

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY NOVEMBER 24 1900.

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## COUNTY JAIL CONDITON.

This Place of Incarceration Tersely Described—The Condemned Cell and the Place where Murderers are Executed.

Much has been said and written within the past week of the condition of the county jail. On Sunday last the sanitary condition of the jail was the subject of a pulp discourse in this city. Some startling statements were made in regard to the hygiene of that public institution.

It is remarked during this dissertation that this place of incarceration was as a whole, totally unfit for habitation. This is very true in some respects, at least, but there are points upon which the public have not as yet been enlightened.

Progress is not publishing this article in order to condone any of the shortcomings of this abode of some-time absentees, but rather as a matter of truth, and as a statement of fact, that the public may judge for themselves by following the accompanying illustration of the existing condition of the jail and jail life would, perhaps, be the best way to take our readers into the inner circle of jaildom.

On first entering the jail office one is met with a cheerful fire. Here Turnkeys Clifford and Cunningham are in charge, the visitor is sometimes met at the door by Deputy-Sheriff Rankine. The books relating to jail affairs, prisoner's commitments, debtor's detention bonds with other miscellaneous matters, are here kept with all that care and method which goes to make up a feature in criminology.

After a few minutes conversation with the turnkey in charge the visitor is next ushered through the iron-barred door which leads into the jail proper. This is what is called the first floor. On this floor are found the female prisoners. There are here two cells allotted to St. John's recalcitrant Amazons. Here the frail females of the population are detained for their law-breaking propensities. At the present writing but one of these cells are occupied, so there can be no overcrowding charge made against this portion of the jail.

The women prisoners in the jail are always kept busy, there time is occupied in the "kitchen" cooking the meals of the other prisoners; twice a week they scrub the floors and cells in the jail; they wash the blankets and other paraphernalia of the institution.

The male contingent of the jail enjoy the greatest recreation. They have no labor to perform; they simply lounge away, laying off in their beds, smoking pipes, playing cards, telling tales of adventure outside and inside the bars. There are a few of the "faithful" who have some little menial labors to perform, such as sawing wood, carrying up coal to the other prisoners. These men have the run of the "yard," another prisoner is in charge of the "hall." This man is generally an old-timer. His work consists in carrying water from one cell to another.

There are three cells for men on the first floor. On that floor also is found the "black hole." The "black hole" is simply a closely-locked cell, with an iron door, minus a wicket in the door, minus any windows to throw the welcome lustre of light on the lonely inhabitant. This place of punishment has been very seldom used of late years.

On looking over that portion of the jail the visitor is next taken up stairs to the second floor. Here are found four cells for men. The cells on one side of this floor are intended for those who have been placed under restraint for drunkenness, assault, theft and kindred crimes. On this side one comes face to face with what is called the "condemned" cell. This famous iron-grated structure is intended for those who are charged with murder and criminals over whose heads hang the sentence of death, of late years there have not been many occupants in the murderer's cell.

Adjoining the "condemned cell" is what is called the "wash-room." The wash room is a place about the size of one of the cells; it contains three portable basins. Here the prisoners are enabled to make their daily ablutions. In this room is a bathtub, hot and cold water and other adjuncts of a toilet room. Everything is kept clean and neat in this portion of the jail. Of course the equipages of the place are not at all modern, much is wanting in this line to meet the requirements of this advanced age.

On the opposite side of the top floor of the jail one can see the "debtors cells." They are four in number and face on King street east. The cells are large and spacious and are defined by the prison paraphernalia as "double-deckers" this term means that one debtor's cell is as large as two of the ordinary kind. The doors of the cells are not locked against the debtor, he is allowed freedom in everything, excepting a passage through the street door of the jail.

The centre cell on the debtors side of the top floor is now used for a "store-room." Here are kept blankets, soap, mattresses and other materials in the prison fare. This "store-room" has a somewhat reminiscent history, which many of the present generation of Progress readers know anything of. In the early days of the jail from the window of its room the prisoners condemned to death expiated their sentence; here the hanging took place, in full view of the public. Today all that is changed; the people of these times have lost that semi-savage ting and are not so eager to witness a hanging.

On the top floor of the jail there are two ventilators placed in the ceilings, these are in good working order, the iron braced windows at the jail extremities are open to admit the air; inside the various cells the windows are worked by pulleys in order to admit the cool and refreshing breezes through the musty cells.

"Church" is held on the top-floor of the jail on Friday afternoons. Here whites and blacks assemble to hear the gospel propounded. It is said that the occupants who are at present sojourning in this well-guarded county institution have inaugurated a "strike" and refuse to attend "divine service," claiming that aspersions have been thrown on their characters, etc.

Descending to the first floor one finds that in one of the cells a boy is placed with adult prisoners. This is not the fault of the jail officials, they have to provide the means of their disposal. In no one cell at the present time is there confined more than three prisoners.

Another part of the jail not yet visited is the basement. Here is the "kitchen," and a model one, too, presided over by some of the unfortunate women, who are better off in this place than they would be exposed to the contempt and contemely of a cold and ill-judging world.

Everything in the "kitchen" looks bright, home-like and is in apple-pie order, the stoves are nicely polished, floors clean, furniture dusted, in fact everything irreproachable. The workers in this part of the institution have sleeping-apartments of their own adjoining their work place.

Deputy Sheriff Rankine lives in the front part of the jail and says that for over 35 years he has not known of a half a dozen cases of sickness in the jail. This is truly a great record. Turnkeys Clifford and Cunningham claim that everything that is possible with the means allowed to them is done for the inmates. The cells and halls are kept clean, the prisoners are allowed "walks" in the hall twice a day; they can wash themselves and their clothes as often as they desire; friends are allowed to bring them any little delicacies. The turnkeys claim that the prison is not a modern one by any means, but on the other hand everything in the line of modern usage they are supplied with in turn furnished by them to the prisoners.

There are existing evils, the need of up-to-date sanitary arranged seats, finding work for the idle criminal, the separation of prisoners, etc. These matters should be dealt with by the municipality, they do not come within the province of the jail officials, hence these officials who are painstaking in their efforts should not be blamed for something which they are incapable of controlling. Reform is needed; it can come none too soon.

### Felice Promotion.

Some changes have been made in the personnel of the police force during the present week. Officer Garnett, one of the best-liked men on the force has retired. He will enter into the saloon business,

lately vacated by D. J. Walsh. Main street. This necessitated the appointment of another "regular" policeman from the already slim force. Now an appointment is made and Napier is still kept in the background. The Chief must have something "up his sleeve" against Napier, or else there is something radically wrong in the way of police promotion. Will Progress tell the story or will the chief himself. In any case the public will be made acquainted with the real facts before long.

