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PRICE FIVE CENTS

WILL THEY INVESTIGATE?

The Accuser of Detective Ring Said to Have Left the City for the West.

The scandal in police circles and the suspension of a well known officer, Detective Ring in connection therewith has been the talk of the town this week.

Sometime ago when certain statements were made by the magistrate of the bench and followed up by this journal exposing abuses that were said to exist in the police forces there was a great deal of indignation by the patrolmen and their friends in as much as suspicion was cast upon all or nearly all of them.

At that time no names were mentioned, although those who were in the secrets of the inner workings of the force claimed to be able to give instances of police protection and the prices paid for them. There is not any doubt now that this kind of thing has been going on in the city of St. John for a long time. It is said, and no doubt truly said that it exists in other cities, but that can hardly be claimed as an excuse for the existence of it in the city of St. John. Some days ago two or three officers, who were very active in searching out doings of their associates obtained a statement from Pearl Nason, the proprietress of a place of resort on Britain Street to the effect that she had at different times given money to Detective Ring for the purpose of ensuring her protection against raids. The charge was a most serious one and was supposed to be kept very quiet, but in some unaccountable manner particulars of it appeared in a morning paper and the fact was of course generally known that the officer was under suspicion.

This gave the chief an opportunity that he did not hesitate to avail himself of, and in a few hours Detective Ring was under suspension. No investigation has been held as yet, although it was stated on Thursday that an attempt would be made to get at the facts on Friday. Detective Ring very properly demanded that he be allowed council to assist him in defending himself against such a charge, but according to his own statement the chief was not inclined to grant him that privilege. The investigation, it was stated, would be thoroughly private and only those interested permitted in the room.

This will not satisfy the citizens at least, who are intensely interested in the result of the investigation. They pay the police and it is quite within their right to demand that the investigation should be of the full character and open to every tax payer who contributes to the support of the department.

The announcement yesterday morning that Pearl Nason, who had made the charge against Ring was absent from the city, having gone to the States, came in the nature of a shock. PROGRESS could not ascertain before going to press whether it was true or not but the general impression was that it was quite true. Another thing that is likely to enter into the affair is that the government, who appoint the chief of police may have some suggestions to make regarding the character of the investigation.

It is understood that for some years the complaints of the citizens have been such that at different periods the government was inclined to investigate the affairs of the police force and now the opportunity seems to have arrived. There is a new premier and a new attorney general in power now and they may not be indifferent to the generally expressed wishes of the people.

Detective Ring says that he is innocent and that the charge is unfounded. His friends will hope that he can prove what he states, though if his accuser is no longer in the city, it is doubtful who can give evidence against him. He has always been regarded as a good officer, and the charge comes as a surprise to the citizens generally.

General opinion concedes, however, that if there is to be an investigation it should be of the most searching character. Don't let it stop with Ring. Let it be open and above board, allowing the press representatives to be present so that the people can get at all the facts.

There are plenty of things to investigate besides the giving of hush money. Those

in the liquor business know a thing or two about the demands of some officers. They will not say they are open but a peculiar tribute is levied upon some of the dealers. With some it is liquor that is never paid for, with others it is something else.

And yet the men who take these things from men in the business would be indignant if it was hinted that they were bribed. They look upon such gifts as perquisites of their calling and think it no harm to accept of such courtesies.

PROGRESS told some time ago of an officer—he is no longer on the force—who was open and above board in his demands, who did not hesitate to borrow money from hotel men and others in the business and laughed at them when he was asked for it. The complaint that was made to headquarters resulted in a change in his methods which eventually, however, lost him his job.

But what can a chief expect from his force when he permits one of the sergeants to be in constant attendance on himself, when he allows him to do such menial work as attending to the grooming of his horse, the removal of snow and ashes from his premises, etc., etc. Men who do these things are not the right sort to protect the city.

Other names besides that of Ring are mentioned in connection with the police sensation. It would not be fair to mention them until the charges are made officially, but current reports indicate that the exposure when it does come will be complete and startling.

It is to be hoped so.

The crusade against vice in New York has again brought out the familiar accusation that certain wealthy citizens who are ranked with the better element rent out their property for immoral purposes. This sort of reprisal is certain to accompany any effort in the direction of reform. It is by no means confined to New York. It is a spirit which is practically universal in its operation.

That is what every advocate of public morality and decent government must expect. Slander and vilification is the certain portion of the person who dares to oppose popular abuses and scandals. The criticism of feeble and dishonest officials always causes an arraignment of the advocate of purification and a general maligning of the sponsors of reform.

This sort of thing makes the correction of evil practices under the sanction of municipal or state authority a task which is more or less unpleasant, but the results, where the work is undertaken in good earnest and with a righteous purpose, yield an ample compensation for the hardships and indignities endured in carrying it out.

A Case of Getting Lost.

The appointment of a new chairman of assessors to take the place of Mr. McRobbie who recently resigned from that position has been the cause of much discussion during the past few weeks. There were four gentlemen in the race, Arthur W. Sharp, chief clerk in the assessors office, Charles A. Everett, exhibition secretary, Ald. Tufts and Chas. McLaughlin. All claimed to be in the race and each thought he had a chance of winning the coveted plum. But the fates willed otherwise. At a caucus held in the city hall, Thursday afternoon, the polling for the position resulted in the selection of Mr. Sharp. He received eight votes, the other gentlemen obtaining but one each. The three gentlemen who still remain without office have their doubts as to the veracity of a great many of the members of the council. They all had promises enough to fill a hat, but none of them had friends to secure the office.

He Told Who He Was.

There was an amusing occurrence at the Bank of Nova Scotia the morning that the Sheriff's checks were given out to the returning officers and their clerks. Of course the lucky recipients were waiting to get them cashed as soon as they could go to the bank, and the teller, who did not know all of the people who presented

themselves, asked each in turn if he was the man named in the check. When Mr. Murphy, from the North End, went to the wicket he was asked the same question.

"Who am I?" he answered. "I'm Tom Murphy of Lansdowne ward who helped to give Mr. Blair a majority of 58 on election day. That's who I am." And the teller smiled as he handed him the cash.

Ora F. King Nominated.

In spite of the severe storm the Convention at Hampton last Saturday was a great success and the selection of Ora F. King as the candidate of the local government party gave much satisfaction. Mr. King is a young man but he has evidently given much attention to the local politics of the province if the address that he made to the electors can be taken as any evidence.

He spoke pleasantly and clearly and held the attention of all present.

There was a considerable amount of speaking talent present, and Hon. Mr. Pugsley, Col. Donville, Mr. G. G. Scovil, Hon. H. A. McKeown and the Premier were all upon the platform. The prospects for the election of Mr. King are very bright, and he and his friends are confident of success.

Both Order and Cash.

A good story is told of a South West merchant, who is rather noted for his generous impulses. A well known character determined to use him for his own ends and so after a pitiful tale he asked for the gift of a quarter of a dollar to get something to eat. The merchant knew a trick worth two of that, so he thought, and he gave him an order for the meal to cost 25 cents. The man took the order and knowing where the residence of the business man was went to his wife with it and persuaded her to cash it. She wished to retain the order but his plausible story of having to return it to the merchant induced her to let him keep it. In this he got 25 cents and the meal too. The merchant is a bit time-quite sure that he is not thoroughly conversant with all the tricks of the professional medicant.

The Campbellton Round House.

Mr. George McArthur, who returned from Campbellton a few days ago to spend a week or two with his family in this city has been, for the last two months, busily engaged in erecting the Intercolonial Railway round house at Campbellton. The structure is a very complete one in its way and will be finished in a few weeks. The building itself and the stalls capable of accommodating 15 locomotives have been erected already. Mr. McArthur, who is a contractor, is now engaged in putting in a turn stile, the old one being used in the meantime. Before he returns to Campbellton he says that it is quite probable he may visit Newfoundland, where it will be remembered he was a very active builder after the big fire in St. Johns.

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Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

THAT NON RESIDENT VOTE.

It is Said to be Legitimate and Placed According to Law— Many Names Left Off the List.

The fact that a large number of names have been added to the non resident list at Rothery has led to considerable discussion as to the qualification of the persons who have secured the right to vote. The revisors it appears, placed the names upon the lists upon the application either of themselves or some of their friends and it would appear that they did not discriminate against persons of either political persuasion. PROGRESS notices in the public list two or three of the first names upon it are young men who are known to be excellent conservatives and probably do not object to the fact that living in Kings County as they do a portion of the year they have been accorded the right to vote in the non resident district. It is said and no doubt correctly that there are many people living in St. John or outside of Kings Co., who own property in that constituency and yet are not on the non-resident voting list. As a matter of fact for some reason or other, probably because of error, some 100 names of persons who were upon the list in November and September, many of whom voted at the elections held then, have been left off the present list.

Some notable examples of this can be pointed out, and if, as one paper says, an injustice has been done by the addition of more names than could probably qualify, a greater injustice has been done by the error that omitted the names of those who have had the privilege of voting in the past and who have the necessary property qualifications. Not so many years ago some 50 or 60 gentlemen of this city acquired an interest in a tract of land in St. John county. They paid the taxes and were placed upon the voters list. Those opposed to them in politics called the vote the "swamp vote." That did not alter the fact that the revisors considered their interests in the county sufficient to allow them to exercise the franchise. It is a very common thing for fishing clubs throughout the adjoining counties to have sufficient property to permit the members to vote and that a large number of gentlemen who seek the franchise at Rothery have determined to so interest themselves in the purchase of property and pay the tax thereon in order that they may have a vote in Kings Co. The objection to it cannot be any more serious than it was in the case of the "swamp vote" in the county of St. John. PROGRESS understands from reliable authority that the Rothery vote will be a property vote and that the plans of the same have been prepared and that each person whose name has been added to the list will be able to show that he is fully qualified.

Since the above was written PROGRESS learns that the revised list was posted in three public places in the parish of Rothery for the number of days required by law and that the revisors gave notice of the day the court would be held. They held their court and as the names were not objected to added them as they were required to.

MR. KING IN HAMLET.

An Appreciative Critic Gives Progress a Hint as to His

Everett King: it sounds like a book name, and the owner looks the dark, dreamy hero of a melancholy poem. In height, a little above the average—though not tall; lithe in movement, with a walk like that of a tiger; a face sad, of infinite pathos, somewhat bitter in expression, and crowned with majesty. A singularly striking personage, certainly not handsome; but a man once seen scarcely to be forgotten.

We saw him play Hamlet.

Many actors have been successful as Hamlet; but few actors fill the imagination in that part. The writer of this, in his early days, many times, saw the late Edwin Booth, the flaxen haired Dane of Charles Fichter, the brilliant and now almost forgotten Walter Montgomery, the Hibernian Dane of Barry Sullivan and the famous Lyceum production of Irving. Of these widely different Hamlets—Edwin Booth lives fondest in memory. It is a genuine tribute to Everett King when I say his Hamlet falls little short of Edwin Booth's; it is equal to the Hamlet of Booth

when he was apparently King's age. It cannot be said that King in any way resembles Booth, or any other great actor, in appearance or in method. He is distinctly himself, and in this he is fortunate. He is the ideal Hamlet at all times; tender, bitter, haunted, myrtic, imaginative, weak, strong, isolated, majestic, intellectual, and above all he bears the stamp of genius.

It would be difficult to analyze his power—we are made to feel it. He struck the true note of tragedy in his question to Horatio: "Saw who?" we were thrilled: we felt the presence of the unseen; and from then until the great ghost scenes—which are the tests of an actor's genius—he held us with bated breath in the suspense of quickened imagination. His scenes with Polonius were played with gentle irony. The closing speech of the second act—the speech beginning "O what a rogue our peasant slave!" was a triumph. The varying expression of his countenance; the marked transition from one thought to another were executed with a skill that was wonderful and worthy of the best traditions of the stage. His scene with Ophelia was played with the tenderness of a hopeless love; He showed clearly that he had loved her; but found her frail and weak—impossible to trust, and drifting toward destruction on the dark shores of immortal woe. The pathos of his tones in parting with her will live in the memory like the sad strains of partly forgotten music. The "To be or not to be" soliloquy was not equal to many passages: he read it carefully, but not with great effect. His advice to the players was given naturally, kindly, as a prince speaking to inferiors whom he liked would have done it—to do it otherwise would be wrong and from the purpose of playing.

When he reached the great play scene, he carried us beyond anything our memory recalls. He wrought his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm—it was skillfully and grandly played. Other actors may have equalled King in this, but certainly they never surpassed him. Half demented, self tortured, the scene with his mother followed. (Kate Blanche, by the way, was a wholly admirable Queen Gertrude, one next to King the best in the cast.)

On the appearance of his father's ghost he changed with lightning quickness from righteous wrath to hysterical delirium. It was horrible, we longed to cry out, but terror kept us still—the ghost vanished, a few moments after. The curtain fell, and we were exhausted.

King presented a pitiable spectacle as he stood beside the bier of Ophelia, and the dark ashes of despair closed upon his soul. The last act he played with quiet resignation and courtly grace, with one burst of frenzy as he killed the king. His death without being prolonged with useless horror was effective and peaceful as it should be. He who has been tossed about by fortune's finger at last found rest in death.

I went to see Hamlet thoroughly prejudiced against Everett King and came away firmly convinced that the laurel should adorn his brow.

How Easy to Misrepresent.

How easy it is to misrepresent a man. When Premier Tweedie was speaking last Saturday in Hampton he was suffering from a severe cold as a result of continuous travelling throughout the week. The alarm of fire was raised and as a result the people rushed to render what assistance they could. The Premier jocularly remarked as he put on his overcoat that if he could find the man who raised the alarm he would give him a dollar. Had yet the opposition papers say that he claimed some one had been paid to raise the alarm.

A Dinner To Corp. Markham.

A very pleasant dinner party was given to Corp. Ralph Markham at the Dufferin on Thursday evening by his friends in honor of his safe return from South Africa. Corp. Markham is in good health and looks of taking a trip before settling down to work again.

Russia's Wise Diplomacy.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Times, discussing Russian affairs, says that particular attention is now being bestowed upon England by the minister of finance in the way of advertising the work of his department and the material condition of Russia. No pains or money is being spared to produce a favorable effect by the proposed Russian section at the international exhibition to be held next spring at Glasgow. This attention toward England has been especially noticeable, says the writer, since Mr. Witte's recent visit to Paris, which is said to have left behind a very unfavorable impression.

'At the present moment,' he continues, 'the shareholders of French metallurgical companies in Russia, several of which, it appears, will shortly have to liquidate, are extremely angry with him on account of the losses in which they allege that his policy has involved them. Having put their money into Russian iron works on the strength of promises of government orders and the prospect of enormous profits to be made out of the forced development of industry and railway construction, they now complain that the minister of finance has fixed his own prices, that payment for executed orders has not been promptly made when due, and that they no longer receive all the support to which they consider themselves entitled. Extensive disaster is therefore prophesied, and stock is depressed on the market in consequence.'

'It is said that the dividends paid last year by the Belgian companies in Russia did not amount in the aggregate to more than 2 1/2 per cent, on the whole 600,000,000 roubles of capital invested, and seventeen of these companies paid no dividend at all. It is the old story of the government undertaking to do everything and to support everybody instead of releasing trade and industry in the country from all official tutelage and dependence; and when necessity drives the Government to retrench, to curtail railway work, to reduce orders, and make people wait for their money, then private individuals who put themselves into such a position naturally have to be sacrificed. At the very beginning of the boom in foreign metallurgical enterprise it was predicted, on the basis of calculating how long Russia could afford to go on spending such a large amount of money on railways, that it would probably not last longer than ten years. The unforeseen cost of Russia's share in the Chinese imbroglio, from which the government on this account would like to be free as soon as possible, will no doubt contribute largely toward the fulfilment of this prediction.'

Turning then to Russia's foreign politics the correspondent points out the essential differences between the conducting of it and that of England. When Englishmen are dissatisfied with their government's diplomacy, they generally reproach it for the inferior qualities displayed in comparison with those of the Russian. But it is pointed out that while the foreign policy of England is probably more difficult than that of any other European power, that of Russia is perhaps the easiest.

'There is nothing,' he said, 'so remarkably clever and astute in the conduct of Russian policy apart from the exceptionally favorable conditions in which it is formed, of which its directors are easily able to enjoy the full and enviable advantages in maturing and carrying that policy into effect. The first and foremost of these conditions are undoubtedly mystery and silence which are not allowed to be penetrated or broken on any account, unless and until the contrary suits the purpose of the government.'

'There is no cabinet of St. Petersburg, except that of the Emperor, which is merely one of the offices of the Ministry of the Imperial Household, unconnected with politics of any kind. Russian foreign policy is guided nominally or really, as the case may be, by the Czar himself, with the assistance of his one obedient minister in that particular department. Among all the 120,000,000 of his majesty's subjects, not another single man's opinion is of the slightest consequence, unless it is asked for, and not often even then. The Emperor Paul once said that no man in the Russian empire was of any importance except the one to whom he spoke, and then only so long as he was speaking to him.'

'If any official blunder is made it is rectified without anybody outside knowing that it ever has been committed. No damaging criticism is tolerated in the press and no explanation is allowed to be asked for. Adverse comment on the acts of the

government in foreign affairs is extremely rare, and then it is always either disguised in allegory, or couched in the most general and abstract form. Russian editors long ago discovered that the safest plan for themselves was to glorify every act of their own government and denounce everything done by the government of every other country. Russian newspaper criticism in any case is purely academical, without any force in practical politics. A minister can either learn from it, treat it with disdain, or have it stopped according to his humor. A terrible example of how the latter course is pursued is at this very moment being given to an astonished world by Gen. Bobrikoff in Finland.

'All outgoing and incoming telegrams on foreign affairs are, in Russia, strictly controlled and revised by a censor acting under continual instructions from the foreign office, and even official declarations of a British secretary for French affairs in the house of commons have been entirely suppressed in this way on reaching St. Petersburg by telegraph. At the same time the Russian press is privately admonished in regard to its tone and comments, either through the ministry of the interior, instigated by the ministry for foreign affairs, or through other available channels. The only exception to this is the free hand always allowed to Russian editors in attacking England, and this is all that could possibly have been meant by the assertion made here at different times to several British ambassadors that the Russian foreign office never interferes with the native press in its discussion on foreign affairs. Unfortunately, the ambassadors in question were not sufficiently acquainted with the secret tricks played upon the Russian press to appreciate the point of this otherwise inaccurate statement.

'And nowadays Russian emperors as a rule, never talk politics with foreign ambassadors. That practice has been as good as abandoned ever since the Emper-

or Nicholas I. created such difficulties for his government by discussing his startling proposal to dispose of the property of the Sick Man on the Bosphorus with Sir G. M. Seymour in 1854. It is not surprising if in such conditions Russia has been able to score successes and to spring surprises on the world.

'There is, however, one difficulty and that is the fact that a great part of Europe Russia is under the rule of military governors general, while everywhere in Russian Asia generals of the army reign supreme. On the eastern confines of the empire they have always been on the lookout for profitable opportunities and their military superiors in St. Petersburg have seldom been slow to back them up. In spite of the attempts of the Foreign Office to preserve peace and quietness. This conflict between Russian diplomacy and the military authorities in Asia, of which there have been many historical examples, has never been more conspicuously displayed than in connection with the present campaign in Manchuria. From the very commencement of it Generals Grodekoff and Gribsky had evidently made up their minds to annex the right bank of the Amur, from which the Chinese had so treacherously attacked the Russian at Blagovestchenk. Their published orders on the subject show that they regarded that annexation as a duty bequeathed to them by the greatest of all their predecessors in that region, Count Muraviev Amursky; but the emperor, siding with his diplomatic adviser, put his imperial veto upon it. Exactly the same thing was done by the first Emperor Nicholas in a similar case on the very same line of frontier in 1859, when the territory at the mouth of the Amur was annexed by a naval officer, Capt. Nevelsky, who acted in contravention of his instructions. The annexation in that case was finally maintained all the same.

'A recently published account of what occurred to the disobedient, but successful officer in question is highly interesting at the present juncture. Nevelsky was disgraced by being reduced to the ranks of a common sailor, and soon after his return

\$200 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY FREE TO BRIGHT PEOPLE.

LIFAXNA ECEBUQ ONTLEARN TAWATO OSINKNOT BOMOTOT NILTOMAH ONNDOL NIPEGWIN COUREVNAV TORVICAL

Can you arrange these eleven sets of jumbled letters into the names of eleven Canadian cities? If so, you can have a share of the above prize, provided you comply with our one simple condition. This is no easy matter to be worked out in a minute, but by patience and perseverance you can probably get eight or nine of them correct. In the person sending us the best correct list will receive \$100 in Cash. The number of the second best list will be \$50 in Cash, and the number of the third best list will be \$25 in Cash, and so on. The number of the fourth best list will be \$12 1/2 in Cash, and so on. The number of the fifth best list will be \$6 1/4 in Cash, and so on. The number of the sixth best list will be \$3 1/4 in Cash, and so on. The number of the seventh best list will be \$1 1/4 in Cash, and so on. The number of the eighth best list will be \$1/2 in Cash, and so on. The number of the ninth best list will be \$1/4 in Cash, and so on. The number of the tenth best list will be \$1/8 in Cash, and so on. The number of the eleventh best list will be \$1/16 in Cash, and so on. The number of the twelfth best list will be \$1/32 in Cash, and so on. The number of the thirteenth best list will be \$1/64 in Cash, and so on. The number of the fourteenth best list will be \$1/128 in Cash, and so on. The number of the fifteenth best list will be \$1/256 in Cash, and so on. The number of the sixteenth best list will be \$1/512 in Cash, and so on. The number of the seventeenth best list will be \$1/1024 in Cash, and so on. The number of the eighteenth best list will be \$1/2048 in Cash, and so on. The number of the nineteenth best list will be \$1/4096 in Cash, and so on. The number of the twentieth best list will be \$1/8192 in Cash, and so on. The number of the twenty-first best list will be \$1/16384 in Cash, and so on. The number of the twenty-second best list will be \$1/32768 in Cash, and so on. The number of the twenty-third best list will be \$1/65536 in Cash, and so on. The number of the twenty-fourth best list will be \$1/131072 in Cash, and so on. The number of the twenty-fifth best list will be \$1/262144 in Cash, and so on. The number of the twenty-sixth best list will be \$1/524288 in Cash, and so on. The number of the twenty-seventh best list will be \$1/1048576 in Cash, and so on. The number of the twenty-eighth best list will be \$1/2097152 in Cash, and so on. The number of the twenty-ninth best list will be \$1/4194304 in Cash, and so on. The number of the thirtieth best list will be \$1/8388608 in Cash, and so on. The number of the thirty-first best list will be \$1/16777216 in Cash, and so on. The number of the thirty-second best list will be \$1/33554432 in Cash, and so on. The number of the thirty-third best list will be \$1/67108864 in Cash, and so on. The number of the thirty-fourth best list will be \$1/134217728 in Cash, and so on. 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to St. Petersburg the Czar Nicholas I. sent for him to come to the palace. The Emperor received him with a severe frown of displeasure and after a minute's pause said: 'It appears, Nevelsky, that you dare to undertake expeditions of your own, and to change your instructions to suit yourself. I have here,' continued his Majesty, holding up a paper, 'an order reducing you to the ranks. What have you got to say in self defence?' Nevelsky was too much afraid to answer, and remained perfectly silent. The Emperor then took a map and began to run his finger along the line of the Amur River from its source to the Pacific. 'Here,' said the Emperor, with apparent signs of beginning to relent, 'here, at this point, you are a simple sailor, further on a Lieutenant, still further on a Captain, then a Commander, and here, at Nikolaievsk, you become a Vice-Admiral. But no, Nevelsky, not quite so fast, you must first of all be punished for disobedience.' The Emperor then rose from his chair, embraced Nevelsky, and decorated him with the Order of St. Vladimir, 'Spasibo (thanks), Nevelsky,' said his Majesty, 'thanks for your zeal, but in future be more careful and do not exceed your duty.'

by, to favor Russian hopes on the Amur. Those of today have certainly not lost sight of the lesson. The Russian flag was distinctly hoisted with much ceremony and bravado, this time on the site of the new Russian military settlement on the right and Manchurian side of the Amur, and the commanders under whose orders it was done had been thanked and decorated. Figuratively speaking, that flag was afterwards hauled down by the diplomats in the official declaration that the Russian troops would be withdrawn from Manchuria as soon as there was no longer any necessity for their presence. But Russian military authorities have a diplomacy of their own, and it is yet too early to judge whether the parallel with the case of Nevelsky, as far as it goes, will be carried any further.'

CHINESE PRISONERS HAVE TO WORK.

Greatly Impresses the Common People—Living in the South Abolition.

Involvement in the advice received at Victoria, B. C., by the Empress of China are translations of Chinese accounts of the conduct of the allies at Peking and other happenings there taken from interviews with late arrivals from the capital and printed in the native Shanghai papers. Of all that has occurred in Peking that which seems most to impress the average Chinese is the fact that nobles and high officials, even princes of the royal line, have been compelled to perform manual labor. The bitterest reproaches are heaped upon these because they did not possess sufficient courage to destroy themselves rather than submit to such degradation, a degradation which has fallen not upon themselves alone but upon the country.

While the trouble in the south seems to have abated, it is by no means over for the Empress brings news that over one hundred boats, all of which were 'commandered,' containing Black Flags, have arrived at Canton to demand wages and many outrages are reported to have been committed by these troops. They made a determined attack on the roman catholic church at Lok Cheung, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

The annual popular fete of Tochi-Noich, in the Kanda district of Tokio, was scene of a terrible accident. Great crowds attended the festivals and when the affair was at its height, heavy rain fell. A rush was made for shelter and twenty people were crushed to death. Kerosene lamps fell to the ground and exploded, the burning oil running over the floor and setting fire to the building. Three hundred and twelve wounded people were carried out of the building.

It is reported on good authority in Japan that the Russian minister at Seoul, Mr. Ravlobovas, advised the Emperor of Corea to place his country under Russian protection, since Manchuria has become a Russian possession. Along with this report it is said that Russian troops recently crossed the Korean frontier. A report comes from Seoul that several of the Korean ministry are under arrest and will likely lose their heads.

The following mail advices have arrived by the Empress of Japan: The North China Daily News says it is strange that his Majesty the Emperor, Kwang Hsu, and the Empress Dowager should have selected the Shenai province as a place of refuge, a province which cannot be mentioned by name in the civilized world without a shudder, owing to the great calamity that has fallen upon it.

