

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

No Relation Can Act.

The municipal elections that were held in many counties of the province this week had much interest for politicians and disconcerted not a few countrymen who had not looked into the changes in the act governing the election of councillors.

The importance of the elections will be seen at once when it is understood that the two councillors for each parish, with a chairman appointed by the government, compose the board of revisors and it always means a good deal to have these gentlemen favorable to the party in power when the hour of election arrives. Then again under the new franchise law of Canada the members of the federal parliament are elected from the same lists. The importance therefore of having conservatives or liberals will be seen at once.

This was realized in many parishes and the wire pulling politicians from populous centres made it a point to instruct the candidates they wanted elected in the new twists of the law.

In former days non residents were permitted to vote just the same as a resident no matter whether his taxes were paid or not but it is different now. The taxes of the non resident must not only be paid but received for seven days in advance of the election. This little fact lost many non residents their votes after they had taken the trouble to go to the country to vote. The parish collectors played some sharp tricks in some places. They delivered the bills to non residents and those whom they knew to favor the same candidates as they did they explained when they would have to pay up to be eligible to vote but to the others they did not volunteer any information. This meant a good deal when the day of the election came around for those who had not paid were not able to assist their men at all.

There was another trick that was almost as bad and somewhat more dishonest which PROGRESS learned from a few non residents who could not understand why they had a chance to vote though their taxes were not paid, while others who went to the booth along with them were not given the same privilege. They soon found out. The collector had handed in his name as "paid" though he had not called up their names simply because he knew that they would vote in favor of his candidate and they would pay their taxes later.

It would seem as though there are plenty of ways to get over the new law and that some amendments might very properly be in order.

In Kings county the principal interest centered in the contests in the parishes of Rothersey, Norton, Hampton and Sussex. St. John was interested in all of them because a great many people doing business in the city reside along the railway and nearly all of them were invited to give their votes one way or the other. In Rothersey this was particularly the case. There four candidates were in the field, one of whom, Thomas Gilliland, sought reelection. The others were A. M. Saunders, H. H. Gilbert and Captain Maynes. The latter was a brother of the councillor retiring and Mr. Gilbert, a young merchant in Rothersey. The polling booth was about four miles from Rothersey station and two from Quispamsis, at which station most of them who went from the city alighted.

The poll was supposed to open at nine o'clock in the morning but that hour arrived and there was no person there to take the chair and hold the election. The candidates were there and some dozen or so electors but no parish clerk. He arrived a little later and began to make his preparations to hold the elections. When he was ready Mr. Gilbert raised a question as to whether he was a competent returning officer inasmuch as he was the son-in-law of one of the candidates. The point was well taken and when the law was read over Mr. Saunders saw at once that if he held the election it could be upset any day. But he wasn't pleased and the candidates, Messrs. Maynes and Saunders and their friends were very determined for a time that if Clerk Saunders could not hold the poll no one else would. This looked serious and might have proved so but for the presence of a lawyer in the crowd.

It is a curious fact that while a countryman will not believe the law his neighbor

lays down—though it may be perfectly correct—he will accept it without hesitation from a lawyer. So it was in this case. Mr. L. P. D. Tilley had gone up to vote and though a smiling onlooker for a time as he listened to the dispute on being appealed to straighten matters out he read the law and advised them how to proceed.

The procedure was simply to elect a chairman to hold the poll. No sooner was this known than Mr. Maynes nominated the son-in-law of Mr. Saunders and he could not understand why he could not be chosen by the people for that purpose. He became excited, and said: "We are here to run a square election, and we are going to see it done." No person disputed that, but it did not seem possible to get another man for the purpose and for a few moments there was some doubt as to when the poll would open. Non-residents could not act and no resident seemed willing to until Mr. Wetmore stepped into the gap and was sworn in.

But there was no ballot box because Mr. Saunders, who was unfortunate enough to be related to Saunders the candidate, would not permit his to be used. When a fish box had been found and a hole cut in the top the old box was forthcoming and he took his seat alongside of the new returning officers and began to represent his namesake in very vigorous fashion.

The first move on the part of the Gilliland-Gilbert party was to produce an order from the county court judge ordering thirty names to be added to the list. This was a piper for the Maynes-Saunders faction—something they had not expected and they objected strenuously to the addition. For the most part the new names were those of stockholders in limited companies which had their headquarters in Rothersey. Several ships are owned in this way and quite a number of corporations now have their head offices at Rothersey. Of course the taxes of these new residents were paid by the companies and as they had made affidavit that they owned the property described the judge ordered their names placed on the list. It was a sharp piece of work and yet as far as can be learned perfectly fair. Quite a number of the added names were voted and the majority of Gilliland and Gilbert was no doubt increased slightly thereby, but not to any great extent. The vote stood 118 for the former and 99 for Gilbert while Maynes and Saunders received 71 each.

There was speech making after the votes were counted, the senior councillor thanking the people for returning him again. The events of the day made a somewhat bitter feeling which was not lessened by the result. One fact was very plain; the electors were not acquainted with the new law. It is not an easy matter for a countryman to make himself acquainted with the amendments even to those laws that affect him most and in which he is interested. He does not get the statutes and it costs money to see a lawyer and get the points. In Maine the laws made by the legislature are printed in cheap form and sent everywhere and then no one can complain that he has not had a chance to acquaint himself with them. This might be done in New Brunswick with those laws affecting the people generally.

Personation is not known much about in the country. It is safe to say that up to half past two o'clock there was none at all at Rothersey. After that there were some attempts—none of them very successful and the result rather of good natured banter on the part of a few who wanted to see some fun than any wish to advance the chances of any particular candidate. One amusing instance was the attempt to vote the name of an owner in the Steamer Matinee. He had not caught the name just right for when he applied he gave the name, say, "John Brown, steamer Manhattan."

"What steamer did you say," inquired the returning officer.

"Steamer Matinee," said the would-be voter.

"I challenge that vote," said a representative, "why he can't even pronounce the name of the vessel."

And the laugh that followed was good enough to hear.

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A BAD BEGINNING.

Boys and Girls Who Make a Practice of Stealing From Drug Stores.

A drug store usually offers many inducements to those who are inclined to petty pilfering, and that there is considerable of it indulged in St. John is pretty readily acknowledged by those in the business. One day this week PROGRESS happened into a place just as the proprietor was in the act of making two boys discharge some gum which they had taken from a box on the glass show case.

"These things are daily becoming more common" said the clerk, "and the culprit do not come from the lowest class either." One of those boys I have just been after is the son of a prominent citizen. He and the other boy having been coming in here for weeks and we have been wondering why the gum disappeared so rapidly. I did not suspect them and only that I caught them in the very act, might have blamed innocent parties. These youthful thieves usually travel in pairs, and while one asks for some particular kind of candy in another part of the store, and keeps one a few moments finding out just what he or she wants. While attention is thus diverted the other gets in his work. The boys I just caught red handed came in a moment or two ago and one asked for a few cents worth of a particular kind of candy in the window. He stepped over with me to point out what he wanted and the other stayed down near the centre of the case. I turned my head quickly, prompted by some little suspicion perhaps, and found the boy pocketing several bars of gum. I made him give it up and let them go with a pretty stiff lecture; their parents are friends of mine, and good patrons. Boys are not the only culprits either. You would be surprised if you knew some of the girls in a school near here who are up to the same tricks. A drink of water is usually their excuse, and while we are getting it they manage to pick up enough gum, jujubes, sagos or something of that sort by last the day. They are not very small girls either, but now that we have our eyes opened, no doubt they will make some other place the scene of their operations."

ON THE BOOMING TOWN.

Monday night's train for Sydney carried Mr. Willis, his wife and daughter and fifteen people to assist him in his new hotel in Cape Breton's booming town. Mr. Willis has great faith in the new city and says that only those who have been there, inspected the works and talked with the officials of the company, have any idea of the work that is going on. The Dufferin is now in charge of Mr. McCaffery who has a former popular clerk, Arthur Abinette with him as assistant. The former assistant clerk, Edward Macdonald, accompanied Mr. Willis to Sydney as also did William Fitzpatrick, the assistant wine clerk. They were kindly remembered by their associates in the Dufferin before leaving.

Ignored His Recommendations.

Lieut. Col. Vidal recommended Capt. Dunning, Mercereau and Good to officer the New Brunswick and P. E. Island unit, so it is understood, but when the appointments were made he found that not one of his recommendations had been carried out. When Col. McLean went to Ottawa Capt. Dunning was almost sure of his appointment but instead Master McLean got the coveted position. The impression is very general that older officers, men with greater experience should have been chosen instead of Lieut. McLean. But what good is a political pull unless use is made of it.

A Raffle For a Cow.

Raffles for ducks, geese, and chickens are of common occurrence at this season of the year but a cow is something novel in this direction. Yet that was the principal prize raffled for on Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Powers on the Loch Lomond road. The winner belonged to the city and it was said of him that he was so confident of success that he carried a rope along with him to lead the bovine back to town.

Postponed the Investigation.

Mr. McKelvey and Chief Clark will have more time to collect their evidence for that investigation than they expected because Chairman McGoldrick was called to Halifax on Tuesday and expected to be away all the week. He will call the safety board together early next week.

A Minister's Check.

That there are tricks in all trades is a generally accepted theory, and it is to be presumed that the professions are not exempt. But it is one of those where one would hardly expect to find any shuffling it is in that of the ministerial profession; yet sad to say circumstances occasionally crop up which would contradict this theory, and which sometimes leave gentlemen of the cloth open to the severest censure.

An instance of this kind occurred recently and is one which is likely to bring the most unpleasant notoriety to the gentleman concerned. The clergyman in question came here from a provincial centre some time ago and assumed charge of a West Side church. It appears that when he left his previous charge he was quite heavily in debt and to pay off these liabilities a portion of his salary has been set aside by some one having authority to do so.

It is more than likely therefore that the clergyman found himself in the most straightened circumstances and it is only charitable to suppose that any little emergency of which he may have availed himself was the result of necessity. He is a close student too, with all the improvident ways of many bookworms and his love of literature is responsible for his present predicament.

Some months ago an East side grocer decided to pay a visit to his old home in England and when the clergyman learned of this he paid the grocer a visit. It appears the latter's home is in the same part of the old country and his visitor wished him, while there, to get him a book he had long been trying to obtain. The grocer gladly consented to oblige his friend, and made a special effort to do so, even paying an advanced price for the volume which was difficult to get.

When he returned he notified the West side minister and the latter promptly presented himself, overwhelmed with gratitude, and profuse in his thanks for the favor. He apologized for not having the necessary amount of cash in his pocket but promised to call in a few days, when he would also take two baskets of grapes, and pay this bill at the same time.

It was several months before the gentleman presented himself at the store and then it was only in response to an urgent request to settle the bill. His excuse was that he had been very busy and unable to call before. Even then he had not the ready money with him but in an off-hand way said that if the grocer had a loose check for a certain bank lying around he would make one out on that bank. The check was given him and he filled it in for fifteen dollars, whereas the amount of the bill was only six dollars. Said he, "You can give me the difference as I have several little things I wish to square this afternoon and it will greatly oblige me." The goodhearted and wholly unsuspecting grocer handed over nine dollars. Now he's sorry that he did, for when he presented the check for payment, he was informed that the individual whose name was attached to it had never had an account at that bank. Influences were brought to bear which prevented an expose at the time, but the matter has since been placed in legal hands and unless some settlement is effected it is expected to come up in court in a few days.

WAR TALK ON THE STERBSIS.

How the News of the Reverse at Ladysmith Was Received.

The people are not thinking of much besides war news just now. The papers are eagerly looked for and the head lines are glanced at as the purchasers go along the street. There is much annoyance felt at times at the unfair nature of the report, but that will always be the case so long as foreign news comes to Canada through American sources. The despatches are prepared to suit the newspapers of the Republic and Canada has to take what is sent to her press.

The news of the capture at Ladysmith was greatly magnified at first and the feeling of consternation was general. The first news came in the morning between nine and ten o'clock and it spread with inconceivable rapidity. Even at this great distance there is keen appreciation of the danger in which the garrisons at Ladysmith, Kimberly and Mafeking are in but the hope has been that they would be able to withstand any attacks until the arrival of reinforcements. The Boers are assisted by the best military talent of Europe and the fight will not be a brief one. This was the opinion expressed by an officer who is not in the active militia at present but who has been a close military student. He fears that White may not be able to hold out until the arrival of reinforcements and the loss of such a position as Ladysmith, with stores and ammunition would be a serious check for the British arms. The capture of such a splendid body of troops as the Dublin Fusiliers and the Gloucestershires was a serious loss to White's forces and what was, in his opinion, worse still a great encouragement to the thousands of wavering Dutch in Natal. "Of course" he continued "we may be mistaken in our estimate of the feeling among the Dutch in all of South Africa but what we have read would indicate that there is great channishness among them. If that is true and they all flock around the standard of Kruger, Great Britain may have a tedious war before her and the loyalty of her colonies may be shown again and again. As we all know Europe is an armed camp, and some of the great powers will not be slow to take advantage of the South African trouble to make claims that England may find it impossible to grant. France has the Newfoundland question and Germany the Samoa difficulty to negotiate about and they may be sure to bring up these matters now.

"I see there is talk of a second contingent from Canada and that many of the men in the upper provinces favor it, among them our old friend, George R. Parkin. There would be no difficulty about raising another regiment, but it seems to me that it would be more prudent to keep the volunteers in reserve and send the seasoned troops."

Speaking of the political aspect of the contingent and the effort to make political capital out of the government's action he spoke against the attempt to raise such an issue. "There will always be differences of opinion in the country regarding war or any other question but while a conflict is going on the party in power should surely be exempt from severe criticism."

In this connection two Montreal newspapers the Star and the Herald are doing considerable campaigning. Three interviews from this city give opinions as to how the contingent was despatched. Here they are:

Major Sturdee, of the 62nd Fusiliers, said the rapidity with which the New Brunswick contingent was enrolled and left for Quebec reflects most favorably on the readiness and military spirit of the Canadian militia, while the fact that the regiment was organized and left for South Africa two days after the last company reached Quebec shows that the Militia department generally, and the stores department in particular, is ready for any emergency.

Lieut. Col. Blaine, many years in command of the 62d Fusiliers, says the organization and equipment of the contingent was to his mind, a highly creditable performance. The work was carried on without a hitch of any kind, and the large body of men brought together from all over Canada were uniformed and got away in a manner that would have done credit to any country, and that could not be equalled by any other county, considering that the corps was a purely volunteer one.

Major W. W. White, of the third Canadian Artillery, said: "I consider the contingent for South Africa was mobilized with rapidity, considering the total absence in the militia of Canada of any special troops for that purpose."

The Telegraph Ownership. Although the gentleman who bought the Telegraph were to take possession on the first day of the month there has not been any change in the appearance of the paper or the personnel of the staff as yet. It is understood that the local board of directors are looking for a business manager and that an offer of \$2,500 was the inducement. The typ-setting machines have been set up and are about ready for use. The company proposed to occupy the present building for a time at least.

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Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

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AFTER ANTLERED GAME.

GOOD SHOOTING NOW IN NEW BRUNSWICK WILDS.

American Sportsmen Among the Most Successful of Those in Quest of the Antlered Game—Some Instances of Surprising Good Luck—Five Foot Heads Scored.

FRANKLINTON N. B., Oct. 25.—Less than half of the open season for big game in this province has elapsed, but the game trophies already taken out by American sportsmen have made a most impressive moving picture. Even the remarkable percentage of success noted in 1898 has been surpassed. It is estimated that not less than 75 percent of those who came to New Brunswick this season to hunt the monarch moose scored their prize. The large number of moose killed the past three seasons, while not apparently affecting the supply, has clearly led to a diminution of record heads. It is the big bulls that show the least fear of man. It is they also, that are the most sought after. The result is that while four foot heads seem to be as numerous as ever the five-foot head is a rarity indeed. Up to the present time only one moose has been killed this year with a spread of over five feet. This prize fell to the rifle of Guy Saunders of Woodstock as the result of a four days hunt at the left hand branch of the Tobique. The exact measurement of the horns was 5 feet 2 inches.

The usual number of curious mishaps and windfalls of fortune are recorded. It may be safely said of moose hunting in general that there is nothing certain about it except its uncertainty. B. D. C. Fokett of New York will verify this statement. Mr. Fokett hunted most faithfully for his moose for ten days in the region of Grand John Lake. Signs were numerous, but the actual animal failed to materialize until one sunny afternoon when, like a statue of ebony against a background of green, Mr. Fokett's moose was revealed down the shadowy perspective of the tote-road. Mr. Fokett aimed carefully for the shoulder of the apparition but the hammer fell without report. He had unaccountably failed to place a cartridge in the barrel. At the click of the hammer the moose started. Mr. Fokett then shoved in a cartridge from the magazine and hastily fired. Scrutiny of the ground revealed blood on both sides of the path taken by the fleeing animal showing that the bullet had passed clear through his body. The trail was followed eagerly. After a time, however, it became lost among the tracks of other moose the blood signs ceased, and both guide and sportsman gave up the search. Mr. Fokett went home without his moose. A week later he learned that a local physician, Dr. Morehouse, while hunting in the same locality, had come upon the moose stone dead. The head was a handsome one and it is pleasing to record that the physician lost no time in forwarding the trophy to its rightful owner.

At Island Lake, which is at the head of the right hand branch of the Tobique, an unusual experience befell W. Garrison Reid of Boston. One evening as he was drifting down the thoroughfare with his guide in a bark canoe, the moon being bright and the wind having died away, the guide decided to vary the usual programme by trying the Caribou call. This is fully as effective a means of luring the caribou to his doom as the moose call is in the case of the bull moose, the only barrier to complete success being that the caribou must be close or he will not hear the summons. The caribou call is merely a brief, asthmatic bark or cough, totally unlike the long loud wail of the cow moose. At the guide's first call, however, on the occasion in question, Mr. Reid was egregiously surprised to hear the answering grunt of a caribou. The animal came to the water side without delay and soon his long shapely antlers could be seen in the moonlight, although his body was invisible in the bushy gloom. Mr. Reid's third shot, under these somewhat adverse conditions, brought the caribou down and he tumbled in the shallow water along the shore, driving his antlers deeply into the muddy bottom.

Now, the unusual, almost unprecedented feature of Mr. Reid's experience, is that two evenings after this the guide called up a bull moose which was laid low at Mr. Reid's third shot, under the same adverse conditions of light and shadow as before, and the animal, on receiving his death wound, crashed forward and fell into the water not six feet from the resting place of the caribou.

To Fred Talcott of Providence belongs an honor that few sportsmen can rightfully claim to possess—that of having called up as well as shot his moose. Mr. Talcott went out one afternoon alone on a small beaver meadow in the Indiantown country, and about sundown heard an answer to his call far away in a swamp. The moose came along, smashing the trees at intervals, and reached the edge of the meadow

after dark. There he paused and listened for a long time, while the breathless hunter awaited his coming. Fearing to sound the horn at so short a range, Mr. Talcott crawled into a small brook and splashed the water about like a wading animal. That brought the bull with a rush until his form could be seen in relief against the clouded sky. Mr. Talcott hesitated, hoping for a side shot while the muffled moose roared his disapproval. Instead of showing himself early, however, the moose, having caught, perhaps, a whiff of human scent, stole away like a phantom, crossed the brook to Mr. Talcott's side and disappeared in the darkness. The next morning Mr. Talcott went back to the same place, and in half an hour called the moose up again and killed him. This moose had a fifty-inch spread and stood six feet seven inches at the shoulder.

The biggest moose that has been taken out of the Canadian country for some years fell to the rifle of Dr. J. G. Van Vecchten, coronor of Oneonta, N. Y. This moose was killed under circumstances that illustrate the wonderful range of the birchen horn when guided by a skillful caller. The Doctor's guide was the renowned Milicote chief, Jim Paul. From a healthy tussock at the end of the barren Jim began to call at sundown. The barren was three miles in length. At the third or fourth call the Doctor, whose ear was keener than Jim's, detected an unusual sound, resembling the distant stroke of an axe at the foot of a dead tree. When Jim's attention was called to it he pronounced it at once the grunt of a bull moose, on a high ridge at the foot of the barren, and more than three miles away. In just an hour the moose, advancing steadily, reached the masked battery on the tussock. It was then almost dark. At the Doctor's first shot the moose simply shook his head and grunted. The second shot he acknowledged in the same way though both of these struck him in vital points. Too late the fearless old patriarch decided to retreat; a third bullet pierced his shoulder and he collapsed in a grove of stunted spruce. The Doctor had only been on the hunting grounds three days when he secured the prize. The antlers were very handsome and measured fifty-two inches across the points.

A unique experience was that which befell J. H. Ross of Chicago, and two Minneapolis friends while camped at the mouth of Otter brook a branch of the Caine river. Their luck had been indifferent and they were preparing to break camp for the settlement. As they were taking their last breakfast of woodland fare they were startled by a tremendous splashing in the river. Seizing their rifles and running down the path, they met almost face to face a herd of caribou charging desperately up the bank. At sight of the Westerner the caribou halted and formed a circle of staring eyes and heaving flanks. Mr. Ross and his friends promptly opened fire and lowered three fine bucks to the ground. As the herd turned and disappeared in the woods a renewed splashing was heard in the river. Proceeding to the bank, Mr. Ross and his

friends beheld the author of the recent stampede, a huge black bear, trying to clamber up the opposite bluff. Bruin also was brought to camp as a trophy. There is only one case of luck related that fairly outshines that of these Western sportsmen. A. P. Hilsen, also hailed from Chicago. He hunted in the K-tigonche country on the borders of Quebec. In one day's hunting Mr. Hilsen secured a large bull moose, a bull caribou and an old black bear.

MECHANICAL TOYS.

A Wonderful and Interesting Display of Things Ingenious and Beautiful.

Mechanical toys are shown this season in more marvellous variety than ever before, and in greater beauty; and at all sorts of prices, from 25 cents up to \$150. The last named price is the cost of a mechanical athlete, who puts up a big dumbbell. The figure is about eighteen inches in height supported upon a base a foot or more square, and perhaps six inches in length, which contains the machinery and a music box. Lying upon this base at the athlete's feet, is a great dumbbell, of the kind and weight that strong men put up.

The athlete is clad in gay-colored silks, such as he might wear in an exhibition on the stage, and presently he shows that he has great strength, as well. When this toy is started the music begins and plays a little first, and then, presently, the athlete bends over to pick up the great dumbbell. Reaching down with calm deliberation he grasps the handle, and then, gathering himself together, he lifts the dumbbell clear off the ground, the music all this time, keeping on playing.

Straightening himself up with it he holds the great weight for a brief moment with his arm straight down and then he braces himself to raise it higher. He brings it up waist high and then carries it up to his shoulder, and then after a moment's pause he puts the great dumbbell up, slowly but surely, to the full height of his extended arm. After holding it there for a moment he lowers it again, and lets it down by his side once more, and, bending with it he places it firmly again on the ground, and then straightens himself up into his original pose and then the music ceases. There is nothing jerky or clock-worky about the figure's movements. The entire action is intensely human, even to the manner in which, at one or two points in the progress of the feat, it closes its eyes, in the stress of effort. It is a wonderful toy, one that fixes the attention of everybody who sees it.

There is a gymnastic bear that performs feats while standing at the top of a ladder, and there are various figures of tight-rope walkers, that walk from one end to the other of a tight rope and then back again. There is a figure of a pretty little girl holding in one hand a tiny cup from which she is supposed to drink chocolate, while in the other hand she holds a piece of bread. The little girl's dog sits up at a chair close

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by, looking at her. When this figure is started the little girl takes a sip of chocolate from the cup and then the little dog barks; he wants some bread and then the kind little girl gives him some. As the athlete that puts up the big dumbbells is the most wonderful of the toys, perhaps the most beautiful and charming is found in a gilded cage with a singing bird. The cage is full size, round in form, and with the wires bending inward to form a dome-shaped top. The base of the cage, ornamented with embossed figures, and fully gilded is four or five inches in height. The cage itself is an artistic creation, most pleasing to the eye, and within this gold cage sits a lovely little bird, a robin, that sings most charmingly. It waggles its little tail, and throws its head to one side and looks at you with its bright little eyes, and sings the robin's notes; and high or low they are clear, and true and natural. And this bird doesn't sing its song like a clock-work bird, but like a real bird. It stops entirely and you think its song has ceased; but then it starts up again just as a bird would, with its clear bright beautiful notes. A most lovely toy, and it seems cheap at the price, \$64 but, like many articles of utility in these modern days, so these things of luxury are comparatively cheaper than they were years ago; and all these various toys, indeed, that represent animals and birds, including the cheaper ones as well as the more costly, are besides made nowadays more and more like nature.

Here is a pig that blows soap bubbles; really and truly soap bubbles. It stands up on its hind legs and holds in front of itself with one of its fore feet a basin filled with soapuds, which can be replenished as the playful pig exhausts it. In its other fore foot, used as a hand, the pig holds a pipe. When this figure is set in motion the pig bends over and, holding one end of the pipe in its mouth, it dips the other end of the pipe in the soapy water and draws in sufficient for the purpose, and then straightens up again, inclines its head to one side and blows a bubble; about as big in proportion to its size as the bubble a child would blow would be in proportion to its. The pig can't blow away the bubble from the pipe itself, but the child that owns it can, and the little bubble will float off, and the pig will keep on blowing them. A curious and

humorous toy, the pig that blows soap bubbles; it cost, \$8.

There are rabbits that jump up out of cabbages, and out of roses, and chrysanthemums, and there is a monkey that tosses a ball from side to side, dancing meanwhile on the floor. There are all kinds of animals to be found among these mechanical toys, bears and rabbits and dogs and cats and cows and sheep and so on, covered with the natural skin, and having either voice or motion or both, or having some other natural characteristic; as for instance, there are toy cows that can be milked. These various nature like animals are sold at all sorts of prices, ranging down to \$1 and up to \$65, that being the price of a life-size donkey with a most natural voice.

Among multitudinous other miscellaneous mechanical toys here is a little laundry, in which five fluffy little dogs appear, with varied laundry apparatus. When a crank is turned on this toy a music box sounds, the dogs go to work in the laundry—some of them washing, some ironing and some hanging up clothes on a clothes rack. There are many toys that go while you play them. Here, for instance is a garden party of dogs and cats, some eating, some dancing; here is one dog taking a photograph of two other dogs.

Among the mechanical dolls is a little girl in a yellow satin dress, trimmed with pearls, standing at a dressing table upon which there are seen various toilet accessories. The little girl holds in one hand a hand mirror, and in the other a powder puff. This is an automatic toy that goes itself when you start it, and it has a music box attachment that goes at the same time. When this toy has been set in motion the little girl lifts the hand mirror and looks at herself in it, and then drops the hand and raises the other and then touches her face with the powder puff in the place where the mirror had told her it was required. There are many mechanical dolls and at a great variety of prices, costly and cheap.

Among cheaper mechanical toys of metal there is a great assortment, including animals, and vehicles, and men, and so on. Here is a very pretty singing bird and cage for \$1; here is a darky sitting on a chair playing a banjo, price 50 cents; there are plenty of mechanical toys for less than that, as there are many that cost more; but the variety of the cheap mechanical toys is now practically endless.

There are seen this season mechanical cars fashioned after the electric vehicles, these being made in various sizes and sold at various prices. Of mechanical trains on tracks there is as usual a great variety, and at various prices, from \$1 up. There are produced in these days not only trains but complete track outfits, with switches and sidings, and with tunnels and bridges, and railroad stations and so on. Many of these apparatuses may be bought separately. As, for instance, there is sold this year a toy railroad station, electric lighted, the light being controlled by a switch. There are switch lights and other outdoor lights that can be managed in the same manner.

Among locomotive and other engines of various kinds, worked by clockwork or by steam, there are many varieties at \$1 and less; there are large sized, carefully constructed and finely finished toy engines that run up as high in price as \$80. There may be found, and many of them at low prices, a great variety of mechanical attachments and appliances of one sort and another, as hoisting apparatus and so on.

There are this year among mechanical toys more boats than ever, and better modelled; some actuated by clockwork and some by steam. Among the vessels, there are many war boats, these including, painted in the color in which they are actually seen in service, the long, lean, sharp torpedo boats.

A wonderful and attractive display they make, the mechanical toys.

Handsome War Maps Free.

Canadians are showing a keen interest in the Transvaal war. The "Family Herald and Weekly Star," of Montreal, have placed their readers in a position to intelligently understand the situation by sending each reader of that great paper a handsome colored map, with complete information regarding all points mentioned in despatches. This map will be followed up by another to be issued by the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" to its readers at the close of the present troubles; a comparison of the two will clearly show what Great Britain has gained by the war. "Family Herald" subscribers will no doubt appreciate the publishers' generosity, which cost, it is said, thousands of dollars. The "Family Herald" seems never to forget their subscribers. It is no wonder they have such a large number.



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porous toy, the pig that blows soap bubbles; it cost, \$8. There are rabbits that jump up out of cages, and out of roses, and chrysanthemums, and there is a monkey that tosses a ball from side to side, dancing meanwhile on the floor. There are all kinds of animals found among these mechanical toys, and among these mechanical toys, cats and dogs and sheep and so on, covered with natural skin, and having either voice or motion on or both, or having some other natural characteristic; as for instance, there are toy cows that can be milked. These toys are nature like animals are sold at all prices, ranging down to \$1 and up to \$5, that being the price of a life-size key with a most natural voice. Among multitudinous other miscellaneous mechanical toys here is a little toy, in which five fluffy little dogs appear, with varied laundry apparatus. On a crank is turned on this toy a music sound, the dogs go to work in the dry—some of them washing, some hanging and some hanging up clothes on a clothes rack. There are many toys that go on you play them. Here, for instance is a garden party of dogs and cats, some east-some dancing; here is one dog taking a photograph of two other dogs. Among the mechanical dolls is a little in a yellow satin dress, trimmed with pearls, standing at a dressing table upon which there are seen various toilet accessories. The little girl holds in one hand a mirror, and in the other a powder puff. This is an automatic toy that goes off when you start it, and it has a music attachment that goes at the same time. When this toy has been set in motion the little girl lifts the hand mirror and looks at herself in it, and then drops the mirror and raises the other and then touches the powder puff in the place where the mirror had told her it was needed. There are many mechanical dolls at a great variety of prices, costly and cheap. Among cheaper mechanical toys of metal is a great assortment, including animals, and vehicles, and men, and so on. There is a very pretty singing bird and cage; here is a dark sitting on a chair; here is a banjo, price 50 cents; there are many of mechanical toys for less than that; but there are many that cost more; but the variety of the cheap mechanical toys is now practically endless. There are seen this season mechanical toys fashioned after the electric vehicles, being made in various sizes and sold at various prices. Of mechanical trains there is as usual a great variety, at various prices, from \$1 up. There produced in these days not only trains complete track outfits, with switches, sidings, and with tunnels and bridges, railroad stations and so on. Many of the appointments may be bought separately. As, for instance, there is sold this a toy railroad station, electric lighted, light being controlled by a switch. There are switch lights and other outdoor lights that can be managed in the same manner. Among locomotive and other engines of various kinds, worked by clockwork or by steam, there are many varieties at \$1 and up; there are large sized, carefully counted and finely finished toy engines that up as high in price as \$80. There may be found, and many of them at low prices, a great variety of mechanical attachments appliances of one sort and another, as lighting apparatus and so on. There are this year among mechanical toys more boats than ever, and better models; some actuated by clockwork and some by steam. Among the vessels, there are many war boats, these including, painted in the color in which they are actually in service, the long, lean, sharp torpedo boats. A wonderful and attractive display they are, the mechanical toys.

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONDS.

