

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

ABOUT THE POOR HOUSE.

CERTAIN RULES HAD TO BE MADE FOR GOOD REASONS.

One of Which was to Protect the Women—Certain Visitors Wanted to see Them—The Clergy and Other People Anxious for the Moral Welfare of the Inmates.

These people who know the sunny honest nature of Superintendent Woods, of the almshouse, could hardly believe the story that he had ill-treated or ill-used one of the inmates.

The inmate in question was Alec McDonald, a poor unfortunate in so far as the shape of his legs are concerned. Every one who has been around town for any time knows the young man in question and his no doubt pined deformity which makes him an object of sympathy and a butt, it must be confessed, to the hard-hearted youngsters who are always looking for something out of the ordinary to comment upon. No doubt it was these same bad boys who gave Alec the nick name of "Alec the Moose" though, where the comparison comes is not so apparent unless it is in the shape of his legs.

But in spite of this deformity Alec is an able bodied fellow, strong in chest and arms and, as it has been proved since, of not the most amiable disposition. For years he has existed rather than lived and finally he was sent to the almshouse to be cared for at the expense of the county.

He always gave the superintendent a deal of trouble but he kept fairly quiet when he was around the house. Some time ago he took advantage of his absence and nearly frightened the women folk out of their wits by his extraordinary actions and language. Her tongue seemed to be especially directed against Mrs. Cunningham the matron, and, while of course his threats and accusations might well pass unheeded yet language so vile as he used would not be listened to in any institution. He got a severe warning when Mr. Woods returned and that seemed to quiet him for a time. Then again when Mr. Wood was absent he took a dislike to the old man who keeps the fire in the furnace going and he gave him such a thumping that the poor old fellow had to go to bed. This was the straw that broke Mr. Woods back and Alec was sent adrift.

But where was he to go. He got a lodging at the Seaman's Mission, and the next day he was sent back to the Almshouse again for three months by the magistrate. This places the authorities of that institution in a curious position. They have an unruly character there that they have no power to control and yet they have got to take him. There should be a workhouse for such as Alec.

Incidentally, in connection with the story, the regulation respecting admittance to the institution was brought up and the restriction respecting visitors condemned. There is another side to this story and perhaps it had better be told.

Some restriction in regard to visitors seem to be very necessary and the reasons that led to the adoption of the present rule requiring a visiting permit from a commissioner will occur to most sensible people as wise and proper.

It is well known that among the inmates of the institution are some, if not many young girls and women, some of them young and attractive, some of them middle aged, who have wandered from the paths of rectitude and were forced to such a refuge in the Almshouse. These women usually remain there a reasonable time after their illness, and perhaps it is not a strange thing that proprietors or proprietresses of houses of ill fame should seek recruits in such a quarter. At any rate a well known woman of evil repute went there one day in her barouche to interview a few of these departers from virtue, presumably to induce them to go down the hill of vice to the bottom. That was enough in itself to persuade the commission that some restriction was necessary but another incident that happened soon after clinched the matter.

A swarthy looking fellow, who said he came from the State of Maine, called at the office of an official of the institution one day and told him that he had been out to the Almshouse looking over the girls and he wanted to make arrangements to get a couple or three of them to take with him to the State of Maine. He said he was in the lumber business and gave some more information about himself. The official looked him over and then told him that

the commissioners were to meet that very afternoon and he could go before them and make his request. He was a sharp fellow and didn't show up at the meeting.

If another reason was needed to keep out visitors without a permit perhaps the fact that a few young men had a habit of visiting their sweethearts while there would be sufficient. No doubt it appears strange that there should be any love-making under such circumstances and perhaps the officials thought it was out of place too for it was stopped.

And the ministers—what about them? What led to the regulation respecting the visits of clergymen for the purpose of holding services there? Well, all the denunciations were so eager and so anxious to keep the good old people in the Almshouse in the straight and narrow path, that upon one occasion they clashed, and there was a slight unpleasantness. And so the services are now confined to the two paid chaplains.

After all it is difficult to run the affairs of such an institution so that everybody will be pleased and especially to please those who are curious enough to want to drive or walk out and see "who is in the Almshouse." That is the sort of curiosity the commissioners endeavor to suppress but when any person wants to see an inmate who is a relative then there is no difficulty in getting a permit.

MRS. PEACOCK'S AFFECTIONS.
A Jury of Seven Good and True, Says They Were Only Worth \$350.

The value of a wife's affections has been placed at \$350 by an intelligent jury of St. John citizens.

Mr. William Peacock thought the love of his wife was worth \$10,000 to him and that was the amount he asked from Charles Damery for the alienation of her affection, but the jury listened to her and his story and then they listened to Damery and the Counsel and the judge, and after mature consideration thought Damery should pay \$350.

That was the verdict in the case spoken of in PROGRESS last week. No doubt Damery thought it was too much but he had to abide by the decision of the jury. Who can tell what the result would have been had Mrs. Peacock allowed her features to be visible during the trial. If they possessed the same charm for the jury as they evidently do for Mr. Peacock the members of that deliberate body might have agreed with him and placed a high valuation upon wifely affection.

Peacock keeps a liquor saloon on Sheriff street in the North-end and no doubt makes a comfortable living. According to the evidence Mrs. Peacock possesses considerable property in her own right, and even if her husband had failed to get a verdict against Damery would not have had to go to the poor house for lack of means.

One of the witnesses for Damery was Mrs. Robertson who was his housekeeper at the time of his wife's death and for some period before. Her evidence so far as it related to herself was more interesting than what she had to say in favor of Damery. Part of it was briefly summarized in PROGRESS regarding her husband's unwillingness to support her and that they had lived apart for three years during which time she had not seen or heard from her former lord and master.

Now it happened at the time Katie Robertson was giving her version of the affairs, Douglas Robertson, her husband, was in town having arrived as second mate of the *Bessie Markham*. He read PROGRESS last Saturday and when he saw the statement of his wife that he couldn't or wouldn't support her, he wasn't the best pleased man in town. Finally after thinking it over he came to PROGRESS and told his end of the story.

He is a fine looking fellow of whose appearance, at any rate, any woman might be proud and he does not seem to have suffered any by his experience on the sea. He knew what he was talking about too, and didn't want to touch upon any other subject regarding his wife other than her statement that he didn't support her. That he had sent her money from many ports, and regularly, he could prove by the entries of the different captains he had sailed with, in his book, for the captains he said always forwarded his money and charged it in his account book as so much sent to wife as well as placing it on the ships books. When he sailed in the vessels, *Antwerp*, *Annapolis*, *Asia*, *Vancouver* he was earning \$30 a month and had always

sent his wife half of that amount and, when after that, he was in the coasting trade his wife got all of his wages. Then after that he was three years in the big ship Kings County, and in that time he had sent his wife \$970 and upon another occasion in England he had sent an order for £10, and £24 from Rio Janeiro. And he gave many other instances. Then when he came home he found his wife out to service and she would not leave and set up housekeeping. So that made the split and she chose to remain at service rather than leave her own house. He had not seen her for two years and three months.

This is Robertson's story and as he appeared anxious to have it told PROGRESS tells it. No doubt he wants his friends to know the reason of the separation as he understands it. The matter would never have arisen but for his wife's evidence at the Damery trial.

HOW REPORTERS ARE FOOLED.
They Rush After Exaggerated Stories To Find Them Bubbles.

There are incidents in connection with the making of news that often have more of human interest in them than the news itself for instance, the rumors that sometimes reach the workers on the press, when traced back to their sources are rather humorous.

This week word went out of a remarkable rescue at Turnbull's slip. It was told with bated breath to one or two of the reporters on the papers of how a lad named Jones, an employ of John Sealy's, fell into the slip, and how Samuel Ellingwood, a deck-hand on the Steamer *Flushing*, leaped without hesitation into the rushing tide at imminent danger to his life, and bravely rescued the lad. It was also told how the tide was sweeping along past the slip at a great rate and that none but the bravest swimmer would have attempted a rescue. Then, parenthetically, it was observed that Ellingwood had in this way rescued three lives from drowning.

The reporters saw a column story looming up so they rushed to the wharf to find out the full details. Then to their surprise they found that the water was at the flood at the time the accident happened, about half past two in the afternoon, and the slip where the lad fell in was as calm and placid as a mill pond. Furthermore, it was learned that Ellingwood had tried to reach over from the wharf and pull the boy out and in so doing had fallen in. Furthermore, he could not swim a stroke and both he and the boy had to be rescued by Capt. Ingersoll and another of the men of the *Flushing*.

Such was the story that went abroad and such were the facts and, what the reporters always like, a good story of brave deeds, was nipped in the bud. This is not meant to reflect on the courage or bravery of Ellingwood. The occasion did not necessitate any great heroic part and if it had, he might have been equal to it.

Magistrate Ritchie is Sarcastic.

Magistrate Ritchie is sarcastic upon occasions and there is no doubt that he has plenty of opportunities for sarcasm. He was especially struck with the activity of the police last Saturday night when they caught an old widow woman, Mrs. McDade, mulling a glass of ale for her own drink and reported her, and he congratulated the force upon the fact that the millenium had so nearly approached that there was no selling liquor on Saturday night in St. John. Was the magistrate sarcastic? Who will say he wasn't?

The Laborer Slept at his Work.

The life of the checkers at Sand Point is not all beer and skittles, sometimes they have considerable time on their hands but frequently when there is a rush of steamers they work all day and all night for some days in succession and tally the cargoes almost in their sleep. It is pretty nearly the same way with the laborers and the other night one of them dropped a nice soft bale of goods on the warehouse floor and then fell in it and went right to sleep.

Trustee Gray is Still Obdurate.

The Fairville school difficulty, the story of which was told in PROGRESS some weeks ago, remains in statu quo and there are no new developments. Dr. Gray has not yet resigned the chairmanship of the school committee and the Fairville people say that they are afraid he won't. It looks as if he was holding on now just for spite which is not in the best interest of education in the milling suburb.

THESE BIRDS ARE DEAR.

THEY MAY COST FROM TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mr. Harrington Proposes to Carry Out the Nova Scotia Game Law, and is After Senator McKeen's Household—The Caterer is In For Trouble Too.

HALIFAX, Jan. 13.—The Nova Scotia game society has been supposed by many to have been run in the interest of the wealthy few rather than on behalf of the poorer many. The events of the past day or two would seem to show that this is not the case or, at least, that the law is being enforced against the rich as well as against the poor. C. S. Harrington is the legal adviser of the society and he has sent fear and trembling into the heart not only of one of our wealthiest people but one of the society leaders of Halifax. The vengeance of the society, for an infraction of the law making a close season for partridges has fallen on the family of Hon. Senator McKeen, the hospitable owner of lovely Maplewood, on the banks of the North West Arm. It was last September that the accomplished wife of the senator decided to give a dinner to certain members of the 400. The function was duly arranged in a style appropriate to the handsome mansion in which it was to be held and the hospitality of the lady who was to be the hostess. Plump partridges were desired. True, they were not in the season, but the hospitable lady knew not that the game society had made it a crime then to eat of this bird.

She sought the good offices of her virtuallers, J. A. Leaman & Co., but they were law-abiding men and with a wholesome fear of infringing the Queen's laws in her jubilee year politely regretted their inability to fill the order. The lady then betook herself to a Barrington street dealer and he, obliging man that he was, delivered to her in a short time eight or ten brace of fine birds.

How it came about no one can tell but the matter was brought to the attention of the game society officials and now they are about to exact the extreme penalty from the too hospitable lady who provided for the entertainment of her guests at the expense of the Nova Scotia game laws.

This society has ramifications extending into every game centre in the country, with active agents, who have done good service for true sport in enforcing the laws, which the society from time to time has secured from the legislature. They have been untiring in their efforts to preserve the natural game of Nova Scotia's woods and groves for legitimate sport, and so far they have earned the gratitude of all good citizens. To that end they have proscribed the shooting of partridge between the 1st day of December to the 15th day of September anywhere in Nova Scotia. Further, no person is permitted to have partridge in his or her possession in the close season—at least, if they have it will cost them for each bird so had the sum of \$5 to \$10, according to the leniency of the magistrate before whom the charge is laid. Should any person be so bold as to sell, or even buy, such a game bird "until after the lapse of three days from the end of any close season," it is a much more serious matter and the penalty is \$25, to be recovered before a magistrate.

Senator McKeen was written to by the officers of the society, but as far as can be learned there has been no response to the communication.

It is understood that Mr. Young, a caterer, who supplied game out of season at a ball given by the naval officers before their departure for the south last season will also be prosecuted.

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE TO.

A Chance for a Discovery Syndicate to get in Some Work.

There is a chance for a disappearance syndicate to get in some work in connection with the disappearances from the Provincial Lunatic Asylum of three persons lately. The individuals have passed from sight as completely as though they had been swallowed up in the earth. There was the man named Wilson, of Kings county, who escaped from the asylum some two months or more ago and has never been heard of since. Then later, there was the Duke girl, of Hampton, who jumped into the falls and whose body was never recovered. Lastly there was Mrs. Gallant who was allowed to leave the asylum to pay a Xmas visit to her home at Randolph, and who fled from there and has been lost from the sight of man. Probably

the falls could a tale, unfold, could their greedy lips but speak. Many people have been lost in the falls whose bodies have never been recovered and whether there are currents deep down that only come to the surface to breathe away out in the bay, or what is the reason can only be a matter of conjecture.

MRS. NASE FINDS NEW QUARTERS.
She Returns From Boston and Avoids the Smith Family.

And so at last Mrs. Nase of Indian town and her relatives in Court's Block are separated, that is as far as the matter of one roof is concerned. Shortly after the abusive language and assault case was terminated in the courts, the lady in question sought mental recreation and rest in Boston. Last week she returned, but instead of putting up at her own home in the historic building on Bridge street, she went to the home of her mother-in-law on Main street and it is said will remain there until "the summer comes again."

This is no doubt the last page of the semi-sensational little volume "Smith vs. Nase" and proves undoubtedly the victory gained by the former party. Whether it is the building that may be termed the "hoodoo" or not may remain an open question but the fact is plain it has been the theatre of many a vein of truest comedy and on the other hand some real dramatical situations. Tragedy in no wise entered into the frequent productions but at times a dash of extravaganzas was quite apparent. Now that the domestic ocean of disagreement has subsided and the trophies of both the Smith and Nase households, brooms, dust-pans, mats, effigies etc., have been gilded and given prominent positions among the treasures and heirlooms of each family, peace may be expected and that they all may "live happily ever after."

ALD. HAMM CHANGED HIS MIND.

And by Voting the Other Way Threw Cold Water on Exemption.

One of the most interesting features of the administration of the present board of aldermen was their action on the cold storage proposition a few days ago. They then decided not to grant the promoters of the industry freedom from taxation, though they had at a previous meeting decided in favor of granting the exemption. Ald. Hamm changed his mind and voted against the exemption. The granting of exemption from taxation requires a two-thirds vote, and at the previous meeting Ald. Christie, Purdy, McGoldrick, McPherson and Millidge had voted nay and the other ten aldermen yea. Mayor Robertson gave his casting vote in favor and so the promoters were happy. But when Ald. Hamm joined the minority, the vote stood nine to six and so the exemption could not be granted. The city has never since the union granted an exemption to the Parkes cotton mill. If they wanted to establish a precedent at all they would have to look a long while before they would find an industry that was more in the nature of a public need—as a portion of the winter port equipment than the cold storage scheme.

A Practical View.

A young lad of six years swallowed an American cent a day or two ago. He claims to be somewhat of a magician and has frequently entertained his young companions by telling of what he could do in the way of swallowing knives, etc. and bringing them out of his shoes and blouses. On the occasion on which he actually indulged in this work, the greatest confusion prevailed in the domestic circle. A little brother a year younger was told to go at once for a physician who lived next door. The mother's command was "hurry" but the youngster went on with his play, and looking up unconcernedly at his mother remarked: "Oh! well, mamma that's all right, he's always talking about swallowin' things and bringing them out his pants legs. I guess he can manage a cent all right."

Drew The Blue at Window Washing.

The ways of business men are various. A Montreal man doing business on Prince William street went into his office one day this week and asked one of his clerks to wash the windows up at his house. "No, I will not," replied the clerk, "I wasn't hired for that." "Well, consider yourself discharged," responded his employer. Then he asked his other clerk to do the task but received the same reply so he discharged him also and paid him off. But the employer will not be likely to find anyone in St. John who will do his clerical work and also wash the windows of his private residence when he wants him to.

A FROLICKSOME PARTY.

TWO HUNDRED BOYS HAD HONOR FOR THEIR HORN

For a Short Time in the Holidays and Made the Hearts of the Mothers Sad and the Souls of Workmen Glad—How They Enjoyed Themselves and Were Improved.

MONCTON, Jan. 12.—The second maritime conference of the boys' branch of the Y. M. C. A., met in Moncton during the closing week of the old year, and after a session of much enjoyment and, according to the public statements of the members themselves, much spiritual refreshment and help, they bade an affectionate adieu last week to their youthful conferees, and kind entertainers in the railway city, and turned their bright young faces towards their respective homes.

Doubtless many of them hailed the moment of departure with unmixed joy, as they were most emphatically too young to be trusted away from home without the fostering care of either of their mothers or nurses; but the majority expressed sincere regret when the hour of parting came.

There were nearly two hundred delegates in all, and they ranged in age from the experienced man of the world, whose twenty one or two years of life had given him a knowledge of the world, and a familiarity with the abstruse problems of religion which many a graybeard might envy, down to the tender infant whose emotions so overcame him at bedtime that he grew homesick and wept pitifully to be taken home. Naturally the latter were the cause of some embarrassment to their entertainers, who had not taken the contract for running a private nursery, but such cases were of course exceptional, and on the whole the delegates were a merry crowd, filled to the brim with youthful hilarity and boyish vivacity. Evidently their religion had had a most vivifying and uplifting effect upon them, and those who did not serve as shining object lessons of all that the youthful male of the human family should be in the households where they were entertained during their stay in town, at least kept their hosts from ennui while they abode with them.

One lady generously undertook to provide for five of these frolicsome little christians, and the first night she turned them all into the one corral—provided them with a large airy chamber containing two beds. The dear boys had such a lovely time all together that they managed to break down the beds and the next night their hostess was forced to find separate apartments for her lively guests. The chances for fun were lessened by this arrangement, but to the lofty spirit obstacles only serve as so many additional incentives to redoubled efforts; and that was the case with the young christians for they forthwith changed their field of operations, took possession of the upper hall, and organized a pillow fight in which both sides and the umpire so distinguished themselves that what was left of pillows and pillow cases after the fray was scarcely worth gathering up.

Another confiding matron housed three of these youthful soldiers of the cross, and her experience was almost as interesting. The youths were evidently firm believers in the oft quoted proverb that cleanliness is next to godliness, so they decided to apply it by taking a bath shortly after their arrival. Whether they were anxious to economize time or water has not transpired so far, but they filled the bath tub to its utmost capacity, and then all got in at once. To say that a miniature Niagara Falls descended into the room below is to express it too mildly, worse still, the greater part of the plaster descended also, and the soul of the hostess is probably so embittered against the genus small boy, that should a swarm of them be loosed upon the citizens on some future occasion, it is extremely improbable that she will add her name to the list of those who are willing to open the doors of their homes to them, and try to make their visit pleasant.

The wisdom of landing nearly two hundred boys on the citizens of Moncton during the Christmas holidays when everyone was either absorbed by the cares of the holiday season, or bad guests of their own, was questioned by thinking people when it was first suggested and when those in charge found that they were short of just fifty homes, for the expected delegates, they probably realized when too late that they had made a mistake. However the citizens responded nobly to the extra call upon their resources, many who had thought they would be unable to take any, making room for two or three, and we are confidently assured that the boys had a delightful as well as improving time, which was, after all, the only thing that really mattered much.

The peace which followed their departure was so deep and all prevailing in many

households, it must have seemed like a forest of heaven, and the heart of the plumber, the plasterer, and the furniture man rejoiced; so that probably comprised the greatest good to the greatest number, which is of course a most desirable state of things, and about as near a modern Utopia as we can hope to get.

A TALKING STORY.

A Blacksnake Really Frightened a Cow to Death.

An unusual story of animals comes from a farm near Starucca, Pa. A farmer noticed one of his cows making repeated and furious charges at a dense thicket on the farm. The animal, which seemed infuriated, rushed at the underbrush again and again, striking the thicket with its horns and bellowing long and hard. An investigation by the owner of the animal showed that she was fighting a big blacksnake and trying to stamp it to death with her fore feet. The thicket was an isolated clump of laurels and the snake did not seem disposed to leave it and trust its life in the open country.

Finally the cow lowered her head and attempted to impale the snake on her horns. In an instant the snake sprang on the cow's head and coiled itself about her horns. The cow was dazed for an instant and then set off on a run, occasionally kneeling to rub herself against the ground, but she was unable to rid herself of her enemy. The cow seemed finally to realize that all her efforts were useless and set off at a full gallop. The men on the farm made an effort to follow her and turn her back. When cornered she would charge everything in sight. She bellowed herself hoarse with terror and foam came from her mouth and blood from her nostrils. Her sides were distended and she panted as though her very hide would burst. Whenever the men approached to kill the snake the poor cow, half crazed, would start off again, tossing her head in the vain effort to shake the snake off. But the reptile kept its hold with wonderful tenacity. It was not seen to strike the cow, but it seemed to enjoy its ride and to take pleasure in torturing the animal that bore it. Occasionally the snake would half untwist itself and its head would play before the cow's eyes. On these occasions the poor animal would bellow with terror and go backward in an endeavor to escape from the snake. Finally the brute dropped from sheer exhaustion and panted out her life. The snake was immediately dispatched and on being measured was found to be over six feet in length.—Chicago Chronicle.

Tapestry of an Empress.

A Paris correspondent writes: The Gobelins are engaged on a tapestry for the Empress Alexandria which they expect to finish by May 1, 1900. It represents the original painting of Marie Antoinette and her children that hangs at the Elysee. The painter was Mme. Vigee Lebrun. The young empress was greatly struck by its beauty, and thought it deeply interesting. M. Faure made a note of this, and asked the fine arts minister to consult with the director of the Gobelins as to the best means to secure a good copy. Three of the best artist weavers were set to work last February. They work alternately, so as to be busy only two days in the week, and thus keep their eyes fresh. They are now at the figures. The dyeing and sorting of the wools was a tedious and troublesome work.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

Proclaim in no Uncertain Sound the Pain Annihilating Properties of South American Rheumatic Cure.

Here's evidence enough to convince the most skeptical that South American Rheumatic Cure does all that is claimed for it. Mrs. Parkin, of Binbrook, completely cured of sciatica with four bottles. W. McFarlane, of Hamilton, laid up several weeks with acute rheumatism. Three bottles cured him. Mr. Sinclair of Hamilton, over 70 years old, could not raise his hand to his head from rheumatism. Three bottles cured him. Mr. Adams, of Hamilton—sciatica so bad could not walk—cured in four days—and thousands more.

A Plucky Young Lady.

