

PROGRESS.

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COMMENT AND CHATTER.

A SURVEY OF ISSUES OF TO-DAY'S SIGN.

Who Will Win in the Question of the Hour—The Workers are set in Force and Money is Abundant—Incidents of Mount Pleasant Day and Some Occurrences Since.

The humors of electing always come out when a campaign is on and good stories of the past and present are told and enjoyed. There was lots of fun on nomination day and in the afternoon the crowd was almost wholly opposition. So the cheering was one-sided, but in the evening the spectators were more evenly divided and the howling cheers, the interruptions, the interrogations and incidents were frequent and varied. It is pretty hard to rattle old campaigners like Stockton and Alward, and McKewen knows how to take his time and keep cool but George Robertson did not seem to be used to the tantalizing interruptions and was evidently not as familiar with provincial affairs as he used to be with civic matters. That was how he came to make that now celebrated statement of his political faith when suddenly asked what party he belonged to. "I am—I am—I am what I am" said the ex-mayor and the crowd laughed and howled in a most unseemly fashion.

It was amusing to hear the remarks afterward, to listen to the description of the different speeches from the adherents of both parties. "Stockton and Alward just wiped the floor with Robertson" one would say and a government man on the next corner would be describing what a great speech the ex-mayor had made and how McKewen "had done up" the leader of the opposition.

Enthusiasm is abundant and hope high in the breasts of both parties and at this writing no one can tell what the result will be. The opposition look with confidence for victory. They say the people who are independent are as much opposed to the government as ever but fear that the patronage of the federal government will make a difference.

"The opposition won't get a man" said Ned MacAlpine when PROGRESS asked him his opinion Thursday morning and just around the corner an opposition talker laughed at the idea of the government winning. So pay your money and take your choice.

But there are moderate men as well and they do not take these extreme views. Some of them want to give two and two, Stockton and Shaw and Robertson and Purdy and these same men are apt to concede the election of Carson who is conceded to be strong in the east end of the county. There were 448 votes polled in St. Martin's and Simonds parishes at the last election and in Lancaster and Musquash 410. So if Mr. Carson can carry his colleague in his section and Mr. Dean carry Mr. Carson in the west the fight will be keen. Lancaster No. 1 polled a large vote and the government men were beaten 37 votes there at that time while, in St. Martin's they were beaten 97. Of course the parish of Simonds went strongly for Dunn and McLeod and saved their election though the non-residents gave them nearly 40 of a majority. The figures are printed on the eighth page of this issue and anyone who wants to compare the returns as they come in to-night can do so in both city and county.

Now take the city proper. Kings ward about evened up giving Carleton 206 and Shaw the same. These were the leaders on both sides but Wellington was 176 majority in favour of the opposition. Even Prince gave Shaw 92 over the highest vote on the other side and Queens had within two or three votes of 200 majority for the opposition. Dukes gave nearly 140 in the same way which Sydney cut down by a majority of 54 in favour of the government. The two west side men in Guys, Smith and Allan ran away ahead of their ticket but Smith was 70 ahead while the other three opposition candidates were about 150 ahead of their rivals. The difference between Shaw and Trueman on the West side was 161 votes in favor of the former and that will give some idea of the feeling there then. There is no doubt that Allan was a great source of strength to the government ticket in Carleton and the absence of a West side man this time may affect the vote in favor of the opposition. A lot of people think that the North end was strongly opposition the last time.

They are mistaken. The vote was close in Lorne, Shaw beating Allan only 31 votes. He beat Heberington 29 votes in Lansdowne, while in Dufferin, Trueman beat Shaw 16 votes. Moreover Stanley gave the government 40 majority. Victoria however, turned the tables and Shaw beat Allan 190 votes. The total majority of Shaw over Trueman (his highest man on both sides in the North end) was 179.

These figures will give the people who have been figuring on the result something to go by. Shaw beat Allan 832 in the whole city. That was nearly seven years ago. The boy of 14 years then has a vote now provided he hasn't tried to escape his taxes and evaded the tax enumerators. With all consideration for those gentlemen PROGRESS knows of many young men at the present time who have attained their majority but whose names do not appear on the list. The election committee men are often angry when they find young men—young citizens—whom they know well and who are old enough to vote and yet are not on the list. Some of them are sorry now that they have escaped the tax enumerator because they have the natural wish to vote.

There is much speculation about whether tickets will be split or not. The government party is going to try might and main to try and prevent it. They are not afraid of anyone throwing over Robertson or Purdy but they are not so sure of the voters' allegiance to McKewen and Reynolds. If the "knifing" process begins there is no doubt it will go very deep.

And there is not much doubt but what it will begin. Many electors who voted government last time will go so again in part but they won't swallow McKewen. "He worked against us the last two elections," they say "and we are not going to help him now." Still "Harry" as many of his supporters like to call him, has conducted a good campaign and made a good impression on the platform.

But few personalities were indulged in by the speakers and those few were better omitted no doubt, though they gave spice to the oratory and satisfaction to the crowd. Mr. Purdy was called upon to defend his civic record and he made an admission which may be taken notice of later. Some time ago PROGRESS called attention to the fact that a portion of the contract for hay for the city was given to a Thomas Brooner and no one seemed to know of him as being in business. He was said to be the chief clerk of Ald. Purdy who, unable to tender himself, took this way of getting a chance at the business. Lockhart called the alderman's attention to this on nomination day and Purdy admitted that it was so and he was not ashamed of it. That may be true, too, but the alderman should know that it is against the law and that if his position was questioned he might cease to be alderman at large. No doubt he took the same view when the same Mr. Brooner put in a tender for nails, cutting the price of the hardware association of which Alderman Purdy was a member and when some one in committee asked who Mr. Brooner was his employer sat in his seat but did not say a word. It was only when the director was asked to inquire as to the identity and ability of Mr. Brooner that the chairman, Ald. Christie, told them it was no use doing that because he could inform him that Mr. Brooner was the chief clerk of Alderman Purdy. A rather dead silence fell upon the board and the matter dropped. But the contract finally went to the Fender Nail Co. at ridiculous figures.

Of course Mr. Purdy retorted upon Mr. Lockhart and spoke of the dealings of the firm of A. C. Smith & Co. with the city while he was an alderman. The crowd liked the fun and the incident passed off. But the facts come out.

There is no doubt that there will be lots of money floating. There was plenty of it around during the week. New and crisp one and two dollar bills seemed to appear as if by magic and the ward workers were flashier than usual. This was more particularly true of the government party who are said to have a good deal more cash than the opposition. Their finance committee is a very capable one and will have no difficulty in getting all the "ready" money necessary. How the opposition is fixed no one seems to know. The conservative party when in power used to have no trouble raising money but it is different now.

The ward chairmen are not having an easy time. They will be glad when the fight is over and the bills paid. The people who seek some kind of a job at their hands are many. They can do anything from hiring a hall to cleaning it out and acting as guard on the door. Refreshments were plenty in Sutherland's hall on Thursday evening. The boys enjoyed it and there were many accession to the ranks when the news spread. That was practically the end of the government work for last evening the final meeting was held in the institute.

There was not much bill posting done except to announce meetings but quite late in the week tickets were sent to nearly every voter. With the opposition ticket this circular in red ink was sent out.

Vote For The Old Guard.
A. A. STOCKTON,
SILAS ALWARD,
WILLIAM SHAW,
C. A. LOCKHART.

And Pure, Honest Government. No Deals on Bridge Street.
Vote the Ticket, the Whole Ticket, and nothing but the Ticket, and we will sweep the country from the Resignation to the St. Croix.
Don't pay any attention to the ravings of the Government, as they know they will be defeated, and are unwilling to keep their courage up.

Today will tell the tale. Many readers of PROGRESS will know the result before they have read this article. They will know whether the claims of the opposition that they will carry York, Carleton, Charlotte, Sanbury, St. John and Westmorland is true or whether the idea of the government that York and St. John will be re-deemed is correct. They will know whether Minister Blair was a true prophet when he said the opposition would not have more than sixteen or seventeen supporters in the next house.

The time is not long—the suspense will soon be over.

CALLED DOWN BY THE JUDGE.

The Chief of Police and the Mail of Kentville.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble."

PROGRESS does not know whether this saying is ancient or modern but it has been repeated by a good many liberals since last Monday when the affidavits of Councilman Dean and his brother appeared in the Sun which stated that an attempt had been made by Mr. James Kelly and Mr. Fred Watson to buy him off.

Of course everyone knows how the incident resulted—the arrest of Mr. Dean by Mr. Dunn on a charge of criminal libel and his subsequent examination and commitment to trial by the police magistrate—then the denial affidavit of Mr. Watson who said he made no offer to Mr. Dean. Mr. Kelly has not been heard from. Last Saturday afternoon he took the train for Toronto to attend the annual meeting of the insurance company he represents and he was in doubt then if he could get back in time to vote.

The government party think they turned the tables by arresting Mr. Dean but there are some of their own party who are in doubt about it. He came very near staying in jail Tuesday night—the time of his arrest. It is just as well for his opponents that he did not. It don't look much to arouse sympathy and that would have done it effectually.

But it wasn't the fault of the chief of police that there wasn't a good deal of difficulty about the bail. Mr. Dean's friends had heard of the warrant being out for his arrest and Mr. E. R. Chapman went at once to make arrangements for his bail as soon as he arrived in town and was arrested. The police magistrate was ill at his house but he courteously assured him that there would not be the slightest difficulty and told him to make the necessary arrangements with the chief of police and Capt. Junkins who was to execute the warrant.

Mr. Chapman did so and his part in the affair ended. The chief was not going to lose the chance of filling out one of the forms of his which described every criminal that enters the police office and the importance of this arrest was such that he even doubted the ability of Mr. Dean's friends to bail him out.

That was part of the reason that he was "called down" by the magistrate the next day in open court. In the words of the Sun report the magistrate took this opportunity to say a few words relative to someone who, at the police station, on the evening of Mr. Dean's arrest, intimated that he would be unable to get bail owing to the fact that the police magistrate was confined to his home by illness. His honor said: "I am the police magis-

trate of St. John, and will take bail when I feel like it. I was ill at my home when Mr. Dean was arrested, but I was able to admit him to bail. I would not think for a moment of allowing him to remain in jail all night. I received a message at my home such as I never care to hear again. It was an impudent message that came to me from the police station, and if such a thing occurs again I shall call the attention of the proper authorities to the matter."

The "some one" referred to was the chief of police who seems to be on about the same terms with the magistrate as he is with the Safety Board.

KENTVILLE AS A TOURIST AT TOWN.

The Experience of a Travelling Man who Visited the Place.

The pretty little town of Kentville, nestled among the hills with its smart teams, hospitable citizens, inviting stores and cosy hotels where was to be found rest for the weary traveller, is no more—that is for the present.

It has departed to the limbo of forsaken cities. The portico has been barricaded with many a board and mine host has hid him to his upper back chamber there to consult the augur's and to meditate.

When your correspondent alighted from the train there a few days since, silent was the music of the merry sleigh bells and hushed the voice of the hotel porter which but a week ago gladdened the heart of the traveller with courteous invitation to rest him before the obsequy fire of his tavern.

"And is this Kentville?" was the audible query after gathering himself together in a struggle to obtain a longitudinal observation. "Oh yes indeed—at least a small part of it," answered a voice from a suave mannered and limpid eyed gentleman carrying the finest line of hair goods I have seen east of Montreal, who subsequently explained that it was his watch that morning (he being a member of the committee) and further that during the dog watch in the afternoon all hands would be on deck.

My friend explained at some length how it was possible for me to obtain tea and tattle at Mrs. — and that the bill of fare that day at Mr. — was to be soup and alouder. He also offered a choice of many recherche restaurants, just opened near the top of the hill leading into the town from the northward and offered to guide me thither, but I declined and after offering him a cigarette (feeling he might refuse coin) I made a lone start to view the ruins.

There they were, sombre but beautiful, still surrounded with pleasant memories of wholesome meals and warm fires; but the usher came not out as of yore to greet me and the wind moaned through the leafless branches of the trees, while from the interior came the voice of a spirit choir singing "there's nobody knows where the traveller goes, there's nobody knows where he sleeps." No, pondered I, nobody but the traveler himself and he would prefer picking his own resting place, with thanks nevertheless to the committee.

At last, driven by hunger, I followed the scent of cabbage, pungent and powerful, to the westward and attracted by a number of dogs, paused in front of a residence wherein something of a extraordinary moment was evidently transpiring. "That," said a child of whom I enquired, "is the Killiecrankie Inn where John Barleycorn was killed, now open to the public and already famed for its oak cake and haggis." I shuddered and passed on. "And what," said I "is the place on the opposite side of the Avenue further to the westward where the ravens do perch in the trees?"

"That," said my young friend, "is the lately renovated and refitted Chateau du plum, where tea of the (W. C. T.) Union Blend is on draught at all hours, prices reasonable, children and dogs not admitted."

With this I came to the right about, took marching orders for the eastward and halted at the biscuit box of a greener and general junk dealer who hailed me from the door of his museum.

Kentville has always been a well watered town, sometimes I have thought too well, and there is still, like unto the case of the Ancient Mariner, water everywhere but not a drop to drink. The stream will flow but in a new and subterranean channel which but occasionally comes to the surface. The bottom man is on the prowl and the hip pocket has resumed its long disused functions.

I grew weary and footsore and finishing my cheese and stale biscuit I told my friend of the grocery I preferred Wallville and prescriptions or even Annapolis and about to the present region, and as without further delay I boarded the freight train for the town Royal, resolving to do my visit to a more convenient season.

MRS. DEVER WAS OUSTED

MRS. E. A. SMITH APPOINTED IN HER PLACE AS TRUSTEE

Of the City Schools—How the Vote Passed and Who Voted for and Against—The Mayor's Action in Leaving the Council Chamber in a Hurry.

Mayor Sears has been hasty again. He would not wait for the aldermen to gather in the council chamber Thursday afternoon and at half past three he put on his hat and walked out. He should have known that there was a caucus before the meeting and had some regard for the tardiness that is apt to be the case in this busy election time. But he didn't and the result is that the breach between the chief magistrate and the council is wider instead of narrower.

The business of the caucus was very interesting. Two school trustees, terms had expired at the first of the year and two had to be appointed. Dr. White and Mrs. Dever, wife of Senator Dever, were the trustees whose terms had expired.

The action of the council has been awaited with some interest because it was well known that an attempt was being made to appoint Mrs. E. A. Smith in the place of Mrs. Dever. At the last meeting of the council Ald. Christie proposed that action be deferred as some aldermen were absent who would like to vote on the appointment. There were two absent yesterday Alds. Purdy and Waring, and if they had been present and the mayor in the chair there is not much doubt but Mrs. Dever would have been reappointed. Ald. Macrae was absent when the vote was called, not through any fault of his but he was called out and had to be excused. That was long before the matter came up.

There was no doubt about Dr. White being reappointed but it was plain in the caucus held in the ante room that the vote was going to be very close on Mrs. Dever and Mrs. Smith. The three chairmen, Christie, Robinson and McGoldrick were in favor of Mrs. Dever as were Messrs. Millidge and Hama but Alderman McMullin, Smith, Stockhouse, Maxwell, McArthur and Tufts voted the other way. So the vote stood six to five. The first two gentlemen are prominent in the councils of the government party and are working might and main for the return of its candidates in St. John. Their action may have an effect that could not be foreseen.

Alderman McGoldrick seemed to make the only remarks on the question. In moving the appointment of Dr. White and Mrs. Dever he spoke of the good work they had done and asked for their reappointment. No more speeches were made but the vote was taken.

Mrs. Dever has served three years on the board and has been very attentive to the duties of the position attending the meetings of the board regularly and visiting the schools and teachers quite frequently. Mrs. Smith has had practical experience in school work and is a prominent member of the women's council. She has quite a reputation as a speaker.

The Mayor left the council chamber at half past three. The council was to meet at three. As stated above his action will only serve to intensify the differences that already exist between him and prominent members of the board. He knew that the deputy mayor and chairman was there and that the meeting could be held legally without him and his action cannot fail to pain his friends and please his enemies.

The aldermen are not free from blame. Almost from the time Mr. Sears took the chair there has been a lack of harmony. Lack of courtesy to the mayor there is without a doubt but they claim that he started the ball. It is no unusual thing to hear Ald. Christie and Ald. Robinson call his worship down. Such talk would appear out of place to any citizen and it has a tendency to decrease the respect that all parties should have for each other.

Cryptic Note of Freemasonry.

Mr. William Marshall Black of Halifax S. G. T. G. 330 of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite of Canada; visited St. John during the week, and completed arrangements for the re-organization of the Chebucto Council of Royal and S. Lect. Masters and Appendant orders. Messrs. Robert Marshall and John A. Watson, will shortly visit Halifax, to take part in the work of re-organizing Chebucto Council No. 4, in the Mason Temple in that city.

Undevilled, Unde, De-covered, De-quested, De-vel, St. Waterloo Street.

ON THE CORAL ISLAND.

PEOPLE OF THE LOW-LYING MICRONESIAN GROUPS.

Tree Climbing Done by the Natives—Three Trees That Possess Life—Widows Who Prize the Shells of Their Husbands—Trade Possibilities Described.

'Seen in the offing ten or fifteen miles away, the first view of a coral island shows a grove of trees growing apparently from the water,' said Capt. Byron Snow, who for years commanded a trading schooner sailing among the islands of Micronesia.

'Never at hand the white line of breakers against the reef appears, and lastly the low land rising from four to ten feet above the surface. Among the trees are scattered the houses of the people, and in the Gilbert group of islands, the great manaba or council house. If your ship is to touch at the island you find the channel leading from the open sea into the central lagoon, and if the wind and currents are favourable sail easily in and drop anchor in a smooth sheltered haven.

Except in a certain piratical islands which you are supposed to have sense to avoid, the people receive you hospitably and invite you into the houses, where they offer you palm juice, fresh or fermented molasses and water, or green coconuts, which you eat with a spoon. The high-pitched roofs of the houses, thatched with pandanus leaves, rest on low posts, and there are no sides, so that when you sit down on the mat spread for you on the floor the interior arrangements of all the other houses in the village are open to your view.

'In the days when I traded among the Micronesian islands coconut oil was the principal thing the natives had to traffic with. They obtained it by scraping coconut meat fine with a knife or shell and then pressing the oil out in a rude handpress operated with a long lever. Half a dozen natives would sit on this lever, like American country boys on the top of a fence, while the oil dripped down into a calabash set to catch it. It was a job that suited excellently their ideas of labor. But their way of getting the coconut, from the tree in the first place was something to strike a white man as work that he would rather let out than try to do himself. Of course, they had to climb for them, and to get up the fifty feet or so of smooth-barked trunk to where the nuts were they used several different methods. The usual one was to cut notches in the tree large enough to give a hold to the great toe, and up these the islanders would walk as easily and surely as a sailor would climb the ratlines. The first climbing of the tree, the work of cutting notches, took some little time, but after that the native looked on the palm trunk as a ladder.

'Another way was for the climber to tie his feet together a few inches apart. Then, putting one hand around the trunk, with the other he would push himself away, at the same time drawing his feet up, one after the other, and keeping the card that tied them pressed against the tree to keep him from slipping back. Then he would straighten himself up for a fresh start. In this manner a man would work himself up a tree trunk very fast. But the star performance was for the climber to use no helps, but simply clasp the trunk with both hands to keep him from falling backward and walk straight up the tree. Most of the young men made a point of climbing in this way, if there was any haste to get the coconuts or if people were looking on. The coconut oil that they obtained the natives bartered with the traders for fishhooks, plane irons, large knives, scented oils, beads and tobacco. In recent years the preparation of copra for shipment has taken the place of the production of oil, and a greater variety of goods is demanded in the Micronesian trade, owing to the civilization introduced by American missionaries. Tobacco the Christianized natives never use, while the unconverted islander may be known by his pipe, which, when not in use is carried about stuck through a hole in his ear.

'Were it not for the three species of indigenous wild trees that grow on the coral islands the people there would be badly off for the means of living. The soil is poor, often barren, and the only cultivated plant is a species of taro, a variety of the root eaten in the Hawaiian Islands in the form of poi. There are no streams, springs or wells on the coral islands, and for water the inhabitants have to depend on rain pools. As their are in the moist latitudes, where rain falls nearly every day of the year, this water supply is reasonable safe and certain, but the salt spray of the ocean, driven into the pools, often makes them brackish. From the coconut the islanders obtain food drink and fibres for use in weaving. Breadfruit is a staple food, and the trunk of the tree on which it grows serves, when hollowed out with fire and axes, for the canoes and proas in which the natives

make their voyages. The droppes of the pandanus trees are used to some extent as food, and the long narrow pandanus leaves are woven into garments and sails, plaited into hats and mats and used for thatching the houses. Fish are caught in abundance, though care has to be taken in selecting those to be served, as some varieties found about the reefs are poisonous to eat. Cattle, sheep or goats placed on these island soon die. Pigs manage to eke out a living and, with some starving dogs, are the only domestic quadrupeds kept by the natives. There are a few land birds, and flowers on the coral groups, and white people who reside upon these islands find the conditions very trying to health.