### Local Baza's Souvenirs.

As an inducement to secure a larger amount of business the local Chinese laundrymen are not behind the age by any means. Within the past few weeks some

## A SCENE OF SPLENDOR.

The Decorations in the Production of Zephra an Artistic Success.

The decorations of the Opera House for the production of Zephra were on an elaborate and gorgeous scale. The sides of the stage were banked with spruce bearing the letters R. K. Y. C. in red, surmounted by potted chrysanthemums.

The stage front and boxes were draped with white crepe paper and festooned with smilax. Flags were tastefully arranged all

and anchor in gold, and a small yacht model.

"Kathleen," red ground, painted scene in centre and name in gold.

A very gorgeous shield was of white, draped around the edge with red and blue and had a large maple leaf and name "Bluenose" in gold.

The "Canada's" shield was made to represent the Canadian ensign, with natural varnished maple leaves, crown, and paper roses, and was especially beautiful.

The "Kelpie's" was a red and blue shield with British coat-of-arms, and name in gold.

A shield covered with white wool, bearing a Jack and name "Jubilee" in silver was very pretty.

A very attractive shield was one with dark red and blue ground, and a good sized yacht model, it bore the name "Victoria."

The "Grayling" red, white and blue shield, silk flag, name in gold.

Red and blue shield with name "Edna" in red on white band.

"Tanawa" shield was most unique, covered with red and gold and bore a fiend's head from which trickled gory drops.

### A Script That has Travelled.

Mr. Chas. Lilley, son of the well known Main street victualler spent three months travelling on the Continent last spring. One day while in Venice, he found among some loose money in his pocket a twenty-five cent script and thinking it would be a good souvenir to send home from that place, he asked a lady of the party to sew it on a postal card for him, which she did. Mr. Lilley then addressed it to his sister, here in St. John, and mailed it. There was considerable joking, and surmising among the party as to the possible bringing up place of the monied bit of pasteboard. That was on the twenty-seventh of May, and up to a short time ago nothing had been seen or heard of the missive, and Mr. Lilley had ceased to wonder about it. One day last week however, the post man handed Miss Lilley, the long-looked for card. Though somewhat travel-stained it was remarkably well preserved the face being completely covered with continental postmarks. Mr. Lilley wished to send the little script home, but apparently it was of another turn of mind, and it certainly "died" Europe for almost six long months. The card is quite a curiosity and Miss Lilley is much more pleased than if it had reached St. John, when her brother intended.

### He Attracted Attention.

Zephra was not the only attraction within the four walls of the opera house for a few evenings this week. An elderly gentleman in a dress suit, well known around town, who sat in the first row of the orchestra seats, made himself a very prominent feature at all times. Between all the acts the irrepressible old gentleman went out, stopping to talk to different acquaintances on the way, and sometimes even making a circuitous course to do so. The gods, who are always first to notice anything out of the ordinary, scented him up, and whenever the old man made a move, he was greeted by laughter and whistling from the elevated onlookers. When the ice water was passed one night the self-conscious old gentleman found it necessary to rise and face the audience before he could quench his thirst by draining the glass. This however, he apparently failed to do as he went out for the fifth or sixth time, shortly after. The dress suit and the old man did attract considerable attention but it is doubtful whether he was quite the feature he intended to be. At any rate the sense of the fitness of things and the order which should be maintained throughout a performance; and which is strongly felt by a sensible audience, suffered a severe shock.

### A Phantom Pursuit.

On Tuesday evening of this week an East end citizen, slightly under the "influence" became eccentric in his actions while passing through the King Square. His antics drew the attention of a passer-by who hurriedly went to his assistance. This led other pedestrians to follow up the chase. By this time the policeman on King Square beat, Rankine had his attention drawn to the fast gathering multitude. He followed up the chase, thinking no doubt of a chance to attain glory at a bound. The policeman's efforts, were, however, fruitless. The man with a "spasm" had recovered his equilibrium and betook himself far from the maddening crowd. As a result the policeman goes without his glory, and the crowd had a laugh at his expense.



MISS ELSIE McDONALD.

Of Yarmouth, niece of Mrs. John Lowry, who lost her life in the Monticello disaster.

of these almond-eyed disciples of Li-Hung-Chung have developed a decided Yankee tendency in the gratuitous gift business. One Celestiale is giving his regular customers a Chinese lily as a slight reminder that he wishes to retain the washee-washee trade with which he is already favored. Another enterprising Mongolian is out with a present of the proverbial "pound of tea" to the man that will continue to get his collar starched at his establishment. Still another offers the inducement of a pound of genuine Chinese nuts that are guaranteed to be easy of mastication. The ways of the man from the Flowery Kingdom are divers and dark.

## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page is right before you. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—Helen Gould writes on riches. She tells how to make the most of wealth. Other bright miscellany.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic news of the week.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial poetry and many other matters of interest.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social items of the city and from all over the province.
- PAGE 9.—Life in a Boer hospital—How they took their victories and reverses. A Model Country—Some commendable features about New Zealand.
- PAGES 10 and 15.—Final instalment of the serial Glaciosa.
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading—A budget of interesting articles for the Sabbath.
- PAGE 12.—To Marry a Prince—Sunshine glints through shadows in Gladys Deacon's life. Bright miscellany.
- PAGE 13.—Facts and fancies from the realms of fashions.
- PAGE 14.—He was with Kitchener—An American who fought for Britain in South Africa.
- PAGE 16.—A Unanimous Vote—A tale of schoolboy life. Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

over the house, immense "Jacks" drooped over the boxes while a large yacht model rested on the top of each box. All around the wall beneath the balcony were hung strings of signal flags, which might possibly have been read to some advantage by those who understood them. Each yacht tied with the other in making the shields which decorated the front of the balcony and gallery. The shields twenty five in number and alternated along the gallery fronts by brackets holding pots of chrysanthemums, were very beautiful and varied. As well as could be observed at a distance, the shields were as follows:

