

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE CONSOLIDATED CASE

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS ALL POINT TO SETTLEMENT.

Some of the incidents connected with the proceedings—the judges and Mr. Pugsley have several interesting bouts—men who are now out of a job.

The celebrated consolidated case this week took a new turn and it looks as though it is to be settled. The history of the rise and fall of electrical companies in this city is an interesting story, and a sad story to a good many who placed their trust and their dollars in the defunct Eastern, New Brunswick and old Railway companies. The rapid fall of these companies and the prosperity of the present electric lighting and traction company are good commentaries on what bad management can do.

Some hundreds of thousands were invested in these companies by local and foreign stockholders but on that eventful day when it was sold at Chubb's corner three or four years ago the whole thing brought only some \$90,000 odd.

Then ensued the legal complications and dramatic incidents which made up the history of the consolidated case, and the litigations will make quite a hole in the \$90,000, so that bond holders and lien holders will get but a fraction of their claims while the stockholders lose all they subscribed in the companies.

In the course of the equity proceedings relative to the distribution of the moneys it suddenly became known that Mr. Pugsley, trustee for certain bondholders, had obtained from the Receiver General of the province \$46,000 of the amount and he had obtained it on the strength of an order issued by Mr. Justice Hanington, judge in equity. He placed the money to the credit of his personal account in the Bank of British North America.

Thereupon arose a hullabaloo. Judge Hanington claimed he had not issued such an order and Mr. Stenographer Fry's accuracy as an officer of the court was brought into question. The late C. W. Weldon was appointed a commissioner to enquire into Mr. Fry's conduct in the matter and the latter was exonerated.

Then proceedings were instituted by certain bond holders to recover the money from Mr. Pugsley. The latter claimed that he had the money as trustee for certain bondholders, that he had it at interest, and that he was perfectly justified in keeping it. Furthermore, as much as gave the judges to understand that he intended to keep it in the interests of the bondholders, until the apportionment was made of the amount and until also, what concerned him deeply, his own costs were settled.

It did not appear, however, in this light to the judges. The money had been placed in the hands of the provincial authorities, the credit of the province was at stake, and the way the bondholders were clamoring for their money made it appear as though Mr. Pugsley's championship of their cause was self-assumed.

On several occasions the judges have sailed for Mr. Pugsley in right royal style and a couple of weeks ago they gave him a beautiful dressing down, expressing their indignation with no uncertain sound.

From the Supreme court bench Judge Hanington said it was a scandal throughout the land, and the proceedings were an attempt to perpetuate a gross fraud by means of the court.

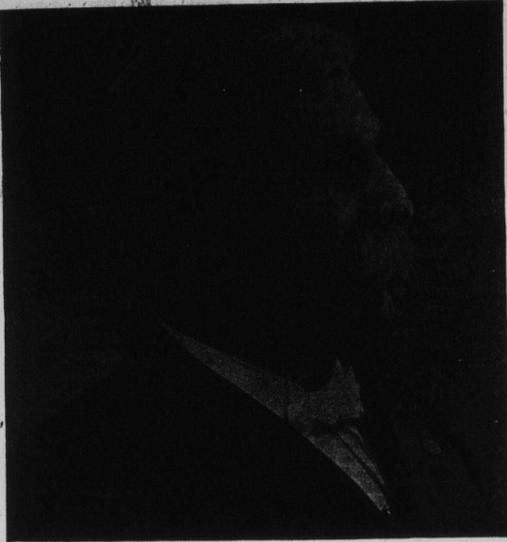
Judge Barker likened it to a comedy of errors, and Mr. Pugsley's dual position to the case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

The Chief Justice, Judge Vanwart and Judge Landry also condemned the proceedings most emphatically, and when it was stated that Mr. Pugsley had given notes for certain liens the court was amazed that the province and the courts, though some one claiming to act for them, should have to descend to giving promissory notes. The idea was evidently to them novel and laughable.

Mr. McLean demanded that Mr. Pugsley be examined before the bar of the house. The result of the out-burst has been to bring the matter to a culmination. The Chief Justice has taken it in hand and on Monday of this week he was in consultation with Messrs Pugsley and McLean arranging a settlement. This was effected and by it Mr. Pugsley must within three months give security for the payment of the money to the bond-holders. They will therefore get it in time, but the litigation will probably have taken a good slice out of it for Mr. Pugsley did not neglect the matter of

THE END OF HIS CRUSADE.

A Portrait of Francis Murphy, The Famous Temperance Lecturer Who Has Been Here Two Weeks.



Probably by the time PROGRESS reaches its readers, Francis Murphy will have finished his work in St. John. This week he has lectured under the auspices of the temperance societies and the financial arrangements have been of a different character. There seems to have been some difference between Mr. Murphy and the gentleman who brought him here, Mr. Morley McLaughlin, but the public have not been taken into their confidence to any great extent and perhaps it is just as well. It is regrettable that there should have been any hitch that hindered for an hour the progress of such an excellent crusade.

Still the value of silver collections as mixed collections has been fairly well determined. The best assistance in the Mechanics Institute only contributed a few cents over \$41 to the good cause and the

costs in the arrangement of the settlement. The matter of the payment of costs is to be dealt with by the chief justice.

It is another case of the celebrated Jauridice stripe and its counterpart locally in the famous Hunter will case. It one were to go into the matter of costs it will be found that the legal expenses of the equity and supreme court proceedings during the dozens of hearings, the cost of preparing the numerous lengthy documents, and the printed cases, the expenses of the receivership and of the various commissions to deal with matters here and to take evidence abroad, will have eaten up considerable of that \$90,000.

But it is certainly satisfactory that this will all stop now and that there will probably be nothing more about this case, and the enterprising legal lights of the city will have to look up some other big cases for pickings.

THE MILITIA TROUBLES.

Where did General Gascoigne get his Bonus Information?

HALIFAX, Nov. 25.—Appropos of the militia troubles in this city a story is being told at the expense of the present occupant of Bellevue, General Montgomery-Moore. It is something like this:

A well-known politician, a native of Nova Scotia and now resident in British Columbia, was dining with the general. In the course of the conversation the Canadian militia came under discussion. The story goes that the general expressed himself in general terms but somewhat strongly in adverse criticism of the militia.

Desirous of knowing more particularly what it was on which this harsh criticism was based the politician, in all innocence asked:

"Is it because the militia have not seen active service that you have not a higher opinion of their qualities?"

There was a very awkward pause after this query; the politician did not know why but the reason is that the general himself is free of all personal experience of the rear of an enemy's camp. He would like to have seen a battle and render him

temperance societies. The evening's lecture at Carleton which is a stronghold of temperance yielded the munificent sum of \$20 while Fairville sent \$16 from its audience. How Mr. McLaughlin could pay Mr. Murphy \$250 per week out of such a response is hard to understand. And so both of them seemed to think and conclude.

At any rate Mr. Morphy went to a temperance hotel. The Clifton, and the ladies of the W. C. T. U. have carried their point in that direction. Incidentally it may be remarked that the famous lecturer says that he thought he was coming here with the approval and endorsement of the leading churches and temperance societies. On the strength of a telegram he received from Mr. McLaughlin, but that it turned out otherwise as no such understanding had been arrived at.

horns de combat. The story is merely given for what it is worth.

Did the 66th P. L. F. officers act the part of wise men in resigning because they believed themselves insulted by General Gascoigne? This is a question that is now causing as much discussion as the results of the G. O. C. There are those who say the officers could have done nothing else as honorable men than throw up their commissions, while others take a different view, holding that they should have stayed with the battalion and thus remained in a position to seek an investigation from the militia department. There is much to be said on both sides. After resigning, strictly speaking the officers have no right whatever to come forward seeking redress. They took all the redress by their own act. The affair has the look of a strike. But the greater portion of the community incline to the view that the resignation was the manly course, and the course, after all, most likely to quickly obtain for them the vindication they sought. Even if the officers were carried away by a wave of excitement, and acted somewhat rashly in resigning wholesale their very impetuosity will have a good result in respecting the powers that be with a sense of the importance of the case.

Whether their action was wise or not the officers had a chance to withdraw their resignations, a chance they refused to take. The resignations were handed to the D. O. C. but that officer did not send them to Ottawa for several days. He held them, knowing the minister of militia was only a few miles away. On Sunday, at a conference between Hon. Dr. Borden and some of the ex-officers the suggestion was made, with the minister's full concurrence, that they withdraw the resignations on a pledge of a prompt investigation. But the officers were obstinate and would not retreat one inch. They declined to withdraw, and insisted that investigation take place first, and if victory perched on their banners at the inquiry then they might be induced to don their uniforms once more. There the matter stands, therefore, and nothing now remains but to await the investigation and to watch for its outcome.

The man who likes betting would have a pretty sure thing in wagering that the 66th will come out on top and that Belloc, as General Gascoigne will be asked to make some kind of mild amende honorable.

ASKING FOR INCREASE.

CITY OFFICIALS WHO THINK THEY NEED MORE SALARY.

The T. R. A. agitation seems to be having its reaction now—Next Year the Tax Bills Will be Greatly Increased—The Fire Dept's Appointments.

Every movement has its reaction and the T. R. A. agitation in civic affairs seems to be having its reaction now. When the Tax Reduction scheme set in there was to be no further increase in the city debt and economy was to be exercised in the matter of salaries and current expenditure for city services.

But alas, for such resolutions. In the last couple of years the debt has been increased more, probably, than in any two years of the city's history. The Sand Point works will add something like \$300,000 to the \$3,000,000 odd of present bonded indebtedness. Very few will be found to object to the expenditure, however, for though it brings no direct revenue to the city now it will in time in the shape of wharfage, etc., when the freight business has become well established. In the meantime it is creating a lot of work at Carleton during the winter season and a small population is employed there day by day in the work of loading and unloading the steamers.

But next year the tax bills will be increased no inconsiderable item. For the last three or four years as a result of T. R. A. agitation the tax rate has stood at 1.46, it having been previously 1.50; next year it will jump back to and beyond the old figure and it would not be a rash estimate to say that it will be \$1.52 per hundred.

In view of this the application of three or four officials for increases in salary would not seem to be opportune. On Monday Director of Safety, Wisely, and Chief Engineer Kerr of the fire department asked for an advance of \$300 each in their salaries, making them both \$1200, the old figures before the reform council got in their prancing work. The safety board decided to recommend the increase without much ado, but on Tuesday when Street Superintendent Martin asked for a similar increase from \$1,000 to \$1,200 before the Board of Works, a different mode of procedure was adopted. On motion of Ald. Daniel it was decided to recommend that the application be handed over by the common council to a special committee to report on.

These matters were dealt with in common council yesterday and at this writing (Thursday) it seems quite probable that all three applications will be handed to the special committee. Retrenchment, in view of the big expenditure at Sand Point, is more necessary now than it was in 1893, and it is hardly likely that the increase will be voted. It is also said that City Engineer Peters is asking for an addition of \$300 to his present salary of \$1080. As he is to get a bonus this year of \$500, however, this also will hardly be looked upon with favor.

That much disputed fire department appointment, the story of which was told in PROGRESS two or three weeks ago, is not settled yet. There were three motions before the Safety Board on Monday. One was that Wm. Taylor be appointed which was lost on the casting vote of chairman McGoldrick; another that Wm. Donahue, Chief Kerr's appointee, be engaged which was lost, only three voting ay; and the third that the matter be laid over, which was carried.

It was rather a peculiar proceeding and the board are no nearer a solution of the difficulty than before. Both candidates' applications were voted down, so it looks as though they did not want either man. Then whom do they want? Some of the aldermen will have to change their views before the meeting to be held next week to further consider the question if they are to arrive at a decision.

There are nine members of the Board of Safety and they were all present at the meeting. In the case of each nominee five opposed the nomination. Chairman McGoldrick, Ald. McPherson, Waring, Parry and Hamm opposed Wm. Taylor's nomination and Ald. Tutts, McMulkin, McArthur, Smith, and Parry opposed Wm. Donahue's nomination. Ald. Parry opposed both nominees but at the next meeting he will necessarily have to support one or the other. He has the balance of power. If he votes for Donahue along with Ald. Waring, McPherson, and Hamm

there will be a tie vote and Chairman McGoldrick will give the casting vote for Donahue. If on the other hand he votes for Taylor with Ald. McArthur, McMulkin, Tutts and Smith, the latter will get the nomination of the board and Ald. McArthur will have gained the point for which he has been fighting so earnestly.

A FREDICAL LOCATED.

Through "Progress" a Father Hears of His Long-Absent Son.

"A dozen years ago or more a raw looking Cape Breton on sat amid the clicking instruments in the Western Union Telegraph office here and rattled out 'fimy' for the newspapers and all the various tales of finance, war, love and activity that the telegraphic wires tell. He did not shine while he was here and was looked upon as somewhat erratic. But fighiness is a sign of genius sometimes and though it may not have proved so in this case it has at least shown considerable cleverness. His name was George Philpots and he remained here but three or four years. Then he sought the wider sphere of the United States and soon eschewed tripping the light fantastic on the keyboards of the clicker to take up the pen. He has met with success and is one of Uncle Sam's typical journalists with all the versatility that distinguishes them. He writes for the Sunday papers, and dishes up humor and racy description for the omniverous American public. But he has essayed higher high than this, for he is novelist and play wright as well, and has turned out some clever novels and plays and some catchy operettas. He has acted in some of his own plays too. But he has not imbibed only of the froth from the cup that the gods of letters hold out. He has essayed the more serious work of journalism as editor and leader writer. The old time Western Union boy wears the name of GEORGE PHILPOTS no longer. By legislative enactment he had it changed to George Vere Hobart and under that euphonious title his weekly contributions to the Sunday papers may be found."

Under the caption "Nova Scotia Abroad" the above recently appeared in the Editorial columns of PROGRESS. It tells the story of a provincialist success abroad, and adds one more name to the long list of Nova Scotians who have won fame and honor in the neighbouring republic. Of the thousands who read the paragraph only a very few perhaps gave a second thought to George Philpots, or, as he is now known, George Vere Hobart. PROGRESS heard the tale and recorded it in the usual way, glad to tell of the success that had come to one who had even for a brief season made this city his home. Forgotten as soon as written, it was yet destined to be invested with a pathetic interest, and the sequel will appeal more to the reader than did the original story.

A week ago from distant Fort Hawkesburg, Cape Breton, there came to PROGRESS the letter which follows, and which tells in its own way the tale of a son's forgetfulness of the old father and mother in the provincial home, waiting day after day for news from the boy in the "States"—news that never came until it reached them through a news paragraph written by chance.

In the hurry and bustle of newspaper life there is little time for indulging in sentiment, but a very few moments after the receipt of the letter every member of the staff was busily and eagerly looking up all they knew about "George Vere Hobart," and a few hours later a letter was on its way to the old father in the Cape Breton home. Following is the letter received from Port Hawkesbury:

PORT HAWKESBURY, Nov. 15, 1897.
EDITOR PROGRESS:—A few days ago a friend of mine gave me a copy of PROGRESS and in looking over its editorial column I noticed an item commenting on "a raw looking Cape Bretonian who sat at the clicker of the W. U. Telegraph office" etc. Sir, I ask you as a favor if you can possibly do it, to give me the address or whereabouts of the man referred to, G. V. Hobart Philpots, as I have not heard from him for many years and I am a very close relative, his father. If you exchange papers with any on which he works please send me copy; or any clue to his place of abode will be thankfully received, by your obedient servant,
ANGUS PHILPOT.

Beautiful Roses.

Mrs. W. H. Jones, the Germain Street florist, makes an unusually brilliant display this autumn: she has two rose houses at Torryburn that are dreams of floral beauty, and her establishment in the city is well stocked with that beautiful flower. Her Thanksgiving trade was unusually large this year and she has shipped many orders to different parts of the province.

1897.
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NOTICE.

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Railway.

4th Oct. 1897
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ST. JOHN

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AT ST. JOHN:
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..... 15.00
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..... 24.20

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GER,
General Manager.
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AMONG THE SOCIETIES

A SECTOR OF THE MASONIC ORDER IN ST. JOHN.

Men Who Were the Founders of Free Masonry in This City—What the Charters Read Like—Some Interesting Facts and Figures About the Order.

In the year 1865 some of the leading masons of this city conceived the idea of making the city the home of freemasonry for the Province of New Brunswick. One of them received the degrees of the Cryptic Rite in a council of Royal and Select Masters at Baltimore, U. S. A., and in 1867 the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters for New Brunswick was organized, being materially aided in the good work by the Grand Council of the State of Maine. This is the pioneer Grand Council for Canada.

In 1867 the same brother received the degrees of the A. & A. S. rite, fourth to thirty-second, at the Masonic Temple in the city of Boston under special arrangement made with the respective bodies of the Scottish Rite in that city working under the authority of the Supreme Council of the northern jurisdiction of the United States of America.

The Moore Chapter of Sovereign Princes of Rose Croix. H. R. D. M. was organized and consecrated in the Masonic Hall, Princess Street, on the 4th of April, 1870, under the authority of the following charter:

Universi Terrarum Orbis architectoni ad Gloriam Ingen'is Deus Meumque Jus—Orbo ab Chao.

From the east of the Supreme Grand Council of the Sov. Grand Inspectors General of the Thirty-third Degree of the ancient and accepted Rite of Free Masonry for England and Wales and the Dependencies of Great Britain, under the C. C. of the Zenth near the B. B. answering to 51° 30' N. Lat. and 6° W., Meridian of Greenwich.

To our Illustrious Princes and Knights Grand Ineffable and Sublime, Free and Accepted Masons of all degrees, Ancient and Modern, over the surface of the two hemispheres.

To all whom these presents may come—Greeting:

Health, Stability, Power,

Know Ye, That we, the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, lawfully and constitutionally established at our Grand East, London, in Supreme Council of the 33rd and last degree of the ancient and accepted Rite of Free Masonry, and duly congregated this 14th day of Jiar, Anno Hebraicis 5628, Anno Lucis 5872, which corresponds to the 6th day of May, Anno Christi 1868, A. Ords. 750, and A. M. 554 at our Grand Council Chamber, a Sacred Asylum where reign

Union, Contentment, Wisdom.

Do by these Presents declare that we have duly considered and accepted a petition from the Ills. B. Robert Marshall, 32 degree, Christopher Bassant, 18 degree, Colin McKenzie, 18 degree; David G. Smith, 32 degree; W. J. B. McLeod Moore, 33 degree; and Thomas Douglas Harington 33 degrees, and have ordered the same to be deposited in the archives of our council.

Wherefore be it known, that we hereby authorize and empower our trusty and well beloved brethren Robert Marshall, Christopher Bassant, Colin McKenzie, David G. Smith, W. J. B. McLeod Moore, and Thomas Douglas Harington, to constitute and hold a Sovereign Chapter Rose Croix of Harodim, at St. John, New Brunswick, Dominion of Canada, under the title of the "Moore Chapter of Sovereign Princes Rose Croix, H. R. D. M." and in conjunction therewith, and in subordination thereto to hold a meeting or lodge in each of the several ineffable degrees from the fourth to the fourteenth inclusive, and to confer therein respectively the degrees thereto belonging viz:—

- 4th—Secret Master.
 - 5th—Perfect Master.
 - 6th—Intimate Secretary.
 - 7th—Provost and Judge.
 - 8th—Intendant of the Buildings.
 - 9th—Elected Knight of nine.
 - 10th—Illustrious Knight of Fifteen.
 - 11th—Sublime Knight Elect.
 - 12th—Grand Master Architect.
 - 13th—Ancient Master of the Royal Arch.
 - 14th—Grand Elect and Perfect Master and Sublime Mason.
- Also power and authority to hold councils in the 15th and 16th and 17th degrees, and to confer therein the degrees thereto belonging, viz:—
- 15th—Knight of the East or the Sword,
 - 16th—Prince of Jerusalem.
 - 17th—Knight of the East and West; and finally power and authority to hold a Royal Chapter Rose Croix of H. R. D. M., and to confer therein the degree of Perfect Prince Rose Croix H. R. D. M., or Knight of the White Eagle and Pelican.
- Provided always, and it is hereby en-

joined, in pain of expulsion and forfeiture of the powers hereby conferred:—

That every candidate shall be a Master Mason, duly received and initiated into Masonry. That he shall have taken and signed the Obligation of Allegiance, to the Supreme Council; and that such Obligation of Allegiance, with particulars of residence, profession, etc., shall be duly forwarded to the Grand Secretary General of the Supreme Grand Council.

That the time and place of meeting of the Lodges and Councils in the several degrees be likewise forwarded for registry to the said illustrious grand secretary and that all fees for registry and certificates be faithfully paid.

That a copy of all Bye-Laws be similarly forwarded for approval and registration and that no Bye-Laws shall be valid until a copy of the same shall have been so sent for the sanction of the Supreme Grand Council.

That the ancient laws and constitutions of the order, and the decrees of the supreme grand council, be duly practiced and enforced, and that any member or members offending against the same be expelled, unless, upon appeal to the supreme council, such decision be reversed or altered.

And we hereby proclaim such chapter to be registered under the title of the Moore Chapter Sovereign Princes Rose Croix of H. R. D. M., and we proclaim our illustrious brother Robert Marshall 32 degree, to be the most wise sovereign thereof, deputing to him in conjunction with the aforesaid trusty and well beloved brethren, to establish the same in conformity with the ancient laws and constitutions of the order.

In witness whereof, we, the undersigned sovereigns, grand inspectors-general, members of the supreme council of the 32nd degree for England and Wales and the Dependencies of the British crown, have hereunto subscribed our names, and have affixed hereto the grand seal of the illustrious order.

- Henry A. Boyer, 33°, Sovereign Grand Commander.
- H. C. Vernon, 33°, Grand Treasurer.
- Nathl. Geo. Philips, 33°, Grand Secretary General.
- W. J. B. McLeod Moore, 33°, S. G. I. G., Past Rep'v. &c.
- T. Douglas Harington, Sovereign Grand Inspector General Representative of the S. G. Council of Canada.

[seal.] In the year 1870 the before-mentioned illustrious Brother Robert Marshall was crowned of the 33° and an active member of the Supreme Council of England, and the Harington Sovereign Consistory of S. P. R. S. 19 to 32 was organized and consecrated in the Masonic Hall, Princess street under charter from the Supreme General Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors General of the thirty third degree, Ancient and Accepted Rite for England and Wales and the Colonial Dependencies of Great Britain.

This charter authorizes Mr. Marshall to open a Consistory of Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret and a Sovereign Tribunal of Grand Inspectors Inquisitors Commanders; and to open a Chapter of Grand Elected Knights, K. H., and to confer the degrees thereto belonging, viz. A Grand Pontiff, Venerable Grand Master, Patriarch Noachite Prince of Libanus, Chief of the Tabernacle, Prince of the Tabernacle, Knight of the Brazen Serpent, Prince of Mercy, Commander of the Temple, Knight of the Sun, Knight of St. Andrew, and illustrious and Sublime Grand Elected Knight, K. H.

On the 9th October, 1872, Brother Marshall was appointed Representative for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, under the authority of patent from the Sovereign Grand Inspectors General.

On April 12th, 1873, the Supreme Council of England and Wales, and the Dependencies of Great Britain confirmed the organization of the Grand Council of the Thirty-third degree for the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

- Robert Marshall, 31°, Representative Supreme Council of England, etc.
- James Donville, 33°, S. G. I. G.
- David Ransom Munro, 33°, S. S. I. S.
- H. Williams Chisholm, 33°, S. G. I. G.
- Registrar to Grand Council.
- Alfred D. Goodwin, 32°, S. P. R. S.

In October, 1874, the Supreme Council of the 33° of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite for the Dominion of Canada was organized and consecrated at Ottawa under a special warrant of authority granted to illustrious brethren T. D. Harington, Robert Marshall and J. W. Murton by the Supreme Council of England and

Windsor Salt
Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

Wales and the Dependencies of the British Crown.

In 1876 the formal union of the chapter of Kadash 4 degrees to 32 degrees of the obediences of the Supreme Council of Scotland working under the city of St. John under such authority until the year 1874 took place and the united bodies formed the Saint John Lodge of Perfection 4 degrees to 14 degrees, the Harington Sovereign Chapter of Rose Croix 15 degrees to 18 degrees and the New Brunswick Consistory 19 degrees to 32 degrees, Nova Scotia consenting to take out a separate warrant for the Nova Scotia Consistory S. P. R. S. 4 degrees to 32 degrees.

The surviving members of the Thirty-Third degree of New Brunswick today are illustrious brethren Robert Marshall, John V. Ellis, James Donville, Francis Partridge, W. H. Thorne, and John D. Chipman. There are in the whole of Canada about 34 thirty-third degree masons.

CURING DYSPEPSIA

Is Simplicity Itself when Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are Used

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets don't cause feverish over-stimulation of the digestive organs. Their effect is to strengthen and re-invigorate the stomach, while they are digesting the food.

In effect, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets say to the worn-out, exhausted stomach: "You take a day off. Let me do your work for a while; you just take it easy, and rest." Then they go to work, and the effect is marvellous.

The food is digested, dyspepsia disappears, indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, etc., vanish. The stomach grows strong, healthy, vigorous, able to digest any food supplied to it. The blood becomes pure, the nerves that were shattered by indigestion or dyspepsia become steady and healthy, and the irritable, fault-finding man or woman becomes pleasant, genial, and sunny-natured. All because he or she uses Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and the smaller tablets that are in every box.

The manner in which these charges are made is simplicity itself. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets act in place of the stomach, till the stomach regains its strength. At the same time they tone it up and nourish it. Try the treatment yourself. Give your stomach a holiday. Give Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a chance. They positively do the work.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, each box containing a full double treatment, for stomach and bowels, are for sale by all druggists, or will be sent on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

How They Met.

Two freight engines collided near the Kentucky town of Whitlock recently. Both were pretty badly damaged, and one engineer was discharged for carelessness and disobedience of orders. The funniest thing about the matter was the answer of the disobedient engineer to the other, who asked: "Didn't you have orders to meet me at Whitlock?" "Well, confound it, hain't I met you?" said the engineer who caused the head-on collision.—Philadelphia Record.

Prepare Yourself

properly for a business life. The person who does not have a business education now sees the need of it. Thorough and practical instructions by correspondence Lesson free.

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

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WANTED \$5 PER HUNDRED (Or 8 Cents each) allowed for collecting your neighbors' names and addresses. Blank books holding 500 names and full instructions 10 cents. E. Smith's Directory, 112 Broadview, Toronto Ont.

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

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

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our waterproof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPF, 29 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Robesay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the "Tins" property about one and a half miles from Robesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24 6-11

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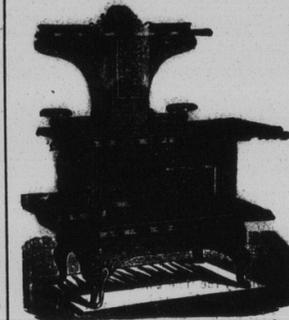
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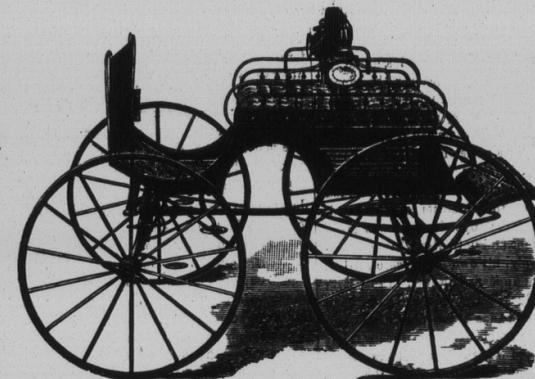
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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. The advent of Evan Williams who is designated the greatest tenor singer in the United States and who will appear in concert at the Opera house on the 1st and 2nd, December is creating not a little quiet excitement and active desire in local musical circles. To be named the greatest tenor in the United States, is asserting a great deal, but in respect to Mr. Williams one is forced to accept the assertion as fact in view of the unanimous sentiment of the general press references to him and his work, in all the cities where he has been heard. Coming here as Mr. Williams does for the first time and with his great prestige, it is not to be wondered at that there should be a very general desire to hear him. This desire is indicated by the advance sale of seats which opened on Wednesday, and which is so extensive already that it must be very satisfactory to the management. It behooves every lover of good music rendered in a superior manner, to be on the alert and in good season to select their seats for one or other of these concerts.

Great as the desire to hear Mr. Williams may be, there is also special interest manifested in the coming concerts, because of the fact that Mrs. Fred G. Spencer is to take part in the programme. This lady has not been heard in public concert for a long time past, during which she has been studying hard under the efficient teaching of Madame D'Arna in New York. This department has previously suggested that Mrs. Spencer's singing at this concert would be a surprise. It will in fact be a sort of debut for her, because when previously heard and always admired, she sang alto, she will next be heard as a soprano, while all the richness of her original alto tones has been preserved. I understand that Mr. Williams and Mrs. Spencer will sing one or more duets in the programme. Other local talent will participate, lending additional pleasure to the occasions.

Centenary Church was crowded last Sunday evening. A choice musical programme was anticipated and Miss Thompson of Fredericton sang a solo during the evening.

Special musical services have been arranged in several of the city churches for Thanksgiving day. This was notably the case in respect to Germain Street Baptist church, the quartette of which, in admirable form, rendered selected pieces.

Tones and Undertones.

It is said that both Patti and Calve have expressed a desire to sing "Tribby" in Leoncavallo's opera of that name.

Madame Scacchi the prima donna is making a concert tour in the Southern states.

Sousa will take his band of sixty pieces to London about 1st, May next. They will play about six weeks in England, Ireland and Scotland and then make an extensive tour in Germany, France, Italy and other countries. They will be absent from the United States about twenty-five weeks.