Mrs. Marie Zahn Lyman of Boston, has been engaged by the Germain street Baptist church as leading Soprano. Mrs. Lyman has done considerable both in church and concert work, and those who have had the pleasure of hearing her sing, state, she possesses a highly cultivated voice of excellent quality, and will be quite an acquisition to musical circles here.

Franc Alfano, a young Italian composer of whom great things were expected, recently shot himself at Monte Carlo, where he is said to have lost his entire fortune.

Heres Daroles, at the head of her Italian opera company in Berlin met with so little success that the performances were abandoned after a few nights. The Italian impresario decamped leaving the singers without funds, and the whole affair proved a distressing fiasco.

Mme. Melba has reconsidered her decision to make her first appearance in Berlin at one of the Philharmonic concerts and will sing at the new Royal Opera House, formerly known as Kroll's. She will take her own company there, including Mme. Lucia and Andrae the Italian baritone so popular in Germany.

Mme. Sembrich is to sing Margerite in French for the first time during the winter tour Ernest Van Dyck is to join the company in Chicago and announces from London that he will sing Tristan there for the first time on Monday evening Nov. 20. In spite of the prosperity that has so far attended the company's tour it has yet to be established that the troupe of Chicago, Boston and perhaps one or two other cities than the itinerant or local companies which sing in English.

Alma Webster Powell, who has been engaged for the Castle Square Opera Company is an American singer and has reversed the usual process in such cases. She acquired her musical training here and then gained success abroad on the operatic stage. She made her debut at Frankfurt in 1895. The company at the American has frequent evidence of the interest which its performances awaken in other cities. A communication from Portland, Me., the other day contained a request that principals should be sent there for a performance of 'Faust' to be repeated during two weeks. A local chorus was to be trained for the performances. This seems like a deliberate attempt to snatch away the artistic laurels of the Maine festivals.

Elsa Ruegger, the cellist to be heard in New York the week after next, was born at Luocero on Dec. 6, 1881. Her father was an official in the Government service. He moved to Brussels in her childhood and she studied there with Edward Jacobs, a celebrated teacher, and was also thrown into valuable association with Anta Campousky, the violinist. She appeared at a charity concert when she was 11, and two years later made a tour through Switzerland with one of her sisters, who is a pianist, and another who plays the violin. In Berlin she appeared first in 1896, and she returned to her studies afterward in Brussels, where in 1896, she took the first prize. Her career which has been highly successful, has included visits to Berlin, Cologne, Munich, St. Petersburg and London.

Another Italian musician is said to be as much honored as ever in his own country, in spite of his hostile criticism elsewhere. This is Don Perosi, who is to have a hall built in Milan especially for the performance of his oratorios. Hitherto his works have been sung there at La Scala or at the Cathedral. Now the old church of the place, disused for many years, is to be converted into a concert hall. Don Perosi's oratorio, 'The Massacre of the Innocents,' on which he is at work, will be the first oratorio sung there. His 'Birth of the Redeemer,' sung at Como, has not yet been heard outside of Italy, and in all

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probability never will be although there is in the enthusiasm with which it was heard by his country men no note of the distavor that characterised criticism in every other land. Don Perosi conducted the original production himself, and to the influence of his personality has been attributed much of the success that his compositions have enjoyed among his countrymen. 'The Birth of the Redeemer' is divided into two parts, 'The Annunciation' and 'Christmas.' The second part had to be repeated in full, the composer was called before the audience in the cathedral six times, and Kachmann, the baritone who sang the principal share of the music, presented to Perosi a crown of silver laurel wreaths. The libretto is said to be less interesting than any previously provided for him and to be deficient in dramatic as well as religious character.

A well known English novelist, expresses as follows the impressions he received from hearing Mme. Melba in 'Lucia':

'I went to scoff. I remained to pray. I confess my previous folly. A welcome change has come over my spirit of opera. The tawdriness of Covent Garden, the un disguised contempt for dramatic effect, the awful penny-in-the-slot chorus has hitherto kept me away. On my rare visits I have shut my eyes and tried to figure the singers standing before me in reputable evening dress. On Saturday night, however, I kept my eyes open as well as my ears and was edified. Mme. Melba is wonderful. Her voice lingered all through Sunday and drowned the various Salvation Army bands and other hideous kinds of music that pass my residence on the day of rest. And Mme. Melba can act. Were she not handicapped by her priceless voice she might be one of our great tragic actresses. I almost forgot the fact that Lucia in the flesh did not habitually converse with her associates in elaborate song.'—San Francisco Wave.

Mascagni's 'The Maske' will be ready for production at Milan in December, and the composer is to return from his concert tour in time to conduct the first performance. Its form gives further evidence of the struggle of the Italian librettists of the day to add novelty to their work. One of Goldoni's comedies has been taken as the basis of the work. Luigi Illica gave the piece its present form. The opening scene represents the greenroom of a theatre, and this episode has been called by Mascagni 'a scenic prelude.' The manager of the company comes to his actors, who are gathered to meet him. He tells them they are to perform a musical comedy. 'What's that?' cry the artists. 'Written by Mascagni,' continues the manager. 'Who's he?' cry the singers. Without noticing them the manager distributes the parts to the company. 'You are Rosaura,' he says to the first actress, 'and you are in love with Florindo. You are Pantaloon, her father, and, of course, know nothing about your daughter's love affairs. You are Columbine, and Brighello makes love to you. Brighello is the Doctor's manservant. You are Harlequin.' He hears the singers try a bar of the music they are to sing in the performance, and after this introduction the opera begins. It is in three acts, of which the story has already been told. The score is said to be modelled on the musical style of the last century, and includes three dance numbers, a giga, pavana and gavotte played at a masked ball, which makes up the second act.

As serenades are the composer's strong point, one is introduced; and, in accordance with the traditions of all preliminary announcements on the subject, is declared already by those who have heard it to be the most beautiful music that Mascagni has ever written. The opera closes with a scene in which all the singers bow to the audience and say good-night after the fashion of the old pantomimes. Milan has been selected as the scene of the first performance because the composer and Sonzogno were dissatisfied with the manner in which the public of Rome received 'Iris.'

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Yale's Devil's Auction drew large audiences to the Opera house on four nights of this week. There are a few changes since its previous visit but as a whole the production did not equal that of last year. The dancing was good, the ladies shapely and pretty, the scenic effects artistic, and there were other excellent features but there was wanting that dash and finish, the indefinable something that distinguished the Auction on its first visit. However it pleased popular taste to a certain extent and after all that is the main thing.

Appropos of nothing, why is it I wonder that no matter how good a theatrical company may be in other towns, or how well received, it suddenly loses all prestige and glory the moment it reaches St. John. Its members may be indelible and unerring in their efforts to please and yet their

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best work goes unappreciated, and really meritorious performances are given to almost empty houses. Some time ago a repertoire company visited St. John and though it didn't claim to be the greatest show on earth, it was a pretty smoothly balanced company and the female star impressed me as being wonderfully bright and clever. When half a dozen people assured me that it was the 'ranked show that ever struck the city' I was naturally a little puzzled for I quite enjoyed the one matinee performance I had witnessed.

The company played, if I mistake not, a weeks engagement under very discouraging conditions, and no doubt gladly shook the dust of St. John from their weary feet. Not long ago I happened to be in a neighboring American city which gets the best attractions on the road, and passing one of its theatres one day I noted that the same company was giving a matinee performance, and, a little curious as to how an aggregation that had been turned down here was being received in that city, I dropped into the theatre for a few moments. The S. R. O. sign was out and I stood through one act, just long enough to convince myself that the personnel of the company was the same as when here and that there was no change in any particular. Later on I made enquiries and found that big houses were the order of the engagement both at matinee and evening performances.

A dramatic writer on an evening paper to whom I confided my ideas as to the company's merit, remarked—"Well, for a repertoire company, I consider it pretty good. The star is one of the cleverest little women I've seen in that line for a long time, and her support is above the average. At any rate the show draws, so it can't be altogether bad. It strikes me you people want the earth for a quarter."

Calhane, Chase and Weston's minstrels will give a performance at the opera house on Monday evening and as they established themselves as favorites during a previous visit, they will no doubt get good patronage. The balance of the week the something-o-graph pictures will be shown,

the battle of Manila and other pictures of the Spanish American war, the International yacht races, and a whole lot of other interesting scenes and events being the features.

Florent Faget arrived in New York last week after spending the summer at her home in England.

Harry Davenport and Phyllis Rankin will soon return to the London cast of The Belle of New York.

Pol Plancon arrived in New York last Friday from Europe, and joined the Man-joe Gran Opera company in Montreal this week.

Oiga Nethersole and her company left New York on Friday for Chicago, where they opened last Monday evening in The Profligate.

Z-fie Tilbury was burned severely recently by the overturning of a lamp at the residence of her mother, Lydia Thompson, at Margate, Eng.

Lilli King Lloyd, daughter of Arthur Lloyd, the English comedian, and granddaughter of the tragedian, Thomas C. King, will accompany Sir Henry Irving on his forthcoming American tour.

Sheridan Block has won an emphatic success as the Comte de Guiche in Richard Mansfield's production of Cyrano de Bergerac. A prominent Boston critic has pronounced his portrayal a well nigh perfect one.

Mrs. Augustin Daly, much improved in health, returned to New York last week from London, whither she had gone five weeks before to arrange business matters connected with the estate of her late husband.

Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and the London Lyceum company sailed from England on Sunday for this city. On Oct. 4 Sir Henry laid the memorial stone of the new Victoria Theatre, Great Clowes street, Lower Broughton.

Adelaide Norwood, of the Castle Square Opera company, made her first appearance this season at the American Theatre on last Wednesday night as Juliet. Miss Norwood took the place of Yvonne de Treville, who was indisposed, and received a cordial welcome from the audience.

Joseph Jefferson addressed Yale undergraduates at New Haven last Monday week on the art of acting and the genius of Shakespeare, and at the close of his talk answered several questions propounded by the students. He did not think the old style of English verse could be revived; thought the older plays superior to the modern; approved vaudeville as a needed form of amusement for a certain part of the public, and was of the opinion that the tendency of the modern stage was far above that of the stage of the time of the Restoration.

PERFORMANCE OF A BRASKA CYCLONE.

Of Such a Nature That The Men Took to Drink.

The details of the performance of the recent cyclone at Herman, Neb., are now becoming known. Eye witnesses and photographs are the most sober testimony available. The statistician gives thirty as the number of deaths from violence, but the insurance agents are still estimating property losses. Herman is about forty miles north of Omaha. The inhabitants of

Advertisement for Baby's Own Soap. Includes illustration of a baby and text: 'Pure and Fragrant The "Albert" Baby's Own Soap. Is specially recommended by family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.'

this agricultural hamlet had provided their houses with cellars and many had built specially constructed cyclone cellars. While engaged in the day's work, a cylindrical cloud formed before their eyes from a clear sky. The cry of cyclone gave the impetus of terror to their flight and before the tempest reached the outskirts of the town every villager had gathered wife and bairns about him into his cellar. For a minute almost interminable they waited. Then the crash came and a succession of sounds resembling the explosion of giant fire-crackers told of the lifting from their foundations of house after house.

In one humble home the housewife had been accustomed to place her preserves on a cellar shelf close to the floor of the house. These jars extended some inches above the outside ground surface. When the house was uprooted like a sapling and carried a hundred feet the first investigator found the preserves intact rearing their heads above the surface. An ice house was the victim of one of the storm's pranks. The roof and half the wall were cut away from the back and deposited a quarter of a mile away, but the blocks of ice were not touched in the least. In the photograph the anxious owner is speculating as to the probable effects of the sun rays.

Within thirty minutes from the climax of the cyclone the stricken people were seeking consolation in malt and spirituous liquors. The photograph shows a line of men to the extreme left standing before an improvised bar. The burly Dutchman to the right is pointing a man to the direction in which the latter lived only an hour before. The principal hotel of the village was not touched by the cyclone, itself, but suffered from the impact of a tree used against its wall like a battering ram. A massive boiler was gathered in the arms of the cyclone and whirled up hill 300 feet, describing about the hotel a parabolic curve and landing in a mass of household furniture. The hotel was directly in the course but it made a polite detour.

A piano, the one luxury of some home, was carried high in the air a distance of 300 yards and deposited feet downward. The front and tail boards lay beside it, torn from their fastenings. A little girl was the first to touch it in its new position, and her ears were greeted by a kitten's piteous mew. Wedged in behind the keyboard was a much disturbed kitten which had been caught there in some mysterious fashion. The children of the village are still discussing the kitten's presence in the works of the piano.

The town of Herman is now rising from its ruins with that swiftness for which the West is noted, and in a few months not a mark will remain of the blighting hand of a Nebraska cyclone.

Mr. Konomize—You have got a great deal of wear out of that broadcloth jacket, haven't you, love?

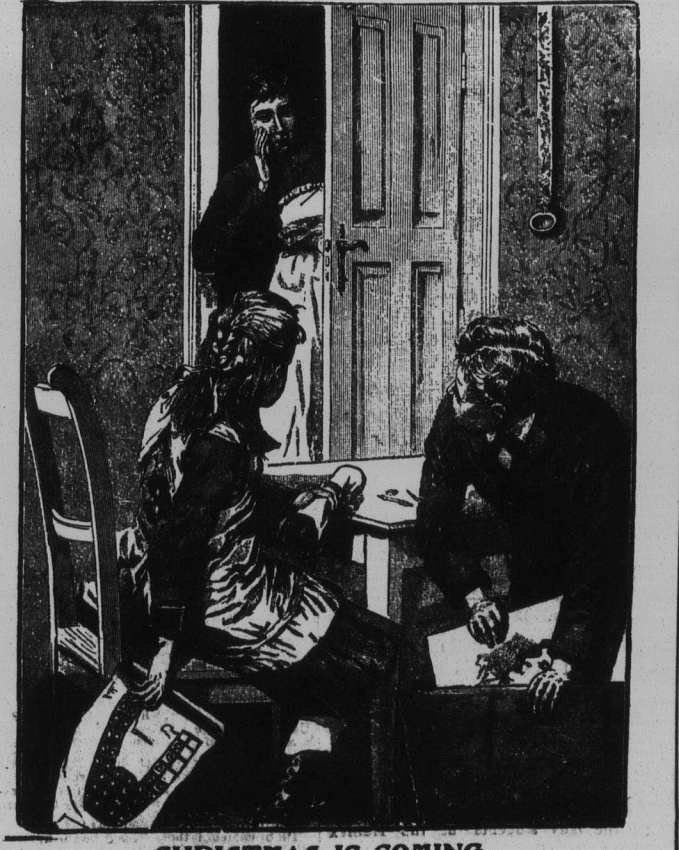
Mrs. Konomize—Yes; that's what I don't like about it.

'Wigby strokes his nose as though he loved it.'

'Yes, he's strongly attached to it, you know.'

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 4

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ENGLAND'S RESOURCES

The British reverse at Ladysmith and the capture of such a large number of troops have raised the question as to how many soldiers England has available. There has been an impression that the land army of Great Britain is weak but this is not so. The regular army in England and the colonies at the beginning of the year was composed of 171,394 men. The great bulk of this force was in the British Isles. One army corps is in course of despatch to South Africa and the reserves of that corps alone have been called out, namely, 25,000 men out of a total of 83,000, forming the First Class Army Reserves.

Very recently the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolley in a public speech stated that two army corps could be despatched to any part of the world as quickly as transportation could be provided, and another corps shortly afterwards.

If every regular soldier in Great Britain and Ireland is shipped away for foreign service the garrisons are at once remanned by the militia, composed of 132,493 men, and the yeomanry cavalry of 11,891 men.

In the event of the militia and yeomanry being sent abroad to reinforce the regular army, then the government will call out the magnificent volunteer army of 263,963 men. Needless to tell any military man that in physique, workmanship, spirit and intelligence, the volunteers are the grandest force England has ever possessed.

Finally, conservative military estimates place the number of men in private life who have passed through one or other of the military services as above one million. The above facts prove that the military resources of England are practically inexhaustible.

FAILURES OF YOUNG MEN.

The most potent causes of failure on the part of young men is a topic that is receiving a great deal of attention from thoughtful people in the world today (and the ex-president of the World's fair at Chicago who has had a great deal of experience in the direction of young men's institutions says, that chief among the causes which bring positive failure or a disappointing portion of half-success to thousands of honest strugglers is vacillation. The lack of an undeviating application to one pursuit is a cardinal weakness in the younger generation of toilers in almost every line of effort. The young men who keep their eyes fixed on a definite goal never yielding an inch until their efforts are attended with absolute success, are not as common types as we might wish. Indomitable will is a quality of character that the young man of today may well afford to consider and cultivate. Uniform courtesy—kindness of disposition expressed in graciousness of conduct—contributes, to a larger degree than is generally appreciated, to the advancement of the young man who fosters this trait. On the other hand, surliness and even indifference militate against the promotion of the one who is so unfortunate as to allow these repellent forces to influence his relations with others. Politeness is so easy of acquirement and so profitably entertained that we may well wonder its cultivation receives so little serious attention. Certainly, the failure rightly to prize this element of character gives the key to many a life failure. The disposition to look on work as a task to be thrown off at the earliest possible moment is a too common failing, and is the reverse of that stalwart faithfulness which attracts the attention and approval of employers

and gains promotion and advancement for those who thus identify themselves with the interests of those who they serve. It is with the young man as with the farmer; he best succeeds who plows deepest. To scratch the surface of things lightly is not enough to insure a bountiful harvest. The crop of such a seeding is a failure. He who would win must go deeper, must live more seriously and with greater determination and fixedness of purpose.

Electricity as we know it is just a hundred years old. In 1799, the Italian scientist VOLTA gave definite form to the method of producing the current; and it is from his name that we have the term "volt meter" to describe the instrument which measures the force of the current and "volt" as the unit of that measurement. We know several persons who would like to wait around and see what developments along this line may be reached at the end of another century.

The Wagner and Pullman companies have joined forces, but the public is not likely to benefit by the change. Neither concern has been in business from philanthropic motives, and the present high rate for sleeping accommodations will undoubtedly be maintained. The companies will make more money and the public will neither gain nor lose, except as the consolidation affords the chance of rate cutting competition.

Two prominent English writers have died recently, GRANT ALLEN, a voluminous and sometimes fascinating author who touched on many themes but whose best work was done in his earlier years and FLORENCE MARRYAT daughter of the once famous Captain FREDERICK MARRYAT, herself an author of many fine qualities. Her works included "Life and Letters of Captain MARRYAT" "LITTLE STEPHEN" and "THE HEART OF JANE WARNER."

A temporary agreement has been reached between the governments of the United States and Great Britain, with the acquiescence of Canada, upon a boundary-line in the disputed Alaskan territory. The line is drawn across Chilkat Pass, but the location is immaterial, the main point being that local friction is avoided by an arrangement which fixes a line without affecting the claims of either party.

Ohio and Kentucky are enjoying political campaigns warm enough for the most ardent partisan. In both states the situation is beautifully mixed and a victory for either party in either state would be conclusive of nothing more stable than superior party management. There is more manipulation than genuine discussion of issues.

The experiment of using coke for fuel in locomotives on the Boston & Maine Railroad is said to have proved very successful. It is cleaner than coal, is smokeless and dustless, and is free from the sparks and cinders which frequently ignite dry wood and vegetation along railroad-tracks.

The Boers are not so ignorant as some people would try to make out. Their system of education is a thorough one and they take particular pride in their schools. One million dollars annually is set aside for educational purposes.

On January first Russia moves a step forward by using the Gregorian Calendar. Hitherto Russian time has been 11 days behind that of the rest of the Christian world.

The hero of Manila has surrendered at last. A widow of unlimited means and forty years is his conqueror.

Indian Summer is a thing of the past and November winds reign supreme.

News from the Transvaal grows more encouraging.

Football is King.

The Partridge Was Bull's Proof.

A good story comes from the country regarding the mistake of a well-known and popular game warden who fired several times at what he thought to be a partridge. When he discovered that he had been peeping at a knot on a pine tree he was so disgusted with himself that it is rumored he thinks of giving up his job.

In Large Attendance.

The attendance at the Currie Business University of this city is larger than ever for this time of the year. Forty-five new students entered during the past few weeks, and there are now about 185 in attendance.

A Conundrum for Principal Latog.

DEAR PROGRESS: Why are the Boers like the lady students at the Halifax Ladies College? Because they hang around Laings Nek.

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Harbor Bar. The stars are bright in Heavens firmament, The ocean lies asleep, no blot to mar Its surface, only here and there the lights Of ships beamed, beyond the harbor bar. F. down the bay the lighthouse fire gleams, Now red, now green, the sailors guiding star. Full many a vesper by its light has won A haven safe, in side the harbor bar.

It is and smoke and think of days long past. When but a child, no cloud my sky to mar, I launched my barque upon the sea of life, And ventured forth, beyond the harbor bar.

And now long years have passed, and times decay, Has changed the old surroundings, once so dear, And tossed about by love, despair, and woe, My barque's dismantled, its last anchor near.

Through storm and calm, the surches and the rains, The light of faith shone like a guiding star. All through the long, long years, and now I steer For Heaven's light, beyond Dea's harbor bar. CHARLES MCINTYRE.

The Trackwalker. With head bent low and shoulders stooped, And slow, slow-kneeling eye Fixed on the rails, a silt of shape, The track-walker goes by.

A five-mile strip of grimy stones, And I will not be a hand, Is a life's world. June knows that drift In dancings of the land.

He heeds not, nor red autumn flares The rails now the air, But he will not be kept in place— This is his only care.

He quits his task the steps before The rocking train stoops past, Then stoops, while still the pebbles whirl, To make a loose bolt fast.

The rule hid in surd's blood, Now rust and silent tread, He hits to find, and now ride by In cushioned east at cost.

O his long march and lonely watch, Nor give a backward glance To the best shoe and padding feet Whose toll their sappy brains.

More is to him a sentry beat To tread through sun and rain, His noon a place to turn at start Back into night again.

A ceaseless trapper all his days, Now heeds not the merry road, In yonder orchard is his house, Aere 'twas 'twas his home.

Unmourned, unmissed, he died to find The last line miles all it did, That whose walk a rail way track Aright has walked with it.—William H. Woods.

Must the Lobster Go? We've gazed with resignation on the passing of the sea, Nor care a continental for the legendary rock, And the dodo and the dodo and the ornithomachus May go and yet the passing brings no shade of woe to us.

We entrain us ever that the megatherium, Forever and forever is departed, dead and dumb; But a we that hovers o'er us brings a keen and bitter pain, As we would see the lobster vanish of the coast of Maine.

Oh, does emerald daintily of the lodge-holes of the sea, I tune my lute in honor is a trophy for thee. You've been the nation's martyr and 'twas wrong to treat you so.

And you may not think we love you; yet we hate to see you go. We've given you the blues and hot-pottery and red, and yet We've loved you better martyred than when living, now you're dead.

You have no ears to listen, so, alas, we can't explain, The sorrow that we bring us as you leave the coast of Maine.

Do not fail to mark our feelings as we bitterly deplore The passing of the hero of the dinner at the shore? Ah, what's the use of living if you also can't survive. Until you die to furnish us the joy of one "broiled live?"

And what can't you see? Or what longings when to us you're dead? Or what can furnish thunder to the legislative brain When ruthless Fate has swept you from the rocky coast of Maine? I see, and sigh in seeing, in some distant, future Your vanishing shell reposing under glass upon a plate.

The while some pundit lectures on the curles of the past, And dainty ladies shudder as they gaze on you in shame. And all the folks that listen will wonder vaguely at The fact that once lived heathen who could eat a thing like that. Ah, that's the fate you're facing—but laments are all in vain. Tell the dodo that you saw us when you lived down here in Maine. —Levinton Journal.

The Seaman's Sermon. The field awaits. Away with fears. All hail the sounding of the bugles— The line's rebound be smother. Be this the watchword: "Eighty-five— Nine—sixteen—forty-two!" We mark it well as stout we strive To wear the black and blue.

We know no South, we know no North, Nor East nor West we know, 'Neath starward elms we rally forth, And Stanford's portico. Our cause "Big box hulls reel Whig whang hurra hurra!" The slogan moves us mightily Who love the black and blue.

And some will fall amid the fray— Oh, envied sons of men! P. rebance, the surgeons helping, they Will live to be his again. While he's zoned on our college scrolls We'll write them brave and true Who add the titles to the rolls Of Knights of Black and Blue.

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

THE HERO OF THE BRAZOS.

He was Only a Farm Hand but His Deeds Were Heroic.

Near the city of Hempstead, in Texas, there lives a farm-hand who has proved himself a hero of peace, and whose name should be remembered by the people of his country with all the gratitude they willingly bestow upon the heroes of our armies.

One of the great rivers of Texas is the Brazos, a stream subject to vast floods, which often rise so suddenly that the people living near it have no time to escape the rush of the waters.

In early times a colony of Franciscan friars established a mission on a mound near the bank of the river. They built a church and a village, and taught the neighboring Indians. A hostile tribe, however, swept over the country, ravaging and burning, and their seemed to be no salvation for the friars and their converts behind the feeble defences of their mound. But of a sudden the waters of the river rose, and terrible floods swept away the savages, and saved the little garrison.

Then the friars, so the story goes, saw plainly the working of the Lord, and they called the river which had enveloped them "Los Brazos de Dios—The Arms of God."

But the Brazos is not always merciful. During the recent floods in Texas its waters played a mighty part in the destruction of life and property. One night, as the flood was beginning to overspread the farming lands, a young man named Fritz McGee was awakened by the distant roar. He rose, hurried out, and after some difficulty, secured a single frail rowboat and started alone on the work of rescue.

All through that terrible night he worked among the negro cabins scattered over the flooded seventy-five human beings, men, women, and children, and had conveyed them to high and safe ground.

It is doubtful whether a single man ever before saved so many lives, one by one, in so short a time. Fritz McGee, farm hand, rowing his fragile skiff through the darkness over the turbulent water, is a figure to stir the noblest feelings.

The Religious "Slot-Machine."

In the Adirondack Mountains, at a place of popular resort, there is a chapel where the contributions are often liberal in the summer season, but where the contributions still chiefly consist, as far as bulk goes, of small coins. The rector of this church, who is a man of dignified and ministerial appearance, is accustomed to go with the Sunday offering to one of the hotels, and receive a check for the amount of it.

One Monday morning he was counting the money at the desk of the hotel cashier and was at that moment scraping together the nickels and coppers, which were in abundant supply. Just then a bell-boy came up who seemed to have something on his mind.

"What is it, my little man?" asked the rector, in his most benighted tone.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the boy, "but are you the man what runs the slot-machine down stairs?"

The boy could never understand why all the people, including the rector, laughed at him. The laugh was really on the Sunday contributors to the church funds. Many clergymen, we have no doubt, will sympathize with this supposed proprietor of the slot-machine.

"Specialized."

All retailers like to have and announce their specialties; and sometimes, it seems, such commercial specialties may take on a very general character. A travelling man tells the Washington Star that, while visiting lately a small but enterprising town in West Virginia, he came upon the following sign:

THE BEEHIVE STORE.

Ronceverte, W. Va. Dealers in General Merchandise and Country Produce of Every Kind. SPECIALTIES: Coffins, Caskets and Burial Supplies; Salt, Bacon and Lard; Hides, Furs and Live Foxes.

In addition to these somewhat diverse specialties, the proprietor of the store carried on the business of a fire insurance agent.

She was in Earnest.

"When she will, she will, you can depend on't," is a line which many men have quoted of many women. The saying is often unjust, and the woman is often justified, but now and then the cap fits perfectly.

Not long ago a fast express was bow-

ling over the sands of Arizona. Just how it happened was frequently explained and never understood, but as the train sped along the side of a parched river, it suddenly left the rails, rolled down the bank and landed in three feet of muddy water at the bottom of the river-bed.

Within the cars there was some natural confusion. Men, women and lunch-boxes were thrown into a heap, and not an umbrella nor parcel was left in the racks.

One by one the occupants of the rear car extricated themselves from the mess, and sought for means of escape, while standing various wounds caused by broken glass. Every exit was jammed tight. Just then, in the midst of the doubt and confusion, rose a woman's voice in emphatic demand.

"Let me out! Let me out! If you don't let me out, I'll break a window."

INJURY TO THE EYES AT SCHOOL.

Some Reasons why Children Have Defective Eyesight.

Much attention has been given during the past few years to the eyesight of children. Tests of vision have been made in schools all over the world, and the results have been astonishing, if not alarming. It has been proved that short-sightedness exists among pupils in school and colleges to a much greater extent than was supposed, and what is more disquieting, the number of pupils who have defective vision seems to be steadily growing larger.

Another fact brought out by such tests is that the proportion of those suffering from imperfect eyesight increases with the advance in studies, being least in the lowest classes and greatest in the highest.

A German investigator discovered this thirty years ago as the result of an examination of the eyes of ten thousand students in the schools at and near Breslau. In the primary schools he found about six in every hundred children suffering from poor eyesight; in the intermediate schools the number of near-sighted pupils had increased to more than ten per cent., in the high schools to twenty-five per cent., while in the university sixty students out of every hundred were myopic, or short-sighted.

A similar ascending scale of defective vision has been noted among school children in other countries, although the proportions are not so high anywhere else as in Germany and Russia, a fact explained by the excessive strain put upon the eyes in reading German and Russian characters.

That the prevalence of defective eyesight among children is in great part due to the overstraining of a weak organ is not open to question. Unskilled laborers, and others who have not been obliged to strain their eyes in early life, have usually good eyesight, but skilled workmen, type-setters, and so on, who use their eyes for close work and begin to learn their trade young, are often near sighted.

Dr. Casey A. Wood of Chicago has recently drawn attention to the strain put upon the eyes of very young children by certain of the kindergarten tasks; but this subject is too important and too large to be compressed into a single article, and we must consider the means of protecting the eyes in another article.

Well Done.

At half past two in the morning, not long ago, the crew of a train on the Delaware Railroad discovered that the signals at Gain's Crossing were set to stop coming trains in both directions.

An investigation was made and the block operator was discovered at his desk in the tower, bleeding and unconscious. He had been assaulted and robbed, but before losing consciousness he had managed to set the signals that prevented the possibility of collisions. We are inclined to prophesy that the world will hear again from this brave young man.

Not Contagious.

The reminiscences and recollections of W. G. Grace, the veteran English cricketer, contain at least one good story—a joke made by Tom Emmett, a famous bowler.

One Saturday afternoon Emmett was bowling for his club, but the fielders dropped catch after catch with such systematic persistence that he lost his temper, threw the ball on the ground, and said:

"I'm not going to bowl any more. There's an epidemic on this ground, but thank heaven, it ain't catchin'!"

DYING AND CLEANING of all descriptions done at shortest notice. Don't forget that out laundry work is the best. Telephone or postal and we'll call at once. 28 to 34 Waterloo St. Phone 58.

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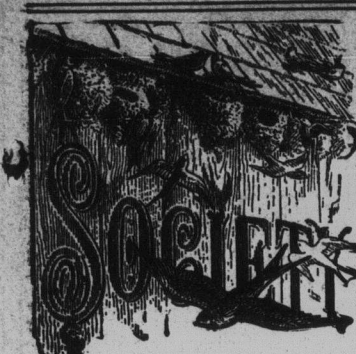
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'This,' said the medical student, as the echo of the boarding house gong resounded through the corridors, 'is where we get our bones and sinews.'