The latest news from the plague-ridden province of Shenai is that the market town, where their majesties are abiding, human flesh is being hawked about the streets for sale. The famine is at its acute stage and the death rate is appalling. The poor have no food but grass and roots, and many of them who have money have been driven to buy and eat human flesh.

The magnitude of the operations of the newly formed branch of the Standard Oil company in Eiohge, Japan, is astonishing to inhabitants. Two special officials have been dispatched by the Japanese customs in connection with the handling of the company's plant. The company will project a line of delivery pipe, forty five miles long. The Japan Mail says indications point to a combination of all the Japanese oil men.



VISITING THE BABY.

Music a The

Rehearsals for Nellie Blais and those who thought over the opera that it will be a great success.

Reports from New Edouard Strass is in health and will probably road again.

A Bach festival is Joachim at Berlin in connection with it will be an autographs and relics.

William H. McDona "The Bostonians" will the art of singing in every company visits this season.

Lulu Glaser is reading of a new musical opera with a view to using "Sweet Anne Page," just finished an engagement.

Madame Lucie Grabin Paris in 1898, and after the famous Pas de Quatre Theatre, is still living, seated 400,000 marks Burgomaster of Munich students and poor young dame Grabin, then only in 1856 on her marriage Young.

The sudden death of mont, the young prima tonians, ends a very pretty young singer was Bartlett Davis, who was the shock that she has abandoned her engagement this week and take a home in Chicago.

Grip is getting in its musical and dramatic pro York and quite a number people are laid up by among them being:—J. Jr., of the Empire Theatre; Johnstone at the Casino; Hope, Adele Ritchie, E. Spong, Cissy Lottus, E. Dillingham, Olga Nethe Barrymore.

The city of Paris has the memory of Charles G of the Opera, by giving of the streets of the city, suggested to give his name new streets laid out on prison of La Roquette, but sel prevailed and the Rue immediate neighborhood of be renamed for the great much more appropriate, street being near the build masterpiece.

One of the brightest and plays given here in some ful Valley, which was the the Valentine Stock's for Opera House. The piece a New York newspaper m Russell and is replete w quiet, refined kind, and nature breaking out here, where all through the piece.

A feature of the production appearance of Mr. Robert last year's greatest favorite popularity ample testimony the reception accorded him. So prolonged was the enthusiasm that it was severe for Mr. Evans could proceed He played Hosea Howe the Valley, in a manner that left capabilities as a good, consistent, refined kind, and nature breaking out here, where all through the piece.

Miss Kate Blanche was women of the Valley with joys and sorrows under her revision and so strongly depicted that all through her work rupted by outbursts of again in the more pathetic tribute to her good acting. Miss Nora O'Brien play Virginia Road in a charming beautiful manner and won the hearts. She and Miss made a bright little ingen beautiful gowns during the Hagar played the villain in intelligent way, he interpreted and Mr. King, Mr. Chas. Whitty also had roles of the most.

Entirely new scenery production and added great The Black Flag is the at open house to day at

Music and The Drama

SONGS AND UNDERSTONES.

Rehearsals for Nell Wynne are in full blast and those who take part are enthusiastic over the opera. Indications are that it will be a great success.

Reports from New Mexico state that Edouard Strass is much improved in health and will probably soon be on the road again.

A Bach festival is to be held under Joachim at Berlin in March. In connection with it will be an exhibition of Bach autographs and relics.

William H. McDonald, the baritone of "The Bostonians," will deliver lectures on the art of singing in several of the cities his company visits this season.

Lulu Glaser is reading the manuscript of a new musical comedy or comic opera with a view to using it as a successor to "Sweet Anne Page," in which she has just finished an engagement.

Madame Lucile Grahn, who danced in Paris in 1858, and afterwards was one of the famous Pas de Quatre at Her Majesty's Theatre, is still living. She has just presented 400,000 marks (\$100,000) to the Burgomaster of Munich to form a fund for students and poor young musicians. Madame Grahn, then only thirty-four, retired in 1856 on her marriage to the tenor Herr Young.

The sudden death of Belle Davis Fremont, the young prima donna of the Bostonians, ends a very promising career. The young singer was a niece of Jessie Bartlett Davis, who was so prostrated by the shock that she has been compelled to abandon her engagement in New York this week and take a week's rest at her home in Chicago.

Grip is getting in his work among the musical and dramatic profession in New York and quite a number of well known people are laid up with the malady, among them being:—Joseph Wheelock, Jr., of the Empire Theatre company, Fanny Johnstone at the Casino, Lady Francis Hope, Adele Ritchie, Edna May, Hilda Spong, Cissy Loftus, E. D. Price, Chas. Dillingham, Olga Nethercole and Ethel Barrymore.

The city of Paris has decided to honor the memory of Charles Garnier, architect of the Opera, by giving his name to one of the streets of the city. It was at first suggested to give his name to one of the new streets laid out on the site of the prison of La Roquette, but better counsel prevailed and the Rue Mogador in the immediate neighborhood of the Opera is to be renamed for the great architect which is much more appropriate, because of the street being near the building which is his masterpiece.

TALK OF THE THEATRE

One of the brightest and most charming plays given here in some time "was Peaceful Valley, which was the opening bill of the Valentine Stock's fourth week at the Opera House. The piece was written by a New York newspaper man for Sol Smith Russell and is replete with humor of the quiet, refined kind, and has a touch of nature breaking out here, there and everywhere all through the piece.

A feature of the production was in the appearance of Mr. Robert Evans, one of last year's greatest favorites, and to whose popularity ample testimony was given in the reception accorded him on Monday evening. So prolonged was the outburst of enthusiasm that it was several minutes before Mr. Evans could proceed with his lines. He played Moses Howe the hero of Peaceful Valley, in a manner that left no doubt of his capabilities as a good, conscientious actor. His lines were clearly and delightfully spoken, and all through the piece his work was a source of pleasure.

Miss Kate Blanche was the dear old woman of the Valley with all its cares, its joys and sorrows under her personal supervision and so strongly did she play her part that all through her work was interrupted by outbursts of applause while again in the more pathetic parts tears paid tribute to her good acting.

Miss Nora O'Brien played the role of Virginia Reed in a charmingly easy and graceful manner and won hosts of new admirers. She and Miss Watson, who made a bright little ingenue, were some beautiful gowns during the evening. Mr. Hagar played the villain in the clear intelligent way he interprets all his roles, and Mr. King, Mr. Chesterfield and Mr. Whitty also had roles of which they made the most.

Entirely new scenery was used in the production and added greatly to its success. The Black Flag is the attraction of the opera house to day at both perform-

ances and is a particularly strong bill. It is a play replete with human interest and the elements that go to make up a most successful and popular play.

Ada Eahan's receipts in her first week in Sweet Nell of Old Drury are said to have exceeded \$11,000.

Henrietta Crossman whose engagement in New York terminated so suddenly was once leading woman with the Valentino Stock company, now at the opera house here.

Joseph Brennan, who played here in W. S. Hopkins production of Quo Vadis last spring is playing the part of the stage coach driver in Nellie McHenry's production of M'ins.

Thorold's new romantic drama "Near the Throne," is now in full rehearsal at New York. The company engaged for it is very notable. The female portion of it is headed by Frances Drake, seen here with Lytell about four years ago.

William Greet, one of the most prominent London managers, will next season extend his interests to America. He is to send another English company to America with a new play. He was the manager of Wilson Barrett's, "Sign of the Cross."

During the engagement of Maude Adams in L'Aiglon in New York, the author of the play, Edmond Rostand, received, it is said, the largest check ever paid to an author in America. It was his royalty on \$47,000, the receipts for the two largest week's of the engagement.

Lottie Blair Parker author of the piece which Joseph Grimer elaborated into "Way Down East" was little known to the public till Mr. Brady produced the play. She was previously the authoress of "White Roses," a charming comedietta which ran through a season in New York.

John Hare's season on the American stage is proving the most successful of any he has ever had in America. The reason for this is not hard to find for The Gay Lord Quex is the most powerful play which he has ever given and has created a positive sensation both in London and New York. Following his metropolitan engagement, Mr. Hare will visit some of the more important cities of the United States and will open at the Hollis street theatre on Jan. 28.

It is said that E. H. Southern who is now playing in Chicago will within a few weeks take his production of "Hamlet" to London. Mr. Southern is also quoted as stating that next season his wife, Virginia Harned, who is now his leading woman, will head her own company as a star. Mr. Southern's repertoire for next year will be "Hamlet" and "Richard Lovelace," a new play by Laurence Irving, a son of Sir Henry. The rumor of a disagreement between Mr. Southern and his manager, Mr. Southern and his manager, Mr. Daniel Frohman, was flatly and positively denied by the actor.

Says a London paper: The contractors have engaged that the New Adelphi Theatre shall be handed over complete to Mr. Tom B. Davis on April 15 next. In the belief that they will execute their bond, he has arranged to open the new theatre with an American musical comedy on April 20. It is probable that Miss Madge Lessing will appear in this piece instead of the Lyric. It would be premature, however, to make any certain statement, as the casting of "The Silver Slipper" depends upon Mr. Owen Hall, and much as he would like both Miss Ada Reeve and the latest importation from America to appear in his new musical comedy, the final word remains with Mr. T. B. Davis, who, from economical reasons, will be hardly likely to have both these ladies in the Lyric company. Later, Mr. Tom B. Davis may arrange with Messrs. Weber & Field to send over their well known vaudeville combination, the leading lights in which at present are Miss Lillian Russell and Mr. DeWolf Hopper, to the New Adelphi.

During the absence from his company of James K. Hackett this week, Mr. Stephen Wright is playing the part of Basil Jennico in "The Pride of Jennico," which is doing a large business in Baltimore. Mr. Wright has long been known as a very capable leading man, and Mr. Hackett was very anxious that he be given an opportunity to play the part. Word comes from Baltimore that Mr. Wright's performance has created a distinct impression, which is likely to materially benefit his standing. It was in just such a manner that Miss Amy Ricard, who is now Mary Mansering's leading woman, achieved success last season. Miss Ricard was playing an inopportune part in "Jennico," when Miss Galland was taken ill. On a few moments' notice the young woman was called upon to play the role of Princess Otilie. This she did with so much distinction as to attract considerable notice, and her engagement with Miss Mansering

was a direct result. There is, therefore, a decided precedent of success for Mr. Wright to follow.

GREAT GAMBLING AT HELENA.

The Montana Legislature is About to Meet and the Faro Limit Has Been Raised.

"I reckon," said an old Montana gambler, "that there is no town in the country where you can get as high a limit in bucking the tiger as you can right here in this little spot in the mountains. The legislature meets at Helena next week, and that may be the cause of the abnormal raise, but no matter what the cause is, I hardly expect to see any one kicking because he can't get all he wants to on the single turn of a card. There is a faro game right here in Helena with a one thousand dollar limit on singles, and in all my career I've seen no man heller for a bigger limit. We've run along for years with a limit varying from \$12 to \$100 in cases, and seemed to satisfy the demand, with occasional exceptions, but I understand there is to be an unprecedentedly heavy game this winter, and after a consultation we have decided to place the limit at \$1,000 on each of the fifty-two cards in the deck, and I imagine that will satisfy 'em all.

"And the raise of the limit from \$100 to \$1,000 is not based wholly on sentiment either. During the last session of the legislature we had a private game for a young man with a five-hundred-dollar limit right after the grand jury's investigation of the senatorship contest, and in just fourteen hours he lost \$75,000 or about \$5,000 an hour, which is, I guess, one of the steepest games ever played in Montana. But he came back the next day to show that he was true blue and won back \$66,000 in an even shorter time. This man sent word over that he would be here again this winter, and he wanted a one-thousand dollar limit this time, and it was partly at his request that the limit was raised, but, of course, the game is open to all, and any one can have the same privilege.

"And not only can the highest limit in the West be secured here, but you can play in the most magnificently furnished gambling house to be found in the country. I have travelled from coast to coast and while some private clubs are more elaborate, and have costlier paintings, for a public gambling house the swellest of 'em all is right here in this town. Why, the look-out has a finer chair to recline in than the Governor of the State. Yes, I've played Congress Hall at Saratoga, and dealt in all the Hot Springs resorts, and know whereof I speak.

"The Montana anti-gambling law? Yes, there is one, and it is probably as strict in its provisions as any to be found in the country. But don't you know that old adage about mining camps and faro games, that is, where you find the first named you will also find the other? And do you suppose that after having played faro in Montana all the year since the first discovery of gold in Alder Gulch in '63 these men would send a man to the penitentiary for simply indulging in their favorite pastime? Preposterous! There has not been a conviction under the law, and there never will be. In fact the law is such a dead letter that it will probably be repealed this winter."

"Any high rolling lately?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, we have had a pretty stiff play all the year. Swede Sam is \$300,000 to the good inside of sixteen months, which is not a bad record by any means, and there are several others who have won and lost fortunes in that time."

"But I mean individual plunging," said the questioner.

"Yes, had some of that, too. Young fellow came over here from Butte on a special train not long ago to clean up the town after having won a big stake there. He arrived at about 4 o'clock in the morning after most of the sports had retired. He didn't do a thing but hire some hacks and send for a few friends with the request that they join him in a game of poker. The game was for table stakes and between \$15,000 and 16,000 changed hands before 10 o'clock that morning. That is, he carried that much back to Butte with him in addition to the stake he had on arrival. His train cost him \$800, but he could easily afford that after winning over \$15,000.

"Then, again, a Utah mining man lost \$23,000 at roulette in one night, after having been \$50,000 to the good at one stage of the game. He had a fifty-dollar limit on numbers, which pay 35 for 1, you know, so that when he won he received \$6,250 in return."

E. Wilson
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THE COON'S WARNING.

Trouble For a Bear That Refused to Take Advice and Change His Home.

The coon was fast asleep in his hollow tree when he was awakened by a scratching on the trunk below, and looking out and down he perceived a bear at the foot of the tree. Hurrying down he said: "Good gracious, but who would have expected to see you here! Why I haven't seen a bear around here for over two years!"

"I've come to make my home here for the winter," replied the bear, "and being told by the woodchuck that you occupied this tree I thought I'd wake you up and have a little talk. How are things around here anyhow? I lived here one winter four or five years ago, but there are many changes since then. Do you think I'll be safe for the winter?"

"My dear friend, I'm glad you came to me," said the coon as he took a seat on a log. "When you lived here years ago there was only one farmer about, and the forest was all around. Now you can see for yourself that there are five farmers, and that the woods have almost been cut away. It will be dangerous for you to stop for even one day. Just the minute a dog finds your tracks the farmers will turn out to hunt you down."

"But I am not afraid of dogs and farmers," said the bear. "I can kill a dog with one blow of my paw, and after I have clawed and bitten one farmer I guess the others will leave me alone. Besides, I shall be asleep most of the time. You know how it is with bears. As soon as the real cold weather comes on we curl up somewhere and sleep most of the winter. If I don't stir out how are they going to find my tracks?"

"But you will move about when a warm day comes. I know your habits. Don't you think of stopping around here. I am only a coon and my pelt is worth but 50 cents, and yet they are after me all the time. Your pelt is worth \$10, and if you don't heed what I say somebody will make a rug of it before spring comes."

The bear was obstinate and ridiculed the idea, and within an hour he was hunting for a home. As he could find no cave he made his lair in the top of a fallen tree, and the weather coming on very cold he went to sleep for several days and was not heard of. After about a week, however, a thaw set in and he started out for a ramble. There was snow on the ground, and left a broad trail wherever he went. He was wondering if he could not run across a calf or a pig to breakfast, when all at once he heard the barking of dogs and the shouts of men, and it was only a moment before the coon came scurrying along as

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Soak the hands thoroughly, on retiring, in a hot lather of GUTHRIE SOAP. Dry and anoint freely with OYSTER OINTMENT. Wear old gloves during the night. Remove hands, itching, burning palms and painful finger ends, this one night cure is wonderful.
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hard as he could go and called out: "I told you how it would be! They have found your tracks and are after you, and now you must run for your life."

The bear turned and ran, while the coon climbed the nearest tree. It was not a long race. The dogs soon overhauled the bear, and he had to stop and fight them. While thus engaged, two farmers with guns came hurrying up and though it took five or six bullets to kill the bear they kept firing away 'till he was dead. That night, as the fox was wand'ring about, he met the coon and said:

"How foolish of the bear to wander out as he did! Didn't you warn him of the danger?"

"Of course I did," replied the coon, "but he would have his own way about it. You see the result of obstinacy. If he had taken advice he would have been a live bear tonight. As he wouldn't his skin is nailed on a barn door to dry and there are no mourners at his funeral."

Get Preference.

Jack—'Don't you think that woman, as a rule, prefers a man who is her master?' Ethel—'Not at all. She prefers one who thinks he is.'

Baby's Own Soap advertisement featuring an illustration of a baby and text: "He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the 'Albert'".

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT advertisement with text: "Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Oint, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Ulcers, Eczema, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally."

APIOL & STEEL advertisement with text: "A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superbly Bitter Apple, Pili Cochis, Pancreatic, etc."

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THE AMENDED TREATY.

When the HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty was laid before the Senate of the United States, it was an agreement between the United States and Great Britain to remove obstructions to the building of an isthmian canal which arose from the CLAYTON-BULLOCK treaty of 1850.

The U. S. Senate amended the treaty in three important particulars. One amendment declared that the new treaty 'supersedes' the old; a second gave the United States the right, in time of war, to close or blockade the canal, but not to fortify it; and a third struck out the article which invited other powers to adhere to the treaty.

In effect, the Senate declared by these amendments that the canal, which is to be built, if at all by the United States, should be distinctly and exclusively an American canal; that the United States could not allow the canal to be used by hostile fleets in time of war; and that there was no propriety in inviting the adherence of other powers to an arrangement which is purely an American concern.

What is true of all bargains is preeminently true of treaties—it takes two parties to make them. The slightest amendment of a treaty requires that it shall be resubmitted to the other party.

"IS" OR "ARE"?

The question has been often discussed whether the name of the United States is singular or plural. Should we say "the United States is" or "are" a republic? Several cases lately argued before the Supreme Court, which will soon be decided, involve the same question in a matter much more important than one of correct syntax.

As a result of the events of the past three years the American flag floats, an emblem of sovereignty, over Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, Guam, and one of the Samoan Islands. Have these new possessions become a part of the United States? If so, their inhabitants have acquired the rights and privileges of citizens of the United States.

On the other hand, it is contended that the American Constitution is, of its own force, or, according to the Latin phrase much used, ex proprio vigore, applicable only to states; that the Constitution itself gives authority to the Congress of the states to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property of the United States; and that rights of citizenship and other privileges, under the Constitution are extended to the people of such territory only when the states, by act of Congress, grant those rights and privileges.

It seems certain that if the wholesale admission of the Filipino races to American citizenship were to be a consequence of the acquisition of the Philippine archipelago, popular opinion would require the abandonment of the islands. If this be so the whole question of "expansion" depends upon the issue of the cases now before the Supreme Court.

Woodstock Celebrated Too.

Major Good and the Woodstock contingent are in common with their comrades in New Brunswick enjoying the hospitality of their friends since their departure from St. John. There was a great dinner at Woodstock Thursday evening and Hon. Messrs. Dunn and McKeown were present.

A Happy Christmas.

This short story, written by a child only ten years of age, is a credit to her. Are there not some others who can do equally as well? She says:

It was Christmas eve. Outside the wind blew cold and fierce and the sled and snow beat against the window pane. But inside in the pleasant, cheery sitting room sat a mother and her two little ones.

As the great clock on the church around the corner struck eight the mother said it was their bed time. They quickly undressed and scrambled into bed and imprinting a kiss upon each rosy cheek the mother went downstairs and let them to their slumbers.

It was about midnight when Natalie awoke and sat up in bed. She bent over Priscilla and whispered: 'Sister, dear, are you awake?' 'Mama, Natalie,' answered the little girl rubbing her eyes, only half awake.

'I don't think he's coming, Natalie. We won't have a happy Christmas this year. O! dear!' Day was faintly dawning when Natalie awoke, and shook her sister saying: 'Wake up, sister; I'm going to get our stockings, and see if there's anything in them.'

Bite of Wisdom.

There is hope in extravagance; there is none in routine. They can conquer who believe they can. To every reproach I know but one answer, namely, to go again to my own work. We do not know today whether we are busy or idle.

Miss Sparty—I was completely stunned by his proposal. Miss Freckles—'And you accepted him.' Miss Sparty—'What else could I do? He had me counted out before I recovered.'

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Heart's Retreat. But one there is who knows the place, She finds it with her sad dark eyes; Revealing in her lovely face, A poet's dream that never dies.

On love beneath and love beyond? We scan the red summer fields of May, And see Cupella's pines respond, From high August's chariot bars.

As Cygnus on some oval wave, Along his spangled milk way; Swim where the amber warble laves, The shores of many a coral bay.

So still in this fair Arady, This dear enchantment all our own; The earth outside can never change; The garden where love's rose is blown.

When Paw swore off. Paw acted off the glad day The paw swore off; She'd lots of pleasant things to say When paw swore off.

But after while paw he got glum, 'Cause he'd swore off; He'd law us all to kingdom come— Paw he'd swore off.

Her Fatal Loquacity. She was quite a worthy woman, but her best friends would allow, She had a tongue.

Food Seekers. A wide-winded butter? Upon friends would allow, Bitter weed he'd to satisfy his noodle used.

As one who, looking from a dusk whelmed height— Himself alone, his own twinkling light— Sees on some distant slope a twinkling light Across the vale between.

Well Read. First country scholar (sizing up the new teacher, critically)—'He don't look much like a scrapper!'

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

RUSSIA AND THE FRENCH ARMY

France's Socialist War Minister, Gen. Andre, Causing Alarm to His Allies.

The full text of the article from the Noveau Temps of St. Petersburg, dealing severely with the present French war minister, has come to hand. The effort in some of the ministerial papers of France to belittle it and even to deny its existence, failed.

'Gen. De Gallifet made the first assault, in disorganizing the chief council of war and in subordinating the general officers to the caprices of the minister, the head of the army, he himself under the thumb, even in technical affairs, of the civil authority of the political minister of parliament.'

'In spite of his concessions, Gen. De Gallifet did not have sufficient determination to finish the entire programme, the radical execution of which is claimed by the majority of the French Deputies. Gen. Andre possesses in their eyes all the qualities which were wanting in his predecessor.'

'A great armies like ours, and like the German army, it is known that reforms, always so delicate when they are not sanctioned by experience, are brought about with great care and prudence. Consequently investigations are prolonged and years pass before their final adoption.'

'The socialist idea is supposed to be the notion that an army can possess real soldiers, and in order to realize that idea he aims at the lowering of the service of ten years of our year and even six months without the guarantee of the cadres of the graded and reingaged. At the same time he aims at the violent upsetting of the morale, the instruction and the traditions of the officers.'

'After the autumn manoeuvres he commenced a series of measures touching arbitrary advancement introducing the political spirit into the military schools and leaving no doubt whatever as to his plan. His fanatical zeal discloses his real aim. At all hazards the creation of a new type opposed to the old one is rushed along with the greatest ardor.'

'Espionage and denunciation are the rule and a simple and imprudent conversation—oftentimes falsely reported—suffices to bring about a punishment to break a military career, to cause a mutation or a suspension. Cases of this kind occur daily. The formation of two varieties which divide the army and prevent its cohesion is encouraged officially.'

'U. to the present time the French army has been and was classed among the most powerful European armies, formed according to all the rules of military science possessing an excellent armament, a admirable morale and perfect discipline, remaining an impassable witness in all political agitations.'

and tyrannical and vexations for its own country.'

Individuality in Dress.

The Princess of Wales, while adverse to eccentricity of all kinds, has always dressed in a way that maintained her individuality. Her style of coiffure remains the same, and a certain cut of skirt has been known as 'the princess' for many years.

One great artist after another has argued upon women the abandonment of slavish submission to fashion. 'Let each woman,' Mr. Ruskin is reported to have said 'find the style of dress becoming to her, and always continue to wear it. A crowd would then become a picturesque pageant instead of a monotonous repetition of the same dull figure.'

Of course he did not mean that she should always wear a dress of exactly the same material or color, or cut in exactly the same way, but only that she should preserve so far as possible the general style of dress most becoming to her.

A famous Philadelphia jurist, at one time attorney-general, continued to wear during his old age the cambric ruffles and velvet waistcoats which were the fashion in his youth. His stately dress was a pleasant variation from the monotony of most men's garments, and certainly detracted nothing from the effect of his eloquence upon his hearers.

How long we remember some little old-fashioned peculiarity of dress or manner in one we love! The quaint dressing of the hair, the scent of some flower, a color that belonged to her alone—how dear they are when she is gone!

'My mother,' said a venerable old man the other day, suddenly pausing in his walk through a garden, 'always wore a sprig of mignonette on her breast!'

She had been dead for many years, yet at the sight of the little flower she became alive for him again. The tears stood in his old eyes.

Why should a woman be afraid to make herself individual and attractive in the sight of those who are dear to her? Why should she not identify some favorite color or flower or scent with herself in their memory?

Nothing is a trifle which strengthens her influence over those who love her.

Not Very Guilty.

Somewhat suggestive of the Scotch verdict, 'Not proven,' is the judgment rendered in a Western town when, says the Green Bag, the most popular citizen had soundly whipped a tough character.

To vindicate the majesty of the law, the offender was brought up for trial. The jury were out about two minutes. 'Well,' said the judge, in a familiar, offhand way, 'what have the jury to say?'

'May it please the court,' responded the foreman, 'we, the jury, find that the prisoner is not guilty of hittin' with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze; and he done it.'

Making Himself Safe.

'That Mr. Phypys has been drinking, hasn't he?' 'I guess he has. But it's all the fault of the mistletoe hanging there from the chandelier. Phypys was all right until that ancient Miss Buzzsaw sat down at the piano and screeched 'The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine.'

Way to Come out Ahead.

'Well, Tompkins, how did you come out in the last race?' asked a man of a friend. 'As nearly as I can figure it I came out about \$15 to the good.'

His Latest Excuse.

Lady of the House—'Why don't you go to work? I'd be ashamed; a great, strong man like you.'