Mrs. Alice Bates Rice will create the leading soprano role in "Athalie" the French play to be given shortly in Cambridge, the Cecilia Club with full orchestra under B. J. Lang will render the music. Mrs. Rice (nee Alice Bates) is a fine soprano and was heard here some years ago with Gilbert in operatic selections in the Institute. She is slight but is the embodiment of music.

H. Lucius Chase has been engaged by the Cecilia Club of Boston to sing the great baritone part in Max Bruch's "Odysseus" on Dec. 2nd.

The opera season to be given at the New York Metropolitan Opera house under the direction of Walter Damrosch and Charles A. Ellis will commence on Jan. 18 and continue five weeks. The full list of the singers is, soprano and contraltos, Mmes. Melba, Gadski, Batna, Seygard, Fronto, Stuidig, Mattfeld, Van Castron, and Nordica; tenors, M. M. Ibos, Rothmahl, Salignac, Brun Van Hoesse, Vanni, and Kraus; baritones, M. M. Campanari, Standig, Stehmann, and Bishamp; basses, M. M. Boudouresque, Rains, Vivianza, and Fischer; the conductors are Mr. Damrosch and Signor Bimboni. The following is the repertoire: 'Barber of Seville,' 'Cavaleria Rusticana,' 'Romeo and Juliette,' 'Aida,' 'Faust,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Rigoletto,' 'Scartot Letter,' 'Mason,' 'Lucia,' 'Flying Dutchman,' 'Tristan and Isolde,' 'Das Rheingold,' 'Die Walkure,' 'Siegfried,' and 'Die Götterdämmerung.'

The Montreal Philharmonic society, Mr. G. Conture, conductor, will give the fifteenth performance of "The Messiah" Dec.

28, and at the annual spring festival in March or April will give at its first concert Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." The programme for the second concert which will be a matinee has not yet been decided upon. At the third concert Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" is to be given. Mr. Conture, the conductor, is to give Ciser Franck's "Messe Solennelle" at the Christmas service at the cathedral and is to give Michael's "Joseph" on the stage with amateurs. The latter will not be given until the end of the season. The season of the Boston Symphony orchestra is proving a very prosperous one, and the patrons are enjoying some of the best concerts which have been known in the history of this Boston institution. Miss Gertrude May Stein was the soloist this week at the Friday afternoon rehearsal and the Saturday evening concert. The programme will be:

Serenade.....Brahms
Aria, "Jeune d'Ac".....Tchikowsky
Symphony.....Mrs. E. H. A. Beach
Aria from "Rienzi".....Wagner
Selection from "The Damnation of Faust".....Berlioz

The programme for the Symphony concerts last week was as follows: Mozart's symphony in D major, Paderewski's concerto for pianoforte, Dvorak's suite in D major, and Auber's overture to "Carlo Broschi." Mr. Alberto Jonas was the soloist.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The stage at the opera house this week has been occupied by that talented actress Miss Ethel Tucker and her sister Miss Lillian Tucker, who are supported by Mr. William Richards and Charles A. Vaughn's comedy company. The opening piece was "Led Astray" and the admiration that Miss Ethel Tucker's work always creates was but intensified by the careful manner in which she played the role of the romantic young wife. Miss Lillian Tucker had the ingenious role and gave an excellent interpretation of the character. Mr. William Richards played the part of the easy going fun loving husband very well indeed for so young an actor. In fact this gentleman's work shows an improvement that is astonishing when one considers that it is the result of study, and but two years careful training. He has already become what may well be called "a promising young actor," and his Captain Letterblair in "A Soldier of Fortune" and Armand in "Camille" were real surprises. Mr. Owen of the supporting company is an actor of no little theatrical experience. He is an Englishman, and has played in Australia, India and Japan, from which latter country he arrived only a short time since. He does all his work carefully, and has made a wonderfully good impression. He has just enough of an English accent to lend additional charm to his full rich voice. Miss Mary Horne, a handsome young lady made an instantaneously favorable impression by her work in "Led Astray," and her songs elicited much applause. Another pretty girl of the company is Miss Maloney who in the opening piece had a somewhat thankless part to play but she did it consistently throughout. Mr. Moore, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Prince all do very good work. On Friday night Miss Ethel Tucker was seen in her great impersonation of "Leah" with Mr. Owen as Nathan the apostate.

The engagement closes with the performance tonight. The company play a week's engagement in Fredericton at the new opera house in that city, beginning on Monday evening next. The specialties are of good character not the least attractive being the "baby Patti" as she is called.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company having closed a phenomenally successful engagement in Fredericton, are playing in Biddford Me. this week.

H. Price Webber, and Miss Edwina Gray are playing in Prince Edward Island this week. They are booked at the Opera House in this city for Christmas and New Years day.

"Charley's Aunt" that play of laughable incidents is on at the Castle Square theatre Boston this week.

On the 6th December Margaret Mather will begin an engagement at the Boston theatre appearing in "Cymbeline."

Miss Ethel Barrymore the young daughter of Maurice and the late George Drew Barrymore is winning honors in London. She plays an important role in Henry Irving's new play "Peter the Great" with which he opens his season at the Lyceum theatre London.

Gillette who made such a success by taking the play "Secret Service" to England intends to take another American company over there in March next to present "Too Much Johnstone."

E. H. Sothorn it is said will not revive "Change Alley" but will appear in his repertoire the rest of the season. Next autumn he proposes producing a new play by Anthony Hope.

Last Monday evening marked the 50th,

BABY'S SKIN

In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so sweet, so safe, so speedy, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, and hair, and eradicating every humor, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

Cuticura

EVERY HUMOR



H. Evan Williams.

performance of "The Girl from Paris" and a souvenir in the shape of a beautiful enamel mantle clock was presented to every lady occupant of a reserved seat.

Dramatic critics in New York say that John Drew's play "A Marriage of Convenience" is the prettiest play that actor has ever had.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will play "The Heart of Maryland" at the Adelphi theatre London next spring and will also produce there a new play by Belasco.

Viola Allen's dresses in "Under the Red Robe" are patterned after plates and pictures taken directly from some of the noted historical paintings in the famous French galleries and are not only superb examples of the modiste's art but are almost exact copies of dresses worn by ladies of the French nobility in the early part of the seventeenth century.

Katherine Florence (Mrs. Fritz Williams) has left the "Never Again" company to accept an engagement with Charles Frohman for his forthcoming production of "The Princess and the Butterfly."

It is said that Julia Arthur intends giving a great scenic production of "Camille."

Madame Bernhardt has accepted a new social piece by Octave Mirabeau, entitled "Leo Mauvais Berges" in which she will not appear until the third act. She wants to disprove the charge that she dwarfs her cast, and that a long role is needful for success. In "Meg Merrilies" the lady who plays the title role does not appear until the third act. Bernhardt thus has a precedent.

Augustin Daly has returned to New York. While in Berlin he secured a new comedy with which he will open his regular season next month. Miss Rehan will take a needed rest and not be seen at Daly's theatre until later in the season and then in a play entitled "Three daughters of M. Dupont."

It is said that handsome Muriel Shotwell leading lady with Fanny Davenport is to be married in February next to a wealthy gentleman of Hamilton, Ont.

The North Sidney (N. S.), Herald has the following to say of Price Webber's recent engagement in that city:

"H. Price Webber's company played a return engagement in Royal Albert Hall on Thursday evening last, when they produced the local comedy of 'Miranda, the Creole; or, the Man from North Sidney.' Miss Grey was very fine in her impersonation of Miranda, and received merited rounds of applause. Mr. Webber caused roars of laughter as the Man from North Sidney; and his local hits were remarkably good, and were repeatedly applauded. In his speech before the curtain he spoke of the usefulness of his profession, and referred to the fact that Her Majesty Queen Victoria had conferred the honor of knighthood on Sir Henry Irving in recognition of his valuable services as the foremost actor of the present day. His remarks were listened to with the greatest attention and he was heartily applauded. He will pay another visit to North Sidney soon and will be gladly welcomed."

Mr. Webber will play here during the holiday season and will be accorded the warm welcome he has always received in St. John.

The great Ottoman Empire, which at one time threatened the civilized world, sprang from a band of 400 wandering Turkoman families.

Daylight Robbery.

The other day a gentleman called on a dealer and told him he wanted a box of Foot Elm. What was his surprise when the dealer virtually held him up and endeavored to foist on him a worthless substitute. No, says the man, your 'ell' trying to rob me when you want to sell me such trash as that. Foot Elm is the only remedy that ever gave me hot, tired, aching feet relief, and I want it, and nothing else. Price 25c. at all dealers or Broth & Tux Bowmanville, Ont.

St. John well be visited next week by the greatest of all American tenors; this will be an event of great musical interest, more so probably than any affair of the kind in recent years. No lovers of music should fail to hear this great singer. The prospects are good for crowded houses, as the plan is rapidly filling up, though good seats still remain yet, for those desiring them. Wednesday and Thursday are the days, let none forget this fact.

A MAD COUNTESS.

Because She Was Kind to the Poor She Was Deemed Insane.

Not many years ago there lived in Holstein, in the north land of Europe, a young girl of aristocratic family, who became an intimate friend of the princess of Denmark. One of these princesses became empress of Russia; another is the Princess of Wales.

The court of Denmark has been remarkable for its simplicity and genuineness, and our young friend, the Countess Schimmelmann, was stimulated to a noble life by the lovely daughters of the Danish king. As she grew older she determined when she should come into her inheritance to consecrate herself to the service of the needy.

After having been maid of honor to the empress Augusta of Germany, she resigned her position and went back to her own Baltic shores. As in all seacoast countries there on the Baltic the fishermen were poor. Perhaps no other class of men undergo greater dangers and hardships for less return than do the toilers of the sea. To these fishermen of the cold northern shores the countess determined to devote her life.

She began to patrol the stormy coasts of the Baltic in her yacht, and soon she came to know almost every fisherman's family for many miles along the coast, and whenever she found them in need of food she fed them. If salt or nets were wanted, these she supplied. She carried medicines were no doctor could ever visit. She found Sailor's Homes and temperance lodges, and wherever a brutal man was the terror of his village or community, she labored with him to make him a respectable citizen. In this way she redeemed many a soul and saved many a home from destitution and destruction. Never in all her experiences of court life had the young countess been so happy as when carrying relief to the sick in body or in soul in the teeth of a gale at sea.

But one day he was arrested and hurried to a madhouse. The charge brought by her relatives was that she was using up her private fortune on poor undeserving wretches, and neglecting her social duties. When had a Schimmelmann been guilty of helping his fellow-men at his own great cost? The countess must be mad. She was imprisoned in an asylum for some time and it was universally believed that her detention was a necessity.

At last the authorities discovered that the countess's estate was being mismanaged. An investigation was made, the wronged woman was examined, doctors pronounced her sane, and she was speedily restored to her estate and to the world. Not long ago she visited England, and the Princess of Wales, her old friend, brought confusion upon the Danish ladies' enemies by giving her a formal reception, the greatest honor that can be granted to social aspirants, and a public endorsement of the countess and her noble work.

What a romance, what a victory such a life portrays! The court, the fisherman's hut, the narrow cell, each played its part in the formation of a rare and beautiful character, that became a blessing to the world.

The "madness" which finds expression in deeds of beneficence and love, which ennobles and enriches every life it touches, is so truly a "divine madness" that the best and sanest of us might well covet and strive for it.

Cancelled Bank Notes.

The stock of Bank of England notes which are paid in five years fills 18,400 boxes which, if placed side by side, would reach over two miles. If the notes themselves were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five miles. They weigh ninety tons.

Storm clouds move at the rate of thirty-six miles per hour.

Special Sale

Trimmed and Untrimmed 1; MILLINERY

On Monday First we will commence a great clearance sale of Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery including all the latest and most fashionable styles in.....

Trimmed Hats, Trimmed Toques, Trimmed Turbans, Trimmed Bonnets, Walking Hats, Sailor Hats, Tan O'Shanter's Childrens and Misses Trimmed Hats. Also a large assortment of Untrimmed Felt Hats, Toques and Bonnets in black and all the fashionable colors. Come early and secure a bargain.

Chas. K. CAMERON & Co. 77 King Street. Store open every evening.

WHOSE TONGS WERE THEY.

It Was a Case of Ice Versus Tongue and the Parachasee Won.

There are some people whom it is peculiarly unsafe to overreach. Christian Work tells a story of one of them, in which an ice-wagon and its driver figure conspicuously. The driver was delivering ice in the usual course, when on coming to the house of one of the customers, he found the owner seated upon the front door-step. No sooner had the wagon stopped than the householder was at the curbstone, carefully eyeing the scales upon which the ice was being weighed. The driver paid no attention to his significant looks, but after weighing a small lump of ice, started with it toward the house.

"Hold on!" said the customer, "I'll take that in. You needn't bother."

"All right," replied the driver. "But you want to be quick, for it's a warm day, and we'll have to deliver the stuff in sponges if we let it stay out in the sun much longer."

The customer disappeared. In a little while he came out of the house, and seating himself on the door-step, began to whistle.

"Well," shouted the ice-man, "I can't stay here till next winter!"

"Are you waiting for anything?" inquired the customer.

"Of course I'm waiting for something! I want my tongue."

"What tongue?"

"The tongue that you used to carry the ice in."

"Oh, I'm sorry, but I don't care to lend them," replied the householder.

"Lend them? Whose tongue do you think they are?" shouted the driver.

"Mine," was the reply.

"Maybe you've gone down-town unbeknown to anybody and bought out the ice company and all its furniture!" sarcastically rejoined the ice-man.

"No, but I bought these tongue. I pay you so much a pound for your commodity, don't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, I noticed that the tongue were weighed in with the rest, and I am not going to pay for tongue at so much a pound and not get them. I have been taking ice from you for the last three months, and that makes at least ninety pairs of tongue still due me. If you have any proposal to make in the line of trading ice for tongue, I'm willing to listen to it."

Whether or not the driver had any such proposal to make is not stated, but it is safe guessing that that customer was never again called upon to pay for ice that he had never received.

"77" FOR COLDS

that "hang on"

The best thing yet. One dose at the beginning is worth half a dozen afterwards. Neglect of a common Cold leads to Grip and takes longes to "break up." Head off a cold with a dose of "77." "77" relieves a Cold over night. No one dies of Pulmonary disease who takes "77" in time. "87" knocks out the Grip. "77" nips the Cold in the bud. A 25c. vial leads to a dollar flask; the economical way of buying "77."

Ask for Dr. Humphrey's Manual of all Diseases at your Druggists or Mailed free. Sold by druggists, or sent by Humphrey's Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

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W. T. H. FENNEY, PUBLISHER.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 27,

SOME CIVIC MATTERS.

The wave of reform, upon which the advocates of Tax Reduction were borne with power in this city has disappeared and the officials who were engulfed at that time are now bobbing up serenely none the worse apparently for this temporary immersion. It would be difficult to forget the work of that famous T. R. A. council, which (with Mayor ROBERTSON at the head, set about their work of reform. Every citizen knows how hard and long those aldermen worked and how little they did. But what they did do they are now undoing. The salaries that were reduced have been one after another restored to their original figures and in some cases increased. This week we have seen probably the best application made, and the Board of Public Safety recommended to the council that the salaries of Chief JOHNSON and Director WISELY be placed at the amounts they received years ago. Chief KERR may be an excellent officer and worth all that the council proposes to give him and certainly if he receives his increase there is no reason why Mr. WISELY should not get like treatment.

Progress begs to direct the attention of his worship Mayor ROBERTSON to that plank in the T. R. A. platform which referred to these matters of salary. There is no different impression among the people now then there was then but they have grown apathetic and careless about these civic questions that are of far greater concern to them than provincial and federal issues. It may be that they have grown skeptical about reform and reformers. Certainly it looks like it and it can hardly be wondered at when a mayor and council elected to carry out sweeping changes become in the course of time the tools of official and officialdom. The gentlemen who conduct the affairs of the city of St. John are few in number and all of them are not aldermen. This is not as it should be. Experienced advisers are valuable upon occasions, but if some of the aldermen who have such implicit faith in this outside aid would consult their own judgment more frequently, it would be greatly in the interests of the city.

WHENCE COMES THE POWER.

The visit of VERNICE the wise, just as did the visit of ANNA EVA FAY a few years ago has directed the attention of the public to the supernatural, and people have been wondering how it all happens. Those who have paid a visit to the clairvoyant, and they number hundreds, say that her utterances and responses to questions asked denote that she really has the powers which she claims. She tells facts about people that they alone know and has surprised most of those who have interviewed her with her power of penetrating into their inmost secrets. VERNICE is considered a handsome woman, whose fair face indicates her to be of the Aryan race, while her side and husband, Dr. VINCIGRO, is an East Indian of flashing black eye and swarthy complexion. Like most mediums and modern Cassandras she is spiritual in appearance, being slight and delicate. She does not possess the animation that distinguishes ANNA EVA FAY, but the eye of her hidden sense possesses all the keenness of insight that her predecessor had, and the question is asked, how it comes about, from what source comes her power, for it must be admitted that such a power of spiritual vision exists. Is it a sixth or soul sense that enables the fortunate possessor to read the workings of the wind as easily as the eye glances over the characters on a printed page? Is it a sort of influence emanating from a strong mind and influencing another mind whose impressionability is as delicate as a hair balance? It is not a question for a newspaper to discuss when philosophers either differ on the subject or else give it up as a mystery that cannot be unravelled. It is a mystery of the development of the mental or

soul faculty until it attains full supremacy over the grosser material self and is able to perform the wonders which distinguish the modern clairvoyants, mediums, spiritualists and theosophists and the ancient Buddhists and Platonists. It is a wonderful study and MARIÉ CORRELL, BULWER LYTTON and other writers have rendered it more attractive by the words they have written with the unseen as their theme.

The most beautiful house in the buried city of Pompeii has recently been unearthed. It is called the Iomus Vittorium; and belonged to the noble family of Vitti. Instead of removing the marbles and bronzes and portable articles to the National Museum at Naples, everything has been left just as it was found, and tables, pictures, tessellated floors, statues and fountains and ornamented walls have been enclosed by the government with glass, thus affording protection from the elements and the vandal proclivities of many tourists. Exquisite mosaics and statuary may be seen, and the rich colorings of the walls are marvellously brilliant when one considers that nearly nineteen centuries have passed since the painting was done. The fluted marble columns of the Peristylum are things of beauty and the marble basins in the fountain court are wonderfully beautiful and artistic. Two small bronze statues of boys have silver eyes.

An agitation has sprung up in Russia for the reform of the church calendar for business reasons. One of the results of this is an embarrassment in trade. A Russian writer says: "In view of the constantly increasing traffic between Russia and foreign countries the twelve days difference between calendars is inflicting sensible and growing losses on our commerce. To cite one instance it need but be pointed out that our exchanges and our reports during the Christmas season abroad are most inactive, and when business abroad revives again, Russia celebrates her own Christmas." The Russian press has taken the matter up, and is urging the government to take in hand a reform which ultimately must be inevitable.

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

According to the New York Sun a remarkable application of the perfected phonograph has been made by Mme ANNA LANKOW, a vocal instructor of New York. She had several talented pupils anxious to secure European experience. THEODORE WAGERMANN a phonographic expert furnished the delicate cylinders, and under his direction the pupils sang their best into the phonographic horn. Mme. LANKOW took the cylinders to Berlin where the voices were reproduced for the German masters. The experiment was so successful that engagements to sing in Germany in concert and opera were obtained for two of the pupils based solely upon the phonographic samples.

Benin city, on the west coast of Africa, which only a few months ago, before the British captured it, was known as the City of Blood, is now law-abiding and civilized. It has a British residency, a council of chiefs, a regular postal service and golf links.

A woman out West claims to have the power to locate any internal physical disorder by means of concentrating her vision upon the patient. Physicians have declared that her observations are correct, and they are able to use them in diagnosing a case.

The proportion of killed to the number of railway travellers is in France one in 19,000,000. England has one in 28,000,000, and the United States one in 2,000,000.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Bliss Carman's latest contribution to literature is a collection of sea songs, "Ballads of Lost Haven" (Lawson, Wolfe & Co., Boston) It utters the same weird note that distinguishes his "Low Tide on Grand Pre," has "Vagabondia" collections and "Behind the Arras." These are the vagabondia of the sea, breathing the same wild spirit and abandon as the others. Carman is in verse a norseman and the blood of the Vikings flows strong in the veins of

his muse. There are in his poems the surface waves of beautiful imagery, strong and symmetrical expression and musical cadence and underlying it, the great currents of thought and depths of philosophy, and enveloping all the vapors and clouds of mysticism. To those who cannot appreciate the subtleties of his philosophy such as is expressed in his "Kelpie Riders" and "The Gravedigger" the greater beauty of his work is lost. Such poems are not only beautiful as works of art but they preach sermons and expound philosophy by suggestion. They need to be carefully studied but they are worthy of such study. The Frederickton singers' poems and models of condensed expression and vigorous thought, cleaves its way into consciousness; as the weapon in the iron arm of the old sea kings. Bliss Carman's weapon is his verse and he uses it with the same courage and skill as the Norse reavers plied their weighty battle-axes.

Just before the Whiteway government in Newfoundland handed over the reins of office to their successors the retiring premier appointed a batch of his friends to office. But immediately upon Premier Winter assuming office he cast them out and appointed his own friends to office. And so his name proved "a most ingenious paradox" for his action was summary.

And this recalls the rather good story relative to the versatile talents of the late Prof. DeMille. He was talking to some friends and the subject being spontaneous writing they asked him to give an illustration. One winter, a collection of taxes happened to be coming along just at the moment, and Prof. DeMille immediately composed the following verses:

Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he asks,
And do what he says without fooling or flummery
For though his name's Winter his actions are sunny.

HOW THE FLAW WAS MADE.

Said to have been done by the Knife of a City Father.

HALIFAX, Nov. 25.—It is said that one of the city fathers indulged in some sharp work the other day when an official went to examine the plumbing in a house that the city father claimed had been improperly finished. The statement made is that the official tested the pipes below and found nothing wrong. Then he went upstairs to try it there. A flaw was found while the city father went below, but the flaw looked very much as if it had been recently made by a city father's knife. This may not have been the case, but it is said to have looked very much that way. The official was then called down stairs again, to make a second test. This time a flaw was found but strange to say once more the marks of a city father's knife were in evidence.

This story seems almost too strange to be true, but it is the way it is told. How would it be for Mayor Stephen to hold an investigation? There was no quorum on Tuesday evening and the city council did not materialize, else something might have been heard of this matter.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Another Regiment Narrowly Escapes Criticism.

The 1st Regiment of Canadian artillery of which A. E. Cunningham is colored and to the command of which F. H. Ouley and A. G. Herstein are both looking forward with some eagerness, had a narrow escape from a similar catastrophe as that which befell the 63rd, it not as distinctive a blow as that which descended on the 60th. Had Gascoigne been called on to inspect them he would have been sure to have found fault, and been almost certain to have heaped abuse if not insult on their heads. But fortunately for them the artillery inspection took place the week before General Gascoigne's arrival, and they were beyond his power for this year. Next year the chances are that Gascoigne will be safe in England beyond their power.

It has not yet been discovered who it was that supplied General Gascoigne with bogus information. Some say General Montgomery Moore, others Michael Kelly. Or perhaps Gascoigne did not know the difference between "Army reserve" and "Ex-soldier." He knows the difference now at all events.

Always to the Front.

The reputation of S. S. Packard as a business college man is world wide and he is an acknowledged authority on all educational and business subjects. His Business college is one of the best because of his system of teaching which is undoubtedly the best. Messrs S. Kerr and Son of the St. John Business College have secured the use of this system of business practice, and the fact that both teachers and students are perfectly satisfied and delighted with the results, goes to show that their reputation of being always to the front still holds good.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Sparrow's Double Crown.
Just when the Indian autumn days,
Were covered with the first white snow;
And far the red sun's parting rays,
Gave all the earth a golden glow.
I sought again the same dear place,
Where of we met in days of yore,
Where still I see her thoughtful face,
Lamenting we are there no more.

When I had crossed the south-west sea,
To seek the sad sweet path alone;
I thought you were too far from me
To tell me how the years had flown.
I heard of you at Lucerne lake;
And coming from the castle Rhine,
But knew no sense a chase could make
In hearts as good and true as thine.

How strange that in the self same hour,
The hour of all to us most dear;
Led by a telephatic power,
We should have been so very near,
And when I prayed for just once more,
To hear you sing your old love song;
Returning from a foreign shore,
We both had left the gay world's throng.

We crossed the world to be again,
Unnoticed on that hallowed spot;
And there, for agony of pain,
You passed me and I saw you not.
Why in my dream upon the dust—
Of roses of departed bloom;
Was there an anguish on my thrust,
To fill our future years with gloom.

Our son's as one still kept the time,
The lights in which we loved to meet;
As if no far fainter clime,
There he'er was twilight half so sweet.
Tears all the longing of our souls,
Was answered by His guiding will;
Who that bright star of love controls,
Which leads us to each other still.

O life-enduring keen regret,
The saddest source of sorrow's tear;
If but a moment we had met,
The future he'er had been no dear.
Farewell is but an idle word,
We know no parting's ever true;
If heaven one moment hope of aid,
I know I there shall meet, with thee.

In the Old House.
The fruits are stored, the fields are bare,
The ground is hard, the skies are gray;
November's chill is in the air,
To-morrow is Thanksgiving day.

The farmhouse stands in sheltered nook,
Its walls are filled with warmth and cheer;
Its fires shine out with friendly look
To welcome all who enter here.

Fully forty years have come and gone
Since first the hearthstone ruddy glow
Fresh kindled, flung its light upon
Thanksgiving guests of long ago.

Long was the list of squire and dame;
From year to year how short it grew!
They heard her when this house was new,
The old familiar names.

Grandmother?—aye, she went the first;
Grandfather?—by her side he rests;
The shade and sunlight, interspersed,
Have fallen long above their heads.

Our aunts and uncles?—sundered wide,
Their graves he sees, their graves he sees;
As veteran soldiers scared and tried,
They fought their fight they earned their rest.

Our father?—dear and gentle heart!
A nature sweet, beloved by all.
How early earned his step apart
To pass from human ken and call!

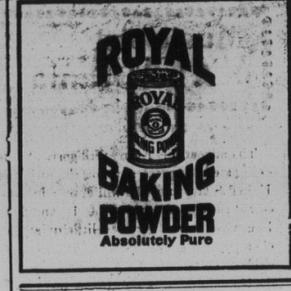
Our mother?—brisk and kindly soul,
How brave she bore fate's every frown,
Nor rested till she reached the goal,
Where all must lay their burdens down!

Our brother?—toward the setting sun,
From his remote, his home is made,
And many a year his course has run
Since here his boyish sports were played.

Put by the book! My heart is sore,
The night winds up the chimney rise.
The first within my heart as before,
But none are here save you and I!

But, sister, you and I again
Will keep the hearth and spread the board
And serve our kindred, now as then,
With that home and hearty food.

The scattered remnants of our line,
We'll summon 'neath this roof once more,
And pledge, in rare a brother's wine,
The memory of those days of yore.



A GOOD INDIAN.

Grave of a Chief Who Signed the Treaty of William Penn.

A short time ago near Sunbury, Pa., the remains of one of the Indian chiefs, who participated in the signing of the treaty, through which William Penn came into possession of Pennsylvania, were unearthed. The remains are those of Chief Shikellimy, grand sachem of the Lenni-Lenape and the deputy governor appointed by the Troquois upon their conquest of the Susquehanna Indians. He lived in the Indian village of Shomoko, on the present site of Sunbury and Northumberland, and went thence to sign the treaty under the elm tree.

Chief Shikellimy was a good Indian, a true representative of everything that was grand in the Indian character; who never proved untrue to his word, betrayed a white man nor condoned a crime. On account of his ability to govern and his nobleness of character, he was selected by the chief of the Six Nations to rule the Indians along the Ot-zin-ach son, as the beautiful Susquehanna River was called. When the Iroquois, the so-called Six Nations, made war upon the original owners of the Susquehanna Valley, the Lenni-Lenape, they succeeded in subduing them after a bitter struggle and sent a deputy governor, Chief Shikellimy, to rule over them.

Under the leadership the Lenni-Lenape never tried to throw off the burden of their conquerors.

Up to this time very little is known of the chief. He was an Ojeda Indian and was born in Canada, or in the northern part of New York State, near the border. After he settled in Shomoko the Moravian missionaries found him there and converted him. They also established a mission under his protection. At the signing of the Penn treaty Chief Shikellimy represented the Ojeda Indians and the Lenni-Lenape.

In 1748 Shikellimy died and was buried by the missionaries who had converted him. In his grave were placed many trinkets which had been his share of the purchase of the price of Pennsylvania and many of these were found intact when his remains were recently discovered.

Embossed in Gold.

To buy and reproduce famous paintings involves an expenditure that could hardly be borne unless, as in the case of The Youth's Companion, the enterprise is sustained by the approval of more than five hundred thousand subscribers. The Companion's Souvenir Calendar for 1898, a series of charming figure pieces, faithfully copied in colors and embossed in gold, is recognized as one of the richest and most costly examples of this form of art. Yet every new subscriber receives it without additional charge. Moreover, the paper is sent free to new subscribers every week from the time the subscription is received until January, 1898, and then for a full year to January, 1899.

The popular price of The Companion \$1.75 a year, and the character of its contents, make it a paper for every household. Exceptional attractions are promised for the fifty-two numbers to be issued during 1898. The Rev. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the Hon. Thomas R. Ward, Rudyard Kipling, Lillian Nordica, John Burroughs, W. D. Howells and Max O'Rell are prominent in the long list of eminent contributors named in The Companion's announcement, which will be sent free to any one addressing

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
205 Columbus Ave., Boston Mass.