- Blue shield with stars and name "Venus" in gold.
- Gorgeous shield, solid with red and white paper roses, yacht scene in the centre, name "Sunol" in red at the base.
- Cleverly gotten up shield with red and blue background, bearing the name Gladys in rope, to the end of which a gold anchor was suspended.
- White shield, with three hand-painted flags with name "Mowgli", was very pretty.
- Red and blue shield with name "Windward." Mounted life buoy bearing letters, R. K. Y. C. and surmounted by a crown was deserving of admiration.
- A very unique shield was one of pure white with two crossed flags, crown and anchor and the name "Ethel M." in looking glass.
- Pretty red shield with yacht scene in centre and hand painted maple leaves, name "Eulalie" in gold.
- The "Wingene's" shield was a dainty white affair with a hand-painted yacht scene in centre and twined with rope.
- "Phantom" shield was of dark blue, with silk flag and name in rope.
- An elaborate shield of white with bands of red and blue velvet and named "Wahabawaw," cups, McLellan, Willis, Pugsley, 1900 in gold.
- The "Armored" was a pretty red shield with gold crown and flag.
- A white and green shield with the name "Robinhood" in gold, was very clear and attractive.
- "Marjorie" was an original get up of blue felt and yacht model.
- The "Lotus" shield was simple but attractive having blue background, red band and name across in gold.
- "Gracie M." shield was blue, with name

Iron, Oct 31, by Rev Edwin Crowell, Fred Crowell to Annie A. Moses.  
Irrille, Oct 31, by Rev T. A. Higgins, James Christie to Henry Brown.  
Hax, Oct 31, by Rev Z. L. Wash, Charles B. Bentley to Edna B. McDonald.  
John Nov 12, by Rev F. J. McMurray, Patrick Ryan to Celia Drummond.  
Iland, Oct 31, by Rev F. J. Fentelov, Jesse O'Hara to Estella Wentzell.  
Iron, Nov 3, by Rev Douglas Humeon, Harvey A. Churchill to Annie's prink.  
mouth, N. S., Nov 7, by Rev W. F. Parker, William T. White to Julia H. Smith.  
mouth, Nov 3, by Rev Turner, L. D. Meston to L. J. de Mille.  
resticow, Mass, Oct 4, by Rev Raymond Holway, Frank Wolfe to Annie De Eli.  
Creek N. B., Oct 22, by Rev D. Lezer, Ferdinand & Henry to Agnes Richard.  
age's Cove, Nov 1, by Rev H. Rowe, William Agastus Bailey to Josephine Clayton.  
on, Nov 1, by Rev Charles L. Page, James Stratley to Nellie F. Andrews.  
tague, P. E. I., Nov 9, by Rev R. F. Whiston John W. Campbell to Jessie E. Campbell.  
view, St. John Co., Nov 7, by Rev Alfred Baranowsky, Henry Adolphus McDonough to Ella May Burgess.

## DIED.

ax, Nov. 7, S. F. Upham.  
on, Oct. 29, George Stetson 79.  
on, Nov. 3, James Currier, 63.  
ax, Nov. 9, Edward Harris, 83.  
post, Oct. 23, Urbanus S. Tins.  
port, Nov. 1, Annie L. Tins, 16.  
ax, Nov. 12, Catherine Foy, 63.  
ax, Nov. 8, George Omstos, 37.  
ax, Nov. 7, Michael Connors, 82.  
ux, Nov. 6, Albert Beck, 1st, 10.  
ville, Nov. 6, Jeremiah Collins, 71.  
a, Nov. 12, Mr. W. T. Scrimmer.  
outh, Nov. 10, Rupert Eaton Olive, 26.  
erat, Nov. 7, Mrs. James Wylman, 61.  
lidge, Nov. 11, Mary, wife of Charles F. Tuck, 73.  
s Harbor, Nov. 1, Mr. Benjamin Nickerson.  
ington Passage, Nov. 3, Miss Marie Hichens, 4.  
o, Costa Rica, Oct. 16, Henry Spurr De-  
tola, 46.  
otoway, P. E. I., Nov. 8, Mrs. John An-  
rows, 44.  
outh, Oct. 27, Josephine, daughter of Horace  
Bishop.  
d Falls, Nov. 5, Victoria, wife of Peter G.  
raver, 61.  
y, Oct. 19, Stella May, daughter of Phineas  
Whitman, 30.  
ohn, Nov. 10, Jane, daughter of the late  
Robert French.  
Y. B., Nov. 6, Jessie Amala, widow of the  
late G. O. Walter, 80.  
Falmouth Harbor, Nov. 8, Ploube C, wife of  
Capt. E. Thompson, 31.  
and V. L. ev. Bana county, Nov. 9, Melinda,  
d. O. Joseph Masor.  
ese, E. Island, Oct. 19, Sarah N., wife of the  
late W. L. M. Lyford.  
tation, Nov. 9, Fannie Lutz, daughter of Mr.  
and Mrs. O. S. Macdonald.

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and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (excepted) as follows:—

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Trains for Hampton, P. E. I., 6.30  
Trains for Campbellton, P. E. I., 7.15  
Trains for Halifax, N. S., 7.45  
Trains for Moncton and P. E. I., 11.15  
Trains for Moncton and P. E. I., 12.00  
Trains for Sussex, 12.45  
Trains for Quebec, Montreal, 13.35  
Trains for Halifax and Sydney, 22.45

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Trains from Sydney and Halifax, 6.00  
Trains from Hampton, 7.15  
Trains from Sussex, 7.35  
Trains from Quebec and Montreal, 11.00  
Trains from Moncton, 11.15  
Trains from Halifax, 11.30  
Trains from Halifax, 12.15  
Trains from Hampton, 12.50  
Trains are run by Eastern Standard time—four hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager, St. John, N. B., June 18, 1900.  
CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street St. John, N. B.

## Helen Gould Writes on Riches.

Miss Helen Miller Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould, has written for publication an autograph letter in which she sets forth the opportunities of the rich, declaring wealth to be a stewardship and not a means of personal gratification.

As one of the American heiresses, and as one who herself is making the most of her wealth in a philanthropic way, her letter is of peculiar interest. The world is familiar with her many good works and with those sterling qualities of character that have made her the leading and best beloved name among American women. In all that has to do with benevolence, philanthropy and human kindness, she has for a number of years borne an active and prominent part, and her gentleness, no less than her modesty and the excellent discrimination she exercises in the uses to which she puts her great wealth, have won her the admiration of the nation. Our soldiers and sailors well-nigh worship her. Her generosity to the children of the poor and to invalids has made her name a household word in the humble homes of the land.