A remarkable act of pluck and bravery on the part of one of the gentler sex was displayed at Wissahickon station, on the Reading Railway, on Saturday last. A bevy of young ladies who were out on a nutting picnic from West Philadelphia, were waiting for a trolley car to convey them to Norristown. A man much the worse for liquor came walking along the station platform and just as a train was approaching attempted to cross the tracks. One of the young ladies saw his danger and quicker than a flash she jumped on the track, seized the unfortunate man by the nape of the neck and threw him out of harm's way. The next moment the train rushed past. All the girls and the rescued

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victim got a ourd the trolley car, and before they reached Roxborough the man sobbed up sufficiently to realize the pearl he had been in, and to show his gratitude offered to marry the girl at sight. She, however, declined on the plea that it was the first offer she had ever had.—Philadelphia Record.

French Army Discipline.

Discipline is evidently a factor in the French army, at two incidents which have just occurred during a single sitting of a court-martial at Tunis go to prove. A soldier belonging to one of the African battalions, brought up on a charge of disobedience, when asked what he had to say in his defense, shouted, 'You are a lot of swine and drinkers of blood,' and was promptly sentenced to ten years' hard labor. The man who was introduced after him was accused of a similar offense, and the usual questions with a view to establishing his identity had scarcely been addressed to him when he tore a button off his tunic and flung it at the face of the president. For this offence he was condemned to death.—Boston Transcript.

Take Advertisements.

It has become so common to write on various subjects, articles which end with an advertisement that we shall not follow this course. Our one wish is simply to draw attention in as clear a way as possible to the merits of *Morin's Creso-Phates Wine*, in order to induce every one to give it a trial, which would prove its value to such an extent that in the future, they will not make use of any other remedy.

Morin's Creso-Phates Wine eases and cures coughs, bronchitis, phthisis, la grippe and other maladies of the pulmonary and respiratory tubes.

Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., Druggists, Quebec

Sirs,
Your *Morin's Creso-Phates Wine* is the best remedy that I know for severe coughs and neglected colds.

I have used and found it to be what guaranteed.

GUSTAVE LEMIEUX, Dentist. Montreal.

Dr. Ed. Morin & Co., Quebec, Gentlemen.

Having used your *Morin's Creso-Phates Wine* for bronchitis, I was promptly and radically cured. Cannot over recommend it.

REMI GOHIER, Montreal.

The Wise Proprietor.

Guest—in cheap restaurant—Here, waiter; this meal is simply vile. I won't pay for it. Where's the proprietor? Waiter—He's out to lunch, Sir.

Snell's Shorthand

is the simplest system extant—fastest also, mastered in 10 days, 100 to 140 words a minute written in three months. Best system, children learn it; no shade, no positions and connective vowels. Learn it by mail, lessons free, ask.

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to leave our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$200. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. Best size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 359, St. John, N. B.

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

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

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

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Robbsey for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Tins property about one and a half miles from Robbsey Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec-casts. Best reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenely, Barrister-at-Law, Fargaley Building. 24 6-4

THE BEAUTY OF OUR NEW SYSTEM.....

Of business practice is that it does not require us to discard any of the essential features of our former system. The same thoroughness which has always characterized our work will be continued, and new students will get even more thorough training than former graduates, who now hold almost every important position in St. John.

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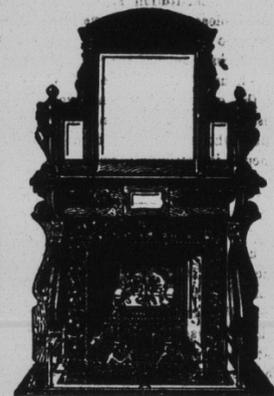
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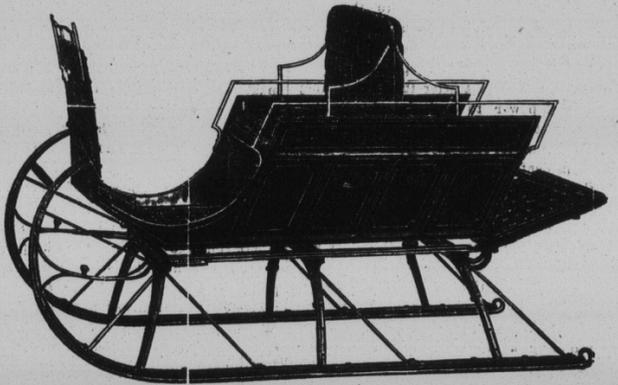
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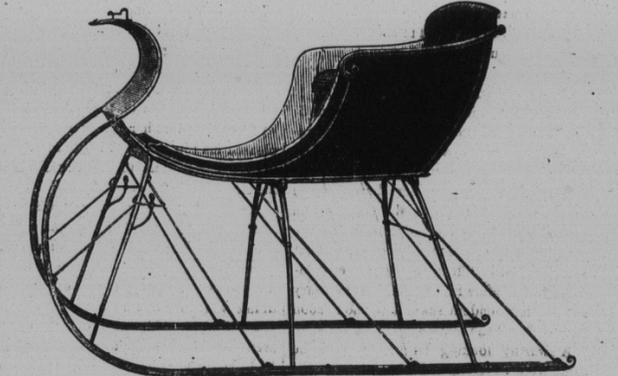
EMERSON & FISHER. Merry Sleigh Bells.

Snow is here and with it the same jingle of Sleigh Bells—They sound better from a good turnout, and John Edgecombe & Sons of Fredericton have the finest in the Country.



This is The Ever Popular Gladstone.

Always a favourite with families—Always comfortable and a handsome turnout. The price is greatly reduced this year.



A Light Speeding Sleigh.

Suitable for pleasure at all times and for a business man's business driving. Strongly built and easy to ride in.

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Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

There has been a death of local musical events of late, and the only concert of note that is mentioned is a month distant. The St. John Vocal Society through its Honorary Secretary, announces two grand concerts in February, under the direction of W. Edgar Buck. So far as particulars can be gleaned from the advertisement, there will be "80 trained voices in unaccompanied part songs and choruses." Eighty trained voices! Where will they come from? Not that so many good voices could not be found in this city, but the task of training them must be stupendous.

Mr. Buck also promises to make his bow to a St. John audience for the first time as a bass soloist. He must mean in the opera house for if I mistake not quite a distinguished company had the pleasure of hearing him on the steamship Gallia at the luncheon given by the manager of the Beaver Line. He left no question of his ability upon that occasion and equal pleasure will no doubt be the portion of those who hear him in the opera house.

By the way, speaking of the Gallia luncheon—though an event of the past now—what good singers were present upon that occasion! Mr. Mayes was there and had two splendid selected songs, then Prof. Buck and Messrs Sutherland and Vroom. The last named gentlemen are in demand at every social gathering at which they are present and they are always ready to respond with something old and popular or something new.

I notice that the Hispania club of Halifax which, we know, came to St. John a year or two ago, is still active and preparing to give the comic opera Prince Tommy Atkins in the Academy. One of the newspapers, commenting upon their work says that most every night something is being done at their rooms, either in the way of scenery construction or in practice of choruses and solos. The scenery in two acts represents a sort of colonnade and courtyard of a palace. The principal features are of course pedestals and columns and panels, but the details are carefully provided for, so that the impression is quite Grecian, although the plot of the piece is laid in the moon—a sort of anachronism, one would almost say. In the third act the scenery presents the steps and massive door of a temple relieved by heavy pedestals. The musical and literary part of the opera is full of the genius of R. P. Greenwood and W. E. Delaney. With the exception of two finales the music is entirely the work of Mr. Delaney. Some of it is catchy, other portions beautiful and bright, and all is arranged so that the part is thoroughly adapted to the artist. Every voice is studied and music made to suit it so that the voices, individually and jointly, will be heard to best advantage. The finales of acts one and three are the only portions of the music borrowed, and these are popular marches which Mr. Delaney has arranged for voices.

Boston Musical critics are talking about John Philip Sousa's new opera, "The Bride Elect" which was presented in the Boston Theatre last week. One critic says that every one in town is talking of the emphatic success which "The Bride Elect," is now scoring on the stage of the Boston theatre. Its reception there at the hands of as many people as the big playhouse could possibly hold was the most cordial, and the applause accorded it the most enthusiastic ever given to an American operatic production. The entire credit for the book and music belongs to "The March King" himself, Mr. Sousa. On the opening night every solo and every concerted number was applauded and redemanded until the singers themselves rebelled from sheer weariness.

The scene of the opera is laid in the Island of Capri in the Bay of Naples at a mystical time when that small bit of land was supposed to be divided into two kingdoms. The excellent opportunities offered for the display of picturesque scenery and beautiful costumes have been taken to the utmost advantage of by the producing managers, and at the beginning of every act the curtain rises on an artistic and effective stage picture.

The plot of the opera revolves about the misfortunes of King Papagalfo in his attempt to reap the reward of his victory over the Queen of Capri, which was the hand of her daughter Minuetta, who is in love with one Guido, and in order to escape becoming the wife of the imperious and unattractive king, she bargains with a party of brigands to have him abducted. The end of it all is that the lovers are of course united after many complications.



THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

and tribulations, and the curtain falls finally on the third and last act on a scene of happiness for all.

The music calls for the highest praise. It is of that ear-catching jingle and rollicking kind so admirably adapted to gratify popular taste and combines a number of the best march rhythms that the genius of Sousa has ever evolved. This is particularly the case with reference to the march at the finale of the second act, the most striking composition of all which invariably brings forth veritable frenzies of applause. The orchestration of the opera is vigorous, and the chorus singing fine.

Now, just to show you that authorities on opera are as widely different at times as authorities in law, I will give the opinion of another critic who says that The Bride Elect was a disappointment. It was not what was expected from the "march king" and the composer of "El Capitan." The most obtrusive fault is in the book. Mr. Sousa might better have been content to share the merits of his new opera with some one of a more literary or poetic turn of mind than his. The plot is so obscure and

disconnected as to have practically no claim upon the interest.

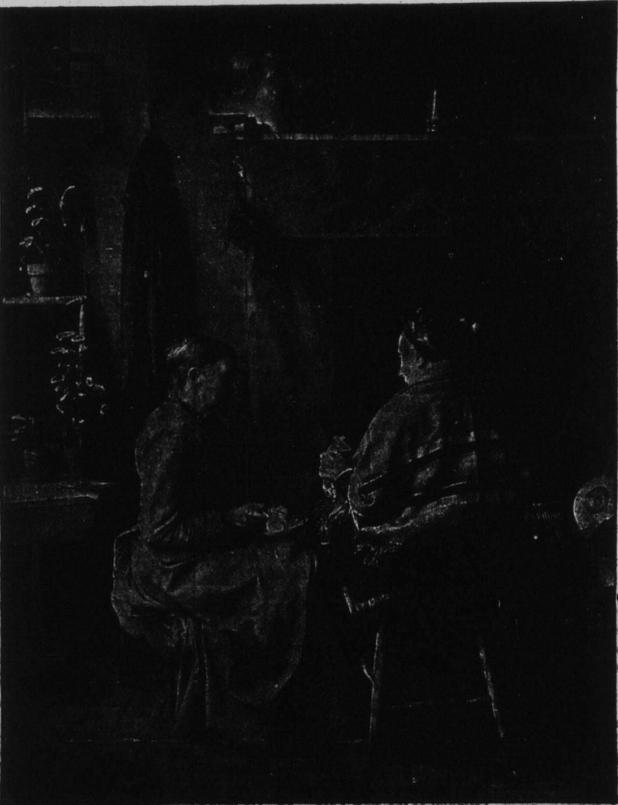
Mr. Sousa seems to have set himself to work very seriously and very conscientiously to produce the most ambitious product of his career. A higher plane is set for everything in "The Bride Elect" than is usually expected from comic opera, and the result is not altogether satisfying. There is practically no humor, the music of the first two acts is unimpressive, and there is nothing to bestir the risibilities, or even to set the feet tapping until the finale of the second act.

It's the best thing in the whole opera, this military finale, a march song equal to anything Sousa has ever written,—full of the martial spirit, vitality and melody, imposing and picturesque in its mounting, magnificent in its rendering. Just what one expects from Sousa—what he has been waiting for through two acts.

The last act is a conglomerate of popular airs from all sources which give it a strong variety flavor and unpleasant contrast to the would-be dignity of what happens before

"You pay your money and you take our choice."

Miss Marie Barna whose beautiful voice delighted the people of the maritime province during the visit of Sousa's Band in 1894 (Mr. McLaughlin's engagement) has since reached the bright pinnacle of operatic success and is at the present time appearing at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, in grand opera sharing the honors with Melba and Gadski. The performances are under the direction alternately of Walter Damrosch and Signor Bimboni and in the company appear such names as Toronto, Kraus, and Standige. The three great singers appear as prima donna on different nights. The parts assigned to Marie Barna are Brumhilde in Siegfried and Sieglinde in Die Walkure which are sung in German. Melba appears as Juliette in Romeo and Juliette in French, and Gadski as Elizabeth in Tannhauser. In this opera Barna appears as Venus. Since singing in St. John, Marie Barna has appeared with the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, and Boston Symphony Orchestra. She also studied in Paris with Zinka



AN AFTERNOON CHAT.

and Sbriglia. In Italy she filled an engagement during the winter months singing in Faust, Lohengrin and other operas and was presented by Puccini with a handsomely bound edition of his opera La Boheme including some of the original manuscript, so well pleased was he with her singing. The many friends of Marie Barna in the provinces will await with interest further news of her musical triumphs and will anticipate with genuine pleasure a second visit, should they be so highly favored.

"I yield to no one in my admiration for Wagner's genius, and I further think that I hold the record in financial appreciation of his works," remarked John Philip Sousa a few nights ago. "Six years ago, when I was travelling in Europe, I had the pleasure of paying at the rate of \$1 a minute for the privilege of listening to "Tannhauser," and I feel confident that not even the most rabid of all Wagnerites could do more. Before sailing for Europe I had confidently promised myself the pleasure of attending at least one performance at Bayreuth, but, owing to some change in my plans, I did not reach Nuremberg until the day before the final performance. From this quaint old town I telegraphed to Paul Miesch, a New York musician, who was playing 'cello in the Bayreuth orchestra, to secure seats for me. Not hearing from him the next morning I did not deem it advisable to take my wife with me, with the possibility of not being able to secure a seat staring me in the face, but went alone.

"Arriving at Bayreuth I walked up the hill to the theatre, only to find that my friends had been unable to purchase a seat for me. Here I found many Americans I knew, but their commiseration was all the solace for my disappointments they could offer. When the first notes of the overture to "Tannhauser" sounded I retired to the rear by frame structure where very admirable beer and sausages are dispensed for a modest sum, and endeavored to appreciate the humorous aspects of the occasion. There I was an American musician to whom a Wagner performance at Bayreuth had been a long contemplated treat, obliged to sit outside the theatre after travelling so many miles to be present.

"After the first act my American friends all came out to tell me how great the performance was. They meant well, no doubt, but I could not appreciate their kindness and refused to be comforted. Among those present was a German-American from somewhere out West, who, seeing my really great disappointment, finally offered me the temporary loan of his ticket on the condition that I should remain only for one number. I accepted with thanks of course, for a crumb of Wagner at Bayreuth is better than no Wagner bread at all. Just as the heralds appeared before the theatre to sound the announcement of the second act my new found friend apparently repented of his rashness in trusting his precious ticket to a stranger, and in order to sustain no financial loss through any possible neglect on my part to return he hurriedly said:

"That will cost you \$5, Mr. Sousa."

"Without a murmur I handed over the amount in German currency and hastened to my seat. I took several good looks around the theatre, listened to one number of "Tannhauser," and then, summoning an usher, I pretended to be suddenly ill and left the theatre. My new friend appeared vastly relieved when I came back to him and returned his ticket. A glance at my watch showed that I had spent five minutes in the Bayreuth theatre, and \$1 a minute, even for Wagner, is a pretty good price to pay for opera. My German-American good Samaritan received from me the exact price of his ticket and as he heard all of "Tannhauser," with the exception of one number, his philanthropy was not unprofitable."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Speaking locally there is no talk of the theatre. The opera house has been closed for two weeks. No doubt other companies will soon arrive just as soon as the management think the people have recovered from the shock that holiday expenditure gave their pockets, but nothing is advertised as yet. The only thing of local note was the annual meeting of the opera house company which was spoken of in last week's issue.

NUMEROUS CURES

Obtained by the Use of Morin's wine Green-Phases.

It infallibly cures all troubles of the chest; coughs, bronchitis, asthma, inflammation of the lungs, pleurisy, consumption and weakness. It restores both appetite and strength to the sick. The numerous testimonials received every day by people who have used this simple, pure, quality and efficacy for pulmonary ailments, and broken down systems.

It is a simple, pure, quality and efficacy for pulmonary ailments, and broken down systems.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 39 to 41 Centre Street, St. John, N. B., by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), W. T. H. FRENCH, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN 15th

A VERY GRAVE CHARGE.

A remarkable charge has been preferred against the New York Herald and its proprietor, JAMES GORDON BENNETT. It is nothing less than that Mr. BENNETT has been bribed by the Spanish government at Madrid to support and uphold the cause of Spain against the Cubans in the United States through the New York edition of the Herald and in France through its Paris edition. The charge is a serious one but it is supported by such evidence and such a chain of circumstances as to make it appear well founded. No reader of PROGRESS needs to be told how great a paper the New York Herald has always been considered. In enterprise and fearlessness it has ever been in the van of American journalism and it seems almost incredible that a newspaper apparently so prosperous should accept any sum—no matter how large—to espouse a cause with which the American people have no sympathy. But the facts are presented in the New York Sun in a lengthy letter signed by J. DE ARMAS, who makes the charge and supports it in a most systematic and convincing manner. He notes at the start that on the 20th day of November the evening edition of the Herald—the Evening Telegram—announced its suspension on the ground that it did not pay and that two days later, on the morning of the 22nd the Herald said the publication of the Telegram would be resumed. But what happened in the meantime? The Spanish cabinet met on the 21st and agreed to the terms of Mr. BENNETT and on the following day the minister of the colonies contributed a long article in defence of Spain to the columns of that widely circulated paper. Then the Spanish journals spoke and in unmistakable terms. The principal government journal in Madrid published the following comment which is very significant.

Several days ago the New York Herald showed some inclination to return to its former policy with regard to Spain and the affairs of Cuba, abandoning the cause of the insurgents, in whose behalf the Herald has made lately an active campaign. We can state now that the change is beyond doubt, and we congratulate the Spanish people. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of this popular daily paper, was absolutely foreign to the publication in the Herald of the articles in favor of the insurgents. With full authority we assert that he has protested against them and ordered his staff to write more in accordance with the duties imposed by neutrality and the friendly relations between Spaniards and Americans.

"The Herald will return to the good policy and never desert it," says Mr. Bennett in a dispatch we have seen and of which the Government has also notice. Last Sunday, according to this commendable attitude, the Herald published an article proceeding against an aggressive policy on the part of the United States toward Spain. Mr. Bennett also has sent telegraphic orders to the special correspondent of the Herald in Madrid to give all assurances to the Spanish Government of this new attitude of his newspaper. Mr. Hussey Fife, the Herald's correspondent, has an appointed interview to-morrow to that end with Senor Sagasta.

Other newspapers of influence made this significant comment:

The contract of bribery is signed.

The correspondent of the Sun does not give the terms of the contract, but he says that up to the present time \$1,000,000 has been spent by the Spanish government, to further the cause of Spain against the Cubans in the United States, and he insinuates that the largest portion of this has been paid to the Herald. But he does name a specific sum when he says that Mr. BENNETT gets \$25,000 a year for booming the gambling establishment at Monte Carlo, and he points to articles booming that gambling resort as a place for invalids in which are quoted the opinions of physicians that the excitement of play is good for many diseases of a nervous character.

In commenting editorially upon this remarkable accusation, the Sun repudiates Mr BENNETT as an American and says that he has been so long in Paris that he is a Parisian, and American editors have no reason to blush for him.

Halifax is stirring in the direction of tourist travel and an association similar to that in St. John is thus early at work. There should be no rivalry between these two bodies. Rather should they work in concert and strive to make such attractive pleasure trips through these maritime provinces as would induce tourists to visit any and all points recommended to them. Funds are being arranged for in the sister city and no doubt St. John will find it necessary to get money from some source ere active work begins. But a

curious suggestion has arisen in Halifax to supplement the natural attractions of the place by the erection of a vice regal residence for their excellencies the governor general and his lady and this draw a crowd of sight seers curious to know what style the representative of her majesty puts on in the Dominion—and as a writer in the Halifax Echo says: "No doubt the presence of the vice-regal party would draw many people of wealth and high social standing to Halifax to bask in the sunshine of aristocracy and incidentally to sniff the cooling breezes from these picturesque shores."

The uttermost parts of the earth have never been so sought out as at present, and the Antarctic is now attracting attention as well as the Arctic. A Belgian expedition sailed a few months ago for the Antarctic region and the Royal Geographical Society, London, has determined to take upon itself the responsibility of organizing a private expedition to the same, though the expectation is that government aid will contribute to the success of the important undertaking. All that is claimed to be known of the Antarctic at present is that no approach to the South Pole nearer than 720 miles has ever been recorded; icy barriers exist which eclipse those of the North Pole, and mountains have been discovered of lofty altitude, some of these being volcanoes. Farther, the surface is covered with snow at all times of the year; no human being has been met south of 56 degrees, no vegetation of any account beyond 58 degrees and no land quadruped is known to exist beyond 68 degrees.

St. John has several literary offices in its gift at present in the shape of library commissionerships and school trusteeships. They may not always have been considered literary positions—in fact it would be impossible to consider them as such if one should give all the members of the boards the careful consideration they deserve but that does not alter the fact that they should be. Perhaps the most important position to fill is that of chairman of the free public library commission. Such men as Editor SCOTT of the Sun or Editor GEORGE U. HAY of the Education Review would be perfectly eligible for such a position but the query is would they be willing to undertake so arduous a task?

Just think of it! A woman who is fortunate enough to own a seakink in the United States—that wonderfully free country—cannot go outside of its borders with it in her possession without registering it. A few days ago two ladies walked across the line on the bridge between Detroit and Windsor but when they returned they had to doff the sashes they wore over and leave them in the hands of the customs officers. And one of the ladies said she had worn her seal garment ten years!

The estimable Telegraph must have had Yukon on the brain last Sunday evening, for Monday morning two descriptive articles on the gold region appeared in its issue. They were exactly alike but one was from the Boston Herald, the other from the New York Herald, one was on the first page, the other on the last, one was illustrated, the other was not.

New York is in a state of excitement—when is it not?—over the attempt to reduce the 400 of "Society" to 75. And the queen of the social kingdom, Mrs. ASTOR has decided to resign and permit some one else to take the throne of fashion. How embarrassing all this must be and what a scramble there will be to get within the circle of 75.

The Youth's Companion has a most interesting article in its New Years number by Mr. GLADSTONE on ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM and PROGRESS takes pleasure in calling attention to it as well as to the comment on the same by PASTOR FELIX, our clever literary contributor in his "Notes on The Sign" on another page of this issue.

The sound of merry sleigh bells filled the air this week for the first time since winter began.

Her Affections Are Worth \$5,000.

HALIFAX, Jan. 13.—Miss Craven of this city, has brought an action for damages against Rev. Mr. Williamson, a gay presbyterian minister, who while a college man at Pine Hill engaged her affections, but soon after turned out to be a married man. The presbytery of Lunenburg asked for his resignation of the pastoral charge of Clyde and Barrington, and they received it, yet it appears the Rev. gentleman is still on the scene of his ministry, a bone of contention to the people of his religious persuasions. The plaintiff claims \$5,000 from the Rev. Mr. Williamson.