Tuesday was the evening of this week given up to social gaieties of various descriptions, and among the merriest and most enjoyable of that evening was the Hallow E'en party which took place at the residence of Major and Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, and was in the nature of a surprise for the first intimates Mr. and Mrs. Sturdee had of the affair was when about fifty of their young friends assembled in force, bringing a pianola and well filled baskets of the dainties and most substantial refreshments. The large drawing rooms were quickly cleared for dancing, and numerous sitting out nooks sprang up in an amazingly short time. The party was in honor of Mrs. Sturdee's niece, Miss Desbrisay of Stord, Que., who is visiting her aunt.

At half past eleven supper was served, and as they entered the dining room a grinning "quash a-vill" confronted them from the centre of the table. It was indeed a veritable Hallow E'en decorations that prevailed for the receptacles for many of the "wands were cabbage, etc., hollowed out. After supper dancing was resumed till one o'clock when a grand march was given to "Soldiers of the Queen" the ladies carrying Union Jacks, and all joining in the chorus. God Save the Queen was sung and cheers were given for Major and Mrs. Sturdee, the promoters of one of the most enjoyable occasions of the season, and the pianola. Among the guests were:

- Miss McLaughlin, Miss Muriel Robertson, Misses Inches, Misses Robertson, Miss Taylor, Miss McDonald, Miss Smith, Miss Robinson, Mrs. F. K. Sayre, Mrs. Taylor, Capt. Barker, R. A., Messrs. Sears, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Vroom, Mr. Welch, Mr. Sturdee, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, Mrs. J. J. Parks, Miss Leavitt and Mrs. Geo. Mitchell, No. 2 table—Mrs. D. McMillan, Mrs. Thos. McAvity, Mrs. H. V. H. Mrs. E. A. Smith and Miss Eyster, No. 3 table—Mrs. A. McNicholl, Mrs. L. Allison Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. James Belyea, Usual table—Mrs. Passill, Mrs. Graham, Miss Kitchen table—Mrs. J. Golding, Mrs. H. G. Food, Miss Tuck, The tea room will be in charge of Mrs. A. H. Hamilton, assisted by Mrs. Jo'n Burpee and a number of ladies, One table will be in charge of Mrs. J. Gregory, Mrs. J. Thomson and Mrs. Gorbill assisted by eight young ladies, Mrs. A. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. C. McDonald, assisted by eight young ladies, will have charge of another, and Mrs. Jos. Seymour, Mrs. D. McLean, Mrs. Black, and eight young ladies will have charge of another, Ice cream table—Mrs. Burt, Miss B. McLaren, Miss Walker, Miss Puddington and Mrs. David Magee, Miss Graham, Miss Passill, Miss McNicholl and Miss Boyd, Candy—Mrs. F. R. Titus, Miss Flo Golding, Miss Marie Titus, Miss Emma Titus, Miss Heaven, Mrs. L. McMillan, Dutch oven, in charge of Miss Flo Block; Miss Beatrice Skinner and Miss Myra Frink, One of the pleasantest of the many Hallow E'en parties, was that held at the residence of Mr. William Steele, Paradise row, where many young people assembled and spent the evening in dancing, music and those games sacred to Hallow E'en. A delicious supper was served, and it was well into Wednesday morning before the guests, among whom were the following, took their departure:

- Mrs. Hoyt, Misses Haelett, Miss Sarah Armstrong, Miss Nellie Hallid, Miss Bertie Campbell, Miss L. Allingham, Miss Ella Woonacott, Misses Steele, John Barrie, Gordon Boyce, Charles Clarke, Mr. Pearce, Wm. Steele, Joseph Bramhall, Horace Hoyt, Mr. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Taylor of Los Angeles, California, who spent some months visiting here, left for their home in the West, going by steamer as far as New Orleans, Mr. G. A. Williams of Gagetown, spent part of the week in the city, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Jones, who were in Quebec to see the Conflagrant sail, went from there to New York where they are visiting for a short time, Mr. Alfred H. Ellis left this week for Newfoundland, having received news of the severe illness of his mother, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lockhart are enjoying a holiday trip to the Upper Canadian cities, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Foster of Tracadie, were in the city for a short time this week, Capt. H. A. Calhoun of Albert Mines, made a brief stay in the city this week, Mr. James Fender left this week for Chicago, Lt. Col. Tucker, Col. McLean and W. E. Vroom, arrived home Tuesday from Quebec, where they had been to say farewell to the Canadian troops, Miss Harriet Sands of Bridgetown, N. S. arrived here this week and will make her future home with friends in this city, Mrs. Day Crookshank of Fredericton is visiting friends here, Miss Alice Jordan who has been visiting friends in the north and returned to her home in the Annapolis valley, The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Murdoch, Pine street, Mount Pleasant was invaded Tuesday night by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, who gathered for the purpose of tendering congratulations on the seventh anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch's marriage. A most enjoyable evening was spent. Vocal and instrumental music was sweetly rendered, while the younger folks indulged in the pleasant recreation of the dance. Congratulations were profuse, and the climax was reached when the host and hostess were presented with a beautiful sideboard as a memento of the occasion by the guests. Rev. Mr. Rainnie made the presentation in a few well chosen remarks, and Mr. Murdoch responded on behalf of himself and Mrs. Murdoch, thanking the donors most heartily for their kindly remembrance of himself and wife, The Misses Fenety of Florida, who have been spending the summer in Fredericton, are in the city on their return south. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Fenety, Miss Gertrude Evans of Sheldiac and Mrs. William Chandler of Charlottetown, P. E. I., is visiting Mrs. J. B. Copp, Orange street.

A Wonderful Storm. The records of the Hydrographic Bureau at Washington show that the terrible hurricane which wrought wholesale destruction in Porto Rico in August last was longer lived than any storm hitherto reported to the bureau. It lasted from August 3rd until August 21st, within which time it travelled between 4000 and 5000 miles. It also began its career farther east than any tropical storm yet on record. It was first noticed on August 3rd, about half way between the coasts of Africa and South America, at 16° 16' below north latitude 12° 0'. On the 8th its centre ravaged Porto Rico, then it turned up the coast of the United States, and was last noticed about 800 miles directly east of New York.

apparatus for the sailors' home, and also to liquidate a debt incurred in furnishing the home. The fair was held in the school room of St. John's (Sons) church, kindly offered for the occasion. It was served from six to eight o'clock and during the afternoon and evening pretty heavy work was done for Mrs. Lavoy Tilley superintending this department with many able assistants.

The other ladies in charge were: No. 1 table—Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. Jov. Allison, Mrs. John Bullock, Mrs. W. J. Parks, Miss Leavitt and Mrs. Geo. Mitchell, No. 2 table—Mrs. D. McMillan, Mrs. Thos. McAvity, Mrs. H. V. H. Mrs. E. A. Smith and Miss Eyster, No. 3 table—Mrs. A. McNicholl, Mrs. L. Allison Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. James Belyea, Usual table—Mrs. Passill, Mrs. Graham, Miss Kitchen table—Mrs. J. Golding, Mrs. H. G. Food, Miss Tuck, The tea room will be in charge of Mrs. A. H. Hamilton, assisted by Mrs. Jo'n Burpee and a number of ladies, One table will be in charge of Mrs. J. Gregory, Mrs. J. Thomson and Mrs. Gorbill assisted by eight young ladies, Mrs. A. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. C. McDonald, assisted by eight young ladies, will have charge of another, and Mrs. Jos. Seymour, Mrs. D. McLean, Mrs. Black, and eight young ladies will have charge of another, Ice cream table—Mrs. Burt, Miss B. McLaren, Miss Walker, Miss Puddington and Mrs. David Magee, Miss Graham, Miss Passill, Miss McNicholl and Miss Boyd, Candy—Mrs. F. R. Titus, Miss Flo Golding, Miss Marie Titus, Miss Emma Titus, Miss Heaven, Mrs. L. McMillan, Dutch oven, in charge of Miss Flo Block; Miss Beatrice Skinner and Miss Myra Frink, One of the pleasantest of the many Hallow E'en parties, was that held at the residence of Mr. William Steele, Paradise row, where many young people assembled and spent the evening in dancing, music and those games sacred to Hallow E'en. A delicious supper was served, and it was well into Wednesday morning before the guests, among whom were the following, took their departure:

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The Merry-go-Round. When the dog-star reigns and the locust swarms, and summer comes again, By lake and bay and seashore, near the crowded haunts of men, With their clack and din and clangor, and its rollicking minstrelsy, The Merry-go-Round goes circling past in full, tumultuous glee.

And ever the riders gather at the showman's blast and call, Lured by the great wheel's glitter and the music's rattle and fall; They catch the fringe that glitters from the garvogue's mouth of steel, As the allegro marches with the whirling of the wheel.

On giraffes tall and lions fierce, and conners black and gray, They sit in endless pageant to a strange voluciferous array; Heedless of past and future, intent on the joy of the hour, They ride to the music's stridor and move to the music's power.

The girl in pink in the chariot who always is flying by Seems lost in the mazy sound, as if in an ecstasy; And to the hurrying voice and to the loud rattle of the wheels, she fits entranced, entrapt in that enchanting melody.

To the organ's growl and trumpet's bray and shout of a castrone, She rotates round in the giddy swirl, this beautiful demohelle. The feeble cichs, the cymbals clash, the merry rattle goes on, She comes and goes in chariot red, by prancing steeds led on.

And on its slumbers soft, through a mirage of the mind, I mark the vast wheel's orbit, its every phase outlined; I see her yet, I hear it still—the girl, the gown, the strain, Her full-blown charms—the haunting chords of that mad, weird refrain.

When Sirius shines and thrashes fast, and summer comes once more, At all of his people groves, by lake and bay and shore— As the Merry-go-Round goes circling past, like some religious mood, I marvel will the stop-gong sound ere I can catch the tune? 'Ere I may catch the tune and air, the keynote of the show, The wondrous tune, the frantic tune, the tune that makes it go!

Not to Stay. We hear of horseless carriages, Propelled by unseen wings, Also of loveless marriages, Which are not quite the thing. We hear of wireless telegrams, A wonder of our day, But we don't think armless courtships Will ever come to stay.

THE REMARKABLE ACT OF A DOG DURING ONE OF THE HEATED BATTLES. Those who saw the soldiers' mascots under fire in the Santiago campaign were pretty well convinced that an animal does not know when it is under fire, and is much more afraid of the guns discharged by its friends than of those discharged by an enemy. The animals in the coast villages which were bombarded by the American fleet did not take to flight with the inhabitants, but remained quite unconcerned, unless a missile fell in their immediate neighborhood.

However, a story altogether different is told of some of the dogs in the Philippine villages. The trustee by correspondence of the "Chicago Record" says that the Philippine dogs are invariably long and white, with ears pointed like those of a fox. They are always hungry, and have no objection to inhabiting the American camps.

On the day of the fight between the American and Filipino armies at Bagbag, the signal-corp men were engaged in striding telegraph-wires along the railroad-track, in order that the commanding general might be informed of the progress of the battle. Not a shot had yet been fired, suddenly a white native dog went sitting swiftly through the grass at the side of the railroad. The signalmen called to it; it paid no attention, but kept on southward, getting out of range as fast as its legs could carry it.

Presently a shot was heard, and in a few minutes the fusillade became general. More dogs now came rushing past their noses to the ground-bullets raised the dust in front of them, and cut the Bamboos above them. They could not run faster, and they dared not stop. They were getting out of the fight as fast as they could, and were all going in the right way.

One of them was wiser than the rest. With astonishing intelligence he sought the deepest part of the ditch, covered from the fire on one side by the high embankment, and protected on the other by a grass-covered mound. He lay so still that the soldiers thought he was dead, as they passed by in a crushing attitude on account of the firing bullets. The correspondent who tells the story looked closely at the dog, and saw that his eyes were wide open. The correspondent spoke to him, as if threatening to drive him on, but the look which came into the dog's eyes asked so plainly to be left alone that the man could do no less than to respect the appeal.

The dog was left behind. He saw the charge of the Kansas Volunteers, but he did not budge as they went by him. He heard the shrill shriek and the bullets cut the air; but he seemed to know that he was safe in the ditch, and he had no notion of moving to get a better view. At night, after the shooting was over, he came to the camp timidly. Some one threw him a piece of meat. He grew braver and followed the Americans to Calumpit; but during the fight there he disappeared, and did not show himself again after the shooting was over. He is a clever dog, but like most of the natives, he "no quere" much boom-boom"—He does not care for shooting.

A Perfect Day. Fair was the blue sky overhead, Fair was the earth below; Such an incident's breath, the wind Went wandering to and fro.

The creeping grasses clad the earth In a verdure of green; A summer day's sun was more sweet, The earth has never seen. Yet something still it seems to lack To satisfy my heart; Lovely, but lifeless as a thing Created by some art.

But lo!—I heard a gush of song. The whirling of the wheels more sweet, And into happy joyous life The whole world seemed to spring. —NINETEEN M. LOWATER.

The Merry-go-Round. When the dog-star reigns and the locust swarms, and summer comes again, By lake and bay and seashore, near the crowded haunts of men, With their clack and din and clangor, and its rollicking minstrelsy, The Merry-go-Round goes circling past in full, tumultuous glee.

And ever the riders gather at the showman's blast and call, Lured by the great wheel's glitter and the music's rattle and fall; They catch the fringe that glitters from the garvogue's mouth of steel, As the allegro marches with the whirling of the wheel.

On giraffes tall and lions fierce, and conners black and gray, They sit in endless pageant to a strange voluciferous array; Heedless of past and future, intent on the joy of the hour, They ride to the music's stridor and move to the music's power.

The girl in pink in the chariot who always is flying by Seems lost in the mazy sound, as if in an ecstasy; And to the hurrying voice and to the loud rattle of the wheels, she fits entranced, entrapt in that enchanting melody.

To the organ's growl and trumpet's bray and shout of a castrone, She rotates round in the giddy swirl, this beautiful demohelle. The feeble cichs, the cymbals clash, the merry rattle goes on, She comes and goes in chariot red, by prancing steeds led on.

Economy.

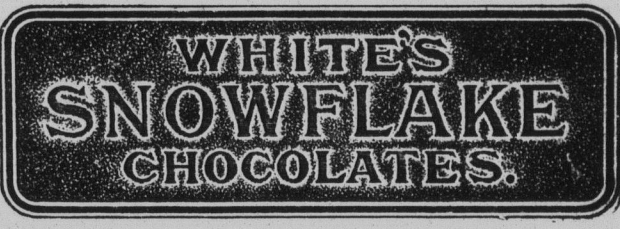
"All economical housekeepers want Welcome Soap is what I can truthfully testify."—[Mrs. M. Grace, Middle Sackville, N. B.]

"I have proved Welcome to be the most economical and best soap I have ever used."—[Mrs. John Dow, Kentville, N. S.]

"I have used Welcome Soap for over two years and think it is the best soap in the market; good for all purposes and lasts much longer than any other soap I have ever used."—Mrs. Jennie Lewis, Sydney, C. B.

Do you grasp the idea? Try it! The famous

Welcome Soap.



Calcium-Nickel Fluoride

FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry. Manufactured under Mexican patent by

THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico. Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.

Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Ferro-Nickel Manganese

For Cupola, Crucible or Ladle use is the only low priced but high-grade Alloy that does not convert hard white iron into soft ductile steel castings. A sample keg, 100 pounds, shipped for trial to any responsible foundryman. From the Durango Iron Mountain high-grade Nickel and Manganese under Mexican patents by

The National Ore & Reduction Co., Durango, Mexico. Stahlknecht Y. Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic, Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale.

Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE'

(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.

"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Health. FRY'S Pure Concentrated COCOA Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

6 FOR ADDITIONAL COURT NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALLIFAX NOTES.

Programs in for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.

Monson & Co., Barrington street... Cor. George & Granville Sts... Brunswick street... Dartmouth N. St. Queen Elizabeth... 181 Brunswick St.

Mr. F. F. Mathers and bride have arrived home from their wedding trip, which embraced the principal United States cities.

The Talbot sailed for England Friday. During the ship's sojourn in Halifax the officers made many friends—their departure will create quite a blank in society.

The naval assistant to the Marine and Fisheries department, Captain Foomfield Douglas, R. N. Z.

Edward Lantaulm, St. John and Henry N. Patist-Straits of Canoe, are in to n.

At St. Stephen's chapel, last Sunday morning, Rev. K. C. Hind, is a touching and eloquent manner, particularly the Nova Scotia contingent.

In a most impressive address the rector dwelt on the fitness of Mr. Stairs for the command of the volunteers; his high character or example would be appreciated, not only by his company, but by all who would come in close contact with him.

Nov. 1.—Dr. and Mrs. Randal's dance came off last Friday evening, in the Merchant's Bank building, and never since we have been enjoying social gatherings, in this hall, was there a more thoroughly successful function.

Mrs. Randal was assisted, in locking after the comfort of her guests, by Mrs. G. B. Martelle Matilda and her sister-in-law, Dr. Ella Randal of Antigonish.

Mrs. Randal received in a charming and elegant manner, in a black brocade, the ladies arranged with green silk and black embroidered chiffon.

Mrs. Martelle was in black brocade, the ladies dressed in black lace over red silk.

TO OBTAIN A GOLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

OFTEN WHEN BABY DOES ITS FIRST STEP MOTHER IS TOO WEAK TO WALK



DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION MAKES MOTHERS HEALTHY & STRONG

rich gown of dove grey silk, shot in rose, with trimmings of rose silk and white chiffon.

Mrs. Taylor was as usual looking lovely, and wore a gown of white Swiss with trimmings of white valencienne, and corsage bouquet of pink and white carnations.

Miss Winifred Bligh was in white Swiss muslin. Miss Bigelow looked unusually well in pink dress silk and train.

Nov. 2.—Mrs. Erv, Berwick, is visiting in town. Miss Grace Moody, Halifax, recently visited Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Christie.

Nov. 2.—Mr. Geo. E. Corbett left this week on a trip to Boston and New York.

Nov. 1.—Miss Lena Haines is on the sick list. Mr. A. Eldridge of Yarmouth spent a little while in the city this week.

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Mass., on Saturday, after a pleasant visit with old friends at Digby.

Mr. Geo. Bishop was a passenger to Bridge-water on Wednesday to attend a meeting in that town.

Mr. A. J. S. Copp, M. P., went to Quebec to witness the departure of the Canadian contingent for the Transvaal.

Mr. Dodwell, government engineer, was in town yesterday, on route from Church Point, where he had been looking after public works.

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The Best is None too Good.

At Allan's White Pharmacy, 87 Charlotte Street, you will find the best of everything in the Drug Line.

My Dispensing Department is the largest and brightest in the city. Every prescription receives careful attention and is promptly dispensed.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled. Telephone 39.

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GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, "The Emancipator"—Illustrated by Harter.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Mosey Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars."

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—other notable Art Features by other artists.

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THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

ONLY A COUGH!

But it may be a sign of some serious malady fastening itself upon the vital parts. Puttner's Emulsion will dis'odge it and restore the irritated and inflamed tissue to healthy action.

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

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Are supplied in various Qualities for all purposes. CALVERT'S CARBONIC SOAPS. Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

BOURBON. ON HAND. 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE. Boutechou Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Boutechou Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

THE LADY'S

TARINA is soap, making it a hygienic toilet and a pleasant and disengaging lady should have 25 cents, at box, or sent by price.

ALBERT TO... P. O. Co.

Nov. 1.—The W. amusement here to on Monday night, was held at Mrs. B. the members were spent. Refreshment and afterwards dancing. These people Mr. and Mrs. Stew Chapin, Miss Chap Darcas, Miss Bal and Bishop.

Mrs. W. P. Bligh is her mother, Mrs. Mr. Mark Fogg and will remain all Miss Madge Dun Carzquets.

Mr. and Mrs. D. we k from a visit and Wallaceburg. Mrs. James Fogg with a severe attack.

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL: story of New Orleans, "The Embolismologist"—Illustrated by Hester.

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TARINA
The LADY'S HAIR SOAP

TARINA is the only perfect shampoo soap, making the hair soft and sweet, and allaying scalp irritations, but it is a most hygienic toilet soap. It cures skin troubles and pimples and is a specific against the disagreeable effects of perspiration. Every lady should have a cake of TARINA. 25 cents, at your druggist, in tinboxed box, or sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS.
P. O. BOX 2410, MONTREAL.

Two partridges in O'dell's grove in close proximity. Miss Weddall of Kingsport, and Miss Burnett daughter of the late Mrs. John Burnett are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Weddall.

Mr. A. S. Wright returned yesterday from a business trip to Boston.

Mrs. City Cookhouse is visiting friends in St. John.

Miss Partridge, daughter of the Very Rev. Dean Partridge is visiting in Montreal.

Rev. H. E. Whalley, Sub Dean of Christ Cathedral has received a call to the Pro. Cathedral at Calgary, N. W. T. and intends leaving for his new field of labor about the New Year, and his friends although regretting his departure from among them are pleased at his promotion. Mrs. Whalley with her children, will probably spend the winter with her friends in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carroll returned home yesterday from their wedding journey.

Miss Mary Akery will remove to Montreal and spend the winter with her brother.

Captain Carpenter took a run up to Quebec to wish bon voyage to our brave soldier lads who have gone to the Transvaal.

Miss Gertrude Coulthard pleasantly entertained a few of her friends last evening at a party on St. Charles.

WOODS T. O'NEILL.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. D. Dase & Co.]

Nov. 2.—Miss Dolly Griffith returned to Boston Friday night.

Mrs. F. McLean, and daughter Lucy are spending a few weeks in Boston.

Some of the young people had a very pleasant dance in the Opera House Thursday night; music by Frank Jones and Harry Lee.

Miss Maud Wright entertained a number of her young friends Thursday night.

Miss Lizzie Ball had a very pleasant young people's party Friday evening.

Mr. Nevers of Houlton spent Thursday here, the guest of Mrs. Wm. M. Connel.

Mrs. M. Philbrick and Miss Maggie Fitzgerald (Houlton), were at the Carleton Tuesday.

Mr. Stephen Kinney of Mineral, was in town Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Morris and Nathan F. Tufts of Charleston, Mass., registered at the Carleton, Tuesday.

Geo. D. Frost and G. W. Smith, of St. John were guests of the Aber cen.

J. S. McLean, St. John, was at the Aberdeen last week.

H. L. Keary, Seattle U. S. A. registered at the Aberdeen, Thursday.

Mrs. A. D. Ho yoke spent part of last week in Fredericton.

A. W. Tennant and A. Thompson, registered at the Aberdeen Thursday.

Frank Gilman has returned from a trip to Boston.

BATHURST.

Nov. 1.—The Whist Club, which formed the chief amusement here two winters ago, was reorganized on Monday night. The first meeting of the season was held at Mrs. Stacey's, and though only a few of the members were present, a most enjoyable time was spent. Refreshments were served at twelve o'clock and afterwards dancing was kept up until an early hour. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Chapin, Miss Chapin, Miss Barnes, Miss Margaret Ducais, Miss Baldwin, and Messrs. Craig, Girvan and Blahop.

Mrs. W. F. Bishop has gone to Newcastle, to visit her mother, Mrs. Parks.

Mr. Mark Ferguson arrived here on Monday and will remain all winter.

Miss Madge Durcan is spending a few days in Carleton.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Johnston returned home last week from a visit to Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Wallaceburg.

Mrs. James Ferguson is confined to the house, with a severe attack of tonsillitis.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. E. H. H. H. H.]

"To burn their alle, an' p' up their stocks an' hand their Halloween."

"Old tales are told, old songs are sung, Old days come back to memory."

Nov. 1.—In the Auld Kirk the Presbyterian students of the University and Normal school were happily entertained by the ladies of St. Paul's on "Halloween" night with Halloween games when some was in his merry mood, and the lads and lassies tried their fates; let us hope that good and handsome husbands were awarded to all, and each lad was promoted the sweetest lass of the feast. Delicate and delicate refreshments were served throughout the evening.

Miss Snowball of Chatham is the guest of Mrs. Robert F. Randolph. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Randolph gave a small tea in honor of her guest.

The Misses Annie and Cecil Fair returned from their trip to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Gregory returned last evening from a few days spent in St. John.

Mr. J. Francis Beverly of New York, spent a few days pleasantly here this week.

Miss Madge McLeod returned last evening from a months sojourn with Dr. and Mrs. Sharp at Montreal.

It is reported that Mr. A. E. Blair, organist of Christ Church Cathedral, has been offered a position in a Presbyterian church in Montreal, which it is thought he may accept.

Mrs. Allen F. Randolph was one of the hostesses of the week, and gave an "At Home" to her lady friends on Monday afternoon, and on Tuesday afternoon she gave a very enjoyable five o'clock tea, and had the assistance of Mrs. F. St. J. Bliss and Miss Floeste Powys who poured the tea, while Miss Taber, Miss Bailey, Miss Grace Winslow, and Miss Isabel Babbitt served the refreshments. The ladies who assisted and a few others remained in the evening and spiced their fortunes.

Mrs. Byron Winslow had a small tea on Friday evening.

The young ladies of the Hospital Aid have decided upon the evening of November the twenty-second for their play.

Halloween was observed at the paragon of the Baptist church last evening when the Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Freeman made a merry time for a large number of their young friends who enjoyed their kind hospitality.

After an absence of nearly three months, most of which was spent with relatives in Saco, Maine, Miss Gertrude Gregory returned home on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Risteen intends leaving shortly to spend the winter in Southern California.

Miss Teasdale who has been spending several weeks here as the guest of Mrs. Frank Risteen, returned yesterday to her home in Charlottetown.

The Misses Jean and Beatrice Ferry who have been guests for some months with their grand mother at Linden Hall return to their home in Fredericton this week.

Alderman Macrae of St. John enjoyed one of his happy visits with his friends this week, spending Sunday here.

Misses Maud and Beatrice Ferry, with Misses Mary and Harry Atherton, who are now receiving the somewhat enviable congratulations of their numerous friends on their successful hunting trip on the Keswick from which he has just returned bringing with them some large game, among which is a huge moose, with antlers spreading forty nine inches the dressed carcass weighed 700 pounds. They also shot a few pairs of caribou.

Rev. Father Casey and Dr. F. Scery returned from their two days shooting expedition yesterday, having bagged 18 partridges and a number of wood cocks.

Two young ladies walking through Wilmet's Park to Lover's Lane on Thursday morning, spotted

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of G. B. Wall, T. E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at G. F. Ross's.]

Nov. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Gove of St. Andrews who have been guests this week of Mrs. Hansen Grimmer.

Mrs. S. H. Blair, and Mrs. Martha Downes have been visiting Mrs. Susan Balkam at Robbinston.

Mrs. J. D. Lawson made a brief visit to McAdam on Thursday to meet her sister, Mrs. W. H. Torrance, who, with Mr. Torrance, was on her way to Halifax from New York.

Hon. George A. Curran has been visiting Boston on a business trip.

Miss Louise Boardman of Tacoma, Wash., has been visiting Mrs. Andrew DeWolfe.

The Young Women's Guild of Christ church were

THINGS OF VALUE.

"Out our way the heat has baked the apples on the trees."

"Well, our cow has been giving boiled custard right."

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man curatives being made through the germ of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a pure unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the feeblest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of Nerve prostration and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result. It increases the force of the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Binks—Le Gabber is always discussing the merits of the noble red man.

Jack—Yes, he thinks he knows a lot about them just because he swigs the Indian club.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or Diarrhoea, and have to use great caution to avoid the disease. Change of wat'ry cooking and green fruit is sure to bring on the attack. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellor's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. It relieves the bowels in the water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

"I should think after that widow had been married to me I'd want to take a rest."

"But when she is married is the only time she has for a rest."

Great Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas Sabie, says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced treating the foot with Dr. Thomas' Bone-Setter Ointment, when the inflammation and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot."

Bamber—Do you remember Jim Blivins?

Thorne—Do I? Why, he was my best friend at college. I almost hit his ear off once in a football game.

Bill in Their Action.—Parasites, Verminous Pills are very pills in their action. They do not cause griping in the stomach, or cause disturbance there as so many pills do. Therefore, this medicine is safe to take without fear of unpleasant

Nervous Women

Who are Pale, Weak and Run Down Should Follow the Advice of Mrs. Bradley, Who Was Made Strong and Well by Using

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

When women become pale, weak, nervous and run down, there is backache, headache, irritability, sleeplessness, dizzy spells and despondency. The delicate feminine organs become irregular, and there is suffering without end.

In vain women drug themselves to kill pain and produce sleep. Permanent cure can only be effected by building up the system with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the great nerve restorative.

No remedy ever proved itself so efficacious for exhausted nerves and an emaciated condition of the body. No remedy was ever so successful in restoring regularity and in giving new life and vitality to the whole body.

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B. writes:—"My nerves were so weak I couldn't walk twice the length of the house. I couldn't work or sleep, and my hands trembled so I couldn't carry a pint of water. I thought there was no help for me, but after using five boxes of DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD my nerves are fully restored. I can walk a mile without inconvenience, and though 76 years old and quite feeble I do my own work and considerable sewing, knitting and reading. DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD did me a world of good."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.

For cold in the head and catarrh, use Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, for croup, bronchitis, coughs and colds, use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine, each 25 cents, at all dealers.

most pleasantly entertained last week by Mrs. H. McAllister.

Mrs. Marcella L. Cobban and Miss Alice Cobban left this week for their home in Marion, Iowa.

Alonso Westworth of Boston has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sanders.

Mrs. Charlotte Wilder has returned to her home in Augusta, Me.

John M. Stevens was in town during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Todd have been visiting Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Ross have returned from a visit in Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. Harriett Clarke, Mrs. D. A. Melvin, Miss May Clarke and Dean Clarke have returned from a visit of a month in Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. W. B. King left the week for Sea Isle, Washington. She was accompanied by Mrs. C. F. Nixon, who will visit her sister, Mrs. Smythe, in California.

Miss Maggie Thompson left on Tuesday for Portland, Maine, where she will enter the Maine general hospital to take a course of study to become a trained nurse. On Thursday evening a party was given here by her young friends at the residence of Mrs. M. C. Andrews which was a most enjoyable and happy affair.

Mrs. C. E. Clarke is recovering from her illness, of last week.

Mrs. William Woods is visiting her son, Rev. Henry B. Woods, in Carleton.

Miss Helen McQuade arrived home on Saturday after a pleasant visit of a month in West of a month in Boston.

Mrs. E. B. Mason is home again after an enjoyable visit with friends in Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Joseph Meredith has returned from Portland.

Miss Beatrice Vroom has arrived home from Boston where she has been under the care of the famous oculist, Dr. Frederick Chesney, during the past three weeks.

Clifford Westcott, who held a good position with the Maine Central railroad, has been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Westcott.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Vinal, who have made many friends during their stay in Calais, are soon to remove to Boston.

Miss Helena O'Neil is visiting her parents at Bath, N. B.

Jack Keough of Second Falls was in town on Tuesday on route home from Fredericton, where he is employed with Hale & Murchie.

Milton Conkic is visiting his parents.

D. C. Rollins of St. Andrews was in town during the week.

Arthur Kirk is improving very slowly. Miss Sara Kirk is also threatened with fever.

James E. Beatty and bride have returned from their wedding tour.

ST. ANDREWS.

Nov. 2.—Mrs. Will Burton, Mrs. George F. H. Hubbard, Mrs. J. A. Cumplings and Miss Fortune returned from Boston on Saturday, after most very agreeably spent with friends there.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Clarke and their little family of St. Stephen spent Sunday in town.

Mr. J. E. Cunningham of Boston, who has been very ill with typhoid fever lately, was so now but better at last accounts.

Miss Jennie Kennedy has been visiting her brother in Charlottetown lately.

Mr. and Mrs. David Thompson invited a few of their friends to sup with them on Friday evening last, in honor of their golden wedding day.

Wm. O'Neill, who is a native of St. John, who died on Sunday, aged 79 years, was a native of Charlotte county, N. B. Her father, John Coulter, M. D., with his brother, the Rev. Henry Coulter, when young men shortly after completing their education at Glasgow University, left their homes in the north of Ireland and settled in Charlotte county—St. James Road.