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On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. J. entertained a large number of friends. Mrs. K. was receiving with her mother and Mrs. Raymond poured tea and assisted in this duty by Miss A. Allie Christie, Miss Mary Laches, Miss Kaye.

The following ladies were among the guests: Mrs. B. Barry, Mrs. Barlow, Miss Alward, Mrs. Fred Starwood Skinner, Mrs. George James Dever, Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. Thomas R. Jones, Mrs. Miss Burdette, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Steeves, Miss Constance Vail, M. Coster, Miss McLaren, Mrs. W. R. Fry, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Mrs. W. J. Miss Murphy, Miss Agnes Carr.

Mrs. Robert Jardine was the guest of Mrs. J. on Friday afternoon. She called to pay her respects to the young ladies assisted in looking after the guests.

Mrs. George Fairweather was the guest of her friends on Wednesday. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Robert Jardine, Mrs. J. Sturdee, Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. W. R. Fry, Mrs. V. Wetmore Merritt and Mrs. J. served the guests with tea and coffee.

Mrs. J. R. Armstrong was again the guest for the younger married ladies on Thursday from 4.30 to 6.3.

The tea tables were very pretty. Quantities of pink carnations were served by Mrs. Charles McDonald. Jardine who dispensed tea and coffee assisted in catering to the wants of the following young ladies, Mrs. G. Carleton Clinch, Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Mrs. Frank Starr, Mrs. De. Miss Jarvis, Miss Jack, Miss J. others.

A number of society ladies have for the purpose of mutual instruction meeting in halls each Monday evening of some one of the members, passed pleasantly and profitably on any member who should be laid down, that no English meeting was held at the residence of DeForest, and the next, on Monday with Mrs. John McAvity.

Mr. Norman Leslie who returned from the Royal Castle, in the city today. He will probably time with friends here.

Mrs. Foray and Miss Foray sister of Mrs. George Carville, on Thursday morning last. We understand that the members of the Society are making arrangements which they intend giving in the honor of Mr. Ralph McAvity, who has recently returned from St. John.

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Mrs. Hazel entertained a small party of lady friends on Monday evening last. Dainty refreshments were served and the time passed quickly with pleasant conversation and music.

On Tuesday Mrs. William Fugaley gave an "At Home" for the entertainment of her guest Miss Russell of Chatham. The hostess was assisted in pouring tea, and otherwise dispensing hospitality by Mrs. D. A. Fugaley, Mrs. Harry Gilbert, Miss Mairhead of Chatham, Miss Lou McMillan, Miss Lena Dunn, Miss DeForest, Miss Betts and the Misses Egan. In the evening a number of the young people attended the theatre.

Another pleasant affair, also on Tuesday was the 5 o'clock tea given by Mrs. J. R. Armstrong. Several young lady friends assisted Mrs. Armstrong in looking after the guests.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. J. J. Kaye entertained a large number of friends at an afternoon tea. Mrs. Kaye receiving with her mother. Mrs. Inches and Mrs. Raymond poured tea and coffee, and were assisted in this duty by Miss Amy Smith, Miss Alice Christie, Miss Mary Inches, Miss Burton and Miss Kaye.

The following ladies were among the guests: The Countess de Barry, Mrs. Barclay Robinson, Mrs. Silas Alward, Mrs. Fred Saxe, Mrs. George West Jones, Mrs. Robert Marshall, Mrs. Sherwood Skinner, Mrs. George McLeod, Mrs. James Dever, Mrs. Cowan. Mrs. B. Boyd, Mrs. Thomas R. Jones, Mrs. Andrew Jack, Miss Burdick, Miss Armstrong, Miss Vroom, Miss Steeves, Miss Constance Yall, Miss Skinner, Miss Coster, Miss MacLaren, Mrs. W. Starr, Miss Murray, Mrs. D. F. Chisholm, Mrs. Murray McLaren, Miss Murphy, Miss Agnes Carr.

Mrs. Robert Jardine was "At Home" to her friends on Friday afternoon. A large number called to pay their respects to the hostess. Several young ladies assisted in looking after the wants of the guests.

Mrs. George Fairweather was at home to a number of her friends on Wednesday afternoon. The hostess was assisted in receiving by the Misses Fairweather. Mrs. Robert Jardine, Mrs. Russell Sturdee, Mrs. Tillotson, Mrs. Edgar Fairweather, Mrs. V. Wetmore Merritt and Mrs. Harry DeForest served the guests with tea and other refreshments.

that city. One paper in particular devotes an entire page to the subject.

Mrs. Hugh McLean has also sent out invitations to a reception and dance at her residence on Wednesday next. Both affairs promise to be pleasant and interesting.

During the week of February 11th the Neptune Rowing club intend presenting the dainty little opera Noll Gwynne, rehearsals for which have been going on for some time under the able direction of Prof. Ford. Those taking part in the choruses meet on Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday evenings and the principals on Monday and Saturday evenings. Those who have been present at the rehearsals say that as an amateur effort Noll Gwynne bids fair to eclipse any of the previous efforts of the club in this direction, and will probably gain as high a place in the favor of the people as did the pretty extravaganza Zephira.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Seely left during the week for the Pacific coast, where they will spend a few weeks. Miss May Robinson has been visiting at the home of Mrs. Du Verne, at Digby. At the next meeting of the Ladies' Art Association Miss M. Barry Smith will give a short address on Art.

A private carnival will be held by the Monday evening skating club at the Queens rink on the evening of Jan 26th. The managing committee, consisting of Messrs E. T. Sturdee, H. F. Fiddington, J. J. Keator, J. G. Harrison and F. R. Fairweather have details about completed, and the affair promises to be as pleasant as the carnival of last season. The membership of the club has increased considerably and the meetings on each Monday evening are much enjoyed.

Miss Lily Kimball and Miss Grace Fisher went to Windsor, N. S., this week, where they will resume their studies at Edgell. Mrs. John M. Thomson went to Boston this week to spend a short vacation. Mrs. T. T. McAvity is at present in Fredericton, being called there by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Alex Rankine. Mrs. A. L. Calhoun, who has been staying with her parents Senator and Mrs. Ellis, Princess street, is at present in Wolfville spending a short time with her brother, Mr. George Ellis.

Mr. and Mrs. E. LaRue Willis were here last week stopping at the DuRoi, but they have now returned to their home in Sydney, C. B. Mrs. Fred C. MacNeil (nee Miss McCleary) has been visiting her friend Miss Margaret Johnston at Fredericton. Mrs. J. Alfred Clarke was called to Fredericton to attend her son Ralph, who is quite ill with pneumonia. A recent engagement announced at the capital is that of Miss Annie Tobolski and Mr. Harry Chestnut a member of the firm of E. Chestnut & Sons. Both young people belong to Fredericton but are well known in St. John. The nuptials we understand, will be celebrated during the early spring.

The Neptune Rowing club Carnival held at the Victoria rink on Monday evening, was as usual, most successful, both from a social and financial standpoint. The majority of the skaters showed very little originality in the get up of their costumes and the decision of the judges in the awarding of the prizes met with general approval. The H. M. S. Polymorphian club announce their annual carnival for Jan. 28th, which announcement is being hailed with delight by the frequenters of the Victoria.

The heavy fall of snow and the very beautiful weather have been most favorable for sleighing parties and other out-door amusements. A number of such pleasant affairs have been arranged during the week and, we understand, on each occasion considerable pleasure afforded those present. In many cases the drive has been followed by a dainty supper at some of the city restaurants but the amusement which seems most favored by the young people at any rate, is dancing, and on two or three occasions this week after the drive some few hours have been spent most pleasantly in tripping the light fantastic.

Miss Vera Connell. A very pleasant surprise party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. Searcy Henderson, Victoria street, on Tuesday evening. About thirty five guests were present and the evening passed off very pleasantly with music and games. Dainty refreshments were served about midnight, and the party broke up at an early hour in the morning. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were presented with a very handsome set of china, and table linen as a slight token of the esteem in which they are held by their friends.

Some of the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Folkes, Mr. and Mrs. Lully, Mr. and Mrs. L. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Whalley, Captain and Mrs. Wm. Henderson and Mrs. Scott. Miss Whitey, Miss N. Campbell, Miss Minnie Brown, Miss Florie Watters, Miss Ethel Wason, Myrtle McBeath, Miss D. Hastings, Miss Ida Williams, Miss Bolton, Mr. George Leonard, Mr. Sam Adams, Mr. Fred Douglas, Mr. Roy Watters, Mr. A. Thorne, Mr. Arthur Codner, Mr. Roy Richards, Mr. Roy Richards.

A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Mason Cowan called on them at their residence on Cedar street on Tuesday evening, the occasion being the 44th anniversary of their marriage. Congratulations were showered on the happy couple and on behalf of the assembled company, Mr. J. B. Pidgeon presented them with a handsome case of silver. The evening passed away pleasantly with games, music and conversation. About midnight a bountiful supper was served. The health of the bride and groom was proposed and responded to, in a happy vein by Mr. Fred Thompson. The toast, the ladies, brought a few appropriate remarks from Mr. J. E. Cowan.

The guests numbering about fifty were chiefly relatives and intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Cowan. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stipp, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Myles, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pidgeon, Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Vanwall, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Dunham, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cowan, Mrs. Charles Cowan, Mrs. Sime, Mr. Frank Hea, Miss Laura Sweet, Miss Elsie Cowan, Miss Julia Cowan, Miss Mabel Dunham, Miss Blenda Thompson, Mr. Frank Estey, Mr. Fred Thompson, Jr., Mr. C. Vanwall, Mr. W. C. McMackin, Mr. Robert Cowan, Mr. E. Cowan, Mr. Robert Sime, Mr. Frank Murdoch, Mr. Robert Dunham.

There have been many pleasant home parties in the South End during the past week. Early in the week a most enjoyable surprise party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Burns, Prince William street. Quite a number of guests were present and passed a pleasant evening with music and dancing. During the evening refreshments were served and Mr. and Mrs. Burns presented with a handsome mirror.

Misses Annie and M. McCarthy entertained a few friends at their home on St. James street on Wednesday evening. A pleasant time was spent in games, music and dancing. Miss Etta Vennell and Miss Etta Calder returned on Wednesday afternoon to their home in Welshpool, Campbell, after spending a couple of weeks with friends in this city. Mrs. J. Gleason has returned from a pleasant visit to her friend Miss Hogan at St. Stephen, Miss Hogan leaves next week for Boston, where she will continue her medical studies. Mrs. James Murray of St. Stephen, who has been in the city for a short time, returned home during the early part of the week. Mr. William Clark and little boy are visiting friends in Boston.

PARROBORO. [Prognosis is for sale at the Parroboro Bookstore.] Jan. 18 - The whist club was entertained on Friday of last week by Mrs. F. A. Holmes. It was the initial meeting for the season. There were seven tables and a decidedly enjoyable evening was spent ending with the usual dance. A slight drive was to precede the games but owing to the inclemency of the weather it had to be abandoned. Another pleasant meeting was held last evening at Mrs. D. Gillespie's. Miss Minnie Gillespie has returned to Halifax to resume her studies at Mt. St. Vincent. Dr. and Mrs. Burgess of Chereville have been guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson. Members of Ours: Givan, I. O. F., numbering forty enjoyed a dinner at Hotel Eran (elise) on Tuesday evening. The menu which was excellent, including all the delicacies obtainable was done ample justice to, and was followed by toasts and songs. Afterwards the party went upstairs and had more music in the parlor with Mr. O. H. B. Hillcoat at the piano, recitations and step dancing. Rev. Mr. Driffield is attending the deanery meeting at Ficton. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gilmore and children and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Beaco and family spent New Years at Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Jenks. Miss Emma Smith is at home from Boston for a visit of a few weeks. Mrs. C. Huggins, Halifax, has been paying a visit to her parents.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [Prognosis is for sale at St. Stephen at the bookstore of O. R. Wall, T. E. Johnson and J. Vroom & Co., in Calais at O. P. Treas's.] JAN. 17 - Stephen A. Payne of St. John spent Sunday with Mrs. V. A. Waterbury and family. Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence entertained a party of friends with whist at their residence on Tuesday evening. George Orwa of Portland, Maine, was in town this week to attend the funeral services of the late lamented E. B. Kierstead. Mrs. Nancy mother of Wm. A. Nancy of this town died at her home in New Italy, N. S., last week. James Baldwin a well known citizen of St. Stephen died on Saturday. He was eighty six years of age. Mrs. Gleason, who was Miss Alice Hogan's guest, has returned to St. John after a pleasant visit in Calais. Miss Hogan has become a pupil in the New England conservatory of music at Boston. Miss Etta Calder and Miss Etta Vennell of Campbell are in St. John guests of Miss May Fowers, Princess street. On January 16th Miss Wallington Hanson of Bonaboo was married to Mr. Elram Morse of Grand COMPLETED ON FRONT PAGE. Undertakes - Made, Re-covered, Re-upholstered Bureaus, 17 Waterloo.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patronage so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever. - Canadian Magazine. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble's Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat, consisting of Velvet revers, prettily trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.95; carriage, 45c. extra. Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only. Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c. JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices: 24 27 inches. 40c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches. 70c. 88 cents. Postage 22 cents. 36 39 inches. 95c. 1.10. 42 45 inches. 1.22 1.34. Postage 45 cents. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to - JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

Summer days are embroidering days. The 376 shades of BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG Astatie Dyed Embroidery Silks make beautiful work, the product of your Summer's restful employment. Each perfect, lasting shade put up in our Patent Holder. Can't soil, tangle, or "miss up." Our "BLUE BOOK" tells exactly how to do 50 different leaves and flowers - sent on receipt of three tags or a one cent stamp. CORTICELLI SIKL CO., Ltd. St. John's, P. Q.

When You want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL - "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street

Bucouche Bar Oysters. Pulp Wood Wanted. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. M. F. MOONEY.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA. An advertisement for Fry's Pure Concentrated Soluble Cocoa, showing a tin of the product and a cup of cocoa on a tray.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Maman. Her future home is White Hall, Grand Manan.

The silver jubilee of Sister Adelade, mother superior, was observed at the immaculate Conception in Calais last week. A large number were present to do her honor.

Sibyl the little daughter of Mr and Mrs W A Peterson was quite severely cut about the head in a coasting accident on Tuesday last.

C F Beard has gone to Boston to visit Mrs Alan's son David.

The Episcopalian club met with Mrs John Black on Tuesday evening.

Mrs James Murray has returned from a pleasant visit to St. John.

A little son arrived last week to gladden the home of Mr and Mrs Ralph Horton.

Rev Canon Yreom, accompanied by Mrs and Miss Mary Yreom have been visiting Miss Beatrice Yreom in New York city.

Miss Grace DeLacoste has returned to Mount Allison to continue her studies.

Mr and Mrs Walter McW have returned from their wedding trip and are at home to their friends at Forter street.

Miss Frances Lowell is still quite ill.

Mr and Mrs Frank Todd and Mr and Mrs W H Boardman have gone to Washington D C. They also expect to visit North Carolina and other southern states before they return.

Mrs C R Whidden has returned from Boston.

Mrs James G Stevens gave a reception at her residence last Wednesday afternoon from four until six o'clock, for the pleasure of the Misses Morris of St Andrews, Mrs F MacNichol's guests.

Mrs George Downes entertained the Saturday evening club at her residence on E M street.

Capt Warren Cheney of Grand Manan was in town last week.

Henry E Fraser of Grand M man, with his wife and daughter, has been spending a few days in Boston.

Miss Etta DeWolfe who has been visiting her brother, Rev Harry DeWolfe, in Foxboro, arrived home last week in time to take up her school duties.

Mr and Mrs Ned H Marchie have returned to their home in Carleton.

Frank Lockay has returned to Memamcook to continue his studies.

Thasasilli Gully has come to Fredericton to resume his studies at the U. N. S.

Mr and Mrs Leonard T Farris of Calais are this week removing to Lowell, where they will in future reside.

Mrs Fred Pike left Friday for Gorham, New Hampshire, where she has gone to join her husband, who has secured a good situation in that place.

Albert S Boardman, who has been in Calais attending the funeral services of his father, Geo A Boardman, has returned to his home in Philadelphia.

A large party of ladies and gentlemen drove to DeMons on Tuesday evening where they were guests of W B Spooner of Plymouth, Mass., who is visiting Mr and Mrs W B Cole.

Mrs F E Rose entertained a small party of intimate lady friends at her residence on Wednesday evening.

Miss Nellie of Eastport arrived on Monday and is the guest of Mrs Benjamin Y Curran.

Mr and Mrs Louis D rick entertained the St. Croix whist club this week.

Miss Winifred Todd entertained friends with whist on Tuesday evening.

The engagement of Miss Daisy Hanson and Mr Augustus Cameron is announced, and is most pleasantly discussed by their numerous friends.

Mr and Mrs Edgar Thompson expect to occupy their own home on Main street at an early date and Dr. and Mrs Ross will take up their residence until spring with Mrs Hunter.

Mrs Lewis Waste and Mrs Albert Benton arranged a drive and party at DeMons hotel for last Friday evening, which was most successful and greatly enjoyed by seventy-five ladies and gentlemen.

Miss Alice Robinson has gone to New York city to visit Mrs Egar M Robinson.

Mrs W B King left on Saturday for Pembroke, where she will be the guest of Mrs Ezra Patterson.

Miss Nellie Abbott has returned from St. Andrews where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs Jessie W. Moore left on Friday evening for Manchester, Mass., where she will visit Miss Rebecca Moore before going to New York city where she will spend the rest of the winter.

Mrs F F MacNichol entertained the St. Croix whist club last Thursday evening. Mrs F B Muir entertains the club this evening.

Mrs W K Yawant of Cherryfield, is visiting Mrs Frederic M Hill.

Dr. D E Bismarck is reported to be recovering from his illness.

ST. ANDREWS.

Mrs J W Simpson and Miss Rose gave a pleasant little card party on Thursday evening last. The first prizes were won by Miss DeWolfe and H O Rigby. T O Odell and Miss Dunton carried off the consolation prizes.

Frank Kennedy returned home on Thursday last, after several weeks spent with friends in Ontario. Mrs Wadsworth of Boston is visiting her brother, W A Robertson, in St. Andrews.

Mr W N Beckman and daughter, Miss Alice, returned Friday to Eastport from a brief visit with relatives and friends in Beccabe, N B.

Dr N D Parker of St. Andrews; Rupert D Hanson of New York; and Chas McCallough of Beccabe have been elected members of the New Brunswick University Alumni.

The engagement of Miss Alice May Reid, Oak Bay, and Joseph F Adams, Boston has been announced.

Mr and Mrs James Lord of Deer Island, will start for North Carolina this week with their young son Frank, whose health has not been good for some time past.

Mr William Barton's condition has improved since going to Boston. He writes home very encouragingly.

CHATHAM.

Jan. 16.—Dr Cox returned Monday evening from his holiday visit to his home.

Miss Belle Loggie of Brewer, Me., is visiting her sister Mrs Ernest Haviland.

Mrs Carl Foyen entertained a number of friends Monday evening, in honor of Miss Loggie.

Mrs J J Benson came home from Montreal yesterday on sick leave. Mr Benson will remain for some time.

Chatham will be sorry to lose Mr Walter White, who is going to Sydney to live, having secured a good engagement there.

Mr John Patterson, mason, formerly of Chatham, but for the past eight years residing in St. John, is paying a visit to his many friends.

Chas. McCallough, Esq., of Beccabe, N B., was in town last week.

"Good Counsel" Has No Price.

Wise advice is the result of experience. The hundreds of thousands who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, counsel those who would purify and enrich the blood to avoid themselves of its virtues. He is wise who profits by this good advice.

Stomach Troubles—"I was greatly troubled with my stomach, and even the sight of food made me sick. Was tired and languid. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me feel like myself again." James McKensie, 350 Gladstone Ave., Toronto, Ont.



Divining-Rods

On a narrow side street in New York City is a factory which owes its existence to the 'gullibility' of human nature.

Its business is the manufacture and sale of 'divining-rods,' of which it produces ten thousand dollars' worth every year. Pennsylvania has a similar establishment, and there are smaller dealers in other places.

These men issue catalogues bulging with testimonials, and cleverly calculated to stimulate the spirit of progress even in the poor dupes of ignorance and superstition whom they seek to swindle. A man, they admit, may find treasure with a rod of peach or wick hazel, (price two dollars), but they urge the really enterprising and scientific treasure seeker to try a modern whalebone rod, a 'goldometer,' 'patent needle dipping compass,' 'earth mirror' or 'treasure spear'—price fifteen to thirty-five dollars.

One testimonial in the catalogue of a Pennsylvania dealer is particularly noteworthy. It reads as follows:

'Dear Sir: I received the rod which I ordered some time ago, and am well pleased with it. I found it works all right. I am satisfied with it. I found a ten-cent piece with it. Works nicely.'

The writer of the letter had paid twenty-five dollars for his purchase.

Another man wanted a rod that would locate nothing but money. Gold-mines and deposits of copper ore were apparently too much bother for him. He preferred to unearth coin already minted.

How is such ignorance possible in this age? One would think that the most stupid man must sooner or later ask himself the old, old question; Would any one sell a contrivance that would really discover hidden treasure? Would he not use it himself?

The only trustworthy divining rod that has ever been made is, fortunately, cheap. It has a steel head and a wooden handle, and is shaped something like an anchor. Any man who wants one should go to a hardware store and ask for a pickax.

Reflections of a Spinster.

Instead of making man's body beautiful God gave woman great idealty.

A difficulty between two men is often the prelude to warm friendship; but when two women quarrel they never speak to each other again.

Love so increases a man's delicacy that the woman in the case is completely deceived. After acquisition and marriage, when the man becomes again his normal self, disillusionment sets in and marriage is a failure.

The greatness of a great man steadily decreases the nearer you approach him.

The list of immortal names would be considerably longer if man died while the public still believed in their greatness. No man can endure years of public scrutiny. Grow great and then die is a good motto. To try to keep up an unnatural standard only results in failure and regret.

Fish.

Some idea can be gained of the immense service the United States Fish Commission is performing from the fact that in the year which ended last June more than a billion food-fishes, propagated by the commission, were distributed in the rivers and lakes, and along the coasts of the country.

Not many years ago fresh salt-water fish were accessible only to dwellers on or near the coast. Today they are as easily obtainable in Chicago, Denver and St. Louis. This increased market, made possible by the introduction of refrigerating processes, has naturally caused a great advance in price. In the short period of nine years the catch of lobsters has decreased more than fifty per cent. in quantity, and at the same time increased more than fifty per cent. in value. The aim of the commission is to check the tendency to higher prices by replenishing the supply.

The work is national in extent as well as in character. While the fisheries of the New England States are benefited by the



Watches. Clocks.

Sterling Silver and Plated Ware. Opera and Eye Glasses. Walking Canes. Cameras, Photo Frames. Bronze Ornaments. Gold Pens and Pencils.

And an endless variety of the most FASHIONABLE and RELIABLE GOODS suitable for

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

to be found in the city and offered at very low prices to cash customers.

W. Tremaine Gard, 48 KING ST. Goldsmith and Jeweller

liberation of one hundred and thirty-five million young lobsters along the coast, the streams of Washington are at the same time replenished with salmon, the brooks of Colorado with trout, the Great Lakes with whitefish and grayling.

Some of the results are astonishing. Several years ago two hundred large mouthed black bass were released in the tributaries of the Potomac. In five months of the past year more than forty seven thousand pounds of bass, taken from the Potomac, were sold in Washington.

The non-commercial benefits of the work are also worth keeping in mind. Farmers' boys who recall those rare days which were too rainy for haying, and city men who treasure the picture of some shady trout-pond, will not need to be told what those benefits are.

Aerial Telegraphy and the Telephone.

The Russian inventor, Popoff, has successfully applied a telephonic receiver in transmitting telegraphic messages without wires. By means of radio-conductors, variations of resistance of short duration are produced and these can be directly observed in a telephone. Last winter a Russian cruiser, ashore on an island in the Gulf of Finland, was able to communicate telegraphically, without wires, with an island 29 miles distant, where the ice-breaking steamer Ermak was stationed, and by the same means the lives of 27 Russian fishermen, carried off by an ice floe in sight of the stranded cruiser, were saved.

A High-Rolling Office Boy.

Mamie—"Jimmy Mullberry blew me off for a hot body, yistiddy."

Liz—"An' on'y dis mo'ain' he gin me a hull nickel's worthy ches'n'ts."

Mamie—"Heavens! We must keep our traps shut about dis, fer it b's boss hears us by his extravagant habits, he'll call in a experter go over de poor boy's books."

Trying to Get It All.

"Russell Sage says it is better to start in life with ten cents and Providence than with \$1,000,000."

"Well, we will have to give uncle Russ credit for one thing."

"What?"

"He is trying to make it necessary for everybody else to begin life in the way he considers best."

We Have Added to Our Plant

The most complete collar shaper and edge finishing machine ever made. The top of your collar is as smooth as the side, when done on our machine. We have the sole right to use it for St. John. Send your work to us and avoid the trouble you are having elsewhere. Neck bands replaced, hosiery darned, repairs made. All free. Uegar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet cleaning works. Telephone 58.

An Objection.

"Yes; he seems to be a confirmed bachelor—says he has always been opposed to an income tax."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he considers marriage an income tax of one hundred per cent."

When a woman opens the front door and says, "Tom in, deary," to a little wiggling pug dog, you can bet on it that if there are any children in the house they don't stand half a show.

THE AMERICAN CAPITAL IN 1819

Extracts From a Letter Giving a Description of Life in Washington.

Few of the many people who go to Washington today, would recognize a description of that city given by a New York merchant, whose business took him South in the autumn of 1819. From an attic chest, where they have been left to grow yellow with age, the letters of this merchant to his wife and children have been brought to light. The Independent prints a few extracts from them.

At this time the capital had been settled a dozen years, and the capitol and executive mansion stood as they were before the British burned them. Washington itself was a settlement—largely marsh—adjoining Georgetown, a part of some commercial consequence.

'I have the pleasure to inform you,' writes the traveller, 'that I arrived here at the seat of the great government of these United States this afternoon without accident, but more exceedingly fatigued, as you may well suppose, having rode about two hundred and fifty miles since the day before yesterday morning. I lodged in this town (Georgetown) which joins the city of Washington, as the best public house is here.