'Although the natives of the Micronesian coral islands are naturally warlike and given to killing one another in private quarrels, they have never been known as cannibals. The unconverted islanders are great liars and thievish. They are kind to children, but treat their women cruelly, beating or stabbing them on little or no provocation. Old people receive but little consideration among them. The bodies of adults of both sexes are elaborately tattooed, except in the generation that has grown up in the Marshall and Gilbert islands since Germany and England seized upon the respective groups some fifteen or sixteen years ago. Now the practice of tattooing seems dying out in islands where Europeans reside, and none of the converted natives undergo it.

Among the heathen natives of the Gilbert Islands a strange burial custom prevails. When a man has died his body is brought to the manaba a great council house, and is laid out in state. Women sit by it day after day for weeks. Most of the time the body is covered by a mat and frequently beneath the same mat lies the dead man's wife mourning over her loss. When at last the corpse is about to be buried the widow often keeps the shell and makes higher constant companion, carrying it with her wherever she goes. A man is generally buried under his own house, and only a few inches below the surface of the ground, owing to the belief of the survivors that if there should be room left for another corpse above him there would soon be another to fill the place. But sometimes the body is rolled up in mats and laid away in the loft of the house. The religion of the Micronesian is a sort of Spiritism, in which persons pretend to hold intercourse with disembodied spirits that manifest themselves, not by knockings or tipping but by whistling.

'All the eagerness to gobble up the Micronesian islands which Germany, England, and Spain have in recent years displayed is a playing for position in the world's warfare, with the aim to secure naval and telegraphic bases rather than develop pro-

duction and commerce in the islands themselves. Beyond the shipment of a limited amount of copra there are no commercial possibilities in either of the coral groups, the Marshalls, or the Gilberts. The Caroline Archipelago is more promising, having the five volcanic islands of Kusaie, Pohnpe, Rola, Yap, and the Peleus among its minor coral groups, affording harbors among the best in the Pacific. It is a vast pity that the United States have not secured the Carolines, both for naval bases and for the laying of an ocean cable, which connecting San Francisco and Manila, should follow the ocean platform from which the islands of this archipelago rise, rather than try to span the deep chasm that divides Honolulu from Guam.'

GERMAN TOYS FOR CHILDREN.

Keep Our Juveniles in a State of Perpetual Wonderment.

The American child is usually credited with keen powers of observation, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Just what he thinks of some of his elaborate toys would make interesting reading. His cars and his Brooklyn bridge, his Niagara falls and his Grand Central depot are all 'made in Germany.' No wonder the wonders of America are wonders indeed to the child who has learned all about them in the nursery. The German idea of a fountain is not the Madison square nor the Central park idea at all. It includes tritons and dolphins and mermaids and Germania in a steel corset in the centre of the basin. A signal-tower toy made in Germany would bewilder a railroad president. It looks like a filigree windmill and is painted every shade from pale rose to the deepest deep green. The fire engines and 'hook and ladder companies' must grieve the small boy who has seen and waxed ecstatic over 'the real thing.' German toy-makers cater to the American markets, which accounts for the startling reproductions of our national institutions. Every spring the toy fair at Leipzig blossoms forth in ocean steamers, brownstones doll-houses, railway trestles, trains of cars, yachts, warehouses and other American luxuries and necessities in miniature. But the resemblance is only near enough to the original to satisfy the artless manufacturer. It exercises the American child's imagination and taxes his memory to recall where he has seen something that this or that toy reminds him of. If he is energetic and patriotic he repaints his cable car or fire engine and tears down the German flags from the towers of Brooklyn bridge. A great effort to be truly American was made by one toymaker this season. He made a railway station and painted its two gothic towers pale green and pale blue respectively; then he fitted up one tower as a



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'waiting room' stood the other at the station master's office. The names of these departments were printed in English over the door of each. The arch, which joined the two towers and beneath which passengers had to pass to buy tickets before rushing out on the tracks beyond, bore a clock, flanked by the German coat-of-arms. Above this, in big black letters, 'Central station, Bahahel,' is printed, and from the flagstaff floats a Swiss flag. But the most feature is the 'waiting room.' It is furnished with small round tables, on each of which is a glass of beer. Shades of American lunch-counter pass and sandwiches!

BONANZA OF A ROYAL WILL.

Bavarian Princess and her Husband Restored to Social Standing.

The will of the late empress of Austria brings to light a romance of the royal court that had long been forgotten. Five years ago the empress' favorite granddaughter, Princess Elisabeth, the eldest daughter of Prince Leopold of Bavaria and the Archduchess Gisela of Austria, eloped with a young officer in the Bavarian army, Lieut. Seefried, who was both penniless and plebeian. It was a case of love at first sight for both, and this modern Romeo and Juliet couple thought neither of rank nor royal blood. They made no concealment of their love, and the young lieutenant boldly asked the old empress of Austria for the hand of this beautiful princess in marriage. The Emperor Francis Joseph was horrified at his granddaughters' choice of a penniless and lowly born army officer for a husband. Consent to their union was emphatically refused. The upshot was that the princess and the lieutenant eloped and were married in Switzerland. Lieut. Seefried was immediately expelled from the Bavarian army, and Prince Leopold in his wrath forbade the young couple to ever again cross the Bavarian frontier. The Empress of Austria, however, who had a tender heart and knew what love was, interceded for her granddaughter. Through her efforts

Lieut. Seefried was admitted into the Austrian army and created a baron, but both he and his wife were rigidly excluded from the Austrian and Bavarian courts. Baron Seefried and the princess lived quietly and contentedly in a small provincial town, where his regiment was quartered, and are regarded as a model married couple. And now in her will the empress has shown that she had never forgotten the youthful lovers. She beque the emperor, as a dying request, to use his influence in behalf of Baron Seefried and his princess wife. She further conveys an entreaty to her own daughter, the Arch-duchess Gisela, and her son-in-law, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, to extend full pardon to their daughter for her youthful indiscretion. This appeal from the dead empress has, of course, met with a ready response. Baron Seefried has been placed on the retired list of the Austrian army by the emperor and given permission to return to Bavaria with his wife. Then he will enter the German diplomatic service, and both will take their proper rank as the children of a royal family.

Emerson on Newspapers.

Many years ago Emerson, in a letter to a college boy, said: Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of the attention, and the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get their best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read when the mind is creative, and do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. You can't quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born.'

The Heaviest Man on Earth.

If the greatest were the test of avoirdupois the place of honor would be filled by Maurice Canon, a native of the small frontier town of Stein, in the state of Constance. This man is said to weigh not less than fifty stone, and may claim to be the heaviest man on earth. He measures over 100 inches around the waist and 64 around the thigh. His enormous weight does not apparently inconvenience him, for he is active and in robust health. He is a well-to-do, middle-aged farmer, and, though his gigantic proportions naturally make him an object of curiosity to his neighbors, he has declined all offers to stray from his native fields.—Humanitarian.

How It Stood.

Smith: 'You and Jones don't seem to be as friendly as you were. Does he owe you money?' Brown: 'No, not exactly—but he wanted to.'

An optimist is a person who can feel cheerful when he is in a bad humour.

We barely get a glimpse of ourselves in the mirror of time as it flashes by.

Some folk were married and are happy and others are married and were happy.

Slander, like chickens, may come home to roost, and the standing joke may tread on your own sensibilities.

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Music and The Drama

Since the production of new operas by Giordano and Mascagni has not diverted the interest of musical Italy from the classics of Puccini, the priest and composer. They are sung now with great success in all the Italian cities and the talk in Italy today is chiefly of them. It is said now that Puccini will go to Germany in the spring and direct there the performance of his works. The success of Mascagni's "Iris" seems to be more genuine than that of any of his operas since "Cavalleria Rusticana." Making allowance even for the extravagant praise given to all his efforts by his countrymen, there are signs of solid merit in his latest work. The third act is to be rewritten dramatically. It was changed several times during the rehearsals, but is still unsatisfactory. The pathetic story of the Japanese girl who is abducted from the tea-house and dies broken-hearted and in dishonor has already been told in The Sun. Signor Mascagni conducted the opera at the first performance and was recalled twenty times. There is some talk already of a serious performance to be given in London in March by a company organized in Italy. Jean de Reszka, who heard the opera at the dress rehearsals and on the first evening, believes that the Japanese costumes on the men will seriously interfere with the success of the opera. He says that they appear comic in spite of the music and the dramatic force of the scenes in which they appear. Herold Darcies sang the title role at the first performance, and Signor de Lucia was the hero. Mascagni, in a very remarkable interview published after the first performance, said that he had been longer than usual in writing the score because he had waited for his inspiration and made no effort to force his gifts. 'For instance, the serenade in the first act,' he said, 'gives the impression of being the result of hard labor and patient working out of the harmonies, whereas in reality it flashed through my mind in a moment and I wrote it down at once without changing a single note on the score afterward. I have tried above all things to be spontaneous and sincere in this opera and have not been content with two or three melodic ideas, twisted, repeated, reproduced and disguised in order to hide their monotonous repetition, with learned technicalities and cunning harmonic combinations.' "Iris" is to be sung in several Italian cities this winter, but is not yet announced in Germany. Indeed German criticism of the work has not been kind.

Umberto Giordano's "Fedora" was given first at Milan with Gemma Bellincioni as the heroine. The work was a success although by no means a second "Andrea Chenier." The libretto by Arturo Colautti, an Italian poet of reputation, starts with the first act of Victorien Sardou's play, condenses the second and third acts into one, and follows generally the progress of the French drama. One enthusiastic critic writes that no other composer than Massenet could have treated the subject with so much dramatic force. Persons familiar with Massenet's talents will not be much impressed by this praise. The composer is said to have availed himself of a polonaise of Chopin and some Russian folk-songs in order to give character to the music. One song in the opera is in praise of the bicycle. In spite of the praise and applause given to the work, it was sung only a few times before Signora Bellincioni went to Germany. This is Giordano's fourth opera. "Mala Vita," the first, had some success; "Regina D'as," the second, had only two performances, while "Andrea Chenier" was a triumph for the youthful composer. The ultimate fate of "Fedora" is still to be decided. Another recent novelty in Italy was based on Coppée's "The Violin Maker of Cremona." It followed "Fedora" in Milan and made a moderately favorable impression.

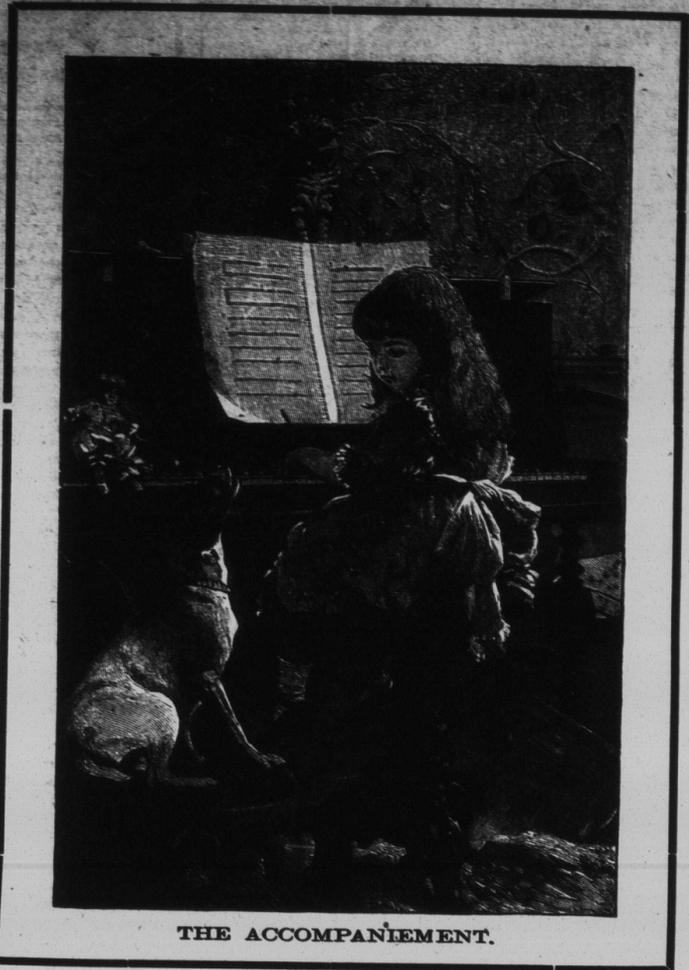
The subject chosen by the Italian composers to-day are curious inspirations to opera. After finishing "Roland of Berlin" Ruggiero Leoncavallo is to make an opera from Paul Bourget's "A Tragic Idyl," which failed on the stage in Paris, because it was analytical and psychological rather than dramatic. Umberto Giordano is to be found his next operw on Hauptmann's "Lonely People." Pietro Mascagni will take a subject more closely related to the genius of his own people. He will write music to a libretto founded on Goldoni's comedy, "The Mask."

Francisco Tamagno recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his debut. At the festivities held in Turin in honor of the event citizens appeared in a procession containing figures showing the principal roles assumed by Tamagno during his career. Victor Herbert is to write an opera for Frank Daniels. "Martha" was sung at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, on Friday night, the second anniversary of the death of Castelmarty. 'I have been thinking of it all day,' said Edouard de Reszka, 'and will be greatly relieved when the curtain goes down without there having been a mishap. What a strange coincidence that the same opera should be given tonight. Mme. Mantelli was equally perturbed. 'I have been crying half the day,' she said. 'It is such a relief to know the scene is safely over.'

George W. Lederer left for London on Wednesday last, taking with him 25 young women to fill the ranks of "The Belle of New York," company. Sig. A. de Novellis, the musical director of the Broadway Theatre Opera company is about to celebrate his twenty-sixth anniversary in America. He came to New York to conduct for Max Strakosch and has since been identified with many of the leading musical productions.

SALE OF THE THEATRE. The Spears company is occupying the stage of the Opera House this week and drawing very good audiences both at the evening performances and the daily matinees. The Red Cross Nurse was the opening bill, and is something after the style of Ours, though of course not half so pretty or smooth. Indeed I might say it is something more than "after" it, for in plot and general outline it runs almost neck and neck with that pretty play. The late war is responsible for a good deal, and among the most serious of its consequences are the so-called war plays inflicted upon the public. However, The Red Cross Nurse is probably one of the best. At any rate it pleases, and in the hands of the Spears company goes with a swing and a dash that is interesting, and the sentiment catches the crowd. The company is especially strong in specialties, and some of them are exceptionally good. Mr. Frank Clayton being a real artist in his line of work. He is very clever, and seems to have made a decided hit. Mr. E. T. Spears has very good support and altogether the Company may be classed among the best of popular priced shows that have visited the city for some time. The matinee bill for this afternoon will be The Bosom Friend of Bowers. The company will remain another week, and once the political fever has subsided, the performances will doubtless receive the encouragement they merit.

"Zaza," is to be given in London. May Buckley is to be seen in Augustin Daly's London production of a Chinese play, "San Toy." Lee Arthur has sold to Henry W. Savage a new play, called "Private Gray," which will be produced in the spring at the American Theatre, at the close of the Castle Square Opera Company's New York season. Chicago is to have a Castle Square company on and after Easter Monday. Louis James' daughter is a member of the "Catherine" company. Andrew Mack is to have a drama by Franklin Fyles. Rich & Harris have signed a contract with the playwright, provided for a spectacular production early next year. Meanwhile Mr. Mack will appear this spring in "The Last of the Robans," by Ramsay Morris. Charles Frohman has secured the English and American rights to the latest successful Parisian farce, Georges Feydeau's "La Dame Chez Maxime." Lolo Fuller is in London. Niethersole is to appear in Budapest, Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg. Next Wednesday evening on the occasion of the one hundredth performance of "Trelawney of the Wells," at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, Manager Daniel Frohman will present to each woman in the audience a handsomely bound and illustrated copy of the acting edition of Mr. Finero's comedy. There are about a dozen illustrations, with a colored vignette of Miss Manserling as Rose Trelawney. E. J. Malton who arrived in New York on the steamship St. Louis last Sunday under contract to Liebler & Co., to produce Sidney Grundy's play, "The Musketiers," said that the play would be presented at the Broadway Theatre, New York, as Beerbohm Tree is presenting it at Her Majesty's Theatre. The play is not divided into acts, but is presented in ten tableaux. There are three intermissions of ten minutes each, and seven instantaneous dark changes. Messrs. Brady & Ziegfeld last week signed a contract with Aubrey Boucault by which they secure the American rights to "A Court Scandal," produced at the Court Theatre, London, January 24. The play is a romantic one, adapted by Aubrey Boucault and Oswald Shillingford from the French of MM. Bayard and Dumanoir. Its central figure is Richelieu, not as the grim and subtle Cardinal, but as the dashing lad of 19, full of aspirations. An elaborate production of this comedy will be made at the Manhattan Theatre next season and Aubrey Boucault who is under contract with Brady & Ziegfeld for a term of three years will appear as the youthful duc de Richelieu. Arrangements have been made between Arthur Tans and David Henderson to place all the Henderson extravaganzas in London. These include "The Arabian



THE ACCOMPANIMENT.

Nights," "Blackboard, Jr.," "The Crystal Sippers," "Sisab, or the Maid of Baboon," "Aladdin," and "All Baba, or Morgiana and the Forty Thieves."

George Bernard Shaw's play, "The Man of Destiny," which treats of the life of Napoleon, will be presented by amateurs at the Empire Theatre, New York, February 16.

At Oscar Hammerstein's Victoria Music Hall it will be possible for those who wish to entertain a theatre party of a dozen or more to secure a suite of rooms of their accommodations, including a box seating ten and a couple of stalls, where refreshments and even the most elaborate dinners may be ordered.

The Lord Chamberlain will not permit the production of "MIL, FIM" in London.

"Hobson's Choice" is the name of a new three-act light comedy by Alice Yates Grant, which will be presented by the pupils of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School at their next matinee on March 3. Willie Edwin, husband of the late Alice Atherton, has brought the English rights of Russell Vann's mystical make comedy, "Nicandra."

"Bimbo of Bombay," a farce written by Edgar Smith to exploit a magician is to be revived February 18, with Jacques Kruger in the principal part. The opening will take place in Bridgeport, Conn.

The Kendals will begin their forthcoming American tour in Philadelphia on October 9 next. They expect to be seen in one play only, "The Elder Miss Blossom."

W. A. Brady is to produce "The whooping Cough," a French farce.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" is to be given at the Irving Place theatre, New York, on March 13.

A French writer is founding a play on Matilda Betham Edwards' novel, "A Storm-Rent Sky," in which the central figure is Danton.

It is said that Rudyard Kipling is writing a play for Beerbohm Tree.

Sir Henry Irving is now talking of nothing except his reopening of the Lyceum in April with Sardou's "Robespierre." Miss Terry will be with him, and both will visit America in the autumn. "Robespierre" has five acts, with several tableaux in each, and will require an enormous amount of preparation. Sardou is now putting the finishing touches to it, and will be present at the first representation.

Robert Taber Julia Marlowe's husband, is suffering from pleurisy, and will not be able to act for several weeks. His part, Ernest Delarge in "The Only Way," Freeman Willis' adaptation of Dickens "A Tale of Two Cities," which Martin is now rehearsing at the Lyceum Theatre has been assigned to Holbrook Blinn, who has appeared in the Chinese piece, "The Cat and the Cherub," in America. Harry himself will play the role of Sydney Carton, while the veteran, Miss Mariot, one of the few survivors of the older tragic actresses, will be the Vengeance. In this version of the novel Delarge exerts the malignant influence attributed originally to his wife, and prominence is given to the little seamstress who accompanies Carton to the scaffold.

H. Percy Maldon well known here, is manager of the Third Avenue Theatre New York.

For his father's sake.

Dr. C—, a well-known lecturer and preacher, was seized with a sudden inspiration to visit the village in Vermont where his father had preached long years before and where his own boyhood's recollections centered in many a dim but cherished form. Sure of a welcome for his father's sake he braved the ten-mile jolting stage that followed a dusty railroad ride, and presented himself at the door of an old parsonage as the son of his former pastor. 'Well,' said the host, opening the door deliberately and measuring the doctor from head to foot with a slow, investigating gaze, 'glad to see you. Should be glad to see even your father's dog!'

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, FEB 18th

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ELECTIONS AND BRIBERY.