Hon. A. E. Gilmer, Canadian commissioner to the Paris exhibition, and his son, Daniel Gilmer of Montreal are among the guests at the Queen.

Charles Ross has gone to Boston.

William Dinton is home from New York on a visit.

Miss Annie Madden is in a very critical condition of health. Her sister, Miss Marie Madden, has arrived from Boston to wait upon her. Another sister, Miss Kate Madden, arrived from California on Tuesday.

Misses Nan McDowell and Gusie McQuade have been spending the past week with friends in St. Andrews.

Wm. O'Neill after a year spent in the Black Hills, Dakota, has returned to St. Andrews.

Miss Annie O'Neill has got back from Boston.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

AGENTS WANTED for a genuine money-making business. No book, license or fee to be paid; every house a customer; particulars free; write to-day. The F. E. Kern Co., 182 Victoria street, Toronto.

RESIDENCE for the summer months or to rent through week or for school; every house a customer; particulars free; write to-day. The F. E. Kern Co., 182 Victoria street, Toronto.

Men like Jay Gould who worked as a dry goods clerk in a small town at \$10.00 a week up to his twentieth year, and commenced to operate with his small savings of \$200.00 in Wall Street at the age of twenty, to millions of dollars; Russell Sage who worked as a grocery boy at \$4.00 per week and whose present wealth is estimated at 100 millions of dollars is at present operating the market, although 80 years of age, and so thousands of others who are enjoying all the luxuries life can offer, which is due to their success in speculation.

To the uneducated speculator the same opportunities are open to-day as in the past. The small investment which can be bought and sold in 10 shares on \$2; margin, making 30 dollars.

Anybody interested as to how speculations are conducted can get information and market letter free of charge upon application by letter to:

GEORGE SKALLER & CO.,
BANKER & BROKERS,
CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE BLDG.,
50 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Good Reading Free
For the Long Winter Evenings.

Sample copies of 150 different leading Newspapers, Magazines, Periodicals and Comic reading from all over the country, sent by mail prepaid to any address upon receipt of 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay part of mailing. Send to-day before too late. Address:

NEW BRUNSWICK SUPPLY CO.,
Newcastle, N. B.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,
TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lechetsky" Method; also "Synthe Synthe" Apply at the residence of
MRS. J. T. WHITLOCK.

If You Can't Afford Sterling

knives, forks and spoons, get the next best: silver-plated ones bearing this mark

W. ROGERS

This trade mark is an assurance that the plate is the heaviest and best made. "The kind that lasts" Any dealer can supply it.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.
Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

Soothes the Bronches
and cures your cough

Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE
25c. a Bottle.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MFRS.
Montreal.

Good Paper
AND
Good Ink

are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skillful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices on your next job.

Progress Job Printing Department,
St. John, N. B.

Victoria Hotel,
81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator
and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor,
St. John, N. B.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

E. LAURIE WILLIS, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. FISH and GAME always on hand. (In season)

MEALS AT ALL HOUSES. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Queen Hotel,
Hollis Street,
HALIFAX, N. S.

JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Five sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at week and month.

ONLY A COUGH!

But it may be a sign of some serious malady fastening itself upon the vital parts.

Puttner's Emulsion
will disodge it and restore the irritated and inflamed tissue to healthy action.

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

Use **Perfection Tooth Powder.**

For Sale at all Druggists.

Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

BOURBON.
ON HAND
75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson's Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE
Buttache Bar Oysters.
Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buttache Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring oyster. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

How a Future Great Statesman Made His First Speech.

The author of 'Little Journeys' tells of his experience when a new teacher inaugurated 'Friday Afternoons,' to be devoted to 'speaking pieces.' He had been well drilled at home, but his spirits ran lower and lower as the late Friday drew near.

Thursday night I slept little, and all Friday morning I was in a burning fever. At noon I could not eat my luncheon, but I tried manfully, and as I munched the tasteless morsels, salt tears rained on the Johnny-cake.

Even when the girls brought in big bunches of wild flowers and cornstalks and began to decorate the platform, things appeared no brighter.

Finally the teacher went to the door and rang the bell. Nobody seemed to play and as the scholars took their seats, some very pale, tried to smile. Others whispered, 'Have you got your piece? Still others kept their lips working, repeating lines that struggled hard to flee.

Names were called, but I did not see who went up, neither did I hear what was said. At last my name was called. It came like a clap of thunder—a great surprise, a shock, I clutched the desk, struggled to my feet, passed down the aisle, the sound of my shoes echoing through the silence like the strokes of a maul. The blood seemed ready to burst from my eyes, ears and nose.

I reached the platform, missed my footing, stumbled, and nearly fell. I heard the giggling that followed, and knew that a red haired boy, who had just spoken, and was therefore unnecessarily jubilant, had laughed aloud.

I was angry. I shut my fists so that the nails cut my flesh, and glaring straight at his red head, I shot my bolt: 'I know not how others may feel, but sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment. Independence now, and independence forever.'

That was all of the piece. I gave the whole thing in a moutful, and started for my seat, got half way there, and remembered I had forgotten to bow, turned went back to the platform, bowed with a jerk, started again for my seat, and hearing some one laugh, I ran.

Reaching the seat, I burst into tears. The teacher came over, patted my head, kissed my cheek, and told me I had done first rate; and after hearing several others speak, I calmed down and quite agreed with her.

PAUL JONES'S FLAG, AND DEWEY'S.

How the Former Flag Was Honored in a Big Procession.

One of the remarkable features of the reception given to Admiral Dewey at Washington was the display of the flag which John Paul Jones, the first of American naval heroes, is said to have carried on the ship Ranger, when he set sail from the Delaware River to make a name for the infant American navy. This flag is now preserved in the National Museum at Washington.

This is evidence that it was indeed the flag which John Paul Jones flew on the Bou Homme Richard in the famous fight with the Serapis off Flamborough Head. In that combat the flag was shot away and fell into the sea, whereupon Lieut. James Bayard Stafford jumped overboard, recovered the flag, carried it back to the Richard, and nailed it to the masthead.

It is believed by many, on the supposed authority of John Paul Jones himself, that this was the American flag, of the pattern now employed, that was ever flown. In a letter of Jones's, which is quoted in his biography by Hamilton, the following passage occurs:

"America has been the country of my

You're Another

Sufferer from the effects of collars with "shark's teeth" edges. This is all in the laundering. By improved methods in laundering, the rough, saw edges, usually found on collars and which are so annoying to the wearer will not be found on articles laundered by the

American Laundry,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

GODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

Sole Agents for The British American Dyeing Company, Montreal.

"Winter Finds Out What Summer Lays By."

Be it spring, summer, autumn or winter, someone in the family is "under the weather" from trouble originating in impure blood or low condition of the system.

All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

Boils—"I was troubled with boils for months. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using a few bottles have not since been bothered." E. H. GLADWIN, Truro, N. S.

Could Not Sleep—"I did not have any appetite and could not sleep at night. Was so tired I could hardly walk. Read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, took four bottles and it restored me to perfect health." Miss JESSE TURNBULL, Cranbrook, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

fond election from the age of thirteen, when I first saw it. I had the honor to hoist it with my own hands the flag of freedom the first time it was displayed on the Delaware, and I have attended it with veneration ever since on the ocean.

This, however, seems to refer only to the first flying of the flag on the Delaware River. This particular flag is of English bunting, two and one half yards long and a yard wide. It contains twelve stars, arranged in four horizontal lines of three stars each on a field of blue. There are thirteen stripes, alternately red and white.

The flag was made in Philadelphia by the Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, who worked, it is said, under the instruction of General Washington. It was presented to Capt. John Paul Jones and immediately flown by him. This must have been as 1777.

A part of honor was signed to this venerable flag in the reception to Admiral Dewey and the members of the crew of the Olympia. The space between its unfurling on the Delaware, with its twelve stars, and the triumphant bearing of the Olympia's flag, with its forty-five stars, into Manila Bay, was not a long one, as the history of reasons goes, but it was a proud and honorable one.

The later hero of the American navy is no less worthy of honor, surely, than the earlier one, and Paul Jones's flag not only honored the Olympia's in the Washington procession, but was honored by it.

The Doctor's Tramp.

Dr. Asa Gallup, the president of one of the leading preparatory schools in New York City, was formerly chief clerk of the university of New York, and on the Board of Examiners for the State Regents. He is a New York university man and a graduate of Yale university. His college education, however, was one long, hard battle for bread and place.

"In the summer of '86," he says, "I had to become a book canvasser to make both ends meet. I was talking at that time for J. B. Gough Platform Echoes, and I had as my territory Cherry Valley and Kitchfield Springs. I hadn't much money to spare. I was a good walker, so I thought I would undertake tramping the community. Just before you get to Waterville you have to climb a hill about a mile long. When I reached it I was dusty, hungry, foot sore and tired. I sat down near the top of a hill on a large piece of hard earth, the most miserable man you can imagine. Just then I saw a farmer slowly tooling his horse and wagon toward me.

"May I have a ride?" I asked.

"He said 'No,' but I didn't accept his answer and jumped on to his cart.

"I don't think much of tramps," he said, and reached out for a jar of butter and pulled it up on the seat beside him.

"Neither do I."

"We fellows have to work for a living up here," he added and hugged the butter closer.

"Well," I said, getting hot, "if you've been working as hard as I have to day I guess you earned a good living."

"When we reached the bottom of the hill I thanked him for the ride and told him who I was and what I was doing.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" said he. "Canvassing for Gough? Why, it'd 'a' known that you could have had the butter."

On the Sh. II.

A New England woman is the owner of a hen which appears to choose her surroundings with a discriminating eye.

Soon after her present owner acquired the hen she discovered the creature's fondness for stepping into the house whenever she could effect an entrance, and laying an egg on the down coverlet which ornamented the bed in the "best chamber."

One day the hen managed to get in un-

observed during a season of sweeping and her presence was only discovered as she made her way hastily out of the side door, clucking with triumph some time later.

As the best room coverlet had been out of the way during the sweeping, the mistress of the house looked about for the egg which she felt sure had been laid some where. She found it, after half an hour's search on the plush mantel-covering in the parlor, where the hen must have sat in state between a china shepherdess and a glass vase.

Nothing on the mantel shelf had been disturbed, although just how the hen had managed the delicate business will never be known.

WHERE THE OLD CARS GO.

Many Uses to Which the Cast OR. of City Locomotives Put.

On all metropolitan street railway new cars are constantly appearing, and the question naturally suggests itself. Where do the old cars go? A street railway man of long experience answered this question for a Sun reporter the other day.

"We sell a number of our old cars," he said, "to other cities, where, after they are painted and otherwise refurbished, they are used as trailers on electric roads during periods of inflated traffic. They are merely hitched behind the motor cars, and answer the purpose to which they are put very well. However, the demand for horsecars is slight, and it is sometimes a problem to dispose of old electric cars to advantage.

Last year a Brooklyn company endeavored to sell some small motor cars, but the would-be-purchaser insisted that the company pay the delivery charges, which would have amounted to more than the price of the vehicles, so it was concluded to give them away as firewood. The cars were ranged in a yard, after all the valuable metal work had been removed and the poor in the vicinity were invited to go in and help themselves. The result was a riot which would have filled the soul of a South American revolutionist with pleasurable emotion, and after that the company shut down on the free firewood supply and burned the cars to get them out of the way.

"Now and then we sell an old car to someone living in the country, who wishes to convert the vehicle into a playhouse for children. It answers this purpose very well, for cars are invariably well made and will stand hard weather and the severe use which children are liable to give anything they come in contact with.

In the agricultural districts beyond the city proper you can find scores and scores of old cars which have been converted into chicken houses by the vegetable gardeners, who are always on the outlook for bargains in these cast-off vehicles. They remove the glass windows, board up the sides and thus make the finest possible kind of a chicken house. Hundreds of old cars are doing duty as soda water and peanut stands in various parts of the country. Cars which saw service thirty or more years ago are now in use as waiting cars, where passengers can linger while awaiting transportation to other parts. A few such are to be found in Maubattan, but most of them are in New Jersey."

This Sings Throze West B get.ig.

Queen Victoria's sons have inherited from their father, the Prince Consort, a pretty principality and throne in Germany. This is Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, a duchy with a territory of about 750 square miles—three fourths of the area of Rhode Island—and a population exceeding 200,000. It is not a stronghold of power and influence, but a good deal of money goes with it, and makes it worth while to keep it in the family.

The Prince of Wales renounced his rights to the duchy because he was heir to

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes an illustration of a woman with a basket and the text: 'Good Soap Cheap. SURPRISE Soap costs only 5 cents a cake. But it's the best soap in the world for clothes-washing. No boiling, no scalding, no back-breaking rubbing. It won't injure the finest fabric nor reddens the most delicate hands. It does it's work quickly and lasts a long time. Insist on having it. Remember the name— "SURPRISE."'

THE ENGLISH THRONE.

The Duke of Edinburgh accepted the inheritance, but he has no son to succeed him. The Duke of Connaught was the next in line, but he and his son have renounced their rights. The heir to the throne is the son of the late Duke of Albany, the Queen's fourth son.

He is a schoolboy, in his fifteenth year, and has no prospects in England. He will now go to Germany to finish his education, and will cease to be an English Prince. He will owe allegiance to the German Emperor, and will probably serve his time in the army.

The inheritance has been arranged by Queen Victoria, whose will is law in the English royal family. She has provided for one of her favorite grandsons a snug and comfortable little throne on the Continent, where he will have little to do, and where his income will be large.

LAZY AS A BEAVER.

They are not Always as Industrious as Supposed.

A writer in 'Forest and Stream' declares that a visit to a beaver village shattered some of his long-cherished opinions. He had always heard beavers praised as models of industry, and he found that they were shirks. Worse still, not a beaver could he discover that used his tail as a trowel in building. It was hard indeed to see the early teachings of school and textbook so disproved. Nevertheless, he found his visit to the beaver settlement, near one of the Hudson Bay Company's posts, very interesting.

The northern country is completely covered with a network of lakes and rivers and with a canoe it is possible to travel anywhere.

At length we reached a little lake, on whose shores we landed. Near us was a small clearing, and towards this we quietly advanced. From its appearance one would have supposed that a gang of woodchoppers had recently been engaged here. Creeping quietly forward we caught sight of the rising village. Some of the houses were finished, while others were nearly so. A few of the beavers were leisurely building with poplar sticks and mud, but the majority appeared to be taking a holiday.

The houses are dome-shaped, and may have served as models for the huts of the Eskimos farther north. More interesting than the house were the beavers themselves, ranging in size from the ten pound kitten to the full grown adult which would probably weigh fifty pounds or more.

The tale of the beaver is about one foot long and is well adapted to its use as a rudder. The feet are well worth notice the front ones being small and flexible and the hind ones closely webbed.

The incisors are important to the beaver for it is with these that he cuts the material for his food, his hut, and the dam, if

Like most Orientals, the Chinese are apt to base their judgments upon externals.

Capt. Caspar F. Goodrich, who, as captain of an auxiliary cruiser, did such excellent blockading service during the war with Spain tells a story that points to this conclusion.

The captain is a very short, but very dignified man. Once when he was in a Chinese port, he went ashore to pay his respects to the perfect, who being of the ruling Manchu race, was a much larger man than the ordinary run of Chinamen.

When Captain Goodrich rose to take his leave, the dignitary made a special effort to be polite.

"Your excellency," said he, "I now see how you, though a little man, come to command a big war ship. If you were only a little fatter, you would be an admiral."

Soldier and Countess.

Lord Kitchener of Khartum is a straight forward soldier, but he does not scorn the art of turning a compliment graciously.

It has long been said of him that he is proof against all feminine charms, and when he was upon Her Majesty at Windsor, the queen was curious enough to put a pointed question.

"Is it true my lord," she asked, "that you have never yet cared for any woman?"

"Yes, your Majesty," replied the sirdar, "quite true—with one exception."

"Ah! said the queen, "who is she?"

"The sirdar bowed. "Your Majesty," said he.

For the Grave.

A solicitor in a Georgia court is responsible for the following:

He overheard a conversation between his cook and a nurb, who were discussing a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which there had been a great profusion of flowers. The cook said:

"When I die, don't plant no flowers on my grave, but plant a good old water-melon vine; and when it gets ripe, you come dar, and don't you eat it, but jus' bus' it on de grave and let dat good old juice dribble down through de ground.

"Bobby, you must go to bed now."

"But, ma, it isn't time."

"Yes, it is. Your Uncle Robert and your father are going to tell what bad boys they used to be at school."

Advertisement for Hawker's Liver Pills. Text: 'BE SURE AND HAVE A BOTTLE OF Hawker's Liver Pills The Best on the Market. We have just received a fresh supply of these wonderful Pills. Price 25 cents; all druggists sell them. The Canadian Drug Co. Ltd., - Sole Agents.'

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1899.

"Tommy Atkins" in Field and Hospital.

Perhaps, of all the institutions provided by Her Majesty's Government, for the benefit of her soldiers, the Military Hospital ranks first; for there, the soldier may on the "least" sickness or ailment, find a refuge, and also, a welcome release from the barrack square.

Admittance commences in the first instance (except in case of emergency) by the man reporting himself as "sick" to the Orderly Sergeant, who visits each barrack room at Reville, the man simply giving his Regimental name, and number, which is duly recorded in a form provided for that purpose. The soldier having reported "sick," is under no circumstance to be detailed for any duty whatever, but simply awaits the bugle sound of "sick call," to go at 8.50 a. m. when he is paraded with the other intended patients, to be marched to the Medical Inspection room, (of which there is one situated in every barrack) there to be examined by the medical officer, who is generally half an hour, or so, late in arriving, in preference, of being too early. It is now the sick soldier is questioned, as to "where's the pain," "how long have you had it," "put out your tongue;" and other stereotyped questions. Should the medical officer here think the man only requires a slight attention, he treats him on the spot, generally excusing him from duty for that day, but Tommy Atkins' ailments, being chiefly of a constitutional character generally, the result of an over-night brawl, or the result of playing "a bit rough," on the football ground, suffering in a great many cases, disfigurement of the face, bruised shins, and oftentimes dislocated ankles, necessitates "Tommy" being sent to the hospital. Here again, he has to face the stereotyped expressions used by the Medical Fraternity, when he is delegated to a ward in that part of the hospital, in which injuries or illness of the same nature as his own are located. Should a case of emergency however happen in barracks, or otherwise, he is hastily borne on a stretcher, by his comrades to the hospital, the "red tape" documents following in due course. Except, in cases like the latter, the soldier is still furnished with the usual rations, which are sent from his barrack-room on the day of admittance. Next day, he finds his commissariat rations altered, for, instead of his usual basin of "Sergeant Major's tea" (a regular army expression for good tea) butter, and other delicacies, he is furnished, with one pint of milk, and half an ounce of dry bread (the latter, his only supply for the day) rice-milk, furnishing his dinner, and the usual pint of milk his supper; not infrequently, "Tommy" is only suffering from some slight ailment, and invariably finds his stomach, like Oliver Twist, "asking for more." Besides, until he satisfies the medical officer as to his ability, to help clean the hospital, and other light duties, he is marked "bed," and once betide him, if he is caught exercising his limbs, whilst under orders for "bed." In serious cases, however, great attention is paid to the wants of the sickman. Special men, and in some military hospitals nursing sisters, are told off for special duty over him, administering nourishment, medicine, and other treatment, prescribed for by one of the medical officers, doing duty in the hospital. Perhaps it may be said with truth, that a sick soldier, is better cared for in time of pain and sickness, than a civilian, for not only, has he no difficulty in obtaining advice and admission to hospital, but is given the best of attention, in fact, far more than could be expected of him in a similar civilian institution, not only in time, but in money, for, by the regulation laid down, each person, may, at the discretion of the medical officer, be supplied with nourishment, etc., up to the equivalent of 10s. 6d. each day (\$4.84) which, it must be admitted is a very liberal allowance. Change in diet, is directed by the medical officer on his morning visit round the wards, varying in weight, and consisting of either flesh, or fowl, with other delicacies, according to the needs of the patient. Amongst the rules to be observed by "Tommy," in Hospital, none, affects him so much, as the "Prohibition of Smoking" in the wards, or passages adjoining, and many are the curious methods he will often adopt, to have a

"pull" at his favorite pipe, even when confined to his bed. The following instance was told me by one of the men; I will not vouch for its truth. The man was suffering from a dislocated ankle, and naturally, often beguiled away the time, by having a quiet smoke in bed; when one day, in walked, the "Hospital Sergt.-Major," who immediately, detected the patient with the pipe in his hand, (though almost covered) and up to his mouth,—he proceeded, towards the offending "Tommy" asking him, what he meant by smoking,—"Tommy" immediately denied "that he was smoking at all, only having had the pipe in his hand." The bombastic official, not to be out done, demanded the pipe, which request, was at once complied with, but not, to the satisfaction of the interrogator, who commenced feeling the bowl of the pipe, only, to find it quite cold, and apparently empty, feeling convinced, that he had made a mistake he retired from the ward, when the cute "Tommy" immediately commenced smoking again, having out-witted the superior, by having two pipes, one well alight, and the other empty, at his command in case of an emergency. Should however, a patient misconduct himself, and be reported, by any of the Hospital staff, his crime is at once furnished to the Officer commanding his Regiment, there to await his return, when he is "told off," generally, resulting in confinement to Barracks, and Detachments drill, for a few days.

Before concluding, it would be unfair, not to speak of the branch of the service, known as the Royal Army Medical Corps, whose duties, both in Hospital, or on the field, are frequently, of a most arduous nature, requiring skill, and tact in locking after the various ailments of their comrades, in which, they are sometimes assisted, by the Army Nursing staff of Sisters, whose devotion, and care, to those who come under their charge is beyond compare.

THE BOER AND HIS RIFLE.

Differences Between the Weapon Used Now and That of Twenty Years Ago.

In the war of 1879-80 the Boers displayed deadly accuracy with the rifle, but their weapon then was very different from the arm used last week at Dundee. The rifle of twenty years ago was built on the lines of the British Martini. It was a hammerless arm of about nine pounds weight, with a 30 inch half-octagon barrel and a shotgun butt stock. The calibre was 45 with a bullet weighing from 405 to 450 grains. The powder charge was 90 grains in a brass drawn cartridge case. The rifle was sighted up to 2,000 yards. Besides the usual stationary sight it had a reversible front—that is, a sight capable of being used as an ordinary front sight, and by a single motion, it was changed into a fine pinhead sight covered with a ring to keep it from being knocked off. On an occasion where particularly fine shooting was demanded this front globe was further covered with a thimble-shaped hood, shading it perfectly. The usual standing rear or fixed sights were on the barrel, while on the gun's grip was turndown peep that was regulated by a side screw to an elevation of 2,000 yards. The peep and globe were never used under 700 or 800 yards.

"I was very much interested in the Boer rifleman and his weapons," said Archibald Forbes, who was with Sir Evelyn Wood's column in South Africa in 1879-80. "They are marvellous rifle shots. They shoot their antelope and other game from the saddle, not apparently caring to get nearer to their quarry than 600 or 700 yards. Then they understand the currents of air, their effect upon the drift of a bullet and can judge distance as accurately as it could be measured by a skilled engineer. They can hit an officer as far as they can discern his insignia of rank. Sir George W. Colley, the commander in South Africa was killed at a distance of 1,400 yards at Majuba Hill. We lost terribly in officers at the fight mentioned, and also at Laings Nek and Borke's Drift from the deadly rifles of the sharpshooting Boer."

It is easy enough to see how the Boer became so expert with the rifle. History of one hundred and more years ago in the Southwest and the West of this country, is repeating itself on the South African veldts. Every old State of the American

Union, except Louisiana, was won from its owners by the pioneer and his deadly rifle. For 240 years the Hollander who went to far-off South Africa and his descendants have fought wild beasts and wild men for the country they wanted. The Boer region of South Africa, producing fine wheat and corn crops, is very fertile. It has a native grass that live stock thrives on, with a climate very much like that of the country from southwestern Kansas to New Mexico. But to obtain this country the Boer had first to conquer it. This made him a sharpshooter. One hundred and fifty years ago the Dutch farmer with his five-foot-barrel roer, a smooth bore gun, was a dead shot within the limitations of the weapon. Every Boer is a hunter. He had to be. His farm is large anywhere from 15,000 to 25,000 acres. The country is sparsely settled. The lion and other smaller cats and the hyena were the natural enemies of his flocks and herds. They had to be kept down by the roer and later by the rifle. Kruger is himself said to have killed 250 lions, not to speak of panthers and hyenas. Then the ever-present danger of a native outbreak caused the solitary farmer or Boer to see to it that he had the best arms available for defence and offence.

The Boer weapon that did such execution the other day is the sporting model of the Mannlicher, a German Arm, perhaps the most powerful weapon of its calibre and weight in the world. The military Mannlicher is used in the armies of Austria, Holland, Greece, Brazil, Chili, Peru and Roumania. The ideal Mannlicher is a sporting rifle known as the Haemel model. It is a beautifully finished arm, weighing about eight pounds, and costing in South Africa 300 German marks. The rifle barrel is 30 inches long, the carbide .24. It has a pistol grip and sling straps, and is hair triggered. Its calibre is .30. This rifle has an extreme range of 4,500 yards, and a killing range of 5,000. At that distance, the bullet will go through two inches of solid ash, and nearly three of pine, quite enough force to kill, if the bullet struck a vital part. At twenty yards it will shoot through 50 inches of pine. The bullet for war is full-mantled, with a fine outer skin of copper or nickel. That for game shooting is only half-mantled, leaving the lead point exposed so that it opens back or mushroom when it strikes. For deer and bears there can be no better arm. Though the bullet makes a but a small orifice where it enters, the expansion causes it to tear a hole as large as a man's finger when it makes its exit. Travelling at the rate of 2,000 feet a second the force of this bullet's blow is tremendous. There has been much discussion over the Dum Dum bullet. It is a soft-pointed missile, but by no means so deadly or destructive as the Boer's see using. If it strikes at close range, or 1,000 yards or under, and does not flatten, the Mannlicher bullet bores a hole right through a bone without splintering. But when it upsets the shock is terrible. The bullet literally smashes the flesh and bone into fragments. It has been charged that the Boers are using the soft-pointed bullet in their deadly Haemel-Mannlichers.

THE BOERS AND THE GIRAFFES.

Tens of Thousands of the Harmless Animals Slayed for Their Skins.

The Boers are credited with being great hunters, and chief of them in his younger days was President Kruger, whose daring in attacking a lion single handed, with a hunting knife, has many times been told. When the Boers migrated from Cape Colony to the Transvaal they were forced to clear the way by killing 6,000 lions, many of which were killed by Kruger. For years the South African Boers have been hunters, and their skill with the knife is due to this daily practice in the fields and woods. But with them the killing of game has been either a matter of dollars and cents or self protection.

Their creditable work of freeing South Africa of the dreaded lions, which roamed in such numbers that life was rendered unsafe anywhere in the country, is offset by their ruthless destruction of the giraffe from Cape Colony to the Botletti river. If they killed 6,000 lions in the Transvaal before existence was made safe, they may have killed 60,000 of the innocent graceful giraffes. In the early days of South African history the giraffe was the most abundant game in the Transvaal, Matabeleland and Orange Free State, but the creature has been killed off like our American buffalo, and the few remaining representatives of a

noble race gradually driven north. For years past the giraffe has been a profitable quarry for the Boer hunters, and the animal was valued by them only because the hides were articles of commercial use. They were pothunted, shot down in droves and destroyed in the greatest number possible in every direction.

A good giraffe skin is worth from \$10 to \$20 in South Africa to-day, and much more in Europe. On their hunting trips ten and fifteen years ago it was a common matter for one hunter to kill forty or fifty of these graceful animals in one day. The reason for this is that the giraffe is the most innocent of animals and is easily hunted. It is absolutely defenceless, and there is hardly a case on record where a wounded giraffe turned upon the hunter. It is true giraffes have great power of speed, and they can dodge rapidly from tree to tree in the woods, but they offer such a fair mark that these tactics hardly ever save them.

The hide of the animal is its chief article of value. No wonder that the bullets often fail to penetrate this skin, for it is from three quarters to an inch thick, and as tough as it is thick. The skin, when cured and tanned, makes excellent leather for certain purposes. The Boers make riding whips and sandals out of the skins they do not send to Europe. The bones of the giraffe have also a commercial value. The leg bones are solid instead of hollow, and in Europe they are in great demand for manufacturing buttons and other bone articles. The tendons of the giraffe are so strong that they will sustain an enormous dead weight, which gives to them pecuniary value.

IS PURE WATER WHOLESOME.

Comments on the Assertion of a German Physician That It is Poisonous.

The recent announcement of a German physician, Dr. Koppe, that distilled water—that is chemically pure water—is poisonous, has aroused much comment, chiefly adverse. The National Druggist announces that it has been quite overwhelmed with letters on the subject, most of them in re-utation of Dr. Koppe's views. One of these from Dr. Homer Wakefield, of Bloomington, Ill., it gives in full as containing in a condensed form all the arguments advanced in the other articles. Says Dr. Wakefield:

"This remarkable article deduces that distilled water is a dangerous protoplasmic poison, because of the absence of organic contaminations. It should be added here that rain-water, as it falls from the clouds, is aerated distilled water; it is the most healthful known. . . . Physicians know it is the best solvent of inorganic concretions in the body, and engineers know it is the best boiler compound, following the use of hard water and the consequent formation of hard incrustations. While it is true that stagnant rain-water, contained in foul cisterns, full of all kinds of contamination, is unfit for drinking or cooking, it is also true that there is nothing more wholesome than pure distilled water, tightly corked in clean bottles, protected from contamination of even impure air. Pure water, well corked, never gets stale.

"As to the inorganic constituents of ordinary 'hard' drinking waters much might be said, but suffice it to say that time and other minerals, in quantities in drinking water, often prove injurious to the imbiber, by the formation in the system of insoluble compounds, in the gall-bladder, kidneys, bladder, &c. Nature's demands for bone-forming material is much better satisfied from food than from water, hard or soft.

"The assertion that pure water taken into the stomach causes complaints of 'weak stomach,' belching, &c., is the purest rot; it is evident that if belching was excited by a drink of water, it was caused either by motor nerve stimulation, from its temperature or an alkaline (hard) water was taken into an acid-containing stomach, which resulted in effervescence. Mountain streams, when not drinkable, are not pure, as contended, but generally heavily laden with lime and other powerful alkalies. It must not be inferred from the above that I am opposed to all alkaline waters—not at all; but pure, not impure, water is the thing to drink, except when in certain cases certain alkalies are demanded by the system; then they may be added to pure water, or otherwise pure water containing them may be used. Extreme purity is a virtue, not a fault, of water. Beware of

an author who contends that contaminated water is conducive to health."

Comments on Dr. Koppe's paper are not all adverse, however, as witness the following from the American Kitchen Garden, the writer of which contends that while distilled water may be very well when taken medicinally, it is not a good beverage except for those who are overeating. He says:

"Distilled water taken on an empty stomach would tend to leach out the cells with which it came in contact, and we know that the life of the cell depends upon the maintenance of its contents at a certain standard. This is a well-established fact, and not, as one advertisement implies, a vision of a mad microcosm. The testimony of physicians that the prolonged use of distilled water has a tendency to decrease the body weight shows a lessening of nutritive power in the tissues. Most persons eat enough salt on their food to bring up to the average, and many persons in middle life, and after, eat too much of all kinds of food and drink too little fluid, so that for them a course of distilled water may be most beneficial, carrying away an excess which would be harmful. If an individual over forty is living on potatoes pared before cooking, white bread unsalted butter, cream, fruit and sugar, then distilled water would be superfluous if not harmful; but if the diet is rich in meat, in cereals, in milk, and abundant at that, it is very probable that distilled water would remove more of the excess than would a hard water taken as a beverage."