'In coming I passed through the center of the great named city—that is, by the capitol, the president's house and so forth, which are one or two miles from my lodgings, and I am almost enchanted with it—I mean the situation of the city, for there is nothing yet here constituting one, being comparatively without houses or streets. As to houses, they are very few, and those very scattering; as to streets, there are none, except you would call common roads streets.'

His description of his first night at the hotel is quaint enough. He says:

'I wrote you evening before last, the evening of my arrival. The house where I lodge is very large—say fifty rooms—and my room very intricate. As the mail closed at five in the morning, it was necessary to post letters in the evening. I directed the servant not to go to bed until he took my letters to the post-office.

'I, however, did not finish them till nearly twelve o'clock, when I rang the bell again and again without being answered. Supposing the rascal asleep in the kitchen, I took my candle and left my chamber, which was in one of the wings of the house, to find him. After hunting a long time without being able to find either him or the kitchen, I opened a door that led to the yard. As it rained and blew violently, out went my candle and left me in total darkness. I then endeavored to find my chamber again, but that was not easy.

'After being completely bewildered, I exerted my lungs to arouse some person as a guide, but received no reply except the echo of my own voice. At length I succeeded in gaining my chamber and concluded to go to bed.

'Luckily, after I got comfortably in bed a watchman came past my window bawling out, 'Past one o'clock and a very stormy night!' on which I sprang out of bed and called to him to take my letters to the post office, which he consented to do. I accordingly wrapped them in a sheet of paper to keep them from the wet, with a quarter of a dollar, and threw them out of the window, and I hope he put them in the post office as he promised to do.'

Only a Small Favor.

A quiet, middle-aged man who was in attendance at an operatic performance was much annoyed at the behavior of two young women in the row of seats behind him.

Calling one of the ushers, he put a coin in his hand and whispered something in his ear.

The usher went away, and presently came back and handed him a small package.

When the curtain went down at the close of the first act, he turned in his seat and said with a smile to the young women directly behind him.

'I beg your pardon, miss, but may I ask a slight favor of you?'

'What is it?' she said.

'Please use this stick of gum in place of the kind you are chewing. The odor of wintergreen is very offensive to me.'

After that he was not disturbed.

The Aeroscope.

Among the scientific toys at the Paris Exposition was an instrument named the 'aeroscope.' It consisted of a wooden paddle about six and a half feet long and three inches broad, whitened with chalk, and turning about its middle, at the rate of 1,600 turns in a minute. When in motion the paddle resembled a thin, circular screen through which objects could be seen. At a distance of nearly four feet behind the whirling paddle and parallel to its plane of rotation was fixed a black screen. The apparatus being placed in a dark chamber



is a pure hard soap ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.



HAYMARKET SQUARE POLY MORPHIANS. ANNUAL CARNIVAL Victoria Rink

JANUARY 18th, 1901. \$40—IN PRIZES—\$40

- \$10.00 Best combination, three or more... \$10.00
5.00 For Best Ladies' Original Character... 5.00
5.00 For Best Gentlemen's Original Character... 5.00
5.00 For Ladies' Handicraft... 5.00
5.00 For Gentlemen's Handicraft... 5.00
5.00 Best Presentation of a Character... 5.00
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New Features and Big Attractions will be announced later. R. J. WILKINS, President. R. D. WOODRUFF, Secretary.



It's All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part of our laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—button holes are left intact when we do your work.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers." Mon. cal.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to Legislature at its next session for the passing of an act to incorporate a company by the name of THE COTTAGE CITY PARK, Limited, for the purpose of acquiring, owning and managing Real Estate, and improving the same, and the erection of cottages and other buildings thereon, with power to lease, mortgage or sell the same, and with such other powers as may be incident thereto. St. John, N. B., Jan. 14th, 1901.

a brilliant photographic image of some object was projected upon the moving paddle and immediately the image seemed to stand forth with all the solidity of a real object. The perspective was supplied by the reflection of the image from the black screen formed by the rotating paddle.

Getting Local Color.

'How long did you plow the peas?' asked the Inquisitive Party. 'Long enough to accumulate some harrowing tales,' replied the Matine Novelist.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1901.

Sent to Prison for Debt.

'Imprisonment for debt' has been abolished in England, but the same thing exists under another name. A debtor is sued in the county court and the judge makes an order that he or she shall pay so much per week or month until the debt is paid off.

'The cells are similar in all respects to those occupied by convicts. The size, the furniture, the utensils are identical. The only literature allowed the debtor, like the criminal, in the early days of his confinement, is the Bible, the prayer and hymn books, and a little volume called 'The Narrow Way.'

'It is merely in regard to bedding that the debtor, within his cell, is better off than the convict. While the latter at the commencement of his incarceration is compelled to rest on bare boards, the former, at all times, is provided with coarsen fibre mattress and pillow as well as with two coarse linen sheets, a pillow case and a couple of blankets.

'Before the debtor is finally locked up for the night on the day of his arrival at the prison, he receives a circular yellow cloth badge, bearing the number of his cell inscribed in black on both sides, which makes him look something like a cabman. This badge—the badge of infamy, for it is identically the same in color and all other respects for convict and debtor alike—he is compelled to wear fastened to the left hand side of his coat whenever he leaves his cell.

'The prison bell tolls at 6 a. m., and the day begins. The cell floor must be swept, the white metal utensils cleaned and furnished up, so that you can see your face in them, the plank bedstead set leaning against the wall on end, with mattress dangling over the back, bed clothes made to hang in front, and pillow crowning the whole. Then you wash and finish dressing.

'All at once you hear a clanging of keys. The door flies open. A canvas bag bearing the cell number is flung on the floor, accompanied by an inquiry in an unsympathetic tone, as to whether you are all right, and in order to put out your pots and pans. The bag contains your work—some pieces of canvas, some samples of buttonholes, a stout needle, a skein of white thread, a lump of wax, a knife. You have been deprived of your penknife down stairs, only to be placed in possession of a much more dangerous weapon in your cell.

'At 8 a. m. you get your breakfast—six ounces of whole-meal bread, badly baked and sticky, and one pint of gruel or half-pint of cocoa, in accordance with the choice you have made on your arrival. An hour later your cell door flies open again, and you are conducted to one of the work-rooms. Here is a companion in misfortune, who has already mastered the art, shows you how to hem and make buttonholes in canvas bags for the post office. You are at liberty to talk in an orderly manner while plying your needle, and when the governor or his deputy comes around on his daily morning visit you are not required to move.

'At 10 a. m. you leave your work for exercise in a sort of kitchen garden, enclosed by high walls and surrounded by a path, where you may walk in couples. Here new arrivals make their first appearance and relate their stories.

'At 11 a. m. you return to work, and at noon to your cell and dinner, which on Sunday and Wednesday comprises four ounces of whole-meal bread, six ounces of potatoes, six ounces of suet pudding. On Monday and Friday you get six ounces of bread, eight ounces of potatoes, three ounces of cooked beef without bone, which is simply the 'bully' article. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday the menu consists of six ounces of bread, six ounces of potato and three-quarters of a pint of soup. On Monday herring beans and fat bacon may be substituted for beef, and then the puzzle is to find the bacon concealed under one of the beans. The suet pudding is a

vile, greasy mess and should be discontinued. Frequently some of the potatoes are too bad to be eaten and the debtor is then deprived of his full ration, which is small enough at the best. And he is no longer permitted to hoard himself. The soup, which is the famous 'dilly,' is decidedly good and might with advantage be introduced into homes where there are children, and economy is a first consideration.

'Dinner over you roll up your sheets and blankets, and place the bundle on end at the top of your corner shelves. You are then at liberty to read Bible, prayer book, hymn book, or 'The Narrow Way,' or to resume hemming and buttonhole making.

'The afternoon is almost a repetition of the morning. At 2 you leave your cell for exercise till 4, and then go to the work-room. An hour later you repair to the cell for 5 o'clock tea, which is precisely the same as breakfast, and you are not let out again before morning. At 8 you hear the Black Marias rumbling into the yard one after another with their loads of evil doers and debtors. At 9 you go to bed, after a jailor has taken your work bag and double-locked you up for the night. And so it goes on from day to day.

'On Friday morning, and morning and afternoon on Sunday, you go to chapel, which helps to kill time, walking in single file under charge of a warder. On the way a good view is obtained of the house where the condemned pass the last night, and of the place where they lie buried at the base of a high wall—gruesome landmarks which seem to excite lively interest.

'At chapel the debtors sit in three or four rows on one side of the channel. On the left rises a section of an amphitheatre in four divisions, swarming with a thousand convicted criminals in jail garb of the color of khaki, stamped with broad arrows.

'From the moment the debtor comes into prison he is given every opportunity to find money to satisfy his creditors should he be so disposed. He may telegraph, he may write and receive as many letters as he pleases in that bona fide sense. But if he makes no effort to discharge his debt, he may only write and receive one letter, and have one visit a week.

'Twice in the course of each seven days, and on the morning of departure, the cell must be scrubbed out. You are brought a great bucket of water, a circular scrubbing brush, a couple of remnants of old boots, which you fasten to your knees, and then set to work. It will surprise a good many people to learn that the majority of debtors at Wandsworth are sent there by their wives for failing to satisfy maintenance orders. Another numerous category comprises the alleged fathers of children born out of wedlock. Then come the fathers of boys sent to trust schools, who have been ordered to contribute a couple of shillings a week toward their support. A fourth category is made up of persons in arrears with rates and taxes. Debtors of the miscellaneous class are few. Most of my companions during the fortnight I passed at Wandsworth bore up against their misfortune with a good heart. One or two gave way. One man took the matter so keenly to mind, that he displayed signs of insanity, and was removed to the hospital.'

A Remarkable Play.

During the Lower Lakes golf tournament at Grasspoints, Michigan, says Collier's Weekly, Lieut. George N. Hayward, United States Navy, made one of the most remarkable plays known to the game of golf.

On driving from the first tee he sent the ball over the bunker, fully one hundred and seventy-five yards. It struck a screen on the second-floor window of a vacant parsonage, and went clear through the screen and window.

The lieutenant had a problem to face. He was followed to the house by a large number of interested spectators. Forcing open a window, he climbed into the parsonage.

He found the ball in a back room upstairs, and with a mighty stroke tried to send it into a front room. It struck above the door and clattered about the room for a while. Another stroke was more accurate, and the ball went into the front room. A third put it through a window. The window had been raised to allow the ball free egress, but the stroke sent it rather high, and the ball crashed through two thickness of glass and out on the green.

WAYS OF HUNTING SPIDERS.

Some Stalk Their Prey and Others Build Rafts to Suck It on the Water.

The wolf spider spins no web, but stalks its prey—hence its name. It takes the precaution to spin a thread before leaping after anything, so that in event of falling short, it will have a way of retreat. It is about the fiercest of the spiders, though far from the biggest or most venomous and in captivity will stalk its own image when crawling over a mirror, and fall into a tury at finding itself balked.

The trapdoor spider builds its nest in the ground, a tunnel about three inches deep, with a branch sloping upward and closed by an inner door opening downward. The outer door, which opens upward, is of the 'chickent,' finest silk, with an outer coat of earth and small pebbles to make it indistinguishable from the surrounding surface.

Water spiders lash together with their beet silk rafts of dead leaves, upon which they float in pursuit of water insects. But the rafts do not compare with their nests, which are egg-shaped, lined with the finest waterproof web, and buoyed with clusters of tiny air bubbles, which the mother spider takes down by diving upon her back with the bubble-entangled in her legs.

All spiders begin nest building very young. At seven weeks old trap-door spiders make little nests the size of a cent, and, of course, something haphazard and awry. No young spider, in fact, builds a workman-like nest, although the creatures have from two to eight eyes each. The youngsters appear to use their spinnerets in play, much as children build doll houses.

'Spiderwebs once had a great vogue as medicine. They were held specific for consumption, and certain fevers, as well as the best of stytics. They have still that last use. Given sprouting arterial blood may be checked, if not wholly staunch, by a generous handful of cobwebs held hard against the wound.

Spiders are wonderfully weatherwise. They will neither build new nests nor repair breaks in old ones in face of a storm. They have, moreover, a certain precience which foretells weather changes. Wherefore, if you see a half destroyed web, with no spider body making haste to build it over, though the sun may shine and winds increase, be certain stormy weather is not two hours away.

Few more wonderful adaptations are seen in the whole round of nature than the webs spiders spin to entrap the wary ant. They are not high-bung, lacy affairs, carrying every breeze, but low set silken tubes stretched in the grass, the crevices of rock, or about tree roots. Ants of every size creep heedlessly into them. The spiders eat them with relish, but occasionally a very little spider and a big ant engage in a duel to the death. If the spider can bite the ant can sting—and does it with a right good will. The spider does not try to get rid of such an ant as he does of a wasp or bee too strong to be safely attacked. Such an insect, which threatens destruction to the web-builder. The entangling cables are not loosed but the web rays neatly snipped in two, first those underneath, and at the very last the highest filament. Often the letting go of such a captive means destruction to halt the nest. But some spiders are wiser than some people. They know not merely when they have enough, but when they have too much.

Kites and Telephones in War.

In the Monthly Weather Review for October is given an account of recent experiments at Chicago intended to demonstrate the usefulness of kites in effecting telephonic communication between a besieged town and its friends beyond the enemy's lines. The suggested plan is to send up from the town a very large kite carrying a telephone fastened at the end of a wire running through a pulley. When the kite has attained the desired position, the besieged are supposed to slacken the wire and drop the telephone to the ground, while the kite remains in the air. There are manifestly many practical details not provided for in the scheme as thus outlined, but it is at least an interesting suggestion.

The French Shore Question.

An editorial in the London Times gives a full review of the French shore question in Newfoundland—a question that has menaced for many years the peaceful relations between England and France.

The treaty of Utrecht in 1713 secured for Great Britain the absolute possession of the island of Newfoundland. This right was confirmed without qualification by the treaties of Paris in 1763 and of Versailles in 1783, and it has never been modified or challenged. At the same time the French fishermen on a certain defined portion of Newfoundland coast obtained rights in 1713, re-affirmed in 1783, which placed them in a very peculiar position in regard to British territory. Within the limits fixed by treaty they are allowed to catch fish and to dry them on land without being subject to local restrictions. On the other hand, they are precluded from erecting fortifications or indeed any other buildings except wooden stages and butts for drying; they are forbidden to winter in the island, and are enjoined to confine themselves during their stay to the business of fishing and drying fish, or to repairs necessary for their vessels.

The British colonists are placed under an obligation not to molest the French fishermen 'during their fishing,' or to injure their drying stages or scaffolds during their absence. In strictness nothing belongs to France under these treaties except the right to carry on the inshore codfishery within certain narrow limits. In process of time, the value of this right has greatly fallen away. Commercial and social changes have reduced the importance of the inshore Newfoundland fishing to very small dimensions, and the process of shrinkage has been going on steadily ever since the modus vivendi was introduced in 1800. Six or seven years ago the number of Frenchmen employed in all capacities on the 'French shore' was less than 1,200, and it is now only a little over 500. The proceeds of the fishery have never, in recent years exceeded a few thousands of pounds. The main element of profit appears to be the lobster canning industry, which is a parasitic growth on the original conventional rights of France, and which, if we fall back on the strict provisions of the treaties of Utrecht and Versailles.

The power to catch lobsters and to establish factories for 'canning' them on the Newfoundland coast may be conceded as a matter of comity or indulgence, but it can hardly be extracted by any fair process of interpretation from the right to catch and dry codfish, to erect drying stages, and to repair fishing boats. But, if this claim is extravagant, what is to be said of the addition made to it by the French that the British colonists should be forbidden to set up lobster-canning factories of their own on the 'French shore'? Not a word can be found in support of this claim in the stipulations of 1713 and 1783, yet it has been provisionally recognized under the modus vivendi. The colonists of Newfoundland contend that, as the French interest under the treaties is rapidly declining one, it is unnecessary to make any valuable concessions in order to extinguish it.

From the imperial point of view, the reason why it is desirable to get rid in an amicable way of the rights of France on the 'French shore' is that the protection of the French fishermen, even though they are only an insignificant and unprosperous handful, is a perpetual source of danger. The claim to interfere with this object might at any moment bring the French Government and the French navy into collision with the British colonists and with the Imperial power. Though the 'French shore' is of little economical importance to France, it is confused in the popular mind with the French interest in the sea fishery on the 'Great Banks,' which is not only a valuable industry, encouraged by a high bounty system, but is regarded, rightly or wrongly, as a nursery for the seamen of the French navy. With the cod fishing on the 'Great Banks' neither the Imperial Government nor the people of Newfoundland have the right, even if they had the desire, to interfere.

But the latter feel very keenly that the bounty system in France subjects them to

unfair competition, which they consider themselves justified in meeting with restrictions on the supply of early bait to the French fishermen. Under the modus vivendi the French sea fisheries obtained advantages in regard to the supply of bait, as well as in regard to the lobster-canning business, which are not likely to be continued if the question of the 'French shore' reverts to the original treaty rights. The real issues are not important enough to justify a quarrel between two great nations. France has practically nothing to gain by insisting on her rights under the Treaty of Utrecht, while the colonists have substantial reason to chafe under the enforcement of those rights. A better opportunity of settling the matter is not likely to occur than while M. Waldeck Rousseau's cabinet continues in office. If there should be a delay of another year, the British government may have to deal with a Minister for Foreign Affairs in France less friendly to this country, less practical than M. Delcasse. Meanwhile we can see no reason why the publication of the report of the Royal Commission, made two years ago, should be any longer postponed.

Swearing Off.

One day the engine of a Western freight train broke down, and the only passenger, a travelling preacher, got out and worked with the train crew, pulling, hauling and heaving as vigorously as the rest. He knew something about the machine, and was, indeed, quite capable of running an engine himself; so he was able to consult with the men, and advise them to some purpose. The work was carried on under a vigorous flow of profanity, which seemed to be quite unconsidered—a mere matter of habit.

Finally, says the Rev. C. T. Brady, who tells the story, I suggested an interruption in the swearing, adding that I was a preacher. The head brakeman dropped his crowbar with a look of abject astonishment. Everybody else let go at the same time, and the engine settled down. The men looked at me with amusing consternation.

'You are a what?' repeated the conductor, with an oath.

'A preacher.' 'Well?' said the official, with a long whistle of astonishment. Then, after regarding me thoughtfully for a moment, he added: 'Well, sir, you work like a man, anyway. Ketch hold again!'

'All right,' said I, 'but no more swearing on this trip.'

'None!' was the laconic reply, and that promise was kept.

When the work was done and all hands stood panting but successful, the engineer remarked:

'Well, this is the first time I ever saw a preacher that knowed a reversing lever from a box car. Come up and ride with me the rest of the way.'

The Mammoth Cave's War Supplies.

It has been averred that but for the saltpeter furnished by the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and by some smaller limestone caverns, the United States would have been unable successfully to wage the war of 1812. Even during the Civil War these cave supplies of saltpeter were largely utilized for making gunpowder. Recently the question of the origin of cave saltpeter has been discussed anew in the Journal of Geology, and W. H. Heas, dissenting from the view that the saltpeter deposits are due to the fermentation of guano by bats, holds that they have originated from the evaporation of water which, as it percolated through the roof of the cavern, absorbed nitrates from the soil.

Forest Reserves of Rubber-Trees.

It is reported that the department of agriculture will set aside as forest reserves the island of Romblon, north of Panay, and the island of Pautani in the Jolo group. United States army officers report that these are perhaps the richest islands in the world for rubber trees. In Zambar a new kind of gutta-percha is said to have been found. It is produced by a tree bearing a peach-shaped fruit which attains the size of a small melon.

PRIZE SOAP advertisement with image of a person washing.

SQUARE POLYMORPHIANS. CARNIVAL. Rink advertisement.

PRIZES—\$40 advertisement listing various items and prices.

Advertisement for a laundry or cleaning service.

A Circlet of Love.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS—PART I.

'Jerom' she gasped, clinging to him in an agony of despair, strangely mingled with loathing and with dread. 'You would not kill him?'

'Keep back! he has ejaculated fiercely, trying to shake her off. 'I cannot, Jerom, forbear! You know not what you are doing.'

Her words, uttered in those clear, pure tones, had a calming effect on him none others could have had. 'Slowly his hands relaxed their hold, and turning abruptly away he muttered hoarsely:

'Come, I leave him in his guilt.'

With one swift, short, compassionate glance towards the senseless form of Kerard, Esther followed her husband in silence, her fair head bent like a wind-tossed flower, her sweet eyes shadowed with an expression of surpassing sadness and regret and fear.

'Have your things packed, Lady Farquhar. We leave Paris tomorrow morning.' 'It is sudden,' Esther faltered. 'Has anything happened to compel you to return?'

Sir Jerom gnashed his teeth. 'After all that took place this morning, how can you—how dare you ask that question?'

'Forgive me, Jerom.'

He looked at her for a moment in silence, but there was no mercy in that look, and as she stretched out her hands in mute entreaty he shuddered and turned away as though her very touch was loathsome to him.

'You have outraged my feelings far beyond forgiveness,' he said, the blue veins swelling on his forehead.

'Once I told you I must either love or hate you. I loved you then, now I hate you!'

'No, no!' she cried wildly; 'have pity, my husband, do not mar my whole life because I forgot my duty for a few brief moments.'

'Silence!' he commanded with a sudden savage lowering of the brow. 'Henceforth you will be my wife in name only—the mistress of Westlea. Never call me husband again, never raise your eyes to mine with more than a passing stranger's glance do not recall to me, by word or look, the hateful bond that links us together, lest I forget you are a woman, and crush you as I would this trait insect.'

As he spoke he caught at a moth that was flitting round a candle, and when he opened his hand a tiny heap of dust was lying in his palm.

CHAPTER IV.

The village bells rang out joyously, sun-buried men and women had ceased their toil, and stood at their cottage gates to welcome the master of Westlea and his beautiful young bride to the old Abbey.

Troops of rosy, ragged children lined the white winding road, making the balmy air ring with their glad voices as they carpeted the ground with flowers.

'This reception is pleasing,' and the baronet's moustache drooped sarcastically, 'and one well suited to a happy pair returning from their honeymoon; yet, it is a mistake not your expectations are defeated. Did you look for more from these rustics?'

Esther shivered, and he noticed with cruel enjoyment the fears that rose to her eyes at his mocking words.

'Spare me further torture,' she said faintly; 'or I shall go mad.'

The bells still clanged out, the children still flung the dewy blossoms in the air, yet amid all that tumultuous joy one heart was slowly breaking, one heart was steeped in despair.

With the swift, silent motion of a somnambulist, Esther ascended the broad marble steps. Once she faltered, and Sir Jerom, thinking she would fall, took her hand, and placed it on his arm.

'Do not touch me,' she whispered, snatching it passionately away. 'I would fall rather than receive help from you!'

'Fool!' he muttered under his breath. 'Do you not see our actions are watched?'

Before she could answer he threw his arm high round her, and with his lips still pressed savagely together, bent down to kiss her.

With a recoiling shudder she broke from the mock embrace, and hurrying through the lighted hall fled to her own chamber.

'How much of this must I endure?' she exclaimed, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples. 'Oh, that I could die! that I could die!'

She looked wistfully, yearningly about her. Hitherto she had not noticed the absence of her father and sisters, but now in her dull loneliness she remembered that they who should have been foremost had not yet bade her welcome.

'Perhaps someone is ill,' she soliloquised a new fear dawning upon her. 'I will go at once to the vicarage and—'

She paused and drew herself erect, her heart beating wildly at the daring of her own thought.

'Why did I not think of that before? Yes, yes; I will go now and entreat them to take me back—to save me from a life of thristion and misery.'

She drew her cloak more tightly about her trembling form and hastened from the elegant room, that to her seemed but a gilded cage.

Although the day was warm her teeth chattered, and she shivered convulsively as she hurried along the corridors.

She stopped as she passed the library. Should she tell Sir Jerom she was leaving the Abbey? Did he deserve even that much from her?

'Ay, surely, surely! With a quick movement she flung the door open, and entering closed it softly after her.

'I am come, Sir Jerom,' she said, going up to him almost haughtily, 'to tell you an going home.'

'This is your home. What do you mean?'

'This can never be my home. I am going back to the vicarage—to my father.'

A cruel smile lurked at the corners of the baronet's mouth, and his eyes glittered with a savage sinister meaning under his bent brows.

'Perhaps you will be disappointed when I tell you a heart no longer beats for you with a father's affection, a voice will never call you daughter again.'

A sharp cry of agony broke from her white lips, and staggering back she leaned heavily against a chair for support.

'Jerom!' she almost shrieked, 'what have you said? He is not—he is not dead?'

He watched her with a tiger-like satisfaction, and after a pause said slowly: 'Dead! Well, no; he is not dead.'

'Thank Heaven! If he breathes there is hope.'

She went eagerly towards the door, then, as if some sudden thought had crossed her brain, turned and confronted her husband again.

'One word, Sir Jerom, before I go. What motive had you in keeping me in ignorance of my father's illness?'

'Illness? and he raised his heavy brow in well-feigned astonishment. 'There is some mistake, I think; the vicar, as far as bodily strength is concerned, was never in better health than now.'

Esther looked at him in silence. Gradually the horrified expression his first words had called forth faded, a crimson wave swept over her white, wan face, and her delicate nostrils quivered with the intensity of her feelings.

'I see, I see, Sir Jerom,' she exclaimed, flashing him a glance of burning scorn. 'You are torturing me for pastime, as a cat tortures a bird. Ah, when I swore to be your wife how little did I know the man to whom I had bound myself.'

She pushed open the door, but the baronet started up quickly and banging it on, turned the key in the lock.

'Stay,' he hissed; 'read this before you start on your fool's errand, and he threw an opened letter on the table.'

She glanced at it almost indifferently, then, seeing it was addressed to her by her father, snatched it up angrily.

'How dare you keep my letters?' she demanded, meeting his gaze steadily.

A hoarse laugh was his only answer; but of late she had grown used to that forced, hollow mirth and scarcely heeded it.

With trembling haste she unfolded the letter, and Sir Jerom, watching her as she read, saw her give a quick convulsive start as the lovely face blanched, and the dark eyes grew wide and fixed.

As if suddenly transformed to stone she stood with one cold hand pressed over her heart, powerless to move, powerless to speak.

'Something in the rigid pallor of her face frightened him. The cruel smile left his lips, and going over to a side-table he filled a glass with wine and tried to force some between her set teeth.