The medicinal properties of Hall's Hair Renewer to invigorate the scalp, remove dandruff, restore the hair and its color, surpass anything of its kind.

TALK OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

The Boys Will Soon Know. It was reported to-day that E. Frances Byron, formerly Mrs. Percy Lear, was in the city.—Halifax Paper.

A Coal Shute for an Elevator. Just think of it! A port with the prestige of Halifax having to shovel its export grain through a coal chute! It is indeed humiliating! After all the glittering promises of the politicians has it come to this? We have asked for an elevator and we must, perforce, be content with a coal chute?—Echo.

An Authority on Preachers. The Parish Magazine of Halifax says: "The Very Rev. Dean Carmichael, of Montreal, who is placed by Rev. J. De Soyres, of St. John, on the list of the five best preachers in Canada, ranking with Bishop Courtney, Bishop Baldwin, Bishop Du Monb and Bishop Sullivan, will preach in St. Paul's church on Sunday morning.

What's the Matter With our Chief? Since their first visit to Halifax, says the Echo of that city, the governor-general and Countess of Aberdeen have always remembered the chief of police, who is now in receipt of a Christmas card dated Government House, Canada. The card is a folder and on one page are the words: "To wish you the old wish with all kindly greetings of the season, from the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen—Christmas, 1897." On the other page are the lines:

"A kindly thought with a word of cheer And a true God-speed for the coming year."

Why not Move to St. John.

How shall we be entertained during the winter? asks a Halifax resident. All of us don't skate and some of us don't curl, and when we take these two out of the list of amusements there is precious little left. The Academy is void of dramatic attractions and the musical attractions are few and far between. We have not even a good course of lectures which might be made the best of all entertainments. I wish some enterprising man or society would undertake to organize a series of popular lectures. It wouldn't pay, somebody will no doubt suggest. I beg to differ. If the right speakers are secured, if their subjects are such as appeal to the public, if the course is properly advertised I have not the slightest doubt that the venture would be successful, financially and otherwise.

Recalling John Howe's Father.

A recent death at St. John, N. B., that of Mr. John Howe, ex-Postmaster of New Brunswick, recalls to a venerable friend some reminiscences. * * * Old people, still living, remember well when the Post Office was kept in the house on the east side of Barrington street, opposite our present City Hall (where Cogswell, the jeweller, now is), and some have a vivid recollection of the Postmaster, Mr. John Howe, the father of John Howe lately deceased. He was a large man, both tall and stout, with manners and demeanor somewhat haughty and pompous. Mr. Howe, the Postmaster of that day, was an old-fashioned Tory of the most pronounced type, and, like most others of his ilk, regarded his younger half-brother Joseph—as a deluded young man, altogether on the wrong track; and an estimate, by the way, which the robust but deluded Joseph was wont to enjoy with an amused and good natured smile.—Dosticks in the Halifax Recorder.

How Ald. Neddly Got Even.

HALIFAX, Jan. 13.—There was much amusement at the last city council over the break in the combination between Ald. Hawkins and Ald. O'Donnell. They are united in everything because bound together in hostility to the city engineer. They would cut his official throat if they could, but what are two among eighteen aldermen? The break in the combination at Tuesday's meeting of the council was made manifest over two notices of reconsideration. One was a notice of reconsideration by Ald. O'Donnell of a vote for \$50 increase to the salary of H. S. Rhind, in collector Theakston's office. Hawkins failed to second the motion about caretaker Spellman and because he had failed O'Donnell, O'Donnell failed him. Consequently neither found a second. There was much laughter over the situation among the aldermen who caught on to the little affair.

A Handsome Reminder.

The handsome pocket diary sent out by the London Guarantee & Accident Company is a courteous reminder to its friends and patrons that the company is not unkindly of the New Year. An old friend of many of the readers of PROGRESS, Capt. A. W. Masters, is manager of the limited States branch with headquarters at Chicago and the convenient pocket companion will be more appreciated on that account.

TRUES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

True Life is Living Right. The One who saw His work was good Who knoweth all the way; We mortals cross the stormy flood, And see to day by day. Gives all alike an even chance In darkness and in light; To see us onward we advance, True life is living right. He gives us here in sorrow's hour, No more than we can bear; If trusting in His mighty power We hold His presence dear, In pride of wealth or golden fame, In dark temptation's night; Despite of riches rank or name, True life is living right. By godless ways of fraud and wrong, To rob the weak when we are strong, I'll sin the way we do; To revel here in lust and wine, Though crowned with jewels bright; We prove whereby false lights we shine, True life is living right. A little while the path of crime, May dazzle with its ray; But retribution bides its time, The truth has final sway. A little while the world may bend, Before the evensong; At last must come the bitter end, True life is living right. Why struggle with the inner man, Whose warning voice we hear; When studying some evil plan, That yet will cost us dear. Then with our better selves within, We surely lose the fight; We find at last though oft we win True life is living right. The hair cloth and the girder rough, The lamost seal may claim; Is for this tenting out enough, It shuns the path of shame. It is the raiment suited best, Before the robe of white; For saints and martyrs have confessed, True life is living right. The widow and the orphan's cry, The cruel tyrant's reign; The prayer of agony on high, Ascends not up in vain. With selfishness rapine and greed, A brother's chance we blight; But still will live this deathless creed, True life is living right.

CYRUS GOLDBER.

Afloat.

Beneath a tender morning sky Long sweeps of placid water lie And fair, green meadows that unfold Rich brooklets of blue and gold, Where buttercup and violet Lift their sweet heads, all dewy wet, And soft, deep grasses gently wave Their shadows in the glassy wave. Adrift upon the sunny tide, With little care or strife, I glide, Fanned by some balmy gale it sighs Through the far gates of paradise, I yield that smile, by woods that lit, I lean forward to the waves, I drink And weave into my waking dream The glories of the sky and stream.

Cool shadows drop from arching bough; Cool waters murmur at the frow; Great lilies round me swim; I seat through spaces still and dim. Past little isles of reed and sedge, Past bowery knot of os-corned thorn, Thick blossomed with the water's edge And blushing like the conscious morn, Past quiet homes that nestle low Amid the pines and firs, I go Far as the wandering waters stray My happy fancy drift today, And aimless as the idle wind I leave the cares of life behind. —Emma Alice Browne in New York Ledger.

The Floy Musician.

He laid the bow across the strings, Gently he loved them, it would seem, And drew the notes of melody, and then The violin began to dream. "When skies are gray, are gray," he sang, "When keen and cold the night wind whistles, Then the dark world is big with hope, For morning waits behind the hills.

"Life is sad, is sad," he sang, "What's then?—the saddest things are sweet: Life, love and death—our heritage— In their own way, are gladness-meet.

"And round this dear, bright world," he sang, "The winds of fate blow all the time, Calling the soul to further heights,— Pause not, for thou hast strength to climb."

He laid the bow across the strings, And sweet and clear the music rang. He was the daimon's interpreter, And yet he knew not what he sang. —Martha Baker Dana.

If I Were Dead.

If I were dead, and death were sleep, How softly would the years go round! My slumbers would be calm and deep. Without a stir, without a sound. Beneath the starless dome of rest, Upon a soft and downy bed, I'd lie, till on earth's withered breast, The echoes of the ages fled. Would heep above me and would keep My slumbers ever sound and sweet: No more to long, no more to weep. No more to pain, no more to beat; In rest and silence comforted, Forever dead.

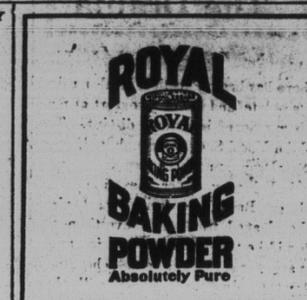
If I were dead, and death is change, How bright would be the break of dawn! I'd greet a wonder sweet and strange; I'd meet the loved ones who have gone; I'd bid the simple minds of old. O better heart, of larger brain; And all the ages that have rolled Would open up their store again; I'd reach—but this I cannot tell, For these are things were never said; They are but feelings which up-well, Immortal, from the shore, the bed, Of our deep slumber, groping out To land, beyond the sea of Doubt— A shore that glimmers on ahead For all the dead. —J. A. Egerton.

The Wreck.

What have the tides brought up on the shore? Here, a spray of seaweed; there, an oar: Here, broken timbers; nothing more? What have the tides brought to the shore?

Aye, look—and shudder—the rocks between, With head bent downward, a face is seen, Striving under the waters' great; And still the wild waves rush between. Sad is the picture the story tells— Almost in sound of the city's bells: A useless rudder; surging swells; That—the story—the picture tells: For a sure has power to make, or mar, How mean the waves o'er the harbor bar! Through the black darkness, shines no star— Near to safety, and yet—so far.

What have the tides brought up on the shore? Here, a spray of seaweed; there an oar: Here, broken timbers, and something more— Brought to the sides to the rocky shore. —Martha Owen Colcord.



PARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.] JAN. 12.—Miss Nellie Cannabell and Mr. Frank Cook were very quietly married early this morning at the residence of the bride's father Mr. W. W. Cannabell. Rev. E. E. H. we performed the ceremony. A crowd of friends were at the railway station to see the happy young couple off on their bridal trip.

Mr. Fineall, for some time organist and choir leader of the R. Catholic church, has, to the general regret, removed to Springhill.

A tea in the school room was provided for St. George's Sunday school at 6 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon. Afterwards each member of the school received a gift from the hands of Santa Claus himself from a richly laden tree. Games participated in until going home time brought to an end their delightful Christmas festival.

Misses Mamie Fullerton, Vida Howard, and Bettie Gow went to Sackville last week to attend the Ladies College.

Mr. and Mrs. Mauro of Kings' on paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Price at Christmas. Mrs. Smith of Windsor and little daughter Geraldine are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Erville. Since her arrival Mrs. Smith has been quite ill.

Misses Maud and Nellie Gillespie have been visiting friends at Amherst and Turro respectively. Dr. Frank Gillespie left for Baltimore on Monday where he will take a post graduate course.

Mr. Halford Tucker has returned to Dalhousie college.

Mr. Medley Smith left last week for Mt. Allison. Capt. D. Mahoney is spending the winter with his family.

Mr. E. Brownell came home from Ship Harbor to spend Christmas with his family.

Mr. N. C. Nordby spent a part of last week in St. John.

Mr. James Day and a number of boys attended the Boy's convention in Moncton.

Mrs. Alloway of Springhill is the guest of Mrs. Allison.

Miss Hattie Spencer has returned to Halifax. Capt. J. Corbett, having met with a painful accident, left his ship at Vancouver and is now at home.

I WAS FAST RECOVERY.

Doctors said so, but South American Nerve has no Hopeless Cases—It Nurses Back to Health and Never Fails.

"For fifteen years I was a victim of dyspepsia. At intervals I was confined to my bed and my life despaired of. I consulted many doctors, with little or no relief—They proclaiming my case past curing. South American Nerve was brought to my notice. I procured a bottle. The first few doses gave me great relief. Its effect on me was wonderful, and I think it the greatest cure in the market to-day for stomach disorders." Mrs. D. McArthur, Dundalk, Ont.

Taking it for Granted.

It is not wise to jump hastily to a conclusion, but this reflection generally comes after one has jumped. A man who was sitting at the dining-table in the long saloon of a Mississippi River steambot, waiting for the fried chicken he had ordered, suddenly took a small note-book out of his pocket, wrote something in it, and showed it to his wife, sitting in the next seat. The wife read it, smiled and he replaced the note-book in his pocket. On looking up, he was surprised to see that a bald-headed man, who sat on the other side of the table, directly opposite, was regarding him with a scowl. He was still more surprised when this bald-headed passenger sought him on the hurricane-deck of the steamer an hour later and said, in a tone of indignation:

"I know what you were writing in that pass-book a while ago. You were directing that lady's attention to this right eye of mine. I want you to understand, sir, that while it may look peculiar, it is not a glass eye, sir!"

"My dear sir," replied the other, in astonishment, "you never were more mistaken in your life. That lady is my wife. She happens to be deaf. I was asking her if she didn't think the cook was waiting for that spring chicken to grow a little bigger before he killed it. Now that I notice your eye, however, I can see that it does look very much like a glass eye."

Flowers Answered So's Purpose.

A certain young widow of Indianapolis who had just changed her weeds for brighter hues gave a dinner party not long ago. The rooms were decorated with a great profusion of flowers. Roses in masses were on the mantels and the dinner table fairly blossomed—in fact, the abundance of flowers was unusual. One of the guests could restrain her curiosity no longer, and when the dessert was brought in said: "Well, Mrs. Blank, you're rather spreading flowers tonight." "Yes," replied the fair widow brightly, "but tomorrow I am going to take them out to Crown Hill and put them on poor Tom's grave."

Positively all Done by Hand.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and Dye Works, Phone 68.



After the gaily, incident to the holiday season society seems to have settled down to its usual quietude with nothing but rumors of social events undecided upon.

In this connection one might mention the proposed carnival of the Neptune Rowing Club in the old Victoria, which is sure in a great measure to be a society event.

The second of the series of assemblies of which the first was held in the Institute rooms on Dec. 10th last was held on Thursday evening.

The chaperons were Mesdames McMillan, Keator, Holden, and Skinner, and the committee was composed of the following gentlemen, Messrs. S. L. Fairweather, J. G. Harrison, B. S. Smith, and T. Dyson Walker.

- Invitations were issued to: Miss E. Kaye Allison, Mrs. Busby, Miss Louise Bear, Misses Dunn, Miss Dever, Miss Farlow, Mrs. W. Green, Miss Harrison, Mrs. Holden, Misses Hamilton, Miss Hall, Miss Jones, Mrs. Andrew Jack, Mrs. Keator, Mrs. Lawson, Misses McLaren, Misses Parks, Misses Robertson, Mrs. C. N. Skinner, Mrs. James Stratton, Misses Schofield, Misses Sydney-Smith, Mrs. Fairweather, Miss Snowball, Mrs. E. F. Timmerman, Misses Vasele, Misses Walker, Mr. Harold Allison, Mr. E. B. Armstrong, Mr. A. G. Bland, Jr., Mr. Percy Clarke, Mr. H. B. Dunn, Mr. Fred W. Daniel, Mr. Fred Fraser, Mr. Edgar Fairweather, Mr. P. H. Gordon, Mr. W. F. T. Harrison, Mr. Hooper, Mr. Fred H. Hart, Dr. Holden, Mr. C. F. Harrison, Mr. Percy Hall, Mr. George W. Jones, Mr. Simon A. Jones, Mr. L. M. Jewett, Mr. Fred Keator, Mr. William Parks, Mr. Arthur Parks, Mr. W. O. Purdy, Mr. H. R. Page, Mr. M. S. L. Richey, Mr. R. R. Ritchie, Mr. John I. Robinson, Mr. W. H. Rodmond, Mr. C. N. Skinner, Mr. E. T. Sturdee, Dr. S. Skinner, Mr. Percy Thompson, Mr. Ernest Turnbull, Mr. Fred R. Taylor, Mr. Ray Thompson, Dr. Walker, Mr. J. M. Wetmore, Mr. Robert Young.

Miss Schofield, pink silk, pink chiffon and pearls, dress, satin ribbon. Miss Louise Bear, white muslin over pink satin. Miss Winnie Hall, white muslin de sole pale pink ribbons. Mrs. Holden, black satin, jet, the bodice draped with chiffon and pale blue ostrich hair.

The order of dances was as follows: 1 Valse; 2 Valse; 3 Lancers; 4 Valse; 5 Two Step; 6 Valse; 7 Polka; 8 Valse; 9 Valse; 10 Two Step; 11 Valse; 12 Valse; Supper Dances 1, 2, 3; 13 Valse; 14 Two Step; 15 Galop; 16 Valse.

One of the pleasant events of the week was the surprise party tendered Mr. and Mrs. William Holder of Mecklenburg street, whose home on Tuesday evening was besieged by a party of friends bent on celebrating with their much surprised host and hostess their fifth wedding anniversary.

Master Roy Snadall of Pine street, entertained a number of his friends on Monday evening. Mrs. E. LeRoi Willis has returned from St. Stephen where she has been visiting relatives.

Miss Minnie Stewart returned to Mount Allison on Monday. Miss Minnie Beverly has returned from an extended visit to Fredericton. C. C. Weldon of Moncton was in the city on Tuesday.

will be glad to hear that she is convalescent and able to go out again. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Erb of King street east received a number of invited friends on Tuesday evening at their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Macneil and family returned this week from Montreal. Mr. A. J. Heath who has been quite ill in Boston is rapidly recovering and expects soon to be able to return home.

A number of sleighing parties which were to have been held this week have been postponed on account of the absence of the "beautiful." About seventy members of the M. E. skating Club were at the Skater rink on Monday evening.

Mr. John Chamberlain who has been ill for some time passed away Monday and was buried Thursday. The deceased was a member of many societies and representatives of these with many personal friends attended his obsequies.

Despite the heavy rain, a host of friends were at the steamer "St. George" Tuesday morning to see good-bye to Miss H. Gertrude Donovan who goes south to spend the winter.

Owing to the absence of his honor Judge Steadman, Judge Forbes went to Fredericton this week to preside over the County Court. Miss Dever, daughter of Senator Dever, left for Montreal on Monday afternoon's train.

The sad and sudden death of Miss Howe, grand daughter of the late John Howe, took place Monday evening at her home on Princess street. The cause of Miss Howe's death was peculiar and was the result of a scratch on the lip from a kitten to which at first but little attention was paid.

WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest. THE Correct missing word for December was "CAREFUL" and the winners were: Miss Fanny Reed, Martville, N. B. First Prize \$15.00 Cash; Mrs. Wilberell, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B. Second Prize 7.00; Mrs. John McE. Morrison, 7 Golding Street, St. John, N. B. Third Prize 3.00.

Fry's Cocoa Has the true, rich, nutritious virtue of the Cocoa Bean—stimulating yet healthful. Because it is concentrated a small amount of it will serve your purpose. 200 Medals.

The St. John Millinery College 85 Germain Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Offers a thorough, Practical, Scientific and Complete course of High grade work.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines Sizes up to 700 H.P. Interchangeable Parts. Large Bearings. Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST.

The Patent Felt Mattress. is equal to the best \$40.00 Hair Mattress in durability and comfort. THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN COMPANY, Limited, 290 GUY ST., MO. Samples at Mr. W. A. Cookson's St. John.

When You Order... PHILIP ISLAND WINES BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. E. G. SOOVL, Agent Philip Wine Co. 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- C. S. DEPARTMENTS..... Brunswick street
MONTGOMERY & CO..... Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH..... 111 Hollis street
LAMB & CO..... George street
FOUNDAIRES STORE..... Opp. I. C. E. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO..... Railway Depot
G. J. KELLY..... Gottigen street
H. BRYAN..... Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN..... Dartmouth N. S.
QUEEN BOOKSTORE..... 100 Hollis St.

HALIFAX, Jan. 12.—This has been a somewhat quiet week in society circles, but a new amusement has sprung up among us in the nature of a...
Barrington-Colonel and Mrs. M. Waters are the prime movers of this club. The membership is not large, but is very select and of course numbers only enthusiasts. Tea is always served at these afternoon clubs.

Hon. A. G. and Mrs. Jones entertained a number of their friends at progressive whist. It was one of the most enjoyable evenings of the week.

New Year's day was so very unpleasant that the usual amount of visiting was not done. Mrs. Montgomery Moore and Mrs. Daly were both "at home" and had a large number of callers. It is said that the fashion of New Year's calls is rapidly dying out and it is doubtful if it is revived.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Montgomery Moore had a small theatre party at the Academy where St. Mary's dramatic class presented "Retribution" in an excellent manner. Mrs. Montgomery Moore has changed her "at home" days from Friday to Thursday as the afternoon of the former day is taken up by the rink.

Invitations are out for a large reception at Bellevue on Saturday next from nine to eleven. There will be music and conversation but no dancing. Every skater has eagerly welcomed the opening of the rink, as it furnishes good amusement for these dull winter afternoons. Tea is provided in the afternoon, but this year is included in the price of the ticket, instead of being an "extra" as in former years. The carnival is already being talked of, and a great deal of interest being taken in it. Many handsome costumes have already been planned, and the programme of skating is now being made up.

Last week's skating consisted principally of children's parties, there being several each day. Mrs. Charles Archibald gave a dance on Friday evening to some of the older children, and as all her entertainments are, it was a great success.

In Washington, on Tuesday, Mrs. Hay, who spent a summer here about two years ago, and made many friends, was married to Count Adolf Von Goetzen, of the German legation. Mrs. Hay was given away by her son, and looked charming. Several handsome presents were sent Mrs. Hay by Halifax friends.

Colonel Cress who was expected to arrive from England next week has had his leave of absence extended and will not return for three months. The friends of Colonel Leach are glad to hear that he is rapidly recovering from the injury he sustained on the steamer "Parisian" en route from Halifax to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Wain are at present in the south of England, and expect to return to Halifax early in April.

Captain and Mrs. Lethbridge entertain a number of their friends at dinner one evening this week at their residence Edwards street.

A number of the officers of the Royal Artillery and their lady friends enjoyed tobogganing on Collin's field on Wednesday evening. This was the first tobogganing party of the season. A goodly number of "spills" added to the enjoyment of the evening.

Mrs. Poynt at South street gave an enjoyable tea on Wednesday evening, at which many new and pretty gowns were worn.

On Thursday evening an "at home" was given by Hon. J. W. and Mrs. Stairs at their residence. It was indeed a pleasant evening.

Colonel and Mrs. Wilkinson gave a dinner on Tuesday. It is understood that General Montgomery Moore and Mrs. Montgomery Moore leave next week for Montreal.

There are several weddings to take place in the spring. Among them will be those of Miss Graham and Miss Seaton.

Mrs. C. Willoughby Anderson and Mrs. Stephen wife of Mayor Stephen, will leave next month for Southern California where they will visit friends.

Lieutenant Arthur Gray is expected to arrive here about the first of February. He has been recently appointed to the Lieutenancy regiment.

The children of Mary of the Convent of the Sacred Heart recently received one hundred dollars from the executors of the Lady Kenny. It is for the benefit of the poor.

Miss Rita Russell entertained a large number of friends at a dance on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. F. C. Boves of Dartmouth, gave a children's party on Thursday. It is needless to say that they fully enjoyed themselves. About two score of other young people were invited to a dance in the evening.

Cohesive among the events which mark the opening of the New Year was the celebration of the golden wedding of that respected Haligonian, Mr. E. G. W. Greenwood, says the Evening Echo. The occurrence of a golden wedding is a noteworthy event in any man's life, but in Mr. Greenwood's case it possesses a signal interest, for it is the anniversary of the fiftieth year of his second marriage. Born in the opening days of the century, Mr. Greenwood has been all his life long an honored and respected citizen of this old city by the sea. Changes there have been in business methods, changes in political systems, changes in social customs, and Mr. Greenwood has withstood them all. The early years of his life were passed amid those stirring scenes which characterized the first of the century in Nova Scotia. He has survived all his boyhood companions. He has established a reputation of which any Nova Scotian might be proud and now in the eve of his life he has been permitted to celebrate an event that is rare as it is precious in married life. Haligonians are proud to number amongst their number to Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood, and those who believe in the value of a long and happy life.

cause of his faithful services to the city but because of their many personal virtues. To stand in the front rank of Halifax citizens at the age of ninety-seven is to possess a distinction rarely attained. May the happy couple be spared to round out the century!