Her written opinion of the uses to which wealth should be put cannot fail to interest everyone who has given a passing thought to the subject of the responsibilities that attach to the possession of great riches. Is wealth a stewardship, and are we responsible for the use we make of it? In her letter, Miss Gould clearly takes this view. She discusses the various methods in which wealth may be applied to the highest advantage and to the noblest purposes. Her whole life is a beautiful illustration of the practical application of the great principles she advocates. This is her letter to the proprietor of *The Christian Herald*.

LYNDHURST

Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCHE: Dear Sir—Your letter of recent date is at hand, asking my opinion on the subject, "How to Make the Most of Wealth." It is a topic on which I am not well-qualified to speak, and I would suggest that you make this same inquiry of some of our leading clergymen, whose views on the subject would be a great inspiration to us all.

The Christian idea that wealth is a stewardship, or trust, and not to be used for one's personal pleasure alone, but for the welfare of others, certainly seems the noblest; and those who have more money or broader culture owe a debt to those who have had fewer opportunities. And there are so many ways one can help!

Children, the sick and the aged especially have claims on our attention, and the forms of work for them are numerous from kindergartens, day nurseries and industrial schools, to "homes" and hospitals. Our institutions for higher education require gifts in order to do their best work for their tuition fees do not cover the expense of the advantages offered: and certainly such societies as those in our churches and the Young Women's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Association, deserve our hearty cooperation. The earnest workers who so nobly and lovingly give their lives to promote the welfare of others, give far more than though they had simply made gifts of money, so those who cannot afford to give largely need not feel discouraged on that account. After all, sympathy and good will may be greater force than wealth, and we can all extend to others a kindly feeling and courteous consideration, that will make life sweeter and better.

Sometimes it seems to me we do not sufficiently realize the good that is done by money that is used in the different industries in giving employment to great numbers of people under the direction of clever men and women; and surely it takes more ability, perseverance and time to successfully manage such an enterprise than to merely make gifts.

You will, I am sure, be sorry you have made the inquiry of me, since I have given you so little information, but I think you can easily obtain opinions that will probably be far more helpful than mine. Believe me, very truly,

HELEN MILLER GOULD.

How Many.

Jonesby and his wife took the family tandem with them on their summer vacation, and in due time returned home, greatly refreshed by the outing.

"You are not as much tanned up as I expected to see you, Jonesby," remarked Ed Brownson, meeting him the next day after his return. "Tell me candidly how far your travels on that tandem."

"Well," he replied, lowering his voice, "I

have hired a boy to turn the front wheel just one hour. As soon as he has finished I'll look at the cyclometer and tell you exactly how many miles we made on it."

He Gave Notice.

Whether or not the famous saying is a true one, that 'no man is a hero to his valet,' it is at least certain that not all American social aspirants can fulfil the ideals of an English butler.

There is an American lady a great social favorite, who has won the confidence of a dignified English butler named Higgins. He has never been in her employ, but he was at one time in the service of an acquaintance of hers, where he attracted her attention whenever she called by addressing her as 'my lady.' At length she corrected him, and he excused himself by alleging a natural slip of the tongue, owing to her resemblance to 'Lady Untingford,' whom he had served in England.

After a time he left his place, and 'Lady Untingford's' double did not see him for several years. Then one day she and her husband, who held a municipal office, attended for reasons of policy and gratitude, a large dinner given by a wealthy but uncultured man who had recently become prominent through his public beneficence.

The dinner was magnificent, but the host was not at home amid his elegance. His table manners were extraordinary. He tucked his napkin into his neck; he hopelessly mixed and misused the implements laid out for the various courses; he put his whole hand into the finger-glass and scrubbed it with the bit of lemon.

Of course his guests ignored these trifling errors, but there was one person present who did not. Looking up just as the innocent giver of the feast had done some especial violence to etiquette, the lady beheld the anguished eye of Higgins fixed reproachfully upon his master. Then he saw her, and his distress increased; he knew she was accustomed to 'high life,' and would know just how terrible were the unfortunate man's mistakes.

All through the long meal Higgins kept glancing from his employer to her, with wrath, mortification and entreaty in his look. His misery was piteous. The lady was finally unable to keep her mirth out of her eyes, which danced with fun.

In a happy moment Higgins perceived it; he realized the affair was passing off as a joke; and in the immense relief of the discovery, with his eye still upon her, he solemnly and unmistakably winked!

As the guests passed out when it was over, he found a chance to whisper confidentially, while holding open a door:

"Beg pardon, my lady—mum. It was half so 'ighly humorous, my lady—mum; but your ladyship can see as Mr. Blank is quite himpossible! It's a good place, but I leaves tomorrow, I can't stand the degradation, my lady—mum!"

D.W. on His Luck.

"Just about two years from now, unless my line of development takes another trend or receives a decided check, I'll be a communist, and they tell me the next step is to anarchism." Then the suburbanite responded to the expectant silence of his listeners by telling his tale of woe.

"You know Vanwipper? He owns the big lot next to the one I rent. He is interested in half a dozen good things in Detroit, has money coming in at all angles, and everything he tackles comes his way. So I concluded just to follow his lead whenever I had the chance. He paid a fancy price for some kind of chickens that lay great big eggs. I bought a dozen of the latter for a dollar, he explaining that he made them cheap because I was a neighbor. You may know that I was working on mighty short material, for I put those eggs under a little bantam hen weighing about two pounds. How on earth she ever managed it I don't know, but in due time she went stepping about as proud as a peacock with eleven 'little' chicks nearly as big as herself.

"I got another sitting and secured the same results. When they grew large enough to be serious and attentive to business they averaged about one egg where my neighbor harvested three. He could sell his at two-for-a-quarter, and I couldn't get that a dozen for mine. He had broilers all through the season while I ate bacon and hash, in order to preserve my thorough bred fowls.

"Vanwipper's coop is about twenty feet from mine and easier to get into. Last week somebody stole every chicken I had, even to the bantam, and Van never lost a feather. I don't deserve such luck. I'm

a good citizen and hustle six days a week for an honest living. I tell you that there is something radically wrong, and it is going to be righted or there'll be the infernal upheaval this country has ever known. I'm using that chicken coop for fuel."

The Galveston Hurricane.

The following scientific account of the hurricane which wrought such awful destruction in Galveston in early September is contributed to *The Companion* by one of the most eminent of American meteorologists.