With a desperate, breathless effort she raised her arm and dashed the glass to the ground.

'How do I know,' she panted, 'it is not poison?'

A smothered oath escaped Sir Jerom's lips.

'Take care, madam, take care what you say,' he hissed, livid with rage, 'or you may have cause to repent.'

'Spare yourself further words,' she said, her clear scornful tones striking across his harsh voice like the chiming of silver bells amid the clangour of brass cymbals. 'I heed not your threats. After this,' crushing the letter passionately, 'I care not what you do.'

'Ah! the contents of that letter are distasteful to you,' he said, ironically. 'You spared no pains in causing them to do so,' she answered bitterly.

'I did my duty. It was right your father should know the truth.'

'Truth! You must have lied to him—poured words like venom in his ears, ere he wrote this!'

The baronet opened his lips to deal her a keen shaft from his tongue; but with a contemptuous sweep of her white hand she silenced him.

'Enough! Say no more, lest you plunge yourself too deeply in deceit and falsehood, and before he could recover himself she had left his presence.

Not until she was once more in her own room—the room she thought she had left forever—did her courage and strength forsake her; then all the defiance died out of her eyes, and the woman who a moment earlier had made a strong man cower beneath her scornful dignity, sank hopelessly and despairingly to the ground.

'Oh, heavens!' she cried, putting her hands wearily to her head, 'what have I done to deserve this?'

Presently she raised herself, and smoothing the letter she still grasped feverishly, read over and over again the condemning words written therein:

'You have broken my heart—no word of encouragement, not even her name—and God forgive you for it. I cannot. Do not suppose that your father has condemned you on the word of your husband alone. When he wrote me of your guilt, he gave me such information as was necessary for me to seek for proof. I have accepted a living in Warwickshire, and leave the rectory without delay. Shall we ever meet again? Yes, when you can say, 'Father, I have plucked the memory of my folly from my heart, and am a true wife, if not a loving one.' Then, not until then, can we meet under the same roof.'

'Oh, my father!' she exclaimed, letting the paper slip through her nerveless fingers. 'When shall I be able to deny that I love him? Love him! did I say? Ah, no, no! for mad unmeasured love such as that would be a sin.'

Brokenly, breathlessly, the words fell from her pale lips, her head drooped, and burning tears dimmed at last the lustre of her eyes.

CHAPTER V.

Seven days drifted by—long, dismal days that brought with them no sunshine, no joy to warm the cold, dull, despairing heart of the mistress of Westlea, and as she restlessly paced the long, deserted picture-gallery, she could scarcely realize only one week had passed since her return.

'How slowly the time creeps on!' she murmured half aloud. 'In it always so with the wretched, I wonder?'

She thought of the dreary years that lay before her with a sickening dread.

Joined to the man for whom she could never care, severed from the one who had awakened such a strange, unaccountable, sweet sympathy within her, life could be but a bleak desolate waste.

'Will these unmeasured links ever be made even? Can they be severed, or must I be chained to misery forever?'

She cast her listless walking, leaned wearily against an old ebony secretary that was placed at the darkest end of the gallery.

In an instant she shrank back with a low startled cry.

The weight of her body had forced some hidden spring; there was a sharp click, and the massively carved lid fell back with a hollow echoing sound.

'What have I done?' she exclaimed fearfully as a heap of papers fell to the ground.

Sinking on her knees, she gathered them up, and was hastily thrusting them into the worn eastern pigeon hole, when something arrested her attention—something that caused the fair hands to tremble like aspen leaves, the beautiful mobile face to grow colorless as a wild white lily.

Yet it was not much—only a little china miniature, a portrait of a beautiful woman; but in those black, glittering, jewel-like eyes, in the ruby mouth, with its bow like curves, Esther recognized the features of Gabrielle Geoffroi, the woman who had cast the first shadow over her happiness.

'And he told me she was nothing to him,' she murmured, as she skimmed through a bundle of letters written in French, 'although even when he married me she was his promised wife. He shall never see this again.'

With a sudden angry gleam in her dark eyes she hurled the miniature from her, and it fell to the ground, shattered into a thousand pieces.

'Se, my lady, it is thus you spend your time, trying to ruin my secret.'

Esther started to her feet at sound of that cold, sneering voice.

Her attention had been so absorbed in the letters that she had not heard Sir Jerom's stealthy footfall, and was, until now, unconscious of his presence.

'I hope you have not discovered anything that has aroused your jealousy.'

'You forget, Sir Jerom,' she retorted, her lip curling with a quiet scorn, 'jealousy is a suspicious attending love.'

He ground his teeth savagely.

'No more of this bantering, madam,' he exclaimed roughly; 'what right had you to destroy my letters and—that picture?'

'A wife's right to expel from her home tokens of her husband's guilt.'

'This is more than I can bear. If you were a man I would strangle you for having forced that door open.'

'You are mistaken,' Esther said, a faint tinge of color spreading slowly over her cheeks; 'but for an accident I should have known nothing of this.'

'Do not lie to me,' he muttered, grasping her arm fiercely.

'I would stoop to lie to no man, and you know it. Let go my arm, Sir Jerom.'

But his cruel grasp tightened, and it was only by a great effort she kept back the cry of pain that rose to her lips.

'Be careful,' she said quietly, 'or you will bruise my shoulder, and in evening dress—'

'You would not dare—'

She raised her eyes fearlessly to his, and he quailed beneath the clear, penetrating, contemptuous gaze.

'Do not challenge me. All the despair that was in my heart has changed to desperation. I would dare anything.'

He looked at her for a moment in silent surprise as she stood amongst the fragments of torn letters, her hair, supple torn drawn to its full height, her hands folded on her breast, and her hair gleaming to a dusky gold in the dim light.

In that calm, defiant attitude there was much of courage and of majesty, and Sir Jerom knew what he had lost in missing the love and trust of the woman before him.

'I came here,' he said after a long pause, 'to remind you that the ball you issued in invitations for will take place to night.'

'Do you think I shall pleasure so lightly as to forget?' she asked with quiet irony. 'I have given orders,' he went on, with-

out noticing the interruption, 'that you are to wear the family diamonds.'

'Are you proud of my beauty, that you would have it shown to the greatest advantage?'

'Proud!' he exclaimed bitterly. 'Do you think I can feel aught of pride for the face that has blighted my whole existence? The right of it is hateful to me. I wish I might never look upon it again!'

Without another word he turned on his heel, and Esther was left once more alone with her thoughts.

'Yes, yes,' she said resolutely, as the last sound of his step died away on the stair. 'I will do it—it will be better so.'

It was past midnight, yet, late as was the hour, the ponderous door of the Abbey was thrust open, and sounds of music and of laughter came floating out on the dark dreary silence.

To a lonely passageway the outside porch, opened a pleasing aspect; to those assembled within it seemed as though they had entered the mystic regions of Fairyland.

Smiling, bright-eyed maidens, moving higher and higher in their shimmering robes, looked like gurgles flowers, while Esther, with the flash of diamonds and purple and gold about her, shone in their midst fair as a star.

All who gazed on her marvelled that one so divinely beautiful should have chosen for her husband the sullen, heavy-browed, middle-aged baronet.

'You and Sir Jerom remind me of the Beauty and the Beast,' remarked a dashing young officer, as he led her from the supper table.

Esther started, and her face grew ghastly white.

'I fear I have offended you,' he exclaimed in a tone of self-reproach. 'Forgive me, Lady Farquhar, I should not have spoken thus.'

'Oh, no; it is not that,' she replied with a forced smile; 'the heat of the room is so oppressive, it makes me feel faint.'

'Would you like to walk out on the terrace? It is cooler there.'

'Yes. All this glitter and movement make my eyes ache.'

Lord Chivalry looked at her questioningly. Those simple words accompanied as they were by a weary gesture of the delicate hands, spoke more eloquently than she would have wished.

'I think there is a storm brewing,' he said, as they stepped from the long casement.

She glanced at the dull, leaden, riftless sky and shivered.

'I am afraid I was unwise in bringing you here,' her companion said. 'Had we not better return to the ball room? The terrace is entirely deserted.'

'Nay, I shall enjoy the quiet,' she answered with fervid haste. 'If you would be kind enough to fetch me a shawl—and—my fan!'

With pleasure, I should have thought of that before.'

'Thank Heaven he is gone!' she exclaimed, as she disappeared between the azure curtains. 'I thought this hour would never come!'

In one brief moment her aspect entirely changed. The smile she had forced her lips to wear throughout the long evening left her, her face became set, her brow stamped with an unwavering resolution.

'Now—now!' she murmured under her breath, 'or it will be—too late!'

Drawing her silken robes closely around her, she hurried down the moss-grown steps, and turning into a dark narrow passage, ascended a flight of steep rickety stairs that led to the west wing of the Abbey, where her own apartments were situated.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, all the domes ic were gathered in the servants' hall below; or if they had seen her they must have wondered at her unwaited appearance there, at the strangely wild face and quick smothered breathing.

She paused when she reached her own chamber, and peered cautiously in.

All was still and silent as the grave. Entering, she closed the door and turned the key noiselessly in the lock.

'I must be quick,' she panted as she flung off her costly dress, 'lest they find me and stay my flight.'

With almost frantic haste she tore the blazing jewels from her neck and arms, heedlessly cutting the soft flesh in dragging the rings from her trembling fingers.

Suddenly she paused. She cast off every gem without thought, without regret; but she faltered as she gazed at the little circlet of gold that still gleamed on her left hand.

'Why shrink from dealing with this as I have dealt with the rest?' she asked herself bitterly. 'Is it dearer to me? Ah, no. Thus do I sever at least one link—the most fatal of them all!—and drawing it from her finger, she let it roll unheeded to her feet.'

'Now I cannot withdraw from my purpose. Henceforth I shall be but a guilty worthless thing on this earth, although it is with a faint hope of doing good I commit this great sin.'

Without giving herself time for reflection she seized a dark cloak, and wrapped it tightly about her head and shoulders.

'They cannot have missed me yet.'

Her voice was drowned in a long peal of thunder, and a vivid flash of lightning darted before her eyes.

'Is this storm sent to aid me in my escape, or is it—'

She stopped, unable to utter the fearful thought that coursed through her brain.

Swiftly, silently, she descended the old creaky stairs, nor did she pause until, almost breathless, she reached the foot of the terrace.

'Husband,' she exclaimed, stretching her arms out towards the brilliantly-lighted windows with a wild wistful passion, 'I feel no remorse, no shame, for what I am doing. You have driven me to it. I go for your sake, because the sight of my face is hateful to you. Jerom, Jerom! you have blighted my life, and from you I ask no pardon; from the cold, unfeeling, careless'

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For further information, write to J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 277 Essex Street, Boston, Mass.

world, no pity.'

She turned away with a hard, tearless sob, and plunged into a dense thicket of tall, straight, odorless pines.

The air had become almost suffocating in its intense heat, and at short intervals the thunder roared with a sullen ominous boom.

Headless of the warning sound Esther fled with the speed of a hare over the mossy ground.

On, on she went knowing not, caring not what track she was following only rushing on faster, faster as if for dear life.

Great drops of rain began to fall with heavy dull splashes; louder and louder crashed the thunder, while the lightning darted around her like serpents of fire.

And through it all she ran with unflinching courage, now almost blinded by the piercing light, now stunned by the deafening roar that made the earth vibrate with its cannon-like echo.

At last her step could no longer be heard in the short intervals of silence. Nothing broke the momentary stillness but the constant patter, patter of the rain.

Hours after, when the storm was raging at its greatest fury, a horseman came galloping through the darkness. His face was white and stern, great beads of perspiration stood on his brow, and he ground his teeth savagely as he pressed his heels mercilessly into the bleeding flanks of his steed.

'Had I foreseen this,' he muttered, with fierce vehemence, 'I think I should have killed her.'

He urged his panting steed on with renewed energy, bounding recklessly over wide tangled hedges and wading through deep silent pools in his mad career.

Suddenly there fell a thunder bolt that seemed to set the whole earth ablaze, a long rolling boom rent the air, a terrific crash came up from the knotted woodlands, and more than one mighty oak lay shivered on the ground.

A dead dark silence followed. All now was still save the little rivulet that surged through the glen, and the terrified trembling horse that dashed forward, guided no longer by a masterhand, but burthened with a ghastly, stiffened corpse.

Then there was a prolonged quivering neigh, a dull thud, and when next the lightning flickered through the trees, it revealed the lifeless form of Sir Jerom lying face downwards on the sward.

CHAPTER VI.

The drowsy eye of the day, softly opening, beamed tenderly on the earth, imparting a pale, peaceful calm to everything around.

At the threshold of a low thatched cottage lay a woman, motionless, colourless, and lovely as a stricken lily.

There was no sign of life in those weary outstretched limbs, no regular rising and falling of the quiet bosom on which the fair hands were clasped, to give hope that the heart beat over so faintly beneath.

There was a solemn, weird stillness until the first bright sunbeam burst through the dusky veil of morn, then on the silence of that lonely place there came the tremulous tender sound of the lark singing; soft sweet winds swept up the dewy scents of mosses and of leaves and of wild blossoms a wreath of blue smoke curled from the cottage chimney; the snowy window curtains were drawn aside and everything seemed to awake with new life—every thing save that white beautiful face upturned to the cloudless sky.

Presently the door opened from within and a stalwart yeoman stepped into the porch followed by a boy.

'What a calm there is, father,' the child whispered, 'now the tempest has passed away. 'What is that?' he broke off, grasping the man's arm. 'Look, father, look! someone is lying across our path!'

Without a word Quinton Cresse bent over the unconscious figure, and with hands gentle as a woman's raised the dropped head.

'Call your mother, Casper,' he exclaimed hurriedly. 'Haste, boy; don't stand there like a calf!'

Tenderly they lifted the mistress of Westlea from the cold ground, and placing

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

CANCER

For further information, write to J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 277 Essex Street, Boston, Mass.

Sunday Reading.

The Wrinkle-Makers

One of the great legs on the hearth rolled over with a spitting snarl, sending bright sparks whirling up the chimney and queer shadows dancing through the room.

Winfred's big, brown eyes, as they watched the burning wood, saw a strange thing happen. A crooked shape, like a small, black stick, with the ugliest face, sprang out of the flames and stamped upon the hearth rug.

'Why are they all so late?' he cried, fretfully. 'They never come on time.' But at that moment there was another snapping sound in the fire place and out came four dark figures, crooked, scowling and bowing to the first with the cry of 'Here we come, Ill-temper! Chief of the Wrinkle-makers, here we come!'

Ill-temper stood frowning at them, and replied, with a sneer: 'The stormy day has suited our work: you need not be all night in bringing your reports. What has Sir Anger done?'

'Done?' cried Anger, 'I have followed your steps, as I always do! When Winfred looked from the window this morning and found the weather too rough for her Saturday shopping, you, Ill-temper, told her it always happened that way; so she fretted and made everyone miserable until I came along, when she flew into such a passion that she almost struck her little brother, who begged for a story. Ha! ha! I had some fine wrinkles in her face just then, and they might have been there now only for the White Elves' coming.'

'Next, you and I had a merry race with the old woman down in the cottage. You remember how a neighbor's hen came clucking about, among the dried sunflower stalks. We made old Hepzibah rush out the door with a broom stick and drive the frightened hen all about the wet garden. Her specs flew off her nose, and her gray hair streamed in the wind. When she came back to the house, scolding and out of breath, we had deeper wrinkles between her eyes and down at the corners of her mouth. She has entertained ill temper and Anger so many years she will never be rid of us now. Ha! ha! Never be rid of us now! Then Anger, with a shrill laugh, seated himself astride the fire-tongs, making them clatter most dreadfully.'

'We deserve some credit,' cried Selfishness and Discontent; 'we had something to do with the frowns that spoiled Winnie's fair face this morning! We have lived with old Hepzibah, too, we know how some of the wrinkles grew.'

'I helped to keep them, laughed Pride, from his perch on the brass handle of the fire shovel. 'When the White Elves told Winfred she was ill-tempered, I told her not to own it. I kept your lines upon her face as long as I could, and always, when old Hepzibah flies into a rage, it is Pride that whistles in her ear not to confess she is wrong.'

He would have said more, but a cry arose from all the imps: 'The White Elves are coming! The White Elves!' Then Anger and Pride, Selfishness and Discontent, went scrambling away with ill temper, and their ugly figures soon disappeared, climbing up chimney in a whiff of smoke.

Next, the brown eyes of the 'little girl' on the hearth rug saw a group of dainty forms, looking, to her, like a cluster of big snow flakes with the sun shining on them. The brightest one, with starry one, came up to Winnie, and spoke in a voice like some wee rivulet's whisper:—

'Do you know me? My name is Love. I have just been looking at a sweet face I have watched these fore-score years. There are many lines that I and my friends have made upon it. Contentment has helped, and Gentleness and Humility; Sorrow, too, who sometimes works for the black imps, has left nothing but curves of sweetness here. It is the face, my little girl, of your own dear grandma, who is quietly waiting for God's angel to call her home. It was a weary time this morning, dear, before we could make you hear our voices. If you listen often to the evil imps, your face will become like old Hepzibah's down in the cottage. Listen to us instead, and then it will grow sweet and fair, so that, in years to come, it will be like that other face, filled only with lines of love.'

Just then, mother opened the door and saw only a little girl asleep in the fire-light and heard only the old clock with its tick tock, tick tock, in a far away corner. But the home folks now say often to each other, 'How lovable our Winfred grows!' and none but Winnie and mother know the story I have been telling you; of the shining elves and the ugly imps, the little

Wrinkle-makers.—Harriet L. Street, in Churchman.

Prayer That Gives Strength.

I leaned my head on the desk and prayed that if God wanted me to do what then seemed my duty. He would give me strength for the test before me; if not, that I might fail so fully that I should know that my duty lay elsewhere. Then with the trust that the prayer inspired, I went to work with a calm mind.

The woman who told this story sat facing the school examiners, in application for a teacher's certificate. Within a year she had lost her husband, her mother, her sister and her sister's husband, her fortune and her health. For years she had not taught, but she had no other means of earning a living. Hastily, she prepared for an examination, and approached the day with nervous fear.

The night before she was up with a sick child, and when, weary and nervous, she sat down facing a blackboard with written questions upon it, she felt incapable even of beginning the examination. Then it was that she rested for a few moments and calmed her mind with prayer, and in answer to that prayer came her strength.

She faced the questions then with courage. The first one—ah, yes, she could answer that! And answer it she did.

Then the next answer was soon written neatly on the paper. The third question perplexed her, and the effort to think began to stir her nerves again; but she sought once more the calmness of her beginning, and after a little she recalled the answer. Another she could not recall, but she passed it without worry, believing that God would take care of the result, after she had done her best.

There were more questions that tried her, and she could not feel sure that some of the problems were correctly solved; but at every difficulty she quieted herself with the same reflection, and did as well as she could.

When the long, weary examination was over, she was tired, but wondered that she was not more so, and she knew that she had not wholly failed. A few days later her certificate came; she could have wept for joy—it was of the first grade. Her prayer had brought her strength and had taught her a lesson besides.

She obtained a school, and taught it. Her health came back with self-forgetfulness and the calmness which her daily prayer afforded. Her school was a success. She taught the next year and the next, and other years that followed, and now a score of years have gone. Her barrel of meal has not failed.

Her children have grown to maturity, and she is a grandmother, living happily in the home of the daughter, whose sickness kept her awake on the night before her examination. The years have brought their burdens but more joys. Through all she has remembered the lesson which she learned in that dark hour when, in poverty and grief, she faced the examination for a teacher's certificate. In her appeal for divine aid that day she found the source of strength which she has since many times tested. And it has never failed her.

Her experience was an example of faith and work. One of the old Greek fables represents a poor carrier sunk in the mire with his burden, and crying to his god for assistance. The answer came back, 'Strive to get out, and Zeus will help thee.' The story is Christian truth in pagan form.

What Faith is Good For.

'God knows the pain I suffer,' said a noble woman beside the coffin of her son, 'but I realize now what faith is good for.'

The way she bore her grief was a lesson to many. There was no affectation about it; there was no pretense of superiority to pain or sorrow; only simple faith and patience. There was no frantic weeping, neither was there solid absence of tears; there was womanly grief and Christian comfort.

After a few weeks she brought herself to the work of disposing of some of her son's clothing, and the effort to place this where it would do good brought her into contact with other sorrow, much of it deeper than her own. The effort to comfort this led her farther, and she became a comforter of many, having herself known grief.

To realize what faith is good for is a sublime triumph. There are many truly good people whose faith, when tested in new and unexpected ways, does not bear the strain. It has served them well, perhaps, through years of happy and useful life; but in the crisis for which they need it most, it proves inadequate.

When the heart is nearest to breaking it may gather new strength—or sink in doubt and despair. That is faith's crucial moment. It is the time to 'lean hard' upon God, and hold fast His angel of hope.

Moody's Handling of a Bully.

In his various offices Mr. Moody did not always have plain sailing. As ser-

geant-at-arms he kept order as well as he could, writes William R. Moody, of his father, Dwight L. Moody, in his work 'Saturday Evening Post.' 'On one occasion he had trouble. A young bully, the ring leader among the worst element in the town, made malicious efforts to disturb the meetings. He was a source of great annoyance. After being repeatedly warned he only assumed a more belligerent attitude. It was against the rules ever to take a scholar out. Grace had failed, and Mr. Moody saw that recourse to other means was inevitable. At last he whispered to Mr. Farwell:

'If that boy disturbs his class today and you see me go for him to take him to the ante room, you ask the school to rise and sing a very loud hymn until I return.'

The meeting proceeded. The boy began his interruptions and Mr. Moody made for him. He seized him with a strong grasp, hurried him into the ante-room and looked the door. Then he gave him a thrashing such as he himself had known in his boyhood days in New England, and when he returned there was a flash upon his face, but it had in it an expression of victory. This boy was soon afterwards converted, and many years later told a friend that he was still enjoying the benefits of that gospel service.

PRIVATE CONFESSIONS.

Her Advice to Him When in the Front Ranks in Battle.

Mothers of soldier boys are uniformly made—in romantic history, at least—after an approved general-in-peticoats pattern. Mrs. Connor, of Clonmacnoan, of whom Miss Jane Barlow tells in 'The Land of the Shamrock,' was of a different stripe. Her views of glory and of conduct in the field were demeritously un-military, but they make redoubtably reading for those who think the Spartans rather a bit unstructural.

Terry Connor—six feet three in his stockings—in his scarlet uniform with green facings was beautiful to behold. When he came over from Athlone on furlough to visit his mother, she openly exulted in the splendor of his martial aspect and in his inches. Athlone was no such long way off, and it was known to have been actually visited by ordinary people.

It was a wofully different matter when the Connors were sent off on active service to strange lands, about which all one's knowledge could be summed up in the words 'invirra' and 'fightin'—words of limitless fear.

Then it was that retribution might be deemed to haveighted upon Mrs. Connor's vanity about her son's conspicuous stature. For this now became a source of especial torment, as 'threatening to make him the better man.'

'And you'll be pleased to tell him, Mr. Mulcahy,' she dictated to the schoolmaster, who was also cobbler and scribe at Clonmacnoan, 'that whatever he does he's not to be unmin' into the fore-front of the firin', and be a head and shoulders higher than half of the lads.'

'He'd be the first thing. God be good to us! Bid him be cravin' a back of some-thing handy. Or if there was ne'er a rock or aff'ers bush on the bit of bog, he might any way keep stooped behind the others. If he lets them get aimin' straight at him, he's lost.'

Mr. Mulcahy stirred the sediment of his lately watered ink. 'Bedad now, Mrs. Connor,' he said, disapprovingly, 'there'd be no sense in tellin' him any such things. For in the first place he wouldn't mind a word of it, and in the next place—goodness may pity you, woman, but sure you wouldn't be wishful to see him comin' back to you after playin' the poltroon, and betwinnin' himself discreditable!'

'Troth and I would,' said Mrs. Connor, 'if he was twinty poltroons! All the be-havin' I want of him's to be bringin' himself home. Who's any the better for the killin' and slaughterin'?' The heart's weary in me doubtin' will I ever get a sight of him agin. That's all I'm thinkin' of, tellin' you the truth, and if I said anythin' disprint, it'd be a lie.'

'He might bring home a trifle of honor and glory, and no harm done,' Mr. Mulcahy urged.

'Glory be bothered!' said Mrs. Connor. 'And in the end Mr. Mulcahy only so far modified his instructions as to substitute for Mrs. Connor's more detailed injunctions a vague general order to 'be taking care of himself.'

Little 'Tony's' Prayer.

Madame de Navarre, known to fame as Miss Mary Anderson, has a little four year old son, who bids fair to inherit much of his mother's talent. His love for music is already extraordinary.

Tony, as he is called after his father, was saying his prayers, one evening with fervent emphasis, and the following petition was overheard: 'Please God, bless little Tony and make him a good boy, and



Soap-heredity.

Women who use soap don't do so because they know it's the best. Probably they haven't given a thought to the matter. They inherit the soap-habit—their mothers and grandmothers did, before them.

Women who use Pearline do so, because they have used soap and Pearline, and have found Pearline to be better—more effective, saving time and rubbing; just as harmless, and more economical.



bless mamma and papa and please God bless Brahms—and Nanna—and Beethoven—and all my good friends.' The German says she never remembers being so near the music of the spheres before.

Through Hears and State.

A woman's first experience of killing an innocent animal is a disconcerting thing of which to read. Yet it is somewhat consolatory to know that she felt the sadness of it, as well as the emptiness of the glory. Let us hope that other women will not be moved to engage in a similar 'sport.' This is how Mrs. Grace Seton-Thompson shot her first shot:

He was diving from the lake. Now was the time. I crawled a few feet nearer and raised the gun. The stag leaped partly away from me. In another moment he would be gone. I sighted along the barrel, and a terrible bang went booming through the air.

The elk raised his antlered head and gazed in my direction. Another shot, and the animal dropped where he stood. He lay as still as the stones beside him. I sat on the ground, and made no attempt to go near him. One instant, a magnificent breathing thing; the next, nothing.

I had no regret, no triumph, only a sort of wonder at what I had done. I felt surprised that the breath of life could be taken away so easily.

Meanwhile, Nimrod had become absorbed at the long silence, and followed me down the mountain.