Paris Detectives Struck.

One hundred Paris detectives went on strike recently. They objected to one of the inspectors, and to being obliged to keep the run of travellers when they leave hotels and boarding houses, as they had all they could do to watch them on their arrival.

Positively all Done by Hand.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and Dye Works. Phone 58.

'What do you think of it?' asked a lady of 'Campmeeting' John Allen, who was looking over the fence at a game of croquet. 'Humph!' said he, with a twinkle in his eye, 'billiards gone to grass!'

To secure an abundant growth of hair, use Hall's Hair Remover, or, if possessing an abundance, it may be kept looking finely by using the Restorer occasionally.



The ball given by the members of the Neptune Rowing Club may be said to have eclipsed all recent social functions...

The supper room was elegantly decorated with prevailing colors on the table being red and blue...

The gentlemen who had all arrangements in hand were Messrs Gerard East, Peter Clench, Francis Walker, Heber Vroom, Ralph Markham, F. S. Kinneer, Roland Fisher, D. Sutcliffe, C. H. Hastings, H. A. Porter, Free W. Coombs and Dr. Day.

A pleasing feature of the ball was the coming out of many young ladies, who upon Tuesday evening made their initial bow to the social world...

Among those who accepted invitations were the following: A. W. Adams, Miss Adams, Miss L. Adams, E. A. Albon, Miss Allison, R. J. Armstrong, Miss Armstrong, H. H. Ash, Miss Anglin, J. F. Barton, Miss Barton, A. Geo. Blair, Miss Anna Blair, Miss Brock, Miss Blaine, Miss L. Beer, Miss Bourne, Mrs. W. B. Barton, C. J. Coater, Mrs. Coater, W. Walker Clark, Mrs. Clark, C. W. Clarke, F. W. Clarke, Miss Carr, Miss G. Cleveland, A. G. Coyle, A. Cameron, Rev. A. G. H. Dicker, Mrs. Dicker, Const. DeBerry, Constantine DeBerry, Miss DeBerry, Rev. J. M. Davenport, Dr. J. Lee Day, H. B. Dana, Miss Dana, F. W. Daniel, Miss Dever, F. B. Ellis, Mrs. Ellis, F. S. Estey, J. V. Ellis, Mrs. Ellis, W. B. Foster, Misses Farjough, H. E. Fairweather, Mrs. Fairweather, J. W. Fraser, F. Edith, R. N. Fritch, A. W. Fritch, A. L. Goodwin, Mrs. Goodwin, E. S. Gerson, E. H. Gordon, Dr. Chas. Holden, Mrs. Holden, C. F. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, F. J. Harling, Mrs. Harling, J. S. Harding, Mrs. Harding, Fred E. Hastings, Jas. Hannay, Mrs. Hannay, C. S. Hastings, J. S. Harrison, Fred H. Hart, J. T. Hart, J. C. Holden, P. S. Hall, W. B. Howard, A. Humphrey, C. S. Holmes, Arthur Hannay, James J. Jones, Mrs. Jack, F. A. Jones, Mrs. E. F. Jones, Miss Blanche Jones, K. King, Miss King, J. S. Keator, Miss Keator, F. W. Keator, A. E. Lindsay, W. A. Lockhart, A. W. Lovitt, Miss Forbes, Miss Fairweather, Miss Fowler, Miss E. N. Fiewelling, Mrs. C. P. Gray, Miss Gillespie, Mrs. Alice Grant, Misses Holden, Misses Hall, Miss Howard, Miss Hobbs, Miss L. Hamon, Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Miss Arden Jones, Misses Johnsons, Miss V. Kinneer, Mrs. D. B. Lawson, Mrs. E. A. Lyach, Miss Little, J. S. Lewis, Miss Langan, S. H. Magee, Mrs. Magee, Robert Matthew, Mrs. Matthew, Ira B. Myers, Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Theor. Mortimer, Mrs. J. A. Morrison, Ralph Markham, Misses Markham, Miss Matthew, Miss B. Matthew, Mr. John McMillan, Mrs. McMillan, Misses McMillan, C. A. McDonald, Mrs. McDonald, J. Vermer McCallan, Mrs. McCallan, George McKean, Mrs. McKean, Malcolm McKay, Mrs. McKay, H. H. McLean, Mrs. McLean, Alex. Macaulay, Mrs. Macaulay, B. R. Macaulay, Mrs. Macaulay, P. S. MacNutt, Mrs. MacNutt, D. W. McCormack, Mrs. McCormack, Alex. McMillan, Fred McNeil, Mrs. McNeil, Misses McParlane, Miss Nellie, W. C. McParlane, Mrs. MacRae, Rev. Mr. Macrae, A. H. Netman, George Noble, Alfred Porter, Mrs. Porter, Mr. E. L. Perkins, Mrs. Perkins, A. B. Paget, T. P. Pagnley, Misses Parks, W. O. Parry, Misses Patton, J. D. Patterson, Misses Page, B. S. Purdy, Miss Payne, Mr. H. A. Porter, G. O. Phelan, Wm. Power, H. C. Page, J. D. Parry, H. C. Rankin, Mrs. Rankin, Frank Rankin, Mrs. Rankin, Stanley Richey, Mrs. Richey, James F. Robertson, Misses Robertson, Wm. J. Ralston, Misses Ralston, John I. Robinson, W. F. Robinson, Misses Robinson, Harold Robinson, Misses Ring, Wm. Robinson, Misses Rindolph, Fredericton, Mr. George Robertson, R. B. Ritchie, R. B. Ritchie, Miss Ritchie, Miss M. Rowe, J. M. Robinson Jr., Miss Robinson, Gray Robinson, Phil Robinson, Miss M. Robinson, Miss Rogers, Miss Emma Robertson, G. G. Ruel, W. H. Redmond, Miss F. Robertson, R. B. Rankin, Miss Russell, C. Randolph, H. G. Rogers, J. D. Ritchie, Halifax; F. P. Starr, Mrs. Starr, Jas. Stratton, Mrs. Stratton, R. L. Smith, Mrs. Smith, E. A. Smith, Mrs. Smith, C. DeW. Smith, Mrs. O. Sharp, Mrs. Sharp, the Messrs Skinner, Misses Skinner, Boyer Smith, Misses Sidney Smith, Noel Scott, Misses Schofield, R. B. Scoville, Misses Sealey, Wm. H. Shaw, Mrs. Shaw, B. R. Sturdes, Harold Sturdes, Ed. Sears, Jr., L. C. P. Stubbing, Dr. Jas. Steeves, Harold Schofield, Miss F. Schofield, D. Sutherland, R. Sealey, Miss Sealey, Fred Stone, Miss Stone, Miss Snowball, Miss Hazel Smith, Robert Thompson, Mrs. Thompson, Misses Thompson, H. P. Timmerman, Mrs. Timmerman, Misses Tack, Dr. H. P. Travers, Dr. J. B. Travers, Misses Travers, F. W. Thomson, J. Roy Thomson, Misses Traylor, F. H. Tippet, L. F. D. Tully, E. H. Tarnhall, Capt. Thacker, Fredericton, Miss Thomson, W. E. Vroom, Mrs. Vroom, Misses Vroom, Wm. Vassie, Mrs. Vassie, Misses Vassie, Heber Vroom, Dr. Theor. Walker, Frank S. White, Mrs. White, Robert Wisely, Mrs. Wisely, Dr. T. D. Walker, F. C. Walker, Harold Wright, Miss Wedderburn, J. V. Wetmore, Judge Wells, Moncton, Misses Wisely, Robert Young.

The following order of dances was energetically carried on, by excellent music by Harrison's orchestra:

- Walls,.....Dreams of Ocean
Lancers,.....Nepene
Walls,.....Jack
Walls,.....Vellomalia
Galop,.....Golden Rod
Two Step,.....Selling Laughing Minnie
Millairs,.....Symphony
Two Step,.....2nd Regiment
Lancers,.....Lorne's College
Walls,.....Paul Jones
Galop,.....El Capitan
Two Step,.....El Capitan
Folks,.....
Walls,.....
Two Step,.....Bina Jaube
Millairs,.....Pretty Blood, Nymphs of Ocean
Two Step,.....El Capitan
Chicago,.....
Mrs. H. Porter wore a most effective combination of gray satin and red velvet, and looked extremely well.

Mrs. Fred Jones had on a lovely yellow satin with delicate white chiffon over dress, corsage bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums. Mrs. Vroom, black silk gown with bodice prettily draped with white lace. Mrs. Walker looked very stately and handsome in black satin trimmed with rich creamy lace. Mrs. Lawson had on a gown of black satin brocade, with duchesse lace trimmings. Mrs. Charles Holden was in black silk, her corset being richly trimmed with jet and chiffon. Mrs. A. G. E. Dicker, white satin. Mrs. Walter Scovill's lovely pink silk prettily trimmed with chiffon. Mrs. Stanley Ritchie wore one of the prettiest gowns of the evening. It was of rich blue silk with overdrapes of mauve de sole, a pretty corsage bouquet of crimson roses completed a charming toilet. Mrs. Vermer McCallan who wore her wedding gown of white satin looked exceedingly pretty and graceful. Mrs. Mortimer of London, a handsome yellow satin brocade, with chrysanthemums. Mrs. Jack, black satin, the bodice of which was effectively trimmed with blue chiffon and jet. Mrs. Gray of Toronto, yellow silk with white muslin overdress. Mrs. Charles F. Harrison, gray satin. Mrs. Berton, black satin and white lace. Mrs. Robert Thomson wore a rich black moire, with spangled chiffon draped on the bodice. Mrs. Malcolm McKay, pink silk. Mrs. A. L. Goodwin wore yellow silk brocade trimmed with chiffon and jet, diamonds, and corsage bouquet of magenta roses. Mrs. B. L. Smith, white silk, lace trimmings and roses. Mrs. J. W. Johnson black lace over black brocade silk and jet trimmings. Mrs. Robert Wisely, pink and green brocade satin with iridescent trimmings. Mrs. Oty Sharp a pretty green and pink dresden silk. Mrs. MacMillan, black silk gown, the bodice of which was heavily draped with black lace. Mrs. James Harding, black and crimson brocade, accordion pleated chiffon trimmings. Miss Bertie Egan, white overdraped muslin. Miss Frances Bannan, an artistic and becoming gown of scarlet chiffon over black satin. Miss F. White wore a handsome lavender satin brocade, trimmed elaborately with chiffon. Miss Hazel Bannan's gown was a very pretty white silk with pearl and chiffon trimmings. Miss Margaret Fowler, white silk and chiffon. Miss Grace Robertson, white silk and chiffon. Miss E. Ralston, yellow crepon trimmed with white satin and violets. Miss Blaine, blue satin with black net overdress. Miss Mabel Schofield looked very dainty in a pretty and simple white muslin. Miss Louise Beer, white crepon prettily made and trimmed with lace. Miss Olive Stone's yellow crepon gown was trimmed with black velvet and was very becoming. Miss Florence Schofield was in white silk, the bodice being prettily arranged with chiffon. Miss Hazel Smith, white silk with lace trimmings. Miss B. Wisely, cream silk, pearl trimmings. Miss Violet Kinneer, Sussex, a lovely blue silk gown. Miss M. Kham, pink silk. Miss Beatrice Betts, white silk combined with old rose silk. Miss E. Payne, a pretty and becoming dresden gown. Miss Mello Vroom, crimson silk with overdrapes of white chiffon. Miss Sewell, black lace over blue silk, Miss Louise Langham, old rose satin and white chiffon. Miss Cilas Langham, white dotted muslin with green silk ribbons. Miss Gertrude MacFarlane, a beautiful gown of ather of roses satin trimmed with honiton lace. Miss Walker, black silk with pink silk trimmings. Miss Edith Skinner, white muslin de sole. Miss E. V. Fiewelling, blue satin prettily trimmed with blue and crimson chiffon. Miss Thomson, blue satin trimmed with embroidered silk and flowers. Miss Farjough, black silk and lace. Miss Dever, yellow silk with white mousseline de sole over dress; lovely bouquet of white roses. Miss Hobbs, black silk and chiffon. Miss Jesse Walker, a pretty gown of cream and pink dresden silk with green trimmings. Miss Lily Adams, white muslin and white flowers. Miss Annie King, a striking dress of crimson muslin, with white baby ribbon trimming the edge of the ruff on the bodice and skirt, the effect being very pretty. Miss McMillan, pink silk with overdrapes of pale pink muslin. Miss Mary McMillan, white muslin, with lilies of the valley arranged on the bodice. Miss E. Robertson, black silk skirt with black satin and white flowers. Miss G. Skinner, looked particularly well in white dotted muslin over pink silk, with pink ribbons and roses. Miss Little, blue satin trimmed with chiffon, smilax and carnations. Miss Louise Skinner, white silk effectively trimmed with yellow. Miss Ada Tapley, blue green with black net overdress. Miss Pauline Tapley, pink satin with jewelled trimmings. Miss Tapley, white silk, with pretty bodice of white and blue silk. Miss Nellie McGivern's, white silk trimmed with green velvet. Miss Ostram, black net over black silk, the net being heavily sprinkled with green spots. Green ribbons and red roses formed the trimmings. Miss Winnie Wright, yellow silk chiffon and chrysanthemums; some pretty silver ornaments were effectively used.

Miss Maud Rowe, cream muslin veiling, white, satin and chiffon.

Miss Amy Blair looked charming in a pale green corded silk trimmed in white. Miss Bessie, blue and white striped silk. Miss Holden, black satin, scarlet roses and white lace were used on the bodice. Miss Marjorie Holden, black satin, the pretty ruffled bodice, trimmed with pink carnations. Miss De Bury was daintily pretty in pale blue silk, with carnations arranged on her bodice. Miss Owen-Jones wore a pretty white muslin and lace. Miss Mona Thomson was attired in a dainty white and blue silk. Miss Snowball of Chatham wore a pale green crepon that was most becoming. Miss Thomson, black satin and yellow roses. Miss Keator was wearing a pretty black and yellow gown, the two colors being arranged to obtain the prettiest possible effect. Miss Jean Sealey wore a lovely gown of heliotrope satin, trimmed with white lace and violets. Miss Matthew, gray crepon combined with green velvet; natural flowers. Miss Paton made a very charming appearance in white over pink, with a profusion of lilies of the valley. Miss Johnson, white silk brocade and lace. Miss Gertrude Cleveland, white swiss muslin over white silk with violet trimmings. Miss Anglin, black grandiose with violets. Miss Louise Hamon, pretty white gown. Miss Vassie, handsome black satin, white lace and jet trimmings. Miss Janie Vassie a lovely gown of blue brocade white chiffon and fur. Miss Forbes looked extremely lovely in a yellow satin gown, and was wearing amber ornaments. Miss Tack, pale pink gown. Miss Sydney Smith a very pretty black and white costume. Miss Lena Dunn, white and crimson. Miss Dunn, Quebec, white silk and natural flowers. Miss Fairweather, a becoming black gown, prettily trimmed.

Mrs. Ford was one of the hostesses of last week and her charming little party on Friday evening is spoken of as very bright and enjoyable. Whist, of which there were five tables, held the close attention of the guests in the earlier part of the evening, and to the successful and non-successful contestants were awarded prizes in the way of bag-bag and picture books to the gentlemen, and a box of candy and a silver buttonhook to the ladies. A delicious little supper was followed by selections from the Pirates of Fessenden, as several of those who took part in the opera were present. Among those who enjoyed Mrs. Ford's hospitality were: Misses Fairweather, Miss Helen Robertson, Miss Holden, Miss Markham, Miss Forbes, Miss Farjough, Miss Anglin, Messrs Percy Hall, Ralph Markham, Percy Robinson, John Kelly, A. H. Lindsay, Robert Teesley, Percy Clark, Harry Dunn and others.

This afternoon Mr. Collinson gives a tea at his rooms to his lady friends; Mrs. Charles Harrison and Mrs. Ford will chaperone the affair, and the favored ones who received invitations are anticipating a pleasant time. Miss Tina was in Fredericton this week a guest of Mrs. Charles Beckwith. Mrs. Marie Harrison was in Fredericton this week where she sang at a concert and delighted a large audience. While in the celestial Mrs. Harrison was the guest of Hon. and Mrs. F. P. Thompson. Miss Annie Reid is this week visiting Margyville as the guest of her brother Mr. Walter Reid. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. King and Miss Annie King have gone to their home in Calais. They were guests for a day or two this week of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rockwood. Mrs. Hugh McCallan and daughter of St. George will spend the winter here with Mrs. Lauson. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sealey and Miss Jean Sealey came from St. George for the Neptune rowing club ball the first of the week. Mrs. W. H. Jones and Mrs. J. W. Broad spent Sunday and Monday in Moncton with Conductor W. L. Broad. Mrs. J. W. Robertson spent a part of this week in Fredericton. Mrs. H. G. Hetherington is the guest of Mrs. George C. Palmer of Moncton. Mr. and Mrs. C. Collins returned this week from their wedding trip to the principal points in the United States and Upper Canada. After spending a day here with Mrs. Collins' uncle Mr. Wm. Rankin, they left on Tuesday, for Moncton, their future home.

The musical event of next week and in fact of the year is the concert of Mr. H. K. Williams, American's greatest tenor, who this city. He sang at the Worcester Mass., festival and the Maine festival and shared honors as the star at both these great musical feasts. There have been some prominent musical events this year but that of Wednesday and Thursday next will probably eclipse them all. The sale of seats has been rapid and will be filled on both nights. Prof. J. M. White and others of our city who have heard the great singer, speak in the highest terms of his abilities as a dispenser of sweet harmony. The programmes that will be presented will be most attractive and will include those selections which may be called Mr. Williams' masterpieces. He will be assisted by a small but select aggregation of local talent including Mrs. F. G. Spencer, the favorite soprano, Mr. W. G. Bowden, violinist, Miss Emma Goddard, accompanist, and Miss Ina Brown elocutionist. A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Morris, Horsfield street, gave them a pleasant surprise on Wednesday evening last, on the occasion of the nineteenth anniversary of their marriage. The evening was spent most pleasantly.

Mrs. Harry Smith entertained a few of her girl friends to a Wednesday evening and the time passed pleasantly in whist, conversation etc. Among those present were the following, Miss Annie Emerson, Miss Margaret Emerson, Miss Allie Carleton, Miss Anne Wilson, Miss Lulu Bourke, Miss Jennie Emerson and others. The young ladies of St. Jude's church held a High Tea in their usual excellent style at the school-room Wednesday evening. Among those who assisted were, Miss Ethel Bayard, Miss Helen Connors, Miss Emily McDuffe, Miss Emma Turmont, Miss Sophie Bayard, Miss Nan Thurmont, Miss Jessie Connors, Miss May Robinson and others. I hear that the married ladies and the young ladies of St. Jude's church intend giving quite a number of entertainments during the winter months including high teas, apron sales and tableaux, etc., which is a very pleasant prospect indeed. The Whist club met at the home of Mrs. Charles Tully Friday evening. After the game was played dancing was indulged in and a very pleasant evening was spent by those present, among whom were the following, Mrs. James P. Cole, Misses Cline, Miss Conna, Miss Julia O'Reilly, Miss Agnes Donovan, Miss Beattie Wetmore, and Messrs. Frank

(CONTINUED ON OTHER PAGE.)

WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest. THE Correct missing word or October was "WISE" and the winners were Miss Christy A. Murdoch, New Glasgow, N.S. 1st Prize \$15.00 Cash. Willie Rolston, Yarmouth N.S. 2nd " \$ 7 00 " Miss Cora Reil, Marysville, N. B. 3rd " \$ 3 00 " "All Housekeepers should use Welcome Soap." Be sure and try a guess this month. The same sentence will be used for November, but the missing word will be changed. \$25.00 Cash prizes for the Correct Word. CONDITIONS-The name and address must be written plainly with all guesses at the missing word, sent in, and must be accompanied by 25 Welcome Soap Wrappers (otherwise they will not be considered). At the end of each month the guesses will be submitted to a disinterested, responsible and representative committee, who will decide, awarding prizes as follows: A First Prize of \$15.00 in Cash. A Second Prize of \$7.00 in Cash. A Third Prize of \$3.00 in Cash. Total \$25.00 in Cash. All others sending in guesses as above will receive one of our handsome Premium Engravings of their own selection. The sentence with correct missing word and result will be published promptly at the end of each month. WELCOME SOAP CO., St. John, N. B.

Fry's Cocoa has won its way to popular favor steadily and on its merits. Its great strength and its delicate flavor comes from its absolute purity—its easy solubility is secured from the scientific manner in which it is prepared. "Fry's" is the "household cocoa" because it is most economical to use. It has taken 200 Medals and Awards. Best grocers sell it everywhere.

Royal Gordon... 10 Years Old—the Perfect Scotch Whisky. Royal Gordon Perfection... 15 Years Old—the very oldest and finest Whisky shipped from Scotland. McINTYRE & TOWNSEND, St. John, N. B., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA. FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY JOHN O'REGAN, St. John, N. B. BIGELOW & HOOD, Truro, N. S. JOHN TOBIN & CO., Halifax, N. S. J. & T. MORRIS, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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

When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINESBE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. E. G. SCOVIL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. GASTOWN, July 26, 1897. DEAR Sir—My wife had been afflicted with nervous prostration for several years, using every kind of medicine recommended, but obtaining no relief until I procured some of your PELEE WINE, which I am delighted to say has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think to much cannot be said in its praise, and no house should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from La Grippe and Debility with like good results. I am yours gratefully. JOHN C. CLOWES. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SCOVIL, Maritime Agent, 62 Union Street.

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE! A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney. OYSTERS always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

...the Treaty o... Sanbury, Pa., the... dian chiefs, who... g of the treaty... Ponn came in... ivania, were... nare those of Chief... m of the Lenni... governor appoint... their conquest of... He lived in the... o, on the [presen... thumberland, and... treaty under the... good Indian, a... everything that w... actor; who never... word, betrayed a... ed a crime. On... govern and his... was selected by... ions to rule the... a-ah son, as the... River was called... p-called Six Nat... original owners... alley, the Lenni... in subduing them... and sent a deputy... to rule over... the Lenni-Lenap... off the burden of... little is known of... Oseida Indian and... or in the northern... near the border... nko the Moravia... here and converted... blished a mission... At the signing of... ikellimy represent... and the Lenni-L... ed and was buried... who had converted... were placed many... an his share of the... Pennsylvania and... and intact when his... discovered. in Gold. famous paintings... that could hardly be... ase of The Youth's... rprise is sustained... more than five... subscribers. The... Calendar for 1898... figure pieces, faith... and embossed in... s one of the richest... of this form of... subscriber receives it... rge. Moreover, the... to new subscribers... time the subscription... ary, 1898, and then... ary, 1899. of The Companion... character of its con... for every household... s are promised for... to be issued during... W. E. Gladstone... Rsed, Rudyard Kip... s, John Burroughs... Max O'Rell are pro... of eminent contrib... mpanion's announce... ment free to any one... COMPANION, 7... Ave., Boston Mass... ves struck. detectives went on... y objected to one of... to being obliged... to them when they leave... houses, as they had... watch them on their... Done by Hand. ts done by hand with... It is picturesque—... LAUNDRY and Dry... k of it? asked a lady... mhn Allen, who was... at a game of croquet... with a twinkle in his... to grass! ndant growth of hair... s, or, if possessing... ay be kept looking... Answer occasionally.

For ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE THIRTEENTH EDITION PAGE.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- C. S. DeFrettas, Brunswick street
H. G. DeFrettas, Barrington street
L. S. DeFrettas, 111 Hollis street
L. S. DeFrettas, George street
L. S. DeFrettas, Opp. I. C. E. Depot
G. J. Kline, Gostigan street
H. W. Allen, Dartmouth N. S.
Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St.

Mrs. Cameron's tea on Saturday of last week which was given for Mr. and Mrs. Huddleston, was absolutely thronged and most successful.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Collard had a tea-party, which was well attended in spite of the rain.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Montgomery Moore gave a large dinner for General and Mrs. Gascoigne and their niece Miss Smith, who were guests at Bellevue.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Fuller gave an afternoon tea at Hillside Hall, where she is at present residing, and enjoying a rest from the cares of house-keeping.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Montgomery Moore was at home at Bellevue as usual from half-past four till six, and had the usual crowd of visitors.

The chrysanthemum show at the Church of England Institute was a great success during the week and one of the prettiest sights imaginable.

The large single-flower plants alone were worthy of a visit, and they were exquisite both in size and color. One pretty and new variety, with extremely fine petals resembling fringe, was much admired.

The arrangement of the flowers was very pretty, the walls being lined with masses of chrysanthemums and tall palms, railed off by low barriers of bright scotch in the manner of a Japanese garden, in imitation of which the centre of the room was filled with low foliage plants and flowers.

The bazaar in connection with the show did well, the fancy stall in charge of Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. McWaters, Mrs. O'Connell and Miss O'Byrne making large sales.

The stall for cut flowers was prettily decorated in bright scarlet and green, and realized a very large sum, the young ladies in charge of it proving most successful in their sales.

Quite the prettiest table of all was the candy stall, which was really a study, in white and helio trope. Pale heliotrope festooned the table and was caught up with bunches of dark violets.

A large amp on the centre of the table had a most exquisite shade of different tones of heliotrope, and even the mantle piece behind the table was carried out with the same delicate colors.

The sweets were all good and well made, and were as pretty to look on as they were good to eat. It was a most fashionable place, both in the afternoon and in the evening, when it was perhaps a shade more frivolous.

Mrs. Bridson, youngest daughter of Mr. T. E. Kenny, will shortly arrive from England to spend the winter with her father and mother at Thornvale.

Colonel and Mrs. Leach have been having a great many small dinner parties for their intimate friends here, as well as attending similar entertainments at which they were the principal guests.

They will not leave for some time yet, however, as they are waiting for the return trip of the Parisian.

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has gone to Havre Ville Mass., to be present and assist in the ordination of his son Rev. Frank Fiedelrod, who is now pastor of the Baptist church in that city.

Rev. C. G. McCally has returned from New York where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bernard.

Mrs. George Eaton intends to leave very shortly for New York city where she will visit relatives and friends.

A meeting took place recently of the committee and patrons of the public library rooms. The Hon. George F. Hill presided. Mr. Gilbert W. Goswami, Mr. P. Mr. John F. Grant, Mr. George J. Clarke, Mr. C. N. Vroom, Mrs. Bolton, Mrs. James Mitchell, Mrs. Frank Todd, Mrs. C. E. Clarke, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen who are interested were present.

The object of the meeting was to further the interest and improvement of the library in every way. It is a favorite place of resort and pleasure for every one who cares for books, and the librarian Miss Nellie Meredith gives a cordial welcome to all who wish to spend an hour among the books, of which there are now sixteen hundred volumes.

The meeting on Monday evening was a most successful one, several were added to the book and entertainment committee, and Mrs. Frank Todd, Mrs. George J. Clark, Miss Mand Marks, and Miss Noe Clark were appointed to solicit for subscriptions; and it is expected a large number of new and readable books will soon be placed on the library shelves. A carnival for the benefit of the library is to be held as soon as the skating season begins in the curling rink.

NEWS RECEIVED AT THE RECTORY ON SATURDAY OF THE DEATH OF MR. WIGGINS FATHER, MR. ROBERT FREEMAN, WHO WAS WELL KNOWN AS MERCHANT AND MILL-OVER IN SHELBORNE AND JORDAN RIVER. MR. FREEMAN HAD NOT BEEN IN GOOD HEALTH FOR SOME MONTHS PAST BUT HIS CONDITION WAS NOT CONSIDERED SERIOUS. HE DIED SUDDENLY OF CANCER OF THE STOMACH. HE LEAVES A WIDOW AND FOUR SMALL CHILDREN. BY HIS FIRST WIFE HE LEAVES THREE DAUGHTERS AND THREE SONS, MR. WIGGINS OF SACKVILLE, N. S., MR. HERBERT WETMORE OF LIVERPOOL, N. S., AND MISS S. M. FREEMAN, MESSRS HASTINGS AND CHARLES FREEMAN WHO ARE IN BUSINESS IN SHELBORNE AND MR. ROBERT WHO IS LIVING IN THE STATES. THE OLDEST SON DR. WILL FREEMAN DIED A FEW YEARS AGO IN AMHERST, N. S., WHERE HE HAD BEEN IN PRACTICE ONLY A SHORT TIME. MR. FREEMAN WAS WIDELY KNOWN AND LIKED FOR HIS MANY GENIAL QUALITIES AND HIS OPEN HEARTED HOSPITALITY.

Mrs. Emmerson wife of the premier was in town on Saturday. Mr. Frederick Emmerson returned on Saturday from visiting friends in Moncton. Mrs. Mary Howson of Ft. de Sade has been the guest of Miss Emmerson. Miss Fanny Palmer is visiting Mrs. (Senator) Wood. Mrs. and Miss Wood have just returned from a short trip to St. John. Mr. Martin Lane who was confined to the house some weeks with a threatened attack of fever is out again. He has been the guest of his sister-in-law Mrs. James Rainnie. Mr. David Dickson is in Sale Verte with her brother Dr. Black for a short visit. Miss Read of Amherst on her return from Boston stayed over Sunday with Mrs. H. C. Read. Mr. George Bowers the father of Mrs. Henry Mitchell is seriously ill; paralysis is feared. Mr. Fickett of Kingston N. B., has been in Sackville a few days. Mrs. Bedford Dixon who has been confined to the house with the prevailing bad cold is much better, and her friends hope to see her among them once more before long.