Many of the incidents of the present political contest have been of such a nature as to surprise and pain those who believe in honesty of purpose and who enjoy a fair and dignified discussion of the affairs of the country and the policies of its parties. A great deal of personal feeling has been introduced and the challenges and retorts of the nomination speeches still furnish material for talk. The dramatic incident of Tuesday evening when one of the county candidates was arrested at the instance of one of his opponents, has hardly been equalled in the maritime provinces. The expression of opinion upon which the charge of criminal libel was founded would hardly have attracted public attention to any great degree when allowance was made for the exaggerated statements generally incidental to political discussion, but the fact that it was made by a man who was at enmity with his opponent will not doubt account largely for the course pursued.

Such an incident is regrettable. The police court should not figure when gentlemen are seeking the votes of the people to support them and the policy they advocate. They are expected to take every legitimate advantage of one another on the platform and in the press but coercion and bribery can hardly be termed fair methods. Nor does it seem to us right that the peculiarities of a public man, who was once the close friend of—but now opposed to—a party newspaper, should be exposed because the men connected with that journal happen to be more particularly acquainted with them. That can hardly be termed political warfare.

There is too much bribery in our elections. The poor man who goes to the polls with a good idea of what he will do and who will vote for should not be subject to the temptation of a bribe to change his opinions. We sympathize with him. He needs money—perhaps he is out of work. His family's needs are before him and the temptation to accept money for his vote is hard to resist. All credit to those who do resist.

For the middleman, or perhaps the well-to-do artisan, clerk or merchant who hangs around committee rooms for the sake of "what is in it" we have no feeling but contempt. If they will not give their services in their spare hours for love of their country, and regard for their party, let them stay away. Some do work in this earnest, whole-hearted manner but the majority are looking for "boodle." They want to be paid or to be the medium of paying others. The men who are selected to buy votes should be subject to arrest. That is the only way to deal with those people. What then shall we do to the men who furnish the funds to bribe—the lumbermen and the manufacturers who hope to buy favors from the government by being generous at election times? Perhaps if there was a stringent law regarding the selling and buying of individual votes a great portion of the evil would be abolished. Let us look for some statesman bold and honest enough to enact such a law.

REMARKABLE RELATIONS.

In these days of competition when contracts are sought with the greatest industry, when prices are cut to get the work—which is perhaps none the better for it—it is interesting and reassuring to read of the relations that exist between two of the greatest corporations in the world—the White Star Steamship Company and

Messrs. HARBAND & WOLFF (Ld.), who have built all the vessels of their line. These relations are so remarkable that they are spoken of at some length in an article that appears in the Shipping Gazette and LLOYD'S List descriptive of the largest steamer in the world, the Oceanic which has just been launched by Messrs. HARBAND & WOLFF in Belfast. The White Star steamers have been built by Messrs. HARBAND & WOLFF—a thing in itself remarkable when it is remembered that the work done represents a sum of about seven and a half millions sterling. But strange as the fact is, standing alone, it is far more remarkable when one learns the basis upon which this enormous business has been carried out. No estimates and specifications are submitted by the builders to the purchasers; no contract, in the ordinary sense of the word. The White Star Company simply tells Messrs. HARBAND it wants another steamer to fulfil certain conditions, and the Belfast yard promptly sets to work to produce the best that can be built, not hampered by restrictions as to this or that way of getting the result, or by the fear that if so much additional is spent here or there the contract price will be exceeded, and the order will result in a loss. This princely way of doing business naturally needs exceptional conditions for its carrying out. In the first place the builder and owner must have absolute confidence in each other—a confidence that must necessarily be the growth of years of mutual knowledge and respect—and, moreover, the financial means on both sides must be ample. When, however, such an arrangement can be followed it results in the production of a vessel as nearly perfect as the skill of the naval architect and the marine engineer can make her. The builder's profit bears a fixed proportion to the cost, whatever it may be, and there is no temptation therefore to cut down the price and substitute an inferior thing for one that should be better and dearer. On the other hand, it might be thought that in order to get a larger sum on any one ship the builder might swell the cost unduly. Naturally such a thing might take place, but the owners of the White Star vessels are just as sure it will not take place, when they place an order with the Belfast firm, as if the whole thing were secured by the most binding deed a lawyer could draft. There is nothing more creditable in the history of commercial enterprise that the relations that have existed from the first between the builders and the owners of the White Star fleet. It is typical of the best traditions of British commercial life, and a thing of which the country may well be proud.

Such a condition of things exists with but few concerns in this Canada of ours. The most determined and unscrupulous price cutter does not always get the contract but in the majority of instances he does. And there is not the slightest doubt when he finds that he will have little or no profit and perhaps a loss upon his job he sets about to "skimp" it. The man who wants good work and is willing to pay a fair price gets the most satisfaction in the end.

Some Suggestions Form a Lady. The following is a suggestion of a Sunbury correspondent:—"While PROGRESS is publishing the engravings of the St. John candidates it should have the Sunbury quartette they will compare very favorably with the St. John men in appearance as well as intellect. On the government ticket Mr. Harry Harrison is a new man, young and very fine looking, his picture would look fine in PROGRESS or Munsey. His colleague Mr. Morrow has served one term in parliament but I don't think he ever did anything so foolish as to set for his picture but if he could be persuaded to take a little trouble with his toilet he wouldn't look so R'pvanwinkiah and his really intellectual countenance would show to advantage. On the opposition Mr. Glacier is very comfortable looking and rather handsome with a sad expression. Why he should look sad one can't imagine. Mr. Hazen is too well known in St. John to need any comments."

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VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Daily Round. What we eat we eat—eat, In Earth and Heaven above— The great supreme creator, Makes everything live, The vast unbounded universe, One in all has to say; "My glory is in doing, The same thing every day." The rolling world whirled we stay, A day or two and so; Obvys an ever-repeating law, In motion calm and slow, Almighty power still to smoo, In nature's grand array; And still observe His laws and do, The same thing every day. So in our little round of life, We really never cease; What ever we do we do, The Pleasure to be had, For whether tilling comes or rest, Whether we read or pray; Life's real enjoyment still can be, The same thing every day. O not also our busy cares, Fill up this fleeting life; The whole world's full of us, Come where's peace or strife; Comes pleasure brief or sorrow deep, Or clouds obscure our way; The truest joy is contentment in, The same thing every day. Of good cheer still, O ye who toil, Be in the Master's name; Duty with each returning sun, Is sweeter far than fame. Trust Him, e'en though His mighty arm Upheld be to stay; The joy in His work at last shall be, The same thing every day. CYRUS GOLDEN.

Forenoon. 'Twas a winter night and the stars shone down On the quiet homes in a little town; All was wrapped in sleep, and the great clock near, Chimed the hour of midnight, clear and clear. As the last strokes died on the still night, From a doorway near came a girl's form slight, But poorly she was in garments old, She could hardly walk in the bitter cold.

At the gate she paused for a few well look At the home she had left, a cozy nook; Just a cottage small, but her father's home, And she was in the room from the door to roam. Tears filled her eyes, and she quick to come, And her father had sternly bade her go When her pitiful story he came to know.

And this same night, in a city near, In the midst of a -edding -e, soft and clear; And the man she loved to her readily came, To another had given his name and name. Turning at last she slowly goes Down the snowy street, where the cold wind blows;

On, on in the night, she knows not where, While the wind tears her hair and hair; See, at last she falls, at a stand no more, She is miles away from her father's door; The soft snow makes her a downy bed, And to wadging girls to her weary head. They found her here in the morning light, But she had died from the body slight. These crosses o'er the head she lies, At the judgment bar of God she stands.

And I wonder if he, on the great white throne, Will condemn her to bear the sin alone, Or will He in pitying love condone, The sin which was surely his alone. —LITTLE F. CHATTERTON.

Our Country. Our thoughts of thee lagged with hope, Dear country of our love and prayer; Thy way is down no fatal slip, But up to meet us and to cheer.

Triled as by iron sea and yet By God's grace only conquer made; In future tasks before thee set, Thou shalt not lack the old time aid.

The father sleeps, but men remain As true and wise and brave as they; We count the loss without the gain? The best is that we have to-day.

Thy lesson all the world shall learn, The man as at thy feet shall sit; Earth's fairest mountain tops shall burn With watch-fires of thy light and wit.

Great, without seeking to be great, Will condemn her to bear the sin alone, Or will He in pitying love condone, Of virtues which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity, An earnest to simple justice done, So in our to-day of the, God of our fathers I make it true.

O land of lands I to thee we give Our love, our life, our service, free; For thy love we shall never live, And at thy need shall die for thee.

Die young of those. It comes to me often in silence, When the light of day is low— When the black, un-caring shadows, Seen within of four or so, Always with a throb of pain, That thrills each pulse and vein, O, in the old-world's losing For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the row of the city, And the face of the man and woman; I know what others' work and welcome, And my yearning fancy ranges Back to the dear old homestead, With an aching sense of pain; But there'll be joy in the coming, When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music That never may die away, And it comes the hands of angels, On a lyre harp at play, Have touched with a yearning address On a beautiful broken strain, To which I, my soul heart word, "When I go home again!" Outside of my darkened window, In the great world's crush and din, And I love the sun and shadows (I'm drinking, drinking in, To the spirit of the autumn rain; Bobbing the night wind murmurs; But I dream of the glorious greeting When I go home again.)

WI on John's Away. His pipe is cold upon the shelf, His little do's a lone estate; The house is quiet as a monk's cell, When John's away.

We miss his whistle on the stair, We miss the rattle of his keys, His cheery and a n' favorite air, His company.

And when his cheery letters come We seem to read by a the face, A wistful yearning for his home, Our love divides.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

TWO LIONESSES AND A BULL FIGHT

A Madrid Spectacle Seen by Thousands and Pronounced Disappointing. A day or two ago all Madrid was excited and young and old turned out in thousands to witness a sight seldom seen in a civilized town—a fight between a bull and two half-tamed lionesses. The eagerly awaited event was to have taken place the day before, but the rain which came down in torrents, kept people in doors. But next day, when the sun was shining brightly, the streets leading to the Plaza de Toros were long before the opening of the arena, thronged with excited crowds eagerly discussing the merits of the combatants: Pandereto, the bull, was described by connoisseurs as a beauty, a worthy son of his sire, Perdigon, who immortalized himself by going to death the noted torero, E-pirtero, some years ago.

In spite of the rain, some 10,000 people visited Pandereto in his stable, and a workman, who had wrenched a bottle of wine that he would enter the stable and face the brute alone, was promptly pitched over the partition by the ferocious animal, though he was lucky enough to get off with a few scratches. There was no fear, therefore, that the bull would prove a coward. On the other hand, Sabina and Nemes, the two lionesses who three months ago were disputing themselves in the sands of the Sahara Desert, were backed by their tamer to make a raw steak of the bull in less than ten minutes, the animals having been kept without food for two days.

There had been an unprecedented run on the ticket office, and when the bugle sounded for the first act, the vast amphitheatre showed one compact mass of heads. A young torero entered the arena and successfully despatched two bulls, but the applause was merely perfunctory. On a sign from the manager the cage containing the two lionesses and the box with the bull were wheeled into the ring. The odds rose quickly in favor of the latter, as he, immediately on being released, made a rush for Sabina, who, crouching and snarling viciously, received him with a terrible blow of her fore claws. Pandereto shook himself free, and tossed her high in the air. Nemes had bounded aside at the bull's approach, but the latter, quick as lightning, wheeled round, and in a fraction of a second sent her, too, flying into space. Charging atreah, the bull took Nemes up and drove his horns through her body against the bars of her cage. The public yelled itself hoarse with enthusiasm, and it was clear that the bull was going to carry the day. Sabina then was for a few minutes successful in dodging the furious onslaughts of her opponent, but, presently, she too was caught on the terrible horns and fell all in a heap almost on top of her wounded sister. The spectators alternately hissed the lionesses and cheered the bull to the echo.

The bull, now master of the arena stood snorting defiance, while the lionesses, panting, their manes on end with fear, and blood flowing from their wounds, crouched beside each other. Their tamer furious at the bad showing his pupils were making, approached cautiously and prodded them repeated with a pointed iron to action, until maddened by pain, the queens of the desert rose again as if to recommence the attack, but scarcely had Pandereto seen them move when he rushed upon the wretched beasts, pinning them to the ground, not without receiving a severe mauling from Sabina, who appeared to be the pluckier of the two.

The spectacle was nearing its end. The public howled expectations at the lionesses and their tamer. The latter, who stood to lose a good deal of money, was beside himself with rage, but no amount of goading with pointed sticks, not even pistol shots fired repeatedly close to their ears, could make the poor beasts move. They lay trembling close against each other, and, famished though they were, pieces of raw, dripping flesh temptingly displayed failed to arouse them. Nemes, with her limbs broken and deep wounds all over her body breathed but faintly, and Sabina was in a scarce better plight. The bull contemptuously turning aside from his fallen enemies, now fixed his attention on the wild beasts outside the arena who were cheering vociferously, and pawing the ground, made sundry movements as if to charge upon the spectators.

The lionesses were eventually chained to the bars of their cage—quite a superfluous precaution, owing to their exhausted state—while the bull was enticed to the other side of the ring, whence he was with great trouble led away to his stable amid thunderous applause, the blood dripping

from an ugly wound in his neck and badly lacerated from about the eyes. "Poor sport after all," was the public verdict.

The young wife of a busy man is no longer suffering neglect in her well-attended but pre-occupied husband. Here is the story of how it came about. "I want you to address this letter for me, said she to her best friend, then on a visit to the house."

"Very well—whom to?" "To Robert Agassay, at this number and street."

"What, your own husband, dear? What under the sun do you mean by writing to him, and he to you every day in the week?"

"I'm not going to argue the matter and the letter is prepared. You direct the envelop, so that he will read the letter from curiosity, if nothing else. I have no objection to explaining to you in confidence."

"Robert never seems to have any spare time to talk things over with me. When he comes down in the morning he is in a rush and a stew to reach the office. He bolts his breakfast, kisses me good bye on the run, and is gone till evening. At dinner he is in nervous haste to get away to meet some business engagement," rans hurriedly through his paper, and is gone again.

"When he reaches home I am in bed or we're both so sleepy that we couldn't talk intelligently if we wanted to. You, perhaps, won't understand for your knowledge of married life is a theory. But there are some things about which he and I must consult. I have to manage the affairs of this house, and I want his advice. I at least would like to have him manifest a little interest, and I rather think that his approval would do me lots of good."

The letter was sent. The husband laughed heartily. "Then a sober second thought took possession of him. He and his little wife are full partners now, and she looks like a bride once more."

Demons When They Fight. You would hardly believe that moles, clumsy, almost blind, little beasts that they are, become perfect demons when they quarrel. No one knows what they quarrel about, but if they once start fighting one has to die. This will keep on in the presence of any number of spectators, hanging on to one another like bulldogs, and burying their enormously strong jaws and teeth in one another's flesh. H-d-g-b-gs, another type of the quiet, inoffensive animal, not only fight but always to the death, and when one is killed, the other generally devours him. Hares on the other hand, are proverbially the most timid of creatures. Yet they can fight. A fight between two hares is a ludicrous sight as they skip and jump over one another. But a ship from the hind legs of a hare is no joke to his opponent. Among birds, robins are the most pugnacious. More than one case could be quoted of two robins so frantically set on killing one another as to be picked up in the hands of a looker-on, and there have been with beak and claws deep buried in one another's plumage.

Weather Signals by Train. D. E. Maxwell, general manager of the Florida Central and Peninsula railroad, has issued the following circular, says the Florida Times-Union and citizen: "The system of signals from the engine whistles of passing trains promulgated theretofore through the co-operation of the United States Weather Bureau to forewarn fruit and vegetable growers that cold waves likely to produce frost are approaching, will be made effective again this season. The signal will be given by the whistle sounding six long blasts, requiring thirty seconds (five seconds to the blast), and will be repeated at intervals of every three miles. This will indicate a forecast at least the first or second night thereafter."

Kipling to Julia Marlowe. Rudyard Kipling sent as a Christmas present to Julia Marlowe a copy of his latest book, "The Day's Work," with this verse in autograph on the flyleaf:

When skies are grey instead of blue When clouds that come to disconcert; When things go wrong as they should do, In life's little kindergarten; I beg you my child, don't weep and wail, And don't, don't take to us; But cheer you up with a little tale By Rudyard Kipling.

It is marvelous. It is the cry from everybody that has a rug cleaned by the great carpet renovating process for cleaning carpets on the floor. Carpets dusted at our works. Curtains and Blankets 25 cts. per pair.

URGENT LAUNDRY DYING AND CARPET CLEANING WORK.

THE ADDITIONAL COUNTY NEWS, THE PRESS AND THE SUN.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Prognosis for sale in Halifax by the new boys and at the following news stands and centers.

The dance at Elmwood on Tuesday evening was among the most prominently brilliant events of the week.

"The dance" came off with eclat on Tuesday evening before a large and fashionable audience.

Mrs. Ellis and Miss Lewis, whose sweet singing charmed their hearers, came next on the list.

The rink party given by Lord and Lady Seymour on Wednesday evening was the most fashionable event of the week.

The Red Caps dance was held on Friday night at the Halifax hotel, and although the social functions of the week were by no means the least on the list.

On Thursday a parliamentary dinner was given at Government house—these dinners are usually given once, and occasionally twice, weekly by the Governor during the period that our Local Parliament remains in session.

The raging cholera in an advanced stage was reported to-day the impetuosity of the Amherst is not a happy town.

Mr. Thomas H. Summerville St. John spent part of a day in town last week visiting old friends.

Mr. F. E. Sullivan is on a business trip to Montreal. Mrs. Faulds of Oxford is visiting her sister Mrs. Andrew Wheaton.

Mrs. A. E. McLeod has returned from Boston where she went to see her brother Mr. Fred Harris who was very ill and who died while she was there.

Dr. H. Clay has returned from spending several weeks at Pugwash.

Mrs. McSweeney of Mount Watley is guest for a week of the mayor and Mrs. J. A. Dickey, Grove cottage, Church St.

Mrs. F. A. Quigley and infant left on Wednesday for Vancouver, B. C. she was accompanied by her sister-in-law and brother-in-law Nellie and Charlie Quigley, also Archie Arnold and Vera Hickey.

The sombre curtain of Lent has again fallen, it will not however cause society to be any quieter, for I think it would be impossible; there was a little break in the monotony last Friday although, so bitter cold, yet a large number of ladies gladly accepted Mrs. Will Black's kind invitation to an afternoon tea at her very pretty home Victoria St.

Mr. Henry James A. Dickey C. E. and three new councillors Messrs. A. B. Egan, D. W. Robb, and C. A. Limby made their first bow in their official capacity on Monday evening before a large and favorable attendance of the general public.

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A Guaranteed Asthma Cure.

Some years ago this would have been considered an impossibility, but Dr. Clarke has achieved the problem since completing his experiments with the wonderful Kolo plant in England.

Others may relieve, but Clarke's Kolo Compound for asthma permanently cures.

Feb 14.—Miss Millie Carter returned home on last Sunday after a visit of some weeks in Montreal.

Mr. John Young of Truro is in town last week.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

- GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other new writings.
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S "LETTERS" (New & before published) edited by SIR JOHN GURKIE.
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.
RUDYARD KIPPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.
GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL "THE SOUTH SEAS" (Illustrated by H. M. Brock).
SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.
MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.
EMEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Christmas of Aunt Miriam 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—and other notable Art Features by other artists.
THE FULL ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
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has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacon, and Canned Bacon, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages. Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037

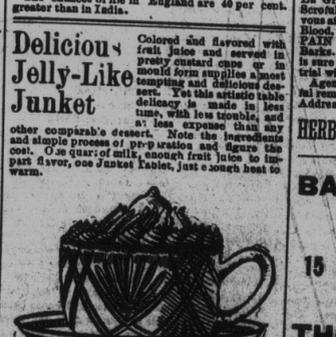
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Has never been surpassed as a remedy for chronic Coughs, Colds, Consumption and other disorders of the lungs and chest.

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure La Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Sciatica, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Headache, Stomachic, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes.

BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING. 15 BBL'S., EACH 36 GALS. THOS. L. BOURKE Prince Edward Island OYSTERS.



Hansen's Junket Tablets are sold by druggists and grocers in packets of ten tablets at 10c per packet. The "Junket" Dairy Diets are for Adults, Children, and Invalids. It contains 35 celebrated recipes accompanied.

AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

IBNER'S MAGAZINE 1899

OR ROSEWHITE DOUGH REEDERS

W STEPHENSON'S

ING DAVIS: Short

PLING-HENRY VAN ALLEN WHITE

ABLE'S NEW SERIAL

AR'S Reminiscences

EW'S Stage Reminiscences

ER HARRIS'S new column

HEL, "A Ship of Stars"

T'S Search-Light

ER'S Musical Improvisations

The Seven Ages of

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1899

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SUICIDE OF THE LION.