Every portion of our Atlantic coast, from Brownsville to Hatteras, is liable to be swept by a West Indian hurricane at least once in fifty years. Altogether the centre of such a whirlwind may appear to move erratically, yet it obeys the laws of mechanics as perfectly as a spinning top does when it first goes to sleep and then awakens up to rumble around over the floor. The Galveston hurricane may have been "asleep" on September 6th somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico, but it woke up on the 7th and wandered slowly off in the direction of that unfortunate city.

The Weather Bureau map, based on a few stations on the Gulf coast, could only give a general idea of the dangerous proximity of the storm during the preceding four days; but on the 7th and 8th the official in Galveston, Mr. J. N. Cline, warned every one that the center would pass near by, on the east and south sides of the city, and advised all to move to the highest places available. The Weather Bureau could predict and warn, but nothing could avert the whirlwind or the destructive tide.

The general course by which the center of this hurricane passed from the Caribbean Sea to Texas, and then northward to Lake Michigan and down the St. Lawrence valley, was marked by several unusual irregularities. It had passed north over Havana, and seemed to be bound for South Carolina, but suddenly turned and moved very slowly westward.

When great whirls advance bodily, with much less than the daily rate of progress proper to their location, they do so in very erratic paths, that at present defy prediction. Usually hurricanes die away as they enter the dry atmosphere of Texas, but this one held on, and although it diminished on the 9th and 10th, yet it revived sufficiently to become a severe storm on Lake Michigan.

Its remarkable course and tenacity of life are directly traceable to the unusual extent and westerly location of the great area of high pressure that covers the Atlantic under the Tropic of Capricorn. But this area is one of the essential features of what is known as the general circulation of the atmosphere; therefore, we attribute all the peculiarities of the storms and the weather of the past summer to wide-spread general perturbations in the circulation of the whole atmosphere.

The World's Most Famous Picture.

In the Dresden Gallery in Germany hangs the most valuable picture in the world worth \$500,000, Raphael's 'Sistine Madonna and Child.' This great picture has, by permission, been especially copied and reproduced on heavy paper, size 22 x 30, in all colors and beauty of the original, and is given with this year's Toronto Saturday Night's Christmas Number. 'The Modern Madonna,' admittedly the most beautiful picture ever made by photography, has also been reproduced, size 16 x 21, and is given as another premium with the most beautiful book ever issued in Canada, full of stories, poems and artistic illustrations, some of the pictures occupying full pages. A boy's picture, 'An Impromptu Speech,' is also in color, and 'Don't Cry, Mamma,' is the most touching picture of the home of a missing Canadian soldier yet produced. The whole sixty pages are original, bright, clean and typical of Canada, as also is the title cover, which depicts in six colors, an Indian boy plucking feathers from a king turkey of the forest which he has slain. Order at once, for nothing as good has ever before been offered in Canada, and last year's Saturday Night's Christmas was sold out within three days of its publication. Price 50 cents, in tubes ready for mailing. At all newsdealers, or from the Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto.

General Grant's "Cincinnati."

In an article on 'Famous War-Horses,' Gen. James Grant Wilson tells how carefully General Grant looked after the welfare of his famous steed Cincinnati. The horse was a gift from a namesake of his own, a man in no way connected with him.

After his victory at Chattanooga General Grant was ordered to Cincinnati to meet the secretary of war. While there he received from a confirmed invalid of his own name an urgent request that he would call at his house. The sick man met him with the words: "General Grant, I have not long

to live, and I wish to present you with my most valued possession, a horse that has no superior in the United States. There is a single condition attached to the gift—that you will always treat him kindly and never part with him."

Grant accepted the horse, and called him Cincinnati. He was a superb, spirited animal of great endurance, and the general rode him almost constantly in the Wilderness campaign. On one occasion, when mounted on Cincinnati and accompanied by a staff officer, he said: "Babcock, I wish you would dismount and see what is the matter with the bay's legs."

"I think, general, that looking after Cincinnati had better wait," replied the officer. "It is simply murder for us to sit here."

"Very well," said Grant. "If you do not want to see to it, I will."

Dismounting, he quickly untwisted a piece of wire that had begun to eat into his charger's flesh, and as he moved forward he remarked to the colonel:

"When you have a horse that you value, never take any risks with him. Had that wire been left there a little longer, Cincinnati would have been ruined for life."

All this time they were under a hot and deadly fire, but fortunately escaped. Grant rarely permitted anybody but himself to mount Cincinnati. Two exceptions were recalled by the writer, The late Admiral Ammen, who saved Grant from drowning when a lad, rode the horse when he visited City Point, and a little later President Lincoln mounted him. The admiral's comment upon the steed was, "I have never seen his equal." "Nor have I," replied Grant.

After Lee's surrender Cincinnati was retired, and enjoyed many years of rest and comfort at Ammendale, Maryland. The end came through an accident. The horse stepped into a blind ditch, and in extricating himself broke a fore leg. The intense pain caused him to limp round all night in a circle. It was deemed best to shoot him, and he was buried where he fell.

Muscles and Brains.

In one of the recent lectures at Clark University, Prof. Angelo Mosso of Turin avowed that 'Physical education and gymnastics serve not only for the development of the muscles, but for that of the brain as well.' It is becoming evident, he said, that as much time should be devoted to muscular exercise as to intellectual exercise, and children should begin reading and writing only after they are nine years old. Muscular fatigue exhibits phenomena identical with intellectual fatigue. Nerve-cells show on the average every 10 seconds a tendency to rest. It is probable that only part of the brain is active at a time; the various parts relieve each other. The more mobile any animal's extremities are the more intelligent, other things being equal, he is.

Agriculture in Alaska.

The chilly experience of gold-seekers in Alaska are hardly calculated to make one think of that country as a good field for agricultural enterprise, but in fact our Agricultural Department thinks so well of the farming possibilities of Alaska that experiment stations have been placed at Sitka and Kenai, and headquarters are to be established for similar work in the interior.

To Protect the Great Redwoods.

It was reported at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science that the redwood forests of the Pacific coast are now practically all in the hands of private owners who hold them for lumbering purposes. Since the redwood rivals the gigantic sequoia in size and interest, it is deemed a matter of scientific importance that it should be preserved, and the association approved the action of its botanical section in favoring

"77"

Dr. Humphreys' Famous Specific: "Seventy seven" breaks up a Cold by restoring the checked circulation, known by a chill or shiver, the first sign of a Cold, it starts the blood coursing through the veins and at once "breaks up" the Cold.

