville, 67.
St. John, Dec. 7, Elizabeth, wife of Robert Moore, 23.
Trenton, Nov. 29, Carrie, wife of Lyman O'Rourke.
New Glasgow, Dec. 2, Clarence, son of M. Muir, 51.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Dec. 12, Michael Hoban, 41.
Windsor, Nov. 30, Eliza, wife of Thomas Seymour, 49.
C. writes, Nov. 30, Lizzie B. wife of Wm. A. Cann, 35.
Caledonia, Dec. 3, Augusta J., widow of Lyander Hume.
Wickham, Dec. 5, Lavinia, widow of L. S. Vanwart, 45.
Smithville, N. S., Nov. 17, Mary, wife of Alfred Smith, 51.
Yarmouth, Dec. 1, Inez D. child of David and Mrs. Young, 2.
Beausville, Nov. 27, Allan P., child of Rev. J. K. Beausville, 2.
Cheverly, Dec. 1, Francis, widow of Capt. Jacob Foster, 63.
Maquelt Lake, Nov. 25, Mary, widow of Solomon Deaton, 76.
Halifax, Dec. 3, Vincent, child of Mary A. and John McKay, 1.
Halifax, Nov. 29, Gertrude Z. daughter of Arthur and Minnie Davis.
Round Hill, Dec. 1, Mrs. Mary Nicholl, widow of William Nicholl, 77.
St. Stephen, Dec. 5, Alvin C. Bartlett, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bartlett, 11 months.
Robbess, Dec. 8, Ernest L. rne, son of Dr. W. A. and Elizabeth Fairweather, 16.
Gravelly Ferry, Nov. 24, Marion G. child of C. W. and Joie McMill, 15 months.
Windsor, Nov. 26, Florence B., daughter of Arthur and Phoebe McDonald, 7 weeks.
Dartmouth, Dec. 2, Elizabeth, daughter of Robert C. and Isabella Hartable.
Sprinkhill, N. B., Nov. 18, Lillian, child of James B. and Jane A. Jackson, 7 weeks.
Campbell report, Dec. 5, Jane, youngest daughter of the late Alexander and Jane McLeod.
Middle Musquodoboik, Nov. 6, Ronald C., son of Edgar and Marion Archibald, 9 months.

BORN.

- Halifax, Dec. 4, to the wife of C. A. Baker of a son.
Truro, Dec. 5, to the wife of J. W. Dams, a son.
Halifax, Dec. 1, to the wife of Matthew Miller, a son.
Truro, Dec. 4, to the wife of W. R. Campbell, a son.
Halifax, Dec. 4, to the wife of E. A. Barker, a son.
Truro, Nov. 28, to the wife of J. F. Crowell, a son.
McAdam, Nov. 26, to the wife of C. J. Taber, a son.
Campbell, D. C., 1, to the wife of Thomas West, a son.
Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 29, to the wife of E. B. Olive, a son.
Freeston, Nov. 27, to the wife of Albert Thurber, a son.
Yarmouth, Dec. 3, to the wife of Arthur Cook, a son.
Halifax, Dec. 6, to the wife of Thos. F. Conners, a son.
Riverdale, Nov. 24, to the wife of Edmund Earle, a son.
Shelburne, Nov. 25, to the wife of Lewis Ryer, a son.
Hantsport, Nov. 14, to the wife of Alex. Bailey, a son.
Overton, Nov. 27, to the wife of William C. Cunn, a son.
Martock, Nov. 27, to the wife of William Muller, a daughter.
Halifax, Dec. 6, to the wife of James Stanhope, a daughter.
Grand Pra, Nov. 16, to the wife of A. Eagles, a daughter.
Shiles, Nov. 16, to the wife of Capt. John Patterson, a son.
Charlottetown, Dec. 5, to the wife of Stewart C. Moore, a son.
Margerville, Dec. 1, to the wife of Rev. Horace Dobbins, a son.
Yarmouth, Nov. 25, to the wife of Capt. Walter Lusk, a daughter.
Hutchinson, Mass., Nov. 20, to the wife of H. Walter Pookman, a daughter.
Pleasant Lake, Nov. 27, to the wife of Whitfield Butterwell, a daughter.
Windsor Forks, Nov. 26, to the wife of Leslie Taylor, twins, boy and girl.
Richibucto, Nov. 27, to the wife of Captain Ruas Curwin, twins, boy and girl.
Tokio Japan, Oct. 12, to the wife of Rev. J. W. Wosman, formerly of Fredericton, a son.

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