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. F. Smith & Co.]

JAN. 12.—The whist club which formerly met on Wednesday evenings have changed their night of meeting as their former date seems to be selected for every event possible to crowd into it, and night at the rink being prominent among the number. On Monday evening of last week the club was entertained by the Misses Tighe, at Willowdale and this week it met at the home of the Misses Purdy, Victoria street.

Miss Maude Tiche has gone to pay a visit to friends in Halifax and will also go to Kentville to spend a few weeks with Miss Giffin.

Miss Lillie Seaman is the guest of Miss Annie Mitchell.

Miss Constance Dickey has returned to Montreal to resume her studies at the Tascliar school.

Miss Sutton, teacher at Edgmont, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. M. Townsend during the holidays returned to Windsor leaving a number of friends made during her visit who will be pleased to have her come to Amherst again.

Prof. and Mrs. Starns have issued invitations for a dance which comes off on Thursday evening at their pretty residence on Church street.

Mrs. E. Biden has been the hostess of the week and given the young folks a fund of enjoyment that was most enjoyable. On Tuesday evening she gave a small party for the special friends of her youngest son Master William, who was a capital host; and on Friday evening last she gave a large dance for Miss Biden and Mr. Harry Biden. There were a great many guests present, mostly of our younger society folks who seemed to enjoy every moment of the evening, and to the majority was their first large dance of the season. The only married ladies present were Mrs. James Brown and Mrs. J. H. Silver, Montreal. Mrs. Biden received her guests in a toilette of black silk with lace trimmings, and Miss Biden wore a pretty organdy with sash and ribbons of pale yellow. There were so many pretty frocks that I will be safe in giving all than to venture on a selection.

Miss Grace Pipes looked her very best in a very pretty cream silk dress with trimmings of chiffon and cream silk sash.

Miss Palmsay, Fredericton, wore a very becoming toilette of pink crepon.

Miss Helen Pipes looked very pretty in a pale green muslin with lace trimmings.

Miss Helen Chipman, Boston, wore a very stylish dress of pale green muslin over silk of same shade.

Miss Sleep, a dress of white and green organdy; Miss Sutton (Windsor), a gown of green silk; Miss Sutcliffe, green silk with pink chiffon trimmings;

Miss Jessie Sutcliffe, white silk; Miss Beattie Sutcliffe, pale blue muslin veiling and white chiffon;

Miss Mabel Pagsley, a very pretty pale blue silk with chiffon trimmings;

Miss Annie Jodrey, white Indian muslin, yellow silk trimmings;

Miss Lottie Munro, white cashmere and white satin ribbons;

Miss Emma Davis, (St. John) pink chaille with silk ribbons;

Miss May Love, pale blue crepon;

Miss Theo Morse, cream silk prettily trimmed with chiffon;

Miss Jessie McLeod pink silk trimmed with white lace;

Miss May Brown, pink poplin and black velvet; Mrs. Silver, pink crepon and silk trimmings;

Miss Roy, (Halifax) pale blue silk with white lace;

Miss Brenda Main, a very pretty pale green silk and cream chiffon;

Miss Gwen Main, a white silk with corsage of pink;

Miss McKinnon, white India muslin over green silk;

Miss Frieda McKinnon, white muslin with ribbons of red satin;

Miss Lucy McKinnon, white muslin trimmed with heliotrope;

Miss Fuller, a pretty Dresden muslin trimmed with cream lace;

Miss Hewson, pale blue silk with pale blue chiffon.

V. S. Laddell, C. Hillcoat, F. Hillcoat, G. Munro, V. Curry, Mr. McLeod, G. Chapman, R. Rhodes, E. McLeod and B. McLeod.

Miss Sadie Award of Rhodes is paying a visit to her aunt, Mr. W. F. Donkin.

Congratulations are being received by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hatchford on the arrival of a little heir. Miss Murray of Falmouth is a guest of Mrs. Charles Christie.

Mrs. Stanley Sutherland's friends will be pleased to hear that she will soon be able to return from the Montreal hospital where she has been for treatment.

Miss Lillie Moffatt and Miss Emily Christie left on Friday to resume their studies at Acadia Seminary.

Miss Page, who has been visiting friends in Amherst for the past month, returned to her home to Fort Greville on Saturday. Miss Sutcliffe accompanied her to take up her school work after a pleasant holiday at home.

Messrs. H. Purdy and Morris McKinnon returned to Dalhousie college last week.

Master Stanley Lowe has returned to Memramcook to study in St. Joseph's college.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.] THE following notes came to late for insertion last week.

JAN. 11.—On New Year's eve "Maple Terrace," the elegant home of Dr. and Mrs. Hawson was the scene of a most brilliant gathering when their daughter Miss Florence Hawson was added to the number of the fair debutantes of Amherst. The house was beautifully decorated with greens and cut flowers, the large drawing rooms with their polished floors made an excellent ball room, while the guests were received in the spacious parlour to the left. Music was dispensed by the orchestra from Moncton, at twelve the guests all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne" thus welcoming in the New Year, after which a delicious supper was served in the large dining room.

Mrs. Hewson received her guests in an elegant gown of heliotrope brocaded silk trimmed with chiffon; ornaments diamonds.

Miss Hewson looked charming in a beautiful dress of white silk, covered with white silk chiffon.

Miss Phinney, (Fredericton) a guest of Miss Hewson, looked very well in a handsome dress of white corded silk trimmed with white silk lace and pearls.

Mrs. Hewson (Moncton), black satin and lace. Mrs. Cameron, cream silk and chiffon; ornament pearls.

Mrs. Douglas, black chiffon over white silk. Mrs. Fuller, black silk. Mrs. Logan, a rich white silk costume. Mrs. Curry, becoming dress of heliotrope silk and lace.

Mrs. Dunlap, pink brocaded satin trimmed with rich white lace. Mrs. J. Dickey, black lace dress. Mrs. Silver, looked well in a gown of white silk. Miss Fuller, white china silk. Miss Sutcliffe, white silk, white chiffon trimmings looked exceedingly pretty.

Miss Frieda McKinnon, yellow silk dress. Miss Sleep looked well in a dress of white muslin.

Miss Chapman, stylish and becoming dress of pink. Miss Chipman, Boston, a very pretty pink silk gown.

Miss Mitchell, white cashmere. Miss Pipes, a white crepon gown. Miss Main, a very pretty heliotrope gown. Miss Purdy, white muslin. Mrs. Steine, heliotrope corded silk. Mrs. Biden, black net over pink silk. Mrs. C. Smith, lace over pink satin. Many others looked exceedingly well and were pretty gowns but memory will not permit me to mention more.

TRURO.

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

JAN. 12.—Mrs. Thos. O'Regan, Dalhousie, N. B. is visiting friends in town.

This week is to be a gay one, just bristling with functions. Mrs. W. C. Sumner has been, within the week a frequent hostess. Last Friday she entertained a very large party at afternoon tea, which was a great success, and which was much enhanced by music both vocal and instrumental. Last night, at the same house a large party for Drive Whist, was entertained; and on Thursday night Mrs. Sumner gives a large "At Home" for her brother Mr. Chas. Rennie.

Mrs. H. F. McKennies very large dance to about a hundred of Miss Winnie's friends, notwithstanding that there was at times a decided crush, the evening was thoroughly enjoyable, and dancing was kept up in two large rooms until after one a. m. supper being served between eleven and twelve. Among the large number present, beside the house party were: The Misses Leta Craig, Jennie Fleming, Gerlie Donkin, Emma and Hennie Bigelow, Bessie Turner, Jessie Snook, Mamie and Minnie Snook, Alice Hain, Mabel Murray, Helen and Ethel Fowler, Ethel Blanford, Laila Archibald, Ethel Dwyer, Josie Somerville, Bertha Turner, Trudie Cummings, Blanche McKenzie, Clara Fankler, Phoebe Morgan, Ina and Gertrude Blair, Nellie Stanfield, Ethel Pearson, Halifax, Katie Gladwin, Allie Gladwin, Nellie McLellan, Jean Creelman, Jean Blanchard, Jennie Ellis, Jennie Fleming, Maude Shaffer, Emma Price, Ray Smith, Miss McKie, Halifax, Miss Congdon, Miss Spencer and Miss Hill, Great Village, Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. O'Regan, Misses Brown, Miss Preston, St. John; Messrs. John Learmont, George Mcweeney, P. R. Webster, F. L. Cotton, M. Blanchard, Douglas Cumming, Percy Beatty, Hugh McCallum, Arthur Dwyer, B. Smith, W. Butchart, Cecil Morgan, W. Gladwin, Jack and Dave Muir, Walter Muir, Alf. Crowe, Charles Harris, Charlie Taomas, George Ambrose, O. Taylor, Luther McDonald, Guy McCallum, W. and A. Mahon, W. Simpson, E. Putnam, B. Coates, R. Ellis, L. O'Brien, Frank Dickie, Jamie McRobert, Dan Smith, L. urie McDougall, George and Lewis Harding, H. Linton, G. Douglas, A. Putnam, E. McDonald, B. Hanson.

Miss Shastner and her friend Miss Belcher who has been her guest through the holidays here returned to Kentville.

Miss Jennie Preston, St. John is visiting friends, in town.

Miss Ida Snook leaves this week to attend school at Wolfville Seminary.

There was a charming evening at Scribely last night. The Misses Leckie were entertaining the musical society and a number of people were invited to hear them. As most of the best talent in town were on the programme, the entertainment was of a high order, and those present enjoyed a rich musical treat. Afterwards, a light supper was served.

Mrs. McNaughton gave two pleasant evenings last week, Wednesday and Thursday. What was the principal attraction and the "highlight" of every club was the "at home" on Thursday evening. They were present Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Patterson, Miss Margaret Leckie, Miss Mackay, Miss Jean Leckie, and Misses J. and M. J. Taylor.

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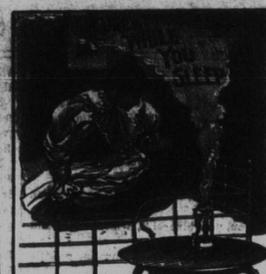
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Vapo-Cresolene. For Whooping Cough, Croup, Colic, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it. "Have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have instructed every family under my direction to secure one." "It is of great value in Diphtheria." "It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive." Sole by all druggists. VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO. 60 Wall St., N. Y., City.

Blakelock, W. P. McKay, G. Williams, E. R. Stuart. Mr. C. E. Coleman received an unexpected summons to Waterville, Kings County, because of the very serious illness of his father. Mr. E. McK. Hanson left today for Bridgewater, where he resumes his duties in the Halifax Bank. P.S.

ANAGANOE.

JAN. 12.—On Friday evening, Mr. Clifford Price entertained a few of his immediate friends to a recherche supper at his snug bachelor quarters on Cedar Lane. Mr. Price is an ideal host in every respect and he had everything so thoroughly arranged for the enjoyment of his guests that not one flaw could be found in any particular by the most fastidious; no indeed, not even where "Wo"-man could turn her deft fingers and show her ingenuity. Mr. Price had for his guests Messrs. Humphrey and Albert Davidson, Howard McCully, Gilbert Davidson, St. John, and Jack Price who were chaperoned by Mr. E. Douglas Hanson. I believe the programme for the evening "fun" consisted of a social tea-a-tote-characteristic of the sterner sex—from seven to eight in the drawing rooms of Mr. Price's palatial home after which the host requested his guests to follow him to the library where the smoking jackets were donned, cigars passed around and when an hour was passed indulging in their favorite pastime fan-and and caecose were played from nine to eleven when light refreshments were served. The hour from eleven to twelve was spent in a musical programme for which had been made out beforehand and which proved highly creditable to all "The Boys." Mr. Gilbert Davidson of St. John had his banjo and favored his listeners, with some choice selections accompanied by Mr. Al Davidson on the piano; M. Hanson favored the company with a solo, "Better Than Gold." This solo which elicited much applause was followed by a selection heartily sung by a trio consisting of Messrs. Cliff Price, Humphrey Davidson and Howard McCully. Supper was announced and the boys eagerly responded and wended their way to the dining room where spread before them lay everything tempting and appetizing. After ample justice had been done to the delicious supper, the toast, of course, were next in order but what they were drunk is a mystery still unsolved by us ladies. That old and favorite song "Auld Lang Syne" terminated their evening's fun, for shortly after that—it then being away on in the early morning—they bade adieu to their host with assurances of friendship by hearty handshakes, and took their leave fully convinced that they had had a good time.

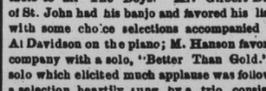
Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Hanson of Pettitodiac spent Monday evening with friends at the depot. G. N. Stockton and S. L. Stockton were in St. John this week. Mosquito.

APONAQUI.

JAN.—Miss Lena G. Fenwick returned on Friday from a short visit to Fredericton and St. John. Miss Josie Desmond, Hampton, arrived on Thursday and spent a few days with Mrs. Heber Folkins. Miss Sadie Manchester entertained a few friends to tea on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Carrie Ellison is visiting her sister Mrs. Robert L. Ellison.

BUY



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

SPACE

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

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 35 King St. St. John, N. B. Telephone 290.

Stock Still Complete

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

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.

Elegant Ribbons

Seems to be the most fitting phrase to apply to the New York RIBBONS now on display here. We can safely say that at no other time has the critical RIBBON BUYER ever been asked to see a more attractive assortment. Attractive in Superb Finish, Startling and Beautiful Color Blendings, and that indefinable charm that comes from Highest Grade Pure Silk Quality. For Christmas Presents these Ribbons will make

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

Parisian . . 163 Union St., ST. JOHN.

NERVOUS INVALIDS

Find great benefit from using Puttner's Emulsion which contains the most effective Nerve Tonics and nutritives, combined in the most palatable form.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

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

Tongues and Sounds

Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King Squares.

J. D. TURNER.

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

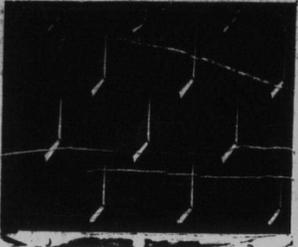
PURSES.

We have just received a nice stock of English Purse, Card Cases, Cigarette Cases, etc. ALSO Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Eye Glasses and Spectacles. See our stock at

A. R. CAMPBELL, FERGUSON & PAGE 41 KING STREET.



EASTLAKE STEEL SHINGLES



SHOWS ONE SHINGLE.

These shingles have been on the Canadian market for twelve years, and have never failed to give satisfaction.

They are absolutely FIRE, LIGHTNING and STORM PROOF, besides being very ornamental and easily applied.

Write for Catalogue. METALLIC ROOFING CO. (Limited) Sole Makers, 1370 King St., West, Toronto, Ont.

John and expects to be absent six weeks. Rev. Mr. Ficks arrived on Friday and will take the charge of Christ church parish during the rector's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Pike have gone to Baltimore, Maryland, to spend the rest of the winter. Miss Jessie Thompson has gone to Woodstock to visit her friend, Miss Henderson.

Miss Winifred Todd left on Friday for Andover, Mass., to resume her studies at the Abbott Academy.

MONCTON.

Kindness is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedle's Bookstore, 211 at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

JAN. 12.—Moncton may be truly said to be a city in mourning at the present time, the sudden death of her most prominent and valued citizen, Mr. J. L. Harris, which occurred at his residence on Queen Street, on Sunday morning, having come as an almost personal grief to a very large majority of the citizens.

A party of ladies enjoyed a delightful sleigh ride through the woods to "Upton Lodge" on Monday afternoon, where, on arrival, they spent the time in games of sixty three, and in preparing a delicious supper which was partaken of at six o'clock.

A "Klondyke tea" is soon to be given by the "Y" to procure money to aid them in the good work they do in town among the sick and needy. The decorations and all the dainties that will be prepared for the tea are to be yellow to represent the yellow metal that is so eagerly sought after and so much talked of at the present time.

A number of ladies and gentlemen from Calais drove out to the Old Ridge on Monday evening to indulge in coasting down the long hills in that vicinity. It is said the distance one could coast before the sled would stop was a mile and a half.

Mrs. Frank Porter Woods has gone to Boston to visit friends. She will also spend several weeks in New Haven Conn., before she returns to Calais.

Mrs. Frederic Waites friends are giving her warm and cordial greetings. Mrs. Waites returns after an absence of six months greatly improved in health. Miss Mattie Nichols is visiting friends in Boston.

Mrs. G. H. Raymond is in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hazel Grier. Miss Margaret Lawson has arrived safely in Glasgow, Scotland. She remains in Scotland until next summer.

Rev. Dr. McKenzie, went to Chatham on Thursday last to remain a fortnight and will preach in the Presbyterian church in that town for two Sundays.

Dr. E. A. Holland who spent Christmas in Portland has returned to Calais. Miss Helena Gillespie of Moore's Mill is in town for a brief stay during this week.

Mr. G. Arthur Murchie went to New York city to receive medical treatment from Dr. Walter Clarke under whose care Mr. Murchie has been for several months.

Dr. Frank I. Blair, has been quite ill with a severe cold this week, and has been unable to attend to his patients. Mrs. Thomas A. Vaughan of Brooklyn, New York, arrived here on Thursday of last week, and is the guest of her aunt, Miss Grant.

Miss Maud Maxwell, Miss Jessie Wall and Master John Wall left yesterday for Sackville to resume their studies. Miss Nellie Stewart of St. Andrews is the guest of Miss Ethel Waterbury.

Dr. and Mrs. Lawson had their pleasure last evening of entertaining the Current News club at their first meeting for this winter. Next Tuesday evening the club will meet at the residence of Judge Stevens.

A literary society has been organized in Milltown, with Mr. J. B. Sutherland principal of the school as president, and Mrs. Irving R. Todd, as vice-president, and Mr. J. Graham, secretary and treasurer. It is the intention to meet weekly.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

by her father. There was a large gathering of friends and relatives (over two hundred being present), for whom there was ample accommodation in the extensive and prettily furnished apartments of the house. The bride was dressed in white satin (pearl trimmings and orange blossoms), and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Susie Aggett, was very prettily attired in a gown of pink silk covered with white muslin.

and Miss Constance Chipman were special guests of the club for last evening. Mr. Bernard McAdam of Boston who is home for a short vacation and who is a famous bass singer, sang a bass solo in Trinity church, entitled "The Hill of Lord" by Sternes.

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Mrs. W. Delhi McLaughlin held a reception yesterday, and again this afternoon at the home of her mother, Mr. Meredith. A "Klondyke tea" is soon to be given by the "Y" to procure money to aid them in the good work they do in town among the sick and needy.

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Advertisement for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Sweetness and Light. Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physics, as they did their religion, by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in our" gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Advertisement for Campbell's Quinine Wine. "The Ideal Tonic." Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good. The Queen city was to take advantage of the superior educational advantages offered there, and give his daughters an opportunity of attending one of the ladies colleges for which Toronto is celebrated. I understand that they will reside in Toronto for the next two years, having taken a handsome house in the central part of the city. Mrs. McKenzie will be greatly missed in Moncton society, and her numerous friends look forward eagerly to her return.

Advertisement for Watchspring Corsets. WE RECOMMEND THE Watchspring Corsets. The Watchspring owing to the many superior advantages which it possesses is today the "Crescent" and most durable Corset ever offered to the public and one which will be the most acceptable to the wearer. For sale only by Chas. K. CAMERON & Co. 77 King Street.

Advertisement for "The Light of The World" OR OUR SAVIOUR IN ART. Over \$100,000 to publish. Contains nearly 200 full-page engravings of our Saviour, by the great masters. Every picture is reproduced from some famous painting. Agents are taking from three to twenty orders per day. The book is so beautiful that when people see it they want it. The Hermitage, Prado, Uffizi, Louvre, Vatican, National of London, National of Berlin, Beyrout and other celebrated Europe galleries have placed their greatest and rarest treasures at our disposal that they might be engraved for this superb work "FIRST GLANCE AT THE FIGURES BROUGHT TEARS TO MY EYES," says one. "I cleared \$150 first week's work with the book," says another. "Some high grade man or woman should secure the agency here at once," says every editor. "As \$300 can soon be made taking orders for it." Nearly \$100,000 expended on new plates for edition coming from press. Also a man or woman work of good church standing can secure position of Manager and Correspondent of this territory, to devote all his time to employing and getting agents and corresponding with them. Address for full particulars A. P. T. ELDER, Publisher, 373 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Induced by the use of coca, opiate or narcotic compounds is bad, decidedly bad. They undermine health and shatter the constitution and the patient is steadily growing into a worse condition—often resulting in the terrible slavery and misery of the cocaine and opium habit. Sleep induced by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla does not perhaps come as quickly, but it comes more surely and more permanently through nature's great restoring and rejuvenating channel—purified, vitalized and enriched blood. This feeds the nerves with life-giving energy and builds up the system and constitution from the very foundation of all health and life—the blood—pure, rich, red blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Hood's Pills, cure liver ill, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Advertisement for "77" BREAKS UP COLDS that hang on, but a fresh Cold, taken in hand at the start is more easily dissipated. "Seventy-seven" cures are perfect cures, leaving you strong and vigorous and not a weakened "easy mark" for disease. "77" cures Grip, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains in the Head and Chest, Cough and Sore Throat. At 25c. a vial leads to a Dollar Flask. At druggists or sent on receipt of price. Ask for Dr. Hume's Specific Manual of all Diseases as your Druggist or Mail Order. Humphrey's Medicine Company, New York.

Advertisement for "DON'T BE FOOLED BY USING CHEAP INFERIOR DRESS STAYS". Buy only the Silk Stitched "EVER-READY'S".

BEAVE HESSENER-BOYS.
They Were Frisky and Quizzed the Midgets.

One evening in last October two burglars forced an entrance into the second-story rooms in a large building in Sixth street, in St. Paul, Minnesota, occupied by a firm of silk merchants. The building was closed, and the rooms dark, and the burglars thought their robbery of the premises would be an easy one. They did not know that as soon as they entered the room an automatic burglar-alarm would ring a bell at the office of a district telegraph company a few blocks distant. The bell was duly rung by the alarm, but it did not communicate with a police office, nor was there an officer on call at the district telegraph office. As it happened there was only a boy on duty at the office, and he was sent at once to the place whence the alarm had come to "see what was the matter." This boy's name was Edward Barry. He went boldly into the silk merchants' store, and found what was the matter. But he was promptly seized by the burglars and thrust into a corner, while they went on rifling the establishment.

Meantime another messenger boy named Walter McGlynn, came into the telegraph office. He was at once sent after Edward Barry. As he reached the top of the stairs and was about to enter the silk store a revolver was pointed at him, and he was told to throw up his hands.

Instead of doing so, however, he put one hand into his pocket, where he carried a revolver for such emergencies. He pointed a revolver at the man who was threatening him, and pulled the trigger, but the weapon did not go off. Not being very much accustomed to the use of such weapons, the boy had failed to keep his revolver loaded. When he found that the weapon was useless, Walter dropped it, and though the burglar was still covering him with a revolver, he grappled with the man. By this time the light in the store which had enabled Walter to see the man had been extinguished, and the second burglar had escaped. Walter was now struggling with his burglar in the dark. He tried hard to hold him, but the thief was a man and Walter was a boy, and though he was a very resolute and lively boy, the thief soon threw him down and escaped.