He had nearly reached me, when he heard the two shots and came rearing up. 'I have done it,' I said, in a dull tone, pointing to the dark, still thing on the bank.

'You surely have.'

As we went up to the elk, Nimrod paced the distance, a hundred and thirty five yards. How beautiful the creature's coat was, glossy and shaded in browns! And those great horns, with eleven points! They did not look so big now. Nimrod examined the carcass.

'You are an apt pupil,' he said. 'You put a bullet through his heart, and another through his brain.'

'Yes,' I said, 'he never knew what killing him.' I felt no glory in the achievement.

Dog-teams.

Indian dogs have been at a premium in the Klondike, the demand for them being so great that they were bought up rapidly at prices equal to those which a good horse would fetch elsewhere. All sorts and conditions of men found their way to the gold regions, and nobody troubled himself to inquire into their antecedents, but inquiry came fast enough when a dog was in question. Here the value was in inverse ratio to the civilization. Lately, however, it has been found that dogs accustomed to complete idleness can be utilized in the drawing of sledges.

The discovery was made when the Canadian government decided to send a police force to the Klondike. An agent went to the most likely spots in the northwest, to purchase dogs for the force, and reported that he could not get a dog that was a dog for any price within the limits of reason.

The government then sent out another agent with orders not to be too particular in his selection. The result, according to Mr. J. B. Burnham, in Forest and Stream, was a company of all sorts of creatures called dogs. They were quite civilized dogs; for instead of going among the Indians to purchase them, the agent went down to Lake Superior and bought up everything in the form of a dog, from performing sledges to the pet dogs of barber's shops.

And the strangest part of the business was that the purchase was not a failure. Many of the dogs were turned into useful sledge animals, and the dogs of civilized man were soon in competition with the native teams.

One set of fine mongrels, about the size of large Scotch terriers, none of them weighing forty pounds, drew a load of three thousand pounds over the ice of Lake Bennett. The sledge was always started for them, but once started they kept it moving. The owner, a half-breed, would follow,

out of sight, encouraging them by voice and by a system of rewards. Dogs previously educated to other businesses acquiesced themselves well.

'I saw a trick poodle in one team,' says Mr. Burnham. 'His leader—there were only two dogs to this sledge—was a big, sullen Newfoundland, the picture of pessimism. The poodle had been recently clipped, and all had his heavy mane and tasseled tail. He was the best tempered little animal imaginable.

'Every time the team stopped he would cower round in his harness, and do every sort of training somersaults. He stood on his hind legs, turned backward in the harness, and was never still for an instant. Our sympathies went out toward this poor little strolling actor of a dog, forced to join in the search for gold.'

As an animal of draft, the dog has in the Klondike been found decidedly superior to man, although men have pulled sledges without grumbling. A man can draw a weight equal to his own, and travel fifteen miles a day. The dog will pull a load equivalent to his own weight and travel thirty miles a day.

A Greater Need.

The Young People's Weekly prints a pathetic story of a poor, half-starved child, living in a city alley. Some one had given her a ticket to a free tea and entertainment.

She was wild with delight, and was running to tell her mother of her good fortune when she stumbled over a child crouched on the stairs, crying.

She asked what was the matter. The child said her mother had beaten her because she asked for some breakfast, and she was so hungry she could not help crying.

'Well,' said the other child, placing the ticket in her hand, 'take this, and get a good tea. I've had no breakfast, either, but my mother never beats me.'

And she passed on, leaving the ticket in the hand of the astonished child.

What He Meant.

'That was the year,' said Mr. Jesse Sparhawk to the little group of listeners who had gathered to hear his reminiscences of war times, 'that was the very year that my car was so unmercifully over-flowed.'

'What do you mean by 'unmercifully over-flowed,' I'd like to know?' demanded Mr. Potts, the town trial, from the outskirts of the group. 'I don't gather your sense.'

'I mean,' said Mr. Sparhawk, after a glare at the offender who had thus arrested him in the full tide of recollection, 'that there was too much water for walking, and not enough for boating. I should think 'twas plain enough.'

Six Hours A Head.

A London paper relates the trying experience of an English sailor. He could not swim, and was six hours in the water during a storm.

He had a life preserver, but was in constant terror lest it should slip from his grasp. If it did he knew he could never regain it.

He had fallen off the bow-chains of the vessel, and from midnight to daylight the life-boat was searching for him while the ship lay to. Many captains would have desisted in an hour or two, but this one persevered, and the men were finally rewarded with a sight of their comrade a mile away. A day's rest restored his strength, and he resumed his dangerous duties.

'What do you find in that stupid old paper to keep you so busy?' petulantly asked Mrs. Youngcouple.

'I was looking at the money market,' he answered.

'Oh, do they have a money market?' 'Are there ever any bargains?'

'Madge—You'd better not trust that girl with a book. She never returns one.'

'Major—But she won't keep this—it's a diary.'

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of Piles, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box, and all dealers of E. M. BROWN, BOSTON & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Advertisement for Dr. J.C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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Military Photography.

The great importance of the subject of photography to the army has induced the great armed nations to prepare for war in time of peace, not only as regards the fighting qualities of their troops but also in the development of the technical branches, of which photography is one of the most important.

A brief account of the manner in which the world's great armies are organized with a view to utilize this important aid to military science will indicate what has been done in this domain, as well as what should be done to insure its more efficient service in future campaigns. Nearly every important army has taken up the subject, and most of them have special troops assigned to this work.

England had a photographic detachment as early as the Abyssinian war, which was composed of seven photographers under a civil chief photographer. It was assigned to the staff of the Quartermaster General, and its duties comprised copying maps and sketches and photographing interesting points. In 1867 there was a general photographic establishment at Woolwich, under which was placed the survey bureau at Southampton and the Engineer Institute at Chatham, as well as detachments in the colonies. Since 1886 England has possessed a field photography and lithography detachment, which prepares war maps by zincography. At the Royal Naval College at Greenwich photography is part of the course for the naval officers, and at the military schools the cadets are taught the principal photographic processes, while every warship has its complete photographic outfit.

France introduced the method of photographing from balloons in 1859, and organized the first detachment for photographing carrier pigeon despatches in 1870-71. Each balloon section in the army at present has two observers (officers), whose duty is to take photographs; and at the Engineer School at Grenoble, photography is part of the course. The survey of the State is under the War Department, and photogrammetry is part of the work of the officers on this duty.

Russia, in 1884, placed photography under the balloon sections of the army, but in 1891 the subject was transferred to the electrotechnical subdivision of the Engineer Corps. The latter has a class of twenty officers annually under instruction, photography being one of the subjects of the course.

Austro-Hungary has in its army a field photography section, and many of the officers on duty in it have acquired an international reputation. Every warship has its photographic outfit, with the use of which every officer is made familiar; the Cadet school at Hainburg teaches photogrammetry; and the Military Geographical Institute prepares the government survey maps.

Italy, in 1896, added a photographic section to one of its engineer regiments. It is composed of a captain, eight subalterns and a number of men, and its duties comprise telephotography for identifying the border lines and for work in the field, microphotography for carrier pigeon despatches and the photographing of arms, ammunition and explosion experiments.

Germany has no specially organized detachment for photography, but this subject is part of the work of the balloon section of the general staff at the proving ground at Juterbog. At the last-mentioned place interesting investigations have recently been conducted on the effect of infantry and artillery fire on balloons and on the oscillations of the axes of elongated projectiles during flight. Photogrammetry is applied by the Bavarian general staff to land surveys, because the country of northern Germany is too flat to admit of the application of this method of land surveying. It is remarkable that in spite of the failure of her improvised photography section in 1870-71 Germany should not prepare herself better, in time of peace, for this important work.

Such is the work done in the armies, and such the organization that has resulted from their various experiences.

Let us consider briefly what military experts are suggesting as the proper course to pursue for making this service more useful in war.

In the first place, each army corps will probably have a balloon section, and to this a photographic detachment is to be assigned, consisting of six officers; two for balloon photography, two for photogrammetry and telephotography, and two for preparing maps and plans for carrier

pigeon despatches. Every division is to have two officers permanently assigned for photographic work. The reconnaissances will be conducted by general staff officers, but they will be accompanied by the photography officers.

Each infantry regiment is to have two officers trained in photographic work, who remain with the troops ordinarily, but are to be utilized when a reconnaissance is in progress; one taking the photographs in the field and sending them in by cyclists, mounted orderlies or war dogs, while the other remains in camp to superintend the development of the plates.

Each cavalry regiment is to have at least one officer well versed in photography for every squadron.

This is the organization now being considered by the European armies, and it is so simple and will evidently be so practicable, that it is worthy of our careful study.

The apparatus suitable for field use has also received attention, and the conditions to be filled are such that the suggestions made should be useful to camera makers as well as to army officers.

The camera must be compact, strong and light, and the lens must be achromatic and rapid. Films (since their weight is only one tenth that of plates), in spite of their disadvantages, will generally be used but they must be put up separately, so that an important photograph can be sent back at once to headquarters. Rolls are therefore excluded. The film holders should be of light metal (preferably magnalium), with celluloid slides; wood takes up too much room. For night photography each camera must have a magnesium lamp, which could do excellent service, for example, in taking pictures of the places where, in the attack on a fortified place, the wire entanglement had been cut for the passage of the troops in the coming assault.

The cameras for the smallest subdivisions can be carried on bicycles; those for divisions should be capable of more extended work, especially telephotography, these for army corps could be still larger, as they would probably be carried in the baggage trains. The corps cameras should also include an apparatus for reading carrier pigeon despatches.

For development the necessary chemicals should be put up in papier mache or celluloid boxes, preferably of the cartridge form. Bromium-silver paper has the advantage of being independent of daylight or the electric light, a petroleum lamp sufficing, hence it is best for military use.

A dark room is not generally available in the field, consequently the German Army in 1870-71, carried along a specially constructed wagon. This increases the train, and is not always at hand. To overcome this difficulty a so-called 'dark chamber tent' has been constructed, consisting of a light tight leather bag, like the upper half of a coat, with a hood to go over the head as far down as the nose, and holes for the hands, all in one piece, and supported by sticks to form a rude tent, the base of which is only about 12x16 inches, so that it can be set on a small table. For the division and army corps cameras a motor wagon is recommended, in which the work can go on while it is in motion.

The most valuable aid to reconnaissance will undoubtedly receive increased attention in the near future, and a clear understanding of what has been accomplished, as well as the conditions to be fulfilled for field work, will be useful as a guide to concerned.

Versatile Filipinos.

For an example of adaptability, America may go to her new possessions. Mr. Phelps Whitmarsh, writing in the Outlook of the Philippine natives, asserts that for adaptability he has never found their equal. While a Filipino may never attain to the perfection of which a white man is capable, he is good for everything.

In a few days he picks up a trade or business in such a way that one might easily believe that he had been at it for years. In a week he becomes a cook or barber, a coachman or painter, a tailor or mason, a musician or a parish sexton.

If your coachman be away and you wish to drive, your cook will harness up and take you where you desire to go. If you order your coachman to prepare a dinner, he will do it like the cook himself, and he is equally ready if required to sew on a button or mend your clothing, while his facility in painting a room or mending a wall will prove him a good Jack

of all trades, although a master of none. If you ask your servant to do something that you consider difficult, and he replies, 'I will take care of it,' you may be reasonably sure that he will do it.

'I know a native,' says Mr. [Whitmarsh], 'whom I had never heard play a musical instrument. Yet, when one of his friends was blessed with a young son and took the child to be baptized, this man not only took the role of acrobat, but also played in the band which accompanied the child home.'

'The owner of the hotel in which this native worked told me that he was equally good as a coachman, cook, tailor, barber and painter, and that such versatility among the natives was a common thing.'

LA GRIPPE'S VICTIMS.

ARE LEFT WEAK, SUFFERING AND DEPONDENT.

A Nova Scotian Who Was Attacked Almost Gave up Hope of Recovery—His Experience of Value to Others.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Mr. C. E. Johnson is about 28 years old, a gold miner by occupation, is well known about the mining camps in these parts and is thoroughly posted in his business. Not long since Mr. Johnson chanced to be in Porter's drug store, in Bridgewater, when a case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was being opened, and he remarked to the clerk: 'I saw the time when a dose of these pills were of more value to me than the best gold mine in the country.' A reporter of the Enterprise happened to hear Mr. Johnson's rather startling remark and asked him why he spoke so highly of the pills. Mr. Johnson's statement was as follows: 'About four years ago I was attacked with la grippe which kept me from work about three weeks. I did not have it very hard apparently, but it left me weak all the same. Anyhow, after losing three weeks I concluded to try to work again. The mine I was working in was making a good deal of water and I got wet the first day. That night the old trouble came back, with the addition of a severe cold. I managed to get rid of the cold, but the whole force of the disease settled in my stomach, kidneys and joints, and boils broke out on my body and limbs. My back was so weak I could scarcely stand alone, while food in every form distressed me, and I became so nervous that any unusual noise would overtake me. I tried several sorts of medicines, but none seemed to do any good. I next went to a doctor. His medicine helped me at first, but after a short time lost its effect. He then changed the medicine, but with no better result. About this time a clergyman who called at the house advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a box and used them, but they did not materially benefit me. I had not been some weeks idle and was feeling desperate. A friend strongly advised me to go to a hospital for treatment, and I had just about decided to do so when an acquaintance learning I had taken but one box of the pills suggested that I should try three boxes more before giving them up. The matter of money decided me on trying the pills again. I got three boxes and when used I was quite a bit improved. Could eat light nutritious food, slept better, and felt noticeably stronger. But I was still an unwell man. As the pills were doing a good work, however, I sent for eight more boxes. I continued using them till all were gone, when I felt that I was restored to health. All my stomach trouble had disappeared. I was fully as fleshy as before the first attack of la grippe, my nerves were solid as ever, and I knew that work would give strength to my muscles. So, after about six months I went to work again and have not had a sick day since. One dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and gave me better health since than I had before, and that is why I said they were worth more to me than any gold mine, for all that a man has he will give for his life.'

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. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Family Suite.

'Where's your daughter Mary living now, Mrs. Herlihy?' inquired one of the neighbors, who had dropped in after an absence of some months.

'Her husband's got a fine job on the Teimes, reporting accidents,' said Mrs. Herlihy, proudly, 'and the two of them and little Moxie is living in a suit up-town.'

'What's a suit?' inquired the neighbor, curiosity having got the better of a desire to appear well-informed on all points.

'A suit,' said Mrs. Herlihy, slowly, 'is one o' them places where the parlor is the bedroom, and the bedroom is the kitchen, and the closets is down in the cellar, and the beds is piannys,—or organs, and,—well, it's one o' them places where everything is something else,' concluded Mrs. Herlihy.

The Smallest Wild Cattle Known.

Dr. E. Lydkker says that Celebes has the distinction of being the home of the smallest representative of the wild cattle, not only of this but of any period in the world's history. It is called the 'amoi,'

and is not much, if any, larger than a well-grown Southdown sheep. Its height at the shoulder is three feet and three inches. It has many of the characteristics of the large Indian buffalo, and there are reasons for thinking that it may be a primitive type of buffalo.

TESTIMONY OF A WITNESS.

It Seemed to Acquit a Man of a Murder But in Reality Did Not.

'Circumstantial evidence,' said the detective, 'is one of the things that are just as likely to work one way as another. I recall one case in which I had a hand where it backed up some alibi testimony that saved a man.'

'About twenty years ago an engineer, running a donkey engine on a wharf at Chicago, was found drowned with a wound in his head. The body was seen early in the morning floating under the wharf, and when his clothing was searched, a plain silver watch was found in his pocket, which had stopped at 8 o'clock. That fixed the time of the drowning, or at least of the body's falling in the water, and a further examination by physicians showed that the man was still living when he had gone overboard, as there was water in his lungs. It might have been an accident, as the engineer was in the habit of getting drunk at night and going to sleep near his engine, but it was known that he had had a difficulty with a bad man of the neighborhood that afternoon, and the bad man, known as Smithy, had announced that he would do him at the first opportunity. This had happened about 3 o'clock, and about 6 Smithy had been seen by a dozen or more persons in various saloons looking for the engineer and threatening to kill him.'

'Of course, under the circumstances, the natural and logical thing for the authorities to do was to arrest Smithy for the murder of the engineer, and this we did, but not until late in the afternoon, as he was discovered five miles out of town at a small road house, which was further testimony against him. He denied all knowledge of the death of the engineer, and took us to the house of a man and woman, friends of his, who swore that he had taken supper with them at 7 o'clock and stayed until 9 playing cards. We had heard alibi cathes before, and counting the testimony of the watch in the dead man's pocket and the threats of Smithy before his death as good enough we shut Smithy up without bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. The Coroner's jury backed us up in our decision.'

'Smithy hadn't any money or influence, so there wasn't much fooling with him, and his case came up for settlement in short order. We did the best we knew how to convict him, but the alibi witnesses had never been in court before and were supposedly honest people. The physician testified that the wound in the head might have been received in falling against a pier timber or a log in the water and the testimony of the watch corroborated that of the accused man's friends, and the combination was too much for the jury, which brought in a verdict of not guilty. That let Smithy out, of course.'

'About two weeks after the acquittal a jeweler from out Evanston way was in my office identifying some stolen jewelry, when he saw the engineer's watch, which was still held. He showed me his marks in the case where he had cleaned it about eighteen months before, and asked me what it was doing there. I told him its story and he was greatly surprised, and said that he had just got home from Germany and knew nothing of what had happened to his old customer. He went on to say that the engineer a year before had been running an engine in Evanston, and had become known to him through several purchases he had made in his place. I was interested at once and gave him the details of the story, with some facts relating to the testimony, and he said he would look over his books and might be able to tell me something.'

'The next day he came in again with a journal that he kept of his business and showed me that the engineer had called at his place the evening before his death was discovered. He recalled distinctly that the man was under the influence of liquor, but hardly enough to be noticed, and that he had given him his watch to see what was the matter with it, as it had stopped about an hour before. It was then a little after nine o'clock and the watch had stopped at eight. He told him it needed cleaning and the engineer had said he was not in funds just then, but would bring it back again on the following day, as he had to come out that way to some business. He said that from the piece to where the engineer worked could not be reached short of an hour and a half, and that however he had come to his death it could not possibly have happened before half-past 10 o'clock.'

'That was the jeweller's story, and he was prepared to swear to it, but it was too

late then. The law says a man cannot be twice placed in jeopardy of his life, so we couldn't try Smithy over again, though I have always been convinced that if the jeweller's testimony could have been heard we would have got him dead to rights sure, because it would have knocked the alibi higher than a kite. Smithy's friends having testified that he left there house at 9 o'clock and there being no proof that they were lying. In fact, I am pretty sure that they told the truth, and that Smithy really was with them up to that hour.'

'It was the watch that did the business for us, and now whenever any stopped watches are offered as evidence in any case in which I am concerned I pass them as incompetent. Whether Smithy killed the engineer or not I wouldn't want to say, but with that jeweller's testimony we would have got him all the same, which is what we are here for.'

'Here's a girl,' remarked the Query Editor, 'who writes to know "what is the popular spoonholder this season."'

'Evidently,' replied the Snake Editor, 'she never had any beaux.'

'Why?' 'Because if she had she'd know that the most popular one is the parlor sofa.'



PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front on their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs.

Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international.

It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, or the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 100¢ pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Chat

Silks and linens in size and stripes and a fix shirt waists.

The variety in summer gown is can pay as high a money is no objection grades between the yard.

Heavy Russian used in the winter some of the new color for wear in the so wide collar over while the other are of gold and black.

Floral decoration in great demand and arrangement in the rich Velvet leaves an elegance to the especially popular black flowers are touches which are outfit.

How far early in which all women that skirts close fitting around the from favor by any.

Just at present plotted with a show mode in paris.

Very stunning pure lace worn trimmed with narrow.

White tulle to there with black are one of the mil.

Pipings of black clusters to trim something unique bands of white cloth on a black taffeta.

Flowing sleeves lace and chiffon are the latest gowns.

Silk poplin in lovely costume, the same color as gold embroidery around the decolleteed chiffon blouse.

The seven gored favored models for.

Black cloth coat with a color which and petticoat, are spring modes.

An Eton jacket derved with narrow stitched on, is worn with a black.

Some Old Suggests the Gr.

Perfect health marks a writer Dealer. Many might be clear an it a chance goes to muddy complexion sleeping with her had air for at least should never be unless in cases of "motes crows" feet takes the treatment.

The majority of clothing. The prevent the air from present the body waste matter.

The bath is a easy purity, but liable to abuse. injurious, but quite cold one. be allowed for should be vigorous bath in cold water beneficial if the c.

When very warm water, soap with a few the lather and Wash the meal and spray, the

Chat of the Boudoir.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Silks and linen mixtures in dainty colorings and stripes are among the new fabrics for shirt waists.

The variety in embroidered Swiss for the summer gown is unprecedented, and you can pay as high as \$3.50 a yard for it, if money is no object, but there are several grades between this price and 85 cents a yard.

Heavy Russian embroidery, so much used in the winter gowns, appears again on some of the new canvas wool veilings made for wear in the south. It may form only a wide collar over a simple tucked blouse, while the other decorations on the gown are of gold and black embroidery.

Floral decorations for evening gowns are in great demand, and the experts who make and arrange them have outdone nature in the rich beauty of their blossoms. Velvet leaves and golden centres add elegance to the rose, which in black is especially popular for hat trimming. Small black flowers are used in the tulle and lace toques which are a part of the Southern outfit.

How far early predictions in fashion can be relied upon is a question, but the one which all women wish to believe, is that skirts close fitting around the hips and flaring around the feet, are not to be ousted from favor by any plaits or gathers.

Just at present the Princess dress completed with a short bolero is a popular mode in Paris.

Very stunning are the blouses of guipure lace worn with a white silk bolero trimmed with narrow black satin bands.

White tulle toques dotted here and there with black and white ermine tails are one of the millinery fancies.

Pipings of black taffeta silk are used in clusters to trim black panne gowns and something unique in dress trimmings is the bands of white cloth stitched with black, on a black taffeta gown.

Flowing sleeves with abundant ruffles of lace and chiffon are a feature of some of the latest gowns.

Silk poplin in the biscuit shade makes a lovely costume, with a chiffon plaiting of the same color around the feet. A little gold embroidery with lace is the trimming around the décolleté bolero worn over a plaited chiffon blouse.

The seven gored skirt is still one of the favored models for stout women.

Black cloth coat and skirt gowns, lined with a color which is repeated in the blouse and petticoat, are promised as one of the spring modes.

An Eton jacket of white broadtail, bordered with narrow folds of black panne stitched on, is one of the season's fancies worn with a black panne skirt.

BEAUTY TALK.

Some Old Suggestions in New Form—Health the Great Beautifier.

Perfect health is the key to beauty, remarks a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Many a girl whose complexion might be clear and tinted if she would give it a chance goes through life with a thick, muddy complexion, because she insists on sleeping with her windows shut and breathes bad air for at least half the night. There should never be a light during the night, unless in cases of sickness. A light promotes crows' feet, and if it is a gaslight it takes the freshness out of the air.

The majority of people wear too much clothing. The thick layers of clothing prevent the air from reaching the body and prevent the body from throwing off the waste matter.

The bath is a valuable aid to the necessary purity, but like all other things it is liable to abuse. A warm bath is seldom injurious, but the safest is a tepid or a quite cold one. Only a short time should be allowed for the bath, but the drying should be vigorous and thorough. After a bath in cold water an hour's walk is very beneficial if the clothing is good and warm.

When very tired, sponge the face with warm water, making a lather of some good soap with a few drops of glycerine. Rinse the lather and dry the skin with oatmeal. Wash the meal off with clean, warm water and spray the face with cold water until the skin is firm.

The face is the most exposed part of the body, and therefore gets more soil and dust than any other part of the body. Consequently it needs more washing. In winter the water should not be cold, and soap should not be used but once a day, and particular attention should be devoted to the corners. Great care should be taken in the drying, and the stroke should be made upward. The face should be thoroughly massaged while the skin is soft and moist.

If women know how fearfully destructive face powder is on the skin, they would let perfect cleanliness and plenty of good refreshing sleep do the work. Fatigue makes even a young woman have a drawn and tired look which ages it, and rest only can remove this.

Diet has a great effect upon the complexion. Simple food is the best. Most of us eat too much meat and not enough vegetables and fruit.

Perfect health is better than any face wash that can be produced. A cosmetic may whiten the face for a time, but it cannot clean the complexion nor make a lasting impression.

WOMAN'S LOVE OF JEWELS.

In All Ages the Sex Has Been Dazzled by Rich Jewels.

In all countries and in all ages women seem to have inherited a love for precious stones, says the Chicago Chronicle, and it is no wonder that these gems are popularly supposed to exercise some subtle magnetism that influences their natures. The inherent passion may account in a measure for the recent craze for some masoctic jewel, a survival of mediæval superstition. Upon impressionable people, certain gems appear to wield a potent influence. Who has not listened to weird tales of some heirloom talisman, which, when lost or stolen, presaged the ruin of a noble house? A person with a vivid imagination might even believe in the theory of the Pythagoreans, who formulated the doctrine that inanimate things are endowed with souls. Certain evolutionists of today trace the origin of man back to stones, asserting that in their adamantite bosoms they contain the all-prevailing essence of spirit, and that the spark emitted from their crystalline hearts is the revelation of the imprisoned soul within.

From time immemorial jewels have served as propitiatory offerings at holy shrines as a token of amity from one crowned head to another, as mystic messengers of affection between distant friends as pledges of constancy exchanged between plighted lovers. Men have bled and died, kingdoms have crumbled, families have been rent asunder, husband and wife parted over the disputed possession of some coveted jewel. Perhaps poor Marie Antoinette, of ill-starred memory, might have kept her pretty head upon her shoulders had it not been for the unfortunate affair of the diamond necklace. Women in all ages have succumbed to the temptation of gems. Faust bartered his soul for the love of a woman; Marguerite sold hers for a gem-studded brale.

WOMAN'S LOVE FOR CLOSETS.

In her Opinion They are the Most Important Detail on Every Floor.

Mrs. Burton Harrison says in an article on "Society Women in Business" that architecture offers a great field for them. The real problems of that profession man has never been successfully solved. As it is not his business to keep a house in order he cannot know how it should be arranged. With him closets are merely necessary evils, whereas a woman realizes that the closets should be outlined on the plans first, and the space that is left out in the number of rooms desired. In truth, Mrs. Harrison's comment on the subject of closets leads to the supposition that she has heard of the Chicago woman who insisted upon planning her own house.