A Kaffir Hunter's Word Picture of a Strange Event in South Africa.

'It was a strange story I heard from my Kaffir guide last summer in the Transvaal, said W. S. McIntosh, who arrived in New York recently from Cape Town, South Africa. The name of the boy—he was 40 years old, but all natives employed by Europeans in Africa are boys' though their hair be gray and their years three score and ten—was Tamaya and his master, Capt. Jack Manson, detailed him to my special service during my stay at his place, 'The Willows.' Tamaya was a good representative of his fine race, a skilled hunter, brave and trustworthy, and a masterly handler of the three or four hundred words in his vocabulary when he told the strange things he had seen and undergone in the African wilderness. He and I were hunting for antelope one day and had stopped for luncheon in the shade of Breakneck Rock. It was a rocky bluff, which fell on one side in a sheer precipice 200 feet to the plain; on the side a gradual slope, covered with bushes and small trees, led up to the summit.

'It was here that lion jump and die,' said Kaffir. 'No, not this place—here.' He walked away a few paces, and, stopping, pointed with his hand first up to the top of the cliff, where a projecting shelf covered the base, and then to the ground at his feet. He made a sweeping gesture with his arm, indicating that it was meant to take in the distance from the top to the ground where we stood. Then he came back to me and told the story.

'It was long ago—many years—so long.' The Kaffir held up the thumb and fingers of his right hand twice, and then two fingers to signify that it was twelve years. 'That horse run away from the kraal and I go after him and the Old Nick I catch sooner than that horse. I go so half a day, and so half a day, and come to the kraal and no horse have, and Bass Mason swear and say I catch him horse tomorrow or I catch him whip. Bimeby tomorrow I go and I think I climb that rock and look long way round, and mebbe I see that horse. So I go round behind him, that rock, where we go up so, so easy and I climb one, two, three miles, mebbe, and I get up, and I look, but I think sooner I see Bass Mason's whip than that damn horse. Then I think I go out on the rock—there.' The Kaffir pointed to the projecting top of the cliff. 'He all one piece, big, smooth—like that,' designating the level ground where we were sitting. 'Then something say in my head lion, and I back and there he comes up that path like he come ootch me.

'I have no gun, but there is tree I go up where that lion no get me. But he no see me or care. He come on and he walk slow, so,' and Tamaya imitated the movement of a four-footed animal walking painfully with measured step. 'Big, he mighty big never I see a lion so big, but he old and his head hang down, and I think he no see me. He old, and his tail drag on the ground and the rib stick out so. He go slow, slow, by me and go out on the rock and he stand and he look off there, and I think bimeby he go 'way, and I go to kraal. But he stay and he roar low, so like ox when he smell the lion; then he roar ox; the kaffir, imitating a lion's voice, deepened and strengthened the sound; and he lift his head and his tail switches so. Then he roar loud—never I hear a lion roar like that fellow roar—and I drop my hat and I reach to catch him, and I look again and there is the rock and the lion be no there.

'I wait and wait, and bimeby I get down and go to that rock and I get down so, and look and there that lion is down on the ground and he lies so—dead and he never kick. And I go back to kraal, and I tell Bass and he say I come with big lie because I no catch that horse, and if I lie

Perfectly Cured

Weak and Low Spirited—Nervous Prostration—Appetite Poor and Could Not Rest.

'I take great pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla to others. It has been the means of restoring my wife to good health. She was stricken down with an attack of nervous prostration. She suffered with headaches and her nerves were under severe strain. She became very low spirited and so weak she could only do a little work without resting. Her appetite was poor, and being so weak she could not get the proper rest at night. She decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, as we had heard it highly praised, and I am glad to state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured all her ailments.' G. BELMONT, 321 Hannah St., West, Hamilton, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1, six for \$5. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists, 25c.

I catch that whip. And he rode out, and I go and he bring whip, and he find that lion—there. And he say: 'That thing I never saw since I come here, confound the horse! Tamaya tell the truth.' 'No rendering that I can give will carry the effect of the Kaffir's story, acted out as it was at every stage with voices and pantomime. Capt. Mason told me that it doubtless was true in every detail; that he had ridden out with Tamaya after the Kaffir had brought him the tale and they had found the lion dead where he had fallen. He must have been killed instantly by the fall and could not have moved from where he struck or rolled—but his body lay forty paces from the foot of the cliff, and fully twenty-five paces beyond the projecting rock above, showing that the lion had leaped and not fallen down the precipice.

'How do I account for it? I don't account for it,' said Capt. Mason. 'Or rather there is only one explanation—that the lion got tired of the game and quit. He was a big fellow, and he must have made a noble showing in his prime. Now he was old and too hies; blind, maybe starved and altogether run to seed; but so much of the lion was left in the shaky body—the heart to make a dignified ending.'

DOUBTS AS TO EXACT DATE.

Difference of Opinions as to Which Ohio Became a State.

There is some doubt as to the exact date upon which Ohio became a State. Ohio never was a separate 'territory,' being a part of the Northwest territory. In 1801 the people living in the portion of the Northwest territory now embraced in the State of Ohio called a convention to frame a State constitution for the district which had set up a claim to statehood under the provisions of the fifth article of the ordinance of 1787. That convention met in Chillicothe on Nov. 1, 1802, and on Nov. 29 completed its work. The constitution thus framed was not submitted to the people, but was declared ratified by the convention itself.

On Feb. 17, 1803, the United States Congress passed an act admitting Ohio into the Union as a State, said act becoming operative upon the assembling of the first State Legislature at Chillicothe at 10 a. m. Tuesday, March 1, 1805, and both houses immediately organized.

Thus there are three dates about which opinions may differ as to the exact initial period of the Ohio statehood. They are Nov. 29, 1802, when the constitution was perfected and ratified; Feb. 17, 1803, when the Legislature assembled and organized. The latter date appears to have the greatest claim, in view of the language of the act of Congress and the organization of the Legislature. The two houses of the Legislature met in the joint session at 11 a. m. March 3, 1808, to open and declare the result of the ballot for Governor. Edward Tiffin was declared elected, receiving 4,564 votes. There were no ballots cast against him. At 1 o'clock p. m. the same day Governor Tiffin was sworn in at a joint session of the two houses of Legislature by Judge Meigs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

New Use for Cats.

In Portland, Oregon, according to the Oregonian, the familiar cat-fish figures as a hardy pioneer and a valued adjunct to the street department, all because the tarra cotta sewers and drains, especially those in the lower part of the city, frequently get choked.

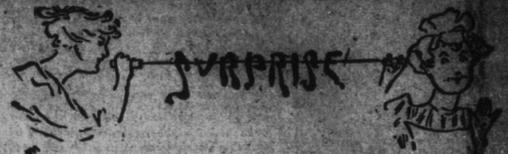
If the sewer is not broken, it can be cleaned by passing a rope through it, to be pulled backward and forward until the obstruction is loosened and removed. The deputy superintendent of streets has had a great deal of such work to look after and the worry connected with getting the rope through has gone far toward thinning his hair. He has at last discovered a quick, sure and easy method. He goes to the river catches a catfish, ties a string to its tail, drops it down a manhole into the sewer, and forces its way through any obstruction not as

solid as brick, dragging the strings after it. Then the deputy goes as far down the sewer as he deems necessary, and picks up the string, which he uses to draw a wire through the sewer, and with a rope pulled through, and the sewer is soon cleared.

IMAGES IN EYES OF THE DEAD.

Scientific Experiments Give Rise to Absurd Stories.

The popular notion that the eyes of the dead sometimes retain complete images of scenes that have been enacted before them at the moment of death has received fancied confirmation in late years by experiment, and there are some who, from reading careless or exaggerated accounts of these experiments, might get an impression that science had placed upon this notion the stamp of approval. The following note from the Lancet (London) gives us the very small medium of truth that is the basis of all such stories. It says: Under the title of 'In Dead Eyes' an evening contemporary recently made a statement which carries its own confutation with it. It is to the effect that a physician and enthusiastic photographer, being desirous of testing the amount of truth in the theory that dead eyes retain complete images, had carefully examined the eyes of hundreds of dead people, and, though he had never seen anything like a distinct picture mirrored, he had certainly distinctly traced both letters and objects on the iris of the eye, and that when the photographic test was applied, these images became visible. In one case a capital letter of peculiar form was shown which could be traced to a testament held in the hands shortly before death. In another case a numeral was distinctly pictured, which was traced to a clock face in the room. The article in question continues: 'The chief scientific paper of France only the other day gave full particulars of a case where a woman who died in one of the hospitals had two numbers



Telling the Truth

about SURPRISE SOAP. How much labor it saves—how sweet and white it makes all linens and cottons as well as other clothing—how smooth and nice it leaves the hands—and then 'tis cheaper in every and any way you look at it. These advantages can't be overlooked. Use it yourself; tell your servants its merits—have them use SURPRISE—it will benefit both.

It is satisfactory and saving all around. READ the directions on the wrapper.

10 and 45 mirrored in the iris of her eyes.' These absurd stories originate in the well-known experiments of Kuhne on the visual purple of the retina, in the course of which he showed that by making special arrangements, the crossbars of a window forced on the retina could be brought relief. The enthusiastic photographer if he be not misquoted, ought to have known that no well defined images of the external world are cast upon the iris, and none, therefore could be preserved. The surface of the iris is far too uneven to act as a mirror. Moreover as no arrangements were made to prevent the further action of light after death, they would if formed, be certainly obliterated as the image on a photographic plate would be in permanently exposed. The only mode in which an image impressed on the retina could be rendered visible would be to adopt the method of Kuhne, namely by exposing the eye previously kept in the dark for a minute or two to an illuminated object, then extirpating it, opening it, and immediately plunging it into a solution of alum. The image develops in the course of twenty-four hours.

His Idea of a Good Time. The retired contractor sighed as he got into his dress suit and thought of the elaborate dinner and the opera that were to come. 'Some day,' he said, 'I'll get desp'rit, an' then do you know what I'll do?' 'Something terrible, no doubt,' replied his ambitious wife. 'I s'pose it wouldn't look well in print, he admitted, 'but I can't help that. What I'll do will be to throw away' these high-priced cigars, put on some old clothes, go out and come in by the back way, an' make a quarter pound of cut-up chewing tobacco in a cobb pipe while I'm talkin' things over with the coachman in the barn. Drink Only Good Tea. There's a reason for it. Cheap teas are not only flavoured, and require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavoured, and are sometimes most dangerous. A branded tea like India's Elephant Brand is safe, as its packers' business reputation is staked on its purity. Dead Mutes. In Germany only 18 per cent of deaf mutes grow up without education. In France the percentage is 40, in England 48, in Austria, 80, and in Russia 90.

CUT THIS OUT TO-DAY

And Compare these Returns with the Results of the Vote To-day.

Table with election results for St. John City, St. John County, and York County. Columns include Wards, Parishes, and various candidates with their respective vote counts.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1899.

Talk With Madame Dreyfus.

The interview with Madame Dreyfus has been obtained by Miss Mary Spence Warren only after great difficulties. Her correspondence while she was in Paris was tampered with, and even the letters have not with similar treatment.

I am writing this in Paris, where nearly every question of the day is relegated to the background, and the Dreyfus case is still the one absorbing topic of the hour. Furthermore, I have just returned to the city from a long and interesting chat with the much-to-be-pitied, brave and true-hearted lady who is one of the victims of this nineteenth century tragedy. It is not easy accurately to picture the situation here—the difficulty one has in gaining even the location of Madame Alfred Dreyfus! People are simply afraid to say what they know, they may be speaking to a police spy; and whatever their own opinion may be, they would rather not state it, or, in fact, be drawn into any conversation of the subject. Said a prominent French personage to me when we were discussing the matter together: 'Do not write to Madame Dreyfus and trust to the post; your letter will be opened. Go to her; or, if you have anything you wish to say by letter, send a trusty messenger, or deliver it personally.' This from a country whose boast is 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!'

For some time now Madame has resided at a quiet little village on the Seine, a few miles out of Paris. Here she can obtain greater seclusion for herself, with fresh country air and the delights of a garden for her children. The village is beautifully situated, and the house stands in a charming garden, bright with flower beds and lawns, flanked by pine, acacia and other trees. The letter which I had carefully deposited in the hands of a servant of the house two days before had prepared Madame Dreyfus for my visit, and in a few moments after I arrived we were engaged in all animated conversation.

The first thing of which I became convinced was that the lady with whom I was talking was extremely anxious to avoid all unnecessary publicity. Well aware of the great interest the countries of Europe are taking in the painful case of her husband, and compelled as she is by the force of circumstances to keep herself before the public, yet she shrinks palpably from self advertisement, and would prefer, if possible to live altogether apart from the world. For the children's sake a bright, cheerful face brightens the aching heart that must be the lot of her who is forcibly separated from one who is dearer to her than life itself. And for the children's sake the mother has an added desire for seclusion. The bright-eyed, merry, and altogether light-hearted little ones do not understand the sad tragedy that has darkened their home; they think that their father is traveling, and talk joyfully of his return, planning in their artless way the many things to be done when 'father comes home.' It is better to keep them in ignorance as long as possible; and in response to my request for photographs, Madame Dreyfus tells me that she is sorry to have to refuse, but she does not wish either her own or her children's features to become familiar to the public. There are no photographs of either of them in existence, and she would rather that such continue to be the case. One could not press the matter—it would be both indelicate and unkind; but when I sought permission to reproduce the portrait of Captain Dreyfus, I was rather surprised to hear that the gentleman had only been photographed once in his life—that was many years ago, when he was a young lieutenant—it was done by a friend and here very little resemblance to the clever and energetic Captain of the Staff of more recent days. Any portrait which has appeared of either husband or wife is neither authentic nor authorized, and is, in fact, only imagination. Madame has no photograph of her husband in the house, neither has she the remotest scrap of his writing. The reason for the non-possession of the latter is obvious; the authorities were too anxious to establish the guilt of a captain to leave much in the house which might be helpful to his defender. Much is said about the monthly letters

the unhappy prisoner: at the Ile du Diable sends to his wife, but no one need lament the leniency of the Government in this respect—these letters never reach their destination. They go to the Central prison and are there filtered. It is only there the

father. He is tall, well-built, and thoroughly manly, giving the impression of a more advanced age than seven years which can actually be credited to him. He has a high forehead, large dark eyes, nose of the Grecian type, and a firm but sweet tempered mouth; a very intelligent, bright boy in every respect. He still remembers his father, spite of the four years that have separated them, and he evidences the most profound love for the mother to whom he is so dear. The little Jeanne resembles her mother very closely in features, but unlike her, has very fair

brought to bear upon the authorities, startling revelations have taken place, certain documents in this place have been provided to be forgeries—why not all? A very cursory examination of the writing of French officers shows a striking family likeness; mistakes as to authorship is probable and imitation would not be an impossible feat; and this is the steadfast opinion of Madame Dreyfus. A terrible mistake has been made; her husband's writing does closely resemble the famous bordereau, and this been the primary cause of all the mischief. Having once found him guilty, the

one's correspondence closely inspected, can such conclusions be wondered at?

Madame Dreyfus is not one to make a display of her grief, but it has smitten her hard, and all her natural bravery and self-command cannot keep her mouth from quivering and her tones from faltering when she tells how the blow literally stunned her, and how for a long time she could not actually realize the truth of it all. And the final interview between husband and wife! Concerning this Madame can only recall the bitter agony they both endured and her own imploring appeals to her husband to face the trouble and not sink under it; to trust to her untiring endeavors to establish his guiltlessness before the world and restore him to their midst with unaltered honor.

Madame Dreyfus cannot speak too strongly of the absolute honesty and integrity of her husband—a man, she asserts 'who would not only never be capable of a mean action, but utterly abhorred underhand tactics and shifty intrigue. Neither wealth nor advancement would have won him from the path of simple duty; and it is my implicit belief and knowledge of all this which has given me courage to continue the unequal contest, and assures me that God will eventually completely establish his innocence. In two or three months I hope to have him with me again, for I am sure that when all the papers are examined at the court the truth will come to light.' The devoted wife inspires me with her faith and courage, but I can only grasp her hand in silent sympathy and presently assure her that every English woman is feeling for her in her great trouble, and each and all would rejoice to see her own hopes realized and Captain Dreyfus triumphantly restored to his family.

Do you want to know something of Madame's appearance? Picture to your self, then a lady, tall, majestic, yet graceful, with a wreath of dark hair beautifully arranged, a clear complexion, large, expressive eyes, and a sweet though sad smile. A face that shows marks of suffering, but on which the predominant expressions are straightforwardness and kindness. Emphatically, Lucie Dreyfus is a lady of great beauty.—Cassell's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He (desperately): Will you marry me? I've asked you to marry me twice. She (languidly): No; I wouldn't even marry you once.

Maiden: Geraldine is writing a book. She calls it 'How to Win a Man.' Matron: That would not do any good in the world. The mystery is how to hold on to him after you have won him.

'I have heard that she walks in her sleep,' said the gossip. 'Indeed!' returned Mrs. Parvenue, scornfully. 'So common, isn't it? I should have thought she would have ridden.'

Visitor: 'Mr. Greatman was charmed with this place!' 'In his book he calls it a quaint and sleepy old town.' Native (indignantly): 'Well, it may be quaint, but I don't see nothing sleepy about a place where everybody's up at four in the morning!'

'What is the matter?' asked a lawyer of his coachman. 'The horses are running away, sir.' 'Can't you pull them up?' 'I'm afraid not.' 'Then' said the lawyer, after judicial delay, 'run into something cheap.'

'What are you making so much fuss about, Aginaldo?' inquired the elder native. 'What's worrying you?' 'Am I not the rebel chief of Manila?' was the haughty answer. 'Well, that's nothing new.' 'But they have confused things so that I don't know whom I am rebelling against.'



LOOKING AT HIS PICTURE.

authorities are pleased to allow which ultimately rescues Madame Dreyfus. Even then the countess are sad beyond all expression, and though the captain declares his trust in God, and believes his innocence will be ultimately established before the world, yet he cannot prevent the ring of despair at his lot and the occasional expression of acute suffering becoming paramount. His devoted love for his wife runs through every epistle, and one cannot but feel the deepest sympathy for the unfortunate soldier in his gloomy exile when he writes such words as the following: 'How all my love for you comes home to me at this moment! It is solely the thought of you, my poor darling, that enables me to struggle on. . . . To think that I am accused of the most monstrous crime a soldier can commit! Even to-day it seems to me that I am the sport of a horrible nightmare; . . . but rest assured that if I am successful in treading this Calvary to the end it will be for your sake, my poor darling; it will be to avoid for you a fresh sorrow in addition to all those you have already supported. . . . Your courage, your devotion are sublime. . . . you are assuredly one of the noblest women in the world; my admiration for you is such that if I succeed in drinking my cup to the dregs it will be in order to be worthy of your heroism. I wring my hands in grief for you and for our children. . . . A round me is profound silence, broken only by the moaning of the sea. Do not weep dearest: I will struggle to the last minute for your sake and for that of our children. Embrace them tenderly for me.'

Words cannot describe the love of poor Alfred Dreyfus for his children, and they are children to be proud of. Parre his mother tells me, is the living image of his

hair and big blue eyes. 'Great as is your trouble,' said I to Madame Dreyfus, 'it would be far greater were it not for the children.' And the mother's answer was one of almost unutterable thankfulness that so much comfort was accorded her.

'Need I say that it is extremely painful to Madame Dreyfus to recall the past? Her marriage, unlike many in France, was one of pure affection, and over the first few years of wedded existence no cloud came. The husband was absorbed in his profession and his home, and the wife in her husband and household. When not at his duties, Captain Dreyfus was invariably with his wife; in her own words, 'We were all in all to each other.' What it must have been to such a couple when they were suddenly and forcibly torn from each other no pen can describe. Without a sign or a word to warn them of the impending catastrophe, Captain Dreyfus was arrested at the instigation of the secret police, and charged with selling army secrets to a foreign government. Held guilty by the army and the country before he was tried, a secret court-martial professed to prove him so, and the unhappy man was sentenced to be degraded from his army rank and to suffer perpetual imprisonment. It was said at the time that the country to whom the secrets were sold was Germany, an additional cause for the howl of hatred which was directed against the so-called traitor. But there are not wanting many in the country now—and I have conversed with numbers this week—who believe that Russia, and not Germany was the country, and that in the face of recent events the French simply dare not make the papers public—or, at any rate, would resist doing so until the last possible moment. Strong pressure has now been

War Officer has persistently refused to entertain the remotest idea of his innocence, but has gone on wilfully to deepen his apparent guilt and shield themselves—at his expense—from the initial blunder. Madame Dreyfus is absolutely certain that a thorough reaction has set in, and that thousands of honest French hearts are sharing her faith in her husband's integrity and honesty to his profession and country; but she perfectly agreed with me that it was not safe for friends to give expression to such sentiments. When one's movements and visitors are watched, and

THE MAN WHO LIVED.