If you will keep a vial of "77" at hand and take a dose when necessary, you will never take Cold. It doesn't matter if the weather changes suddenly; if you are caught out in light apparel, without overcoat or wrap; if you get over-heated and ride in an open car, or are exposed waiting for your carriage; if you work or sew in a cold room, or sit in a draughty church, meeting-house, opera or theatre. If you carry a vial of "77" (it fits the pocket and pocket-book) and use it freely, you will be protected and will not take Cold.

COLDS

the purchase and preservation of a public park in the Santa Cruz Mountains covering more than 25,000 acres, and occupied largely by the primeval redwood forest.

The Trolley in Siberia.

Electricity is conquering the world with greater rapidity than did its mighty predecessor in mechanical achievement, steam. The gradual opening of the trans-Siberian railroad has led to the introduction of electric light and electric machinery into the towns of Siberia. Recently the municipality of Vladivostok decided that electric trolleys were indispensable to the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants of that remote city, and it was resolved to build at once about twenty miles of electric tramways and to light the town with electricity, besides introducing other modern conveniences. Most of the machinery will be of American manufacture.

Ohio's Gold Fields.

China contains some of the richest coal deposits in the world. Last fall Professor Drake of Tientsin visited the coal-fields in the province of Shansi, which were examined by Baron von Richthofen in 1870, and found that they are of immense extent. The coal area is said to be greater than that of Pennsylvania, and the anthracite coal alone contained in these fields has been estimated at 690,000,000 tons. The Shansi coal-beds are so thick and lie so uniformly in a horizontal position that the practicability has been suggested of running long lines of railroad tunnels through the beds so that the cars can be loaded in the mines all ready for distant transportations.

Wonderful Variable Stars.

In studying the variations in the light of certain stars in the cluster known as "Messier 3," Professor Bailey has found one star whose changes are so rapid that in 30 minutes it gains more than an entire magnitude; in other words, becomes more than two and a half times as bright as it was at the beginning. Several others vary with a rapidity almost equally startling. Their entire period of variability from one maximum to the next is about half a day, but they gain light much quicker than they lose it. It seems impossible to regard such stars as suns in the sense of our sun.

Scientific Study of Crime.

Dr. Thomas Wilson, speaking at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, argued that the celebrated theory of Lombroso associating certain types of crime with definite physical characters, was based upon untrustworthy statistics. Dr. Wilson thought it would be more correct to say that crime determines the physical structure than vice versa, and that environment is more responsible for crime than is hereditary character.

## FOUL, LOATHSOME, DISGUSTING CATARRH!

Secure Relief in 10 Minutes  
And a Radical Cure.

Does your head ache? Have you pains over your eyes? Is there a constant dripping in the throat? Is the breath offensive? These are certain symptoms of catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure most stubborn cases in a marvelously short time. If you've had catarrh a week it's a sure cure. It's of fifty years standing it's just as effective.

Grateful.

The portly gentleman in the black cutaway coat lighted his cigar, leaned against the bar and puffed away contentedly. Like most New York bar rooms it was a cosmopolitan place, full of many sorts of people. A lean, hungry-looking individual, with grimy hands and the beard of an Anarchist, approached the portly gentleman cautiously.

"I say, boss, could you let me have a nickel," he said tentatively.

"What's the trouble?" asked the other. "Well, you see, the fact is I haven't a cent, and I was out on an awful spree last night—and I want a beer."

He got the nickel. He looked at the coin meditatively for a time, and then at his benefactor.

"Say," he ejaculated at last, "you're a good fellow. I wish I had another nickel so I could treat you."

An Enormous Crystal.

Recent notices in newspapers concerning the crystal of apodumene 29 feet in length, said to be the largest known, have led Professor Montgomery of Toronto to describe in scientific journals a crystal of that mineral which he measured in the Etta-tin-mine in the Black Hills 1885, and which was no less than 88 feet 6 inches in thickness. It almost perfect in form. Spondumene is a grayish-white or pink mineral almost as hard as quartz.

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

If the plans projected by Mr. F. G. Spencer materialize there is a prospect that Gwyllm Miles may be heard here next month.

Foxy Quiller is said to have proved a huge failure at the Broadway theatre, New York.

"Florodora" is making a hit in New York and the music is said to be very bright and pretty.

"Esmeralda" is being presented this week by the Metropolitan English Grand opera company in New York for the first time in America.

Mr. David Belasco is to manage Louis Aldrich in a revival of "My Partner," and David Warfield in a new play by Lee Arthur his collaboration with Mr. Belasco.

It was intended to star Blanche Bates in "Nicandra" this season but at the last moment it was decided that she must have a different play. She will probably open in it in December.

Jessica DeWolf has been engaged to sing the soprano part in the Messiah with the Handel and Haydn society of Boston on Dec. 25. The lady has won distinction in London and Berlin.

Jefferson DeAngelis, who later in the season is to fill a Boston engagement, has engaged Miss Josephine Hall to play the principal female role in his successful new musical comedy "A Royal Rogue."

"The Highwayman" is to be revived and sent on tour with Edmund Stanley, H. W. Frederick and Mme. Dlard in the principal roles. The last two were here with the Jaxon opera company two or three seasons ago.

Mr. George Lowell Tracy, the Boston musician, occasionally amuses himself by writing in a light vein. His happiest effort in that line was "Swim out O'Grady" made famous by Thomas L. Seabrooke, and now he has added another catchy coon "hush" entitled "Mammy's Little Honey" the words of which are by William H. Gardner, the Boston lyricist.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that the police of Kieff have taken the theatres of that city in hand. There was some complaint and the police decided that the waits must not last longer than fifteen minutes. They also discovered that certain actors were being applauded far beyond their real merits and they also decided that no actor can be applauded more than three times during the same performance.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"Zephra" is attracting immense audiences to the opera house this week, and a delightful attraction the operatic pantomime is indeed. All that magnificent scenery, gorgeous costumes, pretty and graceful girls, and men who enter into the spirit of the entertainment can do towards making it a success, are not omitted and the result is truly wonderful. Mr. Averi! has worked most untiringly for its success and is certainly to be congratulated upon the pleasant result. His efforts were ably seconded by the R. K. Y. club, under whose auspices the play was given, and in the way of decoration made a most excellent showing. From floor to ceiling evidences of taste, skill and work were everywhere apparent, the club's paraphernalia forming the entire decoration. Shields of the different yachts were placed around the front of the balcony and gallery, the boxes were beautifully draped in white and green while around the walls were displayed numerous flags and pennants. The stage, however, presented the greatest triumph of artistic skill, and the succession of beautiful pictures dazzled and bewildered the eye.