"That is a fine, large dining room you have," said the architect who was engaged to attend to the details and superintend the construction.

"Dining room?" exclaimed the woman, scornfully. "It's mighty little you know about a model home. That's the china closet."

"Don't you think," suggested the architect, after he had recovered from the shock, "that it would be well to have an alcove in this big bedroom on the second floor?"

"That's the linen closet," returned the woman.

"But there are two windows in it," protested the architect.

"It is of the utmost importance that a linen closet should be well ventilated," asserted the woman.

The architect went over the plans carefully before making any further comment.

"Ah, now I understand," he said at last. "Here is your room on the third floor."

"That's the storeroom," she answered. "I have only attended to the most im-

portant details on each floor. You can put the other rooms wherever they will fit in."

NAPOLEON AND RUSSELL A-WOOLING

Napoleon's Kiss on New Year's Eve—He was Then an Exile From France.

The first meeting of Louis Napoleon and Eugénie De Montijo, the fair woman who later became Empress of the French, says a writer in a popular magazine, took place in 1846, when the prince was an exile from France. They saw each other for the first time at the house of a lady in London, and were mutually smitten—the man because the girl was lovely; the girl because the man was an exile and had in his eyes a sadness which went to her heart. But Eugénie became afraid of this fresh born love, and for three years managed to dodge the enamored Bonaparte.

The real scene which decided Eugénie's fate took place on Dec. 31, 1852, in the house of the Princess Mathilde. She had a numerous company gathered around the monumental marble chimney piece in her drawing room to welcome the coming of the new year, which announced itself as being likely to be most eventful for the Bonaparte dynasty. Among the guests were the trio of Spanish beauties, the Comtesse de Montijo still handsome, though somewhat dumpy and fat, and her two lovely daughters.

At 11:30 the new made Emperor entered the drawing room and adroitly managed to find a seat near Eugénie, who looked radiant in a white velvet gown and a bunch of fragrant Parma violets in her brilliant golden hair. At 12 sharp, according to a French custom, which lively Princess Mathilde still keeps up in her hospitable home, each gentleman turned to the lady on his right and respectfully planted a kiss on her brow, after having asked for a permission which is never refused.

But at the very moment when Napoleon was about to permit the agreeable ceremony Eugénie uttered a sharp cry of pain and turned pale. "Oh, mother," she murmured, "you have hurt me!" Then recollecting herself, she lightly pushed back the emperor and presented her long white hand to his lips. "Sire," she said, "it is not the custom in Spain to grant such favors to gentlemen even on New Year's eve—and this is all that I can do for you." Napoleon kissed the tips of the taper fingers; then he was heard to say, "Next year I shall have hand and brow as well." And the Señora de Montijo did not regret that she trod hard on the toes of her daughter.

The ex-empress is now described in her home in Farnborough, Surrey, as a sad, white-haired woman, bent with rheumatism and spending most of her time in prayer. She is too infirm to sit in the sanctuary of the big white church near the mausoleum she had built and under which are two large sarcophagi in red granite, laden with wreaths and immortelles, each wreath bearing a card on which a royal autograph is seen. She has endowed and entirely supports the monastery. Three black-robed Benedictine monks pray constantly for the souls of Napoleon and the prince imperial. The anniversary of the death of the young prince imperial is a day of broken-hearted sorrow to the empress, who, indeed, mourns her double loss every hour of her sad life. Her face is the saddest one can possibly imagine. Always, even in the zenith of her power, a charitably disposed woman, she is now a benefactress to the poor within her range.

Extravagant Economies.

Many women who are extremely frugal in other things seem to have no idea of the value of time. Do you not know many homes where the supply of cooking utensils is so unnecessarily limited that a good deal of time is daily wasted and much extra labor expended in preparing the meals, by having to wash one saucepan in which to cook a second dish that could as well have been cooked with the same fire, and watched at the same time as the first? Or a towel must do duty as strainer or colander, no account being made of the time required to wash the towel near of its becoming worn or stained? Or a silver spoon is used to stir or lift food for the lack of iron or wooden ones? Why not afford such kettles and pans as are really needed for advantageous cooking, and "save" in some other department?

Have you ever seen some busy housewife hanging out clothes on a cold, windy day, taking off a clothes-pin each time a garment is added to the line, trying to make the pin hold two and sometimes three articles? Since good clothes-pins can be had for five cents per dozen, it seems rather far fetched saving to stand on the icy ground double the time really required to shake out and hang the clothes, and run the risk of taking cold, while so doing.

Could any arithmetician compute the number of half hours spent in rearing a

family of half a dozen children, in untying "hard knots" in shoe strings that are too short or so worn as to require tying in more than one place, and must again be untied before the little shoes can be taken off? Shoe strings cost, it may be, ten cents per dozen pairs. Could the hours which some mothers spend, during one year, alone, in managing worn out shoe lacing in order to save a few cents, not better be utilized in doing some sewing or other work, by which enough could be earned to stock the family with shoe strings for life?

Variety in Neckwear.

The variety in neckwear this season is hardly surpassed by any other item of dress. Any design or combination of materials which can be put into a stock is in order providing it is well fitted, becoming and not clumsy in effect. The collar which flares open at either side in tiny revers to show an inner stock of lace or mousseline is one of the special fancies. Black or colored panne may form the outer collar and the little revers are faced with silk or satin in contrasting colors or white, with tiny gold buttons on the edge. A soft tie of mousseline of lace is attached at either side and knotted low [midway between the neck and bust.

The stock with a turnover edge is very popular and pretty made of silk or soft satin finely tucked in diamond design. In white silk the trucks should be stitched in with colored or black silk, the narrow turnover band finished with silk the same color as the stitching, and also stitched or embroidered in small gold polka dots. A narrow satin tie knotted in front and decorated with polka dots is the finish at the base. Pretty little turnover edges, such as are worn so much in embroidered linen lawn, are made of black velvet and embroidered with gold. These are pretty over white or colored silk stocks simply tucked around. The effect is quite changed by pointing the bands down to the lower edge of the collar directly in front, where there is space between, and joining them with a narrow black velvet tie knotted in the centre and falling in two short ends decorated with ferrets. These little gold ornaments are everywhere, if there is an end to which they can be attached, but if they are daintily distributed they are very fascinating in spite of their universal use.

How He Chose a Wife.

To such a degree did P. D. Armour practice faith in hereditary and home training that he chose the girl (whom he made his wife by first seeking the acquaintance of a mother who came up to his ideals. Having found the mother he was satisfied in advance that any one of the daughters would do. He told the story himself one day as he was congratulating one of his favorite employes on his approaching wedding:—

"You've got a good girl and I know it, though I never saw her. I know her parents and they're fine. She's sure to be all right, for she has a good mother. That's the way I picked out my wife. I looked around a long time for a good mother with daughters, and I found her down in Cincinnati. I went down there and picked out the youngest and prettiest of the girls. Then I went to her mother and told her that I meant to marry her daughter. My frankness [to] her mother rather scared the girl at first and she seemed quite afraid of me. But when she found out that I wasn't such a bad fellow she said 'yes' and we were married. And you may be sure we have been happy. She couldn't help but be a good wife and mother, for her own mother was both."

Miss Malvina Ogden, daughter of Jonathan Ogden of Cincinnati, was the girl whom P. D. Armour thus won. They were married in October, 1862, and have had two children—P. D. Armour, Jr., who died last spring, and J. O. Armour.

Don't Forget About Your Corns.

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

The Emperor's Portrait.

When Mr. Charles Danby was minister to China a publisher wrote to him asking him to procure a photograph of the Emperor of China. His reply, printed in a New York exchange, shows that the pictures published as likenesses of the emperor cannot be trusted. Mr. Danby wrote as follows:

It would afford me great pleasure to

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head, by Dr. Nichol son Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 710, Eighth Avenue, New York.

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

send you a photograph of the emperor if one could be procured. After making inquiries I find that his photograph or portrait of any kind, has never been taken.

The Son of Heaven is not visible to any foreign eye except when foreign ministers are received in audience. On such occasions all cameras or sketch books are absolutely forbidden.

When the emperor goes out in his sedan chair all the cross streets are barricaded with mats, and every door and window by which he passes is closed. Should any one be caught spying death follows immediately.

Eighty Years Old—Catarrh Fifty Years. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures him. Want any stronger evidence of the power of this wonderful remedy over this universal disease? Want the truth of the case confirmed? Write George Lewis, Shamokin, Pa. He says:—"I look upon my cure as a miracle." It relieves in ten minutes.—89

"I notice that an Italian barber in a New York town makes the earliest century record for triplets."

"A barber! I wonder if he had voice enough left to say 'next' after the first two children were born!"

Rheumatism—What's the Cause?—Where's the Cure?—The active irritating cause of this most painful of diseases is poisonous uric acid in the blood. South American Rheumatic Cure neutralizes the acid poison. Relieves in 6 hours and cures in 1 to 3 days.—90

Mr. Bigwad—Maria, I'm beginning to think I was a great financier.

Mrs. Bigwad—What do you mean?

Mr. Bigwad—Why, in the 18 years I was president of the 'Seventh National Bank nobody got away with any money."

Sudden deaths on the increase.—People apparently well and happy to-day, to-morrow are stricken down, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the heart is the cause. The king of heart remedies, Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, is within reach of all. It relieves in 30 minutes, and cures most chronic cases.—91

"There goes a man with a very interesting history," said the clerk in the book store.

"You don't say?" inquired the customer.

"How do you know?"

"I just sold it to him."

"I'd rather be dead than suffer again the tortures of insomnia, palpitation and nervous twitching of my muscles induced by simple neglect of a little indigestion." These are the forceful and warning words of a lady who proclaims that her cure by South American Nervine when everything else had failed was a modern miracle. A few doses give relief.—92

He—I am afraid you don't like my dancing.

She—On the contrary, I think it is very amusing.

Cost 10 Cents.—But worth a dollar a vial. This is the testimony of hundreds who use Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills. They are so sure, so pure, so pleasant and easy acting. The demand for this popular Liver Regulator is so great it is taxing the makers to keep up with it.—93

"I notice in an article on that threatened asphalt war that neither side was to blame in the abstract."

"How was it in the concrete?"

Kidney Search Lights.—Have you backache? Do you feel drowsy? Do your limbs feel heavy? Have you pains in the loins? Have you dizziness? Have you a tired dragging feeling in the regions of the kidneys? Any and all of these indicate kidney troubles. South American Kidney Cure is a liquid kidney specific and works wonderful cures in most complicated cases.—94

Minister—You'll come to a bad end one of these days.

Degenerate—That's impossible. How can a rounder come to an end?

Itching Piles.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment is proof against the torments of Itching Piles. Thousands of testimonials of cures effected by its use. No case too aggravating or too long standing for it to soothe, comfort and cure. It cures in from 3 to 6 nights. 35 cents.—95

Miss Beaconstreet—Have you read "In the Palace of the King?"

Mrs. Noerich—No; but I've been there.

How Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets Give Instant Relief.—They're handy to carry—take one after eating—or whenever you feel stomach distress coming on—sufferers have proved it the only remedy known that will give instant relief and permanent cure—no long tedious treatments with questionable results—best for all sorts of stomach troubles. 35 cents.—96

Clever Women Act as Fakirs.

"Women are the cleverest fakirs in the world."

The man whose business it is to know all about faking and to protect Wall street lambkins from wolves in Persian lambkins or other garb, pushed back his office chair and smiled as one who doesn't dare be as funny as he could be if he told all he knew.

"One would think experience would teach men a thing or two, but it doesn't," he went on, reflectively. "At least the experience of other men doesn't have any effect upon a fellow. He has to have a little wholesome experience of his own before he gets toxy, and even then there are so many different varieties of take that he may be fleeced in a new way each day of his life and not get through with the list. As for the women fakirs, half the time he doesn't even struggle against them. A man may be clever enough to keep Wall street guessing, or corner the wheat market, or float anything from feathers to pigiron, but let a handsome woman, in good clothes invade his office, and he's as invertebrate as a jellyfish. He's wax in her hands. He buys anything she wants to sell him; and, if she tells him she's the Queen of Sheba and has been recommended to him by Cecil Rhodes because she has African mines to sell, he'll swallow it without a murmur. Talk about your hypnotism! It's only about twenty-four hours later that he begins to come out of the trance and telephones around for accurate information about the location of Sheba.

"There are gangs of women fakirs whose headquarters are here in New York but who operate throughout the whole country. It doesn't do for them to stay long in one city, because they would become too well known and their usefulness would be impaired. So they turn up in New York, perhaps once a year, carry through a few schemes, and then go to fresh fields. They do not usually plan or engineer the schemes themselves. They are only executive agents, and are chosen because of personal charm, cleverness and fitness for the deal on hand. They are perfectly well known in their profession and New York sharpers keep track of the most able of these women. They have charts such as are used by theatrical managers, and from these charts they can tell, on any day, just where to find the woman they want; whether she is in New York or San Francisco.

"I think that at one time or another I have met almost every woman in the profession, and I'm willing to wager there isn't another group of women so attractive in the whole country. You see they've got to be attractive; that's their stock in trade. They are usually of respectable family, fairly well educated, good looking, remarkably well dressed, travelled and clever. They aim at irreproachable good style and manner for, if they look common and fast, or have coarse manners, their field of usefulness is narrow. They must be able to impose upon shrewd and cultured men as well as upon men with more money than refinement. What is more, they must be able, when necessary, to make their way with women and win a footing in decent society. That is harder than coaxing dollars out of a business man's pocket.

"Until very recently one woman employed a gang of twenty-five such women here in New York. That is, she employed them and sent them around through the country. Her standing was excellent. She had the entrée into many good houses, and was on speaking terms with half the society women of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and the smaller towns in this vicinity.

"Charitable entertainments were her great field. She started legitimately enough by arranging and conducting concerts and that sort of thing for charitable purposes. That is, the patrons of some charity would engage her to get up the entertainment and would pay her for her services. She was agreeable, handsome, tactful and most successful in the work. She formed a valuable acquaintance among wealthy people, and she engineered many famous charity entertainments in this city. But the legitimate was too slow for her. She wanted to get rich fast, and a field of faking which has been worked by many women offered big inducements to her. So she went in for the charity entertainment fake.

"This is the way it is worked. A woman goes to the lady patronesses or executive board of some charitable institution that isn't on Easy street financially. 'You need money,' she says. 'They admit that they do. She offers to give an entertainment

for them; says she has a corps of capable musicians and entertainers. She will assume all the work and responsibility and will pay them, we'll say \$300, if they will allow her the use of their name. She explains that, allowing for expenses of a good hall, performers and all that, she will be able to clear just about \$300 for herself—a fair 50 per cent. She is plausible, charming and has satisfactory references. The thing looks to the Executive Board like a snap and they agree. Then the fakir turns her woman solicitors loose in the business district. She has circulars and programmes printed, giving the names of the prominent women connected with the charity, and saying nothing about the terms of the contract. The agent calls on a wealthy man at his office, explains the pressing needs of the charitable institution, which is usually a day nursery or infants' hospital. Men will give more readily to children's institutions than to anything else. The man is smoothed into amiability by the ingratiating agent, and he sees on the programme and circular the names of women who are on his wife's visiting list, so he thinks the thing is all right and buys the tickets, seldom less than \$10 worth. The entertainment is usually a poor one, with cheap talent. The fakir pockets the cash. This woman I started to tell you about made \$3,500 on one of her deals, after paying the day nursery \$200. The charitable men downtown thought they were helping along the poor little children and never dreamed they were buying seal-skin jackets and diamonds and keeping up swell apartments for the wearers of the furs and jewelry. This particular woman had a big advantage because she had made a valuable reputation while she was on the square, and she combed money for a while. But at last she went too far and was exposed in several cases, and, finally, was literally driven out of town, though there was no hold-upon her that the law could get. She went to Chicago and took twenty of her women with her, but authorities out there have had warnings, so she will probably soon find Chicago as hot for her as New York was.

"You really ought to hear some of those women talk the charity for which they are canvassing. Two of them tried to sell me tickets for an infants' hospital entertainment. I knew all about both of them and met them purposely; but they told me they were nurses in the hospital, and the way they went on about the sufferings and needs of those poor infants almost brought tears to my eyes. After they got through I told them who they were, and that almost brought tears to their eyes. It is very seldom that these women fakirs put themselves in a position where they can be reached by the law. If a business man swears that the agent assured him his money would go directly to the charity, and that all the proceeds would be devoted to the purpose indicated, she denies it, and there is only his word against hers. 'That will not hold, and he's advertising the fact that he has been a fool, so he prefers keeping still and letting the woman go her way. You would be surprised to know how many adventuresses are in very good society here and making money out of their acquaintance with the wealthy. We've had to run down a good many of them. The woman is intimate at Mrs. A's. You ask Mrs. A about her and find that Mrs. A met her at Mrs. B's. Mrs. B met her at Mrs. C's, and so it goes. Nobody really knows anything about her, but she wormed into the circle of some good natured society woman and she was clever enough to win her way.

"Fully two-thirds of the smooth fake games that are outside the clutches of the law are run by women; but a good many men make a living by doing the business men of the town. Representing labor organizations is almost as profitable as representing day nurseries and infants' hospitals. A swindle of that sort has just come out, and it is amusing to everybody except the victim, because he is such a shrewd, all around business man that one wouldn't expect him to be taken in. In his business, which is an immense one, he is brought closely into contact with the men who belong to the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and it pays him to stand in with them. Several years ago he proposed giving \$400 a year to the brotherhood for its goodwill, so to speak, upon the understanding that he wouldn't be expected to do anything more. Now it happened a Canadian member of the brotherhood who was present when this affair was discussed; turned fakir later. He and

another fellow started a fake advertising game. They published a sort of circular pamphlet in the name of the brotherhood history of the organization and all that sort of thing—and they went around getting business men to contribute funds. They didn't ask for donations to the organization. That would have made them liable to the law. But they asked the men to sign advertising contracts. That is an old game. It is worked in the name of labor organizations all over the country and these organizations have never been able to run it to earth, or fix the responsibility. This time the special object of interest was the man who had agreed to put up \$400 a year. They collected his \$400 in return for advertising. He was fool enough to hand it over without investigation, and the thing worked for two years. Now it has all come out, and both the brotherhood and the man who furnished the money are wild.

"There are other advertising fakes, too. One of them gets a last year's publication in which a man has advertised and goes to the man with it.

"'You advertised with us last year; do you want to renew the contract?' he says. The man doesn't care much, but asks what he paid for the thing.

"'Well, you paid \$100 last year; but our business has increased so and conditions are such that we can let you in for \$60 this year.' The man sees himself making \$40 and signs a contract to pay \$60 in return for advertising. Then the fakir goes out and hawks the contract, which doesn't specify the publication. You wouldn't think any one would be taken in that way, but it is worked right along.

"Colored schools in the South are another fertile source of fraud that has grown tremendously. Just after lynching troubles in the South those negro school fakirs came North in droves, and it is astonishing how Northern philanthropists shell out. There are some awfully smart darkies down South. Sometimes they work the game. Sometimes a white man engineers it. He usually buys a log shanty somewhere and gets a few pickaninies there with a mammy to teach them their letters; so he has a foundation for his fairy story. Then he gets out some literature and photographs, and he starts North. He picks out easy marks and sings a wonderful song about the poor negro yearning for education and training and the wonderful work to be done for the industrial South by raising the level of negro intelligence and work. He tells pitiful tales of lynchings and other horrors, and he manages to pick up a good deal of money from stray gulls. The smoothest fake of that kind on record was worked by a clever darky, who was really sent up to represent a little school that has been founded in Virginia.

He got acquainted with an unscrupulous Philadelphia lawyer who owned some land down in that section of Virginia where the school was, and the two cooked up a great deal. The lawyer gave him 300 acres of land, which wasn't worth 30 cents an acre, to the school. Then he and the darky started out together. The lawyer posed as a philanthropist who had become interested in the project and had made a munificent gift to the institution. He wanted to interest other philanthropists and capitalists and push the good work along. So he went around with his colored friend to vouch for the merit of the cause. They did Philadelphia. Then they came and tackled New York philanthropists. That lawyer could talk a bird off a bush, and they raked in a fortune before the game exploded. Of course the darkies down in Virginia never saw the color of any of the money.

"The biographical fake works as well as any other among wealthy men, for it appeals to personal vanity, and that is about the strongest ingredient in the average man's make-up. A financier enjoys seeing his name in print just as much as a clergyman or an actor. Of course they all want pleasant things said about them, and there are very few men above this weakness. The fakir knows that, so he gets up a prospectus and specimen pages of a great biographical work. He takes this around to a business man and says: 'Now, see here; this book is going to be put into every office connected with such and such a bureau, or printed in all papers connected with such and such a syndicate. We want your biography and picture and all we will charge you is a nominal price to cover expenses, say \$300.' The fakir is a glib talker and he works upon the man's vanity until perhaps the idiot hands over the money and takes receipt. You wouldn't think a five-year-old body would do anything so silly; but there are scores of such cases in this town every year.

"Here, I can show you the documents in connection with one bona fide case. This man is a rich merchant, reputed shrewd. He paid the fakir \$200 without a struggle—was delighted with the idea. Word was passed down the line that he was the eas-

It's Not Like Dr. Chase's to Disappoint People.

His Great Receipt Book Did Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Have Astonished Physicians and People Alike by Their Wonderful Cures.

Drangements of the kidneys cause the most painful and the most dreadful fatal diseases to which man is subject. The symptoms are unmistakable and the evidence goes to prove that no treatment has ever been so successful as a cure for disease of the kidneys as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Pains, aches or weakness of the back, deposits like brick dust in the urine, scanty, painful or scalding urination, puffiness under the eyes and emaciation are the indications of kidney disease.

Mrs. Purley, 130 Lipincott street, Toronto, says: 'I may say that Dr. Chase's Receipt Book has been the consulting physician in our house for years, as I have always been able to control any sickness amongst our children by using the receipts given in its pages. For the past few years I have suffered much with my kidneys, accompanied with severe pains in the back, almost unbearable at times. After using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for a time I am entirely restored to health, the pains in my back have left and I feel better in every respect. It is a pleasure for me to

add one more testimony to the grand reputation of Dr. Chase's remedies."

Mr. James Clark, Concession, Prince Edward Co., Ont., states: "Eleven years ago I was taken with pains in my back, setting in my hips and extending up my spine. The pain was very severe, and at times almost insupportable, and many days I was not able to do an hour's work. Though I had consulted many first-class physicians and tried several advertised medicines, I could get no relief."

"At this time my father-in-law told me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and said he knew they would cure me. I secured one box and great was my surprise when I began to feel better after using only one box. I continued their use until I had taken about four boxes, which made me a sound man."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will not disappoint you. They act directly and specifically on the liver, kidneys and bowels, regulating them and invigorating them to perfect action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

This, however, was a man to whom physical laws do courtesy, even as custom to great kings. The case stood thus: He was to have a boiled dinner, and would have it done to a turn, piping hot and ready to serve at his home coming. The meat, turkeys and beets, therefore, which require a longer time he put on before leaving the house. The potatoes and cabbage, needing less time for cooking, were put on the cover of the pot.

Then he knotted a string through a hole in the edge of the cover, ran it through a loop suspended from the ceiling, and thence down to the sink. In the sink hole he firmly stuck a candle, to which, two inches below the top, he tied the string.

Last of all he lighted the candle and went to his business. In two hours, or about half an hour before he was to return when it was time for the vegetables on the cover to go to their appointed place, the slowly descending flame burned the string which released the otherwise unsupported edge of the cover, which dropped its burden into the pot and fell back where it belonged.

When the genius reached home, his dinner was ready.

Catarrh now Surely Cured.

"Catarrhosis has worked marvels in the case of my little girl." Mrs. Lorenzo Orchard, Toronto, Ont.

"There is no remedy equal to Catarrhosis for Catarrh." Wm. J. Runnit, Morrisburg, Ont.

"Catarrhosis for Catarrh of the head, throat and Bronchitis—has given me perfect satisfaction." Miss Dinmore, Shubertsville, N. S.

"It has done more good for me in one week than other remedies have in years." E. P. Taylor, Smith's Falls, Ont. "Drugs" and more like this for the asking; Drugists sell Catarrhosis, or we will send full treatment for \$1.00 or trial treatment 10 cents. N. C. Pelson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

A Ventriloquist.

Probably every one has seen a time when he wished he could administer rebuke impersonally. The Springfield Republican pictures an occasion when it was done.

The 'grouchy' individual came from behind his paper and glared savagely at the woman with the crying baby. 'Why can't you keep that brat quiet?' he snarled.

'What's the matter with it, any way?'

There was a dead silence in the car, and then a pitilessly distinct voice from nowhere in particular replied, 'He thinks your face is the moon, and he is crying for it.'

The surely one looked about with a deathly stare. Every one was quaking with mirth, but preserved a solemn countenance except the man who was smiling out of the window at the other end of the car.

'There are advantages in being a ventriloquist,' he murmured softly to himself.

'Mrs. Higby is in trouble.'

'Anything serious?'

'Oh, I suppose not. She sent for her pastor instead of her lawyer.'

IT MEANS OSTRACISM.

Foul Breath and Disgusting Discharges, Due to Catarrh. Make Thousands of People Objects of Aversion. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 10 Minutes and Cures.

Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hawking and dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured." 25 cents.

(Continued from page 13)

her beneath the roof did all in their life.

At length their great dark eyes gazed dreamily in vacant space.

'You lost your night, Quintia, an' 'sleep now; you better after you've had,' turning to let the sheep out into the long meadow.

'Who are they? as the woman said the arch'd doctor, lost my way?'

'You, dearie, M'ing the damp, tang'ing forehead. 'If you live I will certainly know you're a wanderer's mind.'

'Too vividly she passed, and a w'over her face.'

'I have no friends trying to raise her—rest here, for I and she sank back, pleading air of a 'There, don't soothingly. 'You as long as you like. 'Thank you for the repay you for the 'Never mind, folks don't call kin to give, and we need.'

The good woman be true, and un-ether daily revo-her thoughts of old Abbey and scarcely ever let days in Paris well formed part of her.