He should have been dead.

But he wasn't, because—

'There's nothing succeeds like success.' There is no withholding the living argument of the man who should be dead, who isn't dead, but who would be dead, but for a preserving medicine. That's about the way it seemed to strike Editor Lawrence, of the Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio. He was afflicted with one of those colds that, he claimed, had helped him wonderfully. In this condition he met a friend, a consumptive, whom he had not expected to see alive. The consumptive friend recommended Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the editor's cold, on the ground that it had 'helped him wonderfully.' It helped the editor just as wonderfully, giving 'almost instant relief.' But read his letter: 'About two months ago, I was afflicted with a bad cold, and, meeting a friend, he advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. As he was a consumptive, whom I had not expected to see alive for several years, I concluded there must be merit in this preparation. I accordingly bought a couple of bottles, one of which I kept on my desk all the time. This is certainly the best remedy for a cold I ever used. It gives almost instant relief, and the J. C. Ayer Co. are to be congratulated on possess-

ing the formula for such a very valuable remedy.—W. H. Lawrence, Editor, The Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio.

To preserve health prepare for sickness. Keep a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral handy, on the desk, in the office, on the shelf or in the closet at home, and you will have at hand a remedy that is capable at any time of saving you suffering, money, and even life. There is no malady so prolific of evil results as a neglected cold. There is no medicine so promptly effective in curing a cold and absolutely eradicating its effects, as Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Every traveller should carry it. Every household should keep it. It cures every variety of cough, and all forms of lung and throat trouble. Asthma, bronchitis, croup, and whooping cough, are promptly cured by it, and it has in many cases overcome pulmonary diseases in aggravated forms, when all other remedies failed to help and physicians gave no hope of cure. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, given almost instant relief, and the J. C. Ayer Co. are to be congratulated on possess-

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TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

The sittings for Shirley's portrait had commenced. The studio at Metherell Court had been put in order, and there, once or twice a week, Shirley sat for an hour or so, while Vivian West worked at his canvas, talking the while, in his pleasant fascinating way, to Lady Metherell, who sat and stitched throughout each interview.

At those times Shirley wondered why she agreed to let him paint her.

Every meeting was fraught with such pain, that, at times, she felt she must rush from the room, unable to endure it longer.

His eyes never softened when they looked at her.

If he smiled, it was in the coldest way possible.

She felt he had shut her for ever from his thoughts—that she was nothing, absolutely nothing to him.

His hatred and contempt would have been easier to bear than this polite indifference.

There had been a discussion, at first, as to how she should be painted—a discussion in which West showed little or no interest, until Shirley settled the matter herself, by donning a white muslin fichu and picturesque hat, around the crown of which was a wreath of pink roses.

It was a hat she had worn in the summer-time, when she and Vivian West had wandered together by the shining sea.

Perhaps some thought of reminding him of those days prompted her to wear it for her picture.

If so, she was bitterly disappointed, for, when she entered the studio, he turned to her with a glance of disapproving criticism.

"Is this what you have decided to wear?" She lifted her wistful eyes to his.

"Yes—will it suit you?"

He smiled in that way which always seemed to stab her through the heart.

"If you are all pleased with the result, I am quite satisfied."

"It is Miss Lorraine's own choice," Lady Metherell said, looking up from her fancy work. "Do you not like it?"

"I have seen Miss Lorraine more becomingly attired," he answered, unconcernedly mixing some colours on his palette. "But this will do very well. Will you sit there?"

Shirley took the seat that had been prepared for her.

"Had he forgotten?" she wondered, "or had he grown to dislike everything that reminded him of the days when he cared for her?"

When she went home that day, she crushed the hat into a wardrobe, and the next time went without it.

He did not appear to notice the difference until he had been painting for some minutes; then he said—

"You have forgotten your hat, Miss Lorraine."

"I do not intend to wear it," she said.

"You changeable child!" Lady Metherell cried. "You never know your own mind."

Vivian West gave a low, scoffing laugh. "Are there many women who do?" he asked. "Turn your head more to the right, if you please—no, you are out of position."

He got up, and, lightly touching her face, moved it as he wished it to be.

The slight contact of his fingers sent a thrill through her veins; but he was utterly unmoved, making some commonplace remark to Lady Metherell as he resumed his seat.

During the fourth sitting Lady Metherell was obliged to leave the studio to entertain some friends in the drawing room.

A long silence followed her departure. Vivian West worked on and on without speaking, and Shirley sat motionless until it became almost agony to remain longer in that position.

Then he said, in that quiet, proud way in which he always addressed her—

"You can rest now, if you like."

She got up, and, walking to Lady Metherell's table, began examining the satin she was embroidering.

"You do not take much interest in your portrait," West said, pausing in his work. "It will soon be finished now."

"I am glad to hear that," she returned. "I am so tired of sitting."

She crossed the room, and, standing behind him, looked at the painting.

It was exquisitely done, delicately touched in.

The flesh looked warm and living, the curling hair, with its golden sheen, real; but the expression of the lovely face was not pleasing—it was shallow, vain, sly.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

Shirley felt the hot blood rising to her temples.

"No," she cried, with a passionate tremor in her voice. "I do not believe I am like that. You have painted what you think me to be."

"I have painted you as I see you," he said, quietly. "I am sorry it does not please you. What is it you object to?"

"Paint is more easily altered than flesh and blood. Shall I make you graver—shall I give you more feeling? A touch, you see, makes the lips firmer; a eyelash or so will give the eyes depth and truth. Are you satisfied now, Miss Lorraine?"

A few dexterous touches had entirely altered the portrait.

He stood awaiting her criticism.

His light mocking tone wounded her to the quick.

She tried to speak, but her throat seemed

to contract and choke her utterance, and, leaving he would notice her agitation, she turned and walked away.

He painted on in silence.

Shirley, opening a book, attempted to read, but the words danced before her eyes.

She let it fall upon her lap, and glanced towards the tall, slight figure standing before the easel.

The light from the big north window fell on the proud, handsome face, showing the delicate aristocratic features, the sensitive mouth and firm chin; the face of a genius—a man, Shirley thought, whom any girl might worship.

"Then he looked up and met her gaze."

"Are you rested?" he asked. "I will not keep you much longer."

She stood up, letting the book slip from her lap to the floor.

"I am tired," she said. "I cannot sit for you again this afternoon."

"As you wish," he answered. "On what day would you like to go on with it?"

"Cannot you finish without me?"

"I could, but it would be more satisfactory not to do so. However, I will spare you as much as possible. If you will leave that fichu here, Mademoiselle Rozier, I am sure, would sit. She makes a splendid model, and never seems to get tired of it."

Shirley stooped to pick up the book.

Her cheeks were flaming with indignation and wounded pride.

"That he should have proposed such a thing!"

That he should wish another to sit in her place!

She felt that she had never before realised how little he cared for her.

"Thank you," she said, haughtily. "I fancy that arrangement will please you, as well as myself."

He was busy mixing some colour on his palette.

"It will suit me very well," he said.

She went to the door.

As her fingers touched the handle, she turned and looked at him.

His back was to her.

Broad-shouldered and neat of limb, he stood there, quite unconscious of her gaze—perhaps unconscious of her presence—

for he started when he found her standing at his elbow.

On the sudden impulse of the moment she had gone to him.

Her eyes were dark with unshed tears, her hands were trembling.

"Have you not punished me enough?" she cried unsteadily. "Do you ever intend to forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" he repeated slowly.

"For what?"

Her face was covered with scorching blushes.

"For—for the way in which I treated you," she stammered.

"That day you cut me long ago?" he asked, carefully painting on some background. "I assure, Miss Lorraine, I have never thought of it since."

She knew that he was purposely misunderstanding her, and felt that she had been mad, indeed, to attempt to break through his icy reserve.

"I did not mean that," she said in a low ashamed voice. "But it—it does not matter."

He went on painting, and for a moment or so, she stood there, mechanically watching his brush.

At last she turned to go.

He spoke then, quite quietly and pleasantly, and, as Shirley listened, she felt that her misery had reached its climax, and that she could never suffer more than she did then.

"Perhaps you refer to another time," he said. "One morning, when you chanced to

be taking an early stroll—I was walking with Doris—we met you in the lane." He passed and refilled his brush with colour. "Is that the occasion?"

"She made a gesture of assent."

"That was in the summer," he said, breaking another long silence. "It is autumn now. It did not require a lifetime, Miss Lorraine, for me to awaken from a dream. And, as to forgiveness—what have I to forgive? You are over-sensitive—you have attached too much importance to the affair. You should follow my example, and—forget it."

She forced her dry lips to move.

"I will," she said. "Good-afternoon."

"Good-afternoon," he echoed, and, crossing the room, he opened the door for her.

When he had closed it, he returned to his easel, and stood contemplating his work.

"Vain and shallow," he said, at last. "But, thank God! I've the strength to withstand her wiles. She shall never make a fool of me again."

He began slowly pacing the big room, his footsteps making no sound on the thick velvet carpet.

Sometimes he paused before his picture, looking at the portrait with a strange expression of mingled admiration and contempt.

After a while he spoke aloud.

"What irony of Fate," he said, "to give so faulty a nature so fair a form. Ah! well, it is no concern of mine!"

He began cleaning his brushes, when Cora came in.

"Alone!" she said, with her soft foreign accent. "Have you finished for to-day?"

"Miss Lorraine was tired, so we gave it up."

"She is talking to Monsieur Gilbert. I felt de trop, and came away. Ah, how like to her it is! You are very clever—you catch just the expression. She is very pretty, is she not?"

"Very," he assented.

"You do not seem to like her."

"What makes you think so?"

"What makes you speak the way you look. Now you think to yourself, 'The impudence of the little chit to watch my actions! Ah, Monsieur West, I do watch them! I take a great interest in them.'"

He laughed.

"You amuse me, mademoiselle. And why do they interest you?"

"I will tell you, but it is to be between you and me."

She seated herself on the edge of a table.

He leant upon the back of a chair, carelessly wondering what she was going to say.

"I have long wished to meet you," he began, flashing his black eyes at him.

"Your name forms a link in a chain which I am striving to piece together. You may be the right man—you comprehend?"

But you have the right name. Did you ever know a person called Louisa Jubb?"

He regarded her in grave surprise.

"Yes," he said; "I once knew a person of that name."

"Then," Cora cried, excitedly, "you are the Vivian West I want. Will you tell me all you can about yourself?"

"There is little to tell, mademoiselle, and it is not interesting."

"You think I am asking too much," she exclaimed. "But, wait one moment."

With quick nervous fingers she drew from her bodice the paper she had so zealously kept there—the contract which Dola Rozier had shown to Martin Metherell, and which her daughter now handed to Vivian West, who, taking it, read it again and again.

Then he looked up at the girl who was anxiously waiting for him to speak.

"How came you by this, mademoiselle?"

She waved her hands. "They were stolen. Can you tell me what it means?"

He shook his head.

"I wish I could; but this—touching the paper—convince me that I am right in an idea I have always had, that my parents, for some reason, desired to rid themselves of me. But I have not the slightest notion who they were."

And then he told her the story of his life.

She drank in every word of it, listening with bated breath and her black eyes glued to his expressive face.

"That is all," he said, as he concluded. "It is not a past I care to look back upon, or talk about. In fact, I have only spoken of it to one other besides yourself, and he curiously enough, asked for it."

"Sir Martin Metherell?" Cora said.

"Yes; how do you know?"

"Because I notice he takes a great interest in you. He does, does he not?"

"One of the kindest, most generous men living," Vivian said, warmly. "I have but to express a wish, and he is anxious to fulfil it. His goodness to me is extraordinary, since I am a complete stranger to him. I am curious about this paper, mademoiselle. Will you not tell me how it came to be in your possession?"

"You would be no wiser if I did," she answered. "I tell you it came to me by chance. There were others; but they were stolen."

"And the thief—"

"Ah, monsieur, could I tell you the thief, I could disclose to you a great deal I prove my suspicions. Some day I may prove they are true. This Louisa Jubb, is she still living?"

"She died many years ago."

"And the witness—this Fieldwick?"

"I do not remember the name."

Cora sat with her brows drawn together. After all, she had learnt but little.

Vivian West was, apparently, unable to help her in any way.

"You will speak of this to one one?" she said, at length. "It is my secret, and I have trusted you with it. Some time ago a cruel, cowardly deed was done here in this very house. In my own heart I know the base devil who did it; but I must hold proofs before I dare speak. When that day comes, Monsieur West, the mystery of your life may also be cleared away."

In her excitement she had risen and gripped him by the arm.

Her black eyes were blazing, her red lips parted.

Then suddenly her fingers relaxed their hold, the fire died from her glance.

With a swift, gliding movement she had placed some yards between them.

The next instant he saw the cause of this sudden change.

Sir Metherell had entered the room.

He looked from one to the other, with a guilty suspicious glance; but the evident pleasure with which the young man turned to meet him, subdued the dread he had experienced on finding them alone together.

"You here, Mademoiselle Rozier?" he said. "I imagined the ladies were in the drawing-room."

"I came to look at the portrait, Sir Martin," Cora replied.

"That is what I have come to see," Metherell said. "How are you progressing, West?"

Vivian lifted the cloth he had drawn over the painting.

Sir Martin stood before it, in silence.

At last he turned to the artist.

"That is no picture," he said, with a ring of pride in his voice. "It is Shirley Lorraine, her living self. You are a genius—your talent is marvellous. I have seen nothing like it."

For a moment he had forgotten Cora.

His hand was resting familiarly on Vivian's shoulder.

His drawn, haggard face was flushed with pleasure, till, with a start, he became aware of the watchful gaze which never seemed to leave him.

In Cora Rozier's presence he had always been careful to show no great friendliness towards Vivian West.

Those fathomless eyes of hers seemed to read his every thought and action.

For her he felt a horror and repugnance beyond all expression.

She seemed to him scarcely human.

At times, he almost believed her to be the spirit of Dola Konaki, returned to curse the remainder of his life.

"I am glad you are pleased," Vivian West said. "It is almost finished now."

"I am more than pleased," Sir Martin said, but he spoke now without enthusiasm.

"Show my picture," Cora interposed.

"Sir Martin has not seen that."

There was an evil smile on her lips, as she led the way to an easel standing in a corner of the room, and flinging back the covering, eagerly scanned Sir Martin's face.

The colour drained away from it.

The head had been roughly touched in.

The dark eyes were looking from the canvas with a strange intentness.

The shoulders were shrouded in white drapery; but, just above the heart was a dull, red stain, as if some awful wound was there.

Metherell's brain seemed to reel beneath the sudden shock.

It was Dola, stabbed to the heart!

He groped blindly for a chair, and sank upon it.

The sickening horror of the whole scene was rushing upon him.

He saw himself again swiftly ascending the stairs, creeping into her room, and driving the dagger home.

He recalled the frenzy of hatred and despair which had possessed him, and the hopeless remorse that followed.

Someone was speaking to him, but the voice sounded far away.

Then, with a great effort, he struggled back to the present.

Cora was no longer in the room.

Vivian West was putting his painting paraphernalia away, and apparently unaware of what had taken place, for he was talking quite unconcernedly of something of something which had occurred on the previous evening.

As they descended the stairs together, Sir Martin said, in an odd, strained voice:

"What induced you to paint that ghastly thing?"

"You don't like it?"

"I did not understand it," the elder mad replied. "I don't care for gruesome subjects."

Vivian West looked puzzled.

"You can scarcely call Mademoiselle Rozier gruesome," he expostulated. "Of course the painting is only just commenced."

Sir Martin said no more, but, that evening, he stole upstairs to the studio.

As he pushed the door open, he paused in horror at what he saw.

The startling spectacle that was presented to Sir Martin Metherell's eyes as he pushed open the door of the studio, was Cora, with a candle in her hand, kneeling before her own portrait.

They Reach The Kidneys.

Mr. Conrad Beyer's opinion
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

No one can be healthy with the kidneys in a diseased or disordered state. The poisonous Uric Acid, which it is their duty to filter out of the blood, is carried into the system and produces Rheumatism, Headaches, Backaches and hundreds of ills and ailments.

Any one who has the slightest suspicion that the kidneys are not acting right should take Doan's Kidney Pills. They are the most effective kidney remedy known. Mr. Conrad Beyer, at E. K. Snyder's Shoe Store, Berlin, Ont., bears this out when he says:

"Anyone suffering with kidney troubles cannot do better than take Doan's Kidney Pills, for they cured my wife who has been afflicted with pain in the back and other kidney troubles for a long time. They have helped a great many of my acquaintances in this town, and I must say they are the medicine that reach the kidneys with the best effects."



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Sunday Reading

The Cottage by the Lake.

With front tree close setting, In a rural spot spot fertile soil, Is a house the Muse is courted, And its virtues best declare;

From the forest they have fled, And the whistling wind is heard, For his destination finding, Pressing on with wondrous speed;

As the shal'ring locust's bloom, Fragrant with its sweet summer's sun, No pure thought blooms in each room— Heaven's great bliss on earth begun.

And unknown to friend and lake, Castle to all truth and honor, Is the cottage by the lake.

Feeling years have brought unbroken And affliction to the sick; Golden health her wings has taken; Feeble, low the vital fire.

There's no foolish murmuring usage, Of contentment all probably, There is buoyant faith, there's courage, In the cottage by the lake.

Man and wife there's heard 'devotions,' All their Bibles soon pursue; Then a hymn, with voice and organ, Some old hymn, or some new.

What is life without true friendship, And the love of friends indeed? Lighter much the load of hardship, With love's smiles, and quick the speed.

Long ago the blessed Master Loved the Lake of Galilee; Banished there the pangs of hunger, Heralded true liberty.

He is still abroad with blessing, His own poor he'll not forsake; This is why there's such a blessing, In the cottage by the lake.

THE EVILS OF COVETOUSNESS.

The incident out of which grow the command to "beware of covetousness" is very pertinent to this era of the world's history.

Nothing is more evident of the greed and covetousness of the human heart than in the division of inheritance. Time and again we hear of wills being contested and broken because of the dissatisfaction of some of the heirs, and the estate which has been wisely and judiciously distributed in most instances, is disputed on the plea of "undue influence" or "unsound mind," amid wrangling and feud. It has come to be a very serious matter—the making of a will—and the legator may well pause and consider whether he can be sure of the privilege of giving away his own possessions or whether when death robs him of the power of personal supervision others will question his judgment and pervert his bequests until his last will and testament is so distorted from its original wording and design that it becomes the will of individuals instead of the individual.

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth"; there is something better than the things money can buy or riches procure, and to covet what is another's is to charge God with un wisdom and partiality in the distribution of his gifts. If we carefully consider the nature and tendencies of covetousness we will diligently avoid it, for it is born of discontent, and will strifle all good influences and stand in the way of happiness. The Tenth Commandment implies that our neighbor's lot may be more favorable than our own, else we would not be inclined to covet, but the same heavenly parent has charge of us, and if he sees fit to order our lives differently, and deny us apparent benefits or necessities, we may be sure his choice is for our best good. 'Godliness with contentment (and there can be no true godliness without it) is great gain'; it leaves no room for envy or morbid complaining, but accepts any situation in life as the molder and builder of character. Bartol says: 'Deplore not, then, your situation in life any more than the natural constitution of mind; but use it for the building up of a character of original strength and beauty.' Do not inquire, Why was I not born to ease and affluence, to high rank and extensive influence? Wherefore am I destined to work at a hard, laborious trade, instead of dazzling the world by brilliant achievements?

An earnest preparation of the lesson is absolutely essential if the leader would hold the attention of the boys and girls. We learned at our Buffalo Convention that a teacher should know at least thrice three times as much on any subject, as he intended to teach. A leader who is content to go before his Juniors with merely a glance at the help, sometimes not even that—and a hazy idea of what she means to teach, will not only find the lesson a failure, but the meeting one of disorder and confusion. Negligence in preparation will undoubtedly destroy the interest of the children and break up the class, for the Juniors will not come



If there is a history of weak lungs in your family, take Scott's Emulsion. It nourishes and invigorates.

It enables you to resist the disease. Even if your lungs are already affected, and if besides the cough you have fever and emaciation, there is still a strong probability of a cure.

The oil in the Emulsion feeds; the hypophosphites give power to the nerves; and the glycerine soothes and heals.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Some Methods by Which They May be Successful.