By this time a third messenger-boy Robert Henderson, had arrived at the foot of the stairs, as eager for the fray as the others had been. Robert saw a man running down the stairs, and knowing that it was not one of his comrades, he put out his foot and tripped the man up. The burglar fell headlong, but in an instant was up again and running, with Robert Henderson close at his heels.

Robert not only ran, but shouted, "Police!" "Stop thief!" as loudly as he could. Soon a crowd was chasing the burglar, and Robert was in advance of the crowd. He had hold of the man's coat-tail, but the man succeeded in shaking himself loose.

By this time the boys received important reinforcements. Before Robert left the telegraph office he had telephoned to the police about the alarm, and the patrol-wagon reached the building where the burglary had been attempted just after the chase had fairly begun. The officers joined in it. It made a great tumult on the street; a night-watchman down the street heard the noise, and came around the corner just in time to meet the burglar, who stopped, attempted to turn back, and fell into the arms of two of the pursuing officers.

Edward Barry was found unharmed. The plucky boys had prevented the burglars from taking any plunder whatever.

A REVOLUTIONARY SCENE.

The Soldiers Enjoyed a Hearty Laugh Amid Uncomfortable Surroundings.

During the first year of the Revolutionary War the most conflicting and alarming reports spread to the remote country towns. In the "History of Windham County, Connecticut, there is a description of a serious panic which occurred at Thompson as a result of such rumors. A saucy boy was knocked down by a suspected Tory. At about the same time a courier from Boston rode through the town, too much in haste to answer questions. Soon dreadful stories were afloat.

It was said that the patriots' homes were in danger; that "Malbone's niggers" were coming! The Tories are coming! The Tories are coming!" was the cry everywhere.

Not a man was left at home save the old and paralytic, and they had no arms, no ammunition. Flight seemed the only recourse, and a dismal, miry swamp was selected as the place of refuge. A boy was sent to rally all the neighbors. He ran to Larned's store, then a well known business centre. Mrs. Larned, who was in charge, was not one to run from the face of danger.

A big fire was blazing in the huge fire-places kettles of water were heating, and every iron implement that could be mustered on was the coals; and with hot water and hot irons she intended to make a stand

against the invaders. "Old Granny Leavens—the aged widow of the first William Larned of Thompson—was with her, and was equally resolute. She had survived several Indian wars and two husbands.

"If I am to be killed by the Tories, tonight, why, then I shall be," she exclaimed, "so I'll stay with Becky!"

The example of these two women had no effect upon their weaker sisters, already in full flight. "Tell Becky," they retorted, "that hot irons will never do for the British. They hurried off to the swamp, a panic-stricken company. "Uncle Asa," a lame old man, was suffering from a disease incident upon excessive flip-drinking.

"Thither," he complained, as he hobbled along, "thither, I've forgot my plither! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Hurry up, Asa, or you'll never put a plaster on your knee again in this world!" answered his sister.

The swamp was so damp, moist and unpleasant that all could join with Aunt Nabby in her heartfelt ejaculation, "I'd give a wedge of gold as big as my foot for one good dram!"

The unfortunate old people, too feeble for flight, were in a still more pitiable condition. One bedridden old woman, who had not stood on her feet for years, and forgotten in the flurry and left at home alone, managed to crawl out of bed and stow herself away in a cupboard. An old captain, trembling with palsy, barricaded the door, and valiantly held it with a pitchfork.

The night passed. Nothing was heard of Malbone or other marauders. In the morning the weary fugitives stole back from the swamp. Their fright and flight and ridiculous sayings were told all over town, and even carried to camp, giving the soldiers a hearty laugh amid all their uncomfortable surroundings and forebodings.

HELVETIUS AND HER CATS.

How a Famous Woman Made Herself very Ridiculous.

Kindness to dumb animals, like other amiable traits, may be carried to excess. A striking instance is furnished by Count d'Aumale in an amusing account of a visit he once made to the widow of Helvetius, a noted philanthropist and litterateur of the last century. Madame Helvetius, who was a woman of intellectual ability, was noted for kindness and eccentricity. D'Aumale requested an introduction to her, and was taken to call upon her by a friend.

As the visitors entered the spacious drawing room, it was nearly dark, and the footman who ushered them in could scarcely find his way. Madame Helvetius emerged from the shadows in a moment, and as the servant lighted the apartment D'Aumale was astonished to see a number of very handsome Angora cats, completely enveloped in magnificent robes of fur-trimmed silk! The footman assigned the guests to seats, and they were about to sit down when Madame's querulous voice interrupted them.

"What!" she cried, to the embarrassed servant, "do you not see that Ninette and her kittens are occupying those chairs?" With a low, deprecatory bow the lackey pointed to the sofa.

"Stop!" cried the lady to her visitors. "Mignon has been ill; she cannot rest comfortably except upon that sofa."

The guests paused in some confusion and were stepping back, when a loud "mew" from behind warned them that they were again on dangerous ground.

"In heaven's name!" exclaimed the distracted lady, "my poor Nanon will be crippled if you do not step carefully."

Finally the astonished gentlemen were led into another apartment, followed in solemn procession by twenty Angoras, who trailed their silk gowns along with the gravity and dignity of judges, while the guests had great difficulty in restraining their mirth.

Madame Helvetius did not seem to appreciate the absurdity of the situation, nor appear to object to the mewling and purring that made a perfect chorus round her.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

.. CURE ..
TORPID LIVER,
CONSTIPATION,
SICK HEADACHE,
AND DYSPEPSIA.

Mr. NEWTON COSETT, of the firm of H. H. COSSITT & BRO., Brockville, Ont., says: "I have used Laxa-Liver Pills myself, and my family have also used them. They are the best laxative we have ever used, being free from the griping peculiar to most laxative pills."

Sold by all Druggists at 25c. a Vial or 5 for \$1.00.

Her pots upon her train, climbed over her, and took possession of the best of everything. When refreshments were served, they clamored until it seemed as if every cat in Paris had been let loose in that drawing-room, nor was the uproar quieted until they were led.

Before the guests were served, each cat had leaped up into a cushioned chair, where she disposed of her portion of the viands in unregarded greed, filling the air with the muffled sound of mauling of bones, quarrelsome cries and loud "mews."

While this singular scene was being enacted, the hostess made herself agreeable, chatting with her visitors on various interesting topics, but D'Aumale and his friend were so absorbed by the curious spectacle that her efforts were almost unnoticed. When the guests departed, they indulged freely in the merriment which their remarkable visit had aroused, and to the end of his days Count D'Aumale was fond of describing this manifestation of a clever woman's foolish eccentricity.

RUSSIAN HORSES.

Love of Children and Horses are Characteristic of Russians.

The land where animals are raised in large numbers is not always the land where they are best loved. Russia, however, which is, says Mr. W. Durban in the Contemporary Review, the greatest horse-breeding country in the world, is the country where the horse is both loved and appreciated.

"I never in all my wanderings," says Mr. Durban, "saw a pony or steed of any sort that seemed to be in a bad condition through ill-usage. The droshky-drivers of Moscow put our London cabbies to shame in this respect. They may abuse each other vociferously, they may cheat you roundly, but they never abuse their horses."

The supply of fine horses makes a constant luxury to travel in Russia. The population is chiefly dependent upon the tarantass, or rough, partly hooded van, telegra, or country cart, the little droshky and the capital troika, or three-horse carriage. Nothing delights a driver so much as dashing along at headlong speed, with three spirited horses harnessed to a troika. With the whips cracking, the bells ringing, the driver singing at the top of his voice, the two outer horses flying off at an angle as wide as possible, the troika in full speed is a splendid sight.

In Siberia the driving is so furious, the mountain roads being as rough as they are steep, that the traveller is constantly amazed at his immunity from accident. A stranger experiences mixed feelings of wonder and alarm as the rough vehicle, chiefly made of pine and birch poles put together in the crudest manner, is positively hurled into the air and down again during the descent into a valley that is approached by a corduroy road.

The drivers kept their horses scrupulously clean, however they themselves may reveal in dirt. It is curious to enter a miserable little shabby droshky, and note that the horse which draws it is a really beautiful animal, plump, sleek and evidently petted.

There must assuredly be a good side to Russian character, or the people would not be as fond as they are of their horses and their children. The two lovers are ingrained into the very heart of the nation.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE MEET.

How an Elderly Man Kept a Young Passenger From Being Fleeced.

Some years ago a young man with more money than sense became involved in a game of poker on one of the English ships. The first night he won freely and had a big stack of red and blue chips to cash when the game was closed. The second night he had to play in order to give his opponents a chance to recover, and toward the end of the evening lost heavily. He held good hands, but somebody else always held better, and he was compelled to go to the bank several times. As fast as he bought chips they were transferred to two pleasant-looking gentlemen who played recklessly and sympathized with his losses. When he did win it was only a small pot and nobody else had anything.

An old gentleman with a long, white beard, who was down on the passenger list as Judge Something-or-other from California, had been overlooking the game for an hour or more, when he touched the youngster on the shoulder and said:

"I say, young fellow, let me spell you for a couple of hands around, just to change the luck."

The young man was inclined to refuse, but he noticed a curious expression on the Judge's face and changed seats with him to see what would happen. Twice the Judge caught the gentleman on the opposite side on a misdeal. Twice he laid down his hand on the ground that the wrong card was given him. Two of the other players protested, but the Judge was very firm and dignified about it, and wouldn't even answer their arguments. Three times he requested the man opposite him to cut again, but he always did it in such a quiet, pleasant way that no offence could be taken. Finally he proposed that they play a round of jacks-pots and quit. When that was done and he



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

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

SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.

It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name **SURPRISE.**

HE LEFT JUST THE SAME.

Mr. Allen Didn't Know He Was a Dead-head and Left Hurriedly.

John Allen of Mississippi, arrived at the Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine, registered, and was assigned to a room. He had never seen apartments so extravagantly furnished. Expensive oil paintings hung over the walls. The bedstead was of mahogany and hand carved. Carpeting a half foot thick covered the floors. There were vases filled with flowers, velvet-covered chairs, lace curtains, bevelled mirrors, and all the other appliances of modern convenience and luxury.

John became alarmed. He figured it out that that room would cost as much per day as his salary as a Congressman would amount to in a half a week. He called a bellboy, gave him \$2 and told him to quietly find out the tariff on that room. John didn't like to ask the clerk himself. He was a big man, and that would look little. The boy returned presently and informed the guest that the price was \$50 a day. Allen went down stairs, laid down a dime and called for a cigar. They didn't sell anything but two-bit cigars. He put down a nickel on the newstand and picked up a New Year paper. "twenty cents more, please," said the clerk. He got a drink and tendered 15 cents. "Where you been stopping, at the Windsor?" asked the barkeeper. "Drinks here are a quarter." That settled it with Allen. He went to his room, gathered his grips and took them himself downstairs. Then he called for his bill.

"Why, what is the matter, Mr. Allen? We thought that you were going to spend some time with us," asked the clerk.

"Very sorry," replied Mr. Allen, "but I have just received a telegram that calls me away."

The clerk reached out his hand to tell him good-by.

"But the bill?" inquired Allen.

"There isn't any bill. You are the guest of the manager, Mr. Seavy."

But Allen had to make the bluff good, and he left on the evening train.

Another new Anesthetic.

An experiment with eucaïne, a newly discovered anesthetic, at the State Hospital for the Insane, at Jamestown, N. D., was entirely successful. With this latest discovery local insensibility can be produced, leaving the remainder of the body in its normal state. The new substance comes from Germany. The severest test was the amputation at the lower third of the leg of a man sixty-eight years old without use of chloroform or ether, followed by rapid and painless healing of the stump. As much of the eucaïne was put into two or three tablespoonfuls of water as the water would dissolve, and with a hypodermic syringe a few drops of the solution were injected under the skin. About an inch from the centre of the injection another was made, then another, until the limb was girdled by them at the place where it was intended to amputate. After waiting five minutes to allow of the superficial tissues becoming insensible, the needle was thrust deeply into the muscles and injections made. In a few minutes all that portion of the leg, including three or four inches above and below the ring of injections, was found to be destitute of feeling, and the operation of cutting off the limb was proceeded with exactly as if the patient was under chloroform. When the deeper tissues were cut into a slight smarting sensation was experienced a few times by the patient, which was immediately relieved by the application of a little more of the solution directly to the seat of the discomfort. No other pain was experienced. The patient's general health has much improved since the operation. Eucaïne is prepared from a South American plant. It is similar in its local action to cocaine, but without any of the poisonous effects of the latter, even though it be employed in much larger doses.

The Human Equation.

In the opinion of the London *Lancet* (an admitted authority), the chief gain to medicine during the reign of Victoria, has not been so much in the actual treatment of disease as in its prevention. The Victorian era has been characterized by the rise and development of sanitary science, the aim of which is to promote the public health by securing cleanliness of air, water, food and drink; the construction of dwellings on hygienic principles, the avoidance of over-crowding, the control of unhealthy occupations, the better management of factories, and so on.

No doubt sanitation and hygiene deserve the high estimate set upon them. They are able largely or wholly to prevent epidemics of contagious or infectious diseases, for which the community has every reason to be thankful; but even if it were possible to enforce the general observance of the laws of health to an extent far beyond the limit likely to be attained, there would still remain the individual element of the human equation to deal with, and no system or aggregation of principles has ever been able to do much with that. After all we can say or do, every man must fight the battle of life for himself, and meet death for himself; and that, too, under conditions different from those peculiar to any and all others.

Buddha, founder of the religion which bears his name, and one of the profoundest thinkers that ever lived, says it is vain to hope to overcome grief and sorrow until men overcome the sense of personality in which sorrow takes its rise.

Exactly, and personality will continue to defy all wholesome ways of helping or hindering to time's end. Why, look at the point for yourself. The fact is, that in the very face and eyes of those protective and salutary contrivances, people fall ill precisely as they did a hundred years ago, and cry out for a cure—precisely as they did then. Out of the great grief ground in Life's Mill the angel of death takes the same "toll" as he did when sanitation and hygiene were words unknown to the English language. So the Victorian era closes with the people using more medicine per capita than when it began; remedies imperatively needed and often successful. As, for example, in the case of Mr. Henry Gunning, who says:—

"In the spring of 1892 my health began to give way. I felt languid and weak, and had no energy. I had no appetite, and after eating experienced great pain around the chest and a gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach. At night I was in such pain I got no proper sleep or rest. Cold, clammy sweats used to break over me, exhausting my strength. I became extremely weak, and although I kept at my work it was with difficulty.

"I grew weaker, and felt that I was going down the hill. I took medicines prescribed by a doctor, but they did not suit my ailment.

"In this distressful condition I continued up to March of last year (1896) when my brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas, recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I procured a supply from Mr. Hughes, chemist, of this place, and on taking it a short time I began to improve. My appetite returned and food tasted me no pain. Continuing, I grew stronger daily. When I had taken six bottles I was completely cured, and have since enjoyed good health. But for Mother Seigel's Syrup I should have been in the grave. You may publish this as you like. (Signed) Henry Gunning, Broomfield Yards, Mold, North Wales, June 15th, 1897."

A Disappointed Bishop.

The "Banbury Bun," celebrated in song and story, has sustained its reputation for more than a hundred years. Since kings have esteemed it a dainty, it is not surprising to learn, from the Baptist Union, that the Bishop of Worcester, when passing through Banbury, was desirous of trying it for himself.

When the train stopped at the station, the bishop saw a small boy standing near and beckoning to him, inquired the price of the celebrated buns.

"Threepence each," said the boy.

The bishop thereupon handed the boy sixpence and desired him to bring one to the car, adding, "And with the other sixpence you may buy one for yourself."

The boy shortly returned, complacently munching his Banbury, and handing threepence to the bishop, said: "There was only one left, guv'nor."

Sunday Reading.

HANDS OFF.

Instances Where the Warning is Quite Necessary.

In museums and fine or rare collections may often be seen the printed warning, 'Do Not Handle,' or, 'Not to be Touched.'

Now why are such warnings necessary? Simply because many persons are born meddlers. They see with their fingers.

Some years ago a gentleman was presented with a fine crayon portrait. The work was well done, but its chief value lay in the fact that it was a good likeness of one of his family.

'Ah, that's fine!' said the friend with cordial appreciation. 'But see, here, it'll rub, won't it?'

Yes, it would! Before the owner could interfere, the thoughtless admirer had passed a broad forefinger across the beautifully shaded portrait, and a dreadful smudge ruined it past all remedy.

The other day we were invited, a favored few of us, into an antiquarian's 'den.'

GLAD TO HELP.

The Kindly Act of a Clergyman Towards a Poor Woman.

It is a pleasant thought that many of the men whom the world delights to honor are proud and glad to do the little, humble, helpful services, for which opportunity comes to us all.

On returning he was met by the query on the part of a friend: 'That was one of your flock, I suppose?'

'No,' was the answer, 'I never saw her before. But she was in need of help, and I was glad to give it.'

A THANK-OFFERING FROM AYAH.

It is a Thankful Spirit that is Still Grateful Amid all Trials.

The 'Missionary Herald' tells of a recent gift to the American Board of Foreign Missions, which has a most interesting history behind it.

The gift is from an Armenian Christian of Marsovan Turkey. The donor had proposed, on reaching his fiftieth year, to make a thank offering of £50, in view of the prosperity that God had granted him.

pay his debts, but he found better than he had hoped, and some property remained. Now he proposes to make good his former 'default.'

It is indeed a thankful spirit that in the midst of such trials can still look with trustful gratitude to the Father. A faith less strongly grounded might have been shaken and in the clouds of sorrow and danger have lost sight of Divine love.

THE GUNPOWDER SEARCH.

How the Guy Fawkes Plot Was Discovered and the Precautions Since.

It is nearly three hundred years since the British House of Parliament were searched and the barrels of gunpowder under the custody of Guy Fawkes, a soldier of fortune, was discovered a few hours before the opening of the session.

When the earliest searches were ordered during the reign of King James I, the guardsmen carried lanterns through the dark passages. The corridors and underground rooms are now flooded with electric light, but the yeomen of the guard respect the old custom and have lanterns in their hands.

The mounted soldier no longer rides post-haste to the queen at Windsor or Osborne; but every year the vice-chamberlain sends the traditional message to her by private wire, and she is assured that there are no explosives in the cellars, and that she will not be exposed to unusual risks if she chooses to meet her Lords and Commons.

Enough for One. Rapturous Youth—Daring, my salary is \$50 a week. Do you think you could live on that?

His Affluence—Why, yes, George, I can get along on that. But what'll you live on?

A BATTLE WITH WOLVES.

By a Thrifty German Housewife, who Saved her Sheep.

Last autumn a German settler in the wilderness not far from the headwaters of the Mississippi River, O'to Gekowhara by name, came into the land office at Grand Rapids, Minnesota, to 'prove up' his claim.

He showed the places in the skins where they had been lacerated by many blows with a sharp implement, and told how the skins came to his hand.

The boy seems to have had no fear of trouble either, for while the sheep were quietly grazing, he wandered away from them a little distance, looking for something to shoot.

Before long the boy heard a great commotion and forces yelling in the direction of the glade where the sheep were left, and presently saw the sheep come running in terror through the woods toward him.

The boy fired at the wolf which was tearing the sheep, and it ran limping away. However, the shot, and the cries of the wounded wolf, brought the three other wolves upon him; they left the half dead dog, and flew at the boy.

She reached the tree. Whether or not the boy was safe in it did not appear to have entered her thoughts; she saw simply that he was threatened by the wild beast, and without any deliberation she attacked them.

She was too quick for them, however, and in a few moments she had laid them all out on the ground, dead. Then she helped the boy down out of the tree, and got him into a place of undoubted safety.

SANTA CLAUS WAS A REAL MAN.

The 'Truly-True' St. Nick and the Legends of His Life.

Some grown-ups and older children imagine there never was any real Santa Claus; but they ought to know better. Nicholas, the patron saint of Christmas-tide, was a bishop of the church in Asia Minor, where he died in 343.

A writer in Chamber's 'Book of Days' interestingly describes the celebration of St. Nicholas day at Bari. On that day, the town is thronged with pilgrims from all the country round.



entitled to a meal without cost, and on the special occasion described over nine thousand were fed. Water comes up through the floor of the crypt over the grave of St. Nicholas, and this is supposed to have great curative powers.

The observance of St. Nicholas day which connects it with Christmas customs of the present era is the ancient one of filling shoes with little gifts which were supposed to have been left there by the saint, says the 'Monthly Illustrator.'

Children were told that St. Nicholas threw the presents for them in at the window, and the main point is clear enough—that he is the same person who, as Santa Claus, rides on Christmas eve all over every part of the world where good children live.

OFFENDED SIGHT.

The Dog's pride was Wounded and He Sulked.

A clear case of sulks on the part of a much petted and overindulged dog, is reported in the Christian work. The more carefully dogs are studied, the more of what is called 'human nature' is found in them.

On one occasion when the dinner-bell rang, the puppy, seeing the old dog sitting on the top step as usual, ran up to him, and in clumsy play upset him so completely that the fat fellow rolled to the foot of the stairs.

The pampered dog's behaviour was curious. Gathering himself together, he refused to enter the dining-room, but slowly toiled up-stairs again and retired to the wicker basket where he usually passed the night.

Mill vry Justice.

Old Judge Dole, an early settler of Pike, in the county of Wyoming, New York, was a military man in his early days, having, to quote his own words, 'fit the Britishers' in the War of 1812.

One hot summer day his hired men, five or six in number, decided to take a nap after their luncheon of doughnuts and pie, instead of setting to work again at hay-making.

Just five minutes later the judge appeared, to see how the work was going on, and he saw at once the state of affairs. From the sentinel's position the judge knew what duty the man had been expected to perform and without waiting for any explanation, he proceeded to administer a sound drubbing with his stick.

When he had sufficiently admonished the sentinel, the old judge let him go, saying, 'There, I guess that'll learn you not to sleep on your post! And without taking the least notice of the other sleepers, the disciplinarian marched off, perfectly satisfied.'

Lady Camilla Garden, in her memories of Suffolk, tells a true story of a society woman who was sweet-natured and generous enough to give the poor of her very best. She used to visit the large, dreary workhouse in the manufacturing town near her country home.

One night, we went together to a party, my pretty Gertrude dressed in every color of the rainbow, with diamonds sparkling on her wavy hair and shining about her soft, round throat.

With a queenly gesture, she waved aside the bewildered policeman. The little cripple put his tiny, wasted arms trustfully about her neck, and leaned eagerly forward to see all that was to be seen; and when the sight was over, and Gertrude gently disentangled herself from his poor little hands, to give him back to his mother, the child put his pale lips to her rosy cheek and kissed her.

After a Chinese Wedding.

On the day following a Chinese wedding, at least in certain provinces, the bride's youngest brother goes to inquire after her and to take a present from her mother of a bottle of hair oil. This is a custom so ancient that none know the origin thereof.

OUR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

Too Many are Broken Down Weak and Wretched.

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It Has Rescued Thousands and Made Their Lives Happy.