THE NEW COLLEGE BRIDGE WAS FORMALLY OPENED YESTERDAY BY PREMIER EMMERSON. AFTER THE OPENING THE PREMIER WAS BANQUETTED AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE. FROM WHAT CAN BE GATHERED THERE IS TO BE A GENERAL EXODUS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

Nov. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. James O'Brien are visiting in Calais and St. Andrews. Mrs. Hugh McCullum and daughter are spending the winter with Mrs. Lawrence in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Russell left on Friday last for New York state. Miss Yangle Kelman has returned home having spent nearly a year in St. John. The ladies of St. Mark's church have announced a poultry supper to be given in Court's hall to-morrow. Thanksgiving evening, those having the affair in charge are Mrs. Thomas Barry, Miss Smith, Mrs. James McKay, Misses Park, Mrs. John McCormick, Mrs. Gartley McGee and Mrs. McGirr. Miss King's friends are very sorry to hear she is confined to the parsonage with congestion. Mr. Henry Epps and daughter of Farnboro are visiting Mr. Epps father. Rev. Mr. Hawley has accepted a call from a Presbyterian church in Nova Scotia and intends leaving this week with his family. Miss Helen Dewar arrived home last from a visit of several months with her aunt in Vermont. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Seely returned from St. John on Friday and went up again on Monday to be present at the ball on Tuesday evening. Mr. Abram Young's friends regret to learn he is suffering from a severe illness with very little if any hope of recovery. His sons, Rev. F. M. Young of Bridgetown N. S. and Capt. Stephen Young came on Monday, other members of the family are expected. Mr. Bert Gillmor has returned from a trip to St. Stephen, Calais and Milltown. Max.

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Nov. 24.—Miss Descon of Shediac is the guest of Miss Alice White. Mrs. Joseph Lamb went to Bathurst this morning where she expects to remain for some time. Miss Robertson of St. John is visiting friends here. Mr. S. H. White spend Sunday with friends in Boston returning home on Tuesday accompanied by Mrs. J. Allan Hallett, who has been spending the past two months visiting her daughter in Chatham Mass. Miss Violet Kinsear is visiting friends in St. John. Mr. Beverly Trites, Sackville, was in town today. Mr. E. H. Dryden is spending Thanksgiving in St. John. Mr. Patsy King of Moncton spent Sunday with relatives here. Mrs. Malina Boal returned from St. John tonight. Miss Edith Kierstead is the guest of Mrs. C. T. White. Miss Bessie Trites and Miss Gertrude Sherwood have returned home to spend the holidays with their parents. Mrs. Warren West is visiting her mother in Hampton. Mr. Fenwick Arnold spent Sunday with his family. Mr. Garfield White who is attending school at Wolfville, is home for the holiday. Mr. James Kirk is home after a lengthy stay in the Upper provinces. Rev. Mr. Camp, Hillsboro preached in the Baptist church on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dickson left Sussex on Saturday for Boston to take a course in missionary training previous to going to South Africa. The guests of the Depot house are going to entertain their friends to a dance tomorrow evening; a good time is anticipated.

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SACKVILLE.

[Programs for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

Nov. 24.—A recital by the advanced pupils was given last Friday evening in Beethoven hall. The audience was not large on account of the snow falling but it was an appreciative one. A stranger present said the music was an indescribable treat to him, and it certainly was most flattering exhibition for both pupils and teachers. Mr. Woodson's piano pupils taking part were: Mr. Crossman, Miss Sherwood, Miss Newman, Miss Cole. The vocal music was given by Miss Wright, Miss Dawson and Miss England, the violin and elocution departments were represented by Miss Benedict and Miss Lizzie Odgen. As the performance closed at an early hour, Dr. Borden kindly invited everyone to stay a little longer for the pleasure of conversation. The invitation was accepted promptly but by some so eagerly as the boys whose numbers were largely augmented by their football visitors, the students of Acadia.

News was received at the rectory on Saturday of the death of Mrs. Wiggins father, Mr. Robert Freeman, who was well known as merchant and mill-owner in Shelburne and Jordan River. Mr. Freeman had not been in good health for some months past but his condition was not considered serious. He died suddenly of cancer of the stomach. He leaves a widow and four small children. By his first wife he leaves three daughters and three sons, Mr. Wiggins of Sackville, N. S., Mr. Herbert Wetmore of Liverpool, N. S., and Miss S. M. Freeman, Messrs Hastings and Charles Freeman who are in business in Shelburne and Mr. Robert who is living in the states. The oldest son Dr. Will Freeman died a few years ago in Amherst, N. S., where he had been in practice only a short time. Mr. Freeman was widely known and liked for his many genial qualities and his open hearted hospitality.

Mrs. Emmerson wife of the premier was in town on Saturday. Mr. Frederick Emmerson returned on Saturday from visiting friends in Moncton. Mrs. Mary Howson of Ft. de Sade has been the guest of Miss Emmerson. Miss Fanny Palmer is visiting Mrs. (Senator) Wood. Mrs. and Miss Wood have just returned from a short trip to St. John. Mr. Martin Lane who was confined to the house some weeks with a threatened attack of fever is out again. He has been the guest of his sister-in-law Mrs. James Rainnie. Mr. David Dickson is in Sale Verte with her brother Dr. Black for a short visit. Miss Read of Amherst on her return from Boston stayed over Sunday with Mrs. H. C. Read. Mr. George Bowers the father of Mrs. Henry Mitchell is seriously ill; paralysis is feared. Mr. Fickett of Kingston N. B., has been in Sackville a few days. Mrs. Bedford Dixon who has been confined to the house with the prevailing bad cold is much better, and her friends hope to see her among them once more before long.

THE NEW COLLEGE BRIDGE WAS FORMALLY OPENED YESTERDAY BY PREMIER EMMERSON. AFTER THE OPENING THE PREMIER WAS BANQUETTED AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE. FROM WHAT CAN BE GATHERED THERE IS TO BE A GENERAL EXODUS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

Nov. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. James O'Brien are visiting in Calais and St. Andrews. Mrs. Hugh McCullum and daughter are spending the winter with Mrs. Lawrence in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Russell left on Friday last for New York state. Miss Yangle Kelman has returned home having spent nearly a year in St. John. The ladies of St. Mark's church have announced a poultry supper to be given in Court's hall to-morrow. Thanksgiving evening, those having the affair in charge are Mrs. Thomas Barry, Miss Smith, Mrs. James McKay, Misses Park, Mrs. John McCormick, Mrs. Gartley McGee and Mrs. McGirr. Miss King's friends are very sorry to hear she is confined to the parsonage with congestion. Mr. Henry Epps and daughter of Farnboro are visiting Mr. Epps father. Rev. Mr. Hawley has accepted a call from a Presbyterian church in Nova Scotia and intends leaving this week with his family. Miss Helen Dewar arrived home last from a visit of several months with her aunt in Vermont. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Seely returned from St. John on Friday and went up again on Monday to be present at the ball on Tuesday evening. Mr. Abram Young's friends regret to learn he is suffering from a severe illness with very little if any hope of recovery. His sons, Rev. F. M. Young of Bridgetown N. S. and Capt. Stephen Young came on Monday, other members of the family are expected. Mr. Bert Gillmor has returned from a trip to St. Stephen, Calais and Milltown. Max.

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(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
O'Reilly, J. M. Cale, Charles Tilley, Campbell McKay, Chip Olive, Willard Crawford and many others.

Mrs. Wm. H. Searson gave a delightful party Wednesday evening at which some twenty or thirty young people enjoyed a very pleasant social evening.

It is rumored that the pastor of St. Jude's church the Rev. Mr. Whytcomb has had a call from F. E. Island, which he has accepted and will leave for that place in the spring.

The concert given at the Carleton Methodist church Monday evening was a great success and in every way a credit to the young people who had it in charge.

The many friends of Mrs. Adeline Sealy and her daughter Mrs. Joseph Smith are glad to hear they intend making their home in the West end again after having spent the past two years in Waterloo, Iowa.

Then friends of Mr. A. C. Smith who has been undergoing an operation for cataract will be very pleased to hear that it has been successful and he is able to be out once more.

It is pleasing to note the welcome return of Capt. Mulvey of the ship "Kingsport," to our midst.

TRURO.

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

Nov. 24.—Functions at Roselands are always very pleasant and successful affairs, the afternoon tea there on Tuesday last was no exception to the rule. The drawing room was profusely decorated with yellow chrysanthemums, in the dining room the same beautiful flowers in pink and white were disposed about in profusion. Among Mrs. Campbell's guests were, Ven. Arch-Deacon and Senator and Mrs. Theo. Cumming, Mrs. A. C. Patterson, Miss Doggett, Miss Thompson, Miss Yarnon, Miss L. Ross, Miss Edwards, Miss L. Fosse, Quebec, Dr. D. H. Muir, Mr. J. D. Ross, Rev. Underwood. Chocolate and tea and many accompanying good things were dispensed in the dining room, by Mrs. Andrew Campbell and Mrs. Jas. Miller.

Mrs. Willard C. Cutler is receiving her friends the first three days of this week. Mrs. Cutler is being assisted by her sister Miss Etta Donkin, and Miss Cartwright, and Miss Sadie Smith. The bride is wearing a very becoming gown of grey and blue brocaded cloth chignon trimmings.

That social event, the annual Bachelors' Ball so long and eagerly anticipated, came off last night in the Merchant's Bank building, and was another success for the Bachelors. The band was the palatine committee, Messrs. C. A. Hall, W. A. Fitch, F. L. Murray, G. H. Williams and W. F. McKay are to be congratulated also the chaperones particularly Mrs. Thomas McKay who lent them so much generous aid. The huge hall was a very ample space for dancing and had been most artistically decorated with flags, bunting, mirrors and many potted palms and plants, the whole effect being most pleasing. Several very nicely arranged sitting out covers were provided and were constantly in demand for the purpose intended. Mrs. Theo. McKay wore a very becoming toilette of rich black satin, bodice elaborately disposed with shades.

Mrs. D. B. Cummings an imported gown of yellow silk, jet-trimmings.
Mrs. Lovett, maize-colored silk.
Mrs. Gordon McLeellan, St. Catherine's, Ontario wore a handsome and very becoming gown of cerise velvet, with white brocade.
Mrs. Gouley, mirror velvet.
Mrs. A. Kinson, heliotrope silk.
Mrs. McCallin Dickie, skirt of black satin, red satin bodice.
Dr. and Mrs. A. Randall, white brocaded satin, white ribbon trimmings.
Mrs. Baradall, Antigonish; pale blue bengaline, white ribbon trimmings.
Mrs. Cyrus Archibald, dove-colored satin.
Mrs. Howard Wetmore was in her wedding gown a handsome white satin, trimmings of Duchesse lace, sigrette of white feathers in her hair.
Mrs. A. J. Campbell, white silk.
Mrs. W. C. Sumner, white silk.
Mrs. J. J. Taylor, black silk.
Mrs. Harry Crowe, black silk crepon.
Mrs. W. R. Campbell, rose-colored silk.
Mrs. Fuller, a very becoming gown of yellow brocade.
Mrs. A. C. Patterson, Nile green silk, white chignon and gold passe-partout.
Mrs. F. A. Prince, white silk.
Mrs. McIsaac, Acadia Mines; black satin.
Mrs. Porter, pale blue crepon.
Mrs. Brenton Blanchard, black grenadine.
Mrs. Vernon, black velvet.
Mrs. C. A. Armstrong, black brocaded satin, jet trimmings.
Mrs. Moorman, plum colored velvet.
Mrs. Edw. Walsh, Acadia Mines, black velvet.
Mrs. McLaughlin, white silk.
Miss McKay, pink tulle, silk, trimmings of apple green velvet and chiffon.

Cures Talk

"Cures talk" in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as for no other medicine. Its great cures recorded in truthful, convincing language of grateful men and women, constitute its most effective advertising. Many of these cures are marvelous. They have won the confidence of the people; have given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world, and have made necessary for its manufacture the greatest laboratory on earth. Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made—cures of scrofula, salt rheum and eczema, cures of rheumatism, neuralgia and weak nerves, cures of dyspepsia, liver troubles, catarrh—cures which prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Miss Mary Crowe, pink satin.
Miss Shatford, Halifax, a handsome and becoming gown of cream satin.
Miss Annie Bay, Matilda, a love'y and becoming gown of pale pink chiffon over pink satin.
Miss Eligh, wore a handsome and very becoming toilette of white silk, white ribbons on the bodice, bouquet of crimson roses.
Miss Winnie Bligh, Nile green brocade, handsome bouquet of pink carnations.
Miss Ethel Bligh, Halifax, pale blue silk.
Miss Mand Bligh, Halifax, yellow silk.
Miss Dawson, Pictou, (a charmingly pretty girl whom many thought the belle) wore a becoming gown of cream embroidered chiffon, over heliotrope satin.
Miss Leckie, white silk profusely disposed with chiffon.
Miss Marion Leckie, white satin.
Miss Main, Amherst, white brocaded satin.
Miss Gwen Mann, Amherst, a very becoming gown of heliotrope satin, bouquet of pink roses and midair-hair-fern.

Miss Lydia Searson, Wallace, looked lovely in charming gown of white satin and as usual was greatly admired. Miss Sutherland wore a handsome gown of French brocade corset of green velvet and trimmings of real lace, diamond ornaments. Miss Anna Sutherland a becoming and effective toilette of yellow brocaded satin, Irish point trimmings.
Miss Paulin, Windsor, white silk, overdress of white gauze. Miss Hilda Irvine pink striped silk.
Miss Jean Crowe, white dotted Swiss elaborately befrilled and trimmed with white valencennes.
Miss Turner pale blue silk.
Miss Giffins, Kentville, white silk, bouquet of red and white carnations.
Miss Butchard pink crepon.
Miss Kitty Butchard, cream figured challie.
Miss Purdy, Amherst, cream brocaded silk ribbon trimmings.
Miss Basie Hamilton, yellow chiffon over pale blue silk.
Miss Nora Blanchard, figured pink silk.
Miss Emma Snook a charming and becoming toilette of yellow brocaded silks.
Miss Bigelow, white silk, bodice very graciously disposed with pink rose buds very becoming.
Miss Helen Bigelow, a very becoming gown of pale yellow brocade bouquet of crimson roses.
Miss Ella Gray, New Glasgow, yellow silk trimmings of apple green.
Miss Minnie Gray, New Glasgow, pale blue silk white chignon trimmings.
Miss Blackadar, Halifax, pale yellow silk bodice of silk brocade, yellow and white ribbon trimmings.
Miss S. Blackadar, Halifax, pale blue surah silk white chignon trimmings, bouquet of pink and white carnations.
Miss Nelson, white Swiss muslin.
Miss Frances Yall, yellow silk black velvet trimmings.
Miss Madge Donkin, yellow crepon yellow chignon trimmings, bouquet of crimson and yellow roses.
Miss Anna MacLean, pale blue crepon.
Miss Hornsby, Charlottetown, cream organdie ribbon trimmings Empire style.
Miss Robbins, cream silk.
Miss Hensley, cream crepon red ribbon trimmings.
Miss Mary McDonald, pale blue crepon bodice arranged with pink carnations and smilax.
Miss Garrison, Halifax white silk.
Miss May McKenzie, Halifax; pale blue silk white lace.

Miss Archibald, Moncton, cream silk.
Among the gentlemen were Dr. D. H. Muir, Dr. Hall, Messrs M. Leckie, J. Moorman, C. A. Armstrong, A. C. Patterson, A. J. Campbell, J. A. Prince, Dr. Atkinson, F. C. Swanson, A. B. Reynolds, Halifax, W. Reynolds, C. B. Coleman, H. C. C. Yull, G. A. Hall, W. A. Fitch, E. Rhodes, J. H. Douglas, Amherst; G. Hatfield, G. Lyde, Halifax; G. H. Williams W. P. McKay, F. L. Murray, F. L. Snook, W. Lawrence, F. Longhead, F. W. Cullen, W. McKenzie, D. J. Murphy, Kentville, W. Crowe, H. W. Crowe, L. Crowe, H. McDougall, H. McLaughlin, B. McLaughlin, B. Leckie, J. D. Ross, A. V. Smith, O. A. Hornsby, F. Cotton, V. Jamieson, E. Vernon, B. Vernon, E. Dimock, J. J. Taylor, J. Stanfield, H. A. Lovett, W. J. McKenzie, Halifax; J. H. Douglas, Amherst; E. H. Hals, Moncton.

Dr. and Mrs. Youston are expected home this week from their wedding tour.
Mr. E. B. Stewart's anthem "O Give Thanks," rendered by him, last Sunday at St. Andrew's was thoroughly appreciated as was also the solo part, which was creditably taken by Miss May Conrad. The Misses Bligh, Halifax, who have been guests of their relatives at "Fairholm" for a few days have returned home.
The Misses Blackadar, Halifax, were spending a few days this week with friends at "Stonecroft cottage."

The volume of water issuing from the Yukon is greater than that discharged by the Mississippi. The Yukon discharges every hour one-third more water than the father of waters.

When presentments come true they are remembered and talked about. When they do not come true—as happens nine times in ten—they are quickly forgotten. Before every battle many soldiers are sure they are going to be killed, and of course this feeling is sometimes justified by the event. A writer in the New York Sun has collected numerous examples of soldiers' forebodings, true and false, one of the most dramatic of which is quoted below:
One of the most noted Confederate leaders now living, Gen. John B. Gordon, was the victim of a false presentment, while waging a hopeless warfare against Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley in 1864. One night he was suddenly ordered by his superior officer, Gen. Jubal Early, to lead out his entire command and storm a Federal fort.

"I never was more indignant in my life," says General Gordon, "than when I heard that order. I knew it was a perfectly unnecessary thing to do, and explained to General Early that we could accomplish our plan of campaign without slaughtering my command by this attempt to storm a strong position, a position that would fall of itself when we should make the proper movement."
"Early took no other notice of my explanation than to send me word that if I did not care to execute the order he would delegate its execution to some one else. This reply made me boil with fresh indignation. I felt it to be an insult, but as it was my place to obey orders regardless of consequences, I issued the necessary instruction for a movement at daylight next morning."
"I began on my own account making every preparation for death, for I had a presentiment that I should this time meet my end. I wrote a farewell letter to my wife, told her what to do about my affairs, handed over my watch and other personal effects to a friend, and then walked up and down my quarters, waiting for day to break and my command to move."
"That was a solemn night for me, for I had this firm presentiment that it was my last night on earth. I felt almost as certain of this as if I had been condemned to death and now can understand how a man feels when he is to be executed in a few hours. I always had in every battle of my life a sense of the danger to which I was exposed. I never knew what it was to forget it; but this time I felt as if I had never felt before—that my time had come and no mistake."
"At daylight I took up my line of march to my death, as I fully expected. On we went, closer and closer to the fort, until at last we were within close range of its guns. I wondered that they did not open on us, and every second I expected to see them belch forth shot and shell, and play havoc in our ranks."
"On we went, my eyes fixed on the guns, until our advance line struck the fort and we rushed upon its defences, when, to our amazement, we discovered that it had been evacuated. Not a Federal was anywhere in sight, inside or out."
"You can imagine my sense of relief as I saw my boys in possession of the fort without so much as a scratch. And you see what presentiments are worth. I have never much believed in them since that night."

Coleman's SALT
CELEBRATED DAIRY HOUSEHOLD AND FARM
PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
CLINTON, ONT.

GORDON'S EXPERIENCE.

He Had One Once and it Proved to be a True One.

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"I began on my own account making every preparation for death, for I had a presentiment that I should this time meet my end. I wrote a farewell letter to my wife, told her what to do about my affairs, handed over my watch and other personal effects to a friend, and then walked up and down my quarters, waiting for day to break and my command to move."
"That was a solemn night for me, for I had this firm presentiment that it was my last night on earth. I felt almost as certain of this as if I had been condemned to death and now can understand how a man feels when he is to be executed in a few hours. I always had in every battle of my life a sense of the danger to which I was exposed. I never knew what it was to forget it; but this time I felt as if I had never felt before—that my time had come and no mistake."
"At daylight I took up my line of march to my death, as I fully expected. On we went, closer and closer to the fort, until at last we were within close range of its guns. I wondered that they did not open on us, and every second I expected to see them belch forth shot and shell, and play havoc in our ranks."
"On we went, my eyes fixed on the guns, until our advance line struck the fort and we rushed upon its defences, when, to our amazement, we discovered that it had been evacuated. Not a Federal was anywhere in sight, inside or out."
"You can imagine my sense of relief as I saw my boys in possession of the fort without so much as a scratch. And you see what presentiments are worth. I have never much believed in them since that night."

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RENEWED OLD TREES.

How Beloved old Landmarks may be Preserved to us.

Old trees are among the most cherished treasures of rural and suburban homes. They are the most costly, too, as every finished product is costly into which has entered those transforming and creative processes which only long reaches of time can furnish. An old house may fall down or be destroyed by fire, and while we mourn the loss of the visible sign of old associations, a better and more beautiful structure can be made to take its place. But when an old tree that has been the guardian of the home for generations, and stood there before the home was founded, surrenders to the blast, the loss is beyond repair, for a long time at least. As there is no immediate remedy possible, the need of precaution becomes all the greater.

When one of these old sentinels begins to show signs of disease and decay, and year by year grows more attenuated in its branches and weaker in leaf growth and power, we watch it as we watch a friend attacked by a slow but incurable malady. But remedies are now being discovered for almost every ill of the body, and successful tree surgery is or may be as common as the higher form of that science. A recent number of Garden and Forest discusses the rejuvenescence of old trees, and gives practical directions for effecting it. Directly to the point are two illustrations of the same tree, a venerable oak in the Arnold Arboretum. The first is of a tree with far-reaching branches, but marked by intangible signs of decrepitude, the leafage scanty and the general prospect of life discouraging.

The second illustration shows the same tree twelve years later, shorter of limb, it is true, but displaying every characteristic of youth and strength and hopeful promise of longevity. No miracle, not even one of nature's has been performed. The result is simply one of skillful tree surgery, of intelligent pruning according to the De Car system, which, instead of sending the tree blood long distances through collapsed and withered arteries, contracts the area and applies the nourishing forces in such a way that they can be assimilated and made to promote the growth of all the members.

The process is one which almost any intelligent farmer or tree owner should be able to apply. Vigor can be restored to a tree in this condition by shortening all its branches by one third or one-half their entire length. The only care needed in

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"What is the biggest bear you ever killed?" I next asked the captain.
"I can't tell you exactly. The largest I ever killed I could not weigh. I have killed bears weighing 500 pounds. They average perhaps something over 100 pounds."
"I have killed some that fell dead at first shot. But if a bear gets fully mad before he is killed you can hardly kill him by shooting him all to pieces. I have been in some close places. I had a bear once to grasp me around the shoulders, and it my brother had not shot and killed him the bear would have killed me. I have never been hurt except a little squeezing—and no

AYER'S ARGUMENT.

If there is any reason why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is every reason why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is why you should use Ayer's: it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength in three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

man ought to mind a proper amount of hugging," said the captain.
"Do you love the bear meat as food?"
You ought to have seen the good captain's mouth water and his eyes brighten as visions of broiled bear meat came into his mind.
"Eat bear meat," he said. "Why it is the best meat in the world. I can eat two or three messes of bear and feel strong enough to jump ten feet."
Captain Basnight has charge of Durant's Island, which is owned by John E. Reburne of Philadelphia, who comes down for hunting and fishing about twice a year. This island contains 4260 acres, is fourteen miles around and is located at the mouth of Alligator river.

"On this island," said [the captain, "we have 500 head of cattle legs and sheep, fine poultry and an abundance of wild game including deer swan, geese and ducks, and many varieties of smaller birds. We feed the wild fowl, and at times I have as many as 700 wild geese that come regularly to the camp to get their feed."

This operation is to cut back each main branch to a healthy lateral branch, which will serve to attract and elaborate by means of its leaves a sufficient flow of sap to insure the growth of the branch. These directions must be carefully observed to prevent further decay, and care must also be taken to leave the lowest limbs the longest so that the greatest possible leaf surface shall be exposed to the light. So if some old tree, near roadside, or dwelling, that has been the landmark of a century, shows alarming symptoms, the owner should not despair before he has treated it according to the general plan here laid down.

An Interesting Court Sitting.

There has been much interest in the sitting of the court that opened Monday. But little else has been talked of all the week than the cases which are to be tried. Walsh is to be tried for murder and that is such an unusual occurrence that there is a great deal of interest. Then Dr. Crawford right in a polling booth was considered worth \$100 and that verdict was recorded against the city because when he had his taxes paid he was not permitted to vote. The sensational case is the last on the docket and the witnesses are on hand, but praying that they will not be called upon and that a settlement will be reached. What the end will be will be determined next week.

No Time.

A lank, awkward countryman presented himself at the clerk's desk in a city hotel, and after having a room assigned to him, required at what hours meals were served.

"Breakfast from seven to eleven, luncheon from eleven to three, dinner from three to eight, supper from eight to twelve," recited the clerk, glibly.

"Jerushy!" ejaculated the countryman, with bling eyes. "When am I going to git time to see the town?"

NY-AS-SAN

CURES OLD ULCEROUS SORES

David Sutherland, Clyde River, N. S., writes to a friend: "As you know I had suffered over forty years with a Suffered fever sore on my leg, and though ninety years of age, Nyassan treatments cured me. This was two years ago and the cure remains perfect."

AMERICA'S Greatest Tenor.

H. Evans Williams. Opera House, Wednesday and Thursday, DEC 1st and 2nd.

Under the management of Fred C. Spencer. A musical event which will probably not be exceeded for many years to come.

Short's Dyspepticure

cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliouness, etc. 35c. and \$1.00. from C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1897.

ABOUT WILD CHILDREN.

A FEW OF THE MOST AUTHENTIC CASES ON RECORD.

A Little Boy in India Was Brought Up By a She Wolf—Two Wild Girls in France—Unsuccessful Attempt to Civilize a Wild Boy.

Among the remarkable stories which travellers have from time to time narrated to groups of admiring and faithful listeners these connected with the finding of so-called wild children are, says the London Standard, perhaps not the least fascinating. The human being stripped of his thin veneer of civilization, and ranging at large with out 'clothes, language, or morality,' demonstrates how much one owes to early education, and how nearly we are allied to our poor relations with tales, from which science darkly hints we sprang in the past. Byron declared that men became wolves on very slight occasions, and Captain Nichol's story of the child who, like Romulus and Remus, was reared upon wolf's milk, and nursed through a large portion of his infancy by this uncoachable animal, gives a certain weight to the poet's remark.

The captain tells us that, when he was with his regiment in India, he happened one day to be out shooting, and saw a she wolf bring her cubs down to the river to drink. Among them he spied a human child, which he eventually succeeded in capturing and carrying home to his quarters. It transpired that this child was the son of Hindu parents, but in an unlucky hour had been captured by the she wolf and carried off to the woods. We are now told how this particular Hindu child was ear marked, nor is any suggestion offered as to why the she wolf did not devour him on the spot, rather than adopt him and bring him up with her cubs. However this may be, Captain Nichol brought this child once more under the influence of man, and set about civilizing him at once. His favorite diet, as one would expect, was raw meat and bones, upon which he fed with great avidity, tearing the flesh with his teeth, crunching the bones much after the fashion of an ordinary dog. He appears to have entertained a great objection to the society of man, but his partiality to all kinds of animals was marked, and he struck up so fast a friendship with a puppy that he even allowed it to eat out of the same basin with himself. On the Captain discovering that the wild child was no match for the dog at the dinner-table, but stood a fair chance of being starved through the greediness of his four-footed mess-mate, he shot the dog in the boy's presence. This seemed to have no outward effect on the wild Hindu, who at once returned to his dish, perhaps not altogether sorry that his canine friend was no longer present to share the repast. To the conventional garments of civilization he is said to have shown a marked aversion. If he was dressed in a suit of ditto, and then left by himself even for a few minutes, he invariably tore them off, and on the return of his benefactors they found the clothes scattered in all parts of the room, and the child sitting among the fragments. He was, according to the Captain's account never known to speak, save once, and that was shortly before his death, which occurred a few months after his capture. A few days before he died, a great change came over him, behaving the while with all docility, and startled his attendant by complaining, presumably in Hindustani, of a severe pain which he felt in his head.