No one ever yet began the work of a S. S. teacher with all the qualifications which were necessary for her greatest usefulness, and while humanity remains human it can be confidently asserted that no one ever will. A willing heart and mind, however, in the hand of our Lord, becomes capable of great things. Having these, the new leader can confidently step out upon untried paths. There are five essential qualities of mind and heart and attitude which the leader should speedily undertake to acquire, unless, haply, she already possesses them.

Love—not a sentimental, generalized love for childhood, but a love which shall go out to the individual child with his peculiar characteristics and needs. With some people this love is purely one of cultivation but it becomes none the less genuine. Learn to interest yourself in the child as you meet him day by day. As you pass along the street look into the eyes of the boys and girls and see whether joy or sorrow, laughter or tears, freedom or care is lurking within them. Telegraph with your eyes a message of sympathy to the little stranger, and by laughing with those who laugh, and weeping with those who weep, you will find your interest growing. Sometimes it seems as if children live in a little world by themselves, a world of hopes and fears, conquests and defeats, so all-important to them, but so pitifully small to us. The child's world is a very real and important world—albeit but a miniature of the larger—and his attitude and activities in the years of his childhood are fraught with full meaning and prophecy. Understand his woes and pleasures; sympathize with his hopes and ambitions; help him with plan and counsel. Be companionable and do not hesitate to show your interest and love.

Tact—that delicate sensitiveness which feels he time to speak and the time to be silent; that instinct which prompts the right word at the right moment; the sense of touch so delicate and so gentle that it could never wound. Which of us dear junior workers, possesses as much of this rarest of virtues as we need? It will help us to exercise tact with our Juniors if we look back upon our childhood days and recalling our ideal man or woman friend of that time, to do to our boy or girl friend to-day as that good friend did to us thus to win our love and esteem. Do not address your Juniors 'as children'; do not be so occupied with your own thoughts that you have no time for a pleasant smile or a word as you meet them on the street; do not tire them with long prayers or talks in the meeting; never betray impatience. Rather, like Paul, endeavour to become 'all things to all men' if by 'any means you can win some of these boys and girls to Christ.

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where there is nothing to be gained. Study the lesson. Have a definite idea of the ground to be covered by the year's work. Keep the lesson for the coming Sunday in mind, carefully and gladly cutting examples and securing illustrations from the books you read and the people you meet.

Original methods.—By this we simply mean, present the lesson and conduct your society in the way which is most natural to you. Do not think, because you have heard a successful leader tell of conducting her society in one way, that you could use all her methods with equal success. Many leaders fail because they imitate too much. The boys and girls are quick to detect sham, and if they are working in an unnatural way they will soon grow restless. Just be your own natural self and you will find the work much easier.

Increased spirituality.—This, dear leader, we mention last that it may be left in your mind as the highest, most important need. In all the teaching and intercourse with your Juniors there should be an underlying and definite purpose to lead them to Christ. How can you lead them in a way with which you yourself are not familiar? You must be that which you would have your Juniors become, and a life that is 'hid with Christ in God' cannot fail to express itself in loving, tactful helpfulness. It is not what is acquired from without but what is developed from within that will determine your power.

The Painter's Mistake. A young woman, with some ambitions as a painter, submitted specimens of her skill to a successful artist the other evening, and his criticism is of such application that we desire to share it with our readers. 'Don't copy copies,' said he. 'You have copied this landscape from a picture that was itself an imperfect copy, with the result that all its errors are reproduced and magnified. Go out into nature and paint directly from your own landscape. Or, if you must copy, copy from a masterpiece. Anything else is not worth while.' Yes; and, young Christian, do not pattern your life after the life of some one else, who, at best only an imitation of the perfect One. Imitate for yourself the only life that is worth imitating. Look unto Jesus.—Golden Rule.

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Results Were Satisfactory and Pleasing. For Carpet and Rug Makers Diamond Dyes Mean Success and Profit. Having a Carpet to make and a good deal of coloring to do, I thought I would give the Diamond Dyes a trial. I used them, and they produced most beautiful colors, and I was pleased with the effects in the Carpet. I am a farmer's wife, and after this will use only the Diamond Dyes. MRS. NELSON WOOD, Campbellford, Ont.

THE FLOOD OF PATENTS. Articles of Every-Day Use the Subject of Thousands of Inventions.

'It is becoming harder every year for a man to get out a successful invention,' remarked a patent attorney. 'The other day I was in Washington and my work required me to search the old patent list. The thing that attracted my attention was the great number of patents taken out on common, every-day articles. Why, they are so covered with patents that it seems absolutely impossible for an inventor to make any improvement upon them without infringing upon somebody else.

'For instance, take knives, forks and spoons. How many patents do you suppose are taken out on these three articles of every day necessity? A dozen or two?

A CONTRACTOR WRECKED. Constitution Undermined by Nervous Complications—South American Nervine Worked a Complete Cure.

Nervous prostration and liver complications so afflicted J. W. Dinwoody, contractor, Campbellford, that physically he was almost a total wreck. His druggist recommended South American Nervine. A few doses gave him great relief, induced a sound sleep, and a few bottles built him up and cured him so that today he is as strong and hearty as ever.

CURIOUS INVENTIONS. Some of the Queer Things Devised for Use in the Army.

The samples of various things devised for the comfort of soldiers and the models of implements to be used in warfare received by the President would, if placed on exhibition, eclipse the sights in the National Museum. The Secretary of the Navy is also deluged with all sorts of contrivances and devices, as well as samples of improved methods in cooking and clothing. In one of the rooms of the Navy Department are shown some of these 'supplies,' and they are more interesting to see than the famous Hotel Cluny in Paris. One man has actually 'bouillon capsules' that you swallow at one bolt, then drink some water, and lo and behold! your stomach is full of soup. Another genius has sent to the department specimen bottles of prepared oyster oil to be used in connection with the edibles. A benevolent old gentleman of Pennsylvania sent a recipe—there are sixteen pages of it—for preparing all kinds of food for soldiers' use (teeth who have only their gums to depend upon and who must either swallow soup or starve. In the War Department the same story is told. One bright genius has sent up spec-

ially prepared packages of Paris green and wants Secretary Alger to require every soldier to carry one in his knapsack. The idea is that all the bugs of Cuba will thus be kept at bay—as if the troops were tomato plants. Some of the patent medicine men have evolved 'yellow pills,' which are warranted a sure cure for yellow fever. Then there are patent splints for setting broken limbs, which almost dispense with a doctor, and litters on wheels. This last invention is the work of a well-known artist—Mr. Remington. It is nothing more nor less than the ordinary bicycle wheel, carrying the framework for a cot, upon which the wounded is placed and pushed to the hospital. Another curious invention offered the Government is an apparatus for peering into the depths of the ocean to hunt for cables and keep a sharp lookout for submerged mines and torpedoes. The invention is called an 'aquescope.'

One of the most curious institutions connected with the British navy is the office of 'inspector of singing.' On all training ships the boys are instructed in singing, by tutors, who receive about \$50 a year for the service. On each of the ships there is a tonic sol fa class, where the boys are taught to sing stirring music has a very enlivening and inspiring influence upon the crews, and might, in some cases considerably frighten an enemy.

'Yes—I gave him up!' sighed the young woman. 'Did he prove unworthy of your affection?' inquired her sympathetic friend. 'He—he became a spelling reformer,' rejoined the other, with a shudder, 'and signed his name 'Jorj.' It took all the poetry and romance out of the name, so we parted.'



The "A, B, Ab,"

of cleanliness.—Use Pearline, upstairs, downstairs, inside, outside, everywhere. Cleanliness with Pearline is easier than with soap. Then, if a woman uses Pearline, isn't everything likely to be kept cleaner? "Hard work" is the reason for leaving many things dirty. Pearline leads to better living, comfort, health, economy.



Why, bless you, they are protected by 2,108 patents. Then take brooms and scrubbing brushes. You wouldn't think that any number of geniuses could invent more than a hundred improvements upon such things. Well, there are patents for them to the number of 3,184. It seems ridiculous, doesn't it? It did to me, and for a time I thought I would go home and advise every one of my clients to give up the inventing business.

I had the curiosity to go a little deeper into the subject and I made a record of the number of patents. But, of course, that can be over-looked, for games and toys are as varied and uncertain as our winter weather. The laundry business is hedged in pretty well with patents, for there are 7,633 taken out on various laundry articles. Burglars ought never to be able to get through our locks and latches, for they are protected by 5,976 patents; but then this is partly offset by 4,299 patents for saws and sawing apparatus which burglars might use for destroying locks. Altogether, however, the farmer seems to be the man for whom the inventors have labored most. There are 50,000 patents recorded which in one way or another tend to benefit the farmer. It must be that this is a pretty fertile and profitable field for the inventor or else he would not devote so much time and labor to it.

Manufacturing interests of all kinds are pretty well loaded down with patents. In the turniture trade alone there are 4,854 patents to protect the business outside of those which pertain to chairs. These latter necessary articles for the home are covered with over 500 patents. When you take up a piece of paper to write a letter you probably do not realize that the manufacture of stationary is handicapped, or protected, whichever way you please to take it, by 4,532 patents. That fact ought to make one careful how he attempts to invent a new style of envelope, blotter or writing paper. He would have to be a remarkable genius to get around all of these and establish a clean bill of health for his invention.

When I look at one of the tall buildings in the city in the course of construction I stop now and view it with more interest than I ever did before. That builder has had a host of inventors laboring to make his work easier. His cranes and derricks are protected by 596 patents, the roof he may put on has 665 patents and the elevators he may put in the building have 1,689 patents. Then the stone workers who carve the front for him use tools which are covered by 2,188 patents. I suppose if the builder had to stop and think of all this he would not be able to finish his work. But a patent attorney must know it.

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Notches on The Stick

An interesting and significant incident of the Czar of Russia's recent return from Livonia, on the Black Sea, to St. Petersburg was his interview with Count Tolstoy. Arrived at Tsarskoye, in the central part of his dominions while the residence of the Court is located, his Majesty sent a request to his illustrious subject that he would meet him at the railway station. Presently Tolstoy appeared, dressed in his peasant's garb, with all a philosopher's self-possession and a civilian's simplicity of manner. The Czar received him with much cordiality, and having kissed him upon the lips and upon both cheeks, his salute was returned in due form by the Count. The Czar then desired an expression of his views on the imperial proposal for limitation of armaments. The Count with his accustomed frankness assured his majesty that only when he should himself set the example, could he have perfect confidence in his sincerity or the practicability of his scheme. The Czar expatiated on the international hindrance, and the necessity of mutual co-operation and aid of the great Powers, Czar might be able to arrive at some definite results. The Czar then requested that the great writer employ his genius to promote the work of peace, and solve the complicated questions; when the count replied "that the Czar might count upon his co-operation, for he was already engaged on a work dealing with the question in point, which would soon see the light." It is a well known fact Tolstoy is in sympathy with the religious scruples of that band of Russian exile the Doukhobors, who recently entered Canada and the company which arrived at Halifax, on Jan. 27th was under the conduct of Sergius Tolstoy, the great writer's son.

The Jewish novelist, Israel Zungwill, is still on this side the ocean, and continues to attract attention. The Bohemian gives an instance of the curiosity with which he is regarded: "Mr. Zungwill was passing up Fifth Avenue one Sunday afternoon recently, and his striking appearance made him the cynosure of many eyes. It seemed to us that there could be no mistaking his identity. But imagine our amusement upon overhearing the information conveyed by a self-complacent looking young woman to her companion, who was evidently curious but baffled. 'Why, dear, don't you know,' said the knowing one, 'it's a Filipino!'"

Hon. J. W. Longley, whose book entitled, "Love," has provoked so much various comment in the newspapers, has a lecture on the same general topic, which he recently delivered before the Halifax Club at Windsor, N. S. The book is one of unquestionable talent, whatever exception may need to be taken, and contains many expressions of thought of an elevating and beautiful character.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is now engaged upon a sequel to his "Sentimental Tommy," of which, it is said, he has written something more than half. It is not yet decided what title it is finally to receive, though provisionally he calls it "The Celebrated Tommy." Scribner's Magazine will publish it in 1900.

A new volume of verse by Duncan Campbell Scott, author of "The Magic House," has recently been published. It is entitled, "Sabbath and the Angel." A friend describes it as "a volume of 60 pages, of poetry, finely finished, in a new vein far him,—not so free and objective as his other work, but suffused with poetic feeling." Our correspondent entertains the opinion of Canadian poetry in general, that it "has too little thought, and too largely lacks a message."

We read a curious story of a dog that keeps guard in front of Edgar Poe's grave and which for years has stationed himself there and refused to depart. Who ever comes to the resting place of the Author of "The Raven," will find a willing guide in "Sallor," as he is called to the shaft of marble which bears the name of the poet, and an excellent model of likeness. But woe to them, if they fail to keep at a proper distance nor heed the warning growl and show of teeth, when

they approach to touch the stone. The poet's grave was made in the Westminster churchyard, at Balaire.

Ex Queen Natali, of Serbia is one of the most beautiful women in Europe, but her most perfect physical charm is her exquisitely moulded neck "which is said to resemble that of the Venus of Milo." It is reported, with whatever of truth, that she protects this feature of her beauty against times ravage by a simple and wholesome expedient, like that practiced by the milk maids of old days; that is,—every morning she takes a brisk walk in the grounds of her palace near Belgrade, with a heavy pitcher on her head. This not only improves the neck, but gives an erect and graceful carriage. The custom is not original, for it has been in common practice among the women of the poorer classes in Queen Natali's country from the earliest ages.

George Julian Zolnay's fine bust of Edgar Allan Poe is nearly completed; and will be placed in the new library of the University of Virginia. Poe is made to assume his characteristic melancholy attitude and expression; and it is declared by one who knew Poe in his later years to be a remarkable reproduction of his face at or near the time of his death. This memorial will be placed in the rotunda of the building.

The MacMillan's will publish in the early spring, "The Life and Letters of Archbishop Benson," the volume to be edited by Arthur Christopher Benson, the poet, and the Archbishop's son. The volume will contain several portraits and illustrations. "The biography will necessarily embrace not only the history of the Anglican church during the archbishop's life, but also much of the inner history of public movements, and his relations with the brilliant men who have guided the affairs of England during the past half century." Professor Benson has published also "Memories of Arthur Hamilton," and a "Life of Archbishop Laud."

Our Heroic Past,
When our heroic past is sung is told,
And many a deed of valor was acclaim'd;
When hearts thro' fester, and young eyes a flame
With noble light, see from its stars enroll'd;
Our England's Red Cross banner, bold on gold;
When we exult in Brock or Parker's arms,
The men of Canada need feel no shame
At what their sires achieved in days of old.
They well may boast of battles who have stood
In the beleagu'rd citid; who bravely fought,
Plucking red honors from War's thorny spray;
Up a Niagara's fall of strife and blood,
At Queenston where the prize was dearly bought
At glorious Landy's Lane, at Chateaugay.

Notes: A Twedish translation of Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy" has been made.—Little Brown & Co. will soon issue a new edition of Lilian Whiting's "From Dreamland Sent," with additional poems. That royal victim of assassination, the Empress of Austria, is to figure in fiction; as the Dutch novelist Louise Stratamus intends to introduce her as the heroine of a book she is writing.—Thomas T. Crowell will publish Isabel F. Haggood's translation of the book entitled, "How Count Tolstoy lives and Works."

Mr. Edward Edwards, St. John, N. B. a correspondent to the Advance, Hantsport, N. S., writes: "Mr. H. L. Spencer of this city, is noticed at considerable length in 'Canada: An Encyclopedia of the Country,' edited by S. [John] Castell Hopkins; 'The Poets of Canada' ['Treasury of Canadian Verse,'] edited by Prof. Theodore H. Rand; and the 'Literary History of Canada,' edited by Lawrence J. Burpee of the Department of Justice. The latter will be published in London."

The Home Journal announces that Dr. Watson, better known as "An Maclaren" will sail for America on Wednesday Feb. 8. He will first visit friends in New Haven, where he will preach on the 19th, and afterwards lecture in New York, Brooklyn, and other where throughout the country.

We have received a copy of a very beautiful poem on the death of Robert Burns, by Robert R. id, ("Rob W. n. lock") of Montreal. It treats the subject with a newness and a pathos uncommon to the poets who now-a-days deal with the somewhat hackneyed subject. We hope at some future date to give it to the readers of this department of PROGRESS.

Shaving out to Music.
The proprietor of a certain barber's shop in New York has fixed up in his establishment a musical-box which he regulates to suit the times. On Monday, for instance, he restricts the machine to light opera airs,

just fast enough to keep his customers shaving customers at a nice steady pace. Tuesday being a nice quiet day, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and 'You'll Remember Me' are good enough. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the barber confines the musical-box to popular selections of a rather lively nature. But on Saturdays he turns on nothing but jazz, and every barber in the place works at a run.

A SNOW EATING HABIT.
The First Advice an Old-Timer Offers to a Newcomer is "Don't Eat Snow."

Every great discovery in the world's history has brought with it an accompanying affliction, and it has remained for the Klondike to develop a peculiar malady that threatens to curtail our main gain. Among the residents of the far north it is known as the "snow habit," and it is said to be incurable. Henry Barnum of Great Bend Township, Ohio, has returned from the Klondike and tells a strange story.

"There are many strange things in the Klondike," says Mr. Barnum, "but perhaps the strangest and that about which nothing has been written so far is the disposition caused by eating snow. In the north when the thermometer reaches 50 to 40 degrees below zero, a mouthful of snow is like molten metal. It brings an inflammation to the palate and tongue, and it is impossible to quench the thirst. The first advice an old-timer offers a new comer in the region is, 'Don't eat snow.' There are men in that country, once hearty, robust miners, now weak effeminate creatures, whose fall can be traced directly to the time when they began munching snow.

"The matter has been but little investigated, but the scientists who have examined the subject say that the waters of the north are rich with mineral deposits, which are being constantly washed down from the mountains. A certain per cent. of this mineral is taken into the air when vapor rises and the snow becomes impregnated with it. There have been several falls of red snow near Point Barrow, the deposits being of reddish brown color, due entirely to minerals. Thus it can be seen that a person eating large quantities of the snow takes into his system a corresponding amount of minerals."

While coming down the Copper river last spring Mr. Barnum came upon a party of miners where one was dying from the effects of eating snow. He had been a hard drinker, but had run short of whiskey. His thirst became unendurable, and as water was scarce in midwinter he had taken to eating snow. Soon he claimed it relieved his appetite for the liquor, but his companions noticed that his appetite for snow increased until he was consuming enormous quantities. Gradually his skin, which was a dark bronze, grew light, his rugged stature became bent, and even his harsh voice changed to the effeminate squeak of an old woman. His strength gave way and his companions tried to break him of the habit. He would lie on his back and moan pitifully for a mouthful of snow, and when opportunity offered would steal unobserved to the doorway and gulp down huge handfuls. At last, seeing death was inevitable, his companions allowed him the snow, hoping to "prolong his life. It proved unavailing, and one morning just previous to Mr. Barnum's departure the man was found dead.

There are some spots on Copper river where the snow, when melted and strained through a cloth, shows perceptible signs of minerals, and often gold is found plentifully intermixed, but, of course, not in paying quantities. Where this comes from is a mystery, but it may be brought from the far north by the heavy winter gales that sweep over this part of the country. It has been said that if the snow could be melted away it would leave deposits of millions of dollars in gold dust on the ground.

Mr. Barnum had a close call himself from falling a victim to the snow habit. "It was in the winter of 1896-97," he said, "and I was new to the country. An old miner near Dawson had warned me against eating snow, but I, with my partner, had gone back in the hill on a prospecting tour, and had got caught in a blizzard. We were shy of provisions, and on our way up lost the package containing cooking utensils. This we remedied by boiling our cooked foods, but we had nothing in which to melt

them. It is claimed that melted snow is harmless, as the metallic deposits it contains sink to the bottom of the receptacle. We decided to try it, 'raw' and we did. Whether it was the food or the snow, I don't know, but during the week we subsisted for a chance to get out, and we had an ever increasing thirst, until, when we were finally able to strike the trail, we were consuming snow at a frightful rate. When we reached our companions we attempted to stave our thirst with water, but it did no good. We had acquired a taste for the frozen water and it seemed to have insuperable qualities. At night we could not sleep unless we had our snow. We were fast parching the degenerate stage, when I reached a vein being some of our constitution and undertook to break it off. I began by degrees and worked down, but to the very moment I left the country the sight of snow always raised in me an insatiable craving. It cost me many sleepless nights and weary days to restrain myself. Had I given way to the habit I would, like many another poor fellow, have lost all ambition and filled an unknown grave in that frozen wilderness.

PHILOSOPHY OF PALMISTRY.
Logic Waited on Those Who Consult Fortune-Tellers.