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DEAR SIRS:—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the great good that Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I was completely run down in health and a victim of female weakness, and after using three bottles of your wonderful medicine I was completely cured. It is the best blood purifier I know of, and I recommend it to all who are troubled as I was.

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WORLD

Notches on The Stick

William Ewart Gladstone, in his noble tribute to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, ascribes to him the union of extraordinary character, at an unusual stage of development when his earthly career was terminated at Vienna in 1833. He had scarcely looked at life, yet it seemed as if he understood it, and was calm before its awful mysteries. His is a memory canonized in song, but Gladstone attempts his memories with dispassionate impartiality. He speaks of Hallam's schoolboy friend, ship as "surpassing every other that has ever been enjoyed by one greatly blessed both in the number and the excellence of his friends."

"It is the simple truth that Arthur Henry Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be through this contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. Among his contemporaries at Eton, that queen of visible homes for the ideal school boy, he stood supreme among his fellows; and the long life through which I have since wound my way, and which has brought me into contact with so many men of rich endowments, leaves him where he stood, as to natural gifts, so far as my estimation is concerned."

"But I ought perhaps to note a distinction which it is necessary to draw. Whether he possessed the greatest genius I have ever known is a question which does not lie upon my path, and which I do not undertake to determine. It is of the man that I speak, and genius does not for itself make the man. When we deal with men, genius and character must be jointly taken into view; and the relation between the two, together with the effect upon the aggregate, is infinitely variable. The towering position of Shakespeare among poets does not of itself afford a certain indication that he holds a place equally high among men."

This is the more interesting from a consideration of the author himself, as a man of the highest character, at the close of the most signal career of the century, characterizing with applause the high spirit and temper of a man whose life here was only a promise; although the spell of his illuminated personality together with the genius of Tennyson, undoubtedly wrote "In Memoriam," that most splendid threnody, the most significant work of its kind in English. Mr. Gladstone modestly compares Hallam with himself, where he refers to their debates,—and that Hallam was a famous debater at Cambridge, as well as at Eton, will be inferred by the reader of Tennyson's poem: "On Sunday, May 14, 1826, I find this record in my journal: 'Still arguments with Hallam, as usual on Sundays, about articles, creeds, etc.' It is difficult for me now to conceive how during these years he bore with me; since not only was I inferior to him in knowledge and dialectic ability, but my mind was 'cubed, cribbed, confined,' by an intolerance which I ascribe to my having been brought up in what were then termed Evangelical ideas—ideas, I must add, that in other respects were frequently productive of great and vital good." Hallam had a mind singularly open, and with great scope of vision, united to a spirit fundamentally catholic and tolerant; and it is worth noting how Gladstone has widened in these respects, when we remember that youth is usually the season of our easiest faith, when we are ready to embrace all things in the very callowness of our benevolence.

All that he has said of his friend is very well understood and received now; but when Tennyson's poem first appeared, Hallam, not being publicly known, it was

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received as an unusual example of false modesty, and treated with that scornful incredulity that Diderot or Paine might have bestowed on some contemporary account of a vision of angels,—so intolerant are we in our commonplaces. Frederick W. Robertson gives us an example of such heavy criticism, in one of his well known Lectures, in which it was complained that so much "of poetic feeling has been wasted on a lawyer; and much wit is spent upon the tenderness which is given to 'Amaryllis of the Chaucery bar.'" This is the criticism of the man who always remembers poetry as a school exercise, and is mentally construing Virgil, when he ought to peer through the bars of text into the landscape of the spirit,—which he never does, and perhaps never may do. Robertson proceeds to crack the helmet of this critical Da Bohun: "A barrister, it seems is beyond the pale of excusable because political sensibilities. So that if my friend be a soldier, I may love him, celebrate him in poetry, because the profession of arms is by all conventional associations heroic; or if he bears on his escutcheon the red hand of knighthood, or wears a ducal coronet, or even be a shepherd, still there are poetic precedents for romance; but if he be a member of the Chaucery bar, or only a cotton lord, then, because these are not yet grades accredited as heroic in song, worth is not worth and honor is not honor, and nobleness is not nobility. Oh, if we wanted poets for nothing else, it would be for this, that they are the grand levellers, vindicating the sacredness of our common humanity, and in protest against such downright vulgarity of heart as this." Yet at the time the literary Remains of Hallam had been published, with an introductory memoir by his distinguished father, and the laudatory tributes of some of the ablest men in Britain; while Tennyson had had some twenty years in which to test the quality and significance of his friendship.

Gladstone alone, among his contemporaries, is, and will be, distinguished for a certain august greatness of character. Eternity of time, and the heightened aspect of the "great departed," may not add so much to the impression of future generations as in the case of some others, not so well appreciated in their lifetime; but we cannot suppose it can ever be materially diminished. "Not Fox or Chatham nor William Pitt," says Justice McCarthy, "had anything like Mr. Gladstone's capacity for constructive legislation; and the resources of information possessed by Fox or Chatham or Pitt were poor indeed when compared with that storehouse of knowledge which supplied Mr. Gladstone's intellectual capacity. Mr. Gladstone has been possessed through his life with an eager passion to do the right thing at all times. No human interest has been indifferent to him, and the smallest wrong as well as the greatest has aroused his most impassioned sympathy. Defects of temperament, of manner, and of tact, have, no doubt, been ascribed to him over and over again. He is not good, I am told at remembering faces and names. He is loved by his friends; he cannot but be honored by his political enemies—for personal enemies he never could have had."

And the recent Biography of Tennyson, no less than his poem, so long a classic, in revealing the bright spiritual beauty of his friend's character exhibits also the manly strength and moral steadfastness of his own. He was a person of extraordinary self-restraint, patience, and determination. "Here," says a recent writer, "was a genius who was yet a man of like passions with ourselves, domestic, lovable, tender-hearted, faithful to a high ideal, pure of life, with nothing erratic in his conduct which needed the mantle of charity, which is the appropriate wear of so many geniuses." He was a 'seer' as Carlyle would have said and no doubt he had the requisite self-confidence. But there is in him no trace of vanity. A very great man, but modest, sane, wholesome, marked by integrity in every fibre of his mental and moral nature. And what a record that is among the men of the world truly great!"

This brings us to reflect on the importance of character in shaping, and giving quality to, the great masterpieces of literature. These evince something more than the artistic sense, or than literary dexterity of their authors. We instinctively feel that Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Milton, even from the tone of their works, were not only great poets, but great men; and that, to adapt Gladstone's phrase with respect to Hallam, they "resembled passing emanations from some other and less darkly checkered world." One does not need other than to study his work to know that the last named greater poet was 'a dedicated spirit,' one who thought himself "Born to that end, born to promote all truth, All righteous things;" for it inheres in the very fibre of his literary work; it is 'the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life,' which is here, and

which informs it. 'Time tries the truth in everything,' and that unflinching test of character in literature prevails here.

The Cavalier poet, occupied with the fineness of song, and the pretty art of the curious in form and expression, redeem by the happiness of their efforts the poverty of the things they have to say. It is not without good cause that we read and re-read today such verses as—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice steal in and out,
As if they feared the light;"

or,

"Ask me no more whether doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and I keep warm her note;"

for, despite the triviality, the expression is well nigh perfect, the genuine life-blood of poetry is there,—but in tiny trickling veins instead of giant pulses. But how incomparably poor would our literature be had we only these things! How far below a *tour de force* of Gray, or a happy inspiration of Wordsworth! When these writers do attempt a noble utterance it falls flatly from them; and in many cases their *fineness* runs to the fanatic, and the affectations that a pure taste abhors. Even "Hudibras" with all his long wit is not redeemed from the disgust an earnest spirit feels in seeking to follow him; and, one is tempted to doubt whether Butler was worthy a better fate than betel him.

We are not diminishing the glory of the true artist, without these higher qualities. It is not to be denied that all perfect art has justly its own praise and meed. But it is a needless thing just now to emphasize the relation of great souls and great ideas to all high and genuine art. To this truth, John Burroughs, one of the sincerest of men, comes bearing witness: "A man like Poe is of the true poet type, but his contribution is unimportant because there is not enough of him. . . . There is a mastery in him not in Longfellow, but Longfellow will outlive him because he has a winning, genial personality, and his works are sweet and wholesome. Poe's mastery is over the elements of verse, not over the elements of life or spirit. Shelley, Swinburne, Rossetti, and all that ilk do not fail as artists but as men."

I went to a table which was covered with a multitude of richly-figured and highly gilded dishes. The people who sat with me seemed devoid of wholesome appetites, and lingered staring the menu. When I lifted the covers from the five dishes I discovered the nearest to nothing in them. Then I arose and said: "I will go where things are plainer, and where I can be fed." Just now the public fancy runs to gilded dishes; but I can hardly think it will always be so.

HIS TIME HAD ARRIVED.

The End Came When he Predicted it Would Only a Few Hours Before.

They were five, with the guide, snugly camped up in the forests of the Rangeley country, and the day's sport had been a trifle heavy, if empty. They had done a long tramp; the broad fireplace yawned a crackling comfort; there was something punch on the table and our pipes were drawing well. The talk had drifted to casually and fatality, and to the exchange of views upon the hair-breadth line which divides the chance of life from that of death in peculiar cases.

The guide, told of a young fellow who had been literally frightened to his death a few years before by the crush of a big bull moose which he had wounded with his last cartridge. The brute had been knocked over by a shot from the guide before it reached the boy, who, though unmarked by a scar, through simple terror had lost his hold upon the spark of life. Instances were named where a fall of a few inches had brought death, and others where men had fallen distances of fifty or sixty feet, only to get up and walk off unharmed.

The doctor had been a silent listener to all this talk and sagging into the glowing coals until all our stories were ended. Suddenly he went to his shakedown and from beneath it drew an old and weather-beaten satchel, from which after some search he took an envelope and returned to his chair.

"My theory is, boys," that a man lives until his time's up, and no longer, and that it makes little or no difference in his length of life what he does or doesn't do. I seldom air this theory. In fact I don't generally like to speak of death, but to-night, for reasons, I'm going to tell you of an experience which strangely bears out my theory, and which lies many years back.

"I had just fairly settled into the business left me by an old practitioner in a small mountain town in Vermont. It was not a town of wealth or great mortality, and I was not a busy man. Still, my reading kept me occupied for the most part, and I had just enough of outside work to give me exercise and maintenance. Even then I had formed opinions and read widely

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upon the doctrine generally referred to as fatalism. I had observed nothing which controverted my ideas, while there had come to me much in their support. Early on a blustery, stormy evening I was lounging in my easy chair, before a roaring fire, pondering over a very strange deposition which I had just read, when my thought was interrupted by the sound of wheels, and a moment later there was a determined knock on the door, and I opened up. A quarryman whom I knew by sight was my caller.

"For God's sake, Doc," he said, come over with me to the quarry and help Big Griggs out of his misery. He's got a tamping iron clean up through his head. "I got my case, slid into a heavy coat, and we were off. The Overlook quarry was six miles distant, and during the drive I gathered particulars. Big Griggs had been drilling for a heavy blast all afternoon, and had loaded for an early morning firing just before the knock-off. He had been tamping down the powder charge, short time had made him careless and there had been a premature explosion. The tamping iron had been driven up through both jaws and through the top of the cranium and still remained in the wound. I mentally concluded that my driver was either drawing the tale o'erstrong through excess of excitement, or that there would be no need of my services when we reached the patient.

"But I found his statement of conditions literally correct. Poor Griggs sat there with jaws locked firmly together and with about seven inches of iron protruding from his chin and a similar length from the apex of the skull. The bar was round, two feet long, with a diameter of one quarter inch at one end and one and one-quarter inches at the other. It must have weighed seven or eight pounds. I went to work and made him as comfortable as I could, thinking, meanwhile of the least brutal way in which to tell him that the long night must soon come. I was a bit surprised that he was sane, since the wound must have been very snug to the brain cells, but he was fully conscious, though in great pain.

"Finally I asked him if he wished any particular thing done or anyone sent for. Motioning for a pencil he wrote:

"Nothing to be done. I shall live for years yet, and there's no hurry."

"I looked at him closely, believing that, after all, he was not precisely level. I had examined the curious wound carefully and wouldn't have insured his life for forty-eight hours on any terms. But boys, Big Griggs lived with that iron in his head for more than six years. During all that time I attended him carefully, and we had long sign-voice discussions about our mutual belief in fatalism. He predicted very closely the date of his death, and later I procured this somewhat ghastly photograph."

He drew from an envelope a photograph of a skull pinned through by an iron bar, and in turn we examined the picture. As it was passed from hand to hand each face mirrored the depressing thought of the years of unceasing suffering which had preceded the awful nakedness of the skull. The punch bowl received renewed attention, and the talk broke away into forced and aimless channels, difficult for men to sustain long. At last one of them, in well-intended effort to lighten the mood of the hour, said:

"Well, Doc, when have you figured on reached the limit of your earthly mission? Try and plan to finish this hunt with us, for we are bound to strike a moose before we are through."

The doctor had gazed into the coals without a word since the telling of his story, but his lips now parted in a slow and melancholy smile as he calmly answered:

"I fancy, boys, that it will come to-morrow. So sure am I of this that I shall ask you before we have good night to join

me in what I believe will be our last toast together. It will be to your comfort, friends, if you can dismiss my statement as but the vagary of an overtalkative comrade who finds himself in strange mood to-night, but we shall see." He continued in murmur to himself:

"It's a pretty world, senior, but not all has been happiness. I have seen of the travail of my soul and I am satisfied."

He rose and filled his glass. "Fill and drink, boys," he called, and as they gathered round without volition to resist his whim, he continued: "Drink to the unsolvable riddle of life; to the unathomable arbitrament of fate, and to the untroubled sleep which follows all in God's good time."

Three glasses were replaced with brimming edge untouched upon the table,—one, the doctor's—lay shattered on the hearth. Hurried good nights were said, and a half hour later quiet ruled the camp. But one unslipping member of the party went out an hour later to view the skies and judge of the morrow's weather. And there he found another sentinel, who growled:

"What a damned ghastly finale for an evening's good cheer! I wish the doctor had kept his infernal fancies and his uncanny toast to himself!"

The next day's hunt promised to be as empty of results as was its predecessors. With the dusk three had returned to camp with royal appetites as the sole capture of the day, and the guide was rushing up a supper, encouraged by a running fire of adjuration. At length all was ready and they drew up chairs. The doctor had not yet shown up, but he was a stayer as a sportsman, and always the last man home. They knew he had gone over to a blind which he had thrown up near a promising lick at an inlet of the lake. He had salted the lick some days before and had since noted sure signs of moose. Against the judgment of the guide, who scouted his ability to fool a moose by a blind in the location which he had chosen, the doctor had sworn that if he took one at all he would take him there, and his patience and repeated failure was a joke of the camp. Probably he had waited until darkness had fairly shut in before giving up his vigil; and even then was stumbling homeward through the gloom.

Still, while the boys variously accounted for his delay, they grew more and more uneasy, and at length the lanterns were lighted and they started in a body for the lick. No man veiled his thought or expectation or spoke a word until we reached the blind.

And there they found him, dead and half crushed under the weight of a moose of 700 pounds. The signs about told the story. The tracks were not two hours old, and showed that the hulking deer had come to drink and then had turned to browse along the fringe of lapping water. The doctor had taken a side shot, which, in the failing and deceptive light, had not been sure, and the moose had charged him, furiously, a second shot failing to stop him, beaten down and scattered was the blind, and behind it hunter and hunted had fought out their battle to the death of both. A broken antler told the fury of the onslaught, and a splintered rifle stood the desperation of the defence. And, there with face upturned to the wilking stars and fingers locked in death about the hunter's knife which all too late had been cleanly driven home, the duel had ended.

The doctor's time had come.

KNIVES
FORKS & SPOONS
STAMPED
1847. ROGERS BROS.
Genuine and Guaranteed
by the
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
THE LARGEST
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS
IN THE WORLD

Woman and Her Work

"The Internal Bath"—That is positively what the latest device for beautifying lovely woman is called! I confess that when I first heard of it I thought it must be some new application of that terrible remedy for dyspepsia, the stomach washing tube, and I wondered if it could be possible that even the pursuit of beauty could lead to such lengths. It seemed to me about the only way one could take an internal bath, and the shuddering speculation arose in my mind as to whether soap would be considered an essential part of the inward ablution. I was immensely relieved however, on going a little more deeply into the study of the matter, to find that the internal bath merely consisted of a certain number of glasses of water drunk daily, and that, if persisted in, the result would be beauty in a most unexpected, and astonishing degree, and with a suddenness perfectly bewildering even to the beautiful one herself. The skin becomes soft and clear, the eyes bright, and the cheeks take on a color that would put a June rosebud to shame. Of course something depends on the quality as well as the quantity of water used, it must be pure soft spring water free from all mineral properties, and not too hot, and the patient must consume not less than half a gallon a day at first, the quantity to be increased as the water drinker feels inclined. The drinker begins the day by sipping a pint of cold water slowly while she is dressing; during the day she gets through with a full quart, beginning about an hour after meals and the last pint is consumed after the manner of the first, while the patient is preparing for bed. Such a regimen is warranted to wash away not only nerves, lack of appetite and that tired feeling, but also circles under the eyes, depression of spirits, sallowness of complexion.

I believe physicians have come to the conclusion that half the children of Adam are literally dying for want of water, though they don't know it, perishing of thirst in a land of many rivulets, as it were; that the system requires far more liquid than it gets, and that the rational remedy for many of the ills that flesh is heir to, is in the water pitcher. Acquire the habit of drinking plenty of pure spring water, and you will speedily find yourself better off physically, mentally and even morally, since the water drinking habit is said to have a directly beneficial effect upon the temper, and general disposition, as well as upon the personal appearance. The water must never be taken at meal times, as the habit of drinking water while eating, is most injurious. Certain it is that few of us drink as much water as we should, and the habit of doing without water altogether is one very easily cultivated. I used to be quite a water drinker myself, but somehow nature having provided me with very abbreviated accommodations for fuel, I never could eat as much as I would like, without feeling uncomfortable, and I found that a whole tumbler of water used up all the space I had for legitimate vitals, so I had to give up one or the other. I could not live on water so the vittles won the day, and now I scarcely ever think of taking a glass of water. Perhaps I shall grow young and vigorous as an eagle if I take it to again, besides having my natural charms largely increased; so I must give the matter earnest consideration, and make a choice once more.

By the way—I wonder how the internal bath will blend with the hot milk recipe for beauty, which I was advocating only a few weeks ago? Will they agree with each other and go on their way rejoicing or will they, like two negatives, destroy one another utterly and leave the patient in worse plight than ever? That is the worst of these infallible remedies, you have no sooner accustomed your system to one, begun to see some good results from it, than something newer crops up.

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

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

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

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

It is sold throughout the world. For sale in Canada by Geo. E. Wood, 100 St. James Street, Montreal. In Montreal, by Geo. E. Wood, 100 St. James Street. In Toronto, by Geo. E. Wood, 100 St. James Street. In Ottawa, by Geo. E. Wood, 100 St. James Street. In Quebec, by Geo. E. Wood, 100 St. James Street.

Cuticura

It is sold throughout the world. For sale in Canada by Geo. E. Wood, 100 St. James Street, Montreal. In Montreal, by Geo. E. Wood, 100 St. James Street. In Toronto, by Geo. E. Wood, 100 St. James Street. In Ottawa, by Geo. E. Wood, 100 St. James Street. In Quebec, by Geo. E. Wood, 100 St. James Street.

and all your time seems wasted. However, water is both cheap and plentiful, and one can drink it cold, while milk is expensive in the winter season, and the heating process involves considerable trouble, especially after the fires are all out at night, so if plain cold spring water is going to have the same effect, by all means let us give it the preference, and let the internal bath have the advantage of a thorough, and impartial trial.

A little while ago there was a well defined rumor of the return of earrings to fashionable favor, and as the fashions of 1830 seemed to be gaining so firm a foothold, of course we expected nothing else than "ear drops" which would reach from the lobe of the ear to the shoulder, and were preparing to think them lovely. But somehow good sense and good taste have held their own, and the woman of fashion still wears her little ears undecorated; and unmarred by scars which show where the flesh has been pierced, in order to insert an ornament. But if the ears are not decorated the same cannot be said of the wrists, for bracelets of every description were never more fashionable than now. In fact so eagerly are they sought after that the jewellers say they are being kept busy converting handsome earrings into handsome bracelets. Almost every variety of bracelet that has ever been worn is fashionable now, but there seems to be a preference for the slender bangle style which admits of a great number being worn. Therefore the woman who owns a pair of diamond earrings which are of no use to her and feels the need of something new and beautiful in the bracelet line, merely takes the earrings to a jeweler, and has the two stones set diagonally across a plain gold wire which fastens around the arm. Sometimes she has two bangles each set with a single stone. The more elaborate bracelets are set with a garnet, sapphire, beryl, topaz or turquoise surrounded by diamonds. Of course we are not all so fortunate as to have handsome earrings lying around, waiting to be utilized, but even if we have none, that is no reason why we need go braceletless, since the simplest, as well as the most expensive bangles, are fashionable. They are silver and gold bangles, locked bracelets, chain and padlock bracelets, extension bracelets set with semi-precious stones at close intervals, bracelets made of the rarest jewels, and the most elaborately wrought gold, and lastly every imaginable pretty fancy and quaint conceit developed in silver, and so inexpensive, that almost everyone may gratify her taste for pretty things at a very small outlay. There is the slender wire hung with coins, the pretty twist of rather thick silver from which depends a single locket-like charm of glass set in a slender rim of silver, and framing a real four leaved clover, which must have been found, and pressed by the wearer, in order to be really "lucky". This is the lucky clover bangle, and the fad of the hour. Another favorite is the witch bangle, in which the witch of our childhood's days, is a prominent figure, arrayed in cloak and high crowned hat, and accompanied by her chosen familiar the black cat with arched back, stiffened tail, and glaring eyes. Sometimes the witch alone decorates the bangle proper, and a number of cats heads are hung as charms from the wire band. The bicycle girl is not forgotten, her especially lucky bangle, showing a twisted wire of silver from which hang miniature lantern, bell, tool bag whistle, etc. In fact, as someone has said, the fashionable bracelet ranges in price all the way from twenty five cents to thousands, but bracelets of some kind one must have, so she would be up to date, and in the swim of fashion.

By the way—I wonder how the internal bath will blend with the hot milk recipe for beauty, which I was advocating only a few weeks ago? Will they agree with each other and go on their way rejoicing or will they, like two negatives, destroy one another utterly and leave the patient in worse plight than ever? That is the worst of these infallible remedies, you have no sooner accustomed your system to one, begun to see some good results from it, than something newer crops up.

A More Important Factor. Lord Barrenhurst—You must bear in mind; Gwendolyn, that we of the nobility must do nothing unworthy of the deeds of our ancestors.

Lady Barrenhurst (nee Go'roz, of New York)—I am of your ancestors? Indeed? How'd you like it if it wasn't for the mortgages of mine?

GERMAN EXPRESS POPULAR.

She is More in Favor Than Her Haughty and Imperial Husband.