Wild girls as well as wild boys have occasionally been met with. In 1781 two female children, of about the ages of ten and twelve respectively, were found near a pond at Chalons. Their clothes consisted of skins, which they had somehow pieced together. Of these two wild girls, one managed to escape, but the other was captured and conveyed to the house of Viscomte d'Epinau. Though unable to speak she made up for this by incessantly screaming, while she exhibited such agility and strength that it took several men to hold her. So swift of foot was she, that in a race which she subsequently ran with the Queen of Poland's fleetest horse, she outdistanced it with ease. In mental capacity she was not altogether wanting, and would in all probability have soon learned to speak, but she died within six months of her capture. Probably the most authentic account of a wild child is that vouchered for by M. Isard. This child was found in Avignon in 1718 by some sportsmen, and was brought to Mr. Isard's asylum in Paris. When found, he was without clothes and though the thermometer registered

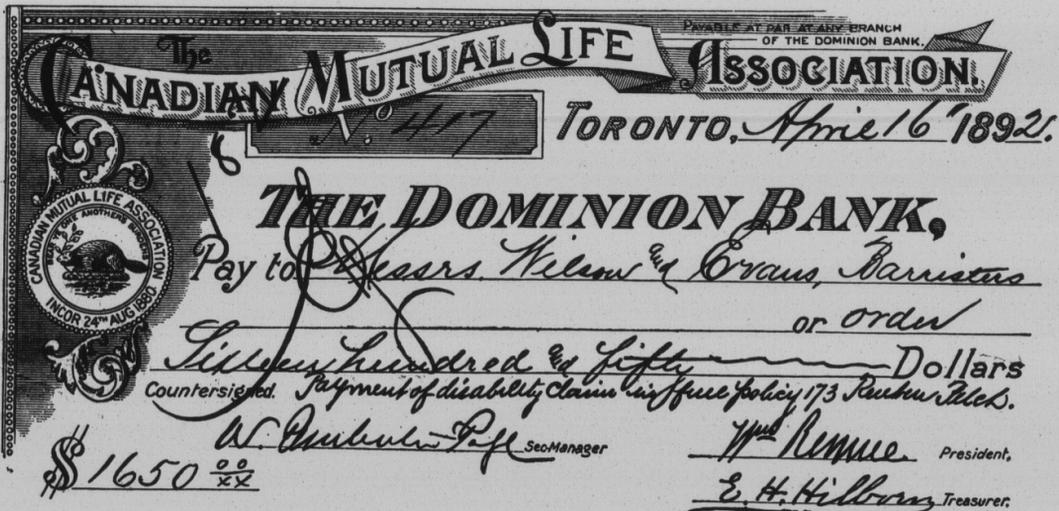
several degrees of frost, he was rolling in the snow, apparently enjoying the pastime. His body was covered with bites and scratches, and it was presumed that he had been engaged in other than amicable discussion with some other denizen of the forest. Unable to speak, he was to all intents and purposes an animal, but how he came to this deplorable condition it was impossible to say. On his arrival in Paris, M. Isard, the superintendent took him in hand and endeavored to teach him language. Whenever any one entered the room in which he was, the child made toward them

THE CURE WAS PERMANENT.

The Story of a Man who Suffered the Agonies of a Living Death.

MEDICAL EXPERTS PRONOUNCED HIM INCURABLE AND HE WAS PAID A LARGE DISABILITY CLAIM.

The Case Probably the Most Wonderful in the History of Medical Science—Brought from Hopeless, Helpless Inactivity to Health and Strength—A Reproduction of the Check by which the Disability Claim was Paid.



No other medicine in the world has ever offered such undoubted proof of merit. WHAT DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS have done for others they will do for you, if given a fair trial.

From the Medford, Ont., Monitor. About two years ago the Monitor procured an interview with Mr. Reuben Petch, of Griersville, in order to ascertain from his own lips if the reports were well founded that he attributed his most astonishing return to health to the use of Dr. W. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The result of the interview was published in the Monitor under the date of Jan. 17th, 1896. Mr. Petch's case was certainly one of the most extraordinary in the annals of medicine in Canada—if not in the world. He had been ill for five years, and in that time he consulted no less than six of the best physicians he could find, but none could give him the relief. His limbs and body were puffed and bloated to such an extent that he could not get his clothes on, and for two years he had not dressed. He had lost the use of his limbs entirely. His flesh seemed to be dead, and pins could be stuck into various parts of the body without being felt or creating the slightest sensation. He could not move about and if he attempted to get up would fall and would have to be lifted up. He was unable to open his mouth sufficiently to take solid food, and had to be fed with a spoon like a child. The doctors said his trouble was spinal sclerosis, and that he could not possibly get better. He was in fact nothing more or less than an animal-d carcass, so helpless was he. He was a member of the Canadian Mutual Life Association, and was under their rules entitled to disability insurance and made a claim for it. Two doctors, on behalf of the association, were sent to examine him, and they pronounced him incurable and permanently disabled, and in accordance with their report he was paid a disability insurance of \$1,650.

This was about two years after his sickness began. For three years more he lingered in the condition above noted, utterly helpless, and a burden to himself and friends. He was then advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He did not hope that they would help him, but in his sad condition he was prepared to grasp at anything that afforded the prospect of even a slight relief. The first change noted in his condition after he began the use of the pills was a disposition to sweat freely. Then life began to return to his hitherto dead body, and from that time on his progress towards recovery and activity was steady and certain. The publication of the interview, containing the facts above noted, created unusual interest, not only in this section, but throughout Canada. That a man, whose limbs and body were all but dead, who had been examined by medical experts, and pronounced incurable and on the strength of their report was paid a large disability claim, should afterwards be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was looked upon as a marvel. Many were skeptical; not as to the cure—for the fact that he was actively going about proved this—but they did not believe it would prove permanent. In view of the doubt then expressed, the Monitor determined to watch the case closely, and now, nearly two years after the cure was first published, has again interviewed Mr. Petch, with the result that we are in a position to say most emphatically that this remarkable cure has proved permanent. On being again questioned, Mr. Petch said:—'You see those hands—the skin is now natural and elastic. Once they were hard and without sensation. You could pierce them with a pin and I would not feel it, and what is true

of my hands is true of the rest of my body. Perhaps you have observed that I have now even ceased to use a cane, and can get about my business perfectly well. You may say there is absolutely no doubt as to my cure being permanent. Indeed I am in even better health than when I gave you the first interview.' 'Do you still attribute your cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' asked the Monitor. 'Unquestionably I do,' was the reply. 'Doctors had failed, as had also the numerous remedies recommended by my friends. Nothing I took had the slightest effect upon me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To this wonderful medicine I owe my release from a living death. I have since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my friends, and the verdict is in their favor. I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them. The above are the chief statements made by Mr. Petch in this latest interview, and the Monitor may remark, from a long acquaintance with him, that we consider his statements absolutely true and reliable. He has no interest to serve other than a desire to recommend the medicine that has done so much for him, and feel sure that if any sufferer will write Mr. Petch, enclosing a stamp for reply, he will endorse all the statements made above. We may further add that Mr. Petch's remarkable recovery leaves no doubt of his wonderful curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it seems reasonable to infer that they will do for others what they have done for him—restore health and vitality. The check at the head of this article is a fac simile of the one by which Mr. Petch's disability claim was paid and is given in further corroboration of his statements.

A Journey Round the Earth. The time required for a journey round the earth by a man walking day and night without resting would be 428 days; an express train, 40 days; sound, at a medium temperature 89 1/2 hours; a cannon ball 21 1/2 hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second; and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little under one-tenth of a second.

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The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded lanes of the city
Heart-weary of building and spilling
And spotting and building again
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

"I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces that smile and scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day."

"I feel no pride, but pity,
From the burden the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
O the life is so skilled,
And the child-mind choked with weeds;
The daughter's heart grows wild,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

"No, No! from the street's rude bustle,
From troubles of meat and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle,
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream, always;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day."

THE SILVER RING.

There stood in Berkshire, far out upon a quiet country road, a little inn, which the wood sign swinging at the door declared to be known as 'The Magpie's Nest.'

It had been thus named because of the number of magpies in the neighbourhood. And straight before the door stood an old oak tree, a century old, among whose uppermost branches, year in and year out, always hung a magpie's nest, to which the country people believed that the same old magpie returned regularly.

No very elegant entertainment was offered at the 'Magpie's Nest' for either man or beast; but its patrons thought the fare good; and then it was served to them by the most charming, rosy-cheeked maid, who wore a cap with bright ribbons, and had a waist that could have been spanned by two hands—a well-behaved little maid also, who was known by the rector of the parish church to have been the best girl in his Sunday school.

So, though he was a poor orphan, and had only her little meed of wages, Betty might have married many a stout farmer. However she refused them all, and kept on with her duties at the 'Magpie's Nest' until the son of her master, coming home from India, where he had served as soldier for several years, fell in love with her, and offered her his hand and heart. Betty did not prove unkind. The inkeeping father was willing enough to secure his handy Betty for a permanent assistant, and amid the chattering of the magpies Betty and John exchanged their vows under the nest hung oak tree one bright afternoon; and John put upon her finger a thick silver ring, which he had obtained abroad, perhaps by purchase, perhaps by gift, perhaps as a soldier obtain many things in the time of war.

It was not a costly gift—to our eyes it would not be a beautiful one—but Betty valued it highly. She kept it polished to perfection, and wore it with great pride on high days and holidays; but though she loved John, and looked forward to her wedding day with joy, she would not alter the bright, cockatoo manner which had always belonged to her. She joked with the farmers, flung them back repartee for repartee, and even gave them those bright glances which John, the soldier, thought should be only given to himself. So John grew jealous, and, being a moody sort of man, said nothing about it.

It never entered Betty's mind that the very manner which had once enchanted John should now offend him; and she herself grew angry with her lover for his scowls and sulkiness.

Therefore, when a young Frenchman from Mar-a-tiles, black eyed, black haired, and polite in his manner, as Frenchmen usually are, chanced, in the course of a business journey, to stop at the 'Magpie's Nest,' she felt that he really would be a fine example for early John Leaf, and was amiable to him to a degree that might have made a less jealous man angry. Then, indeed, John Leaf spoke out, and Betty discovered the secret of his ill-temper.

Her pride being flattered thereby, she forgave him, and retired on Saturday night with the firm intention of winning back John's smiles on the morrow, her holiday, when she would go to church in her best attire and charm his heart from him over again as he walked by her side. What woman ever had any design on a man's heart, ever desired to win from him any favor or any gift, that she did not bethink her of all her finery? Before Betty slept she took from her trunk her Scotch plaid dress, her fringed shawl, her blue-ribboned cap, her Sunday shoes, and her silver ring, and having given the latter an extra polish laid them where they would meet her eyes fit at thing next morning.

John Leaf, sitting in his room under the garret eaves, had no thought of this. Those slow natures do not forget and forgive in a hurry any more than they do anything else. The morning sun, shining against the inn's walls, aroused Betty with his first rays. She rubbed her eyes, opened them, put her little feet out upon the floor, knelt down and said her simple prayer, and then flew to the glass. It was only a crooked thing, with a flaw in it, and a rough oaken frame, but sufficient to make her happy. She braided her hair, put on her cap, touched her dress, faced about her throat the gay neck ribbon, laced her shoes geometrically, and then looked for her ring. It was gone!

She knew the very spot upon the red heart-shaped pin-cushion into which she had thrust the needle over which the silver ring had been hung. There stuck the needle still. It was below the window-sill, on a little table; it could not have rolled out; but it was not in the room. She shook out her dress, her shawl, her bed-clothes. She swept the floor. It was gone. That was the end of it.

Betty sat down and wept bitterly. All the country people of the day were superstitious. The ring had disappeared in a most mysterious way, for her door was bolted and her window high from the ground, and she firmly believed that the loss portended some great evil.

Meanwhile at the bar of the inn a little scene was going on. The Frenchman had asked for a glass of ale, and John

who was always tapster on Sunday mornings, had drawn it for him, when, as their hands met in the act, he saw upon the little finger of his customer a thick silver ring, the very counter part of that which he had given to his Betty.

"You've a pretty ring, monsieur," he said, with a sort of catching of the breath. "May I ask where you got it?"

"Ah, yes, certainly," said the Frenchman. "One does not boast, but a very pretty girl gave me that. Yes, and a kiss also."

John turned as pale as any florid face could turn. He made no answer, but marched straight out of the room and into Betty's kitchen.

She stood near the door in her holiday dress, with her white cotton gloves on. The magpies were chattering overhead, and afar the church bells were ringing.

"You are not going to church with me, John?" she asked, softly, with a smile.

"That depends," said John Leaf.

Then he walked straight up to her, and looked full into her honest eyes.

"You don't look like a cheat," he said; "but who knows a woman? Take off your gloves, Betty."

She obeyed.

"Where's your ring?" he asked. Betty burst into tears.

"It's lost, John," she said. "I can find it nowhere."

"You haven't looked on monsieur's finger, then," said John. "You poor fool, to give it to him, and think I shouldn't know it."

"Oh, I'll swear I never did," sobbed Betty. "I give your ring to anyone else! Why, John—"

But he pushed her from him with his rough hand, and would have words from her; and the next day he left the inn, and enlisted once more, and was sent away again to India.

And Betty left the inn also, and took service with a farmer's wife close by; and whatever the magpies chattered about, it was no more of the love-making that they heard when John and Betty sat together beneath the old oak-tree.

Five years went by. At last John received a letter from England, telling him that his father was dead, and had left all his little possessions to his only son.

John Leaf's fighting days were over, in any case, and he was an invalid for life. He fought as desperate men do; had been commended and promoted, and had some medals and ribbons to show and had some compensation for a wooden leg. So he went home again, and settled down as proprietor of the 'Magpie's Nest,' and was a sort of hero among the neighbors; but he was very lonely. Meo do still quite forget in five years. He could not see Betty's buxom form fitting about the kitchen in imagination; and when the magpies chattered in their nests he could fancy that he sat with her under the oak branches. Then he grew wroth with the magpies, who seemed to mock him, and ordered his pot-boy to tear the nest down.

In vain the boy pleaded for the birds. In vain he declared that, even if the new nests went, the old one in the topmost branches should be left for luck.

"If the old magpies that built that nest find it gone, they'll peck some one's eye out in the night-time," said the boy. "It's been known to be done often."

But John Leaf, the soldier, had cast away all his superstition.

"I'll have those magpies chattering about my ears no more," he said. "Up and leave not a nest of them all. Some of the noisy rascals will take possession of that old rag if it is left hanging."

So the boy obeyed. He planted a ladder against the tree, and then swung out upon the branches. There was a grievous noise; and doubtless to this day old magpies tell their children of that massacre of the innocent birds that chattered and screamed in that great rag of a nest which the boy's hands cut-bled at last. He came down with the relic in his hand, and stood before his master with a grin.

"Eh, master! may I have a'll I found in the old nest?" he asked.

"If it is not a magpie's egg," said John Leaf.

"It's better than that," said the lad. "It's a silver ring."

"Let me see it," cried John Leaf, and snatched it from his hand.

It was the ring with which he had plighted his troth to Betty under the oak; and he knew that the magpies had stolen it, and that the Frenchman wore one that resembled it.

The first thing that John did was to call himself hard names: 'A jealous fool! A suspicious brute! Heaven knows what else. Then he melted, and all by himself in the wood beyond the house, shed tears, and vowed to find Betty if she still lived on earth.

Where he went, of whom he inquired, matters not. But one day when the sun was setting in the west, he opened a little cottage gate to which he had been directed, and saw at her knitting, under a vine-covered porch, his Betty, not changed one single bit. And she? She looked at him and did not know him with his thin, sallow face and his wooden leg.

"What may you be wanting, sir?" she asked.

And he said: "Betty!"

And she cried out: "Why, mercy, it's John Leaf!"

Then he sat down on a bench close by her side.

"You know I never had many words to spend on anything, Betty," he said. "I'll come to the point at once. I know now that you were true, and no cheat, and that you never gave my ring to Monsieur. I found it—or my lad did, for I'm not very good at climbing now—in the old magpie's nest in the oak tree."

"So the magpie stole it, eh?" said Betty. "Well, they are strange birds. I've heard they've taken spoons before now."

"And so, Betty," said John, "if you'll overlook the past and let bygones be bygones I'll be a happy man."

"I owe you no grudge," said Betty; "and bygones are bygones, John Leaf."

"But you'll let things be as they were, Betty?" said John. "You'll be my sweet-heart again?"

She laughed.

"Don't you know?" she said. "Why, look there."

He looked. Through the gate came a foreign-looking man, with gold rings in his ears and a silver ring upon his finger, who led by the hand a toddling child.

"Why, it's Monsieur," said John.

"You see," said Betty, "I went to him to ask him how he came by his ring, and he proved it was none of mine. It has a name and date on it that mine never had. And he was kind to me and you had been cruel, and so we have been married three years—eh, Louis? And this is our boy."

"I had better go home, I think," said John Leaf. "One is always punished for being a fool. But this is your ring. Will you have it, Betty?"

"Pray keep it for your sweetheart," said Betty. "You will find one soon, no doubt."

But John Leaf never found one again, and the silver ring found in the old magpie's nest was buried with him when he died.

Would Any Sane Housekeeper Use Oleomargarine?

DANGER IN ANOTHER DIRECTION.

Would any sane housekeeper in Canada buy oleomargarine or imitation butter in stead of the finest production of the creamery or dairy? We think our Canadian women are too wise to be deceived in this important matter. Lard colored to resemble good butter will never be acceptable to our people.

There are, however, other deceptive agents that sometimes find their way into our homes; we refer to imitation and adulterated package dyes for home dyeing. Some dealers sell imitations of the celebrated Diamond Dyes. The contents of these imitation packages carry ruin and disappointment to every user.

A few dealers, for the sake of long profits, are now selling soap dyes composed of a very large amount of common grease and an infinitesimal quantity of coloring matter. Such dyes, after trial, have been found weak and uncleanly, giving dull and muddy colors, fading quickly in washing and sunlight.

As millions of thrifty and experienced women already know, the Diamond Dyes are the only reliable home package dyes, having stood the test of long years. Diamond Dyes are easy to use, and give brilliant and lasting colors that cannot be equalled by any other make.

Coon and Muskrat Fight.

Mr. J. Hal Grimes caught a muskrat in the freight office at the depot. Joe Booth thought his pet coon could 'do' the muskrat, and in order to see which was entitled to the belt the two were placed in a slatted box car, the coon being favorite.

They had hardly touched the floor before they began feinting and sizing each other up. Finally the coon lit on to his opponent, forced him to the corner, and it looked like he would be a sure victor, and the odds jumped to \$5 to \$1 in his favor. But

in round number two the muskrat put on his fighting clothes, and no coon before ever got such a wall-ping. His child like screams led a number of residents of the neighborhood who didn't know what was going on to believe that some mother was whipping her baby at the depot. At the first pass in the third set to the coon ran up the slats to the top of the car and refused to fight, while the muskrat walked about the floor as if to say: "Bring on two or three more just like him."—Harrowburg (Ky.) Democrat.

TWICE WARNED IN DREAMS.

Widow of one of the Garrison Wreck Victims saw him in Sleep.

It was a woman's poignant intuition, the tender bond of sympathy between a loving wife and husband, that revealed to Mrs. Thomas Reilly, in two terrible and dramatic dreams, the fact that the husband whom she was awaiting and the son whom his old mother had crossed the ocean to embrace had been killed in the frightful disaster on the New York Central Railroad near Garrison.

The Herald has told how the body of Thomas Reilly was rescued from the recent half-submerged wreck in the Hudson. Mr. Reilly was in a good position in one year ago. He was fifty-five years old and had a family.

Mr. Reilly sent his wife, Ellen to England several weeks ago to bring his mother Rachel, seventy four years old, whom he wished henceforth to live with him. "Tell mother," he said, "to make preparations for all the other children to follow her. I can take care of them all now."

The wife and mother arrived on the St. Paul Saturday morning. When Mr. Reilly did not appear at their hotel Sunday night the woman began to grow hysterical. They had not been allowed to see the newspapers. Mrs. Ellen Reilly told Mr. Waddell, the hotel proprietor, that she feared something had happened to her husband.

She then related to him in detail an extraordinary dream she had had a little after five o'clock on Sunday morning. Although at the time unknown to the unsuspecting wife, this was just previous to the moment when the train was hurled from the track at Garrison.

"I dreamed that something terrible happened to Tom," said Mrs. Reilly. "I do not know whether it was a railroad accident or what, but I saw Tom distinctly in the midst of it all."

"His face was white, and he put his hand over his mouth and struggled to free himself from something. Then he reached his arms out and called me by name. 'Help me, Nellie!' he cried."

"In the dream I tried to do something for his relief. I tried and tried, my heart beating with terror, and my forehead wet with perspiration."

"During all this time I saw Tom distinctly. He was continually trying to get away from something that held him, but it seemed that he could not free himself. He kept up his struggles for a long while, his face showing awful agony."

"Then Tom's hands dropped and he lost his vigor. He tumbled away and everything became black. I awoke with a start."

Mrs. Reilly was in a terrible state of agitation as she related her dream. Mr. Waddell calmed her as best he could and reassured her. He still sedulously kept the news of the disaster from the two women. He decided to wait and see what could be done.

The two women were in a nervous state although utterly unaware of the railroad wreck. Mr. Waddell then told Mrs. Ellen Reilly that she had better accom-

pany him to the Grand Central station, and he would try and find out what had delayed her husband.

Leaving the old mother in her room Mrs. Reilly went out with the manager. On the way she told him she had had a second dream that morning.

"I know there is something wrong with Tom," said she. "I feel it. I dreamed that a man on a jet black horse rode up in front of the hotel. He halted there for a moment, raised both hands and disappeared. It was so horrible that my heart seemed to fly to my throat."

Mr. Waddell then told the poor wife that he feared Mr. Reilly had been killed in a railroad wreck up the Hudson. The woman nearly fainted. Then she bravely gathered herself together and, with tears streaming down her face, accompanied the manager on the train to Cold Spring.

At the morgue, Mrs. Reilly identified the dead man as her husband.—New York Herald.

D.O.D.D.S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

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

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was DODD'S. Their discovery startled the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of 'Dodd's Kidney Pills.' Why is the name 'Dodd's Kidney Pills' imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

Will Prevent Flow of Blood.

The arrest of bleeding in surgical operations is now said to be assured by means of an instrument due to the ingenuity of Lawson Tait. A platinum wire, so arranged as to carry a current of electricity, is enclosed in a pair of steel forceps or any other required instrument, the wire for that purpose being insulated by a bed of burnt pipe clay. This arrangement being perfected, a current of suitable voltage is turned on, the artery seized and compressed and in a few seconds the tissues and arterial walls are so agglutinated that the passage of blood is rendered impossible. The temperature employed is about 80 degrees Fahrenheit, the fact being thus apparent that the principle involved in this device is different from that of electrical cauterizing instruments.



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in round number two the muskrat put on his fighting clothes, and no coon before ever got such a wall-ping. His child like screams led a number of residents of the neighborhood who didn't know what was going on to believe that some mother was whipping her baby at the depot. At the first pass in the third set to the coon ran up the slats to the top of the car and refused to fight, while the muskrat walked about the floor as if to say: "Bring on two or three more just like him."—Harrowburg (Ky.) Democrat.

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Sunday Reading.

THE BEST VIOLIN.

I have always loved the violin. I shall never forget the first time I ever heard a really great player. It was when Camilla Urso made her first American tour, and I, a green boy, fresh from the farm and the pine trees of the Oregon hills, fell under the magic spell of her violin strings. Her music has been a sweet dream to me ever since.

Speaking of the pine trees, do you know there is a wonderful similarity between the weird and plaintive songs which the mountain winds murmur in the pine branches, and the strains of a violin. Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins has written a very suggestive poem in which she calls the pine tree 'An Old Violin.' A Western newspaper undertaking to copy this poem, its ambitious compositor, having some ideas of music of his own, undertook to improve on it by changing the word 'strings' to 'stump' here is the poet's indignant and amusing remonstrance to the editor, when she saw the vandalism committed on her work:

'It is nothing new, but it is a little the worst I have met with yet. It is almost as bad as the case of Professor Austin Phelps' essay on 'Calumnies of the soul,' where the sentence appeared, 'Such a stillness is the stillness of a great clam at sea.' But how could your compositor and proof-reader, with a printed copy for a model, put 'stump' for 'strings' in 'An Old Violin' who ever heard of music being made by drawing a bow across a stump, and who would not easily see, informed of memory, that the pine needles from time immemorial, have formed 'strings,' violin strings? Would you mind killing the compositor that did it?'

This is the verse in question: 'Older than Stradivarius,' on say, Greater than all Amati's art? Where did you find it? What did you pay? Only the gold of an artist's heart, Scattered with liberal hand and free; Only a reverent ear bent low, When across the strings of an old pine tree The maestro Zolus drew his bow.'

A very interesting thing about violins happened in New York not long since. Old Pierre Josephs who knew violins and loved them was recognized as an expert of New York over, and whenever the courts of New York were perplexed over a case in which a violin was involved, the word of Pierre Josephs was accepted as authority.

Like many other men of genius, the old man was absent-minded. When he felt he was near the end of his life, he was concerned about his rare collections of precious violins, the works of the old masters. He did not want that they should go out of the family. So he wrote to his son in San Francisco. It seemed a very methodical letter at first sight. The violins were enumerated with all sorts of data about their age, make, history, and probable value.

'All these things,' he wrote, 'are in my vault at the Safe Deposit Company's place, where you can get them after my death. I have the keys.'

The old man died a few months ago and the son went on to settle up his affairs. On referring to the letter in order to find out what Safe Deposit Company his father had patronized, he discovered for the first time that the name was not mentioned in the letter. The keys were found all right, but what they were to unlock became food for speculation.

An organized search was at once entered upon, but up to this time no Safe Deposit Concern has been found which will admit having dealings with the old lover of violins.

This search for the lost violins, which will no doubt end in their recovery, has suggested to me the pathetic fact that many another man beside old Pierre Josephs is the owner of rare musical instruments, capable of giving out under the proper touch the sweetest harmonies, which are hidden away in silence. What music there would be in the world, if all its possibilities for music were realized! Some people say they are too busy to smile and be happy, and enjoy the sweet things of life, and exert themselves to please and inspire others by the exhibition of their gifts. Are they not making of their business a Safe Deposit Vault in which they lock up their violins?

It is the noblest work one ever does in this world to discover the hidden music in a human soul and bring it out for the world's comfort and blessing. Jesus Christ is the world's greatest musician, because he has greater skill than all others to take hearts that have become but dark vaults, holding silent violins, and, throwing open the door, make the music swell from long silent strings.

What are you doing with your violin? —Louis A. Banks.

LABORERS KING.

Why This Motto Should be Regarded as a Badge of Honor.

I want the boys and girls to come with me to France—the sunny land of France—the chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance. The scene before us is one of the most lively and brilliant at the court of the Grand Monarque. It is a large and splendidly furnished saloon, filled with brightly-moving, gayly-dressed men and women. Among these are many boys of the same age, dressed in purple velvet and silk, with gold and silver trimmings and lace. In their hats are nodding plumes and their manners correspond to their elegant apparel. They are courteous, refined in bearing, and handsome in face and figure.

Who are these choice youths? They are the flower of France, sons of the greatest noblemen and gentlemen. Why are they dressed so elegantly? Why must their manners be so free and refined? Why must they be so handsome in form and feature? Because they are in the King's service—his Majesty's pages. If you could speak with them and ask them of what they were more proud—of their fine dress or of their noble name—they would reply, 'Of neither; we are proud only of this: we can say, 'I serve the king.''

I have often wondered why boys and girls did not show more pride in the service of the King of kings. Yes, this is a matter in which you can be proud without sin. The page of honor to any little prince is proud of the royal service in which he is engaged. Ought not the Christian boys and girls, in our King's Daughters' Circles, and our Endeavour Societies, and our Epworth Leagues, to have a strong sense of dignity and honor in the service of such a Master as Jesus the Prince of Peace? We do not need the purple dresses, and the gold and silver lace, and the ostrich plumes but we need the sweet temper, and the gracious manners, and the refined habits that commend our Prince's service to the world outside. You are companions as well as servants of this gracious Prince—'henceforth I call you not servants, but friends,' are his own words. Should we not then reflect his lofty spirit and pure life as pages of honor the courtesy of a palace?

In old times, workers and servants were despised. A menial and a slave was the bitterest of all human conditions; but Jesus said, 'He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant; and he took a towel and girded himself and washed the disciples' feet.' So he showed them that in the Christian life the slave was to be the greatest among them. If we could get into the stately palace of the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria on a certain day we should find the great head of this proud old dynasty of the Hapsburgs, girding himself with a towel and washing the feet of some old men, an imitation of this action of the Lord Jesus. Thus the menial service is made one of the chief offices of honor in the Emperor's court.

Jesus was a carpenter, and he has honored work; Jesus was the servant of all, and if we are to be true followers of Jesus we must love to do service for him.

The proudest motto on the princely crest of England's heir apparent to the throne is, 'I Serve.' In the battle of Cressy, the young Prince Edward had distinguished himself by his prudence and valor. Among the enemy was the blind king of Bohemia, whose crest was three ostrich feathers, and his motto, 'Ich dien,' (I serve.) The young prince, proud of the service he had rendered his father and his country that day, took this crest and motto; and every Prince of Wales from that time till now wears this humble motto of service as his highest honor.

Christian people today are understanding as they never have understood before the meaning of service for Jesus. They know that the way to honor and happiness for one's self as well as of usefulness in the world is the way of service. And I have told you the story of these proud and noble pages and lords to show you that when one really loves one's prince there is no greater glory in the world than His service. But how can we serve Jesus?

There is just one way. Not merely must we be willing, but we must be fitted for service. If you want to go among any of the poor people in the slums of our cities, or into the hospitals or prisons where the needy want help and comfort, you will find that the first thing confronting you is the demand for some ability on your part. Can you sing, or nurse the sick, or cook a meal, or mind the body? Are you a reader, or violinist, or a teacher or physician, or a lawyer? Have you the good manners of a gentleman? The things the poor degraded people do not need, are ignorance, and incapability, and unbelief; you must have something before you can give it away to others.

I see the boys and girls romping at play, fine athletes, and gay, bright spirits. I want them to take some of their athletic ability and gay spirits among the boys whose lives are full of toil and deprivation. I see the young men and women graduating from our high schools and colleges and academies of music. I want them to go down to some of the dark places of life with their song and science and literature and serve Jesus with it. If he promises a blessing for a cup of cold water, will he not draw you near to his heart when you bring those treasures of your educated and cultured lives to his poor ones—Rev. David Weston.

NO PURPOSE.

We can Accomplish Nothing in Life Without a Definite Aim.