There were numerous dances, all characterized by grace and beauty of movement, marches that were perfection in military precision and time, solos by our leading vocalists, and charming tableaux most effectively grasped. Mrs. Robert Johnson made a very stately queen. Miss Brennan sang and acted the role of Princess Neyera in a delightful way. Her voice was never heard to better advantage, and her solos were all heartily applauded. Mr. Kelly was as usual excellent, and his presentation of Prince June, the manly lover of Neyers, left nothing to be desired in the way of good work histrionically or vocally. Mr. Robert Ritchie's song, "I am King o'er the Land and the Sea" was one of the gems of the entire evening. It was rendered in a most perfect manner, and though Mr. Ritchie's role in Zephra was of the villainous order, few could find it in their hearts to give him the hatred usually

accorded the bad man of a piece, after that solo. Mr. Sutherland too, though evidently suffering from a cold on Monday evening, sang and acted in a very satisfactory manner. Little Miss Daisy Sears played a prominent part in the production filling several roles very cleverly, and pleasing all with her clear enunciation in her speaking parts, and her graceful dancing throughout. Mr. F. M. Baker, new to a St. John audience scored a big success as Alexis, Minister of State, and was excellent in the part. Miss Fanjoy showed good elocutionary ability in her role, and made the most of the one opportunity given her.

The final tableau was as lovely and effective as can well be imagined, and when the curtain rose on the gracefully placed figures in a sylvan glade, with a body of returned soldiers keeping guard, the applause was deafening.

This piece has gone beautifully smooth, with not a single hitch after the first night, and indeed even upon that occasion there was nothing particularly noticeable to mar the performance. When one considers the large number on the stage at one time, the result was really wonderful.

The Truss Stock Company are drawing good audiences in Clsais. They return next week when they will open with "The Lady of Lyons," a bill that never fails to draw good audiences.

Judge Thomas has decided in favor of the theatres in Denver in the cases brought by Dean Hart to prevent Sunday theatrical performances there.

Harry Connor, who has played the leading parts in several of Charles H. Hoyt's farces, will be a member of the company headed by Edna May, which is to play, "The Girl from up There."

On election night James O'Neill presented in the New York Academy of Music, Monto Cristo, to receipts of \$2,346.15 the highest price being \$1. This is said to be the largest amount ever taken in at any box office in America on one evening at these prices.

Julia Arthur, writing to the author of "Her Majesty," expresses keen delight in Grace George's performances. She says: "I do hope that in her future career, which is certain to be brilliant, she will retain the simplicity and natural quality of manner and method that are now so charming. We have too much artificiality upon the stage."

"The Adventures of Francois" has closed after a four weeks trial because the author, Mr. Kangdon Mitchell, declined to make changes in the play which the managers considered absolutely essential to the success of the play. Mr. Mitchell has threatened to send the play on the road himself, to which Liebler & Co. respond that the new and elaborate production they gave it is for sale, if he wishes to make a trial.

Jessie Millward, who makes her first appearance this season in Boston in "Lord and Lady Algy" at the Hollis street theatre, is well known in Boston. She was originally seen with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, and the first time that she played at the Hollis street theatre was when she was joint star with the late William Terris in "Roger La Honte." The American tour was followed with a long period at the Adelphi theatre, London, where Mr. Terris and Miss Millward were identified with all the great melodramatic successes. She has been leading lady of the Empire theatre company for three seasons, and the first plays that she gave here were "The Conquerors" and "Phroso." Last year she appeared as Lady Algy. When the season at the home theatre opens with "Mrs. Dane's Defence" she will be Lady Eastroy, the part played by Mary Moore in London.

Yvette Guilbert's present illness, which is likely to prove fatal, points a moral to all young women, as she attributes it entirely to tight lacing. So far the French physicians have been able to do nothing for her relief, and she has just been removed to Berlin to undergo an operation there. Her trouble is complete failure of the circulatory system, and her physicians have been able to do little but afford her temporary relief. Yvette frankly confesses that she has laced from the time she began to wear corsets. She was employed as a cloak model, and gained that situation because she was tall and erect. The beauty of her figure was the solitary physical charm she possessed, and much of that was dependent upon her very small waist, which however, never looked in the least like the creation of a corset string. It used to be the subject of comment when she visited this country that her gowns were always loose enough to give her the appearance of perfect freedom of movement, and it was never suspected that her waist was not natural. Yvette is now unable even to stand, and is carried from place to place. Fortunately she saved her money during

her days of prosperity. Her returns from two visits to the United States were \$50,000, and her earnings in Europe were larger than those of any other singer in the Cafe Chantant stage. She recently has completed a new home in Paris, and owns in addition a place in the country. Her married life has been very happy.

Says the Mail and Express in regard to the plays which have recently been given in New York:—Weak-kneed productions do not last long in New York, as a rule, and if a play stays here for a run, it is usually accepted on the road—which term seems to mean all the United States outside of Manhattan. Occasionally however, an exception to this rule is found. New York sometimes accepts a so-called "problem play" of unsavory odor, or a dainty, dreamy, poetic play, or a noisy farce, providing only that the piece is entertaining in its particular sphere.

Dramas which New York has patronized may be condemned forever after crossing the North River, or religious dramas which fail miserably here may be received with open arms in Boston; and so it goes. "The Sign of the Cross," which was so badly received in this city that it was barely accorded an opportunity to be seen elsewhere, proved successful in Boston and on tour.

It has been prophesied by many wise ones that the gay "Lord Quex," which has been so welcome here, would fall on the road. This remains to be seen, though it seems that the extraordinary brilliancy of the play should find favor everywhere. Those who deem this drama broad cannot but admit that compared with "Zaza" and plays of similar type "The Gay Lord Quex" breathes the essence of refinement and modesty. Quex is not fast when we make his acquaintance; the rapidity of his life is past before the play begins. The incident in the apartment of the Duchess of Strood is not immoral. Quex is there with no motives that are questionable. He has come at her earnest solicitation, but with the very evident intention of terminating his acquaintance with that lady once and for all.

Jack's Growl.

The author of "From Edinburg to the Antarctic," writing of the sailor's habit of grumbling, says: "The dinners are all the same; that is to say, Monday's dinners are all alike, and what we have to day we shall have this day six months hence. Jack's forefathers this day a hundred years ago had the same menu, and dishes; and a hundred years hence on this day Jack's children will growl over their salt horse and plumless duff." The author also tells this "yarn" to illustrate that Jack's habit of grumbling can't be cured and must be endured.