THE ELECTRIC CAT.

A New Instrument of Correction in use in France and Her Colonies.

Some of the French newspapers have been telling about the new method of whipping men which has just been introduced experimentally into some of the penitentiaries and colonies of France. The instrument bears the pleasing name of 'The Electric Cat,' and 'The Electrician' expresses the scientific opinion that it is a great improvement upon the Russian knout and the cat o' nine tails which it says 'still unfortunately figure in many penal colonies and in the penitentiaries of so called civilized states.'

The method of this new whipping machine is very simple and business like. The culprit who has been sentenced to undergo the lash is tied to a post in the usual manner. Behind him is a wheel, driven by an electric motor, which goes round and round with a velocity that is unpleasant for the victim. The velocity may be regulated, however, according to the severity of the flogging to be administered. Attached to one of the spokes is a whip which swings around the circle and the culprit is placed at such an angle with reference to the instrument of flagellation that every time it comes around it nips him squarely on the back.

It is claimed for the new invention that it dispenses justice impartially and equably. It has no animus against the prisoner, its blows are given with equal intensity and it better fulfills the idea of even handed justice than manual flogging, which is likely to distribute penalties very unevenly.

Robert Louis Stevenson on Kipling. From Scribner's Magazine.

VAILIMA, Apia, Samoa, Dec. 22. 1890

MY DEAR HENRY JAMES: Kipling is by far the most promising young man who has appeared since—ahem—I appeared. He amazes me by his pre-occupancy and various endowment. But he alarms me by his copiousness and haste. He should shield his fire with both hands and draw up all his strength and sweetness in one ball. (Draw all his strength and all His sweetness up into one ball? I cannot remember Marvel's words.) So the critics have been saying to me: but I was never capable of—and surely never guilty of—such a debauch of production. At this rate his works will soon fill the habitable globe and surely he was armed for better conflicts than these smooch sketches and flying leaves of verse?

I look on, I admire, I rejoice for myself but in a kind of ambition we all have for our tongue and literature I am wounded. If I had this man's fertility and courage, it seems to me I could have a pyramid.

Well, we begin to be the old fogies now; and it was high time something rose to take our places. Certainly Kipling has the gitta; the fairy godmothers were all tipsy at his christening; what will he do with them? Yours affectionately R. L. S.

Good Soap Cheap. SURPRISE Soap costs only 5 cents a cake. But it's the best soap in the world for clothes-washing. No boiling, no scalding, no back-breaking rubbing. It won't injure the finest fabric nor reddens the most delicate hands. It does its work quickly and lasts a long time. Insist on having it. Remember the name— "SURPRISE."

there be one. His food in winter consists of the bark of the birch, poplar or willow which he has stored up during the summer and autumn. In summer he eats on the young shoots and the juicy root-stalks of the many water plants that surround his home.

Like most Orientals, the Chinese are apt to base their judgments upon externals. Capt. Caspar F. Goodrich, who, as captain of an auxiliary cruiser, did such excellent blockading service during the war with Spain tells a story that points to this conclusion.

The captain is a very short, but very dignified man. Once when he was in a Chinese port, he went ashore to pay his respects to the perfect, who being of the ruling Manchu race, was a much larger man than the ordinary run of Chinamen.

When Captain Goodrich rose to take his leave, the dignitary made a special effort to be polite.

Your excellency, said he, 'I now see how you, though a little man, come to command a big war ship. If you were only a little fatter, you would be an admiral.'

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum is a straight forward soldier, but he does not scorn the art of turning a compliment graciously.

It has long been said of him that he is proof against all feminine charms, and when he waited upon Her Majesty at Windsor, the queen was curious enough to put a pointed question.

'Is it true my lord,' she asked, 'that you have never yet cared for any woman?'

'Yes, your Majesty,' replied the sirdar, 'quite true—with one exception.'

'Ah! said the queen, 'who is she?'

The sirdar bowed. 'Your Majesty,' said he.

A solicitor in a Georgia court is responsible for the following:

He overheard a conversation between his cook and a nurb, who were discussing a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which there had been a great profusion of flowers. The cook said:

'When I die, don't plant no flowers on my grave, but plant a good old water-melon vine; and when it gets ripe, you come dar, and don't you eat it, but jus bus' it on de grave and let dat good old juice dribble down through de ground.'

'Bobby, you must go to bed now.'

'But, ma, it isn't time.'

'Yes, it is. Your Uncle Robert and your father are going to tell what bad boys they used to be at school.'

BOTTLE OF Pills The Market Sole Agents. Price 25 cents; all

The Elverton Tragedy.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF A ROMANCE.
 Euston station and the bustle inseparable from the departure of a main-line train.

From the windows of a first-class compartment, two girls were nodding and smiling to the stolid-looking German who had escorted them through London, and seen them safely into the train.

Presently, with a warning shriek, and much clashing of doors, the train steamed out of the station, and Lydia Strong threw herself back in her corner with an air of relief.

"Thank goodness we've seen the last of Franklin," she said energetically. "Oh, Bess, isn't it delightful to think that tomorrow, and for all the to-morrows yet to come, we shall be able to do just whatever we like, and come and go without a tyrannical governess for ever at our heels?"

"I don't think it was quite so bad as that," laughed Bessie; "and I should not wonder if we find that it was much pleasanter to be looked after than have to look after others."

"What do you mean Bess? One would think you contemplated turning governess yourself."

"Well, I suppose it will be something like it. Mother was saying last Christmas that, when I left school, she should want me to help with the children, and I thought perhaps, Mrs. Strong expected you to do the same."

"She may expect," returned Lydia, disdainfully; "I only know I don't intend to do anything of the sort. I would not have done it in any case and certainly not now," touching her black frock significantly.

She was in mourning for her godmother, who had left five-thousand pounds to be paid to her when she attained her majority, or at the time of her marriage, provided that event did not take place till she had passed her eighteenth birthday.

"I want fun, life and amusement," Lydia continued. "To have pretty things, and to live in the midst of excitement."

"In Elverton?" asked Bessie, with unconscious sarcasm.

Lydia made a grimace, expressive of her disgust of the sleepy little town.

"I don't mean to spend all my time there," she replied, with a determined air. "That is why I was so glad when granny suggested I should go to her for a week or two."

"But I thought Woodford was a much quieter place than Elverton. I don't see—"

"That's because your such a little goose, Bessie. Don't you remember Mabel Greyling? Well, her father, Sir Joseph Greyling, lives only three or four miles from Woodford; and Mabel and I were always such good friends at school, of course, I shall write and tell her I'm staying at the Rectory."

"I don't like Mabel Greyling," Bessie said slowly. "It always seemed to me she was so deceitful."

"Oh! we can't all be such models of propriety as you are," returned Lydia, coolly. "There would be no fun at school if one didn't deceive the old frights now and then! Why, one might as well be in a convent at once!"

"Miss Charrington was very good to us, and so were the others. I think it is horrid of us to call them names behind their backs!"

"Well, you were as bad as any of us at that," put in Lydia, quickly; "you need not talk."

"I know; but—I'm sorry," said Bessie, thoughtfully.

She had realized that one chapter of her life was ended, and a vague, unformed fear of what the future might hold in store had crept over her.

Like Longfellow's maiden, she was—
 Standing with reluctant feet
 Where the brook and river meet.

But Lydia Strong had no such fear—no such reluctance—to enter upon the fuller life of womanhood.

With unbounded self-confidence, a very high opinion of the value of her own charms, and an utter indifference to the happiness of anyone but herself, she looked on her emancipation from school as the beginning of a period of amusement and pleasure which should terminate in a wealthy marriage.

It was as a step towards this end that she had cultivated the acquaintance of Sir Joseph Greyling's daughter, and now in tended to angle for an invitation to the Towers.

She was still dreaming of the triumphs the future must surely hold in store for her when the train ran into a large station.

SHERIDAN'S
 LONDON
POWDER

Is absolutely pure. It costs only one-tenth cent a day per hen if you buy it in large cans. It will increase the profit from your poultry this winter. To be profitable your pullets should lay now. All your hens should be in condition to lay daily while eggs are high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce eggs.

If you can't get the Powder send us one sack, 25 cts.; five lbs. large two-lb. cans, \$4.00. Six cans, exp. paid, \$5. Sample copy best Poultry paper free. L. & J. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Suddenly she leaned forward, and tapped Bessie on the arm emphatically.

"Do look, Bess! That handsome man, who looks so like an Italian, isn't he the one we used to see so often with Signor Cavatini? There, he is looking this way now. Oh, I am sure he is the same man! Awfully good looking, isn't he? I wonder if he remembers us. Look, Bess, he is coming this way! What fun it would be if he got into this carriage!"

"But we don't know him," Bessie said in an under tone. "Lydia, you must not look as if you had ever seen him before."

"As if I did not know how to behave myself as well as you do!" retorted Lydia. "I don't suppose—"

She stopped abruptly, for the Italian's hand was on the door.

The next moment he had entered the carriage, and was busying himself in arranging his belongings.

Lydia chattered on in an airy, irresponsible fashion; but Bessie, who felt she was talking at the stranger, was not responsive, and at last Lydia picked up a paper, and lapsed into silence.

As the train rushed onward through the green fields and rustling woods they were a quiet trio.

Bessie, glad that Lydia was so, as she imagined, absorbed in reading, gave her mind entirely to her own book, and did not notice how often her friend's eyes were raised from the clearly printed page to the dark, inscrutable face opposite.

But the Italian saw, remembered and watched.

Presently Julia yawned, looked at her watch and turned to her friend.

"In less than ten minutes you will be at the junction, Bess, and I must change into the Woodford train. After all, I wish I had not promised to go to granny's."

In twenty minutes you will be at Elverton, while I shall be mewed up in a stuffy carriage for nearly an hour longer with not a creature to speak to.

"Now don't say it was my own choice to go to Woodford," she said, hurriedly, as Bessie essayed to speak. "That does not make the lonely journey one whit the less wearisome; and it won't be lively when I do get there. 'Still,' she added, reflectively, 'there is always the chance of Mabel driving over and asking me to Greyling Towers.'"

At the mention of Greyling Towers the Italian pricked his ears, and his face assumed the tense look of one who seemed anxious not to lose a word.

He raised his paper slightly, so that his face was hidden from both girls, and Lydia went on talking unconcernedly.

Presently there was a movement at the other end of the carriage.

The fellow traveller was gathering together his impediments.

Evidently he, too, was going to change trains.

Lydia brightened up at once, and made some show of taking her things from the rack, smiling and blushing when the Italian came to her assistance.

The moment the train stopped, the Italian alighted, and made his way to the booking-office, where he purchased a ticket for Woodford, and, armed with this, he went to the siding where the local train was drawn up.

He had no difficulty in finding Miss Strong, nor in seeing she was by no means averse to his entering the compartment, of which she was the only occupant.

"Your pardon, signorina," he said, raising his hat courteously. "We are not quite strangers, I think? We have the same friend—what you call mutual friend—Signor Cavatini. You know him?"

"Oh, yes; he was violin master at our school—I know him well."

"Ah! I thought I could not be mistaken in that beautiful face, that queen like form," returned the Italian, with a glance of deepest admiration. "So often have I seen you making the promenade, followed by all the demoiselles, and I would say to my friend, 'Luigi, behold the queen of beauty, with all her maidens following!' and I begged him to make me known to the beautiful signorina, but he would not, saying always that Miss Charrington was severe—a veritable dragon. So I said to myself, 'Patience, the day will come!' and now, behold—I talk with you, and there is no dragon."

Lydia laughed.

"Signor Cavatini was quite right," she said, lightly. "Miss Charrington is an old wretch, but, thank goodness! I've seen the last of her." "A wretch!" in a puzzled tone "Ah! yes, I comprehend. And so you go back no more to the school? Ah! with a sigh—"that is a pity."

"I am very glad to leave school, I can assure you."

"Ah! yes: happiness for you, perhaps, but for me, what misery! In vain now shall I look for the beautiful queen surrounded by her maidens. The days will be dark and cold now when I can hope to see no more the glance of your bright eyes."

Lydia blushed and smiled, taking his open flattery as a due tribute to her charms, she had the highest opinion of her own attractions, and the strangest belief in her powers of fascination.

Suddenly, however, it occurred to her that their mutual acquaintance with Signor Cavatini did not alter the fact that they were practically strangers to one another, and she drew herself up with an air of prim propriety, abruptly at variance with her former manner.

The Italian was quick to note the change

and a look of contrition came into his face. "Ah! pardon, signorina," he said raising his hat again, and looking at Lydia with concern.

I have vexed you by my too outspoken admiration. You English are so cold, so reserved; you do not say aloud all that you think, like we children of the sunny south. Pardon my too ready speech, dear lady, and I will bid you that I feel deep in my heart; I will remember that I am in England, where it is, what my good friend Luigi calls, 'bad form' to show one's admiration."

Lydia smiled a little flattered by the implied compliment.

"Signor Cavatini has lived in England so long that he knows our ways," she answered, in a friendly tone.

"Ah! yes; and sometimes I think he has forgotten our beloved Italian. But then it is different with him; he is free to go back tomorrow if he chooses, while I—"

He broke off abruptly, and looked out of the window with a dejected air, adding in an undertone—

"It is yet three more years before I may return to my country."

"Are you an exile?" asked Lydia impulsively.

"The signorina is right the first time," replied the Italian, turning towards her with a faint smile. "I am an exile—but with my own free will. I had the misfortune to have what you call a prodigal father, who spent all the rents, and borrowed vast sums. When he died, I feared all would have to be sold, but the lawyers tell me it is not necessary."

"Go away for ten years," they said, "and we will get some English lord to live in your house, and pay much money. In ten years there will be no more debts," and I saw they were wise, so I made myself an exile. These more years in this island of sea, and then my purgatory will be over. I shall go back to my own country, I, he Count of Trocadero. His eyes kindled as he spoke, and he drew himself up with an air of pride. "Once again I shall live in the beautiful home of my father, proudly I shall walk the lands which bear my own name."

Lydia followed his narrative with the deepest interest, and was delighted to find her new acquaintance was of so much higher rank than she had imagined.

"You will be glad when that day comes," she said, smilingly; "you will bid adieu to England without regret."

The Italian looked at her for a moment in silence.

"I do not know," he said, abruptly. "It has been my dream always—I have thought of it by day and night; but now—I do not know. There will be another to think of. It may be that in England I have met my fate."

Lydia blushed a little, and glanced aside, while an air of satisfaction spread itself over the Italian's face.

"I have worried you with my miserable history," he said, suddenly breaking the somewhat awkward silence. "I have talked all about myself, and now—our journey is nearly at an end—with a regretful sigh—and we must say farewell."

"But I shall see you again," said Lydia, impulsively. During the few minutes' silence she had built sundry castles in the air which now seemed about to topple to the ground.

"I thought you were going to Woodford, and she glanced at his ticket which he had hung on the seat just in front of her.

"And that is also your destination?" he asked eagerly.

Lydia nodded.

"Then truly I am in luck," said the Italian, in a tone of satisfaction. "At least I shall catch a glimpse of you now and again."

"If you are going to stay in the village, my grandfather is sure to call on you. He is the rector, you know."

"Then I will make a point of staying in the village," said the Italian, promptly.

"And you—you knew it well?" interrogated, "You can tell me where I shall find the pictures."

"To sketch do you mean, count?"

"No, no, you must not call me that," cried the Italian, impressively. "It is only in Italy that I bear my title; here I am only a poor artist—Mario Delmonti, at your service. You will not forget—you will not betray my secret?"

Lydia shook her head.

"I will tell nothing you do not wish me to tell," she said, quickly.

The Italian thanked her with an eloquent glance of his dark eyes and very deftly turned the conversation.

By the time they reached Woodford, he not only learned much of Lydia's home life

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but had discovered that she had possessed "a fairy godmother," and would not go to her husband empty handed.

As the train slackened speed, he caught Lydia's hand in his, and kissed it with an air of devotion.

"Farewell, until to-morrow," he said softly. "We shall meet then, I feel sure. Fate could not be so cruel as to let me be so near you and yet not catch one little glance from your bright eyes."

"She is worth cultivating, if she is only a doctor's daughter," he mused, as he watched her drive away from the station in the little pony-carriage, which was the only vehicle the Rectory boasted. "It will be strange if I don't introduce me to Sir Joseph's daughter, and, if I fail there—well, I can always fall back on the fair Lydia."

CHAPTER II.
 TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

Mabel Greyling had been wont to boast a good deal at school about the glories and beauties of the Towers; but, it truth be told, she was heartily tired of both before she had been home six months.

When she left school the previous Christmas, it was with the idea that that immediately after Easter she should be launched in society; but in the early spring Lady Greyling caught a chill, and was so seriously ill, that it was quite evident she would not sufficiently recover her strength in time to face the treads of the London season.

It is to be feared that Sir Joseph did not view the tardy convalescence of the partner of his joys and sorrows with quite so much regret as he should have done, for he was never as happy as when wandering about his estates, watching the men at their various avocations, and planning improvements which would probably never be carried into effect.

During the earlier part of the year, Mabel had revelled in her emancipation from school-routine, and had delighted in discussing with her mother the dresses she would require for her first season, but Lady Greyling's illness put an end to all such anticipations.

True, she had suggested that Mabel might spend the season with her maiden aunt, who had a pretty little flat within a stone's throw of Hyde Park, but it so happened that the girl had more than one grudge against Miss Greyling, who had been wont to declare that Mabel was horribly spoiled, and had endeavoured to counteract the effects of the said spoiling by a course of smothering, which the girl bitterly resented.

Now she felt she would far rather forego the delights of the season than be condemned to spend three months under her aunt's care and supervision, and utterly refused to consider her mother's suggestion.

That Sir Joseph approved her suggestion, goes without saying.

But, as the summer wore on, it is doubtful whether Mabel did not regret her decision.

She had no resources within herself, and missed the companionship of her school-fellows more than she had imagined possible.

Now and again Lady Greyling suggested that one or another should be asked on a visit; but Mabel declared she did not care for any one of them well enough.

Nevertheless, she seemed delighted when she received a note from Lydia Strong, telling her that she was staying at Woodford Rectory, and lost no time in getting over to see her old schoolfellow.

She found Lydia and her grandmother in the garden, the former presiding at the tea-table, which had been placed in the shade of one of the splendid walnut trees for which the Rectory was famed.

The meeting between the two girls was so cordial, that Mrs. Brydon concluded they must have been bosom friends at school, and wondered that Lydia should have allowed nearly a fortnight to elapse before letting Miss Greyling know that she was staying in the neighborhood.

The two girls were still deep in reminiscences of their schooldays when the rector appeared, accompanied by Signor Delmonti.

A look of vexation appeared on Mrs. Brydon's face when she saw the Italian, and her greeting was as cold as it well could be, consistent with the courtesy she was bound to show to any guest.

Signor Delmonti, however, did not appear to notice anything amiss, and greeted her with the utmost deference before he turned to speak to Lydia, who, after a quick glance at Mabel, introduced him to her friend.

"Miss Greyling is another old pupil of Signor Cavatini," she said, smiling up at the Italian; "but she left school just before you came."

"Lydia, your grandfather is waiting for a cup of tea," put in Mrs. Brydon sharply.

It annoyed her to see Lydia looking up at the eagerly foreigner with such an air of interest, and she seized on the speediest means of interrupting their conversation.

Lydia, recalled to her duties, busied herself with the tea equipage, and only the

observant eyes of the Italian saw how her hands trembled.

During the remainder of the informal meal Mrs. Brydon took good care the conversation should be general, and, as soon it was concluded, the rector carried Signor Delmonti off to the church tower, to climb which had been the ostensible object of his visit.

A quarter of an hour later, just as the two men were making their way across the churchyard towards the lawn, Lydia, who appeared not to have noticed their approach, turned to her friend, with a smile, and suggested a ramble round the quaint, old-fashioned garden.

"You won't mind if we leave you alone for a little while, granny?" she asked, coaxingly. "I should like to take Mabel as far as the cornfield; it looks so pretty now, with its fringe of scarlet poppies, and very likely next time she comes they will all be laid low."

"Go, by all means, dear," said Mrs. Brydon, contentedly, glad that Lydia showed no desire to await the return of the Italian.

And so it happened that just as the rector and his companion approached the lawn on one side, the two girls were disappearing on the other.

The Italian showed no sign of regret at finding his hostess alone, and, after a few appreciative remarks on the beauty of the view from the top of the tower, he took his departure with such an unconcerned air that Mrs. Brydon began to think she must have been unduly suspicious as to his motives in calling.

Nevertheless, when the rector, having seen his guest depart, returned to the lawn there was an unusual air of annoyance on his wife's face.

"My dear, how could you bring that man here again?" she asked, reproachfully. "I told you it was not wise to let Lydia see too much of him. She is just the sort of a girl to be attracted by the air of romantic mystery with which he surrounds himself."

"I am sure she did not take much notice of him to-day," the rector said easily; "and as to bringing him here, I really could not help it, I met him only a few yards down the road and he expressed himself as so very anxious to see the view from the church tower that, knowing old Tompkins was laid up, there was nothing for it but to escort him myself."

Meanwhile, the two girls had passed through the garden, and, skirting the meadow adjoining the cornfield, reached the five barred gate leading into the road just as the Italian was passing by.

"It was only natural they should stop and speak."

"I was so disappointed when I got back to the rectory and found you gone," he said, presently. "I wanted to tell you I have nearly finished my sketch of the farmhouse. I wish you could see it signorina; you would be able to tell me if I caught the true spirit of the scene."

He spoke to Lydia, but, when her eyes dropped he fished an admiring, pleading look at Miss Greyling, as though to intimate it was her opinion he desired of obtaining, though he did not dare to ask it.

"I should like to see it immensely," said Lydia quickly. "Can't you bring it here? I am sure grandfather would be pleased to see it."

The Italian shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"And grandamma?" he queried, slowly. "No, signorina, your much revered grandmother does not like me. I feel it every time she looks at me with those piercing eyes of hers, every time her hand touches mine. And I have done nothing to offend her. It must be that she is insular—she does not like those who are not of her own country."

"Old people are so faddy," put in Mabel, with cool impertinence; "it's a little way they have got."

The Italian bowed and smiled, but before he could reply, the rector's voice was heard.

Evidently he and his wife were coming in search of their guests.

With a sentimental look of regret, which each girl felt was intended for her alone, Signor Delmonti departed, while Lydia and her companion went slowly in the direction of the woods.

"Does he paint well?" asked Mabel, in an undertone. "You've seen some of his sketches, of course?"

"Two or three," admitted Lydia. "I happened to come across him when I was out, but lately granny has made such a fuss about my going out alone, except just into the village. What a pity you don't live nearer, Mabel; they would let me go out with you, and I should like to see the picture he is painting now."

"So should I," replied Mabel, thinking, (CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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(Continued on FIFTH PAGE.)

Sunday Reading

God's Care for All.
If thou canst still the raging sea,
Canst stay the tempest by a word,
Canst make the powers of nature be
All subject to thy mandate, Lord;
If thou the mighty earth can shake,
And sway the nations with a word,
Canst mountains from their places take,
And drown the wicked with a flood;
If thou canst make the ether blue,
Where rides the sun in kingly might,
The moon in silvery garments, too,
And glittering stars, thy praise they write—
If thou these rules mightily,
Why should I ever be afraid
To trust thy power to succor me
In my distress, to bring me aid?
If thou dost watch the sparrow's fall,
If thou dost hear the raven's cry;
If all the insects, great and small,
Are noted by thy kindly eye;
If thou canst make the lily air,
Exquisite handiwork that shows,
If thou canst deck with beauty rare
The flower that in the desert grows;
If thou for minor things hast thought,
If thou dost watch them tenderly,
This precious lesson I am taught,
That thou hast greater love for me.
There's not too great for thy control,
And naught too small for thy concern,
And I have peace within my soul,
As I this wondrous lesson learn.

Nice to Have Around

Among the summer visitors that thronged
Primrose farm, none were so popular as
a maiden of fourteen.

"It is strange what makes everybody
like May Stultz so; I am just as good as
she is," said Jennie Dine enviously.

There was a smile in the eyes of the
farmer's wife as she replied, "May is such
a nice little body to have around."

"And why ain't I, too?" inquired
Jennie, in an injured tone.

"Why, you are, certainly," smiled the
farmer's wife; "but then May is extra nice.
I am always sorry to see her go home. I
miss her for months."

"She has such helpful little ways,"
spoke up grandma.

"And don't I help, too?" asked Jennie.

"Why, yes, you are good too," said
grandma; "but there is a difference.
Watch May, and see how it is."

So Jennie determined to study May, and
when she awoke the next morning and saw
her friend standing before the glass put-
ting the finishing touches to a bit of lace
about her throat, it was the first thing she
thought of.

What are you doing up so early?" she
asked. "Isn't breakfast an hour later on
Sunday morning?"

"Yes, I know it is, but I don't like to be
in a hurry on God's day. Now I shall
have time to bring in a few flowers for the
table, and some peppermint all wet with
dew for poor Mrs. Merrill who has the
dyspepsia so, and not keep anybody wait-
ing, either," and she glided out of the
room.

Two hours later, a half dozen guests or
more were sitting about the cool airy bed-
rooms, getting ready for church.

There was quite a flutter for brushes,
combs, shoe hooks and glove buttoners.

One young lady said her back hair look
ed like a fright; another was in such a
hurry that two or three buttons broke
from her shoes and went rolling off to one
corner, and another was doing her best to
draw on a pair of kid gloves.

May Stultz was ready and waiting, but
as one after another made some complaint,
she went about in a quiet way, helping all
she could.

With another hairpin or two she gave
entirely another look to Stella Wharton's
back hair; she hunted up the lost buttons
and brought out some patient fasteners for
them; she arranged a lady's veil; she
fastened up a skirt that was too long; she
buttoned grandma's glove and then left a
kiss on the withered cheek, while a girl of
twenty cried:

"It is too bad to make such a lady's
maid of May."

"Oh, I like it!" smiled May. "It is such
a comfort to see everybody contented."

"We couldn't any of us get along with-
out you," said the farmer's wife, with a
meaning smile over to Jennie.

Jennie blushed, for she now understood
what made May so popular. No wonder
everybody liked to have her around!

His Authority as a Teacher.

The words of a good man carry authority
with them. For goodness gives clearness
of mental and moral vision; and the most
important things which we need to know,
are the things which have to do with
character and life. Good men are our best
teachers, because the pure in heart see
God. If a good man is also a great man,
the greatness adds much to his authority.
In such a case he becomes an oracle upon
the matters of which he speaks. Great
men, who are not good, are not safe
leaders. They may be very dangerous

Doctors now agree that
consumption is curable.

Three things, if taken to-
gether, will cure nearly every
case in the first stages; the
majority of cases more ad-
vanced; and a few of those
far advanced.

The first is, fresh air; the se-
cond, proper food; the third,
Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver
oil with hypophosphites.

To be cured, you must not
lose in weight, and, if thin,
you must gain. Nothing
equals Scott's Emulsion to
keep you in good flesh.

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guides. But goodness prevents a great
man from misleading, or deceiving those
who come to him for instruction. More-
over, when a man is both great and good,
he will not assume an authority to which
he is not entitled. Greatness makes a
good man unassuming and modest. He
will not pretend to know, when he is
ignorant. He will not demand a confi-
dence to which he knows that he is not en-
titled. He will not claim an obedience to
which he has no right. Great men, when
they are good, are careful not to exceed
the limits of their just authority; and that
makes their authority respected.

Jesus Christ was a good man. No one
denies that. Jesus Christ was a great
man. No one denies that. Jesus Christ was
the best man that ever lived. He has
won the love of millions, and the grateful
admiration of the world. Everybody ad-
mits that, unbelievers as well as believers.
Jesus Christ embodies goodness and great-
ness in their highest form. And, there-
fore, we cannot suppose that he claimed
any authority—a hundredfold more intensity
and more comprehensiveness. He broke
the path for them all, and they have suc-
ceeded in proportion as they have follow-
ed in his steps. Thus Jesus was at once
the most radical and the most conservative
of teachers. His teaching was new to
his time, but it was from everlasting. And
that gave it omnipotent power.

A third impressive feature in the teach-
ing of Jesus, giving to it peculiar author-
ity, is the habitual tone of profound per-
sonal conviction. There was a ring in his
speech which men missed in their most
learned and eloquent teachers. They
could not keep their eyes away from him.
They hung upon his lips. Nor did he con-
fuse them by the ornaments of diction, or
the intricacy of his logic. The common
people heard him gladly. His illustrations
were the simplest, drawn from the fields,
and the market, and the ordinary occupa-
tions of men. He did not speculate. He
indulged in no fancies. He had something
to say and he said it. He did not say it
all, but he said what was needful. There
was ever in him a reserve of utterance
which told upon what he did say. And
what he did say was with a burning
earnestness, with flashing eye often, and
outstretched hand, an earnestness which
was spontaneous and which cannot be sim-
ulated. We know when a man means
what he says, when he speaks with the
authority of profound personal conviction.

True Faith and Honest Doubt.

Of the declaration of modern poets none
is perhaps oftener met with than Tenny-
son's familiar couplet—
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
Now, it is true, that much that passes as
faith is only blind credulity which takes up
with the bare letter of a single proof text
which is considered decisive, and from which
there is no appeal. It is also true that much
of the prevailing skepticism has lateness for
its father and cowardice for its mother: it is
unwilling to follow the example of the Be-
rean Christians and search to see whether
these things be true. It substitutes a dull
acquiescence in the teachings of certain ec-
clesiastical; it endeavors to nationalize all spir-
itual teaching, forgetting or ignoring the
fact that the logical and the rational cannot
dominate the spiritual. "The wind
bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the
sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it
cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one
that is born of the Spirit." And what should
we think of a God into whose will we could
enter, whose processes we could under-
stand, whose purposes discover, whose
power even in the inferior domain of the
physical we should question? What kind of
a God would he be whose mind was com-
prehensible by our own, and whose limita-
tions should be as conspicuous—supposing
him to be circumscribed by them—as our
own shortcomings? At the last we shall
find rest in the fact that the only belief that

is worth anything, the only faith that can
endure in a world of sane and thinking men
and women, is the faith that examines,
that questions, and through that process,
often, perhaps, both painful and puzzling,
comes at last to make itself a vital factor in
the daily life. It is given to such inquir-
ing souls only to have doubts that have a
value, whether they yield more faith than
half the creeds or not.

God's Mercies.
I once asked a party of boys to tell me
some of the qualities of rain. One of them
shouted, 'Lots of it.' The watering pot is
soon emptied and perhaps the cistern, and
the hand gets weary. Earthly comforts are
limited. There may be food without ap-
petite, abundance without health, money
without love. Increase may promote dis-
content, the strong box may be broken
into, and riches 'take to themselves wings
and fly away.' 'How precious the sympathy
of others! If you are ill there are many
callers for a few weeks, but if you are so
inconsiderate as to continue ill for a few
months some may deem you preposterous
to expect continued inquiries with so many
other demands on their time.

But God's mercies are a fountain that
flows without pause. He 'delighteth in
mercy.' If so in relation to the necessities
of the body, how much more in relation to
the wants of the soul. Christ was the 'im-
age of the invisible God.' 'His mercy en-
dureth forever.' He died for the world.
No one can ever seek salvation from him
in vain. You might as easily dry the ocean
up by filling a jug from it to pour on the
dry ground, as empty the inexhaustible re-
servoir of God's love and Christ's redeem-
ing grace.—Newman Hall, D. D.