The Chicago Chronicle says if Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany is not winning the favor of this subject as successfully as some might wish, his wife is. The Germans love her, in the first place because she is of their race, and secondly because she does not air the same notions that her "consecrated and hallowed" husband is in the habit of doing. An American woman who saw the Empress; and her regiment in review before the Emperor confessed it was a beautiful tableau. After long lines of men and officers went by there was a sharp flourish of bugles and eight splendid men on gray horses, in white uniforms, flashing helmet and cuirasses, rode rapidly into view. Four were in front and four behind the Empress, who rode alone. Her horse, bridle, saddle and habit were pure white. Over the breast of her silver lacing riding jacket a row of medals gleamed, a sash of a royal order was draped over one shoulder, two long white ostrich plumes streamed backward from her little cocked hat and in one white-gloved hand she held a shining sword. "There was a spontaneous outburst of applause as she went swiftly by," said the American woman who saw it all, and saw, too, she said the young Emperor's face relax for a moment as well it might, at the sight of his wife's graceful figure, her smiling face and her perfect control of the animal she rode.

Nowadays, that there are no more babies to claim her hourly attention, and most of her boys are at school, the Empress goes with her husband on nearly all his tours about Germany, and at every unveiling, ship's launching, military review and dedication she takes a small but attractive part. It was in the city of Hanover, not long since, when the royal pair unveiled a statue the same day a big German steamer was launched. Arrangements were made that, by pigeons, news of the launching should be sent to the Emperor. In white, as usual, the Empress stood alone, and rather conspicuously, while her husband reviewed the body of troops. All at once a flock of white and gray pigeons swept over the heads of the crowd, not to their home loft, but directly to where the Empress stood, and settled, flitting and cooing, on her shoulder, arms and hands. The pretty sight was too much for the sentimental Germans, who fell to cheering vigorously.

What Wives Should Remember. That Adam was made first. That he pays the freight. That 'blessed are the meek.'

That nine men in ten detest gossip. That all angels are not of your sex. That confidence begets confidence. That men sometimes have 'nerves.'

SYRUP OF FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50-cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Why Put Off

You are buying tea to day, buy

MONSOON

Indo-Ceylon Tea

It is absolutely pure, not an admixture of China and Japan.

That home is more than half what you make it.

That he is just as anxious to get rich as you are.

That wives are unusually favored in this country.

That his typewriter cannot help it if he is pretty.

That he likes to hear that the baby is his dead image.

That six pairs of slippers are enough for any man.

That a man likes neatness in your attire at all times.

That candy in excess is worse than rum in moderation.

That you should not run up bills without his knowledge.

That 'a baby in the house is a wellspring of pleasure.'

That she who puts on the gloves should know how to spar.

That he is not in love with every woman he glances at.

That it is policy to let him believe he is 'lord and master.'

That your relationship is closer to him than to your mother.

That a prompt and pointed answer does not turn away wrath.

That he does not get sleepy the same moment you do.

That there are letter drop boxes on the nearby corners.

That you should not expect him to light the fire in the morning.

That you can't keep books, and there is no use of your trying.

That he expects you to look your best when you go out with him.

That it does not improve his razor to use it for chiropractical purposes.

That house hunting is not reckoned by the average man as a pastime.

That 8 P. M. is 60 minutes past 7 o'clock not 15 minutes to 9—Boston Globe.

INGENUOUS TEXTS.

How the Ministers of Olden Days Pointed at Timely Topics.

Our devout forefathers, so easily shocked in many ways, used to permit in the pulpit liberties which in our time would be strongly resented or disapproved. Their personal application of Scripture to others was occasionally pursued very close to the line of libel; and they did not deem it amiss in a minister to select his text with a distinctly humorous intention, even sometimes perverting or curtailing it for the sake of a witty adaptation to circumstances.

Parson Turall of Medford, in the first sermon which he preached after his wedding,—he had married a beautiful brunette,—gave out certainly as much to the entertainment as to the edification of his flock, the text: 'I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem!'

Abby Smith, the spirited daughter of Parson Smith, who married John Adams, despite the fact that her father disliked him so much that he would not invite him to the house to dinner, is said to have selected as the text from which her wedding sermon should be preached the significant lines:

'John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, he hath a devil.' Wedding sermons, such as were then customary, offered a tempting field for clerical ingenuity. But that most certainly was not a wedding sermon, and the minister who preached it was assuredly a bachelor, and a very cynical and crusty one at that, for which the abbreviated text was announced to the startled congregation: 'There appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman.'

Applying this denunciation more and more unmistakably to his indignant listener, who sat rigid with wrath in his pew, the preacher carried away at length by his own eloquence, and angered at the little effect it appeared to produce, suddenly broke into a direct address.

'Colonel Ingraham! Colonel Ingraham!' he shouted, thumping the pulpit, 'you know I mean you; why don't you hang down your head?'

At a somewhat later day, and in a spirit less questionable, two old-fashioned ministers, who disliked the innovation of 'repeating tunes' when they were first introduced, aimed their discourses aptly, though in vain, against the objectionable practice. 'These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also,' one venerable minister gave out, sorrowfully, upon the first Sabbath of its introduction into his church; while another aged preacher, of a more bilious turn, prefaced a lively, original protest with the text, far from complimentary to the choir, 'The songs of the temple shall be howlings!'

Minstrel. 'Look here, Bridget,' said an indignant lady, 'I have missed things ever since you came to live with me, and to-day I took the liberty of searching your room, and I found my lace kerchief in your bureau drawer.'

'Luk at that, now!'

'Yes, and I found my lace jabot and one of my veils in your trunk.'

'Did anny one ever!'

'And you had a pair of my g'oves in your room.'

'Luk at that agin, now!'

'I have taken all my things to my own room, and I want you to leave the house to day.'

'Oh, but O'll lave fasht enough, for its not of that wants to wurruk for anny leddy that so far forgits herself as to go pryin' round in a girrul's room! O'st' of was wurkin' for a leddy, but she've found out me m'stake an' O'll lave this minute!'

Agreed. Charlie—There is nothing I admire more than a good deed.

Tom—'Nor I—if it is made out in my name.'

DISEASES OTHERWISE INCURABLE

There is no skin disease which

NY-AS-SAN will not cure.

Wanted—The address of every sufferer in America

The Nyassan Medicine Co. Truro, N. S.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

The Outward Sign of Inward Health.

Lovely Faces

Beautiful Neck, White Arms and Hands

DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP

Will give You All These.

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fish Worms Eruptions or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAVERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in St. John. The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents

THEORIES ABOUT ANDRE.

Possible Happenings That May Have Attended His Journey.

Weeks have lengthened into months since Andre disappeared, and months are growing toward the half-year mark, and still no news of him comes from the vast unknown.

These are the data on which all reckonings of hope or fear are to be made: Andre and his two companions set sail in their balloon from Dane's Island on July 11—about six months ago—bound for the Pole and across it to the Arctic basin.

Thus far the facts. All else is speculation, excepting that the balloon can surely not now be afloat, and that the voyagers if they still survive, must have exhausted the store of provisions with which they started, unless they found means of replenishing their larder.

There is no occasion to wonder that nothing has been seen of the forty carrier pigeons and dozens of cork buoys which Andre took with him as means of communicating with the world he had left behind him.

A BIRD'S PECULIAR CHOICE.

A Swallow that Made Its Nest on a Common Windmill.

A strange nesting-place was that once selected by a swallow. At Corton Lowestoft, England, Mr. Russel Coleman discovered a swallow's nest, with young birds in it, on the revolving part of the machinery of a common windmill.

The particular spot chosen was the 'wal-

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25.

A Nurse Cured of Dropsy.

Mrs. Isabella Richardson, a well-known nurse living at 91 Catharine Street, Hamilton, Ont., says: "Up to fifteen months ago I followed the avocation of nurse, then I was taken ill with Dropsy and Kidney trouble.

Be sure you get DOAN'S.

lomer,' the outer edge of one of the wheels. The revolutions averaged thirty a minute, and Mr. Coleman estimated that in that time the nest travelled about one hundred and eighty feet.

The mother bird, when sitting, usually travelled tail foremost, and when she entered or left the mill she had to make use of the hole through which the laying-shaft projected.

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

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

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world.

A resident of Sherman place made his young son a present of a revolver. It was pretty cold for accurate target practice out of doors yesterday, so the lad betook himself to the cellar.

Souris, Man., Sept. 21, 1896. Messrs. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Dear Sirs,—I find your goods taking remarkably well with my customers and they appear to give every satisfaction, as indicated by the fact of our having sold one half gross of your Kidney-Liver Pills alone during the month of August.

The Untrustworthy Liar.

Coming in the Painesville car the other morning two real estate dealers were 'talking shop.'

'I heard a man get off a pretty good thing about Dash and Blank the other day,' said one of them.

'What was it?' the other asked. 'He said; 'I'd much rather deal with Dash than with Blank.' 'Why so?' I inquired. 'You know Dash is a man whom you can't believe under any circumstances.'

DR. HARVEY'S Southern RED PINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS. PRICE 25c. per Bottle. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL.

Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE THE COUGH CURE. Good for Children and Adults.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal.

SCIENTIFIC DRESS CUTTING. Dressmaking and Millinery taught thoroughly at our Academy or by mail.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. Heals and Soothes the delicate tissues of the Throat and Lungs.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.

Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal.

SOME ONE HAD BLEEDED.

Incidents of the Famous Charge of the Light Brigade.

The occurrence of the forty-third anniversary of the famous charge of the British Light Brigade at Balaklava has led to a summing up of the events of that occasion by an English periodical.

Lord Lucan, who commanded the division in which was the Light Brigade, had never seen any war service, though he was between fifty and sixty years of age.

The Light Brigade was not so very light, for some of the men, with the heavy saddles and other equipments then in vogue, rode their horses at three hundred and eight pounds in marching order.

The Russians under General Liprandi had been menacing the position of the allies near the village of Balaklava, and had taken some British guns from the Turks.

This Captain Nolan was a dashing officer who had written several works on cavalry instruction; he regarded himself as a great soldier, and felt a contempt, which he had freely avowed, for both Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan.

'What guns?' asked Lord Lucan. The captain turned on him in contempt. He was delighted to have an opportunity to snub a superior officer whom he despised.

'You have your men, my lord, there are the guns; go and take them!' he said, tossing his head in the general direction of the field.

At the opposite end of the ridge from that on which were the captured guns, the Russians had their position well protected with a battery of twenty or more of their own guns.

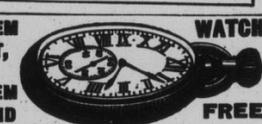
Cardigan and the Light Brigade rode on. The story of the attack is in the main, allowing for the license of poetry, truly told in Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade.'

'It has been a mad-brained trick,' he said, bitterly, almost apologetically, 'but it was no fault of mine!'



Look them over carefully, you will find every kernel perfect. This famous coffee is carefully selected from private plantations having established world-fame reputations for producing the choicest berries.

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee never fails to give the most absolute satisfaction? Their seal and signature on each pound and two-pound can in which it comes is a guarantee of perfection.



STEN SET, WATCH FREE. To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give FREE a 14c. gold-plated watch, Ladies or Gents, nicely engraved, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years.

THE DR. WESTON PILL CO., 359 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache, Purifies the Blood, Cures Indigestion, The Ladies' Friend, Cures Dyspepsia, or Biliousness.

RESTORES THE NATURAL WHITENESS OF THE TEETH. TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. LORDEJA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc. KERRY, WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

No False Claims are made for BENSON'S POROUS PLASTER. A positive cure for Muscular Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Pleurisy, Kidney affections and all aches and pains.

His Word of Honor.

He was only a boy, not yet sixteen, but they were going to shoot him nevertheless. The band of immigrants to which he belonged had been routed by the Army of Versailles, and taken red-handed, with some ten of his comrades, he had been conducted to the Mairie of the 11th Arrondissement. Struck by his youthful appearance, and also astonished at the boy's coolness in this hour of extreme peril, the commandant had ordered that the fatal verdict, should, so far as he was concerned, be suspended for the moment, and that he should be kept a prisoner until his companions had met their fate at the neighboring barricade. Apparently quite calm and resigned, his great eyes and his face—the pale face of a Parisian child—showed neither emotion nor anxiety. He seemed to watch all that was passing around him as though they held no concern for him. He heard the minister report of the fusillade which hurled his companions into eternity without moving a muscle; his calm, fixed gaze seemed to be looking into the great 'Afterwards,' which was soon to become the 'Present' to him also. Perhaps he was thinking of his happy, careless childhood—he had hardly outgrown it; perhaps of his relations and their sorrow when they heard of the chain of fatality which had made him fatherless and had tossed him into the seething turmoil of civil war, and now demanded his life at the hands of fellow-countrymen; and, perhaps, he wondered why such things were. At the time war was declared he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folk, who had apprenticed him to a printer; politics never troubled that little household. It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the head of the family. The privations of the siege, the long and weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the scanty dole of food was distributed in the rigor of that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on the bed of suffering, where she lay slowly dying. One day when he had gone with others to dig for potatoes in the front-broad plain of St. Denis a Prussian bullet broke his shoulder, and afterwards, driven partly by hunger, partly by fear of his companions' threats, he had enrolled himself in the Army of the Commune. Like many another, fear and fear only had led him into and kept him in the ranks; he had no heart for a war of brothers, and now that his life was about to pay the penalty, he was glad that he could lay no man's death to his charge. He was innocent of that, at any rate. The things he had seen and suffered during the last few months had given him a dread of life. He hated to think of leaving his mother in this terrible world—his mother whom he loved so dearly, who had always been so inexpressibly good to him; but he comforted himself with the thought that before long she would come too—she could not have much more suffering to undergo, she was so weak when he last saw her, four days ago. 'Kiss me again, dear—again,' she had said, 'for I feel that I may never see you more.' 'Ah,' he thought, sadly, 'if they would only trust him—would give him only one hour of liberty—how he would run to her and then come back and give himself up to the hands that hungered for his life. He would give his word, and he would keep it. Why not? Save his mother—and she, too, was dying—he had no one to regret. To see her again, to kiss her dear lips once more, console, encourage her, and leave her hopeful—then he could face death bravely.' He was in the midst of these sad reflections when the commandant, followed by several officers, approached him. 'Now my fine fellow, you and I have a score to settle; you know what awaits you? 'Yes mon commandant, I am ready.' 'Really? So ready as all that? You are not afraid of death?' 'Less than of life. I have seen so much the last six months—such awful things—death seems better than such a life.' 'I wager you would not hesitate if I gave you your choice, if I said: 'Put your best foot foremost and show me how soon you can be out of sight, you would soon be off, I'll warrant.' 'Try me, mon commandant, try me! Put me to proof; it's worth a trial. One more or less for your men to shoot, what does it matter? One hour of freedom only, not more; you shall see whether I will keep my word, and whether I am afraid to die.' 'Oh! da! you're no fool, but you must take me for one. Once free and far away, and then to come back to be shot just as you would keep an ordinary appointment? You will hardly get me to swallow that, my boy!' 'Listen, sir, I beg of you. Perhaps you have a good mother; you love her, your mother, more than ought else in the whole world. It, like me, you were just going to die, your last thoughts would be of her. And you would bless the man who gave you the opportunity of seeing her one more, for the last time. Mon commandant, do for me what you would pray others to do for you. Give me one hour of liberty, and I will give you my word of honor to return and give myself up. Is life itself worth a promise broken?' While he was speaking the commandant was pacing to and fro, tugging viciously at his moustache and evidently struggling hard to appear unmoved. 'My word,' he murmured. This urchin talks of 'my word' as though he were a Knight of the Round Table! He stopped abruptly in front of his prisoner and talked, in a severe tone, 'Your name?'

'Victor Oury.' 'Age?' 'Sixteen on the 15th of July, next.' 'Where does your mother live?' 'At Belleville.' 'What made you leave her to follow the Commune?' 'The thirty sous chiefly; one must eat! Then the neighbours and my comrades threatened to shoot me if I did not march with them. They said I was tall enough to carry a musket. My mother was afraid of them, and wept and prayed me to obey them.' 'You have no father then?' 'He was killed.' 'And where?' 'At Bourget, fighting for his country.' The commandant turned toward his staff as though he would consult them at a glance. All seemed moved to interest and pity. 'Well, then! it is understood' the officer said, gravely, after a moment's reflection. 'You can go and see your mother. You have given me your word of honor to be back again in an hour. C'est bien. I shall know then whether you are a man of character or simply a cowardly boy. I give you until evening. If you are not here by eight o'clock I shall say that you are a braggart, and care more for life than honor. Adieu! Quick march!' 'I thank you, mon commandant. At eight I will be here.' 'You are sure?' 'Certain.' 'We shall see when the time comes.' The boy would have thrown his arms about the officer in his wild joy and gratitude, and the latter repelled him gently. 'No, not now,' he said. 'This evening, if you return, I will embrace you—in front of the firing party,' he added, grimly. 'Off with you!' Victor ran like a hare. The officers smiled as they watched him disappear. Twenty minutes later he knocked at his mother's door, and the neighbor who was tending her opened to him. She started and exclaimed when she saw him, for, like everyone else, she believed him dead. He would have rushed to his mother's room, but the woman stopped him. 'Go very quietly,' she said, in a low voice; 'she is asleep. She has been very ill since you went away, but she is better now. The doctor said yesterday that if she could sleep she would soon get stronger; but she must not be awakened. Poor thing! she will be glad to see you, for she has asked for you so often. When she was not calling you she was praying the Bon Dieu to preserve you and to restore peace in the land. Helas! one would say He had abandoned us, the Bon Dieu, and let men do just as they liked. It is awful!' But Victor, impatient, thought he heard his name called in a faint voice. He moved on tip-toe toward his mother's bed. He had not been deceived—the sick woman's eyes were opened wide. 'Victor! my boy!' she cried, in her thin, weak voice. Without a word he lay down beside her and her arms closed round him hungrily. And now the boy who had faced death so impassively could do naught but sob. Now, in his mother's arms, he became a child once more, timid, despairing. The sick woman, who seemed to gain strength from his presence, sought in vain to console him. 'Why do you distress yourself so, my child, my best-beloved?' she asked. 'You shall never leave me again. We will throw that hateful uniform away; I never want to see it more. I will make haste and get well; I feel so much stronger since you came. Soon you will go to work again, and you will grow up and marry some good girl. The past will only look like a bad dream then, and we will forget it completely; completely, dear.' Poor soul, how should she know that her picture of a bright future only deepened her boy's anguish? She was silent, telling herself that the best way to dry tears is to let them flow freely. She kissed him and let his weary head fall back on the pillow, and then she gave herself up to dreams of happier days in store for both of them.

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

Victor's sobs grew less frequent and less violent, and soon nothing could be heard in the little room but the regular breathing of the mother and her child. Ashamed of his weakness, the boy forced himself into self-control, and when he raised his head from the pillow, once more believing himself stronger than love of life, his mother, yielding to the reaction which her sudden joy had caused, was sleeping peacefully. The night restored his energies. A kind Providence, he thought, had wished to spare him a scene which his strength and courage could not have borne, and he resolved to go at once. Lightly he kissed his mother's forehead, and gazed at her earnestly for a few moments. She seemed to smile, he thought; then he went out hurriedly and returned to his post as quickly as he had come, not seeing a soul he met nor daring to look behind him. 'What! so soon?' the commandant cried astonished. He had hoped, like the good hearted man he was, that the boy would not return. 'But I had promised!' 'Doubtless, but why be in such a hurry? You might have stayed with your mother some time longer, and still have kept your word.' 'Poor mother! After a scene of tears, which seemed to take all my courage—tears of joy for her, of despair for me—she fell asleep so calmly, so happily, that I dare not wait for her to wake. She fell asleep with her arms about me, thinking I should never leave her again; how could I have told her the truth? Who knows whether I should have had the courage to leave her after doing so? And what would you have thought of me if I had not come back?' 'So I kissed her and slipped away like a thief while she was sleeping, and here I am. Bray God may be good to her as she has been to me. Mon commandant, I have one more thing to ask—to finish quickly.' The officer looked at the boy with mingled pity and admiration. His own eyes were full of tears. 'You are quite resigned, then death does not frighten you?' he asked. Victor answered him with a gesture. 'And if I pardoned you?' 'You would save my mother's life, too, and I would never see you as a second father.' 'Allons! you are a plucky lad, and you have not deserved to suffer as you have done. You shall go. Embrace me first—bien! Now go, and go quickly. Join your mother, and love her always.' As he spoke the few last words, the officer took the boy by the shoulders and pushed him away gently. 'It really would have been a pity,' he said, half-apologetically, to his staff, as he turned toward them. Victor did not run—he flew home. His mother was still sleeping. He would dearly like to have covered her with kisses, but he did not dare to wake her, although her sleep seemed troubled. He lay down again beside her. Suddenly she sat up, crying; 'Mercy! Victor! My child! Oh! Mercy!—Ah! you are here! it is really you?' she added, waking. Her thin, weak hands wandered all over him; she pressed him close to her and rained kisses on his face. Then she was shaken by convulsive sobs, which Victor could not calm. 'Oh! my boy! my boy!' she moaned, 'I dreamt they were going to shoot you!' Prepared for Accidents. It is always well to be prepared for accidents, for we don't know when they will happen. Everyone should keep 'Quick-cure' at hand. In cases of burns, scalds, cuts, toothache or any pain, it gives instant relief, and cures more quickly than any other preparation on the market. PLUCKY BUT FOOLHARDY. An English Officer who Was not as Cautious As he Should Have Been. A hunter of wild beasts must be plucky, and he must also be prudent. He may possess coolness, nerve and quickness, and know how to handle his rifle; but if he is foolhardy, there will some day be an 'accident.' In his 'Reminiscences of India,' Colonel Pollok tells how one of the best shots in the country, and a very 'lucky' hunter, met his death by his foolish rashness. Wedderburn was an English officer who had felled elephants and tigers right and left. One day, news having been brought him by the jungle people that there was a rogue elephant in the neighborhood, he took the field, accompanied by Oocha, a native hunter, noted as the slayer of many elephants, and by a dog-boy famous for his steadiness. He soon came across the rogue, a huge, tuskless elephant, and felled it; it got up on its feet, and again Wedderburn knocked it down. The beast would not die, and a running fight ensued, which was kept up till all the hunter's ammunition was expended except the charge in one barrel of his rifle. The dog-boy had been sent back for more ammunition, but had not returned. The elephant, though weak, was very angry, and evidently had made up its mind to beat off its foe, or to die fighting. Retiring to an open space, the animal stood at bay. Wedderburn proposed to Oocha to accompany him into the glade, but that experienced hunter said, 'Sahib, I have never known any elephant take so many bullets. He is a shaitan (a devil). We are in bad luck to-day. Leave him alone; he has no tusks, and besides, he is sure to die. You have but one barrel loaded; my rifle is empty; there is not a tree near, and the elephant means fighting.'