We might as well expect to hit a mark without taking aim as to accomplish anything in life without a definite purpose. Great abilities, to a man who is without a great purpose, are like full sails on a ship without rudder in the open sea; both man and ship will become useless wrecks. Let every youth find out how he may make the most of himself for Christ, then early in life set about it. We shall all do well to study the lesson given in the sketch which one of our writers sends us.

The other day I called on a man who has just missed becoming very useful and distinguished. He was a good scholar in school and gained the commendation of a famous educator; he was early associated with reformers whose names are now historical; he has a remarkable memory, and might have become renowned as a writer of annals; he has a gift for agriculture and might have reformed the farming practice of all his region; he is skillful in raising stock and once owned some of the best cattle in America; the leading men of the state, controlling statesmen, even the governors, have often been his guests; yet his influence is nothing, and very few people ever heard his name.

While the friends of his youth were hard at work reforming and guiding the policy of the nation, he only looked on; while historians have searched our annals and given volumes to libraries, he has been content to send an occasional correction of their mistakes to corners of newspapers. He let his farm grow up to brushwood and feeds three or four cows in a slovenly barn. I sat with him in his room. The rarest collection of nearly books and newspapers in the region, almost in the country, was around us; it was in heaps on the floor or piled on tables, without arrangement and unatalogued—useless to any one but himself, and only hoarded by himself as a miser hoards his gold. The man talked, and his conversation, stored with rare facts and charming anecdotes, fascinated me till I lost all thought of passing hours; I did not wonder at his list of distinguished guests. What is the matter here, I asked, that this remarkable man has lived three-score and ten years in this world an almost fruitless life? The answer is easy to find. He has never had a purpose! He never had a serious wish to serve God. He never followed any impulse, if he ever felt one, to help men. He had merely gratified the whim of a passing moment and, taking up one fancy after another, has brought nothing to pass. A man with ten talents, he has for seventy years been hiding them in the earth! Better the humblest and least-gifted laborer in the town, who cares for his household, goes on Sunday to church—who, serving God and doing his best to profit by his grace, will die beloved and



lamented; better any life with a purpose than the aimless career of this gifted child of fortune!

THE LANTERN OF SPECTACLE REEF.

The Light to Live by Knows no Shadow or Variableness.

The Bible has many different names for God, each with its own meaning and its own beauty, and one of the best is that given by James, 'The Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'

Out in Lake Huron, miles away from the nearest land, lies Spectacle Reef, and out of the blue water that hides it rises the tall stone tower of a light house. As you sail to the eastward through the north channel of the Straits of Mackinac, on a summer evening, you will see ahead a light that glimmers for a moment low down on the horizon, and disappears. For a few seconds there is nothing to be seen but the dark sky bending over the dark water. Then comes a red flash; then a few more seconds of darkness and the white light appears again. It is the great lantern of Spectacle Reef, red on one side, white on the other, slowly turning round and round all night long, and throwing its beams far out over the lake. Here is a light that is variable, and we see the shadow of its turning; yet surely it is a friend to the sailor, and its very changeableness helps him to distinguish it from any other.

But what is its message? It is always 'Go,' and never 'Come.' It is a warning, not an invitation. The red and white flashes may be a welcome sight to the pilot of the big steamer plowing her way to Lake Superior, but he never lingers near them. And even if there were no danger lurking there, who would want to live in a light that is constantly flashing, fading, and shifting? There is a light to live by, and to die by, but it is one that knows 'no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'

THE ADDED 'BUT.'

It is a Simple Word and yet a very Important one.

The Germans have a saying, 'Every thing might be well if there was no 'but' added to it. A very simple little word it seems, and yet it is important in getting the proper construction of life.

This new acquaintance with whom you are becoming so intimate is undoubtedly very attractive. His manners are good he has a fund of anecdotes that makes him a most entertaining companion. He is agreeable, courteous, winning—but he speaks lightly of sacred things and his jests are not always clean.

There is a certain home where you are always welcome and where hospitality is carried out to a point of an art—but wine is always served at dinner, and with the best of intentions your hosts make it difficult for you to be true to your principles. There are pleasures which you enjoy especially—but they leave you nervous and irritable, unfitted for the next day's work. 'Everything might be well if there was no 'but' added to it.' Yet the 'but' is there and must be taken into consideration, or everything will go wrong. Do not examine half the sentence merely. See what lies on the other side of that significant word of three letters. Do not overlook nor ignore the added 'but.'

Were Filled With Sympathy.

A most encouraging letter is quoted by the 'Church Missionary Gleaner.' It is from Bishop Ridley, who is working among the Indians of the Northwest, and not only describes the material benefits that Christianity has brought to the Indians but shows as well how it has touched their hearts and awakened their sympathy for those in sorrow and suffering. After describing the comfort, cleanliness and industry of the Christian Indian villages, he writes:

It is impossible to heighten the contrast between the Christless and the Christian people of the same tribes. Great is our present reward in seeing the elevating as well as saving effects of a pure Gospel. The things endured in the process are forgotten in the joy that abideth.

He then gives a touching account of the reception by his Indian converts of the news of the massacre at Ku-cheng, China.

As soon as we had told them the news, they began to pray, and one prayed thus: 'Say again, dear Jesus, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.' O

gracious Spirit, Thou art not quenched by blood; let it make thy garden soil strong to grow Chinese believers in.'

'Love is the magic atmosphere through which no evil can pass.

In this atmosphere of love, in making haste to be kind, one becomes a part of all that spiritual potency which surrounds him. Then can he say, 'I and my Father are one.'

The Stick and the Crust.

A stick and a crust of bread. Like the hands of a clock these two articles told the time of day for nearly a year in a certain man's life. Yet, unlike the hands of a clock, they were not visible at once. When he needed the stick he had no use for the crust; and when the crust was welcome he had no further occasion for the stick.

Albeit he was a young fellow of twenty-six, you would be wrong in supposing this stick in the nature of a weapon for attack or defence. In that case the crust and the stick would have harmonized. As it was they did not. For the stick was a support not a club.

Now, when a man feels the pressure of eighty or ninety years he is apt to want a travelling companion of that sort; but one in the very heyday of youth, not suffering from any injury, and not constitutionally feeble or malformed, should commonly be able to walk without a stick. And so this young man had always done up to the time when he fell out with the crust and with all that the crust stood for or represented.

His own account of the circumstances runs thus:—'Up to October, 1893, I had been a strong, healthy, and active man. Then I commenced to feel weak and out of sorts. I was heavy, tired, and had no ambition or energy. What had come over me I could not imagine. I had a foul nasty taste in the mouth, and was constantly spitting up a thick, dirty phlegm. My appetite left me, and what little I ate lay on my stomach like lead, causing me great pain about the chest. A short distressing cough settled upon me and troubled me day and night.

'At night my sleep was disturbed and broken, with night sweats and frightful dreams. I had great pain at the left side around the heart, and my breathing was hurried and short. Next I began to spit blood and was greatly alarmed at it. I wasted away rapidly, losing over a stone weight in a month, and became so weak that I was unable to rise on my feet without assistance.

'Although only a young man of twenty-six I was obliged to hobble about with a stick, and could walk but a short distance even at that. We arrived and anxious I attended the York County Hospital, where the doctors sounded me, and said I was in a consumption.'

Here we have another of the serious and often fatal mistakes that are made in cases like this. Misled by symptoms which in some respects resemble those of consumption, medical men hastily (or ignorantly?) decide that the lungs are affected, treat the patient perfunctorily for the hopeless disease he is not afflicted with, and leave the result to chance. Hence he often dies of dyspepsia and its complications—his true disease—which, unlike consumption, is easily curable by the remedy our friend finally employed.

'They gave me cod liver oil,' he continues, 'and medicines, but I got no better. Indeed, I was so low spirited and miserable I didn't care what became of me. As time passed I grew weaker and weaker.'

'After I had endured ten months of this, Mr. R. W. Dickinson, the chemist in Walmgate, advised me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. After taking it a few days I felt much better, my appetite reviving and my food giving me no pain. I continued to take this medicine only, and soon the cough and breathing trouble left me, and I began to gain strength and flesh. When I had taken three bottles I was strong as ever, and could eat and enjoy even a dry crust. I have since had good health. You are at liberty to publish this letter and refer all inquirers to me. (Signed) Isaiah Lewis, 124 Walmgate, York, April 8th, 1894.'

If the reader wonders how a man could suffer so much, become so emaciated and weak, and be pushed so near the grave's edge through what is sometimes diplyntly called 'mere indigestion,' he has yet to learn that the digestion is the arbiter of life and death. The 'crust' (food), enjoyed and digested, means life and strength. Rejected it means the 'stick,' to supplement swift-coming weakness; and then the prone position, when help is vain. Mother Seigel's Syrup enabled Mr. Lewis to substitute the crust for the stick. It cured his dyspepsia.

The Color of Arctic Animals.

Nature is a very considerate and provident protector to her children. In winter many of the arctic animals become perfectly white and can move over the vast snow-fields with safety, when if they retained their summer color they would be an easy mark for beasts and birds of prey, or the hunter's rifle. The fox, squirrel, ermine and other creatures of their class have dark fur during the summer to correspond with the rocks among which they live.

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Notches on The Stick

"Bonnie Jean; A Collection of Papers and Poems relating to the Wife of Robert Burns," [The Raeburn Book Co., New York] is perhaps the most interesting of the entire series of books on the principal heroine of the above mentioned poet, edited by Dr. John D. Ross of Brooklyn, N. Y., and published in this country and in Scotland. This is the case because of the amount of literature produced on the subject, because the woman described is well and definitely known, and because she sustained a real and intimate relation to one of the best known of modern poets. Besides such articles written expressly for the work, as the "Preface," by Peter Ross, L. L. P., "By Way of Epilogue," by Hon. Charles H. Collins, and "The Poet and His Wife," by Rev. A. J. Lockhart; we meet with familiar excerpts from such writers as Dr. Robert Chambers, Robert Burns Bagg, Allan Cunningham, John Gibson Lockhart, and Mrs. Jameson. Her tribute to "Jean" we had read before, in her "Loves of the Poets," and nothing worthier has here been reproduced.

Other prose articles, are by J. M. Murdoch, James Gillan, Archibald Munro, Alan Scott, Thomas C. Latta, George Dobie, Robert Ford, William Lowestoff, and George Gebbie, while several are anonymous. There are poems by Angus Ross, Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett, Wallace Bruce, Thomas C. Latta, Hunter MacCallloch and others. The book includes a cluster of well known songs of Burns, which the editor has entitled, "The Poet's Immortal Wreath for Bonnie Jean." The book contains a portrait of Mrs. Burns, presenting a matronly face, bright and kindly attractive without being beautiful. The book, though the proof-reader might have done his work more perfectly is on the whole a very readable and presentable one, and should find a place in the library of many a lover of our favourite poet who may be desirous of a better knowledge of the woman he has lifted to fame. We subjoin to the above notice a few paragraphs of biography.

"As we ask again for the singing of some old song, which has gathered to its perfect heart the loves and joys and sorrows of a hundred generations; or, as we listen again to the telling of some sweet story that makes its unchanging appeal to our affections, though rehearsed a thousand times, while the familiar recital 'warries not ever';—so we are never tired of listening to the romantic, yet deeply human, history of Robert Burns, who, in the heart's matter, is 'all mankind's epitome.' Currie may tell it, and we are no less ready to listen to Cunningham; Lockhart's recital but whets our appetite for Carlyle; we rise up from Professor Nichol, or Robert Chambers, or Principal Sharpe, to sit down expectant and eager when the next one is ready to tell the story in his own way. The spirits of envy and disapprobation seem half disarmed; and we grudge our praise no more than we do our smiles when some lovely child has come within the sphere of our vision.

Burns was more than a poet potentially, but one by actual and noble accomplishment before he had met the woman of whom he could say, "my Jean,"—the companion of his few bitter years—the drop of wine and honey in his gall; but Scotland and the world did not know it,—only the lit le world of his intimates at Mossiel, at Mauchline and Tarbolton. The buds of song had been folded in the babe at Alloway, but they were no buds no longer. The wild rose hedges on Doon's green banks are not more full of birds and blossoms in their time than was his heart with broad-blown melodies; and

There doesn't seem to be very much the matter with your child. He doesn't actually lose weight, but there is no gain. He belongs to that large class of children that don't seem to prosper. You look at him a little more thoughtfully than you do at the rest and say "He is not doing well." Failure to gain in weight in a child is a danger signal. Scott's Emulsion should be taken at once. It puts on fat where health demands it, strengthening the digestion.

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some of the sweetest the world will not let die had already been scribbled by that heavy hand, furtively and hastily, in that rough garret at Lochles, and hidden in the deal desk. He was not like some of us, who have to sit on a green bank by a running stream dreaming we are poets,—never ceasing to wish we could be, and trying again and again to persuade ourselves that we are; while the world will not heed us, and, for the next part, we doubt ourselves. He rose up, half in a mist of wonder, shook his locks and, without speculation, put forth power. The Harp of Scotland was not hung up out of his reach; and when he took it down he did not pick a random chord with haphazard fingers, but swept them all like the master he was. The listeners were thrilled as he plucked a living soul from every wire. With whatever grace Raphael painted, and Mozart composed, with the like grace Burns gave us his memorable poetry. Long ago he had tasted love, and knew its sweetness and its sharpness, its power to "wreck his peace," and to renew its enchantment, as charmer after charmer passed before him. Love and music consented together with him, and the genius of his life appeared in company with "Lovely Nell," and setting suns, and autumnal moonlight in the barley-field.

Jean Armour rose, a star above the cloudy days of Mossiel; and, though she disappeared again for a season, she emerged low on the horizon of home, where she lingered; and only by the wrack of death that enveloped him was he ever bereaved of her presence. Let us recur to the pleasant story of their first meeting. A Scottish merry making, as the poet tells us, was often the scene where that soft flame, which may burn well or ill, has its beginning. It was at such a one when Mauchline fair was held, that the die was cast for him. On the race day the house of entertainment became an open court of pleasure; and he who would freely come with his favorite lass, without cost or withal,—unless it be the cost of his heart, and a penny contribution to the fiddler. Burns came that day with his companion, who hung not upon his arm but ran at his heels. When I read Joanna Baillie's song,—

"Saw ye Joanna come?" said she
Saw ye Joanna come?
W' his blue bonnet on his head
And his doggie rinnin'—

I think of lonesome Robin, with his dumb and overlord companion. But Jean was there, with eyes already bent upon him, and ears quickened at his words. Though old father Armour will listen unmoved to the songs petition—

"Fee him, father, fee him,"

yet the heart of a woman goeth whither it will, and while her lips protest, her looks surrenders. Robert's dog at his heels through the round of every dance, became the occasion of some mischievous glances and some poking of fun at the poet, to whose proud spirit even such light banter was never very agreeable. But he, who was rarely behindhand with his rejoinder, expressed a wish that he could find in some lassie his dog's peer in affectionate fidelity,—a wish Jean overheard, and which in her heart, perhaps at a later time, she determined to gratify.

If there is a romantic attractiveness in the story of the poet's meeting with Highland Mary on that blissful day in Montgomery's woods,—an attractiveness like that of the old ballad, made we know not by whom.

"When Shaws been sheene, and shraids full sayre,
And leaves both large and long;—
there is also a beguiling touch of homely poetry, befitting Jean Armour's character, in his next meeting with her, only a day or two after the evening at the inn at Mauchline, where—

"To the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha'";

and where, though we are told she did not join with him, we would not dare to pronounce her averse to it. It is a scene worthy the muse of Ramsay. The summer air breathed on her sweet cheek as she stood on the green where her linen lay bleaching, and the summer sunshine fell on her fair brow and fair locks, when along came Robin from the riverside, gun in hand,—to find game no such weapon could bring down. The hare and the mouse, and the water-fowl on Loch Turit, having nothing to fear, the lassies that may be slain by arrows from his eyes should beware accordingly. If Robert is in dowie mood he suddenly gladdens at the sight of the sonie brute, and thanks his dog for a confab and a chance to stand at gaze. Jean is not inclined to allow dirty tracks on her clean linen, and is petulant as any nice housekeeper might be at the prospect of such defilement. So doggie gets a stone hurled at his head, and his owner hears a peremptory summons to call him off. But when the poet draws near, and she comes under the spell of that tongue so like a "silver lute," her look and tone soften, and she stily asks him if yet he has found a lass to love him. Then, I can think, these words

had pathos: "Lassie, if ye thocht o' me ye wadna hurt my dog." Jean's unspoken comment,—"I wadna think much o' you, at any rate,"—must have belied her heart. It was the hasty defiance from the commander of a poorly garrisoned fortress on the evening before a surrender.

Now soon can that hopeful and gratified lover break into song over the daughter of the master mason of Mauchline,—

"A dancin', sweet, young handsome queen
Of gullible heart."

The fire of love and friendship enkindled, they burn brightly together in his Epistle to Davie Sillar:

"Ye see your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name;
It heats me, it beats me,
And sets me a' on flame.

O, all ye powers that rule above!
O Thou, whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part
Is not more fondly dear:

When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou being, all-seeing,
O hear my fervent prayer!
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

"O hallow tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear
The sympathetic glow;
Long since, this word's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days
Had it not been for you!

Fate still has blest me with a friend
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
The tedious scene,
To meet with, and greet with,
My Davie or my Jean."

For a season the course of true love runs smoothly, though secretly; for how will Jean dare to acquaint her family with the true state of affairs! Meanwhile the poet celebrates his "Mauchline lady" as the "wale o' hearts" in her locality, for he declares:

Miss Miller is the, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is brave;
There's beauty and virtue to get w' Miss Meriton,
But Armour's the jewel for a' o' them a'."

But need had he to offer for her a prayer to whom he was soon to do so great an injury. Alas, for Jean! who surrendered too easily and returned the poet's love with too complete abandon; better had she been frugal, where he was so lavish, to reserve her gifts. Too soon for both of them did "sweet affliction prove the spring of woe." In brief time the lassie lets tears fall upon her pillow, and Robin has a secret in his breast he "daurna tell to ony"—nay, w' scarcely venture to whisper to his muse, so ready to condone our tears and compassionate our sorrows. But the day of revelation must come, and blushes burn the cheek of mother and sister over at Mossiel. He thinks of the woe that waits on Jean, of the dismay of her family, of the wrath of a proud father who doted on his favorite daughter, and of the scornful world's pointed finger. Poor bard!—with uneasy days and nights, hardly beset by the nemesis of his own seven-times-heated passions, and with loving pity for the trusting lassie,—he makes the best reparation he can. He is not base to desert her who is still dear to him, nor to cast of the babe whose coming must bring dishonor; but he is ready with a written testimonial that she is his wedded wife; though the marriage be "secret and irregular." Whether the blessing or banning of church and society be his, he is ready to claim her as his own, and shield her from scorn and malediction. Indeed, had he in like manner wronged no other

HAD INDIGESTION!

For a Matter of Some Forty Years or More.

Joseph Gardner, stove dealer, of Bath, Ontario, is a great believer in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and kidney, liver, and stomach troubles generally.

"I was troubled for over forty years with indigestion and constipation," he writes. "At intervals I suffered from severe headache. I spent dollars and dollars without result until Mr. Ball, our druggist, advised me to try Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did so, and must say that they are the only remedy that gave me relief. I would not be without them for anything."

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woman, his relation with Jean might be more easily defended.

But a sad surprise awaits him. He had not expected complacency from the austere father to whom Jean was as the apple of his eye; but he hoped the storm might soon blow over. He was mistaken. The intelligence that came upon James Armour with such force as to cause him to swoon, stole his heart to the spoiler of his house. The sturdy mason of Mauchline, who is not highly gifted with pity or magnanimity and who cannot make excuses for vagabonds, peremptorily excludes him. He will accept the shame he has entailed upon himself, if that must be, but he will by no means have Burns for his son-in-law. The canny, prudent man, who looks well to the honor of the family, is roused at last. There is a stormy scene in the house, and he is white with rage. In his fury he denounced "the rake-helly Burns,"—of whom he wanted nothing but the chance to lay hands on him. He demanded that his daughter relinquish him forever. Poor Jean! It was a sorrowful time for her. She was sent from home to be out of the way. As for the poet, scorn, contempt, and indignation made the sorrowing man their target. Why was such a villain permitted to cumber the earth! So was he pursued,—"skulking," as he declares, day after day, "from covert to covert, under the terrors of a jail," while

"Hungry ruin had him in the wind."
The righteousness of men in Scotland once sent them to "the munitions of the rocks," with the sword of Claverhouse behind them; but now Caledon's sweetest singer, who, like another hill bunted minstrel, had reason to cry,—"I am a sinful man O Lord!"—is driven in the tracks of the Camronians, and seeks refuge in Grampian glens from the pursuing sheriff. Truly he has done ill; but it is to hunt him from the face of the earth that will teach him to do better? As for Armour, he can care for his own daughter. He bids her burn to ashes the precious paper that might show Burns to have any legal claim upon her. So, easy-hearted Jean, awed by authority, submits, is withdrawn within the required privacy, while the poet has reason to suppose that gate so firmly barred he could come to her no more.

The bitterest ingredient in his cup was this temporary infidelity of Jean. That she could give him up was enough to provoke him to madness; and he confesses that for a season he dwelt on the boundary line that separates reason from insanity. He sings a sweet reproach in one of the saddest plaints of disappointed love ever uttered by poet:

"The pledged faith, the mutual flame,
The oft-attested powers above;
The promise'd Father's tender name;
These were the pledges of my love.

And must I think it is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

After this, (noting all Burns has to say and sing of Jean,) says Mrs. Jameson, in her "Loves of the Poets," "what becomes of the insinuation that Burns made an unhappy marriage,—that he was compelled to invest her with the control of his life, whom he seems at first to have selected only for a temporary inclination; and that to this circumstance most of his misconduct is to be attributed? Yet this I believe, is a prevalent impression. Those whose hearts have glowed, and whose eyes have filled with delicious tears over the songs, of Burns, have reason to be grateful to Mr. Lockhart, and two a kindred spirit, Allan Cunningham for a generous feeling with which they have vindicated Burns and his Jean. Such aspirations are not only injurious to the dead and cruel to the living, (Mrs. Burns was then alive in 1844,) but they do incalculable mischief;—they are food for the fippant scoffer at all that makes the 'poetry of life.' They unsettle in gentler bosoms all faith in love, in truth in goodness,—(alas, such

diabelf comes soon enough!) [they revolt the heart, and 'take the rose from the fair forehead of an innocent love to set a blister there.]

Here, was it a ray of heavenly light, or a flame of earthly passion, that shot across the background of this accumulated shadow and disorder, in the romantic episode of Highland Mary? We cannot pause to trace this event, to delineate her features vaguely seen, or to reconcile what is perhaps the irreconcilable, so as, on the moral basis of society, to justify her or her lover. Enough there are those who feel like trusting to exonerate her, and much has been written of her innocence and beauty. It suffices to affirm that it was an event out of which poetry could be made; and, whatever she was in after fact, we see her only through the misty gold of song; for, in the haunted region where the poet's fancy has placed her, consecrated by his yearning, adoring affection, she is forever beautiful and fair, beyond earth and time and the touch of contamination.

But Jean is returned again, and somehow the poet is drifted round to her again. He hears her singing, and the old ties of love and longing surge back on his heart. They meet in secret and are reconciled. Of these meetings he sings:

"I'll aye ca' in by ye town,
And by ye garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by ye town,
And see my bonnie Jean, again.

There's sae sae sae, there's sae sae, there's sae sae,
What brings me back the gude again,
But the, my fairest, faithfu' lass!
And stowt we sail meet again.

She'll wander by the aikon tree,
When tryin'-time draws near again;
And when her lovely Jim I see,
Oh, faith, she's doubly dear again!
I'll aye ca' in by ye town,
And by ye garden green again;
I'll aye ca' in by ye town,
And see my bonnie Jean, again.

They had their signs and signals arranged, and their hours and scenes for a stolen interview. No doubt Jean's escapades suggested the song, and she may have given the words in substance,—

"O whistle, and I'll come to my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to my lad;
Tho' father and mother should a' go mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to my lad."

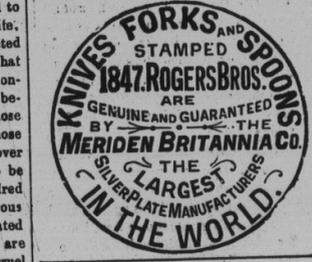
Leasing from an inn adjoining the Armour house,—the Whiteford Arms,—he could talk with Jean in her room. But at last their secret was out; the father and mother rose in wrath, the door was doubly barred, and once more the lovers were put asunder.

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That to remove corns, warts, bunions in a few days, all that is required is to apply the old and well-tested corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless. Putnam's Corn Extractor makes no sore spots hard to heal, acts quickly and painlessly on hard and soft corns.

Good Lightning Conductor.

The Lombardy poplar tree, it is said, forms a splendid natural lightning conductor. Its great height and lack of spreading branches enabling it to conduct a lightning stroke straight downward. No house by which one of these trees has been reared as yet has been known to suffer from the severest storm.—Chicago Chronicle.



Bobity

Helps digestion.

Woman and Her Work

The class of people in England who can afford to purchase ease and comfort without regard to the price paid for such luxuries, seem to have solved the always troublesome servant question, with wonderful success. I don't refer to the woman who is looking out for a first class general servant, or a good plain servant in a family where one other servant is kept,—she is as badly off as ever, and there seems no immediate prospect that her condition will improve; the probability is that fifty years hence she will be engaged in an unequal struggle with poor, shiftless and incompetent servants. Those who cannot afford to pay for the best—especially in England—must put up with a very indifferent article, while those who can, are pretty certain of getting the very best, such is the power of money. During the last few years the wealthy Londoner has learned to appreciate that paragon of all servants, the East Indian, and since the idea suddenly struck some of the more influential British matrons that as Queen Victoria had found her Indian servants indispensable, other less exalted people might be just so fortunate, there has been a regular boom in these grave, dark skinned, and most capable servants, who now bid fair to be as common, and as popular in English households, as the negroes are in the southern states. In fact there is scarcely a well London house, which does not boast its Indian butler now, and a great deal of dignity the magnificent fellow impart to any household in which they are employed. They are almost invariably employed as butlers in titled families and are usually obliged to retain their native costume dressing all in white with huge turbans round around their heads, large gold rings in their ears, and bare feet thrust into embroidered heeled slippers. I believe the Duchess of Devonshire boasts an East Indian butler who stands six feet six inches in his bare feet, and who is sometimes to be seen seated beside her coachman, when she drives in Hyde Park. Effective as he is, the East Indian is a very expensive luxury, though his wages seldom exceed twenty dollars a month, and he performs perfect wonders in the way of service for that sum. The trouble is that on account of his religion the Mohammedan must be provided not only with a separate table from the Christian dogs who are his fellow servants, but also with separate stove, separate cooking utensils, separate food, and even separate fire. He must be lodged alone, and preserved in every way from contamination by his fellow servants, and naturally the aristocrats of the servants hall, hate him with a bitter hatred. Not only does he make it plain that he despises them but he injures their trade terribly. The English servant makes almost a religion of having his duties clearly defined, and never, on any account overstepping the line of demarcation, but the East Indian, who gets no larger wages is versatile to the last degree, and always ready to turn his accomplishments to account. He never gossips or quarrels with the other servants, considering them too far beneath him for any such familiarity and he is so respectful to a marvellous degree. It is nothing unusual to see the Indian butler sent to the table, take entire charge of the dining room, keep the accounts, act as valet when needed, pour the tea on reception days and even look after the decorations when a dinner party or ball is given.

Treasure as he is, he can only be retained at a great sacrifice, because of the abhorrence in which he is held by English servants. They regard him as a heathen, and will not live in the same house with him unless offered very liberal inducements and as it is impossible for even an East Indian to perform the whole work of a house, the mistress must take her choice between paying exorbitant wages, and letting her treasure go. I should think the English climate would offer an insuperable obstacle to anything like a general employment of East Indians, as they are so prone to consumption, but those who know best say that they stand the cold remarkably well.

What a blessing it would be if the time ever came when the incomparable Indian servant was within the reach of all.

The question naturally arises in one's mind, how these paragons are obtained and if one is obliged to write to India, and pay their passage out. Nothing of the kind! They are obtained at one of the large department stores, or an employment agency. Strange as it sounds these large stores make a speciality of providing the best of servants for their patrons, and this branch of their business is carried on with admirable precision, and there is nothing from a governess to a kitchen maid, that cannot be obtained from them. They are divided into emergency, temporary, and permanent servants they are of all nationalities, and speak all languages from broadest cockney to Hindustanee, and they are all vouched for by the head of the domestic service department.

But the very swiftest place, the one where the highest order of domestic service of every kind is to be procured, is the great employment agency in Kensington. This establishment is a very handsome house on a prominent street bearing no outward evidence of being anything but a private residence, and containing the name of the proprietor on a plain brass tablet in the vestibule. Inside it is fitted up as a model English home of the highest class.

The would-be employer enters a small office on the first floor, tells the head of the establishment just what she is in search of, lays a fee of two guineas on the table, and sits down to wait for ten minutes. Meanwhile the proprietor presses a button, speaks through a tube, and at the end of the allotted time the servant required makes his appearance. Supposing it is a butler that is required, a man of the exact height, age and size required appears, clad in immaculate livery and ready for service.