Last week a poor, egotistical creature who had been employed at a barmaid dressed herself, chiefly, as would seem from her letters, on account of the sinister predictions which she read in her palm, combined with her "planets." No doubt this girl was weak-minded, if not actually insane, but there is a good deal in her case worth thinking about, says London Truth. Some years ago, when I can date some researches into palmistry, with the assistance of a lady who claimed to be an expert in that craft. I put the question to her: "What if you see indications in a palm that the owner of the hand will die or incur some awful misfortune at an early date? The lady answered that in such a case she always dissembled, and she led me to understand that it was a matter of professional etiquette among really conscientious palmists not to make known the truth when it was of such a nature that to impart it might be dangerous. This is all very well, but no one can prevent people who dabble in palmistry or astrology or other occult means of reading the future from discovering their own fate for themselves. Those who discover by such means at the outlook for them is very black may not all commit suicide, like the unfortunate barmaid, but such knowledge is bound to have an injurious effect on all but persons of the toughest moral fiber; and persons of the toughest moral fiber, I may remark, are not in the habit of dabbling in the occult sciences. As a rule, to turn telling in its various shagies is chiefly denounced as a swindle and a means of obtaining money under false pretences, but I question whether the moral mischief which may result from efforts to ascertain what the future has in store for us may not be far worse than any trifling financial loss. Nothing is more certain than that it is to the advantage of mankind, on the whole, not to know the future. In saying this I do not lose sight of the fact that it would be a profitable thing to many to know, for instance, who is going to win the next year's Derby, or the price at which any particular stock will stand at the end of the next account. This knowledge, however, can only be profitable so long as it is in the exclusive possession of one or two individuals. If it were made accessible to all, the knowledge of the future would cease to have any more value than the knowledge of the past. On the other hand, the knowledge of coming misfortune—if it is so preordained that it can be predicted—can only have a demoralizing effect, and on the whole life has generally as much of the unpleasant as of the pleasant in store for the majority of human kind. How many youths of 20 are there who, if they could ascertain everything that is going to happen to them during the next fifty years, would think the game worth the candle? I doubt if there are many.

On the other hand living in ignorance of what is coming, taking the good with the bad as each day brings it, and incessantly hoping for better things from the inexhaustible possibilities of the future, we manage for the most part to combat our misfortunes as they turn up and cling to life as long as it is left in us. The proverb says that as long as there is life there is hope, and the converse is equally true; that as long as there is hope there is life. Destroy the one and it is ten to one that you destroy the other. My impression is that so far as the chances of individual life go, no one has ever known the future or ever can know it. But whether it be knowledge or not, the person who desires to know it is a fool.

Figure Kills a Song Bird.
Dogs are often said to be almost human and to understand every word said to them, though as a matter of fact they only pretend to do so, but birds are not usually supposed to be endowed with a like intelligence and to share the evil passions which beset mankind. An action in the Southwark county court, however, says the London Telegraph, has established that a singing canary can emulate human artists in the possession of the demon

jealousy. To such an extent was it attacked by artistic pique that it died, not being able to survive being outstaged by a neighboring bird. Such a sad fate was deeply lamented by the defendant in the action, a newsvendor whose bird it was, but who had tried to sell it to the plaintiff. The general opinion of his friends was that the bird had died of a broken heart. The plaintiff had returned it because it was not worth anything, but the tender-hearted newsvendor said that it sang "simply lovely" and that to hear it warbling against the canary next door was "quite a picture." Altogether the evidence got rather mixed, as it turned out that the canary was not a canary, but a linnet.

What is it?
Catarrhorne is a liquid, fragrant and cleansing, which rapidly volatilizes when inhaled. What is it for? It is an absolute never-failing cure for catarrh of the throat or nasal passages. Is this true? We are so sure that it will cure you that we will send you, prepaid, a free sample of Catarrhorne and an inhaler if you will send your address within one week. Write us.

N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston Ont.
Had None to Spare.
The boy had been taking piano lessons for just a week. Then his mother went to the musical college, hunted up his teacher and complained that though her son had received three lessons, he could not play a single tune. The instructor politely explained that it was necessary to first teach scales, then exercises, and after these were mastered, his mother's wish could be gratified. The fond parent was not satisfied, but she concluded to try it a little longer. At the end of another week she was back again and loud in her denunciation of the teacher and his methods, because, so far as she could see, her son had made no advancement.

"Well, madam," said the exasperated professor, "I can teach your boy something, but I cannot give him brains."
"No," answered the mother, scornfully, "you poor man, you don't look as if you had any to spare."—Chicago Chronicle.
A Forto Rican Town.
Aguadilla, a maritime town, on the western shore of Porto Rico, near its northern point, was founded in 1775 and has a population of 15,007. Its deep and spacious harbour lies between Cape San Francisco and Borinquen Point. It abounds in excellent fish and its fields produce all kinds of crops, especially cane, copper, tobacco, corn, man and coconuts, while its oranges, limes and citrons are much esteemed. The fields afford fine ranges for cattle and horses, and on its mountains is much of the best timber. This town is adorned by a lovely fountain. The waters descend a beautiful cascade and are conducted through the streets. The town made a brilliant defense against the English in 1797, and in 1825 fought bravely against the Columbians, who, however, captured its battery.

A grishing young poetess has sent us in a poem which she wrote two or three weeks ago, beginning, "What shall I find in my stocking on early Christmas morn?" and asks what we think of it. We think that unless you try and make money out of something else, but poetry, you will not hold in both stockings.
"Yes, Mrs. Scowleigh, I have four fine sons breaking my heart by running after the soldiers!"
"An' my dear Mrs. Jewleigh I was four stappin' darters a breaking at this month or'n's heart by the soldiers' running after them!"

THE NIGHT CLERK'S STORY.

A FACE LIKE CHALK.

A very bad attack of the Grippe one year ago last winter left my system in a very weak state and my nervous system completely unstrung. After getting over the dangerous stage of the disease I naturally expected to gain strength, but, unfortunately, did not do so. On the contrary, my blood became weaker. I daily lost strength and vitality, and my nervous system became so weak that it was a constant source of suffering both day and night. I lost appetite, the sight of food nauseated me, the weak state of my system caused shortness of breath and unnatural action of the heart, such as fluttering and violent palpitation, and my face was like chalk. I was in this condition almost constantly getting weaker when I began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I had read the books they distributed and their advertisements in the papers, and thought, "Well, I have taken so much medicine without benefit it is useless to spend any more money. However, I finally made up my mind. It is a forlorn hope; I can but try. If I am not benefited I will not be hurt. So I bought one box and received great benefit therefrom, so continued their use, and to-day am a well man in consequence; my blood is strong, my face has the ruddy hue of health, my appetite has returned, I sleep well, I have not the slightest indications of nervousness or heart trouble, and from a sick, weak, nervous man Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have transformed me in six weeks to full health and strength." I am yours very truly,
(Signed) WILLIAM WILLARD,
Night Clerk Grand Central Hotel, Peterboro.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

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Constipation,
Headache, Biliousness,
Heartburn,
Indigestion, Dizziness,
Hood's Pills

CANCER
And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, no knife, no pain. For Canadian testimonials & 320-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason's Medicine Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Constipation,
Headache, Biliousness,
Heartburn,
Indigestion, Dizziness,
Hood's Pills
35 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

HOW TO POSTPONE OLD AGE.

How a Very Desirable Result May Be Obtained. This desirable result may be effected, we are told, by Doctor W. Kinross, by avoiding food in which earthy salts abound. He says in the Humanitarian (London):

Anatomical experiment and investigation shows that the chief characteristics of old age are the deposits of earthy matter of a gelatinous, fibrous character in the human system. Carbonate and phosphate of lime, mixed with other salts of a calcareous nature, have been found to furnish the greater part of these earthy deposits. An observation shows, man begins in a gelatinous condition; he ends in an osseous or bony one—soft in infancy, hard in old age. By gradual change in the long space of years the ossification comes on; but, after middle life is passed, a more marked development of the osseous character takes place. Of course these earthy deposits, which affect all the physical organs, naturally interfere with their functions. Partial ossification of the heart produces the imperfect circulation of the blood which affects the aged. When the arteries are clogged with calcareous matter there is interference with circulation, upon which nutrition depends. Without nutrition there is no repair of the body.

Hence, as food is produced by assimilation of the food we eat, to this food we must look for the earthy accumulations, which, in time, block up the system and bring on old age. Almost everything we eat contains more or less of these elements for destroying life, by means of calcareous salts deposited by, the all-nourishing blood. Careful selection, however, can enable us to avoid the worst of them.

None of these things interfere with nutrition and circulation in earlier years. The repair of the physical system, as everyone ought to know, depends on this fine balance. In fact, the whole change is merely a slow, steady accumulation of calcareous deposits in the system. When these become excessive, and resist expulsion, they cause the stiffness and dryness of old age. Entirely blockage of the functions of the body is then a mere matter of time. The refuse matter deposited by the blood in its constant passage through the system stops the delicate and exquisite machinery which we call life. This is death. It has been proved by analysis that human blood contains compounds of lime, magnesia, and iron. In the blood itself are thus contained the earth salts. In early life they are thrown off. Age has not the power to do it.

Earth salts abound in the cereals, and bread itself, through seemingly the most innocent of staples, greatly assists in the disposition of calcareous matter in our bodies. Nitrogenous food abounds in our bodies. Hence a diet made of fruits principally is best for people advancing in years, for the reason that, being deficient in nitrogen, the osseous deposits so much to be dreaded are more like to be suspended. Moderate eaters have in all cases a much better chance for long life than those addicted to excess of the table. Fruits, fish, poultry, young mutton and veal contain less of the earthy salts than any other articles of food, and are therefore best for people entering the vale of years. Beef and old mutton usually are overcharged with salts, and should be avoided; a diet containing a minimum amount of earthy particles is most suitable to retard old age, by preserving the system from functional blockages. The daily use of distilled water, is after middle life, one of the most important means of preventing secretions and the derangement of health. As to diluted phosphoric acid, it is one of the most powerful influences known to science for shielding the human system from the inconveniences of old age. Daily use of it mixed with distilled water helps to retard the approach of senility. By its affinity for oxygen the fibrous and gelatinous deposits previously alluded to are checked, and their expulsion from the system hastened.

To sum up: Avoid all foods rich in the earthy salts use much fruit, especially juicy, uncooked apples, and take daily two or three tumblerfuls of distilled water with about ten or fifteen drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glassful. Thus will our days be prolonged, old age declared, and health insured.

The Revolving plate. A very deceptive optical illusion is accomplished by the use of a large china plate. Sitting on one side of the table you rest the plate on your knees, so that about one-third of it shows above the table. Take a knife in both hands and rest it on the plate. If you now lower and raise the knees alternately, quickly and evenly, it gives a motion to the plate, as if it was actually revolving round. In fact, it is so illusive that to the operator himself it has that same appearance.

Acetylene for Street Lighting. The City of Wabash, Ind., is soon to be lighted by an acetylene gas plant, now being installed by the Logansport and Wabash Valley Gas Company, otherwise known as the Deirich Syndicate, says the

Railways Review. The machinery and materials are now on the ground and the city authorities believe in operation shortly. The city has heretofore been lighted by artificial gas, in the usual way, and the substitution of acetylene for street lighting is an experiment which has been but little tried.

YOU NEED IT.

If You Would Avoid the Troubles and Dangers That Stomach Derangements Bring on.

Paine's Celery Compound Banishes Every Difficulty and Restores Perfect Health.

Stomach troubles are exceedingly common and varied in character. To-day thousands complain of stomach derangements. Stomach difficulties are usually manifested by poor appetite, foul tongue and breath, putrid or bitter taste in the mouth, a desire for acids; some have headache, sleeplessness, constipation, inactive bowels, and vomiting of food and bile. Victims of stomach troubles manifest low spirits, despondent mind, and have fears of impending danger. It matters not what the symptoms are; any of them indicate low nerve force, and point to the fact that the digestive system is out of gear and the blood in an unhealthy condition.

In order to avoid the many dangers of indigestion, dyspepsia and general stomach derangements, Paine's Celery Compound should be used when any of the many unpleasant symptoms that lead to trouble are experienced. A few doses of nature's health restorer will quickly set the digestive machinery of the body in perfect running order, and good health will be maintained. If it be that you have long neglected the troubles that have become deep seated chronic, do not despair. The faithful use of Paine's Celery Compound for a few weeks will, without fail, banish all your sufferings; your appetite will become natural, your rest and sleep will be refreshing, and your food will enrich your blood, making bone and muscle, and your health will be as rugged as ever before.

Such is War. The actions of wounded in battle are often misunderstood. A general officer who has seen much active service cites a pathetic instance of this kind. In the midst of battle he was trying to check the flight of some panic-stricken men. One poor fellow came stumbling along, not heeding a word that was said to him. Indignant and impatient, the officer, as he came near this man, leaned from his horse and touching him with his sword, said sharply, 'Go back, sir!' The man, looking up with an expression of anguish and despair on his face that said as plainly as words, 'I am looking for a place to die,' opened his breast and showed a big, gaping wound in his breast. Then he dropped to the ground. The officer instantly dismounted from his horse, but almost as he raised the man's head to his arm the poor fellow breathed his last.

Not what they say to each other is the true test—whether two persons are congenial or not.

DAILY MAIL ANSWERS WHISK HOUSES

How the President of the United States reads His Mail. To read his daily mail is one of the burdensome tasks that falls to a President of the United States. More than a thousand letters a day have been at times received at the White House. The average daily mail is very large. Of course Mr. McKinley cannot read these letters as an ordinary business man reads his morning mail, but by a carefully developed system their contents are in substance presented to him.

Several confidential clerks open the letters and give them a first reading. They are then carefully sorted. Many of them do not need to go to the President, as they are simply recommendations for office. These, after being courteously acknowledged, are referred to the proper department and placed on file until the subject to which each of them relates can be taken up for consideration. Many of the letters are merely formal or contain requests for something which cannot be granted. These the clerks answer, and the President's secretary signs. The requests for charity are so many that a special form has been devised to be used in answering them. They are all alike necessarily and politely refused.

All letters which the President ought to see are carefully briefed; that is, a yellow slip is pinned at the top of each letter, and on this is a typewritten synopsis of its contents, telling who the writer is and what he has to present. Frequently the President is sufficiently interested by the brief to cause him to read the whole letter. Sometimes the communication is referred to a Cabinet officer, in which case the yellow slip is retained at the White House, and filed away. When a large number of persons write on the same subject the letters are bunched, and the brief at the top gives the names of those who present one argument, and in another list the persons who offer a different view. This is an admirable way of jumping at conclusions, made necessary by the excessive burdens of the presidential office.

Then he had her. 'And then,' the fair maiden went on with her narration, 'I covered my face with my hands and wept.' 'Impossible,' ejaculated the young man. 'You could not cover your face with those small hands.' And she was his from that day forward and they lived happily ever after.—Detroit Free Press.

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT. The Great Skin Cure—35 Cents. Alfred Le Blanc, of St. Jerome, Que., has such faith in Dr. Agnew's Ointment that he buys it by the dozen to take with him to his lumber camp. He finds it a quick cure for chafing, bruises, frost bites, and other emergencies incident to camp life. It cures salt rheum, eczema, tetter, scald head, and other skin eruptions, and piles in three to five nights, 35 cents.

The addresses of a young man, having been declined by a young lady, he paid court to her sister. 'How much you resemble your sister,' said he, the evening of his first call. 'You have the same hair, the same forehead, and the same eyes.' 'And the same nose!' she added, quickly. He has stopped calling at that house.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Auntie: 'Another time, Tommy, when you yawn keep your mouth shut.' Young person should reflect that everything which is blind and laughs at locomotives is not love.

Ethel: 'Wouldn't it be funny if George should fall in love with me?' Maud: 'Perfectly ridiculous!'

'I don't know what's going to become of that boy of mine. He was never known to get anything right.' 'Make a weather prophet of him.'

Her father: 'Is he a young man of any means?' She: 'Certainly; he means to marry me.'

Gayman: 'This is a great day for us at home. My daughter comes out to-night.' Dumley: 'Don't say so? So does my brother. He's been in for a month.'

Doctor: 'You're a long time paying my account sir.' Hardy: 'Well you were a long time curing me.'

Miss Passay: 'I dread to think of my fortieth birthday.' Miss Pert: 'Why? Did something unpleasant happen then?'

Amateur Yachtsman: 'How does it happen that you have always lived near the water, yet do not know how to swim?' Fisherman's Boy: 'Don't have to swim. I know how to sail.'

Edwin (amateur photographer): 'That's it Another plate spoiled.' Angelina: 'What spoiled it?' Edwin: 'The light of your eyes.'

P. S.—Engaged.

A Correspondent asks: 'When is the best time to pick apples?' The best time for this class of work is before the gardener gets up in the morning, and there's no big dog in the garden.

Cyril (tenderly touching her tresses): 'Sweet one, let me like this lovely hair.' Winifred (tremulously): 'What, dearest, what would you be?'

Cyril (rapturously): 'All you own.' 'Is this a fast train?' asked the travelling man of the porter.

'Of course it is,' was the reply. 'I thought so; would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?' 'Shrinks.—Reputation is a good deal like cheap clothing.'

'How's that?' 'When you proceed to wash it, it always shrinks.'

A farmer saw an advertised recipe to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money, and received the answer: 'Take in your well or cistern on cold nights and keep it by the fire.'

Passer-by: 'Policeman, there is a fight around the corner.' 'Thank you, sir; I'll do as much for you some day. And he walked in the opposite direction.'

'Frisbis is the laziest man I ever knew.' 'What makes you think so?' 'He actually seems to be glad that he's getting bald-headed, so that he won't have to comb his hair any more.'

Mrs. Peckham (with becoming pride): 'My husband tells me everything.' Mrs. Blunt: 'Mercy! He can't give you much of a chance to talk. It must be awful.'

Wearily-looking man: 'Doctor can insomnia be cured?' Doctor: 'Nothing easier. Anyone can fall into a sound sleep by simply trying to count a thousand.'

'Y-e-s; but our baby can't count.' Grandpa: 'Don't get scared, Willie; the tiger is about to be fed; that's what makes him jump and roar so.'

Willie (easily): 'Oh I ain't afraid of him, grandpa. Papa's the same when his meals ain't ready.'

Violinist (proudly): 'The instrument I shall use at your house to-morrow evening, my dear sir, is over 500 years old.' Fervenu: 'Oh never mind that. It's good enough: no one will know the difference.'

He: 'You say you like a manly man. What is your idea of a manly man?' She: 'Well, for instance, one who doesn't stay and stay and stay just because he knows the girl isn't strong enough to throw him out.'

'Mr. Gizley seems to be a deep thinker,' remarked the impressionable young man. 'Yes,' replied the elderly cynic, 'he can't talk five minutes without getting beyond his depth.'

'Young man,' said the young woman's father, 'you have boasted several times that you possess an honored name.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the suitor haughtily. 'Well, may I inquire what bank it will be honored at and for how much?'

'Of course, I'm a friend of the working man,' said the aspiring politician. 'Then why don't you work occasionally?' asked one of his auditors.

'Oh, that's simple enough. I don't wish to crowd some more deserving man out a job.'

Mr. E—, a barrister, noted for absence of mind, was once witnessing the representation of 'Macbeth,' and on the witch's replying to the Thane's inquiry that they were 'doing a good deed without a name,' catching the sound of the words, he started up, exclaiming, to the astonishment of the audience, 'A deed without a name! Why, it's void; it's not worth sixpence!'

'Policeman,' said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting. 'I am indebted to you for all I know.' 'Pity do not mention such a trifle,' was the undulating reply.

LEGS ENTIRELY RAW

From his feet to his body, and ran a blood tinged, irritating water. Mrs. A. Keirstead, Snider Mt., N.B., tells how her little boy suffered, and how B.B.B. cured him permanently. There is not a mother in this land who has a child suffering from skin disease in any form but will thank Mrs. Keirstead, of Snider Mt., N.B., for telling of the remarkable manner in which her boy, Freddy, was cured of one of the severest and most torturing of skin diseases by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters; and not only relieved and cured for the time being, but, mark you, after eight years the disease has shown no sign of returning. The following is Mrs. Keirstead's letter:—

'With gratitude I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. Eight years ago our little son, Freddy, was afflicted with salt rheum and was in a dreadful condition. His legs, from the soles of his feet to his body, were entirely raw, and ran a bloody water, which appeared to burn and itch until he was often in great agony. After trying several remedies, we resolved to give B.B.B. a trial. You can imagine with what delight and gratitude we saw our boy entirely cured after using one bottle and part of the second. We gave him the remainder of the second bottle, and from that time till the present he has never had a sign of salt rheum or a sick day. You need not wonder that I think there is no other medicine can equal Burdock Blood Bitters to purify the blood and build up the health and strength.'