His Love is Boundless.

As the Father loves the Son, in the same
manner Jesus loves his people. He loved
him without beginning, and thus Jesus
loves us. "I have loved thee with an
everlasting love." You can trace the be-
ginning of human affection; you can easily
find the beginning of your love to Christ,
but his love is a stream whose source is
hidden in eternity. God the Father loves
Jesus without any change. Christian take
this for your comfort, that there is no
change in Jesus Christ's love to those who
rest in him. Yesterday you were on the
mount and you said, "He loves me;" to-
day you are in the valley of humiliation,
but he loves you still the same.—Spur-
geon.

Beside each bitter Marsh pool there
grows a tree, which, when cast into the
waters, makes them palatable and sweet.
It is ever so. Poison and antidote, in-
fection and cure, pain and medicine, are
always close together. The word which
saves is nigh even in the mouth and in the
heart. We do not always see the 'suffi-
cient grace'; but it is there. Too occu-
pied with our disappointment, we have no
heart to seek it; but when we cry, it is
shown to our weary, longing eyes.—[Rev.
K. B. Meyer.

Half feeling our own weakness,
We place our hands in Thine;
Knowing but half our darkness,
We ask for light divine.

"Wanted a Part in Cash."

The development of the Missouri "zinc
fields" brought out almost as many curious
and amusing incidents as follow the dis-
covery of a new gold region. The Joplin
index tells one—it has a pathetic side—of
a family of ten children, orphans, whose
estate consisted of a quarter section of rich
zinc land. The syndicate that was develop-
ing the region wanted the property. The
guardian of the children was a shoemaker
in Joplin. He had been a friend of their
father, and was working hard to keep the
estate intact until they should grow up,
and to educate them meantime. After he

ERYSIPELAS.

This dangerous Blood Disease
always cured by Burdock
Blood Bitters.

Most people are aware how
serious a disease Erysipelas is.
Can't root it out of the system
with ordinary remedies.

Like other dangerous blood
diseases, though, B.B.B. can
cure it every time.

Read what Rachel Patton,
Cape Chin, Bruce Co., Ont.,
says:

"I wish to state that I used Bur-
dock Blood Bitters for Erysipelas in
my face and general run down state
of my health. I tried many reme-
dies but all failed to cure. I then
tried B.B.B. Two bottles nearly
cured me and four bottles completely
cured me."



Hard facts

for women who wash. No work you do is so
unhealthful as your work over a washtub.
This hard, perspiring work in the midst of
soiled clothes and tainted steam will make
trouble for you. The less of it you do, the
better. Wash with Pearline, and there's
little or none of it. Nothing but rinsing
the clothes, after soaking and boiling
them. Consider your health.



had refused offers that increased ten thou-
sand dollars at a leap, day after day, he
became tired, and set a price of two hun-
dred thousand dollars, so that the syndicate
would cease bothering him. It happened,
however, that particular property was a
necessity for them, and they would have
given twice as much. So they took him
up in a twinkling. The court approved
the sale, and the amount was handed over
in the form of certified checks. The shoe-
maker looked at the papers, found out
from the banker that they were "good,"
and then said to the agent of the syndicate,
"Could you, give me part cash?"
"Why, my man, you have it all in cash."
"Yes, but I want some of it in—in—"
"Currency?"
"Yes. I guess that's it."
"Well, how much do you want?"
"I want about fifty cents. I have been
promising them children they should have
an ice-cream soda as soon as I could afford
it, and I know they have been expecting
it long enough."
And the syndicate bought the soda.

HAMILTON, ONT.

Sends Word Regarding Dodd's
Kidney Pills in Western
Ontario.

Cures by no Means Confined to Maritime
Provinces—Harry Bawden, of Hamilton,
had Lumbago and Diabetes—Five
boxes Cured Him.

HAMILTON, Oct. 30.—It should not be
supposed that cures made by Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills of Bright's Disease, Diabetes,
Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Bladder and
Urinary Troubles, Women's Weakness,
Backache, Blood Disorders, etc., are con-
fined to the Maritime Provinces. Dodd's
Kidney Pills are used with invariable suc-
cess for these diseases throughout the
length and breadth of Canada. Cures by
Dodd's Kidney Pills are reported in almost
every paper printed in the United States.
The English newspapers are not a whit be-
hind hand in publishing cures made in
England, while in far Australia and New
Zealand, Dodd's Kidney Pills bear pre-
ciously the same reputation and perform
as many wonderful cures as they do in Canada.
So much for the confidence in a Canadian
remedy displayed by the world at large.
Mr. Harry Bawden, of Hamilton, Ont.,
suffered with Lumbago and Kidney Disease
for six years. At the end of that time he
resolved to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. He
had been wiser had he taken them at the
beginning. This is what he says:—
"For six years I suffered with Lumbago
and Kidney Disease. I tried everything
under the sun, but absolutely nothing I
friend advised me about one year ago to
try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I finally decided
to do so. Purchased one box and found
relief. I used in all five boxes, and am
completely cured."

A Diplomatic Drummer.

Assistant-Secretary of State Thomas W.
Orrider in the discharge of his diplomatic
duties has crossed the ocean probably more
times than any other official in that branch
of the National government. On one voy-
age he made the acquaintance of a travel-
ing salesman whose companionability was
marred by curiosity.

"Traveling on business like myself, I
suppose?"

"Yes."

"What line of goods?"

"Papers."

"Wall, writing or printing?"

"Papers for cabinets."

"Humph, I thought cabinet-makers used
only wood, steel and brass!"

"Most of them do," and the diplomat be-
gan to speak of other things.

ON A FRIEND'S RECOMMENDATION.

Mrs. Gampton Uses Dr. Agnew's Cure for
the Heart and Recovers Instant Lasting
Relief—Immediate Relief is What the Suffer-
er Wants—and Gets When Dr. Agnew's
Cure for the Heart is Used.

"I was for a long time a great sufferer
from heart trouble. I had palpitation and
smothering accompanied by great weak-
ness and painful spasms. I got very little
relief from remedies, and doctors failed to
give me real benefit. A friend of mine had
used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and
I procured a bottle and it has proved a
great blessing to me. I think it a great
heart cure and heartily recommend it to all
like sufferers. Mrs. Gampton, 46 Bishop
Street, Toronto." Sold by E. C. Brown.

Honoring Her Son.

Perhaps the first person to believe in the
genius of Robert Louis Stevenson was his
mother. She was devotedly attached to
him throughout his life, and realized his

value to the world long before the world
gave him a hearing. It was her lot to
mourn his death, but she was comforted in
her trouble by the sympathy of two nations.
Some time after his death a great memoral
meeting was held in Edinburgh. For
his mother, says the author of 'Stevenson's
Edinburgh Days,' it was a gala day. She
started for Music hall not too early, feel-
ing sure of a seat with a 'reserved ticket'
in her hand. She had declined to sit on
the platform, and preferred to be a simple
unit in the audience. The crowd was be-
yond expectations. Mrs. Stevenson ar-
rived to find every passage blocked, and a
surging mass at the main entrance clamor-
ing for admittance. She feared that she
with them, would be turned away; but as
a forlorn hope she appealed to a police-
man.

"It's nae use, it's nae," he said; "reserve
seats were ta'en an hour ago by folks that
had nae tickets, and they would na gang
out."

"I must get in!" cried Mrs. Stevenson,
roused out of her usual calm. "I've a right
to get in. I am Robert Louis Stevenson's
mother."

"Aye, you've the best right," the police-
man replied, and turning to the crowd he
cried:

"Mak' way, there. She maun get in.
She's Robert Loui's mither."

People who had thought themselves
packed too tightly to move, somehow
packed closer and let Mrs. Stevenson
squeeze past.

Breathless, hustled, and for once with
her mantle and bonnet a little awry, much
against her will the crowd pushed her to
the platform. There she hastened to take
a back seat, and a few minutes later she
heard the orator of the day, Lord Rose-
bery, say with an emphasis which the audi-
ence understood well. 'His mother is here.'

Mixed Relations.

The intimate relation between the many
and divers races in this country has its
humorous as well as its tragic side. Colonel
Franchere of Louisiana tells the following
true story as an illustration of the ming-
ling of the races:

Mrs. Blank, returning to Natchez after
some years' absence, was welcomed by one
of her old slaves.

"Well, Cynthia," she said, "what are
you doing now? You look well and
happy."

"Laws, Miss Lizzy, I've peart!" Cyn-
thia responded, dropping courtesies with
broad smiles widening her round black
face. "I done got married, Miss Lizzy."

"Again?"

"Oh, dis time it's for keeps! I got mar-
ried onto a Chinaman. How could
you tell in love with him?"

"Laws sakes, Miss Lizzy, 'twas'n't no
love affair, 'twas business. You know
I'm a good washer. None betteh in dis
town. Ah Yan hev a good ironer, so we
goes into a laundry. Vebly comoltable
got two chillun."

"But how about your religion?"

"Well, I m a good stirrin' Methodist,
and goes to meetin', and Ah Yan's got his
joss behind de kitchen doh, and stays at
home. So it suits so well it seems kind ob'
providential."

"Oh, I see. But the children?"

"De chillun? We fixed dat. We com-
promised on dem," said Cynthia, trium-
phantly. "We's goin' to make dem
Jews!"

A pleasanter illustration of this mixture
of races occurred later in another Southern
town. A stranger was thrown from a
trolley car and fatally injured. A Jew
held his head in his arms, a heathen Chi-
nese man put water to his lips, a poor negro
chafed his hands, while an old man also a
stranger, knelt beside him and spoke
obeying words to him as he lay dying.
"I don't know," the negro said after-
ward, "if dat old man was Baptist or
'Piscopalian or some other kind. He just
told him of God—God. I reckon dat
covered it all."

KIDNEYS CLOGGED.

Many Victims of Bright's Disease—Diabetes,
Dropsy and Distressing Urinary Troubles
Have Been Saved by the Timely Use of
South American Kidney Cure.

The kidney are nature's filters in expell-
ing from the body all impurities. If the
kidneys are out of sorts the whole system
becomes impaired and disease follows as
sure as fate. Bright's disease, diabetes,
dropsy and distressing urinary troubles in-
fect four fifths of the race. If need not be
so, for South American Kidney Cure is a
power in dispelling all tendency to the
onset of disease. It has cured cases that
have been long and stubborn and that have
baffled medical skill.—Sold by E. C.
Brown.

CANCER
And Tumors
cured to stay
cured, at
home, no
knife, plaster
or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 120-page
book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE
CO., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

South African Industry.

The Orange Free State forms one of the two independent republics in South Africa. The Transvaal is the other. The former is bounded on the south by the Orange River, which divides it from Cape Colony, a British South African Colony. On the north it is separated from its sister republic, the Transvaal by the Vaal River. Basutoland and the range of the Drakensberg (Dragon Mountains) divide it from Natal on the east. On the west it is bounded by the Griqualand West, which is better known as the Diamond Fields, a recently purchased British possession.

This little republic has an area of about 50,000 square miles. It is an elevated table land 4,000 feet above the sea level, and is 400 miles long by 200 miles wide, running north and south. The present population of the country is estimated by its government at about 93,000, whites and 140,000 natives of Basuto and Barolong tribes. Bloemfontein, which is 750 miles north of Table Bay, 450 miles north of Port Elizabeth, and 400 north of East London, is the capital. The only mountain ranges in the Orange Free State are the Stall mountains in the eastern portion of the Republic. From the Drakensberg the country slopes gradually to the Vaal River on the northern and western boundaries. The southern part of the Free State is dotted with detached kopjes or individual hills. Otherwise the interior is an undulating prairie or prairies, formerly covered with coarse grass. This is changed in the south to a scrubby brush or cope, which is excellent grazing for sheep, a sweeter grass supplanting the sour or coarser grasses in places. The Orange Free State is not a forest country. It is virtually treeless. The species of forest now found on the hill sides and in the moist valleys of the rivers is a scant scrub of mimosa thorn, the wild olive, the willow and the camel thorn, which is a species of wild acacia.

The principal lands are best adapted to pastoral purposes, though there is a 30 by 100 mile strip of soil on the Basutoland border considered to be second to none in the world for grain producing purposes. The pursuits of the people being principally stock raising and grain growing, the burghers have leisure for war. The strip noted above produces, without irrigation or fertilizing, and after planting for nearly forty consecutive years, from thirty eighty bushels to the acre. This fertile strip of land is known as the Conquered Territory. It was taken from the Basutos about 1894. This little belt of land is the granary of the Orange Free State and of the Transvaal. In this belt of country, thirty miles wide by 100 miles long, are grown wheat, oats, barley, maize, and Kaffir corn. It also carries large herds of cattle, horses, sheep, and goats and ostriches. Peaches, apples, peaches and grapes are likewise grown to a large extent. This is the Boer base of supplies, and the mountains which face British South Africa are depended upon with Boer endurance and Boer strategy to hold these fields inviolate to the homes of the twin republics of the same blood.

Diamonds are extensively mined on the fields of Jagersfontein, where the famous 900 carat Jagersfontein Excelsior was found, on May 30, 1893, and Koffyfontein, in the district of Fauresmith, which is in the southwestern part of the Republic. The importance of these mines can be seen when it is known that the diamond output of the Jagersfontein field for January was 15,189 carats, valued at \$150,000, while that for Koffyfontein for the same period was 1,500 carats, valued at \$11,000. This is part of the contemplated war prize in the present conflict.

The inhabitants of the Orange Free State are, like the Boers of the Transvaal, a peaceful, educated and well governed people. The country is divided into nineteen districts, each one of which is presided over by a landroost, or magistrate. Each of these magisterial districts is again subdivided into one, two or more wards, according to its size or importance. Each of these wards send a member to the Volksraad, or Legislature. In addition to this each town also sends a member to the

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.
Superseding Bitter Apple, Elix Cochis,
Pennyroyal, &c.
Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from
RYANS & BORN, LTD., Montreal and
Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or
Martini, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton,
Eng.

Volksraad. To this Legislature the people's delegate the government of the country. The President, who is the responsible head of the executive department, is advised by an Executive Council, and by the High Court, which is composed of a chief justice and two puisne judges.

The Government obtains about \$2,000,000 annually from the revenue of the State to meet its expenditures. This revenue is mainly derived from the following sources: Quit-rent on farms, at the rate of 48 cents for each 100 morgen, or 200 acres; transfer dues on unmoveable or fixed property, at the rate of 4 per cent; a 2 per cent rate on moveables, that is all goods sold by auction; a hut or capitulation tax of \$2.50 a head on natives. From the Custom House there is received about \$600,000 a year. This is obtained from a 12 per cent ad valorem levy on all over-sea goods crossing the border. These dues are by virtue of a treaty with the Cape Colony Government levied at the ports of Cape Colony. They are also levied on the Natal border by Orange Free State officers in accordance with the provisions of the customs union existing between the Cape Government and the Free State. The former retains three per cent of the 12 per cent duty levied to recoup itself for the expense of collecting these customs dues for the Republic.

The Orange Free State expends about \$250,000 annually on roads, \$300,000 on bridges, and large sums, for so small a country, on public buildings. In fact nearly one-third of the entire revenue of the State is absorbed by educational grants and public works. This would be a very fine showing for countries outside of Africa.

The government of this Boer State is very careful about the education of the children of the land. For this purpose a permanent fund of \$1,000,000 is set aside. The educational department is a very thorough one. This department is under a superintendent who has under him a corps of inspectors and sub-inspectors. There are now about eighty fine government schools with a staff of 150 teachers. These schools are exclusive of private and non-aided schools, such as those which are maintained by the Catholics, the Anglicans and other religious denominations. The government schools are of three kinds, viz: town, ward and peripatetic schools. To teach them, the instructors are divided into first, second and third class according to the grade of their certificates from the board of State examiners. This board is composed of nine members who are appointed by the President of the Republic. This board has wide powers. It can grant certificates of proficiency in law, land surveying, and in science and literature generally. The only higher education schools supported by the State are Dames Institute (Ladies Seminary) and Grey College, both of which are at Bloemfontein. In these institutions the students are prepared for matriculation at the Cape University in Cape Colony. Students desiring a university education must, therefore, go to the South African College at Cape Town, or to Victoria College at Stellenbosch.

The great authority of the citizens of the Orange Free State are, from the circumstances of their Dutch origin, members of the Dutch Reformed Church. This is the established church of the land. There is a congregation in nearly every little village of the country. The government annually contributes about \$40,000 to the support of this religious sect. It is paid into the church synod to be used as that body deems fit. This synod meets every other year in the month of May at Bloemfontein, the capital. It is composed of the pastor and a lay member of each congregation. The following denominations also have churches in the Orange Free State: The Episcopalians, Lutherans, Catholics, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians. Their individual memberships are small. The Episcopal Church has a respectable following; at Bloemfontein it has several school buildings. Among them are St. Andrew's College for boys, and St. Michael's Home for girls. The Separatist Dutch Church also has several important congregations in the country. The Dutch Reformed Church has a mission established at Witzenbosch. The Berlin Mission Society has important missions at Bethany Mabeola (in the Ladybrand district) and other places.

The climate of the Orange Free State is dryer and colder than that of its neighbors. This is due to the altitude and inland position. It is therefore, healthful for weak lungs. Its dry season is in winter time,

HOOD'S PILLS

Remedy for biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 50c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

but its period of rain, and moisture is uncertain. The high elevation is affected by the evaporation of the lower countries which drifts up into the Wittebergen (White Mountains), Rooiberg (Red Mountains) and the Drakensberg, where it condenses and frequently floods the streams causing them to run bankers ten to twenty feet above their normal watermark. The last named peaks rises to 11,000 feet and are popularly called Monte aux Sources or mounts of sources from the number of streams which rise in them. In the winter time the rivers are shallow. Some of them hardly flow. They degenerate into what are called pans, (sea cow or hippopotamus water holes) which have drifts or fords here and there. This is due to the dryness of the season. In the summer these water courses are dangerously swollen often rising in a single night from ten to twenty feet above the normal. The pans or peculiar circular water basins found in the middleveld or watershed territory between any two rivers are sometimes salt or brackish. These middleveld pans are numerous in the Bloemfontein, Jacobsdal, Fauresmith and Boshof districts. One of these depressions, the Hagans Pan is worked by a large salt company, which exports its product to Johannesburg. This salt according to Prof. Hahn's analysis is the best in the world. The pan from which it is taken is about two miles across. It is located about twenty miles from Bloemfontein. The salt from it is made after this fashion: A trench eight or ten feet deep is made in the pan. The brine percolates into this trench, from which it is subsequently pumped up on a huge buck or tent rails. Here the water evaporates and the salt sediment is left deposited on the soil and surface.

While the rivers of the Orange Free State are not navigable, they are well stocked with fish, some of which are peculiar to them. The (Clarias capensis) is only found in the Orange River and its tributaries. This fish is as long as seven feet. It has very few bones, and no scales. The barber has a large ungainly head with eight curri-fellers on the lower lip. The yellowfish found in all the Free State waters. It sometimes weighs as much as twenty pounds. Among the more important of the other fish are the whitefish, calveshead and the undermouth. The iguana and the river turtle also abound. The Free State is not notable for fierce or dangerous wild animals. The chief animals are antelopes, wildbeast, oleboks, anteaters, wildcats, miertas, porcupines, hedgehogs, jockals, hyenas, wild dog (the three last being almost extinct) and armadillos.

During these forty-five years of independence the Orange Free State has experienced the following events: There was a string of Basuto wars with spasms of peace from 1858 to 1863. After these ten years of tribal wars the republic triumphed. The Basutos had been so completely whipped that the British Government at the earnest entreaty of Chief Moshesh, the paramount of the tribe, proclaimed the unannexed part of Basutoland as British territory. In 1871 the Government of Queen Victoria annexed Griqualand West or the Diamond Fields, which was then nominally under the rule of Waterboer, chief of the Griqua tribe. The Free

State demanded this country, having acquired it by cession and purchase from the predecessor of this chief. To settle this dispute Great Britain agreed to pay to the Free State \$450,000 for a clear title to this land. In 1889 the Orange Free State formed its customs union with Cape Colony. In the railway union the Cape Government agreed to build a railway through the Free State at its own expense and risk at a certain sum per mile. The tariff of passengers and goods over this line was to be mutually agreed upon. The Orange Free State had the option of taking over this railroad if it liked after its completion at a stated sum per mile. The Cape Government in the meantime worked the line and equally divided the profits on it with the republic for seven years. This road was opened in July, 1892. Since then it has produced an estimated annual profit of \$800,000. This is due largely to the development of the gold mines in the South African Republic. This line and its leaders connect all the harbors of Cape Colony with Pretoria and the rich gold mine of Johannesburg which gladden the eyes of the British eye, and which are the incentive for the present war in South Africa. There are two short trunk lines. One of these runs from the Orange River at Bethulie to the main line at Springfontein. It connects the port of East London with the Central line. The other short line connects the Natal line, from Durban over Ladysmith with Harrismith.

The people of the Free State, like those of the Transvaal, are very simple and sincere in their feelings. In the country districts this simplicity is of so innocent a character that a stranger, even who is trusted and accepted as worthy to be a guest, may even be allowed to sleep in the same room with the single daughters of the family. For any violation of the sanctity of hospitality of the Boer home the culprit will barely escape with his life. While under welcome the visitor is treated like a son or a daughter. The Boers are not an immoral people. They are a plain, simple severe but kind and hardy race. An infusion of Huguenot blood in the burghers of the Free State makes them an active and enterprising community of sturdy yeomen.

THE PROFESSOR'S WAY.

Extremely Simple Method of Solving a Troublesome Cat Problem.

"I never hear a cat caterwauling," said Col. Calliper, without thinking of how my old friend, Professor Lucius Grigobler, circumvented the cats that had been accustomed to congregate on his back fence, in Storkville Centre, Vermont. Professor Gril—That's what we all called him,—used to come there summers only; in winter he would shut up the house, or else give it rent free to somebody to take care of it.

"For some reason or other, I don't know why, the back fence of this house had always been a favorite resort for cats. The first night the professor slept in the house—so he afterwards told some of the neighbors—he was amazed at the number of cats on the fence, and at the noise they made; he said he had never seen or heard anything like it. The next day the neighbors saw a man at work taking off the top finishing strip from the fence, along which the cats walked, and carrying it away. Before night the man was back there, putting on along the top of the fence another strip, that looked, however, very much like the one that had been taken off, except that it was perhaps a little more rounded. The neighbors couldn't see any practical difference between the two strips; but it turned out that the professor knew what he was about.

"I was living in the second house from Prof. Gril's, and on the same side of the street; I could see his back fence from my second story rear window easily. That night, as I had expected, with everybody else that knew about the change, there was just as much noise as ever; as a matter of fact, there was more than ever before. My gracious! You never heard anything like it in your life. I should think they had there not only all the cats in creation, but that individually they were making more noise than any cats had ever made before; and there was a new note in their voices, and an added sound that I had never heard before at all; and when I went to the window to see what these things meant, I saw something very singular.

"The cats would come up from the fences on either side and start along on the professor's fence, as they had always done, howling in just the ordinary way, but before they'd gone three steps I'd see 'em begin to paw that top piece and grab at it, slipping around this way and that, and all the time making desperate efforts to hold on. At first, they'd be breathless with surprise and astonishment, and then as they began to slip about and despite their most frantic efforts to cling to it, to lose their hold entirely, they'd get wild and frenzied and begin to howl and shriek like wild cats. And then presently would come that new note, the most unearthly and hair raising note I ever heard, this coming when the cat was finally compelled to go, and

drop, as it had to at last. These whoops we heard then were the wild shrieks of rage as the discomfited cat went down; and that new added sound, was its dull thud as it struck the ground.

"Some of 'em got up and tried it again, only to fall again; and every cat that tried it went down. For a while there was the greatest uproar and turmoil you ever heard of, and then there was quiet, perfect quiet, and the next night there wasn't a cat on the Professor's fence, not a cat, and quiet reigned all through that neighborhood. And all Storkville wondered. Some people said one thing, some said another, most folks thought there must be electricity about it somehow, but we couldn't see any wires, nor anything else, for that matter, and that made it seem all the more wonderful. Prof. Grigobler was a man of science, and everybody agreed that, though they didn't know just what it was, he must have put into operation, right here in Storkville Centre, the most wonderful thing ever.

"But one night one of the neighbors saw the Professor out in his back yard by the fence, with a pan full of something and a brush at work on the fence and then it all came out. That smooth top strip was simply the old strip covered with a covering of sheet iron carefully rounded, and the stuff in the pan was kitchen grease, that's all, which the erudite Professor put on with a paint brush, and that's all there was to it, the cats simply couldn't stay on the fence, and so they stayed away from it.

"I think it was a little shock to some of us, to have the Professor go about it in this way; we would have expected him to bring to bear on the solution of this cat problem comic of scholarly and logarithmic and all sorts of scholarly and scientific aids; whereas he had really gone at it in the simplest way in the world. And then there were others of us to whom this fact was a comfort; who found pleasure in the reflection that when it came to the practical affairs of life algebra didn't count so much as gumption.

"But, however they might regard the means by which the result was reached, everybody conceded that the method was successful; and at once all over the village people began putting up, on their back fences, what was called, by common consent, the Professor's cat rail; and for a time, in fact, as people paid attention to these rails and kept them greased, the back fences of Storkville Centre were comparatively free of cats."

As Seen by Others.

Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland" told with keen relish of a rebuff given him by a little girl who knew him only as a learned mathematician.

Have you ever read "Through the Looking Glass"? he asked her, expecting an outburst of delight.

"Oh, dear, yes!" she replied. "It is even more stupid than "Alice in Wonderland!" Don't you think so?"

Wordsworth could not conceal his chagrin when he heard his neighbors, the farmers described him as "a daft idle body, who went moaning about the hills and had not wit enough to raise a field of oats."

The following anecdote of Henry Clay was told by one of his personal friends.

While making the journey to Washington on the National road, just after his nomination as candidate for the Presidency, he was travelling one stormy night, wrapped up in a huge cloak, on the back of the stage coach, when two passengers entered. They were Kentuckians, like himself. He fell asleep, and when he awoke found them discussing his chances in the coming campaign.

"What did Henry Clay go into politics for?" said one. "He had a good bit of land; he had a keen eye for stock. If he had stuck to stock raising he'd have been worth his fifty thousand. But now he doesn't own a dollar."

"And," the great Kentuckian used to add, "the worst of it was, every word of it was true."

It was characteristic of the man that at the next stopping place he took another coach, lest his critics should recognize him and be mortified at their unintentional rudeness.

Ostarrhoxone.

GUARANTEED CURE FOR CATARRH—Catarrh, ozone, ozonated air cure, is guaranteed by the makers to cure the most chronic case of Catarrh of the nose or throat. It cures by inhalation. No danger, no risk. Ostarrhoxone when inhaled is volatile enough to reach the minutest cells of the lungs and bronchial tubes, where it attacks the disease at its foundation. It cures because it cannot fail to reach the right spot. Price \$1.00 at all druggists or direct by mail on receipt of price. Send 10c. in stamps to N. C. POLSON & Co., manu'g chemists, Kingston, Ont., for sample and testimonials.

Mrs. Plymouth—How did your last eggs turn out?

Mrs. Cochran—Pretty bad. Out of a dozen 3 were stolen by bad boys, 3 got mixed up in a Clark St. omelet, and 6 got stage struck by coming in contact with heavy tragedians.

Snooks—What a mean practical joker Smiles is! He told me if I came out to Daisybloom he would have a horseless carriage at the station for me.

Toots—Well, did it?

Snooks—Yes; a paramulator!

Frills of Fashion.

The woman who keeps the simplicity of her garb, its generous impulses and quick sympathies, and who adds to her gifts the enlargement of study and the crown of experience, is always at her best and never past it.

When the exterior attractions of form and color diminish and depart, as they mostly do, the radiance of our inner illumination will more than compensate their departure.

Automobile red, which is a pretty rich shade of garnet, is a fashionable color for cloth gowns, and if it is dotted over with small squares or polka spots of velvet in black or of the same color, then it is promptly stamped as new.

Black and colored moire petticoats trimmed with frills and flounces of the watered fabric, and faced up a third of their length with silk-covered hair-cloth, are an autumn device for keeping the dress skirt well flared around its lower portion.

Wide silk gauze scarfs to wear about the neck, and to throw over the shoulders with evening dress, are shown in great variety in the shops. There are some with wide Persian colored borders on the ends, others with knotted silk fringe or frills of ribbon for a finish; but all the dainty light colors are represented.

One of the latest shapes in erratic millinery is called the Spanish turban. It is almost an exact reproduction of the head gear worn by Spaniards. The brim is turned up all around and edged with crumpled velvet bows, a brilliant red bird and a large sparkling rhinestone buckle.

Small suede leather bags in gray and tan, with silver, gilt and steel mountings, are permissible for women to carry in the street. They are round at the bottom, and only just large enough to hold a handkerchief, some change and possibly some little trifles; but they are a great convenience.

A very pretty dress waist for the theatre, dinner parties, etc., is made of black velvet, with a seamless back, and single, deeply arched front darts. Accordion-plaited chiffon of creamy tint over cream satin forms the guimpe and its extension vest-front, the waist being open to the belt and cut down to the shoulders.

The upper edge is finished with bertha-like revers of the velvet, and are trimmed with the jet appliques, which likewise decorate the sleeves and pointed girdle.

'Residual legate' has figured in the Vanderbilt wills ever since the first of the name, Com. Vanderbilt, came into prominence.

It has been the Vanderbilt policy to leave the bulk of the estate to one of the sons so that he may control the property and preserve the traditions of the family. Heretofore it has been the oldest son.

This Vanderbilt property has not always given satisfaction to all the heirs, and there has been talk of the relatives being slighted. The will of Com. Vanderbilt, the founder of the present house, was contested, but a settlement was made out of court. The Vanderbilts have always been opposed to litigation over matters of inheritance.

Hats of fur trimmed with tulle, and hats of velvet either plain or embroidered and trimmed with fur, are distinguished this season by a separate department in the leading millinery shops. They are distinctly a conspicuous feature of millinery, chiefly in the toque shapes of course. Sable mink and chinchilla are the favorites, but white baby lamb and ermine are sometimes used, the latter forming the body of the hat completed with black tulle rosettes. Tulle and fur would seem to be an incongruous combination, but in reality it is very pretty the heaviness of one material being offset by the softness of the other. A crepe de chine scarf in some pale color, tied around the crown, the fringed ends falling at the back, is another combination with fur.

Scarfs of soft silk and crepe de chine are

very much used in millinery, and they are embellished with lace applique, and fringe on the ends. Rosettes, too, are quite as popular as they were in the summer, only they are changed somewhat in style. They are less like chrysanthemums, not so thick in the centre and more like a huge old-fashioned aster with a steel, jet, or rhinestone ornament in the centre. They are made of loops of velvet or silk, and of a tucked strip of taffeta, panne, or satin of the soft thin variety, gathered on one edge. A large stunning buckle is the finish for the centre of this sort of rosette, and with two handsome quills it is often the only trimming required on a felt hat.

Something new in material for tea gowns and wrappers is a smoothed faced cloth, glossy as satin on one side, and woolly after the manner of eiderdown flannel, on the other. It is less clumsy, however, than the latter, but very soft and pliable, and much thicker than the broadcloths.

Bolero effects of every kind and shape are a special feature of fashion.

Narrow satin and gauze ribbons gathered with little frills are very much used for trimming evening gowns.

Some of the black velvet bows for the hair have a piping of white satin stitched on one edge with very good effect.