At a sign from the proprietor he opens and shuts the street door to show how he admits visitors, ushers his prospective mistress into the drawing room, goes out and returns with an imaginary message, stands at the door and announces arrival, and drawing back the portieres, announces that dinner is served. Proceeding to the dining room where stands a table perfectly set, he goes through all the forms of serving a meal, pouring wine and directing the servants under him. Then he sets and clears a table, arranges a bowl of flowers, composes a salad, and finally descending to the cellar gives a practical exhibition of his knowledge of wines. In short he goes through all the duties which are to be expected of a butler. Should a footman, valet, lady's maid, page or parlor maid be required all are put through the same rigid examination; and in the house there is to be found a model nursery, kitchen, series of bedrooms, living rooms, and even a stable at the back, where the men and maids are put through their paces thoroughly so that no hiring in the dark is done. Only the best of references are accepted and the highest class servants furnished, all their records are carefully traced out from their time they first entered service, and their career is followed with equal care, so that only the best and most perfect servants are ever sent out from that famous agency.

Such is the power of wealth to make the wheels of the domestic machinery glide smoothly.

I was looking over some fashion journals more than a year old, to day, and I was greatly struck by the similarity in the fashions; except by the diminution in the sleeves, and the absence of ripples in the basques the change is almost imperceptible. A little variety in the trimming of the skirts and a slight decrease in their width about the suns it up. It is really marvellous how the fashion authorities manage to ring the changes season after season and give some semblance of variety to modes that really scarcely change at all. The skirts seem to be the chief objects of attention this month and they really do display considerable variety, as there is a marked effort to restore the draped skirt, while some of the newest actually open in front over a panel of some contrasting color and material. The draped skirt is a very modest and native affair arranged as simply as possible with just a little fullness caught up at the left side near the hip with a buckle. If it ever gains a hold on public favor again the process of revival will be a slow and tedious one, as the average woman looks much better with a little bunchiness as possible about the hips, and the entire bent of fashion now-a-days is to make her votaries look as tall and slender as possible. The circular, and the five gored skirt seem to be the most generally liked and they are out with very little flare at the bottom, very close fitting around the hips to the knee, and without very much fullness to plait or gather in at the back of the waist. Strange to say the skirt with a seam down the front, is also popular though it is difficult to see how it can be, since it is



Every Woman

should have among her assortment of footwear a pair of good heavy solid laced boots for fall and winter wear. We have a number of these lines now in stock at \$1.75, and \$2.00 per pair.—They are warm and comfortable for this time of year.—Worth while trying a pair.

Waterbury & Rising
61 King St.
212 Union St.

the most troublesome of all to fit, and make look well. It is not always a plain seam, but it is sometimes lapped, and stitched in a tailor effect a little way from the edge, and sometimes the skirt is trimmed up the centre of the front. Many of these skirts end at the knee, where they are met by a circular flounce. One of the oddest of this season's models shows a yoke fully thirty inches deep in front, and rounding away to a few inches in the back, apron fashion. The lower skirt is made circular to meet the yoke, and put on with rows of braid, stitching, or, if it is an evening dress, a ruche. It is needless to say that such a gown should never be attempted by an amateur, as a very skilled hand is required to make it a success. Neither should any woman who is inclined to be short and stout venture to wear such a skirt which will serve to accentuate all her defects. She should confine herself to the gored skirts with enough perpendicular seams to give her at least an appearance of height.

Where a gown is lined with silk the lining is almost invariably made in the form of a separate foundation skirt trimmed either with knite plaited flounces, or a deep Spanish flounce finished on the edge with a very narrow knip plaiting. Of course it is an extravagant fashion, but a most effective one, especially since the skirts are made without stiffness, and really require something to keep them out.

It will be joyful news to these ambitious souls who have been longing for a silk lined costume ever since the fashion came in, but have never succeeded in reaching the height of their ambition, to hear that silk linings are really going out. They are pretty, and expensive, but there the list of their advantages ends, they are so perishable that if the costume in which they are used is of cloth or any other durable material, they are sure to wear out long before the gown itself is half worn, and unless one can afford to have them renewed the dress must be thrown aside as a ragged lining, even when it is of silk, is something not to be tolerated for a moment. Even when the dress is very carefully worn, and the lining taken every care of, it is sure to scil, for showers will come up unexpectedly when one is out, and the damp sidewalks and muddy boots play havoc with a silk lined skirt. A cloth dress is not usually intended exclusively for house wear, and to have one that is intended for service at all, lined with silk is, in my opinion, a very great mistake. I saw such a lovely costume not long ago, made by a Toronto Ladies' tailor. It was of heavy serge-like cloth, in a peculiar shade of green in which, when you looked closely, you could see the tiniest flecks of red. Both skirt and coat were lined throughout with heavy rose-colored silk, and the effect was charming; but even while I was admiring it I could not help wondering how such a costume would stand contact with our St. John sidewalks during a season of fog or Scotch mist. I fear the glory of the rose silk would be sadly tarnished; and yet the dress was not in any sense a house costume, but was clearly intended for street wear alone.

No doubt the human race would consider it little short of a universal tragedy if

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

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

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

A Fair and Beautiful Complexion

Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Blackheads, Redness,
And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of
Dr. Campbell's **SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS**
.....And FOULD'S.....
MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six size boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

there were no looking glasses. Yet, in spite of their widespread use, it is an astonishing fact that none of us have ever seen ourselves as others see us.

In the first place, the reflection in the mirror does not portray our likeness with any attempt at accuracy. The hair is in wrong tone; the eyes are not correct in color, and our complexions are hopelessly labelled by this specious household deceiver. It is certain that if the looking glasses spoke the truth the sale of various complexion washes would decrease to half for any fair skin looks grey and pallid in the glass, and numbers of women who have splendid complexions ruin them by trying to improve them because they look bad in the mirror. You may be certain that, however plain your face seems, it is by no means so plain as it appears in the telltale mirror. Secondly, you cannot assume your natural expression while peering in the looking glass. The eyes must be in a certain position before you can see at all and the eye, so far as expression is concerned, governs the face. The consequence is that you can see only one of your expressions in the glass, and that expression is one of attentive examination. All the other expressions by which your friends know you, favorable or unfavorable, you have never seen, and never will see. What a comforting theory this is, and if it is true how much better looking we must all be, than we had any idea of.

ASTRA.

they took away this remainder of the plate, while in the fourth year they again rifled the jewel casket of the countess.

Last year they got away with some valuable papers, stocks, etc., while this year it is not the count or countess who is the sufferer, but the lady in waiting of the late, the Baroness de Liffiken, who has lost all her jewels and a number of government bonds.

It must be borne in mind that the palace at Brussels of the count of Flanders is patrolled on every side by military sentinels, as well as by uniformed Brussels policemen, several of whom are stationed at every entrance and exit. Moreover, there are several detectives on duty, just as at every royal palace, while the count has likewise engaged several private detectives to keep watch on his palace in consequence of the repeated robberies.

The latter have had the effect of putting the Brussels police more than ever on the qui vive, and that the thefts should go on without interruption is as inexplicable and mysterious as it is exasperating. It may be added that all the servants employed by the count and countess are old retainers, and until now above suspicion.—New Orleans Picayune.

WET WEATHER.

The dangers of exposure to cold and damp vividly portrayed by one who has experienced them.

Mr. John Conboy, 250 Sidney Street, St. John, N.B., talked to our reporter about



his experience with kidney trouble, and his recent remarkable cure by Doan's Kidney Pills. Mr. Conboy's statement reads as follows:—

"For a number of years I have been troubled with kidney weakness, brought on by heavy lifting and exposure to wet and cold; also a heavy strain whereby I wrenched my back. I experienced great pain in the chest, extending through to the small of my back and around the loins.

"Before taking Doan's Kidney Pills my blood became vitiated, and my kidneys were greatly deranged in their action. I suffered also from nervousness and general debility, and I am thankful to say that by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, assisted by Laxa-Liver Pills, I am wonderfully improved. I also suffered from constipation and liver complaint, but found Laxa-Liver Pills an excellent remedy, aiding Doan's Kidney Pills in their splendid work.

"I am glad to testify to the wonderful curative powers of these great remedies, especially when they are used in combination, and feel assured that anyone trying them will not be disappointed in the result.

Laxa-Liver Pills Cure Constipation and Sick Headache.

Bobby

Does not hurt the fingers

through her of the time by

SOAP.

self.

pe" wrappers, or a coupon and a popular novel. A r of "Eclipse."

OR & CO.,

Toronto, Ont.

enough!) they revolt the rose from the fair at love to set a blister of heavenly light, or session, that shot across its accumulated shade romantic episode of We cannot pause to delineate her features reconcile what is possible, so as, on the moral justify her or her lover. es we feel like trust- r, and much has been and beauty. It was an event out d be made; and, what fact, we see her only old of song; for, in the e the poets fancy had ted by his yearning, regret, she is forever beyond earth and time atnation.

ed again, and some- ed round to her again. g, and the old tides of ge back on his heart. and are reconciled. e, sings:

own, green again; own, Jean, again, there's none shall green ex the give again, lither' has' I meet again. alkies tree, draws near again; Sam Dece, ly dear again! town, green again; town, Jean, again."

as and signals arranged, scenes for a stolen in- st Jean's escapades sug- ed she may have given ance,—

l come to my lad; o come to you, my lad; ther should' go mad, come to you, my lad."

inn adjoining the Arm- Whiteford Arms,—he an in her room. But at us out; the father and with, the door was doubly more the lovers were put

Forget.

corns, warts, bunions in at is required is to apply l-tested corn cure—Pat- Extractor. Sure, safe Corn extractor makes d to heal, acts quickly hard and soft corns.

staining Conductor.

popular tree, it is said, natural lightning conduc- t and lack of spreading g it to conduct a lightning downward. No house by se trees has been reared known to suffer from the Chicago Chronicle.

WORKS AND STAMPED ROGERS BROS. ARE GUARANTEED THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

Bobby

ps digestion.

HALL'S

Vegetable Sicilian

HAIR RENEWER

Cleanses the scalp and puts new life into the hair. It restores the lost color to gray hair. It means youth and beauty.

JAPANESE PARLIAMENTS.

How the two Houses of Parliament are chosen.—The Voting.

The prominent part taken by Japan in the Hawaiian question and the frequent mention of the Japanese Parliament have given rise to much inquiry as to the composition of that body and the Japanese election methods.

The latter are fashioned after those of the United States in many respects—the preliminary caucuses and conventions being like those held in this country, in most particulars.

The Japanese Parliament consists of a House of Representatives known as the Shingi-In and a House of Peers known as the Kizoku In. There are three hundred members in the lower house, who are elected for four years, and about two hundred members in the House of Peers whose term of office is seven years.

There is no positive number set for the membership of the upper house because there are many hereditary members, and their number may be augmented at any time by appointment at the hands of the Emperor. All marquises and dukes are members of the House of Peers by virtue of their titles; the members of the imperial household and imperial princes are also members of the House of Peers. Barons, counts and viscounts are eligible to election to the upper house, but none of these ranks may be represented by more than one-fifth of its total membership. In addition to these there are the various persons whom the Emperor rewards for distinguished services with a seat in the upper house.

The members who are elected are chosen from the largest taxpayers in the various districts. Fifteen men whose taxes amount to a certain sum a year are elected in each district, and they elect one of their members. He must be at least thirty years old and may be a merchant, manufacturer or a member or one of the learned professions. The president and the vice-president of the upper house are appointed by the Emperor.

Members of the lower house are all elected by popular vote. Every male of the age of twenty-five years who has lived one year or more in the district in which the election takes place may vote, provided he has paid at least 15 yen in direct taxes exclusive of what he paid in local taxes. When the voter is thirty years old he is also eligible to membership in the lower house without any further qualification. But a man who already holds an office in the judiciary, police or correction department, who has an office in the imperial household or is in any way connected with the custom house may not become a candidate for the House of Representatives.

When members are elected they come together and elect three of their number as worthy of the place of presiding officer; from these three the Emperor selects the president and vice-president of the body.

The lists of voters are made up by officers of the various districts, and are completed on or before April 20. From that time until July 1, when the elections take place, much active campaign work is done. The nominations are made in the various counties or districts, and on election day, the chief officer of the county takes charge of the voting in his district. The voting places are all in the Municipal Building, and are open on election day from 7 a. m. until 6 p. m. The voter presents himself at the inspector's desk, on which the ballot-boxes are placed, and, after writing his name, and opposite that the name of the person for whom he desires to vote, on a book kept for that purpose, he deposits his ballot. In cases where a voter cannot write, an officer may write for him, but the election books must show that such help has been extended to the voter.

Outside the building there are many men who yell and cheer for their candidate and button-hole the voters as they come to the voting places, and act in many respects like the crowd around a rural American election place. Those who compose the outside cheering and electioneering crowds are for the most part young men from the schools and colleges, and their influence with the voters is anxiously sought by the candidates.

After the polls are closed the county officers take charge of the boxes and place them under lock and key in the Municipal Building, where they remain until the next morning, when they are opened and examined by a Board of Inspectors, on whose report the candidates are declared elected. The next general election will take place in July 1898.—New York Tribune.

IT HOLDS THE KEY.

Insignificant Beginnings—But They Steal on one as a Thief in the Night, and Before one has Time to Wonder what ails him he is in the Firm Grasp of Disease.—South American Kidney Cure will Break the Bonds and Liberate, no matter how strong the cords.

The thousands of cases that have been helped, and cured by the great South American Kidney Cure is the best recommendation of its curative qualities. The remedy is a specific for all kidney troubles. The formula is compounded on the very latest scientific discoveries in the medical world. There are thousands today who do truthfully say "I am living because I used South American Kidney Cure." It relieves in six hours.

\$200.00 for CORRECT ANSWERS!

Most Unique Contest of the Age — \$200.00 Paid for Correct Lists made by Supplying Missing Letters in Places of Dashes — No Lottery — Popular Plan of Education — Read All the Particulars.

In the United States four times as much money is expended for education as for the military. Brain is better than brawn. By our educational facilities we have become a great nation. We, the publishers of Woman's World and Jeannette Miller Monthly, have done much toward the cause of education in many ways, but now we offer you an opportunity to display your knowledge and receive most generous payment for a little study. The object of this contest is to give an impetus to many dormant minds to awaken and think; also to increase the circulation of Woman's World and Jeannette Miller Monthly to such a size that we shall be able to charge double the present rate for advertising in our columns. By this plan of increasing the number of subscriptions and receiving more money from advertisers of soap, piano, medicines, books, baking powders, jewelry, etc., we shall add \$50,000 a year to our income, and with this mathematical education before us, we have decided to operate this most remarkable "missing letters" contest.

HERE'S WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.

There are thirty words in this schedule, from each of which letters have been omitted and their places have been supplied by dashes. To fill in the blank spaces and get the names properly you must have some knowledge of geography and history. We want you to spell out as many words as you can, then send to us with 25 cents to pay for a three month's subscription to Woman's World. For correct lists we shall give \$200.00 in cash. If more than one person sends a full, correct list, the money will be awarded to the fifty best lists in appearance. Also, if your list contains twenty or more correct words, we shall send you a Genuine Diamond of Great Quality. It is artistically mounted in a fine gold-colored setting, warranted to wear forever. This piece of jewelry will make a most desirable gift to a friend if you do not need it yourself. At present our supply of these is limited, and if they are all gone when your list of answers comes, we will send you \$2.25 in money instead of the diamond. In addition to your participation interest in the \$200.00 cash prize, this money offer is as the best one, and by a responsible publishing house. We refer to many of the agencies and banks in New York. We will promptly refund money to you if you are dissatisfied. What more can we do? Now study, and exchange slight brain work for cash. Write our lists of answers and send 25 cents to pay for three months' subscription to our great family magazine, Woman's World. If you have already subscribed, mention that fact in your letter, and we will extend your subscription from the present time to expire. We will send you a silver, wrap money very carefully in paper before enclosing in your letter. Address

PRIZES WILL BE SENT PROMPTLY.

Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. We publish the list of words to be studied out. In making your list of answers, be sure to give the number of each word:

- 1. - R A - I - A country of South America.
- 2. - A - I - I - Name of the largest body of water.
- 3. M - D - E - - A - E - - A sea.
- 4. - M - - - - A large river.
- 5. T - A - - - S Well known river of Europe.
- 6. S - - - A - N - A - A city in one of the Southern States.
- 7. H - - - - X - A city of Canada.
- 8. N - A - - A - A noted for display of water.
- 9. - E - - - E - - E - - One of the United States.
- 10. - A - R - I - A city of Spain.
- 11. H - V - - A A city on a well known island.
- 12. S - M - E - A well known old fort of the United States.
- 13. G - - R - L - A - Greatest fortification in the world.
- 14. S - A - L - E - A great explorer.
- 15. C - L - F - - - I - One of the United States.
- 16. B - S - M - - - K A noted ruler.
- 17. - - G - T - O - I - Another noted ruler.
- 18. P - R - U - A - Country of Europe.
- 19. A - S - T - A - I - A big island.
- 20. M - I - N - E - Name of the most prominent America.
- 21. T - - - A - One of the United States.
- 22. J - F - - R - - N Once President of the United States.
- 23. - U - - - N A large lake.
- 24. E - E - S - N A noted poet.
- 25. G - E - R - A foreign country, same size as Kansas.
- 26. B - R - - O A large island.
- 27. W - M - - S - W - R - D Popular family magazine.
- 28. B - H - I - G A sea.
- 29. A - L - N - I - An ocean.
- 30. M - D - G - S - A - An island near Africa.

In sending your list of words, mention whether you want prize money sent by bank draft, money order or registered mail; we will send any way that winners require. The Egeria Diamond is a perfect imitation of a Real Diamond of large size. We defy experts to distinguish it from real except by microscopic test. In every respect it serves the purpose of a genuine diamond of great quality. It is artistically mounted in a fine gold-colored setting, warranted to wear forever. This piece of jewelry will make a most desirable gift to a friend if you do not need it yourself. At present our supply of these is limited, and if they are all gone when your list of answers comes, we will send you \$2.25 in money instead of the diamond. In addition to your participation interest in the \$200.00 cash prize, this money offer is as the best one, and by a responsible publishing house. We refer to many of the agencies and banks in New York. We will promptly refund money to you if you are dissatisfied. What more can we do? Now study, and exchange slight brain work for cash. Write our lists of answers and send 25 cents to pay for three months' subscription to our great family magazine, Woman's World. If you have already subscribed, mention that fact in your letter, and we will extend your subscription from the present time to expire. We will send you a silver, wrap money very carefully in paper before enclosing in your letter. Address

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Good Spices

Cost more than those that are adulterated. Everybody knows that. Few people, however, attach a sufficient importance to the difference in quality when making their purchases, notwithstanding the fact that physicians deprecate the use of impure food.

MOTT'S

Spices, put up in packages, are always pure. Fifty years' test of their merit has proved that fact beyond the shadow of a doubt.

HOME

Dress Cutting and Making.

The Abel Gauband system of dress cutting is easily and thoroughly learned in a few lessons. This system is the most simple and best adapted for home cutting of stylish, up-to-date costumes, ordinary house dresses, mantles and garments of all kinds. It is practical, reliable and always applicable to the requirements of the time in changes in fashions etc. Charges very moderate. For full particulars address

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LAXA-LIVER PILLS

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

As a laxative, one pill acts perfectly, and if a stronger action is desired a cathartic effect is produced by two pills. In obstinate cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect. One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation. PRICE 25 CENTS OR 5 FOR \$1.00.

Give the Baby a Chance

The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually. Martin's Cardinal Food is a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids. HERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS.



STEM SET, WATCH FREE. To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give away a 14c gold-plated watch, Ladies or Gents, with every FREE box of Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills. The Pills are 5c. per box, \$2.50 for 5 boxes. Send this advertisement to receive a free watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. THE DR. WESTON PILL CO., 200 George St., Toronto, Ont.

ORIGIN OF THE BUCCANERS.

Feasible Prof. Traders at First Until Expelled by Spain.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton will contribute to the coming volume of St. Nicholas a series of sketches of 'The Buccaneers of Our Coast.' In his first article, in the November St. Nicholas, Mr. Stockton says:

'The first pirates who made themselves known in American waters were the famous buccaners. They began their career in a very commonplace and unobjectionable manner, and the name by which they were known had originally no piratical significance. It was derived from the French word boucanier, signifying 'a drier of beef.' 'Some of the West Indian Islands, especially San Domingo, were almost overrun with wild cattle of various kinds; and this was owing to the fact that the Spaniards had killed off nearly all the natives, and so had left the interior of the islands to the herds of cattle, which had increased rapidly. There were a few settlements on the sea coast; but the Spaniards did not allow the inhabitants of these to trade with any nation but their own, and consequently the people were badly supplied with the necessities of life. But the trading-vessels which sailed from Europe to that part of the Caribbean Sea were manned by bold and daring sailors; and when they knew that San Domingo contained an abundance of beef cattle, they did not hesitate to stop at the little seaports to replenish their stores. The natives of the islands were skilled in the art of preparing beef by smoking and drying it—very much in the same way in which our Indians prepare 'jerked meat' for winter use.

'But so many vessels came to San Domingo for beef that there were not enough people on the island to do all the hunting and drying that was necessary; so these trading vessels frequently anchored in some quiet cove, and the crews went on shore and devoted themselves to securing a cargo of beef—not only enough for their own use, but for trading purposes; and thus they became known as 'beef-driers,' or buccaners.

'When the Spaniards heard of this new industry which had arisen within the limits of their possessions, they pursued the vessels of the buccaners wherever they were seen, and relentlessly destroyed them and their crews. But there were not enough Spanish vessels to put down the trade in dried beef; more European vessels generally English and French, stopped at San Domingo, and more bands of hunting sailors made their way into the interior. When these daring fellows knew that the Spaniards were determined that it should be broken up they armed themselves and their vessels so that they might be able to make a defense against the Spanish man-of-war.

'Thus gradually and almost imperceptibly a state of maritime warfare grew up in the waters of the West Indies between Spain and the beef-traders of other nations; and from being obliged to fight, the buccaners became glad to fight, provided that it was Spain they fought. True to her policy of despotism and cruelty when dealing with her American possessions, Spain waged a bitter and bloody war against the buccaners who dared to interfere with the commercial relations between herself and her West India colonies; and in return the buccaners were just as bitter and savage in their warfare against Spain. Even defending themselves against Spanish attacks, they began to attack Spaniards whenever there was any chance of success, at first only upon the sea, but afterward on land.'

The Stomach.

There is a wonderful sympathy between the stomach and all other parts of the body, but that between the stomach and the brain is so active and perfect that the most skilled physician is often greatly puzzled in trying to decide when one is ill whether the brain or stomach is really to blame. Nothing is more common, for example, than to meet a longstanding case of dyspepsia in which the prominent and almost the only symptom is a dull and fretting headache. While persons have suffered for many years from what they believed to be a grave organic disease of the stomach, and were themselves fully convinced that cancer at least was the cause of their suffering, it turned out that when a post-mortem examination was made that a healthier stomach than the average was found; but there were evidences of long standing and serious disease of the brain, in fact, sick headache is the result of eating too much and exercising too little. In the majority of cases its cause lies in the fact that the food last taken is so rich in quality or so excessive in quantity that the stomach cannot digest it. A simple diet on grains and ripe fruits with sufficient exercise in the open air to keep up a gentle perspiration, would speedily effect a cure. With some persons this headache comes on at regular intervals and is the stomach's signal of distress at having been imposed upon. To take two teaspoonful of powdered charcoal in a glass half full of water will sometimes give relief, or a teaspoonful of lemon juice fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same at bedtime.—New York Ledger.



She is sure of its merits and knows that the can bearing the seal of the famous coffee and tea importers,

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THE NEW STITCHED READY-MADE SATIN. Castle & Son, 120 University St., Montreal.

Memorials, Interior Decorations. Castle & Son, 120 University St., Montreal.

Mother, what makes the sunshine grow? My darling said one day. As o'er the hills the heavenly glow Came speeding on its way. Breaking the slumbers of the night, Flooding the earth with glad delight, And clothing mountains, do us and give With the beauteous robe of fire.

God rules and guides the heavenly light With wisdom in his hand, and power. But we can make dark places bright And desert bloom with flowers. A cheerful heart, kind words and deeds, True sympathy for others' needs, Pure thought that from pure fountains flow, These make the blessed, sunshine grow.

The Miser's Grand-Daughter.

The scene that met my gaze one evening, when called out on professional duty, might have made the fortune and added to the reputation of a Hogarth. I had climbed up several flights of rickety stairs, and stood within a small, dingy room, whose appearance indicated the abode of extreme poverty. The furniture was scanty and of the poorest quality, although well cared for. On a pallet lay an old man, who arose on one elbow as I entered, and looked intently, almost fiercely, at me. His hair was very white and long, as also was his beard, which reached the proportions seen in delineation of the patriarchs. Around his aged, wrinkled forehead, a neatly folded handkerchief was bound, and by his side stood a pretty girl, whose face was clouded with an expression of deep anxiety.

"I have no money—I am old and poor; and you needn't come here thinking you can get anything valuable. People tell lies about me. We are very poor. Mildred will tell you the same." These sentences were uttered in an earnest, spasmodic manner, while the eyes of the old man glanced searchingly at me a moment; then he sank back on his pillow, exhausted. "My friend, I have come to try and be of service to you, hearing that you had been injured," I replied. "This is the doctor, grandpa. He wants to relieve those pains, and make you well again," the granddaughter said, by way of explaining my presence. The poor man still kept his keen, gray eyes fixed on me with a glance of suspicion.

"It is the doctor; don't you understand?" repeated the devoted girl. "Yes, Mildred, I know what you say; but doctors must have pay. We are too poor to hire a doctor." Saying this, the old man appeared more calm, and less apprehensive of a personal assault—for I imagined that to have been his first fear. "Thinking from what I had been able to observe that the man was a miser, I readily understood how to allay his anxiety; and this was soon accomplished by assuring him that no money would be required from him for my services. But a painful duty remained for me to perform, and that was to inform this devoted girl, who anxiously awaited my verdict, that her grandfather had but a few minutes to live, for no human skill could save his life one hour. She was a little heroine, and I could but admire the strength of character she displayed in her efforts to conceal emotions which caused her the bitterest anguish. Her duty toward the old man, whose side of life was ebbing away, was faithfully performed; and when the silver cord was loosed, she found relief in a flood of tears long restrained.

I then learned that her grandfather, Mr. Mason, had been attacked and brutally beaten by ruffians, who had expected to find a large amount of hidden treasure in the miser's dwelling. In this they had been disappointed, as they were driven away by the approach of Alfred Fletcher, a young man employed in a bookbindery near Mildred Mason's poor home. Mildred and Alfred were betrothed lovers, and it was when coming to spend an hour, at twilight, with his sweetheart, that young Fletcher found Mr. Mason in an almost senseless condition. Mildred was absent at the time on some errand for her grandfather, and on her return found Alfred between two burly, stupid officers of the law, charged with the assault on Stephen Mason. The old man, in a state of semi-consciousness, declared that Fletcher was his assailant, and had attempted to rob him. So the lover was raptly hurried, in spite of all remonstrances, to that dismal building designated as the Tolls, hooted at by idle boys on the street, and gazed on by those who had heard of the assault and man who had attempted their friend's murder!

No wonder the poor girl turned to me, and in despairing accents asked: "What can I do, doctor? What can I do?" It was a hard question to answer truly. I promised to explain the matter, as it had been related to me, to the proper authorities, although entertaining little hope of favorable results. For a very plausible case had been worked up by a celebrated detective, to the disadvantage of young Fletcher. To help the poor girl, who had implicit faith in her lover, I firmly believed—whether he deserved it or not—and to be of service to the young man if innocent (for he appeared to be almost friendless in the time of trouble), I searched the premises, hoping to find some evidence pointing to the perpetrators of the crime. There were indications of a desperate struggle, when, no doubt, the miser put forth all his strength to guard the accumulated treasure of years, and his white hairs were shown plentifully about the place. Mr. Mason's coat was torn also, and I noticed that one button was missing, with a small portion of the cloth immediately surrounding it. I was obliged to leave the poor girl, but

Happy in the love of a worthy husband, and surrounded by comforts, the trials of former years are forgotten by Mildred, the miser's grand daughter.—Saturday Night.

ABOUT RAISIN VINEYARDS.

A Great Industry that Flourishes in the West of California. The raisin vineyards of California are now alive with toilers, and every day tons of the delicious fruit are on the way to market. It is in the land of the mirage that the raisin flourishes—a country that bears the most striking resemblance in climate, soil and scenery to Syria. It has the same cloudless sky, the same burning sun, the same rich volcanic soil, the same long, dry season. In fact, nearly every feature of the Holy Land is reproduced along the western base of the Sierra Nevada in the foothills and valleys, which are cut off by the coast range from the cool trade winds and heavy winds of the Pacific ocean. In these great California valleys where the sun burns like a ball of fire in a brazen sky from May to November, the mirage is a common occurrence, and the toiler in the vineyards of Fresno or Merced counties sees islands of feathery palms in broad cool lakes all along the horizon, while he is parched with thirst, within five minutes after he has drunk the heated water from his canteen.

Any tourist who visits California will find it worth his while if he journeys through the hot dusty San Joaquin valley to stop over a day at Fresno and visit some of the great raisin vineyards near that city. The whole country is level as a billiard table; the roads are fine and hard, and along most of the highways are lines of eucalyptus and pepper trees, relieving the bareness of the country and furnishing a fine shade. The old established vineyards are superbly ornamented with hedges of fine shade trees, and the grounds about the houses contain many varieties of palms, rare shrubs, and flowers. All across the country he will see the shimmer of the irrigating canals, for Fresno has the most perfect and extensive irrigating system in the world, the water being brought from the rivers which flow down from the Sierra Nevada, in 2,600 miles of canals and 5,000 miles of lateral ditches. The big canals are generally twenty feet wide; the ditches which carry the water to each vineyard are from three to ten feet wide. The Muscat vines are cut down so that the main trunk of the vine is about sixteen inches high. From this lateral shoots run out, frequently for ten or fifteen feet, thus covering the ground with foliage. Most of the bunches of grapes hang near the main trunk of the vine, and they are protected from the fierce sun by the leaves. The bunches are large, amber-colored grapes, the vines being frequently a foot long. The vineyard is cultivated regularly until the lateral shoots begin to impede the plough. By the first of September the grapes begin to show signs of maturing, but it is frequently the middle of the month before picking begins. This is a labor that demands care and skill.