Be Other External Remedy, and Few Internal, Are Equal To a BENSON'S POROUS PLASTER. It is the best POROUS PLASTER. Available in Kidney Disease. It soothes the kidneys, stops dull aches, prevents gravel, gonorrhoea, etc. Try a Benson's Plaster. Price 25c. Of agents, Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, if unobtainable.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS QUICKLY CURED.

Hard to keep the children from catching cold—will run out of doors not properly wrapped—get wet feet—kick the bed clothes off at night. What's mother going to do about it? Mustn't neglect the children's Coughs and Colds—might end in Croup—and Croup end fatally or weaken the lungs for life. Most mothers now give their children Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It's nice to take, and cures all kinds of Coughs and Colds more quickly and effectually than any remedy known.

Mrs. R. P. Leonard, Parry Sound, Ont., writes: 'I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Coughs and Colds of myself and also of my baby. I find it always cures a Cold quicker than any other Cough mixture I ever tried.' Price 25c.

LAXATIVE LIVER PILLS. Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Fles, Scalds, Cuts, Horse eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Eczema, Rheumatic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s 1/2d each, as Chemist, etc, with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. F.C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

SALE OF GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 30 D'Almeida St., Montreal. Write for catalogue.

Rheumatic Torture. South American Rheumatic Cure Cures in 1 to 3 Days. Solomon Woodworth, of Hopewell Hill, N.B., is rescued from a deplorably helpless condition, induced by the agonies of rheumatism. Mr. Woodworth had contracted rheumatism of the severest form and in a very short time was incapacitated for work—for weeks he could get no rest—suffered the most violent pains in his arms and shoulders—grew worse and felt he could not live, so terrible were his sufferings—his arms became perfectly helpless. He began taking South American Rheumatic Cure—after the second dose he experienced great relief and at the end of three hours every vestige of the pain was gone—the use of his hand and arm returned gradually and he feels altogether like a new man and to-day rejoices in a cure which he proclaims almost a miracle. South American Rheumatic Cure cures in 1 to 3 days every form of rheumatism and neuralgia. Do not suffer longer—it will relieve in six hours. South American Nervine soothes the nerves and cures all forms of nervousness. South American Kidney Cure cures only kidney diseases—relieves in a few hours.

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Mr. H. B. tell, and, and how

There is not a er in this land has a child suf from skin dis in any form but rank Mrs. K. of Sailer M., for telling a remarkable man which her boy, ly, was cured of the sever- most fortun- and Bitters; and if for the time her eight years of returning, Keirstead's

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Illnesses, tysspepsia, ad perfect any grip- speaking Druggists.

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SON,

the thought of appearing before Vivian West in his true character than any other of the terrible ordeal awaiting him.

As time passed on, the horror of what lay before him ever grew and increased.

The night became full of ghostly faces and voices, and he felt as if he were being followed.

Even in his own room the same dread oppressed him, as he sat crouching over the fire, his clothes sodden with the rain his features drawn and pinched with suffering.

All through the night the struggle went on.

Long ago he had fought with just as sharp a temptation.

He had lacked the strength to withstand it then, and, in the years that had followed, he had not grown stronger.

When the faint light of early morn pierced the drawn blinds, it found him sleeping.

CHAPTER XV.

'Life is a mistake. Nobody wants it, or enjoys it—at least, not when they are old enough to have permanent feelings. I wonder if feelings are ever permanent? People seem to get over everything.'

And Shirley gave a big sigh, as she added a pink chrysanthemum to the vase she was filling.

It was a cold, dull day.

The wind rising in fitful gusts, smote the dead leaves from the ground, and whirled the dead leaves from the ground.

Mrs. Lorraine had made a slight cold the excuse for keeping to her room, and, seated in a luxurious easy-chair, before a blazing fire, lost herself in a thrilling novel.

Shirley was arranging the flowers in the drawing-room, but she was not paying much attention to her work.

She had reached that state when nothing appears of any consequence.

So that the magenta, purple, pink, and scarlet were mixed together in a most inartistic manner, till, suddenly struck with the ugliness of the whole arrangement, she pulled out the flowers with impatient fingers, and was just beginning afresh, when the room suddenly darkened.

Someone had come before the window, and was looking in.

It was Lucy Brend.

With an explanation of astonishment and pleasure, Shirley hastened to admit her friend, who entered the room with a rush of cold air.

'You are surprised to see me?—of course you are. I came here on the spur of the moment. I have just an hour to spend with you, and then I must be off again.'

'You won't do anything of the sort,' Shirley declared, drawing forward a couple of chairs. 'Now you have come you are going to stay. I never expected to hear from you or see you again.'

'I have been to mad and miserable to write,' Lucy answered, slipping off her fur. 'Oh, how nice it is to be here again! Dear, pretty little room! Well, Shirley, how are you? Still engaged to Gilbert Metherell?'

'Yes; but tell me about yourself.'

'I am going to. I came to tell you. I could not keep it to myself any longer, and there is no one but you I can confide in.'

'I can guess,' Shirley cried, with a laugh. 'You have made it up with Mr. Ridley.'

Lucy Brend turned up her veil.

'Do I look so very brilliantly happy? she asked, bitterly. 'I have never seen Mr. Ridley since we were at Metherell Court.'

'What is it, then?' Shirley questioned, anxiously. 'That horrible man, surely, has not been worrying you again? Oh! Lucy, do tell me what is the matter?'

The girl bent down and picked up the poker.

'I have not known you seven years,' she said; 'but, all the same, I am going to set you free.'

She spoke in a hard, sharp tone, as if keeping her voice under strong control, and rattled the steel poker amongst the coal, oblivious to the fact that it was intended for show, and the crooked bit in the corner for use.

Then she turned to Shirley, who was kneeling on the hearthrug.

'You remember,' she began, 'I wrote to Captain Dorrien just before I left you?'

Shirley nodded.

'You broke off your engagement. Of course I remember.'

'I put it as nicely as I could,' Lucy went on. 'It was not a very pleasant thing to have to do. Well, I did not hear from him for more than a week. Then he wrote, asking for notice of my letter. I imagined that he had not received it, or his presents, which I had returned, so I wrote again. This was his answer. You can read it.'

Shirley opened the letter which was pushed into her hand.

'Read it, and burn it,' Lucy said.

'MY DEAREST GIRL,—it began,— 'What freak is this? You surely do not expect me to take notice of all your non-senses. I have told my man to redirect your rings, bangles, etcetera. Are they not good enough, you foolish little woman? As this may be the case, I am sending you something extra smart, which I trust you will wear in remembrance of your humble slave.'

'Now, my own darling Lucy, I must end this.'

'Ever yours,

'JIM DORRIEN.'

'P. S.—I can't help thinking that, if you really meant those silly little letters, and wanted to break faith with me, it would look awfully suspicious—almost as if you had mistaken me for Ridley that night I proposed. I think I should feel tempted to tell him so, if you treated me in that way.'

'Oad! Shirley said, through her teeth, while her eyes flashed. 'What did you say?'

'What could I say? Lucy cried. 'It was true, and he knew it. I have seen him since. I—I did not know that such men

mined; but I am going to marry him. He has gained his desire. He will have the pleasure of spending my money. Oh, Shirley, if I could only give it to him! It is all so horrible and secure, and it is my ruin.'

'You don't mean that you will marry him?' Shirley gasped. 'Let him say what he likes. Mr. Ridley will only look upon him as a contemptible cur. Don't be afraid of him.'

'That is just what I am—afraid of him. I was staying with some people, and he happened to be near, and came over to have it out,' as he said. He treated all I said as a joke. He refused to listen seriously.'

'As I lost my temper. Then I saw his real nature—so evil—so determined. I felt that it was useless to attempt to free myself from him. He said—oh, Shirley, I thought I should have died of shame—that he knew I had married him for Harold Ridley that night of the fall.'

'You knew that?' Shirley exclaimed. 'My dear girl,' he answered. 'You made me aware of your adoration. Everyone was laughing about it. Afterwards, they thought you had been fooling Ridley, not Ridley fooling you. I think you owe me a very heavy debt of gratitude. I saved you from becoming the laughing stock of your friends; but of course, if you prefer the truth to be known why, I am ready to publish it. Next week, I shall be staying in the same house as Ridley and his lady-love. By the way, I hear they are a most devoted couple.'

Shirley had risen to her feet.

'He wants horse-whipping,' she said, with emphasis. 'If I were only a man, he should have it, too.'

'I felt I must come and tell you,' Lucy said. 'I told him that all he had said was true, and begged him to release me from an engagement which was hateful to me.'

'And what did he say to that?'

'He was sorry, but it was impossible. And then, quite quietly—as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world—he owned that he only wanted to marry me for my money, and that we need be husband and wife in name only. Before he left, that afternoon, I had agreed to his conditions. You think me a fool, but what else was there left me to do?'

'I think,' Shirley replied, 'that I should have preferred a man like Captain Dorrien should force me to be his wife.'

'Wait till you have the choice,' Lucy said, with a dismal attempt at a laugh. 'I chose what appeared to me the lesser of two evils. I dare say I shall be able to bear it; but the other—oh, Heavens, the shame—the degradation!'

She hid her face in her hands.

Shirley said that even her ears were scarlet, and waited in silent sympathy.

There seemed nothing for her to say, nothing to propose.

It was all awful; but there appeared no way of making it any better.

She thought again that life was a mistake.

Then Lucy looked up with a stiff little smile.

'I am not going to talk about it any more,' she said. 'I have unburdened my mind, and feel better for it. How are your mother and Madge? Tell me all the news. Is this clock right? I must not lose my train.'

Shirley begged her to remain the night, but she declared it was impossible.

She was staying with 'friends, and they had a dinner-party that evening.

There was just time for a chat, and some lunch, before starting for the station, where Shirley saw her friend safely into a carriage, and then watched the train bear her away.

She felt dejected and miserable, as, leaving the platform, she passed through the small, bare waiting-room into the quiet road beyond.

The hedges were brown and wintry-looking, the sky hung low and grey, and the wind moaned cheerlessly, over the dreary marshes.

Shirley turned her back to the village, and walked towards the heath, covered now with dry golden-brown bracken.

Fighting with the wind, she made her way along one of the many narrow tracks, walking with bent head, and flying skirts, till, flushed and breathless, she paused at length to look back over the way she had come.

As she did so, something sharp and cold stung her cheek, and in another instant the storm—which had been gathering all the

morning—broke, and the air was full of blinding sleet and driving hail.

Shirley drew her breath in a gasp, then looked around for some place of shelter.

About half-a-mile off, a small thatched cottage stood in a hollow.

She began running towards it, but the heath was exposed to the full force of the hurricane, and at times it was as much as she could do to stand.

It was exhausting work, struggling in the very teeth of the raging wind.

She was beginning to despair of ever reaching the cottage, when a figure loomed through the whirling white mist, a strong hand held her arm, and a voice she loved beyond all other voices shouted to her through the storm—

'Lean on me. I will help you.'

She forgot her fatigue and the biting cold, and all her unhappiness seemed to melt away beneath the magic touch of that strong, gentle hand.

She no longer cared how far away the cottage might be.

She would have liked to have gone on just so for ever and ever.

The click of a gasp broke the spell.

The next moment, she was standing in a small, neat kitchen, while Vivian West asked the woman to give them shelter from the storm.

She was a pleasant, kindly body, and welcomed them right warmly, stirring the fire to a ruddier blaze, removing Shirley's wet jacket and hat, and making some tea for her visitors—talking all the while to Vivian West, who listened as if the various ailments of her children and the daily occupation of her husband were matters of great interest to him.

Having spread a coarse cloth upon the table, and laid the tea things upon it, she withdrew, saying she had her washing to see to in the back.

They heard her clatter away over a stone floor, a door opened and slammed, and there was silence, save for the halstones beating on the tray window.

'Will you not pour out some tea?'

Vivian said; 'it will refresh you.'

Shirley turned round, and lifted the great brown teapot with a trembling hand.

'It is too heavy for you,' he said, 'let me do it.'

To the girl it was perfect bliss to be waited on by him.

He was not quite so cold and stern as usual, his voice had a more friendly ring—at least, so she fancied.

He laughed at the size and thickness of the cup, as he handed it to her; then, asking her permission, lighted a cigarette.

'It is fortunate I chanced to be coming your way,' he said. 'You were tired out, were you not?'

'I was just beginning to despair,' she answered. 'I seemed to have been walking for miles, yet never got any nearer. I think I should have given up if it had not been for you.'

'You had not many more yards to go,' he said. 'It does not leave off soon, I will send a fly from the village for you.'

'Please do not think of taking so much trouble,' she cried. 'I shall be all right, and it is certain to clear up soon.'

He got up, and looked from the window.

'It is very black at present,' he said, then he drew out his watch. 'A quarter-past three. I will wait till half-past.'

'Are you in a hurry?' she asked.

'Rather,' he answered, resuming his seat by the fire. 'There are one or two things I must attend to this afternoon, as I am leaving Coddington to-morrow.'

'To-morrow?' Shirley repeated, faintly. 'Are you going for long?'

'It may be for ever,' he replied, lightly, knocking the ash from his cigarette. 'It is just possible I may come down for a week or so next summer.'

Shirley thought of the long, cold winter—the dull, dreary days—and shivered.

She felt suddenly very tired, her head ached.

She put the cup upon the table with a little rattle, which overbalanced the spoon.

'My portrait,' she said; 'is not that to be finished?'

'It is finished,' he said. 'I put the finishing touches this morning. You were anxious not to sit again, so I managed without you.'

Shirley stared into the fire until her eyes ached.

He was going, she would see him no more—that was all she thought of.

She did not seem to matter, nothing seemed of any consequence just then.

'When next we meet,' he said, breaking the painful monotony of her thoughts, 'I suppose you will be Mrs. Metherell? Sir Martin tells me the wedding is to be in the spring.'

She said, 'Yes.'

She felt it was cruel of him to talk of this now.

Surely she was wounded enough.

She smoked in silence for a few moments then tossed the end of his cigarette into the cinders.

'You are looking very tired, Miss Lorraine,' he said. 'I will go now, and send a carriage for you.'

He went to look for the woman, paid her for the trouble they had given, and told her to take care of the young lady until she was called for; then he returned to the kitchen, and stood buttoning his coat.

Shirley had gone to the window, and was watching the storm with unseeing eyes.

She felt that the last moment had come—that they were about to part forever.

Her heart was torn with anguish.

'You will not have long to wait,' he said. 'Good afternoon, and good-bye.'

He was going—going without even a hand-shake.

She turned her mutely beseeching eyes to his.

'Shall I not see you again?' she said, unsteadily.

'I think not,' he answered. 'I have told the woman to look after you. I trust you will not take cold. I will see that there is a rug for you in the carriage.'

She took a step towards him, holding out her hand.

'It is really "Good-bye," then?'

'Yes,' with a pleasant smile. 'After to-day, Coddington will know me no more.'

'I am sorry you are going,' she said. 'It is good of you to say so.'

'You think,' she cried, with quivering lip, 'that I do not mean it.'

'I think,' he said, very quietly, 'that neither my going nor my coming can affect Miss Lorraine.'

There was a rush of wind and sleet as the door opened; then it closed, and Shirley was alone.

She stood quite still, like one stunned; then, suddenly awakening to the fact that she had gone, and that every second was widening the distance between them, she rushed to the door and dragged it open.

The frozen rain beat in her face.

She called his name, but the wind carried her voice away from him.

She waited there until he had gone, then slowly returned to the cottage.

A deathly stillness seemed to pervade the kitchen.

She went to the fire and held her numbed hands to the blaze.

His cigarette lay amongst the cinders.

The air was still faintly scented with tobacco smoke.

She closed her eyes, and fancied him still sitting there.

After a time the woman came in and talked to her, and then at length the fly arrived, and she drove back to Fairfield.

Gilbert Metherell met her on the threshold.

She saw, in a glance, that he was not in the most amiable frame of mind.

'You are perfectly mad!' he exclaimed. 'The idea of going out in this weather!'

'You came out in it,' she returned.

'Like a fool, I came to see you,' he answered, crossly.

'Has mother been anxious?' Shirley asked.

'I believe she was until your friend came bustling around here, to tell us of all the wonders he had done. I had a jolly good mind to kick him out.'

'And why?'

'The hot blood was tingling in her cheeks. 'Because I object to the fellow.'

'Well, you can make yourself happy—he is going away.'

'I could have told you that. It is about time he cleared out of this place. We don't want those sort of fellows loafing about.'

Shirley regarded him with darkened, angry eyes, and a contemptuous curl of the lip, which irritated him more than any words could have done.

He followed her into the drawing-room, where an afternoon tea table had been placed near the fire.

The room looked warm and cosy, and two people might have spent a pleasant hour or so there, had they only been the right two.

Gilbert kicked a footstool out of his way and frightened the cat from the rug, where it had been blinking and purring in the warmth.

Shirley at once picked it up and kissed it, wondering, as she did so, if anyone could be more odious than her companion.

'Put that wretched animal down,' he commanded. 'If I had my way, every cat should be shot.'

'It is rather a good thing for the cats that you can't have your own way,' she responded coldly.

'I'll declare every beast that comes near me,' he declared, wrathfully.

She gave a little disdainful laugh.

'How bad tempered you are! Do you know, I am growing rather tired of your tempers.'

'You'll have to put up with them, anyhow,' he returned, surlily.

'Don't make too sure about that,' she said, a tremor of indignation in her voice. 'I am not afraid of that threat,' he sneered. 'I am not afraid of your jilting me.'

The maid came in with the tea.

Shirley talked to the cat while she was in the room. When the girl had gone, she said, in a gentler tone—

'I don't think we suit one another, Gilbert. You would be happier without me.'

'Oh, I don't know that!' he said. 'If you would be jolly and nice—as you were in the summer—it would be all right.'

'But I can't be. I—I have got out of all that, somehow.'

'That's nonsense. There is no reason why you should be different. I am just the same.'

She wondered if he really was the same.

He had not seemed so objectionable then as he did now—or was it she alone who had altered?'

'Anyone would think,' he said, 'that you were in love with some other fellow.'

He looked at her, suspiciously; but the dusk was closing in, and the firelight was fitful, so that he did not see the vivid scarlet which overspread her face.

'No one with any sense would think that,' she replied, after a momentary pause.

'They—they might believe that I did not love you.'

'That is just about the truth of it,' he cried sulkily. 'You are marrying me for what I can give you, and I am marrying you because I'm an idiot, I suppose.'

'It is all a mistake,' Shirley said. 'Neither of us is happy—let us end it now—let us be friends again—we were very happy as friends.'

Her low sweet voice was full of entreaty.

He hesitated—then shook his head.

'I don't care about being pointed at as the fellow you jilted. Neither should I care far to be thought that I jilted you. No; it can't be done.'

'What does it matter what people think?' she argued. 'Surely our lives are of more consequence.'

'It isn't so serious as all that,' he said, helping himself to a piece of cake. 'No doubt we shall be right enough. I am not at all sure that I want to give you up. Only, you rile a fellow so.'

'The whole thing is a mockery—if you intend to go on with it. I don't—I can't. Have is your ring.'

'A CHATHAM LADY
Tells How Her Health Came Back.

There are too many women who suffer dreadful backaches, pain in the side and headaches, who are weak, nervous and run down, whose life, energy and animation seem gone. Here's a lady who was cured by

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. Mary Bourdon, King St., Chatham, Ont., says: 'For some months I have been afflicted with nervousness and general debility. Going upstairs would produce a great shortness of breath and a tired, exhausted feeling. I had palpitation and fluttering of the heart, and for months have not been well or strong. Until I took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I almost despaired of a cure. I have only taken one full box, and now feel splendid.'

My nerves are strong, all the heart troubles are completely removed, the shortness of breath has vanished, and the constant tired out, all gone feeling is a thing of the past. It is needless to say that I esteem this remedy the best in the world for heart and nerve troubles.'

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A CHATHAM LADY
Tells How Her Health Came Back.

There are too many women who suffer dreadful backaches, pain in the side and headaches, who are weak, nervous and run down, whose life, energy and animation seem gone. Here's a lady who was cured by

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. Mary Bourdon, King St., Chatham, Ont., says: 'For some months I have been afflicted with nervousness and general debility. Going upstairs would produce a great shortness of breath and a tired, exhausted feeling. I had palpitation and fluttering of the heart, and for months have not been well or strong. Until I took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I almost despaired of a cure. I have only taken one full box, and now feel splendid.'

My nerves are strong, all the heart troubles are completely removed, the shortness of breath has vanished, and the constant tired out, all gone feeling is a thing of the past. It is needless to say that I esteem this remedy the best in the world for heart and nerve troubles.'

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or \$3 for 25 boxes, at all druggists.