The fashion of wearing rubber heels, which has been so popular among some women and so highly recommended as a means of preventing headaches and various ills, seems to have developed an adverse side not so pleasing as the other. They stick and cling to the carpets and give one the feeling of trying to navigate on blown up rubber tires, except when used for their original purpose, golf and tennis shoes.

Muff chains are very elegant this season and are made of alternate links of gold and enamel in varied flower forms, with a jewel charm hanging at one side. Another novelty is a ribbon with jeweled buttons set at intervals.

The long continued reports that earrings were coming into fashion again have become more convincing as they have increased in number and volume, probably because constant repetition gives the appearance of unimpeachable fact but now they have bobbed up again with many more evidences of truth. Anyway, earrings are seen oftener than they were a year ago, but most of them are of the kind which screw into the ear.

In jewels, various insects and bugs figure as mascots from time to time, and the grasshopper seems to have had an inning this summer. In green enamel with ruby eyes, he is a thing of beauty, but just how he manages to succeed in hopping the fortunate owner into good luck is not explained.

The ban of evil omen is at last lifted from the opal, and it comes out in flying colors as an emblem of abiding affection. Pretty little opal hearts set round with diamonds are one of the fashionable levee tokens.

The new boas and muffs seem to be chiefly made of tails, so many are used.

Very shiny are the black gauze butterflies, spotted with chenille and spangles, which can be purchased in the shops for renovating last year's evening bonnet.

GOOD TASTE IN DRESS.

Caution of American Women, Charming of the French.

The affairs of fashion gradually unfold their many charms as the season advances, without revealing much that is really new beyond the Directoire hat, the long coat and the problem in skirts not yet solved. Some things, hand-painted materials especially, that were tentatively brought out in the spring with the approval of Paris to recommend them, have at last gained favor here after the usual six months' delay.

One of the American woman's charming eccentricities is her excessive anxiety to be up to date, and her calm disinclination to adopt the novelty when it comes. While she keeps one eye on Paris as the source of all things most desirable in fashion, she quietly waits until a mode is assured and its career half run before she really accepts it. Fashion, as she regards it, is a law not to be lightly considered; but the true meaning of the word, from a French woman's standpoint, is something which brings renewed opportunities for variety in dress and the display of taste, together with that elusive quality called chic. 'Fashion is for woman, not woman for fashion,' is the Parisian's motto, and she promptly brings out her own individuality in dress with every passing change, by keeping within the prescribed outline, yet never following it to the letter.

No one gives more serious thought to

dress than the Parisian who cultivates fashion as an art; but there is a simple, an apparently unstudied, charm about her costumes that gives a misleading impression as to the amount of time and money they cost. The right gown for the right time is one secret of her success, and it is the everlasting need of making one gown do duty for occasions entirely opposed to one another in the requirements of dress, which misrepresents the average American woman's taste. She tries, for the sake of economy, to combine so many useful qualities in one gown that she is liable to lose the telling point of the model she chooses. Yet, despite the French woman's original ideas and dainty conceptions, the American woman takes the palm for good dressing. Her caution is her safe-guard, and it was never more needed than this season when the question for coats and skirts comes up for consideration.

The leading dress designers of Paris have put forth every effort to launch their special models into favor, but the Parisians are not easily beguiled into box plait all around their hips; so the compromise between the popular close-fitting skirt and the new models is the one with a narrow box plait in the centre of the back, widening toward the hem. Still further to accentuate the long line, the bodice may have a box plait joining the one in the skirt and divided by a handsome buckle.

Some dressmakers advise the belkin skirt modified of course as to tightness, than which there is no skirt more becoming to a good figure. It is cut properly it will fall in graceful folds from a few inches below the waist line, and it does away with the superfluous weight of useless material. The fashion which displays the graceful curves of the figure is not going to die without a prolonged struggle, for there are too many pretty exponents of its charms. One pretty skirt made by the tailors has two tucks nearly an inch wide, meeting on either side of the centre of the back and stitched down nearly all the way to the hem. They simply relieve the plainness without adding any apparent fullness. Another pretty model shows three or four narrow tucks at each side of the back, forming a cluster and extending down four or five inches from the waist line. One of Worth's special fancies is the draped tunic, the fullness being caught up in pleats at one side; but this has not materialized on this side of the water. In evening gowns the tight-fitting skirt prevails, and all the new petticoats are made to fit the hips with very little if any fullness at the top. The long train is a special feature of evening gowns only, while for calling and afternoon dress occasions the demi train is in order. The most popular length for tailor gowns rounds down at the back to the two or three inches on the floor, and only a little more than touches at the front and sides. The long overdress made in five gones, one at either side and two wider ones meeting in a seam down the centre of the back, is a popular model for fine cloths, crepe de chine and silk. It may be shaped around the hem in points or scallops, or rounded up at the second seam on the side, in one deep broad scallop in front, and another across the back. This gives a graceful sweep, as it is almost as long as the underskirt directly in front and at the middle of the back. In silk and crepe de chine a very pretty effect is made by joining all the seams with a fancy hemstitch of silk or the tiny beading of embroidery so often seen on the tucked silk waists. This sort of overdress falls over a silk underskirt, with a deep circular flounce around the feet.

The afternoon gown this season is something quite different from the regular tailor-made costume, and this is where the pale tints in satin-faced cloth and crepe de chine flourish so charmingly. Quantities of lace with fur edging introduced are the predominating trimmings, and a pretty variety is made by using lace which matches the material in color. It is sent to the dyer's and colored just the tint of the cloth, the heavy laces being most used for this purpose.

Most of the novelties of fashion this season appear among the varied modes of trimming and little touches in finish rather than in any very decided difference in style. The use of French knots in various ways, for example, is one of the new fancies, and it is surprising how effective

they can be when put on in graduated sizes and different shades of the same color. A trimming fully three inches wide decorates one gown of pale tan cloth, where the knots shade from the same tint to dark brown, each row being of a larger size than the preceding. White satin dotted over with French knots of black silk is effectively used on the colored taffeta silk waists, forming a two-inch band down either side of the front and around the shoulders, where the waist is cut out to show a small round lace yoke. Cut the bodice in points or scallops where the edges lap onto this band, and it will add very much to the effect.

Collar bands, half lace and half satin or panne, as many of them are made, are very pretty with the French knots dotting the satin. This idea is evident also among the new wool dress goods scattered over with spots which resemble a large French knot. Another mode of giving the speckled effect in trimming is carried out with tiny gold beads sewn on satin, one in a place and less than half an inch apart. A trimming which is very simple and effective, too, is a small black and white crocheted button set at the end of a rather long buttonhole loop made of narrow black velvet ribbon with a white edge. The buttons are usually arranged where they have the appearance of fastening straps or edges, and with about an inch and a half space between them.

Lace for vests and yokes is a part of almost every gown, so that any variation in the use of it is very acceptable. All-over lace is the most popular style, perhaps, but a very pretty soft vest is made with three rows of lace insertion three inches wide, and of the kind which has scalloped edges. These are joined together with narrow white satin ribbon with an open edge, caught in broad, not deep, points. Through the centre of this ribbon gilt braid is sewn, and the points only are fastened to the lace, which, of course, has an open and striped effect. The collar covered with lace has the same ribbon points through the centre, and ribbon with braid finishes the upper edge.

The point in the new fashions which is not to be ignored is the use of hand-painted mousseline de soie, for evening gowns. It is the swell thing to have, it is no object, and is most beautifully decorated with festoons and sprays of flowers. Painted silks, too, are the very latest fancy; made up with an overdress of gauze in some color shown in the decoration, or matching the color of the silk itself.

Cloth gowns are the specialty of the illustrious and here is a pretty use of velvet folds strapped across with silk cord and buttons to match. A lace chemisette and bow are the pretty finish, and the wide revers form a narrow collar at the back. A stylish winter suit in black cloth, which forms the skirt, is the second gown. This is trimmed with wide bands of cloth covered with stitching arranged in crossing points. The coat is of black velvet with stitched white panne revers edged with sable. Another model in purple cloth is trimmed with cords of the cloth and tiny straps in the bodice with a gold button at either end. The collar is of apricot color-

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ed panne and white satin dotted with tiny gold beads; the cravat is of the velvet and the vest is of tacked white satin. Pale pink gowns have creased to be a novelty, so many of them being shown at the dressmaker's; the novel finish in the model shown is the tab effect. The upper part of the skirt and the circular portion below are cut in tabs an inch and a quarter wide, and fully four or five inches long, pointed at the ends. These are turned under and stitched, being arranged so that they fit perfectly into each other, leaving no gaping space between, and they are fastened at the ends with a button and loops of velvet ribbon in black and white. These also trim the bodice, which is finished around the edges with stitched folds. The vest and sleeves are of ecru tinted lace.

A model for velvet and cloth gown shows an overdress and bolero of velvet trimmed with heavy lace and fur. The color is pale fawn, and the underskirt of the same color in a paler tint is of cloth. The wide draped belt is also of the cloth with stitched edges. Fancy coats for dressy suits are a specialty of the season's fashions and there never has been such a variety before. Here are three pretty models, one entirely of cloth with stitched bands on the edges, in long bolero shape, showing the vest; another of cloth with velvet revers and trimmed with fur. The lower portion of lace has folds of brocade silk at either side. The Eton coat with spade fronts is one of the popular shapes, for black gowns especially.

One of the permanent fashions is the separate blouse waist multiplied by thousands and varied in style in every possible manner. Taffeta silk in a delicate tint of mauve forms the first one, completed with bands of turquoise blue mirror velvet and the inevitable lace vest. Little tucks are taken in on the shoulder and around the sleeves. The white satin band dotted with French knots is shown in another bodice of pale blue silk, and the vest and yoke of white chiffon and narrow lace insertion. White silk patterned with violets is the feature of the next one, with lace yoke and sleeves and violet velvet collar fastened with a gold buckle.

Among the long outside garments brought out as the latest thing in fashion is a black mantle covered with a trimming of chine, jet, feather trimming and velvet. The long coat of gray cloth with chin-chilla collar is lined throughout the body part and a little below the waist with ermine, white satin forming the remaining portion. This helps to do away with some of the weight of all fur lining.

No dye is sold in more shades, or finer ones, than Magnoet Dyes—Price 10 cents for any color.

Cholly—She seems to be a very attractive girl. Feaddy—Attractive? Baw Jove, whenever I have been to see that girl I always have to go and get me watch damaged.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Mitchell's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to a Institution, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Deaf, 70, Eighth Avenue, New York.

drop, as it had to at last. These whoops we heard then were the wild shrieks of rage as the discomfited cat went down; and that new added sound, was its dull thud as it struck the ground.

"Some of 'em got up and tried it again, only to fall again; and every cat that tried it went down. For a while there was the greatest uproar and turmoil you ever heard of, and then there was quiet, perfect quiet, and the next night there wasn't a cat on the Professor's fence, not a cat, and quiet reigned all through that neighborhood. And all Storkville wondered. Some people said one thing, some said another, most folks thought there must be electricity about it somehow, but we couldn't see any wires, nor anything else, for that matter, and that made it seem all the more wonderful. Prof. Griggobler was a man of science, and everybody agreed that, though they didn't know just what it was, he must have put into operation, right here in Storkville Centre, the most wonderful thing ever.

"But one night one of the neighbors saw the Professor out in his back yard by the fence, with a pan full of something and a brush at work on the fence and then it all came out. That smooth top strip was simply the old strip covered with a covering of sheet iron carefully rounded, and the stuff in the pan was kitchen grease, that's all, which the erudite Professor put on with a paint brush, and that's all there was to it, the cats simply couldn't stay on the fence, and so they stayed away from it.

"I think it was a little shock to some of us, to have the Professor go about it in this way; we would have expected him to bring to bear on the solution of this cat problem comic of scholarly and logarithmic and all sorts of scholarly and scientific aids; whereas he had really gone at it in the simplest way in the world. And then there were others of us to whom this fact was a comfort; who found pleasure in the reflection that when it came to the practical affairs of life algebra didn't count so much as gumption.

"But, however they might regard the means by which the result was reached, everybody conceded that the method was successful; and at once all over the village people began putting up, on their back fences, what was called, for a time, in fact, as people paid attention to these rails and kept them greased, the back fences of Storkville Centre were comparatively free of cats."

As Seen by Others.

Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland" told with keen relish of a rebuff given him by a little girl who knew him only as a learned mathematician.

"Have you ever read 'Through the Looking Glass'?" he asked her, expecting an outburst of delight.

"Oh, dear, yes!" she replied. "It is even more stupid than 'Alice in Wonderland'!"

"Don't you think so?"

Wordsworth could not conceal his chagrin when he heard his neighbors, the farmers described him as "a daffidilly body, who went moaning about the hills and had not wit enough to raise a field of oats."

The following anecdote of Henry Clay was told by one of his personal friends.

While making the journey to Washington on the National road, just after his nomination as candidate for the Presidency, he was travelling one stormy night, wrapped up in a huge cloak, on the back of the stage coach, when two passengers entered. They were Kentuckians, like himself. He fell asleep, and when he awoke found them discussing his chances in the coming campaign.

"What did Henry Clay go into politics for?" said one. "He had a good bit of land; he had a keen eye for stock. If he had stuck to stock raising he'd have been worth his fifty thousand. But now he doesn't own a dollar."

"And," the great Kentuckian used to add, "the worst of it was, every word of it was true."

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Snooks—What a mean practical joker Smiles is! He told me if I came out to Daisy bloom he would have a horseless carriage at the station for me. Toos—Well, did he? Snooks—Yes; a paramulator!

England's War Plans.

[London letter to the N. Y. Sun.]

LONDON, Oct. 31.—Now that war in South Africa has become an actual fact, it is necessary to take cognizance in a general preliminary survey of its chief military features. The battle at Glencoe and the advance of the Boers into northern Natal have given a fairly adequate idea of the character of the campaign which will be carried on in that quarter. The real fighting, the real war, according to the British plans, will be carried on, not on the east but on the south and west of the two republics. It is now quite clear that the British main force will go north from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and East London, converging probably at some point near the southern boundary of the Orange Free State. Thence it will invade the Free State either in a single column, or a second division will follow the line of the railway on the west and turn east toward Pretoria, perhaps at about the point where Jameson and his misguided band crossed the border.

I shall deal in this letter with the key to the British plan of operations. This is admittedly the Orange River Bridge, a spot about 500 miles northeast of Cape Town and about 100 miles southwest of Kimberley. It is both a natural battlefield and a strategic position which commands access to the entire region north and east. It comprises merely a railway station and in ordinary times no inhabitants beyond two or three railway employees and a few natives. Today, however, it bristles with artillery, is transformed by strongly constructed fortifications and throngs with redcoats. Col. Kincaid, an officer who won distinction with Lord Kitchener in the Sudan, is in command, and he has been busy for weeks in making the position, as he hopes, impregnable.

A correspondent of the Times, writing at the end of September, gives an excellent description of the position which is to be the military base of the principal British operations. The western frontier of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal is not an imaginary line but a fence, originally erected to prevent the entrance of cattle infected with rinderpest; but it is now fallen into decay. The immediate borders of the river at Orange River Bridge are flat, the valley being enclosed by low-lying hills which are better described as ragged, steep mounds.

Within the circumference of the ridges it is sandy and flat, and over its red expanse stretches the haze of the heat. The frontier lies five miles down the valley, and should the scene of operations embrace the bridge, the valley and the immediate area—and it is to be hoped it may be so—any advance by the Orange Free State troops would be under the concentrated fire of British artillery from the heights above the river. Nature has adapted the place for a battlefield, for the lay of the land marks out the probable direction from which any attack from the Orange Free State troops will emanate. The British position here is purely a defensive one. From the point where Col. Kincaid's first earthworks begin until the frontier fence is reached, the intervening stretch of country is broken into a series of minor ridges and dried-up watercourses, which if available for artillery, are equally calculated to hinder any very rapid movements of troops upon either side.

'The Orange Free State,' the Times correspondent writes, 'has commanded its forces just across the border, and today we saw the dust of the irregular horse. But, should a fight come, it would be between batteries of artillery from the dividing hills upon the river, aided by as great a variety of guerrilla warfare as regular troops are capable of. The hollow, the plain and short rises of the hills provide very ample shelter to sharpshooters, the lines of earthworks which have been raised in the valley assisting the artillery in its protection of the camp and more distant approaches to the bridge.'

'In the opinion of Colonel Kincaid the bridge over the river, which is the main feature, will withstand any attempt at demolition which the Boers may make. It is constructed of iron girders and supported upon eighteen concrete pillars. It is very narrow and about 800 yards long. The artillerymen hunker for a few howitzers, which, in position at the base of the low-lying range surrounding the camp, could be fired over the immediate ranges while the men enjoyed comparative immunity and the consolation of conjecture within shelter of the fascings. The defences which are in process of construction at Orange bridge and upon adjoining heights may be regarded as impregnable. Redoubts sweep the surrounding areas with deadly effect.

No attacking force can possibly sustain any advance in face of their fire. Once within range of these batteries the Republican forces will realize that they have had their day. For many weeks past the troops from across the border have had opportunity to seize the position, and had this been accomplished by the Boer artillery it is doubtful if the combined force of the Imperial artillery in Africa today could have expelled them. In this respect the delay of the Boers to attack the British forces upon this frontier is astounding to every member of our force.

'If the front of the position has been thus secured, the situation of the field and Maxim batteries with command the eastern and rear flank of the British position fills the hearts of the artillerymen with rapture. 'It will knock heaven into bleeding ashes,' said the sergeant in command of the construction party of the Royal Artillery to your correspondent to day. The extreme lucidity of the speech explains the beauty of the situation. It hovers like an avenging angel over the place beneath. The entire British lines are within the area of its protecting fire. To the northwest it will support the main position in the protection of the Orange River bridge should the bridge defences by the aid of miracles be driven in; to the east and rear flank it's Maxim fire will lop down the ranges with precision of a garden hose. In the same way that the Orange River plain is a perfect battlefield, the isolated group of hills which embody the position was designed for artillery occupation. After scrambling over it, riding round it, climbing up it, and performing a special inspection with the aid of Captain Mills, who has developed the position, there, is but one thing to add to my description. It bears the lucidity of the Royal Artillery sergeant.

The world may possibly be anxious to learn why the British official lyre of which Mr. Alfred Austin is the custodian has not been attuned to martial strain now that England is really at war. It is not forgotten that the Post Laureate prostituted his office five years ago by singing the fame of Jameson and his raid. Why then, should he be silent now? He tells us why incidentally in the course of a column of prose devoted mainly to lamenting the unfriendliness of German public opinion toward England in the present crisis. In a letter addressed to Prof. Abel, the German savant, Mr. Austin says:

'In common with most of my countrymen I regarded the sending of a certain telegram, some four years ago, as much to be deprecated; but I imagine it was deplorable on imperfect information, just as, at the same moment, some humbler persons were betrayed by equally misleading statements, made in a quarter usually accurate, into mistaken utterances in an opposite sense. But for that hasty despatch, otherwise not wanting in generosity, most magnanimous amends have been freely made, and you may rely on it that the admiration of Englishmen generally for the ruler and the people of Germany is as thorough and genuine as my own.'



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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

'Judge, then, of my astonishment, when I read in your letter. 'It is because the Germans have long been admiring the English for their inveterate addiction to liberty and independence that what they regard as a dereliction of Britain's own cherished principles in the present instance has become a matter of sore disappointment to them.' I confess I hardly know how to deal with such a statement, which I must say, without any exaggeration, simply astounds me. I freely admit that the main issue in the war now declared by the Boers is whether England shall, or shall not be the paramount power in South Africa. But I must ask you and your countrymen to observe that it is the fundamental issue, and has come to be everywhere recognized as such, only because the Boers claimed, and claim, an 'independence' incompatible both with the continuance of England's paramount power, and with the concession of equal rights to all white denizens in the Transvaal. I have not felt moved to inveigh, whether in verse or prose, against the Boers, for, while my countrymen need no stimulating to defend either of the two great causes expressed in the consecrated motto, 'Imperium et Libertas,' it might not be very generous to indulge in such a course against a people who, having their own definite ideal of life and government, are though relatively weak, prepared to fight, and, I imagine, to perish, on behalf of it. But surely the Boer ideal of life and government, is no more the German ideal than it is the English ideal. It involves the withholding of 'liberty' and 'independence' from others, and the exclusive enjoyment of these by the Boer Burgers themselves. And how any fair-minded man can deny that England has been patiently employing diplomacy, and will now regretfully employ the sword, to secure those inestimable boons for every white person in South Africa, for Boer and Uitlander, for British, Dutch, and Afrikaner, eye, and for German also, utterly baffles my comprehension.

'I shall be much gratified should this letter in any degree further the object for which it is written; for, while opinion in Russia is too rudimentary and imperfectly informed to call for serious comment, and opinion in France, one is pained to have to say, is at present too much dominated by general envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness and even in domestic controversies exhibits too rooted an incapacity for arriving at conclusions in conformity with evidence to carry much weight. German public opinion can in no circumstances be brushed aside as undeserving of consideration. But, if this friendly appeal to the higher tribunal of its more judicial mind should prove unsuccessful, I fear most persons will only conclude that the spectacle of a world-wide British Empire still in process of expansion, and notwithstanding that with each further development of its dominion the lingering fetters of mankind fall off, is too irritating to certain legitimate but as yet ungratified ambitions to be viewed with perfect equanimity, or judged with adequate fairness. Fortunately the English people, being, I imagine rather a proud than a vainglorious race, too strong to be hyper-sensitive, and successful enough not to feel tempted to retaliate with injustice for injustice, will patiently await the return of your countrymen to a more equitable frame of mind. Meanwhile, the good will of the people of the United States of America, who, with their inherited love of freedom, have discerned in the Government of Pretoria an actually organized tyranny under the travestied title of a republic, and, most of all, the enthusiastic approval and eager cooperation of our own self-governing colonies are for Englishmen ample corroboration of the rightness of their cause, and confirmation strong of the healthy soundness of their conscience.'

ship Rose, in Newport harbor, wrote him as follows:

'Sir: You, Abraham Whipple, on the 10th June, 1773 burned his majesty's vessel, the Gaspee, and I will hang you at the yard-arm.'

'James Wallace.'

Whipple always answered his correspondents. His reply was brief.

'Sir James Wallace: Sir, always catch a man before you hang him.'

Abraham Whipple.

A Negro Bayman's Diamonds.

'I spent my vacation this year fishing on the East Florida coast,' said a New Orleans lawyer, 'and among other places I visited was a primitive little settlement north of Cedar Keys. One of the characters of the place is a big mulatto known as 'Diamond Bill,' and I engaged him several times to take me out in his lugger. I saw at once that he had derived his sobriquet from the gaudy jewelry he wore, but when we were out together on the boat I was surprised to note that the gewgaws were all genuine and worth a good deal of money.

When I questioned him on the subject, he sat down by me on the timber and told me an interesting story. It seemed that some years ago he had saved the life of a child that had fallen overboard from a pleasure yacht, and the mother gave him a small diamond ring. Later on a St. Louis jeweler came to the settlement to fish and told him that the ring was worth \$75. The luggerman was astonished and was proportionately impressed with the advantage of diamonds as representing large sums in small compass. It instantly occurred to him that it would be a good idea to invest his surplus cash in that way and always have it on his person, secure from fire or thieves. The jeweler agreed to act as buyer for him, and since then he had gradually acquired his present collection, which consists of three studs, four rings, a large solitaire collar button and a cluster pin, worth all together at least \$3,500.

'Bill is a thrifty dandy, and between fishing and hunting does well, but diamond buying has become a mania with him, and he saves every cent he makes for that purpose. I asked him if he wasn't afraid of being drowned with all his treasures on him, which would be unjust to his pretty mulatto wife. 'I've thought 'bout that,' he said gloomily, 'but Lisa's too good lookin' ter stay a widder very long, an' I don't want no other nigger man struttin' round with my sparks.'

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The three great vital factors of this body of ours are the heart, the nerves and the blood. It is because of the triple power possessed by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills of making weak, irregular beating hearts strong and steady, toning up run down, shattered, nervous systems and supplying those elements necessary to make thin, watery blood rich and red, that so many wonderful cures have been accredited to this remedy.

Here is the case of Mrs. B. J. Arnold, Woodstock, N.B., who says: 'I was troubled for some time with nervous prostration and general weakness, feeling irritable, debilitated and sleepless nearly all the time. My entire system became run down. As soon as I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I realized that they had a calming, soothing influence upon the nerves. Every dose seemed to help the cure. They restored my sleep, strengthened my nerves and gave tone to my entire system. I think them wonderful.'

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'More than that. She made whole faces.'

She. This paper tells of a man who stepped off a cliff and dropped 300 feet.
He. Hub! That fellow must be a regular human centipede.

The Colonel.—He's awfully fond of making us fight at close quarters.
The Captain. No wonder! He always lived in a flat.

'Hasn't that girl in front of you a stylish hat?'
'Yes, said Penn, who felt the quill in his face, it tickles me.'

First Undertaker. How's business up to your town?
Second Undertaker. Well, the death rate ain't what it ought to be.

'You say the two girls look alike?'
'Look alike? Why, sir, when they were married their husbands moved to different cities for fear they'd get 'em mixed.'

He.—Do you think your father will overtake us?
She.—I hope not, dear; it would mortify me to have to borrow money from him.

'Jimmy and our preacher collided on their wheels.'
'Is Jimmy hurt?'
'Yes; he heard what the preacher said.'

'Put in much of your time in Kansas deer hunting?' asked the necessary questioner.
'Yes,' answered the returned sportsman, 'but deer hunting was more exciting.'

'Parker has a gilt tongue.'
Has he?
Yes; he got three soda fountain proprietors to join the non-treating association.

Diggs—What was he arrested for?
Biggs—Sealing an eight-day clock.
Diggs—Was he discharged?
Biggs—No; the judge gave him ten days.

'There is one thing I like about that bluff old Bulu Sultan.'
'What's that?'
'Lack of superstition. He has thirteen favorite wives.'

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Potts—Me, too. As if everybody didn't know that majesty was never near it.

The baby is the boss.
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A certain bishop, as he was going about his diocese, asked the porter of a lunatic asylum how a chaplain, whom he, the bishop, had lately appointed was getting on.
'Oh, my lord,' said the man; 'his preaching is most successful. The hideous henjoys it particler.'

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'They sometimes call you a Devonshire Dumping, don't they?' asked the genial advocate.

'I believe they do,' replied the witness.
'But you are not a Devonshire Dumping?'
The witness waited till the laughter occasioned by this inquiry subsided, then he slowly drawled out:

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It is well known that pure chocolate, properly prepared, is the most substantial aliment that can be desired—practically it is meat and drink. Chocolate-Ménier is the most perfect form of this excellent article of diet and may be described as a perfect drink for dyspepsia and other whose digestive faculties are not in the best of trim. Ménier has his own plantations in South America where the cocoa bean—the raw material is produced. The bean is subjected to a special system of manufacture which produces Chocolate-Ménier in the form we see it. The merits of this article have made a huge fortune and a world wide reputation for its proprietor. It is because Ménier uses no ingredient that is not pure and healthful that his chocolate has had such an enormous sale, both in Europe and America.

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'They are intensely anxious to please you.'

'Yes. They mean well. But every time we come into town on a dead run after a mastery retreat, they strike up. 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.' Tell 'em to stop it. It sounds like sarcasm.'

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(Continued from page 13)
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PACKAGE CO. LEATH 25c. L. H. Peckers Montreal

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(Continued From Page 14.)

'Worth must be confessed, a great deal more of the admiring glances the artist had bestowed upon her than of his work. 'I'll tell you what, Lydia; we shall be sending over to the station to-morrow morning, and I will make them drop me here on the way. Between one and two well put up for an hour or two in the village, and that will give us time for a nice long walk. It should happen to come across Signor Delmonti, so much the better. We shall be able to compare this wondrous picture of his with the original.'

So it was settled, and that first week was only one of many, for Miss Greyling, appeared devoted to her old school fellow, and rarely let a day pass without driving over to the rectory.

Very often she carried Lydia back with her, and how often, on these occasions, they encountered the artist, no one but themselves knew.

And one day Signor Delmonti went further afield, but always in the direction of the town, yet it never occurred to Lydia that he could have any motive in this, but to ensure more opportunities of meeting her, until she discovered that the artist had almost entrapped her grandfather into introducing her to Sir Joseph, and had speedily begged and obtained permission to make a few sketches in the park.

But her suspicions were allayed when she found that Mabel was as eager as ever for her company, and it never struck her that now their positions were reversed, and that without her presence Mabel would not be free to wander about the park so long as she pleased.

Signor Delmonti had a difficult part to play, and it must be admitted, he played it very well.

When they were together, he devoted himself equally to each.

When he was fortunate enough to see either of them alone, he promptly made love to that one with all the ardor of his southern nature.

CHAPTER III. DELUDED.

September was drawing to a close. The weather had changed, and outdoor sketching was an impossibility.

Simultaneously, Miss Greyling's devotion to her old schoolfellow had cooled, and for nearly a week the two girls had not met, until one afternoon, when Mrs Brydon and her granddaughter made a formal call on Lady Greyling, especially, Lydia thought, that she might make her adieux, but in reality that Mrs. Brydon might drop a word of warning to her hostess.

This she did, in the absence of the girls, by casually mentioning the artist, and then remarking that the rector had made his acquaintance in the course of his parochial visits; but they really knew nothing of him, &c.

During the past week, Lydia had been into the village whenever the weather permitted, but never once had she encountered the artist, though she heard various rumours of his doings, and gathered that not a day passed without his visiting Greyling Towers.

Yet Mabel had made no mention of this fact.

Indeed, during the very few minutes they were alone together, she had skillfully avoided any mention of Signor Delmonti.

Lydia was thinking of this as she stood by her grandmother's gate in the gathering twilight, and was conscious of a growing bitterness against her quodam friend, who she now believed, was trying to lure away her lover.

Now again she leaned over the gate, and looked impatiently down the road, knowing that, in a few minutes more, the sewing class her grandmother was holding would be over, and her own time of freedom gone.

At last there came the sound of a quick, light footstep, and Lydia's heart throbbled with gladness as she realized that her lover was close at hand.

But she had no mind to let him see how his coming moved her, and as he cautiously approached the gate, she only stirred just sufficiently for him to realize her presence.

'At last! he said, eagerly. 'My dearest, you do not know how I have longed for you!'

'Then why did you never come?' asked Lydia, reproachfully. 'I have waited here nearly every evening.'

'Nearly' interrupted the Italian, catching at the admission; 'but not always, carissima, or we should not have failed to meet for such a weary time.'

'I came when I could,' replied Lydia, impatiently, 'but you—'

'I, too, came when I could,' was the quiet answer, 'so we are quite—what you call quits. But why talk of the past? I am here now, and you—have you nothing to say to me but reproaches?'

'Oh! yes; I have to tell you that I am going home tomorrow.'

'No, no; you don't mean that,' he said quickly. 'You would not punish me so heavily.'

Lydia hesitated.

For one moment it struck her that there was almost a ring of relief in the man's voice, but when his hands were clasping hers, his dark eyes were trying in the gloom to read her face.

'You do not really mean it?' he went on, anxiously holding her hands against his heart with passionate tenderness.

Lydia decided she must have been mistaken.

'I do,' she said, gently. 'Granny and grandfather are going away to-morrow for a few days. So, of course, my visit here must end.'

'Then I shall not see you again till we meet in Elverton?' said Signor Delmonti, sighing heavily.

'When will that be?' whispered Lydia, with an anxiety she vainly sought to conceal.

'Ah, who can tell?' returned the Italian shrugging his shoulders with an air of perplexity. 'I will not stay away a day longer than I can help, carissima. You know that; do you not? You do trust me?'