John Noble COSTUMES. Worn Throughout the World. Three GOLD MEDALS Awarded. \$2.50. Canadian who like to dress nicely look to John Noble Ltd. for their pretty and durable wearing-apparel. John Noble's many customers in Canada are delighted with the goods supplied them, and the money they save (after paying duty and carriage) by dealing direct with the greatest firm of costume experts in the world, that no lady who has once patronized this firm would for a moment dream of getting her costumes elsewhere. They are exquisite creations and models of ease and comfort. \$2.50. A smart well cut bodice trimmed with ribbons and buttons. A full skirt made of silk with three box pleats. Price complete, \$2.50. \$2.50. A smart well cut bodice with a high collar and long sleeves. A full skirt made of silk with three box pleats. Price complete, \$2.50. \$2.50. A smart well cut bodice with a high collar and long sleeves. A full skirt made of silk with three box pleats. Price complete, \$2.50. JOHN NOBLE & CO. 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000. JOHN NOBLE & CO. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Wedderburn called him a coward, and said, 'Well, stay here, and see how I will kill him,' and rushed on to his fate. The rogue allowed the hunter to get close up to him, and then, wheeling round, charged. Wedderburn fired, failed to stop him, turned to run, and fell. Before the smoke cleared away his body was a shapeless mass. The next day the beast was found dead. For Ten Cents. Have you ever tried to estimate the satisfaction, pleasure and financial returns that you get when you spend ten cents for a package of Diamond Dyes? The advantages and profits are strikingly wonderful. Faded and dingy looking dresses, blouses, caps, knitted shawls, hose, lace curtains, and pieces of drapery are all restored to their original value and usefulness. The truth is, they are made as good as new and the cost is only ten cents. This work is done every day by thousands with the Diamond Dyes. Beware of imitations that some dealers offer for the sake of big profits. Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q., for a valuable book of directions and sample color card; sent post free to any address. A Mother's Kisses. A recent traveller to Spain writing in Blackwood's Magazine, describes a touching scene witnessed at the departure of a regiment for Cuba. All day long there had been heard the measured tread of soldiers, marching through the streets; all day gaily bedecked boats had been passing to and from the vessel that was to take them to Havana. The twilight had begun to deepen when the correspondent saw 'a startling and pretty sight'—the impetuous action of a portly, good-looking and well dressed lady, who noticed a young soldier walking dejectedly alone down the pier in his travelling gray, with a knapsack strapped over his shoulders. All the rest of the men had friends, their wives, mothers, relatives, and made the usual gallant effort to look elated and full of hope. This lad had no one, and it might be divined that he was carrying a desolate heart overseas. The handsome woman burst from her group of friends, took the boy's hand, and said, 'My son has already gone, to Cuba. He is in the regiment of Andalusia, and sailed two months ago. You may meet him, Pepe G.; take this kiss to him.' She leaned and kissed his cheek. An English boy would have shown awkwardness, but these graceful southerners are never at a loss for a pretty gesture and a prettier word. The boy flashed with pleasure, and still holding the lady's hand, said, with quite a natural gallantry, without smirk or silly smile 'And may I not take one for myself, señora?' The lady reddened, laughed a little nervously, and bent and kissed him again, to the ironic applause of soldiers and civilians, while the boy walked on braided and happy. Why They Cheered. Doctor Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was a great but unpopular man. Whenever he entered the Senate House, it was the ill-mannered practice of the undergraduates to begin a loud and continuous whistle. 'How th' originated I do not know,' writes Dean Farrar in his recent book, 'Men I have Known.' 'There were two legends about it: one was, that it intimated that the master would have to whistle for a

bishopric; the other—equally absurd—was that when some one had asked him how to pronounce his name he had said, 'You must shape your mouth as if you were going to whistle!' But under the rough manners of the students there was a genuine goodness of heart. Doctor Whewell's wife died; he had been tenderly devoted to her, and when he attended chapel after her death the undergraduates were touched by an 'old man's anguish and a strong man's tears.' 'When next he entered the Senate House,' writes Dean Farrar, 'There was a dead silence. For the first time for I know not how many years not a whistle was heard; and then, a moment afterward, as by spontaneous impulse, the whole crowded mass of undergraduates in the gallery burst into a loud and long-continued cheer. It was not astonishing that such a proof of sympathy should move the heart of the great master or that the tears should run down his cheeks. I do not think that he was ever whistled at again.'

Too Literal. In front of a down town store, not more than a thousand miles from Bunker Hill Monument, stood a pyramid of values of the peculiar type commonly known as 'telescopes.' The one at the bottom of the pile was very large, and the one at the top rather small. Surmounting the structure was a card bearing this inscription: FROM 22 CENTS UP. This attracted the attention of a citizen who was passing. He stepped inside and said to one of the salesmen. 'I want that largest telescope out there. Here's your twenty-two cents.' 'That large one will cost you two dollars,' replied the salesman. 'Which one is twenty-two cents?' 'The top one.' 'Then why don't you make your sign read, 'From 22 Cents Down?'' retorted the other, putting the money back in his pocket and walking out with a look of disgust on his face.

IT STRIKES HOME! Chase's Ointment Cures All Skin Irritations. Of the many skin diseases, eczema is one of the worst and most common. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. Mr. Andrew Aiton, of Hartland, N. B., says: 'My little daughter, Grace Ella, aged three and a half, was a dreadful sufferer from eczema for three years. We tried a number of alleged cures and several doctors, but all without effect.' Her's was indeed a bad case. Her little body was entirely covered with rash. One day our local druggist, Mr. Wm. E. Thistle, recommended me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. I did so, and four boxes effected a complete cure and saved our child.' Dr. Chase's Ointment is just as effective for piles, salt rheum and sores of all descriptions. For sale by all dealers and Edmanston, Bates & Co., Manufacturers, Toronto; price 60 cents. There is nothing to equal Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for severe colds and lung troubles. Large bottle 25 cents.

"As A Man Sows,"

When Dick Tremayne, Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Twentieth Queen's Own Royal B... went down to Stretton on leave, he was about the unluckiest man possible, in the opinion of his friends, to fall in love at first sight. The unexpected, however, always happens, and in accordance with this trite but true saying the gallant soldier fell an easy victim.

The whole affair was absurd, he knew. The mere idea that he, Dick Tremayne, heir to a brother's title and an acknowledged eligible in the matrimonial market, should ever give a serious thought to his sister-in-law's pretty governess was, in itself, ridiculous. Nevertheless, it was a very pleasant pastime, in the dusky evenings out on the moonlit terrace, to saunter along with the prettiest girl he had ever met. The few days of his leave fled swiftly, and to Joyce Cardew they were laden with sweet memories, while Dick himself was really, unconsciously, sorry as the time drew near for his departure to join his regiment, which was going out to India.

One evening, when the scent of the roses filled the cool air with fragrance and the night breeze sighed in the poplars on the lawn, he came very near to destruction. They were on the terrace, looking down into the somber darkness of the plantation, where shafts of silver moonlight pierced the black shadows and threw fantastic shapes on the lawn beyond.

They were silent, and Dick looked furtively at his companion's sweet face, spiritualized by the mystic moonlight; her blue eyes shone darkly in her pale face, and a hair, which was the envy of many, dandy suburn in color and curling distractingly over her shapely head, made a picturesque framing to her delicate loveliness.

Recently, he spoke suddenly and with vehemence. Taking her hand in his, intoxicated by her loveliness and the strange influence of the stillness, he murmured words which brought a bright flood of color to her cheeks and a glad light into her eyes. "What can I say?" she says, sweetly. "We are all fools at some time of our lives, and we were no exception to that rule. Ah, Ted, is that you?"

The door opens and a man enters. Joyce lays her hand on his arm. He is a tall, fine looking man, broad-shouldered and stalwart. "Captain Tremayne," she says, turning to Dick, with a smile, "I must introduce my husband, Sir Edward Cardew. Ted, this is Sir John's brother."

The two men shake hands, and Dick, reading the absolute trust and love for her husband written in Lady Cardew's sweet eyes, mentally curses his folly, and knows that what he has sown that surely he has also reaped—and the harvest is bitter. —The Daughter.

Presently voices on the terrace caused her to start; it was his voice and the other? Roger Remond, her ladyship's cousin.

The two men were sauntering up and down the dusky coolness. "Ready! I should think so, indeed!" said Temple's voice. "Are you cutting in at the last moment, old fellow?"

"Not a bit," said Dick's voice, with a laugh; "though I nearly did for myself just now; she looked so confoundingly pretty, don't you know, and goodness only knows what I was saying—what I might have said—if Grace hadn't come out just in the nick of time. Unfortunate name. Joyce, isn't it?"

After all, one must amuse one's self in a place like this, and la petite does charmingly pour passer le temps. Let us go in."

The voices died away into silence as the man joined Lady Tremayne in the drawing room. Joyce sat on still and cold; the pile of finished notes before her. The candle burnt down, and went out with a sputter, and still she sat in the dark, where Lady Tremayne found her, and alarmed at the sight of her pale, tired face and heavy eyes sent her to bed, while downstairs Dick was inquiring the whereabouts of pretty Miss Cardew.

When he left next day he found himself thinking of her with very real regret. It she had not been poor, and if he had not been leaving England, he felt that he could have risked it after all; though, by the way, she had bid him good-by with a cold composure, which left him no loophole for a repetition of last night's scene. While she? If he could have guessed the depths of her feeling, even then at the last moment he might have spoken again and saved himself a bitter reaping.

Three years have passed. Dick Tremayne has received his promotion and is on his way home. During his voyage his thoughts turn again, as they have done many times before, to Joyce, and his long remembered last evening in England. "Thinks of her with late remorse," mingled with a pleasant feeling, for he has not made up his mind to speak to her at last and ask her to make him more happy than he deserves to be?"

It is a dull, dreary November afternoon when he arrives at the Manor House, and he feels an agreeable sense of expectancy as he slights at the familiar decor. A vapory fog envelopes everything, and the thought of the warmth within and Joyce is very pleasant to him.

"Lady Tremayne is out," says the old outler, "and so intimation of Captain Tremayne's arrival has been received, but Lady Cardew is in the drawing room."

Dick wonders who she may be as he goes into the cozy drawing room, which is illuminated only by the dancing fire light. A delicious perfume of flowers fills the air, and as he enters some one rises from a seat near the fire, a slender figure in white. As she advances out of the shadow a fiery tongue of flame leaps up and lights upon the sweet fair face, and a great joy falls upon the man.

It is Joyce.

He starts forward with outstretched hands, and eager, glad words rustle tumultuously to his lips.

"Don't you know me, Joyce?" he cries; and then a look of recognition comes into her eyes, but he does not notice the little

frown which wrinkles her forehead for a moment.

"Of course I remember you, Captain Tremayne," she says; and to his ears her voice seems to have become sweeter. He had had no idea that she would have developed in three years into the lovely woman who now stands before him, with a new dignity and sweetness which become her well.

"I am evidently an unexpected guest," he says, laughing, as they sit down in the pleasant glow of the bright fire; "but I do not regret that, as I have met you first."

A smile crosses her lips, and she looks into the glowing fire.

"You did not expect to see me here still, I dare say. Are you home for long?" "Yes, I hope so; and then when I go out again I do not intend to go alone."

He is very confident of his position, and not the least glimmer of doubt darkens his present happiness.

"Joyce," he continues, softly, "have you never guessed that I love you dear? Do you remember that evening we spent in the garden here before I went away? I have never ceased to think of you, and now, ah! Joyce, I love you, I love you. Forgive my long silence and make me happy at last."

The eager words break from his lips in a torrent, and then she looks at him with a smile. Her sweet, clear voice strikes him as almost cruel when she speaks.

"There is nothing to forgive," she says, coldly. "We are both quite aware that that past you speak of was purely a matter of amusement. One must amuse one's self in a place like this, you know. And, after all, it was simply your passer le temps."

He looks at her truth breaks upon him with terrible force. There is no hope.

"Joyce," he cries desperately, "is this all you say to me after years of devotion?" His absolute selfishness startles her, and words rise to her lips which might have torn the veil somewhat roughly from his eyes, but she checks them, and rises from her seat.

"What more can I say?" she says, sweetly. "We are all fools at some time of our lives, and we were no exception to that rule. Ah, Ted, is that you?"

The door opens and a man enters. Joyce lays her hand on his arm. He is a tall, fine looking man, broad-shouldered and stalwart. "Captain Tremayne," she says, turning to Dick, with a smile, "I must introduce my husband, Sir Edward Cardew. Ted, this is Sir John's brother."

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THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE.

He Acts Much the Same as Other Men, Even Though a Sultan.

It is said that hardly one of the sultans of Turkey has died a natural death, and it may be added, with equal truth, that comparatively few of them have led a natural life. The reigning sultan is however, one of the exceptions, and the following extract from "The Sultan and his Subjects" is a faithful picture of his simple and arduous life:

He rises at six o'clock, and works with his secretaries till noon, when he breakfasts. After this he takes a drive, or a row on the lake within his vast park. When he returns he gives audiences to the Grand Vizier, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and other officials. At eight o'clock he dines, sometimes alone, not unfrequently in the company of one of the ambassadors. Occasionally his majesty entertains the wives and daughters of the ambassadors, with other Pers notabilities at dinner. The meal, usually a silent one, is served in gorgeous style, and the most exquisite of porcelain. In the evening Abdul-Hamid often plays duets on the piano with his younger children. He is very fond of light music.

He dresses like an ordinary European gentleman, always wearing a frock coat, the breast of which, on great occasions is richly embroidered and blazes with decorations. The present sultan is the first who has done away with the diamond aigrets formerly attached to the imperial turban or fez. The President of the United States is no more informal than the Sultan in his manner of receiving guests. He places his visitor beside him on the sofa, and himself lights the cigarette he offers him. He is himself an inveterate smoker; the cigarette is never out of his fingers. As the Sultan is supposed to speak no languages but Turkish and Arabic, his majesty though a good French scholar, carries on conversation through a dragoman. Quite recently, a very great lady had the honor of dining with his majesty—the first Turkish sovereign, by the way who has ever admitted a Christian woman to his table. After dinner, the lady noticed a mouse trap, which had been forgotten, on one of the chairs.

"Oh! said the sultan, 'that is an excellent trap! It was sent to me from England, and I have caught ten mice in it today!'"

Looked His Part.

"What a firm, expressive mouth that young man in the end seat has." "Yes; he's the champion pie eater at all the local cakewalks."

VEGETABLE CANCER CURE.

The new treatment (no knife or plaster) has cured hundreds, why not try it? Full particulars so. (Stamp.) STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

The Best of Results

Always Follow the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Two Cases in Which They Restored Health and Strength After All Other Means Had Failed—What They Have Done for Others They Will Do for You.

From the Co. borns Express.

There are few if any people in Murray township, Northumberland county, to whom the name of Chase is not familiar. Mr. Jacob Chase, who has followed the occupation of farmer and fisherman and fishdealer, is especially well known. He has been a great sufferer from rheumatism, as all his neighbors know, but has fortunately succeeded in getting rid of the disease. To a reporter he gave the following particulars. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for upwards of twenty years, at times being confined to the house. At one time I was laid up for sixteen weeks, and during a portion of that time was confined to my bed, and perfectly helpless. I had the benefit of excellent medical treatment, but it was of no avail. I believe, too, that I have tried every medicine advertised for the cure of rheumatism, and I am sure I expended at least \$200.00 and got nothing more at any time than the merest temporary relief. At last I was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and from that time I date my good fortune in getting rid of the disease. A continued using them for several months and daily found that the trouble that had made my life miserable for so many years was disappearing, and at last all traces of pain had left me and I was cured. I say cured, for I have not since had a recurrence of the trouble.

As proving the diversity of troubles for which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a cure it may also be mentioned that they also restored Mrs. Frank Chase, a daughter-in-law of the gentleman above referred to, to health and strength after all other means had apparently failed. Mrs. Chase says: "I can scarcely tell what my trouble was, for even doctors could not agree as to the nature of it. One said it was consumption of the stomach, while another was equally emphatic in declaring that it was liver trouble. One thing I do know, and that is for years I was a sick woman. I know that I was afflicted with neuralgia, my blood was poor, and I was subject to depressing headaches. My appetite was not good at any time, and the least exertion left me weak and despondent. A lady friend who had been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advised me to try them, and as they had also cured my father-in-law, I determined to do so, and I have much cause for rejoicing that I did, for you can easily see that they have made a well woman of me. I took the pills steadily for a couple of months, and at the end of that time was enjoying the blessing of good health. It gives me much pleasure to be able to bear public testimony to the value of this wonderful medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase be full of the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It was a Klondike Then.

It is fifty years since the sensational discoveries of gold in California. There is a plan on foot to celebrate the anniversary. Fifty years ago, according to the geography of that time, California was a damp, foggy, miasmatic wilderness, in which Indians, ferocious wild animals and fevers beset the adventurer. It is to-day one of the greatest and richest States of the Union.—Savannah News.

Serving the Heathen.

Stranger (in Brooklyn).—Where are all those gentlemen going? Resident.—They are going to bid farewell to a popular missionary to China who has been very successful in teaching the heathen the gospel of love and peace.

"I see. And where is the gang of boys going?" They are going to stone a Chinese funeral.—N. Y. Weekly.

BORN.

Chatham, Dec. 31, to the wife of James Spean, a son. Sydney, Jan. 8, to the wife of James Howard, a son. Sydney, Dec. 20, to the wife of E. T. McKeen, a son. Sydney, Dec. 23, to the wife of John McDermald, a son. Hantsport, Jan. 1, to the wife of John Rolph, a daughter. Kentville, Dec. 29, to the wife of J. Rooney, a daughter. Port Hastings, Dec. 28, to the wife of Alex. G. Bailie, a daughter. Halifax, Dec. 8, to the wife of Staff Sergeant Morris a daughter. Scott's Bay, Dec. 24, to the wife of Joshua Huntley, a daughter. Fore; Glen, Dec. 29, to the wife of Mr. W. Edson Ryan, a son. Summersville, Mass. Nov. 29, to the wife of Edward O'Neal, a son. Summer Hill, Dec. 18, to the wife of James McKinney, a daughter. Mount Uniacke, Dec. 27, to the wife of Mr. W. McLean, a son. Malden, Mass. Sept. 23, to the wife of Robert D. McArthur, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Amherst, Dec. 23, by Rev. E. Ramsay, Allan Peck to Maggie Wall. Blue's Mill, C. B., Dec. 23, M. T. M. P. Blue to Maud McLennan. Farnborough, Jan. 3, by Rev. James Sharp, James A. Collins to Eva Berryman.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

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

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Fullan Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Fridays between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S.S. Prince Edward, BOJON SERVICE

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N.S., every Thursday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train and "Sailing Business" Expresses, arriving in Boston early in the morning. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every FRIDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p.m. Unsurpassed cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steerage can be obtained on application to City Agent.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

TO THE Pacific Coast.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Leave Montreal every Thursday at 9.50 a.m., carrying passengers for all points Revelstoke, B.C. and west thereof. Double berth Montreal to Pacific Coast...\$1.00; Write P. A. C. P. R. St. John, N. B. for the following pamphlets: "Tourist Cars", "To the Klondike and Gold Fields of the Yukon", "British Columbia", "Yancouver City's Guide to the Land of Gold", "Time Tables and Maps". D. MONTICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal, St. John, N. B.

DIED.

Archibald, Dec. 23, John Rev., 61. Halifax, Jan. 3, John Atwell, 70. Waewig, Dec. 17, John Nixon, 73. Calais, Dec. 19, Thomas Colmer, 48. Milltown, Dec. 27, George F. Todd, 65. East Bay, Dec. 29, Donald McInnis, 90. Hastings, England, William Skinner, 30. St. John, Jan. 5, Alexander Thompson, 74. Oak Hill, Dec. 18, William F. Kennedy, 80. Scott's Bay, Dec. 31, Mr. Joseph Steele, 91. Coal Harbor road, Jan. 5, Thomas Wier, 84. Cornwall, Dec. 31, Mrs. Richard Starr, 93. Economy, Dec. 27, Mrs. James Drummond, 92. Barrington, Dec. 31, Miss Esau Hopkins, 24. Robinson, Dec. 22, Mrs. Louisa Archibald, 74. Milltown, Dec. 28, Mrs. Mary Lois Francis, 70. St. John Harbor, Jan. 1, Mrs. James Findler, 89. Kingsdale, Dec. 30, Mary, wife of Stuart Smith. Halifax, Jan. 4, Maude May Hayward, 4 years. Milltown, N. B., Dec. 28, Ireland W. King, 91. Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 5, Daniel M. Sweeney, 69. Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 4, Mrs. Chas. Dakin, 73. Heart Point, Dec. 21, Carmilla Lillian Hagar, 11. San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 75, David R. Thomas, 63. Truro, Jan. 1, Louise, daughter of David Young, 2. Louisburg, Dec. 23, Captain Edward Kennedy, 74. Barrington Passage, Dec. 30, Mrs. Margery Trevery, 67. Mars Hill, Dec. 19, Lizzie, wife of James Forsyth. Grand Junction, Colorado, Jan. 2, Geo. F. Leonard, 88 years. Central Arville, Dec. 28, Delia, wife of Herbert Hines, 38. Calais, Dec. 18, Sarah E., wife of William Richardson, 60. Thomson, Jan. 3, Margaret, widow of the late John Ross. Little Pass River, Jan. 1, Margaret, wife of Levi Fulton, 68. Kingsport, aged 1 year. Windsor Forks, Dec. 2, Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin Carson, 57. Milltown, Dec. 31, Edith, widow of the late William Williams, 64. Tower Hill, Dec. 31, Mary J., widow of the late Andrew Logan, 31. Woodstock, Jan. 2, Rose Ann, beloved wife of Colin Campbell, 46. Hantsport, Dec. 22, Carl, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Yeston, aged 1 year. North Sydney, N. B., Dec. 24, Rebecca J., wife of Richard Alexander, 57. North Sydney, Dec. 25, Bridget Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Gamaos, 28. Ovi's Head Harbor, Dec. 28, Susanna M., widow of the late William Palmer, 70. Plymouth, Dec. 29, Winifred Maud, child of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Sims, 1 year. Windsor, Dec. 29, Marion Gertrude, child of Mr. and Mrs. Louise Gentles 8 years. Halifax, Dec. 31, Edith G., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sutherland, 2 months. Tatamagouche, Dec. 6, Lillian, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Keughen, 14 days.

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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897 the Intercolonial Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Fergus, Pictou and Halifax.....1.00 Express for Halifax.....1.10 Express for Sussex.....1.20 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....1.70 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Montreal at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30 Express from Halifax.....12.10 Express from Montreal (daily).....12.30 Express from Halifax.....15.00 Express from Pictou, Pictou and Campbellton.....18.30 Accommodation from Montreal.....21.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Montreal, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

STEAMBOATS.

1897. 1897.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED),

For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick-est Time, 13 to 17 Hours, between Yarmouth and Boston.

2-Trips a Week—2

THE STEEL STEAMER

BOSTON

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING Oct 26th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY evenings after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Yarmouth and Coast Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia.

Stmr. City of St. John;

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pictou, Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY at 5 p.m. connecting with steamer for Boston on Wednesday evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports.

Steamer Alpha,

Leaves St. John for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Afternoon. Returns, leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 9 o'clock p.m. for St. John. Tickets and all information can be obtained from President and Managing Director, W. A. CHASE, E. F. Hammond, Agent Secretary and Treasurer, Lewis Wharf, Boston, Yarmouth, N. B., Nov. 10th, 1896.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canadian Atlantic, Montreal and Sora, and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Canadian Branch, Bay, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summersville, P. M. T., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the West, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Expresses forwarded to all European ports via Canadian Lines. Agency in Liverpool connecting with the forwarding services of Messrs. Braden and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly forwarded and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. C. C. CROFTON, Assn. Supt.