To make the best raisins it is indispensable that the bloom on the grape should not be injured by handling. The picker takes the bunch by the stem, and with a sharp knife cuts it from the vine. Then, with scissors, he removes any defective berries and places the bunch carefully on the wooden tray by his side. This tray is of redwood, is about two feet long by three broad, and holds twenty-five pounds of grapes when, when dried, will yield five pounds of raisins. When full the tray is left in the sun, and for ten days is not disturbed. This is done by two men, who place an empty tray over the full one and invert the lower. In this way the whole trayful of grapes is turned without handling.

In about two weeks the second process of drying is completed. The trays are then stacked in heaps, and as rapidly as possible the cured grapes are transferred to sweat boxes, three feet long, two feet wide and eight inches deep. In these the raisins pass through a necessary stage, which frees them from moisture and gives them that aroma which the lover of raisins enjoys as much as the taste. These sweat-boxes are taken to the packing house, where woman and girl's sort and arrange the raisins in the boxes which one sees in the stores. In the packing a good deal of art is shown, for the raisins of the top layer are

Ohio's Champion Whittler. Edward Weyls, a barber of 114 West Mound street, claims to be the champion penknife whittler of the United States, and his work as displayed in several pieces of wood carving certainly stamps him as a genius in this line, even if his title honors are disputed. Weyls uses nothing but a penknife and out of blocks of wood he molds figures and articles with the artistic tact of a sculptor. He cuts chains, scissors, wagons, locomotives, machines and other articles and things out of white pine with the rapidity of a buzz-saw. All Mr. Weyls wants is a block of pine, his jack-knife and a seat on a store box, and he can execute the most difficult and intricate pieces of

Much in Little

As especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. etc. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



That terrible wash-tub!

This is the way it looks to the women who do their washing in the old-fashioned way. They dread it—and no wonder! All because they won't use Pearlina. Use Pearlina—use it just as directed—soak, boil and rinse the clothes—and the wash-tub won't be a bugbear. You won't have to be over it enough for that. No hard work—no inhaling of fetid steam—no wearing rubbing—no torn clothes—nothing but economy.

Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as" Pearlina. IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

spread by hand so as to make them appear large and fat. Every process of raising-making is clean, and even the packing-house itself has no ill-smelling refuse. The women and girls are all neatly dressed, and many of them do no work in the year except in raising-packing time. They work by the piece, the average hand making \$1.25 a day and the most expert \$2 a day. Some of the big raisin vineyards of Fresno county are grand places, for no care nor expense has been spared to make the surroundings beautiful. On the Barton and Eisen farms are noble hedges of eucalyptus and cedars, which make superb avenues; while the Butler and Forsythe vineyards are noteworthy for the finely ornamented grounds which surround the houses.—Detroit Free Press.

WESTERN FARM LABORERS.

'Birds of Passage' Who Work in the Big Wheat Fields.

There is a season between May and July during which the army of 'hands' who work on these North Dakota wheat-farms wait for the crops to ripen. In fact, except the half score of men who are regularly employed upon each place, all the men who are engaged upon the big farms—in ploughing seasons, at seeding-time, during harvest, and when the season for threshing comes—the men who do the most important work are transient laborers. Frequently they are birds of passage, whose faces are familiar to the tomen, but whose homes may be a thousand miles away. Men of this character are not 'hoboes'—yet now and then a tramp does 'rest from his loved employ' and work with the 'harvest hands.' A majority of the laborers come from the South in harvest-time. These men are regular harvesters, who begin with the early June harvest in Oklahoma, working northward until the season closes in the Red River country. Men of this class never pay railroad fare. Thousands of them—perhaps fifteen men for every thousand acres in wheat—ride into the bonanza district on the 'blind baggage' on passenger trains. When they have leisure and a taste for scenery they jolt placidly across the continent homeward bound in what lingo of these workmen calls 'sidedoor sleepers.' Many of these workmen live in the larger towns in the Middle West—in St. Louis, in Omaha, in St. Paul, in Chicago, or in Milwaukee. And they bring home probably a million dollars in wages. They are steady, industrious men with no bad habits and small ambitions. On the best farms there is no drinking, and card-playing is strictly prohibited. The tomen say that cards keep the men out of bed at night, and they have not the best strength to work during the day. There are no amusements on the farm and at 9 o'clock the fatigue usually drives the men to bed.—William Allen White, in November S. Pioneer.

CHERRY'S TROUBLES.

Were of the Heart—Human Skill was All—most De-feated When Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Fell into the Breach, and in a few Minutes After one Dose He Found Great Relief, and Five Bottles Made a Bad Heart a Good one. Wm. Sherry, of Owen Sound, Ont., writes: "For the past two years I have been greatly troubled with weakness of the heart and fainting spells. I tried several remedies, and consulted best physicians without any apparent relief. I noticed testimonials of great cures made by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I procured a bottle, and the first dose gave me great relief. The first bottle did wonders for me. After using five bottles there are none of the symptoms remaining whatever. I think it a great boon to mankind."

art. His shop is filled with master-pieces, among the number being a panel figure of Mark Hanna and the facial expression caught by the artist is wonderful. Mr. Weyls will put his work on public exhibition here in compliance with the wishes of his friends.—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

NINE TERRIBLE YEARS.

Misery and Suffering Day and Night.

Paine's Celery Compound Victorious Over Liver Troubles.

A Mighty Work After the Doctor Failed.

If proper treatment is not resorted to in time, the result of liver complaint are terrible, often ending in death. Mrs. McRae, of Gaelph, Ont., suffered for nine long years from liver complaint. Her case baffled the skill of the physician she employed; he could do no more, and the sufferer was left almost hopeless. Hearing of Paine's Celery Compound she procured a supply, and soon experienced her turning health and vigor. Mrs. McRae writes for the benefit of all in misery and affliction; she says: "It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to the value of Paine's Celery Compound. For nine years I had been troubled with liver complaint, and often had very bad spells from it. Two years ago this spring I had a very bad attack of it, and called in a doctor who relieved me of the trouble, but I remained weak, and could neither eat nor sleep, and suffered so much with my head that I procured a bottle of your Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had the contents used I could eat and sleep well, and the pain in my head was completely gone. I took the second bottle, and have never been troubled with liver complaint since. Your Compound has banished constipation which troubled me for many years, and has built me up and completely cured me. I am now 64 years old, and from what I know I consider your medicine the best on the market. Hoping that your valuable medicine will do for others what it has done for me is my sincere wish."

Hard on the "Lady." Helen, aged four, was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at her mother's knee to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding her friend unable to help her out, she concluded with: "Please God, 'cuse me, I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady that don't know any."

Files Cured by Dr. Chase. I. M. Iral, 186 Drolet Street, Montreal, 15 years suffered. Cured of Blind Itching Files.

William Butler, Possawan, Ont. Suffered many months. Cured of Protruding Files by one box.

Pabano Bastard, Gower Point, Ont. Suffered for 30 years. Cured of Itching Files by three boxes.

Nelson Simmons, Myersburg, Ont., cured of Itching Files. Dr. Chase's Ointment will positively cure all forms of Files. Write any of the above it in doubt.

It is not considered that a woman's grief at her husband's illness is what it should be unless the doctor has to be called to give her chloroform.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Heals and Soothes the delicate tissues of the Throat and Lungs. ... CURING ... COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, and PAIN IN THE CHEST. EASY TO TAKE. SURE TO CURE.

The Bright Days.
The bright days—they are coming, no matter what they may be.
Beneath the leaves of winter dreams the violet of hope
And sometimes—in the future, in the golden years
There'll be blossoms in the desert and the streams
"I sing to sea."
The bright days—they are coming; there's a twinkling
Star of the night
In the sky, it sheds its shadows on the starry
Brow of night.

**And some time—in the future, when the clouds
have faded far,
The sun will greet the morning and the night will
claim a star.**
The bright days—they are coming; in the cities,
in the fields
There's a whisper of the music from the morning's
golden bells.
And sometimes—in the future, when the skies are
bending blue,
There'll be angels at the windows and they'll kiss
their hands to you!

✳ Music and Matrimony. ✳

"I am sure there can be no harm in it, mamma."
Maria's cheek was slightly flushed as she spoke the words, and something that was almost a tear gave a humid softness to her hazel eyes. She was a slight, delicate young girl, slender and willowy in her figure, and with a complexion that was transparently pale, save when some sudden emotion sent the crimson tide over its surface. Her dress of deep mourning was plain, and even coarse in its detail; but there was womanly taste down to the very arrangement of its somber folds.
"Harm of course there is no harm," sighed Mrs. Cooper, mechanically raising her handkerchief to her eyes. "But who would ever have supposed that Harry Cooper's daughter would be reduced to giving music lessons, and to advertise for pupils in the daily papers? If your poor, dear papa had but lived!"
"But, mamma, only listen!" said Maria, talking up the paper. "It is nothing so very terrible, after all—Wanted, a few pupils on the piano, at moderate prices. Apply by letter to M. C.,—street." You see, mamma, I have only given the initials of my name."
"It is just as degrading!" sighed Mrs. Cooper.
"I do not see any degradation," pleaded Maria, earnestly. "Since it has become necessary for me to earn our daily bread, where is the harm of availing myself of one of the accomplishments on which so much money has been expended? Indeed, mamma, I feel quite proud to think I can make my knowledge of music serviceable."
"Just like you Maria—you never had the least bit of aristocratic blood in you! grieved the lady in the widow's cap and bombazine draperies. You are the very counterpart of your poor, dear father."
Maria, who had been gazing listlessly out of the window, suddenly sprang up at this moment.
"Mercy on us child! what's the matter?"
"It's the postman, mamma—he is coming here! Perhaps my advertisement may have been answered—who knows? This is the second day of its insertion, you know."
She ran lightly down-stairs, and opened the door before the red-armed servant-maid had got fairly across the kitchen threshold.
"M—C—P" said the postman, inquiringly, as he sorted a note from his neatly-tied packets.
Maria caught the letter and ran up to her mother's room with it, her eyes sparkling with animation.
"A real, veritable answer, mamma—my first pupil! What do you think now? See, I am to go to Fifth avenue this afternoon at 3 o'clock to give three lessons a week. The writer wishes to know if I consider three dollars a lesson enough. Enough! Why, mamma, I feel rich! Isn't it splendid?"
"Who is it?" languidly questioned the mother.
"The letter is signed C. Harvey—probably some lady who wishes her little girl to attain a knowledge of music, mamma. That is quite encouraging."
Mrs. Cooper, however, only heaved a deep sigh, and stitched industriously away at her sewing, with an ominous shake of her head.
As the hour-hand of the little gilded clock—one of the few relics they had ventured to preserve of more prosperous days—jumped toward the figure three, Maria arranged her pretty hair with even more care than she usually bestowed and donned bonnet and shawl, to set forth on her mission.
"Good-by, mamma. I only hope you'll not be disappointed."
"Good-by, Maria. What do you think now? It was a little discouraging to Maria to have cold water sprinkled on her buoyant hopes in this sort of way, much as she was accustomed to her mother's chiding words of life; but she bit her cherry-red lips violently, and winked back the tears that sprang to her eyes, trying to remember that she was no longer little Miss Cooper, but a dignified music mistress.
She rang the bell at No. 5—Fifth avenue, a handsome house, with a vestibule paved with mosaic marble.
"I wish to see Mrs. Harvey."
"Mrs. Harvey?" repeated the servant with a puzzled air.
"Maria handed him the letter."
"You see I call on business," she said, quietly. "I presume I am expected?"
The man, a gray-haired, respectable-looking old servant, glanced from the letter to the young lady and back again, in some astonishment. However, he returned the letter with a bow.
"What name shall I give, ma'am?"
"No name; announce me as the music-teacher, if you please."
She followed the man through a wide hall to a door, which he threw open with the words:
"The music-teacher, sir."
It was a large, handsome room, elegantly decorated with pictures and crimson window-hangings. At the further end stood a grand piano, closed however, and on a sofa beyond sat a gentleman of about thirty, reading. He was dark and handsome, with black hair and a broad complexion, like that of a man who had spent many years in foreign countries. As

Maria entered he rose with rather a perplexed expression of countenance.
"May I inquire what has procured me this honor?"
"I am blushed, stammered, and at length succeeded in uttering the words:
"I am sorry to interrupt you, sir, but I called to give a music lesson, according to appointment. Will you please introduce me to your pupil?"
"I am the person, sir, who advertised under the initials M. C."
The gentlemen's turn for embarrassment had come now, it seemed, for he colored scarlet up to the very roots of his hair.
"I thought—I understood—that M. C. was a man?"
"No, sir," faltered Maria; "but I assure you I can produce the very best testimonials of my ability to teach music. If you will summon my pupil."
Mr. Harvey laughed and looked even more embarrassed than before.
"There are misunderstandings all round," he said; "at least, it would seem so. The truth is—I hope it will make no difference, but—well, I may as well speak out at once—I am the pupil."
"You, sir?"
"Yes, sir," Maria stood dismayed, her soft, hazel eyes fixed wonderingly on the tall six-footer who towered above her, as he stood leaning against the mantel-piece.
"The fact is," said he, speaking rapidly, to cover this embarrassment, "my life has nearly all been spent in India, and now on my return, I am anxious to acquire some of the accomplishments which I have always coveted. And—but you are weeping!"
"It was too true. The disappointment had been too keen for Maria's self control, and the tears had begun to drop noiselessly on her bonnet ribbon. She brushed them nervously away.
"It is nothing," she faltered; "only the disappointment. We are poor, and had so counted on a music scholar, and—"
"Poor little Maria! she fairly broke down here, and hid her face behind her crumpled veil.
"But I do not see why we should both be disappointed, I in a teacher and you in a pupil," said the gentleman, earnestly. "Of course, you will not care to come here to give an old bachelor his lessons, but is there any good reason why an old bachelor shouldn't come to your residence? I assure you I'm ready to be convinced that you will make an excellent teacher."
"Maria smiled through her tears. There was something very ridiculous in the idea of that stalwart, handsome fellow calling himself an old bachelor.
"My old one?" persisted he, as he moved toward the door.
"I will see if mamma considers it proper, she said.
"I should like to state the question to mamma myself," said the gentleman. "May I not accompany you home, and—perhaps—take my first lesson?"
"Maria was half uncertain whether she was doing right or wrong, but the bright, frank eyes of the stranger pleaded powerfully in his behalf; so she said, a little ungraciously:
"Yes, if you choose."
"Mrs. Cooper was considerably astonished to see her daughter return with red eyes and a tall escort, but after mature deliberation, she decided that Mr. Harvey might, with propriety, receive lessons from her daughter. It provided that she presided over the piano. And so—
"But what is the use of spinning a story into endless length when our whole purpose will be answered precisely as well by a peep into the handsome drawing-room in Fifth avenue, about three years subsequently.
A bright fire glowed in the grate, and beside the window sat Mrs. Cooper, stately as ever, with a baby grand's crown on her knee, and making vain snatches at her gold spectacles. Mr. Harvey was at his writing table, busily engaged in letter-writing. The door opened, and a pretty, hazel-eyed young wife came in—our old friend Maria.
"Harry, I want to cut a pattern," she said, taking an old newspaper from one of the compartments of the open desk. "May I have this paper? It is about the right size."
He looked up into her brilliant eyes with arch tenderness.
"My love, I would rather give you almost anything else in my possession."
"Why?" she asked leaning over his shoulder, as he unfolded the rescued paper and glanced eagerly over it.
"Because, dearest, if it hadn't been for this paper, I should never have had the sweetest wife in the world."
And he printed smilingly to the tiny little advertisement in an obscure corner:
"Wanted, a few pupils on the piano, at moderate prices. Apply by letter to M. C. No.—street."

Bobby.

LIFE OF HORSEBACK.

A Race of People who are More at Home on Horseback.
When Darwin asked a gaucho of the pampas why he did not work, the reply was, "I cannot, I am too poor!" The great naturalist was astonished, but according to a recent article by Mr. Cunningham Graham, the reply of the gaucho was a perfectly natural one. Mr. Graham says:
The man had no horses. A gaucho never worked except on horseback. On horseback, no matter if seventy years of age, he always appeared young. On foot he waddled like an alligator. Whether herding sheep or cattle, marching, hunting, drawing water from a well, the gaucho was always on horseback. He even drew a net on horseback, or churned butter by galloping about with a hide bag of milk tied to the end of a lasso.
He lived on horseback, climbing when a child on to the back of an old horse, putting his little bare toes on the animal's knees and scrambling like a monkey to his seat.
On the march he slept on horseback, never falling off. In death, too, he was often on horseback. Not seldom has a horse been found straying about with his rider, the hand that guided dead, but the sinewy legs maintaining the wild horseman seated in the saddle as in life.
The beggar, what few of them existed, begged on horseback, extending a silent hand as you passed by them. In an alarm at night every one ran to his horse, and morning was ready for what might be due.
A paternal government sentenced murderers, horse-thieves and other miscreants, not to death, but to serve so many years with infantry. Miserable enough that infantry sometimes was, and those who served in it were comparable as to fortune with the Christian captives who, in the middle ages, rowed in Turkish galleys.
Instant Relief From Pain.
The great pain caused by a burn, scald or wound is instantly relieved by an application of "Quick Cure." Its healing qualities are marvellous, as it destroys the microbes which usually enter where the skin is broken and cause inflammation and retard healing.

BORN.

- Amherst, Nov. 7, to the wife of Frank Smith, a son.
- Salem, Nov. 9, to the wife of Thomas Amos, a son.
- Westport, Nov. 4, to the wife of Arthur Pugh, a son.
- Sydney, Nov. 11, to the wife of Robt. Howard, a son.
- Chatham, Nov. 14, to the wife of John Ross, a son.
- Springhill, Nov. 10, to the wife of Samuel Tarr, a son.
- Amherst, Nov. 18, to the wife of Charles Patton, a son.
- Moncton, N. B. Nov. 8, to the wife of Fred Walsh, a son.
- Fredericton, Nov. 16, to the wife of Adjt. Creighton, a son.
- Port Clyde, Oct. 26, to Capt. and Mrs. A. H. Cox, a son.
- Springhill, Nov. 12, to the wife of Walter March, a son.
- Leamington, Nov. 15, to the wife of John Hunter, a daughter.
- Springhill, Nov. 15, to the wife of John Hayes, a daughter.
- Stanley, Nov. 22, to the wife of Mr. Wilbur, a daughter.
- Wolfeville, Nov. 8, to the wife of A. V. Rand, a daughter.
- Westport, Nov. 2, to the wife of Freeman Garrison, a daughter.
- Sydney, Oct. 27, to the wife of Louis McKenna, a daughter.
- Sydney, Nov. 8, to the wife of Jas. McKenna, a daughter.
- Sydney, Nov. 15, to the wife of B. Atkinson, a daughter.
- Halifax, Nov. 16, to the wife of L. F. A. Barlow, a daughter.
- Amherst, Nov. 17, to the wife of Amos Lowther, a daughter.
- Richibucto, Nov. 15, to the wife of Wm. Curwin, a daughter.
- Westville, Nov. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McQuarrie, a son.
- Ecobouche Point, Nov. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Hill, a son.
- Fredericton, Nov. 14, to the wife of Arthur Thompson, a son.
- Dartmouth, Nov. 10, to the wife of Harry Watson, a daughter.
- Westport, Nov. 8, to the wife of Charles Thompson, a daughter.
- Cambridge, Oct. 29, to Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Higgins, a daughter.
- Amherst, Nov. 10, to the wife of Bernard A. Black, a daughter.
- Greenwood, Kings Co., Nov. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Small, a son.
- Greenwood, Kings Co., Nov. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Mace, a son.
- Westville, Nov. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Strain, a daughter.
- Alma, Albert Co., Nov. 2, to the wife of John I. Seaman, a daughter.
- Central Grove, Digby Co., Nov. 9, to the wife of Joseph E. Watson, a son.
- Centerville, Essex Co., Nov. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kizer, a daughter.
- Astoria, Long Island City, Nov. 14, to the wife of Dr. A. J. Anderson, a daughter.
- Shore Cottage, Tatamagouche, Nov. 5, to the wife of William Campbell, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- River Herbert, Oct. 7, Herbert Mills to Abbey Miller.
- Kingston, Nov. 9, by Rev. Mr. Fraser, Wm. Ross to Miss Ella Graham.
- Fredericton, Nov. 18, by Rev. Robert Murray, Garin E. Grant to Mary Murray.
- Halifax, Nov. 17, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Wm. H. Wise to Frances Lucas.
- New Haven, Nov. 6, by Rev. D. F. Porter, James Murphy to Jennie Spicer.
- Halifax, Nov. 17, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Thos. McBrat to Mrs. Ada Linn.
- Sydney, C. B., Nov. 9, by Rev. W. G. Lane, Agnes Cochrane to Emma A. Hackett.
- St. John, Nov. 17, by Rev. W. W. Rainie, Samuel Day to Mary Helen Weyman.
- Oxford, Nov. 3, by Rev. J. I. Dawson, Lyde Cochran to Ross Smith M. D.
- Truro, Nov. 11, by Rev. G. E. Martell, Loris Prince to Lizzie Dalrymple.
- Mahone Bay, Nov. 10, by Pastor E. A. Allaby, Rose Young to Olive Ebbly.
- Boston, by the Rev. Chas. R. Thompson, Lewis D. Therpe to Alice I. Messenger.

DIED.

- Halifax, Wm. D. Fisher 87.
- Moncton, Mrs. Martha White.
- St. John, Nov. 18, Jean Knox, 69.
- Truro, Nov. 16, William Henry, 61.
- Colchester, Oct. 17, John Irving, 65.
- St. John, Nov. 17, Daniel Hayes, 61.
- St. John, Nov. 17, Joseph Totten, 78.
- St. John, Nov. 17, Kate Burgess, 17.
- Colchester, Oct. 17, John Irving, 65.
- Westchester, Nov. 14, Mrs. Naylor.
- Milford, Nov. 10, James Russell, 79.
- Parbo, Nov. 14, Mrs. Winters, 40.
- Newport, Oct. 28, John W. Miller, 68.
- Brenton, July 29, William Doane, 878.
- Northampton, Nov. 8, Wm. T. Ives, 65.
- Leithbridge, Nov. 1, Edwin Thomson, 81.
- East Palestine, Nov. 8, Nathaniel Larkin, 81.
- Springhill, Nov. 16, Daniel McSwain, 11.
- Montana, Oct. 30, D. C. Archibald, 66.
- St. John, Nov. 19, Timothy O'Brien, 24.
- Windsor, Nov. 12, Ephraim Batherford.
- Moncton, Nov. 10, Mrs. Robert Scott, 71.
- Truro, Nov. 16, William Henry Kiler, 64.
- Maitland, Nov. 10, Margaret Kennedy, 78.
- Sand Beach, Nov. 14, Geo. W. Wymann, 87.
- Landedoway, Sept. 27, Alexander Ross, 82.
- Margaree, Nov. 12, Margie McDonald, 16.
- Sherbrooke, Nov. 8, John A. McDonald, 76.
- Moncton, Nov. 9, Mrs. Maggie Sheehan, 23.
- Chicago, Nov. 11, Rev. Wm. Baldwin Jost, 24.
- Truro, Oct. 27, Beattie, wife of Mnr. Sibley, 59.
- Lower Truro, Nov. 12, Barbara H. Fraser, 24.
- Medford, Mass., Nov. 17, Mrs. Harriet Allen.
- Lower Truro, Nov. 12, Mr. James R. Kent, 71.
- Mirror Lake, Oct. 17, Mrs. Catherine Richards.
- Antigonish, Nov. 2, Joseph Edward Crispo, 18.
- Antigonish, Nov. 8, Christina McMillan, 66.
- St. John, N. B., 17, Elizabeth I. Crookbank, 72.
- Yarmouth, N. S., Nov. 10, Mary Bell Trefry, 23.
- St. John, N. B., Nov. 22, D. Warren Byles, 70.
- Halifax, Nov. 20, Sister Carotine Badreau, 27.
- Plympton Station, Nov. 4, Jeremiah Everett, 67.
- Broad Cove, C. B., Nov. 2, Alexander McLeod, 71.
- Murray Harbor, P. E. I., Oct. 18, Ida Stewart, 87.
- Wolville, N. S., Nov. 7, Herbert B. Davidson, 16.
- Clementon, N. S., Nov. 1, Edward C. Barry, 66.
- Moncton, Nov. 18, Ann, wife of James Peary, 65.
- Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, Archibald Gutrie Gray.
- West Merigomish, Nov. 11, Mary Ann Huggan, 62.
- Corwallis, Oct. 26, Eunice, wife of C. E. Finch, 72.
- Yarmouth, Nov. 14, Mrs. George W. Wymann, 37.
- Point du Chene, Nov. 10, Gertrude E. McDonald, 22.
- Halifax, Nov. 18, Mary, wife of Martin Kennedy, 70.
- Westchester, Nov. 14, Mrs. Naylor, wife of Joseph Naylor.
- East Royalty, P. E. I., Nov. 10, Mary Victoria Koper, 28.
- St. John, Nov. 18, Catherine, widow of the late Geo. E. Mulherin.
- Victoria General Hospital, Nov. 10, Johanna Wambolt, 35.
- Bear River, Oct. 29, Lottie May daughter of Wm. E. Crosby, 14.
- Chatham, Nov. 18, Catherine, widow of the late James Maher, 74.
- St. John, N. S., Kathleen, daughter of George Trefry, 18 months.
- Little River, Nov. 10, Margaret, widow of the late Peter McNab, 99.
- New Glasgow, Nov. 6, Eliza A. wife of late Carmichael MacGregor.
- Pleasant Bay, C. B., Oct. 7, Jessie, wife of Alexander McIntosh, 88.
- Halifax, Nov. 18, Albert V. E. child of Edward and Florence Wray, 4.
- Caladons Mills, Nov. 2, Catherine, widow of the late John McDonald, 76.
- Little River, Newfoundlad, Sept. 10, Mary Jesse, wife of Allan D. McLennan.
- Dartmouth, Nov. 19, Maud S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Owen, 14.
- Mirrus Lake, N. E. Oct. 17, Mrs. Catherine Richards widow of the late Russell Richards.

RAILROADS.
Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:
Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.
Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday
Lvs. St. John at 1:15 a.m. ar. Digby 10:00 a.m.
Lvs. Digby at 1:30 p.m. ar. St. John, 3:45 p.m.
S.S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Parramore, making connection at Kingsport with express trains.
EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lvs. Halifax 6:30 a.m., ar. Yarmouth 3:30 p.m.
Lvs. Digby 1:00 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 3:30 p.m.
Lvs. Halifax 7:45 a.m., ar. Digby 12:30 p.m.
Lvs. Digby 1:45 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 3:00 p.m.
Lvs. Yarmouth 7:15 a.m., ar. Digby 11:10 a.m.
Lvs. Digby 11:30 a.m., ar. Halifax 6:45 p.m.
Lvs. Yarmouth 8:00 a.m., ar. Digby 10:00 a.m.
Lvs. Digby 10:15 a.m., ar. Halifax 5:50 p.m.
Lvs. Halifax 1:30 a.m., ar. Digby 8:40 a.m.
Lvs. Digby 3:21 p.m., ar. Annapolis 4:40 p.m.
Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Business between Halifax and Yarmouth.
S.S. Prince Edward,
BOSTON SERVICE
By far the finest and fastest steamer ply out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express, and "Flying Business" Expresses, arriving in Boston early in the morning. Returning leaves Boston, every FRIDAY and TUESDAY, at 4:30 p.m. Unqualified notice on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains can be obtained on application to City Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.
W. E. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr
P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday the 4th Oct. 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Ficton and Halifax.....1:00
Express for Sussex.....12:10
Express for Moncton (daily).....10:30
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....11:10
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 9:15 o'clock.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sussex.....1:30
Express from Moncton and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10:30
Express from Moncton (daily).....10:30
Express from Halifax, Ficton and Campbellton.....10:00
Express from Montreal.....11:30
Accommodation from Moncton.....14:50
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

The Short Line
.....TO.....
Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, etc.
Fast Express train, leaves St. John, week days at 4:10 p.m., and arriving in Sherbrooke 5:30 a.m. Montreal let. 8:45 a.m. Montreal 9:00 a.m. Making close connections with train for Toronto, Ottawa and all points West and North West, and on the Pacific Coast.
Second class Pacific Coast passengers leaving on Wed. today's train connect here with a weekly Tourist Sleeping Car Montreal to Seattle.
For rates of fare and other particulars, apply at ticket office, Chubb's Corner and at Station.
D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN,
Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent,
Montreal, St. John, N. B.

SEASOATS.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED).

For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.
The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick-est Time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.
2—Trips a Week—2
THE STEEL STEAMER
BOSTON
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING Oct. 26th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, and after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.
Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia.

Stmr. City of St. John.

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Ficton, Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY at 8 p.m. connecting with steamer for Boston on Tuesday evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports.

Steamer Alpha.

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY afternoon. Returning, leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 8 o'clock p.m. for St. John.
Close connections with trains at Digby.
W. A. CHASE, H. F. Hammond, Agent,
Secretary and Treasurer, Lewis Wharf, Boston, Yarmouth, N. B., Nov. 24, 1897.