'You know I do; only—oh, Mario, you are always at the Towers now, and—'

'And you are afraid the charms of Sir Joseph's daughter will make me faithless to you? Oh! foolish child, don't you know it's you I love!'

And, bending suddenly, he pressed a burning kiss upon her lips.

'Then you will come soon to Elverton?' she whispered. 'Next week?'

'I can't tell. You see—with an assumption of frankness—I have been making one or two drawings for Sir Joseph, and he is talking of having a series of medallion sketches as a sort of frieze for the new bay that has just been added to the drawing room, and it would never do for me to leave Woodford until that is settled.'

Lydia drew herself away coldly.

'I quite understand. You mean you prefer the society of Greyling Towers to that of Elverton.'

'You are foolish, Lydia, and unreasonable,' the Italian said, sharply. 'Do you not see it is for your sake as much as my own that I ingratiate myself with Sir Joseph? For me it is the quickest way of making money, and, without that, how can I come to Elverton and ask the worthy doctor to give his daughter to me? If I have not enough to make a home for her he will laugh at me.'

'But in three years' time—'

'Three years? interrupted the Italian. 'That is an age, an eternity. Think you that I can wait three years before I have a charming little wife? Not so; I will work, I will make money, and then I will ask you for my bride. But promise me, carissima, that you will not tell any one of our love until I am rich enough to speak to your father. I could not bear that people should laugh in their hearts, and say, "Ah, poor fool! he loves that beautiful maiden, but he will never have her; he has no money." It would kill me, Lydia, to see the scorn in their eyes. No, carina, if you truly love me, you must give me your promise to tell no one of our hopes.'

If Lydia was not convinced of the need for secrecy, she had, like many a girl before her, to fall in with her lover's views.

There was a brightness in her face and a sparkle in her eyes as she ran back to the house with the scene in their eyes. No longer in her care, her face still flushed with the passionate kisses he had pressed upon it.

Mrs. Brydon, finding her in the drawing room a few minutes later, and noticing the alteration in her demeanor decided that Lydia had found life at the Rectory somewhat dull, and was rejoicing in the thought of going home.

'Evidently I was mistaken in thinking she had any penchant for that wretched Italian! the good lady thought complacently. 'If there had been anything of that sort, Lydia would have been vexed at having to leave while he is still in the neighborhood.'

And so it came about that, during the few hours Mrs. Brydon spent with Dr. Strong's roof when she took Lydia home the following day, she said nothing to her daughter of the idea that had occurred to her, and uttered no word of warning against the Italian, who, in her heart, she believed to be nothing more than a needy adventurer.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY GREYLING'S DISCOVERY.

Lady Greyling was very much put out. She had worn a calm face during the time of Mrs. Brydon's call, disclaiming to let her old neighbor think that she could even imagine that her daughter would condescend to take any interest in the wandering artist who had somehow, managed to attract Sir Joseph's notice.

But when her visitors had departed, and she was at leisure to think the matter over, she could not help remembering that Mabel was at a very impressionable age, nor hide from herself that both she and her husband had been very imprudent in allowing any intercourse between the two.

'Not that there is any harm done yet,' she assured herself; 'he hasn't lunched here more than half a dozen times, and I am sure he paid Mabel no more attention than politeness demanded. After all, I don't suppose Mrs. Brydon meant to do more than put me on my guard. No doubt she has heard he is going to paint those wall-pictures for the drawing room, and, thinking that would tend to his greater intimacy here, wanted to remind me that neither she nor her husband could vouch for his respectability.'

Lady Greyling stepped for a moment, lost in thought.

Then a frown crossed her face.

'From the room below doors fluted up the sound of a sentimental love song, into which Mabel was throwing what Lady Greyling considered quite an unnecessary amount of expression.'

She crossed the room and rang the bell sharply.

'Go down to the drawing room, Garnett,' she said, when her maid appeared, 'and tell Miss Greyling I should like her to play one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words".'

The maid vanished, to reappear two minutes later with the assurance that Miss Greyling had already 'gone up to dress.'

'Very well, Garnett; I may as well do so, too. You can put out my green velvet.'

As Garnett proceeded to execute her commands, Lady Greyling passed into her boudoir, which had not yet been lighted up.

(Concluded next week)

THE GOOD HEALTH

Promised by Paine's Celery Compound

Nothing Vague or Indefinite About Results.

There is nothing indefinite about the kind of "good health" that is promised by Paine's Celery Compound and that is so strongly vouched for by letters that come from our best people. Paine's Celery Compound among other blessings gives firmer and stronger nerves, perfect circulation, complete digestion, clear complexion, sweeter breath, and more regular bodily functions. These blessings are always secured by Paine's Celery Compound when other remedies fail.

It is foolish and criminal to neglect daily aches, pains and the unmistakable symptoms of dangerous diseases, when it is well known that a few bottles of Paine's Celery Compound will completely banish every trouble and give a condition of health that guarantees a long and happy life. Every man or woman whose nervous strength is overtaxed, or whose life is a busy one and full of mental worries, will soon feel the invigorating and vitalizing effects of one or two bottles of nature's health giver, and see his or her health improve after the first dose of this greatest of all remedies.

SLEDS FOR THIS SEASON.

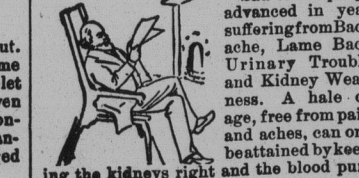
Made in Great Variety—Frame Sleds and Coasters—The Ball-Bearing Bob.

Boys' sleds, like many other manufactured productions of wood are made in factories located within easy reaching distance of the forests from which the wood is taken. There are factories in which nothing is made but sleds, the work continuing summer and winter. At such a factory there may be found whole buildings filled with single parts; as one building filled with sled runners, another full of sawed-out tops, and so on. Eight months of the year is spent in getting out the parts, and the rest of the time in assembling them, in painting and otherwise completing the sleds, and in shipping the finished goods to buyers in various parts of the country.

Sled samples are shown in the wholesale establishments in July. The sale of sleds by the men on the road begins earlier still, in June, and the first deliveries are made at the end of September, or early in October. Many deliveries on first orders have already been made. Wherever it is possible shipments are made direct from the factory to the purchaser, to save freight and the cost of handling and reshipment.

Wholesale and other large buyers take sleds in great quantities and carload lots are not unusual shipments. Sleds are of course used in those parts of the country only in which they have snow. In the

Hale Old Age.



Doan's Kidney Pills. Had to see people advanced in years suffering from Backache, Lame Back, Urinary Troubles and Kidney Weakness. A hale old age, free from pains and aches, can only be attained by keeping the kidneys right and the blood pure.

Doan's Kidney Pills. A friend the aged by freeing them from pain and correcting all Disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary System. Mr. Thomas Ash, an old resident of Renfrew, Ont., spoke as follows: 'I am 72 years of age, and have been troubled for a number of years with pains across my back. When I would stoop over it gave agonizing pain to straighten up. I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I have taken many kinds of medicines, but got nothing to help me. Being recommended to try Doan's Kidney Pills I got a box. After taking three doses I noticed a great change for the better, and I can now get around as smart as a cricket. I can split my own wood and am, in fact, just like a new man.'

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach. Imported, Roasted and Packed by CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

East, Washington is about the most southerly place in which sleds are sold. The actual sale of sleds depends a good deal upon the weather. Sometimes the retailers sell all they have bought, and can't get enough to supply the demands of their customers, and sometimes they have to carry sleds over the next season. The sale depends of course on the amount of snow-fall, but it is best of all when the winters snow fall is not only good but early; before Christmas. That means a good, natural demand and a long season to work in, and also a good demand for sleds for Christmas gifts. Last winter was a good winter for sleds. Retailers sold out early and the general demand was so great that in some cases they could not get their second and later orders filled. This season with no stock on hand carried over, the demand for sleds is strong.

While the number of sleds sold from year to year may vary more or less according to the season; the average sales are enormous and steadily increasing in the aggregate. The sled is an essential part of every boy's outfit for sport, and it is as popular now as ever it has been. The number sold from year to year increases in at least an equal proportion with the population.

In old times, fifty years or so ago, a majority of the boys' sleds used were made with solid wooden runners, such sleds being called pungs. With the wider adaptation of machinery to the manufacture, and their cheaper production, frame sleds came later into common use. Within the past fifteen or twenty years solid runner sleds have again come into wide and popular use with boys, but these modern solid runner sleds, called coasters, with their long, low, pointed clipper built runners and generally rakish aspect, are very different in appearance from the old style punge. Great numbers of coasters are now sold but still it is probable that there are yet sold more frame sleds than coasters, for all the girls use frame sleds as do most of the smaller children.

Sleds are made in perhaps hundreds of varieties, counting the various styles and sizes produced by the different manufacturers. All sorts of sleds nowadays the cheap as well as the more costly, are made in graceful forms. Some of the sleds are sold marvelously cheap. There are sleds that are sold at retail at \$2 and \$3 and more; but the great majority are sold at prices ranging from \$1 down, and among the smaller sizes a very pretty sled can be bought for a quarter of a dollar.

The latest thing in boys' sleds is a ball bearing bob, made for one or two boys. This bob has two sets of runners, like any double-ripper, one under the forward end of the board, the other under the rear end. These runners are low and clipper built, and shod with steel rod. The pivot on the under side of the forward end of the board rest on ball-bearing on the forward runner so that the runner can be turned aside and freely in any direction, and giving it also free play, so that it can easily accommodate itself to the surface of the snow. The after runner is adjusted on springs, giving that runner also some play and accommodation to the surface. This sled is guided by turning the movable front runner, thus tear on them caused by using his feet to steer. As to its other qualities, it is confidently believed that the ball-bearing bob will go the faster and go further than any other sled on the hill.—N. Y. Sun.

MOTHER JOES!

A Dimpled Dot in Her Arm and a Body Without a Pain—Here's a Case of Mother Cured of Tormenting Piles by Dr. Agnew's Ointment. 'After baby was born I suffered great torment from piles. Nothing gave me any lasting relief or benefit until I had used Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application of it gave me almost instant relief, and a few applications cured me. Mrs. M. E. Collier, 90 Pacific Ave., Toronto.' Sold by E. C. Brown.

WIT, OUT FREDUCO.

A party of young men and women were bicycling along a country road. It was a sketching class, and every one was wide open for an artistic subject. Suddenly the whole party dismounted with various exclamations of delight and surprise. Just within the fence on the left grew in-

numerable graceful stalks, each bearing aloft globes of pale green that shaded into gray and purple. 'How enchanting!' said a young woman. 'How decorative!' said a young man. 'Just what we are looking for,' said the teacher, a full-fledged artist. A gardener was standing near at hand. 'Do tell us,' cried a girl, 'what those beau-oo-tiful things are.' 'Which?' replied the gardener. 'Why, those,' said the girl. 'Them?' said the gardener, with a chuckle. 'Them's onions gone to seed.'

The Salvation Army.

The Life of These Self-Sacrificing Workers Often One of Hardship.

While on Duty Capt. Ben. Bryan Was Stricken With a Supposed Incurable Disease and Forced to Relinquish the Work—He Has Now Recovered His Health.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont. The life of a Salvation Army officer is very far from being a sinecure. Their duties are not only arduous, but they are called upon by the regulations of the Army to conduct out-of-door meetings at all seasons and in all kinds of weather. This being the case, it is little wonder that the health of these



self-sacrificing workers frequently gives way. Capt. Ben. Bryan, whose home is at Maxville, Ont., is well known through his former connection with the Army, having been stationed at such important points as Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Guelph, and Brockville, in Canada, and at Schenectady, Troy and other points in the United States. While on duty he was attacked by a so-called incurable disease, but having been restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a representative of the Alexandria News thought it worth while to procure from his own lips a statement of his illness and recovery. He found Mr. Bryan at work, a healthy, robust man, his appearance giving no indications of his recent sufferings.

The story of his illness and subsequent cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reads like a miracle, and is given in his own words as follows:—'While stationed at Deseronto, in July, 1897, I was attacked with what the doctors called "Chronic Spinal Meningitis." The symptoms were somewhat similar to those preceding a pleuritic attack, but were accompanied by spasms which, when the pain became too severe, rendered me unconscious. The length of these unconscious spells increased as the disease advanced. After spending four months in the Kingston General Hospital, and on the Salvation Army, Toronto, I regained some of my former strength and returned to my work. The second attack occurred when I was stationed at Schenectady, N. Y., in October, 1898, and was more severe than the first. The symptoms of the second attack were very similar to those which preceded the first, the only apparent difference being that they were more severe and the after effects were of longer duration. Owing to the precarious state of my health, I was compelled to resign my position after the second attack and return to my home at Maxville. While there a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using them in March, 1899. I have used only a dozen boxes and am once more enjoying perfect health. I feel that I am perfectly well and can cheerfully say that I attribute my present state of health to the effects produced by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Bryan has also used the pills and has benefited very much thereby.

'Why do you think this man who almost drove over you was a Irish?'

'Because I threatened to lick him.'

'Well?'

'Well, instead of driving on about his business he got down from his wagon and wanted to fight.'

THE EMPHATIC STATEMENT that The D. & L. Menthol Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate neuralgia and rheumatism is based upon facts. The D. & L. Plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Advertisement for Packard's Special Leather Dressing. Includes an image of a bottle and text: 'SHINES SOFTENS SAVES', 'PACKARD'S SPECIAL COMBINATION LEATHER DRESSING', '25c AT ALL SHOE STORES', 'L. H. Packard & Co. ALL COLORS, BLACK, TAN, BROWN, Etc. Montreal.'

A Queen's Pointers.

No book in Europe today is attracting more attention than the one entitled "Thoughts of a Queen" which has just been published in French, and the author of which is Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, who is better known to the literary world under her nom de plume, Carmen Sylva.

She began to write prose and poetry at an early age, having apparently inherited the poetic gift from her grandmother, Princess Louise of Wied, who was a poetess of no mean skill.

"Thoughts of a Queen" she frankly expresses her opinion on many subjects. Here, for example, are some of her views about man:—

"If we study the human body carefully we shall find that the soul is not far away. Animals move freely in their native element; does not our condition of slavery show that we human beings seldom find ourselves in our true element? When a woman is bad, it is her husband who is blamed. Do not trust a man who scoffs at domestic happiness."

Her remarks about women are especially interesting. According to her:—

"A woman is expected to give her love freely, to take care of a household and to educate her children, moreover, she must be pretty, elegant and lovable. Yet in spite of all this men say that women are weak. Among savages the woman is a beast of burden, among the Turks she is regarded as a creature who is fitted only for luxury. Europeans claim that she is useful for both purposes. When a woman gives herself away she fancies that she has given a whole world; the man however, believes that he has simply acquired possession of a new toy. A woman would be stoned if she began to do those things which a man of honor may do with impunity. A woman who is misunderstood is a woman who does not understand others. An unhappy woman is like a flower exposed to the wind; for a long time she remains a closed bud, and as soon as she begins to flower she withers. Man often gains his end through the brutal strength of an ox or a bear; woman under similar circumstances uses the tactics of the snake that coils around its victim. A woman's virtue must often be very great, since there are many cases where it has to suffice for two."

In regard to love the Queen of Roumania says:—

"A man who is unhappy in love thinks that this is sufficient pretext why he should enjoy himself without love. A person who pardons does not love any more, since true love does not know the meaning of pardon. Jealousy on the part of the one who loves us is flattery. A man and wife should never cease paying a little court to each other."

About friendship she says:—

"Words of sympathy fall on the sorrow stricken heart as drops of water fall on melting butter; they cause it to overflow. Friendship loses its potency in all cases where one of the persons is too happy and the other is too unhappy."

Here are her thoughts on happiness and unhappiness:—

"There is only one happiness—duty. It takes a hundred lovely and fragrant leaves to make a perfect rose, and it takes a hundred pure joys to make perfect happiness. Is that not happiness when one has the power to do good? Unhappiness can make one proud, but sorrow or suffering only humiliates one. As a rule a man marries for something which we lost long ago, and this is a mistake, since time robs tears of their rights. How unhappy must that man be who makes two attempts to commit suicide."

About suffering she says:—

"A beast when it suffers goes off alone to some lonesome place; it is only man who lets everyone know when he is suffering. Here are some bright thoughts on life and intellect:—

"Love, hatred, jealousy and fate blind in or to see clearly a man must first depart from this life. "A man never becomes weary of life; he only becomes weary of himself." "A housewife who is too industrious is always in a condition of uneasiness, and one would often prefer to find her home less neat but more peaceful."

"Great thinkers and lofty mountains elevate us in our own eyes." "When two intellectual women can get nothing out of a man there is nothing in him." Intellectual people often talk nonsense when they find themselves in a critical or unexpected position, just as a dog barks when he is afraid of something. "One can only be intellectual with intellectual people."

Carmen Sylva has evidently not a high opinion of women who interest themselves actively in politics, for in a smart little epigram she compares them to erratic hens. She also points out that kings and queens differ from all other mortals in the fact that when attacked they are not supposed to have the right to defend themselves either with tongue or pen. As for princes she evidently regards them merely as ornaments, for she says:—

"A prince need only possess eyes and ears, and there is no reason why he should use his mouth, except for the purpose of

smiling." This may seem a little cynical, but turn over a few pages of the book and you will find the same writer lauding virtue and telling men how they can best pursue that course in life which leads to true happiness.

Gained in the Begging Business.

By way of justifying the Associated Charities, and other organizations which aim to discourage indiscriminate almsgiving, the New York Tribune tells of a man who had lost both legs, and who, seated in a wicker basket, pushed himself along where people would see him. Coins came to him in small showers. The basket was a part of his business outfit. When of duty that it, when not soliciting alms, he wore two well-made artificial legs and walked on crutches. One of his most fruitful fields was Coney Island in the season, and having gained the good-will of a resident of the place, he used to deposit his legs at the man's house when he went abroad to touch the hearts and the purses of the pleasure seekers. One evening, when he returned from "work," he found that the closet in which his legs had been placed was locked, and the custodian of the key gone for the night.

"Never mind," said his friend. "Stay here overnight, and I'll give you a shake-down."

"No, I must be in New York to-night," he said, "and I've got to have my legs, too!" "But why not stay here and save car-fare and be on time for work in the morning?" his friend asked.

Neither argument or persuasion had any influence on the man, whose nervousness increased perceptibly, and as his friend was making ready to break down the door behind which the legs were stored, he asked: "Why must you be in New York to-night, and why do you compel me to force this closet door?"

"Well, the truth is," said the legless man, "I bought an apartment house last week, and promised to pay ten thousand dollars on the bargain to-night, and unless I get away pretty soon I'll get there too late and forfeit the amount already paid down."

The friend was speechless with amazement, and his astonishment grew when he heard a few weeks later, that the apartment house which the poor man spoke to him about was the third which he had purchased since he went into the begging business.

This is the Time for Making Old Things New.

Diamond Dyes are the True and Unfailing Agents.

In November thousands of women will be colouring dresses, skirts, jackets, coats, vests, pants, shawls, wool yarns and carpet rags.

The dyeing operation is an important one and demands great care. The principal point is to secure the right dye—colours that are pure, bright and fast washing and sunlight.

The Diamond Dyes—the only guaranteed dyes on earth—possess all the grand qualities that make perfect and true colours. Diamond Dyes have such a universal sale that unscrupulous dealers make efforts to imitate them. If you would be successful in dyeing, avoid all crude imitations. Promptly refuse all dyes recommended by dealers to be just as good as Diamond Dyes. The Diamond Dyes are the best in the world, and all dealers are aware of the fact.

A lady one day, being in need of some small change, called down to the cook and inquired: "Mary, have you any coppers down there?" "Yes, mum, I've two; but if you please, mum, they're both me cousins!" was the unexpected reply.—Tit Bits.

"Bosbyshell is a bright fellow, eh?" "Very. He is known as a satirist." "So I have heard. Is he really a satirist?" "Well, I don't know. From what I have heard of his jokes I would call him a flat-terer."

"Props," said the tall comedian, "what's the difference between you and the owner of the theatre?" "Give it up."

"Why, he's a man of property, and you're a property man."

BORN.

New Glasgow, Oct. 11, to the wife of J. W. Bliss, a son. Mount Hope, Oct. 11, to the wife of Z. Durland, a son. Milton, Oct. 18, to the wife of Frank Whiston, a son. Windsor, Oct. 1, to the wife of Henry Pattison, a son. New Glasgow, Oct. 28, to the wife of S. H. Fraser, a son. Woodcock, Oct. 19, to the wife of Percy J. Tranton, a son. Quebec, Oct. 22, to the wife of Geo. H. Parke, M. D., a son. Sablesburg, Oct. 18, to the wife of Charles Layton, a son. Uroala, Oct. 18, to the wife of Thomas C. Rose, a son. Truro, Oct. 22, to the wife of Edward Hennessy, a daughter. Farnborough, Oct. 10, to the wife of Louis M. Bradshaw, a daughter. Baddeck, Sept. 27, to the wife of M. E. McGregor, a daughter. Mount Uelache, Oct. 20, to the wife of Wm. Lytle, a daughter. Windsor, Oct. 18, to the wife of Winburne Saunders, a daughter. Farnborough, Oct. 21, to the wife of J. S. Henderson, a daughter.

Lanesburg, Oct. 16, to the wife of Jeremiah Hebbly, a daughter. Bridgewater, Oct. 21, to the wife of Tinas A. Fenney, a daughter. Windsor, Sept. 20, to the wife of Capt. E. A. Forsyth, a son. Fort Graville, Oct. 25, to the wife of Walter R. Merritt, a son. Miescher's Grant, Oct. 20, to the wife of Charles Kerr, a daughter. South Brookfield, N. Y., Oct. 17, to the wife of W. E. Fox, a daughter. Mount Uelache, Oct. 21, to the wife of Western McLearn, twin boys. Admiral Rock, Oct. 29, to the wife of Barton Frank, a daughter. Molzga, Queens, Oct. 15, to the wife of Ralph Rockwell, a daughter. South Brookfield, Queens, Oct. 11, to the wife of Wm. Foster, a daughter. Admiral Rock, Colchester, Oct. 22, to the wife of James R. McDonald, a son.

MARRIED.

Lubeo, Me., Oct. 10, John S. Gilmore to Belle Macle. Dartmouth, Oct. 18, by Rev. E. Dixon, Alfred Oliver to Clara Brown. Halifax, Oct. 23, by Rev. W. J. Armistead, Joseph Farnboro, Oct. 18, by Rev. T. J. Butler, Peter Mills to Mary Almon. Chelsea, Oct. 14, by Rev. L. M. McCreery, Simon Coburg, Oct. 17, by Rev. Mr. Howard, Ernest Morro to Annie Goodwin. Port Philip, Oct. 24, by Rev. R. Williams, John Anax to Gertrude Kinley. River John, Sept. 27, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, Hiram Douglas to Mary Latta. Yarmouth, Oct. 18, by Rev. Benj. Hills, Wm. L. Rogers, Alice L. Grace. Annapolis, Oct. 16, by Rev. W. M. Ryan, Benjamin Weagle to Olive Butler. Paradise, Oct. 14, by Rev. E. L. Steves, Stephen E. Balcom to Edith M. Kinley. Matfield, Oct. 18, by Rev. S. J. McArthur, Joseph N. Morrison to Esther Hill. Lockport, Oct. 19, by Rev. J. B. Woodland, Frank A. Firth to Jennie Benham. Shelburne, Oct. 18, by Rev. W. M. Tuffis, John A. Fraser to Cassie A. Fraser. Halifax, Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Pittman, George C. Webster to Lily Rodger. Bridgewater, Oct. 18, by Rev. W. M. Weaver, Otto B. Wile to Gertrude Veinot. Splitterhill, Oct. 14, by Rev. David Wright, John Lowther to Alice Chapman. Mira, B. B., Oct. 19, by Rev. J. Murray, Howard L. Spencer to Mattie L. Fesch. Halifax, Oct. 26, by Rev. Thos. Fowler, James P. Cooke to Eliza G. Bremser. Bridgewater, Oct. 11, by Rev. E. P. Churchill, Clarence Scott to Beulah Hebb. Port Lorne, Oct. 17, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Uriah Sabean to Alvertina Neave. Berwick, Oct. 24, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, Esq. Elsie M. Macdonald to Annie McDonald. Isaac's Harbor, Oct. 18, by Rev. G. A. Lawson, A. L. Smith to Edith O'Hara. Truro, Oct. 25, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, D. G. Mackay to Annie McE. McNair. Annapolis, Oct. 25, by Rev. J. T. Easton, Willard H. Fulton to Lizzie B. H. Hiner. Port Hillport, Oct. 16, by Rev. R. S. Kinley, William H. Adams to Edith McDonald. Cap. North, C. B., Oct. 16, by Rev. L. Beaton, Angus Burton to Edith E. Peirce. Kempf, Queens, Oct. 17, by Rev. T. A. Bischoff, William H. Adams to Edith McDonald. Cap. North, C. B., Oct. 16, by Rev. L. Beaton, Donald McLean to Jesse Timmons. Campbellton, Oct. 11, by Rev. W. Harrison, Amos E. Norman to Lizzie Good. Upper Northfield, Oct. 17, by Rev. W. M. Weaver, Charles H. Drey to Anna L. Ramsey. Billtown, Oct. 18, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Sylvan J. Whitby to Edith A. Forsyth. Salt Springs, Pictou, Oct. 18, by Rev. F. Denoon, Charles W. McLeod to Maud McLeod. Milton, Mass., Oct. 18, by Rev. E. P. Herrick, J. H. Johnson to Edith A. Forsyth. Ramford Falls, Oct. 5, by Rev. G. B. Hannaford, Whitford W. Wheelock to Carrie Trask. Gulf Shore, a unbranded, Oct. 18, by Rev. A. D. Mackintosh, Gilbert M. Allan to Lizzie M. Bell. Perth, Victoria, Oct. 28, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Robert J. MacRae to Ida M. Armstrong. Port Hillport, Guysboro, Oct. 7, by Rev. B. Kinley, Theodore Beaumanger to Melinda Myers. Gulf Shore, Cumberland, Oct. 18, by Rev. A. D. Mackintosh, Jeremiah C. Wood to Jessie M. Reid. Forest Glen, Charlis Co., Oct. 25, by Rev. A. H. Livered, Charles B. O. Ousted to Mary Anne Davidson.

DIED.

Truro, Oct. 23, Robert McLellan, 27. Windsor, Oct. 19, Charles Main, 15. LaHave, Oct. 16, James Burns, 78. Amherst, Oct. 21, Neil Patrinquin, 63. Lanesburg, Oct. 21, Dnos Fancy, 48. Halifax, Oct. 24, Henry Fanning, 73. New Mills, Oct. 14, William Cook, 83. Yarmouth, Oct. 20, Wm. J. Harris, 87. Halifax, Oct. 14, Fred Clattenburg, 73. Yarmouth, Oct. 25, William Murphy, 90. Lanesburg, Oct. 11, Catherine Darras, 78. Bonalderie, Sept. 26, Angus McLeod, 84. Ashdale Road, Sept. 29, Levi Harvey, 82. South Bldg., Oct. 15, Daniel McLeod, 62. Springhill, Oct. 18, Lieut. M. A. Gray, 22. Old Baras, Oct. 11, Elizabeth Archibald, 87. David Richard, Oct. 21, David Richardson, 68. Port Hastings, Sept. 29, John Mackinnon, 40. Ferris Cove, Oct. 27, Mrs. Wm. Hayes, 78. Upper North River, Sept. 19, Daniel Lynds, 70. Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 17, Mrs. Wm. Chisholm. Truro, Oct. 29, Alex. Crawford Pace, M. D., 72. Halifax, Oct. 19, Wantha, wife of R. T. Murray, 67. Brookville, Oct. 15, Ada F., wife of Albert Cross, 75. Centerville, Oct. 17, Emma, wife of Alfred Boutlier, 29. Wakefield, Mass., Oct. 8, Bessie, wife of William Scott, Jr. Hawe Point, Oct. 24, Isadora, widow of Albert Thru, 38. Springhill, Oct. 14, Maggie G, child of John Phillips 2 1/2 years. Antigonish, Oct. 16, Mary, widow of Donald McDonald, 87. Windsor, Oct. 16, Bertie Edna, daughter of Wm. B. Taylor, 17. Farnborough, Oct. 23, Mary J., widow of Elnaud Fowler, 65. Preston, Oct. 26, Charlotte, widow of James D. Fisher, 78. Truro, Oct. 28, Helen Afama, daughter of John A. Wright, 7 years. Greenwich, Kings Co., Oct. 22, Bessie B., wife of L. W. Wallace, 78. Halifax, Oct. 22, Jessie, daughter of J. S. and E. M. McLeod, 4 months. Truro, Oct. 21, Bessie May, daughter of Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, 5 years. Pictou, Sept. 25, Elizabeth Dunbar, widow of James Cameron, 88. Upper Stewiacke, Oct. 26, Margaret, wife of George and Elizabeth Cameron, 88. St. John, Oct. 29, William Kent, son of William L. and Maggie L. Harding, 7. St. John, Oct. 29, Dorothy Emery F., child of George and Elizabeth Cameron, 88. Belleisle Creek, Oct. 5, Mary Estella, daughter of Simon and Sarah J. Berube, 6. Lanesburg, Oct. 18, Bessie Jean, daughter of the late Capt. Geo. W. Kennedy, 28.

EVERY CAN OF THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS is marked with the purpose for which it is intended. It is the best paint for that purpose. Every can will cover better, look better, and last better than any other paint. Every can is uniform—its contents never vary a particle in purity and goodness. You get the right kind when you buy THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. The different kinds of work they are intended for are indicated by the names on the labels. In house paints alone there are thirty-five colors. If you write to us we will send color cards, colored plates of painted dwellings, and artist's designs for painting your dwelling (if you send a photograph of it), all without cost to you. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS, Canadian Dept., 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

F. A. YOUNG 736 Main St., North

CANADIAN PACIFIC Travel in Comfort ON THE PACIFIC EXPRESS. A TOURIST SLEEPER. On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL and runs to SEATTLE, without change. Double berth rates from Montreal to Vancouver, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat, \$3.00; Calgary, \$3.50; Vancouver and Seattle, \$3.00. For passage rates to all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to D. P. A. C. P. R. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Oct. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7.00 a.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; Lve. Digby 9.30 a.m. Return lve. a Digby same days at 12.50 p.m., arr. at St. John, 3.35 p.m.

Steamship "Prince Edward," St. John and Boston Direct Service. Lve. St. John Mon, 4.30 p.m. Lve. Boston Wed 11 a.m. St. John Thurs 4.30 p.m. Boston Wed 11 a.m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr in Digby 12.30 p.m. Lve. Digby 12.45 p.m., arr Yarmouth 1.30 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 1.40 p.m., arr. Digby 11.45 a.m. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a.m., arr. Digby 8.40 a.m. Lve. Digby 8.50 p.m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

S.S. Prince George. S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and latest steamship plying out of Boston. Leave Yarmouth, N. B., Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4.00 p.m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 rains will run daily, (Sunday excepted). TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax, 7.25 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 12.05 Express for Sussex, 12.15 Express for Quebec, Montreal, 11.30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney, 12.10. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex, 6.30 Accommodation from Moncton, 11.45 Express from Halifax, 12.05 Express from Quebec, Montreal, 12.10 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. FORTINGER, Gen. Manager. Mon., N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

STAR Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate ports. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a.m. standard. JAMES MANCHESTER, Manager, Procton. STEAMER Clifton Will leave HAMPTON every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 6 a.m.; returning leave Indiantown same days at 3.00 p.m. CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager. MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line: Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 1899, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 8th, 10th and 20th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEETING, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 8-11 Broadway, New York City.