And yet she loved Time passed on faded, and she withered on the tiding of Sir Jer-

The long days night melted away bringing any char-At last one of the dreary monoton- A strange un- etolen over her.

The pastor's man's family failed had no appetite for hot dough cakes.

With a tired, the table and a steep white cliff where all was bright.

Feeling at li-calm solitude, amongst the w-bronzed heather, troubled reverie by the ring of a

Instinctively at concealed herself figure of a man a ing gloom.

The slight rustle ed the stranger, Pausing for a peered searching.

'Are you in tro- Either started the broad feather-bine, her breath in her trembling.

Again the ques-kind, musical voice sponse.

Only the delio-and lower, till t-with the waving subseam among.

'You are ill; And he laid shoulder.

With cold a his touch.

'Leave me be-pairingly. 'O avoided you mo- At sound of the dusky wave sur- ing forward he her face.

'Lady Farquh joy setting his 'Thank Heaven, my poor—'

'Hush! the w with the terrified another word—'Gwydir!'

'Can you exp- mand?' he ask- trating gaze full using her Christ- 'you know I h- hidden yourself. She silenced h- explaining.

'Stand aside enough for you love has already by the repetition you I should st- wife; but for y- had no cause to but for you I sh- outstut I can't the first state of happiness, and

'Stop! You She was alies- 'Remember a-on eagerly. 'T- as. You are f- whom you will 'Are you m- criminating with 'Ay, I love- hunted look d- alled with com- he took her h- warm clasp.

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her beneath the shelter of their humble
root did all in their power to restore her to
life.

At length their patience was rewarded.
The great dark eyes slowly opened and
gazed dreamily into their compassionate,
loving faces.

'You lost your way in the storm last
night,' Quintin explained kindly. 'Try
an' (always now) you'll be able to speak
better after you've rested a bit. Come,
lad,' turning to Casper, 'don't waste time.
Let the sheep out of the fold an' drive 'em
into the long meadow.'

'Who are they?' Esther asked wearily,
as the woman and his son passed through
the arched doorway. 'Did they say I had
lost my way?'

'Yes, dearie,' Mrs. Crews replied, part-
ing the damp, tangled hair from her burn-
ing forehead. 'If you can tell me where
you live I will send to your friends and let
'em know you're safe.'

These words brought back the poor
wanderer's mind.

Too vividly she remembered all that had
passed, and a wild, agonized look came
over her face.

'I have no friends, no home,' she cried,
trying to raise herself on her pillows. 'Let
me rest here, for I am weary—so weary!'
and she sank back again with the mute,
pleading air of a tired child.

'There, don't fret,' the woman said
soothingly. 'You're welcome to stay here
as long as you like.'

'Thank you, thank you; I can never
repay you for these kind words.'

'Never mind that, dearie. We poor
folks don't sell kindness. It is all we have
to give, and we give it freely when it's
needed.'

The good woman proved her words to be
true, and under her motherly care
Esther daily recovered her strength.

Her thoughts often wandered back to the
old Abbey and her husband, but she
scarcely ever let her mind revert to those
days in Paris when Kenard Gwydir had
formed part of her life.

And yet she loved him.

Time passed on. One by one the flowers
faded, and the leaves grew soared and
withered on the trees, but she heard no
tidings of Sir Jerom.

The long days darkened into night, and
night melted again into morn, without
bringing any change.

At last one dawned that was to break
the dreary monotony.

A strange unaccounted restlessness had
stolen over her.

The pastoral conversation of the yoo-
man's family failed to interest her, and she
had no appetite for their evening meal of
hot dough cakes and fragrant tea.

With a tired, listless air, she rose from
the table and wandered out amongst the
steep white cliffs and verdant valleys,
where all was bathed in soft purple twi-
light.

Feeling at liberty and at ease in the
calm solitude, she roamed heedlessly
amongst the wild autumnal flowers and
bronzed heather until aroused from her
troubled reverie into which she had drifted
by the ring of a quick, firm footstep.

Instinctively she shrank back, and half
concealed herself in the hedge as the tall
figure of a man advanced from the deep-
ening gloom.

The slight rustling of the leaves arrested
the stranger.

Pausing for a moment, he turned and
peered searchingly into the darkness.

'Are you in trouble?' he asked gently.
Esther started, and sank down amidst
the broad feathery ferns and tangled wood
bines, her breath abated, her face hidden
in her trembling hands.

Again the question was repeated in that
kind, musical voice; but there was no re-
sponse.

Only the delicate head drooped lower
and lower, till the glorious hair mingled
with the waving grasses, and lay like a
sunbeam amongst the lengthening shadows.

'You are ill; let me help you to rise.'
And he laid his hand lightly on her
shoulder.

With a cold shudder, she shrank from
his touch.

'Leave me—leave me!' she moaned des-
pairingly. 'O! all men I would have
avoided you most!'

At sound of those sweet piteous tones a
dusky wave surged to his brow, and dart-
ing forward he snatched her hands from
her face.

'Lady Farquhar!' he exclaimed, a great
joy setting his handsome features alight.
'Thank Heaven I have found you at last!
My poor—'

'Hush!' she cried, springing to her feet
with the terrified air of a hunted deer, 'not
another word—I command you, Kenard
'Gwydir!'

'Can you expect me to obey that com-
mand?' he asked, bending his clear, pen-
etrating gaze full upon her. 'Nay, Esther,
using her Christian name for the first time,
'you know I love you. Why have you
hidden yourself all these months?'

She silenced him with a haughty gesture,
exclaiming:

'Stand aside and let me pass. Is it not
enough for you to know what this sinful
love has already cost, that you insult me
by the repetition of such words? But for
you I should still be a loved and honored
wife; but for you my father would have
had no cause to cast me from him for ever;
but for you I should not be the miserable
outcast I am! Kenard Gwydir, you cast
the first stone that was to wreck my life's
happiness, and—'

'Stop! You would not curse me?'

'She was silent.

'Remember all is different now,' he went
on eagerly. 'There is no barrier between
us. You are free to be won—free to love
whom you will.'

'And you, mad?' she panted, her face
crimsoning with anger.

'Ay, if loving you be madness?' he an-
swered recklessly; then as he saw the wild
hunted look deepen in her eyes, his own
filled with compassion, and bending down
he took her hands and held them in a firm
warm clasp.

'Either, you are shivering—and,' re-
garding her inquiringly, 'how pale you
are! My darling, you must not remain in
this isolated place. I will take you to sum-
mer scenes—in Italy, or—'

She flashed him a swift glance of indig-
nation strangely blended with reproach and
disappointment, and again her voice with
its proud serene utterance rang out on the
gloomy stillness.

'Once more I bid you leave me. Do not
stay to insult me more by your presence.'

'And you scorn and reject my love as
worthless?' he asked hoarsely.

'As utterly worthless, since it would de-
grade me.'

'You are hard—'

'Would you have me act otherwise?'
What should I be in my own estimation?'
What ought I to be in yours, if I did?'

The face of Gwydir grew and drawn,
grey shadows crept about his set mouth,
and his eyes glowed beneath his knit
brows with a burning passionate scorn.

'I thought I had found you,' he said,
his tones sounding hard and strained. 'I
was mistaken, you are further from me
than ever. Answer me one question,
Esther. Are you sure what I have said can
never be?'

'After what has passed to-night—never!'
And the next moment Gwydir stood in the
leafy darkness alone.

CHAPTER VII.

Since her meeting with Kenard Esther
had not ventured beyond the ivy-covered
porch of the cottage. But the long con-
finement and ever anxiety began to play
upon her health. She grew languid, list-
less, and silent. Unable to bear the re-
straint longer, she raked all chances of
being discovered, and without giving her-
self time to think of the consequences,
wound her way lightly through the cluster-
ing groves of pine and elm.

The wind was high, and with every fresh
gust the brown rustling leaves fell from
the swaying branches, and chased each
other through the glade.

Presently a newspaper, doubtless drop-
ped by some passing stranger, was blown
towards her, and became entangled in her
skirts.

Stepping to free herself from the en-
cumbrance, she saw that it was part of
the Westles Gazette.

'At last,' she exclaimed, sinking on to a
fallen tree. 'At last I shall gain tidings
of home!'

The paper was dated three months back,
but that mattered little to Esther.

Eagerly, impatiently, she smoothed out
the creases, and scanned the columns.

Suddenly a smothered, gasping cry
escaped her lips, her sweet face grew ashy
white, her eyes dilated, and she almost
shrieked aloud in her anguish.

The sheet she had so strangely fallen to
her hands contained an account of the
death of Sir Jerom, and the mysterious
disappearance of his wife.

'What is this I have done?' she cried in
an agony of self-accusation. 'Have I read
aright? Yes, yes; Jerom is dead! Jerom
my husband dead! and I—the cause—'

A great shudder shook her frame, and
with an effort she tried to rise; but she
was as if turned to stone, powerless to
close even her dry, aching, hollow eyes.

'If I had been more patient, less willful
I would not have died cursing, me—cur-
sing me! No, not that, not that.'

Like one bereft of reason she murmured
incoherently to herself.

The scene of the frightful storm she had
braved in her flight from Westles came
before her with ghastly force. She fancied
she saw Sir Jerom lying on the ground,
the tormented lightning quivering around him
the cruel, cutting halitones beating against
his rigid upturned face.

She could suppress her feelings no long-
er, a wild piercing shriek broke the twi-
light stillness, and the echo was borne far
over the blue mountains by the autumn
breeze.

Flinging back the clinging locks from
her brow, she sprang to her feet and rush-
ed madly through the valley, the oft re-
peated cry breaking from her parched lips
in a soul wrought wail.

'Jerom, Jerom! forgive—forgive me.'
Presently a little terror bounded to-
wards her followed by Casper.

'I am not—well,' she said faintly, as
he ho stopped still and gazed wondering-
ly into her horror-stricken face. 'The
air has been too much for me. Let me
lean on you, Casper.'

She struggled courageously for mastery
over her feelings, but her voice was pain-
fully strained, and as the shepherd boy led
her gently forward his young heart was
filled with pity and amazement.

'How are things going on at the inn,
Quintin?'

'Badly, wite, badly. They've given up
all hope of the sick man's recovery. The
health promised by Paine's Celery Compound
is not what you expect.'

'Hasn't he any friends who could be sent
for?'

'If he had it 'ud be hardly worth sending
for 'em. I don't think he'll trouble anyone
long.'

'It all sounds very sad,' Esther remarked,
rising from the window-seat, where she
had been listening, quietly to the labored
dialogue. 'Is he quite alone? Must he
die without any loved one by to soothe the
last dreary hours of life?'

'Ay,' responded Quintin, 'he's alone,
and no one knows who he is, and how he
raves, and poor Meg looks anything but
cherry, fagged and worried as she is.'

'Perhaps I might be of some assistance
to her. I will persuade her to let me take
her place tonight.'

Filled with compassion for the friendless
and dying man, she wrapped a shawl loosely
about her head and shoulders, and bidding
the cottagers not to sit up for her return,
hurried through the gathering darkness
towards the red gabled inn.

'I am come to watch by your patient,'
she said, when the inn-keeper met her at
gate. 'Is he better?'

'He breathes, and that's about all.'

'Without saying to yourself that further-
she noiselessly ascended the stairs, and

headly removing her cloak, entered the
chamber of death.

'Meg,' she whispered, going up to the
tired woman who was half dozing in her
chair, 'you must go and lie down. I will
see that the poor sufferer has all he
requires.'

'God bless you, miss. Give him half a
glass of this medicine, it—when he wakes;
and call me if you see a change.'

Left to herself, Esther looked slowly
round the room. Everything was ominously
silent; the fire burned low in the grate,
and quaint black shadows lay gloomily on
floor and ceiling.

With a shudder she walked over to the
bed. The feeble glimmer of the one soli-
tary candle, mingled with the moonlight
streaming through the latticed window,
made the pale emaciated face lying on the
white pillows look awfully death-like.

For a moment she gazed in mute treas-
uring horror at the wan countenance, then,
uttering a sharp cry of anguish, sank half
fainting on her knees.

'Kenard! Great Heaven! have I killed
him too?'

She seized one of the thin hands resting
upon the velvet coverlet, and pressed it
tightly over her heart.

'My love—my love; speak—smile—
move, that I may know you are but sleep-
ing!'

She laid her hand on his cold forehead,
and a numbing terror crept over her as she
tried to force some branny between his
closed lips.

'Kenard—Kenard,' she wailed in a
passion of tearless grief. 'Awake! It is I
—Esther, whom you love!'

As though called back to life by those
despairing, heart-broken accents, the heavy
eyelids of Gwydir were slowly raised, and
the dark sunken eyes looked into hers with
a gleam of returning consciousness in their
depths.

'I knew,' he murmured faintly, 'you
would come—at the last.'

She bent down and tried to speak, but
the words she would have uttered died in
their passage from her brain to her lips,
and she was silent.

'Better death—with you near me,' he
went on with an effort, 'than life—apart.'

Still she did not speak, nor did she weep
—then; only long, quivering sighs, that
seemed almost to suffocate her, broke un-
ceasingly from her lips.

'You will stay with me, Esther until
death comes between us?'

'Until death do us part!'

A month passed by, and Gwydir,
though on a sure road to recovery, was
still prostrate.

Esther had not left him until all the
danger and dread were over, and now, as
she sat beside him, he said, with a touch
of the old bitterness:

'You have saved my life, Esther, but
what have I to live for?'

'Hush!' she answered softly. 'You must
live for me.'

'Esther!' he cried, his face beaming with
a surpassing gladness; 'you are not de-
ceiving me? You—'

'I love you—I have loved you since first
we met.'

'Then why did you send me from you
that night?'

'Can you not guess, Kenard! I did not
know Jerom was—'

The sweet voice quivered into a sob, and
the brown eyes became clouded.

'My darling!' and he drew her face down
till his lips touched her cheek, 'I am con-
tent. Forget the past, and let not his
shadow come between me and thee.'

The Health Promised
By
Paine's Celery
Compound.
Comes as Surely as Light
Follows Darkness.
Amongst the First Good Effects of
The Great Medicine Are Firmer
Nerves and Completer
Digestion.

People who decide to use Paine's Celery
Compound should not entertain a doubt re-
garding the health-giving power of earth's
most successful medicine. The health
promised by Paine's Celery Compound,
comes as sure as light follows darkness.
Its good work has been vouched for by
Canada's best people, as well as by our
friends and neighbors.

The use of Paine's Celery Compound
means firmer and stronger nerves, com-
pleter digestive vigor, more regular bodily
functions, brighter eyes, clearer complex-
ion and sweeter breath.

Why defer the use of Paine's Celery
Compound when the testimony of tens of
thousands proves that the wonderful medi-
cine encourages and strengthens the
the kidneys, cleanses the blood of waste
and poisonous matters that the direct
cause of headache, dizziness, listlessness,
melancholia and that random feeling that
disturbs the organs of the body?

Every man or woman whose nervous
strength is overtaxed, should try the di-
recting and vitalizing effects of Paine's
Celery Compound the use of the first bottle
will show wonderful and encouraging re-
sults.

Seal Brand Coffee
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
Its Purity is its Strength
Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.
CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

DIVORCE MILL AT BUFFALO.

Canadian Involved in Fraudulent Divorce
—Arrest of Alleged Offenders.

Two alleged professional perjurers em-
ployed in the working of a Buffalo mill
have been arrested in Toronto at the in-
stance of the Buffalo police. The case pro-
mises to equal in interest the sensational
New York divorce mill suit. David Car-
lton Fitzgerald, the Buffalo attorney who
was arrested some days ago on a charge
of subornation of perjury, is said to have
been the actual proprietor of the divorce
mill, by means of which upward of a hun-
dred couples have been illegally separated.
Some Canadians were among those for
whom he secured divorces. Illegal actions
are said to have been conducted by him
for residents of Collingwood and of Fort
Erie. Some very pitiful cases have been
met with among this man's victims by the
detectives who have been investigating the
matter. Several young people who had
made early and improvident marriages had
after resorting to Fitzgerald, married
again and were living happily until they
discovered that they were still legally
attached to their first spouses, and were,
in fact, guilty of bigamy.

The two persons who have been arrested
in Toronto are understood to be the Buf-
falo attorney's chief confederates. Henry
Kline and his wife Gussie. Fitzgerald ad-
vertised that he could secure divorces
cheaply and without publicity. If the ap-
plicant had not the necessary evidence of
wrong-doing on the part of the husband or
wife, as the case might be, Mr. or Mrs.
Kline, as the prosecution required, was
brought in, it is alleged, and under various
aliases swore that the defendant in the di-
vorce proceedings had committed criminal
offenses. The provision in the New York
law requiring the notification of the inter-
ested parties was evaded by means of the
agency of Mr. or Mrs. Kline, it is said.

The allegation of the prosecution is that
one of them would personate the wife or
husband of the party seeking the divorce,
and on being served with the official papers
by an officer of the court tore them up in
his presence. The necessary affidavits were
then sworn out before a registrar, it is
alleged, and when the case came up in
court the divorce was granted by default.
In many cases the supposed divorcer was
thus obtained without the knowledge of
the defendant.

The detectives spent some time scouring
the city of Toronto before locating Mr. and
Mrs. Kline. The accused waived extra-
dition proceedings and have gone to Buffalo
in custody. It is said that when arrested
they admitted their guilt to the detectives
and that they will probably turn State's
evidence against him.

Shaking Palsy.

Shaking palsy, or paralysis agitans, as
it is called by physicians, is a nervous
affection in which there is a weakness, al-
most amounting to actual paralysis at
times, combined with a constant and un-
controllable jerking of the muscles.

The affection is classed among the dis-
eases of old age, but is not very rare in
younger persons, and may occur even in
children. As a rule it begins gradually,
the first thing noticed being an unstead-
iness of the hands, or perhaps a trembling
movement of only one finger, generally the
thumb. With this there may be moderate
pain, which is supposed to be rheumatic.

The trembling movement is often inter-
mittent, at first coming and going without
apparent cause; but later it becomes per-
manent and extends to other parts, finally
involving both arms and legs. Less fre-
quently the neck muscles participate in the
movements, the head then nodding, turning
or moving from side to side. The muscles
of the face and the tongue may also be
implicated.

In conjunction with the trembling the
muscles are weak, and may be almost in-
capable of voluntary movements, and the
patient feels tired and long for the
constant shaking to cease. The trembling
does not cease during sleep, and it is also less
marked when one executes voluntary
movements.

The onset of the affection, although
commonly gradual, as we have said, is in
some cases very sudden, following some
great mental or physical shock.

In later stages of the disease the muscles
of the body become more or less stiffened,
the back is bent, the head is inclined for-
ward, and the various segments of the arms
and legs are slightly flexed one on the
other.

The rigidity of the muscles of the face
gives to the countenance a fixed expression
of sadness, of indifference, or it may be of
bad temper. There is a peculiar gait—
something like that of a drunken man who
has to walk very fast, or even run, to over-
come his tendency to fall forward.

Shaking palsy is seldom cured, but it
does not always get worse, and may con-
tinue for years without apparent change
one way or the other. The general con-
dition of the patient is usually below par,
and the chief indication of treatment is,
therefore, to improve the nutrition by
tonics and a generous diet. Some relief
to the constant and fatiguing tremor may
be obtained by the patient's making slow
voluntary movements, or by massage.

Nerviline a King of Pains.

Nerviline is a combination of the most
potent pain curing substances known to
medical science. It represents the latest
discoveries in the healing art—so concen-
trated that one drop of Nerviline is equal
in pain-subduing power to five drops of
any other. For Neuralgia, Rheumatism,
Cramps, Pain in the Back, its action is
rapid and certain. Sure to cure. Your
money back if you do not find it so.
Druggists sell it.

The Keeper's Program.

The professor, according to a London
newspaper, had taken a few of his pupils
to the Zoo. While the lions were being
fed he remarked to the keeper, with a
view to his pupils' instruction at first hand:
'One of these gigantic and ferocious
carnivora should contrive to emancipate it-
self and should hurl its prodigious strength
into our midst, what steps would you take?'

'Bloomin' long uns, sir,' said the man;
whereat the boys tittered.

Barnestom—Yes; poor Renter has gone
crazy as a loon. The part he had to play
was too much for him.

Buskin—What was he playing, Jekyll
and Hyde?'

Barnestom—No; Monte Cristo, at \$12
per week, and six weeks' salary due.'

Bill—Did you say that gun of yours
would shoot a thousand yards?'

Jill that's what I did.

'Well it's marked to shoot only a 500
yards.'

Yes; but there are two barrels.'

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SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Carter's

Very small and as easy
to take as sugar.
FOR HEADACHE,
FOR DIZZINESS,
FOR BRUISES,
FOR YETTER LIVER,
FOR CONSTIPATION,
FOR SALLER SKIN,
FOR THE COMPLETE
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

"Two is Company."

The sun was sinking slowly in the Western sky, leaving behind it a glory which transformed the earth. A girl sat alone on a sand dune out of sight and sound of hotels and humanity. Clapping her knees with her slim brown hands, she gazed seaward with wrapped, dreamy eyes, feeling rather than seeing the beauty of the scene. Behind her lay the bay, a gleaming, golden thread bordered by long stretches of marshes which gave out a sweet dank odor. Before her the breakers rose and fell with a dull, thud and roar, and far out as eye could reach stretched the broad Atlantic glowing with the splendid opalescent lights of sunset.

classes or were too busy. I did finally get about a dozen, however, and we had great fun over it. Clinton played the violin and Nan played the piano. We pulled the rug out of the parlor and drew back the portiers, so there was a fine, big sweep. It kept things pretty lively and did us all lots of good. Mother would always come down and give us some sort of refreshment, and the boys loved it. When we stopped I had earned a hundred dollars.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'More new gowns I've cried. 'Why, yes,' she answered sweetly. 'All of mine are last century styles.' 'Your hair is very thin, sir,' said the fat barber. 'Glad to hear it,' snapped the victim. 'Carpentry is so awfully vulgar.'

it will take me fully that long to make amends for the folly of my last night of it. Oh, my poor head!

Popular Grove, Hants, Jan 2, by Rev A. Dana Lorenson Miller to Agnes Clark.

DIED.

St John, Jan 18, John Crowley. Halifax, Jan 11, Lillian S. Farley. Halifax, Jan 12, Mrs C W Sealey. Lynn, Jan 8, Maggie Brimmer. 84. Digby, Jan 10, Flora Ellis Ellis. 40. Goldbrook, Jan 3, Henry Fortes. 80. St John, Jan 13, George Quinn, 71. Sambro, Dec 9, Andrew Gray, 84. Woulville, Jan 4, Margaret Ray, 8. Halifax, Jan 12, John Campbell, 79. Halifax, Jan 12, Mrs Howard Bligh-Banger, Jan 12, Robert H Murphy, 44. St John, Jan 10, David Mc Masters, 65. Halifax, Jan 12, Duncan McLellan, 60. Ellsford, N S Jan 6, Mr J Hamilton, 82. St John, Jan 15, Mrs John Abbott, 44. St John, Jan 14, Mary Elizabeth Yeats. Halifax, Jan 12, Miss Catherine Miller. Moncton, Jan 12, William T Goran, 22. Pleasant Lake, Dec 29, John Strie 84. East Glasgow, Jan 1, Wm Lantry, 79. Liverpool, N S, Jan 4, Joe Wallace, 47. Dorchester, Mass, Mrs. John L. Wrayal. Boston, Dec 31, James McLoughlin, 60. Lunenburg, Dec 29 Gilbert S. Mack, 55. Chester Basin, Dec 28, Marcus Oxner, 38. Argyle Sound, Jan 6, Mr Clayton Goodwin. Doctor Cove, Jan 1, Mrs E K Cross, 28. New York, Jan 9, Mrs A. N. Archibald. Lower Newcastle, Jan 3 Mary J Smith, 20. Yarmouth, Jan 6, Elizabeth Chetwynd, 54. Newton, Mass, Jan 2, Charles H Smith, 64. Sheet Harbor, Jan 4, John F. Quilliam, 27. Gasperoux, Dec 29, Ne son Acherman, 100. Orono, Jan 1, Mary Florine MacIntosh, 16. Fort La Tour, Dec 10, Benjamin Crowell, 82. Hantsport, Jan 4, Mrs. James Lawrence, 75. Yarmouth, Jan 10, Mrs Mary McCormick, 63. Economy, Cochester, Jan 4, J. W. Moore, 76. North Sydney, Jan 6, Mrs. Samuel Winton, 59. Trenton, Pictou, Dec 29, Mrs. Hugh McLellan, 74. Gleneg, Guysboro, Jan 1, John C. Archibald, 32. Nova Sydney, Dec 23, George Thomas Grant, 1. North Sydney, Jan 7, Ingraham Keith Allen, aged 81. Bre-Island, Pictou, Dec 23, Mrs. Alexander Smith, 81. North East Harbor, N. S., Dec 4, Luther King, 15. Clementsport, Annapolis, Jan 8, E. Loyd Merritt, 19. Plainfield, Pictou, Dec 21, Elizabeth McIntosh McKay, 85. Amherst, Jan 12, Mary infant of Mr and Mrs H Roberts 3 mos. Charlottetown, Jan 4, Karl infant son of Dr and Mrs Hugh Dickey. Carriboe river, Pictou, Jan 8, Elizabeth, widow of the late John McLean. Danvers, Mass. Nov. 30, George Douglas Danforth, aged 6 months and 5 days.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, displacements, inflammations, leucorrhoea, uterine cancer, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation, and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsements of prominent physicians FREE sent on application. Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

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Free Farms in the Canadian Northwest. For each adult over 18 years of age. Send for pamphlet. A. J. HEATE, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:- TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Destination/Time. Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax; Express for Halifax and Pictou; Express for Sussex; Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney; A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:00 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2:10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex; Express from Quebec and Campbellton; Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene; Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation. D. FOTTINGHAM, Gen. Manager. Montreal, N. B., Nov. 23, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street St. John, N. B.

VOL. XII. WHAT

The investigation is referred against Detective Nason and Kate Brown certain unlicensed hotels in Britain street, was Clark's private office at 2.80. The inquiry had as lack of witnesses, Miss Nason and Kate Brown certain unlicensed hotels in Britain street, was Clark's private office at 2.80. The inquiry had as lack of witnesses, Miss Nason and Kate Brown certain unlicensed hotels in Britain street, was Clark's private office at 2.80.