Once upon a time there lived a skipper whose wife said to him that if she went to see the poor men would never find fault with their food. Her husband took her with him on a voyage, and the good woman attended to the cooking in the galley herself.

The scouse was thick with fresh vegetables, the bread was white and without weevils, the meat was good and the duff was almost half plums; but still the men growled.

Then the skipper's wife thought of the hens she had brought on board to lay eggs for her husband's breakfast. She took them out of the coop, wrung their necks with her own fair hands, plucked them, roasted them, and sent them to the fore-castle on the cabin china.

"Now the men," she said to herself, "will know how much we think of their comfort." At eight bells she stole forward to the fore-castle to listen to the praise of her skill as a cook. She looked down the hatch, and saw a big, black fist plunge a fork into the hen, and heard a hoarse voice growl. "I say, Bill, what d'ye think this 'ere bloody fowl died of?"

Why Did They Mts?

Hunters' tales rarely make mention of poor shots and failures, and a story which depicts the remarkable ill success of some famous shots in California a few years ago is therefore all the more interesting. The narrator, Mr. Frank Marryat, terms the incident the one marvellous tale in his book, "Mountains and Molehills." In former times it would have passed for a miracle.

Three of us were out at midday in search of venison in the Santa Rosa Valley. The sky was cloudless and the sun blazing hot. Making for a shady thicket, we unexpectedly started a doe in the long grass. She was out of range before we could raise a gun but there still remained a fawn. The pretty innocent stood perfectly still, gazing at us. Our larder was bare, and

we could not afford to be merciful. The fawn stood motionless as I advanced a few paces and took, as I fancied, a deadly aim. I missed, and still it did not move. The others fired and missed also. From the same distance—about seventy five yards—we fired each four bullets without success. Still the fawn moved but a pace or two, and our rifle ammunition was exhausted. I then crept up to the fawn and within twenty paces fired twice at it with my pistol. Then unharmed, it quietly walked away in search of its mother. We looked at each other in surprise. Fourteen shots within seventy paces of a motionless deer! "Well, I'll be hanged!" was one man's comment. "Crack Sho's!" We could not explain it unless the rarefaction of the air had made the deer seem nearer than it was.

Lions on the Stairs.

A game of hide-and-seek with a party of lions was once played at the house of the late Charles Jamrach in London. The particulars of the affair are related in Mr. Bartlett's "Life Among Wild Beasts at the Zoo". Three small, emaciated lion cubs had been purchased by Jamrach, who, in order to give them leisure to recover health and strength, had them conveyed to a small room at the top of the house, the windows of the room being barricaded inside with strong iron netting. The animals were placed under the care of Mr. Jamrach's principal assistant, who fed and attended to them so well that they rapidly improved in condition. With three or four establishments on his hands, Mr. Jamrach had not much time to think of the cubs, and hardly remembered that they were in the house. There came a day however, when it was necessary for Clarke to go to the docks. As he must be absent all day, he reminded his master that the lions up stairs had to be fed. "All right," said Jamrach. "I'll feed them."

Later in the day he went up-stairs, carrying the lions' food. Upon his opening the door and entering the room, the three lions—to his astonishment almost full grown—took fright at the sight of a stranger and before he could recover himself they rushed past him and blundered headlong down-stairs. Fearing that the door at the bottom of the staircase into the parlor might be open, and that his wife might be terrified if the lions should rush into the room, Mr. Jamrach called: "Mary! Mary! The lions are coming downstairs!" Mrs. Jamrach shut the door in time to prevent their entrance. In the door was a glass panel which enabled her to see into the small passage at the foot of the stairs, where the lions were standing. It was an awkward position and she watched the animals with great anxiety. In a few minutes she saw them begin to ascend the stairs. It was now her turn to do the warning. Her husband might not know that they were coming; so, quietly opening the door, she called: "Charlie, they're coming up-stairs!" Being unprepared to meet them, Jamrach beat a hasty retreat. He heard them growling savagely, and thought best to secure himself by taking possession of their former quarters and shutting the door.

Here he meditated on his predicament, and presently heard the animals starting down again. Thereupon he thought of his wife, and opening the door shouted another caution. Soon it was the wife's turn to do the warning, and so the cries went back and forth: "Mary they are coming down!" "Charlie, they are coming up!"

When this performance had been repeated several times, the lions grew tired of ascending and descending. Finding no means of exit, they took matters into their own hands by possessing themselves of a bedroom on the second floor. Thereupon Jamrach cautiously descended to shut them in, and the game was over. The lions remained in their new quarters

until Clarke returned and coaxed them back to their own habitation on the top floor.

Something Like a Blot.

A worthless old vagabond had annoyed the good people of a Western town for several years. He had been arrested for drunkenness and vagrancy times without number, but to no purpose. Moral suasion had been tried upon him without effect. He steadily grew worse.

An impromptu vigilance committee was formed one day by a lot of citizens whose patience had become exhausted, and while they depreciated mob violence, they agreed in the opinion that it was time to shift the burden of this particular vagabond upon some other place.

Accordingly they went to his lodgings one night, lifted him up, put him on a rail, rode him to the outskirts of the town, dumped him into a shallow creek, and left him there, with the injunction that it would be safest for him to get out on the farther side and keep moving.

"By gum!" he mumbled, as he crawled out on the bank, scraped the mud from his clothes, and looked back at the vanishing "regulators." "I don't b'lieve they want me to live in this town any longer!"

He—Never was a more unlucky devil than I am!

She—Oh, I don't know, dear; you are always finding something.

He—Indeed! What have I found lately?

She—Fault, my dear—and plenty of it.

Mrs. Jones—I am sorry to hear of your husband's bankruptcy, Mrs. Robinson.

Mrs. Robinson—Ah, yes, it has cut him up so awfully that he is going to retire from business and go abroad.



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PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 24

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

AUTHORS IN PARLIAMENT.

English men of letters seem to find nothing incongruous in literary and political activities. In the new Parliament just chosen there are not only a number of journalists and newspaper proprietors, such as Mr. LABOUCHERE, SIR CHARLES DIKE and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, but not a few authors of wide reputation.

Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who has just published a life of OLIVER CROMWELL and is busily engaged upon a life of Mr. GLADSTONE; Mr. W. H. H. LECKY, one of the most distinguished of contemporary historians; Mr. JAMES BRYCE, whose history of "The American Commonwealth" has won wide appreciation in the United States for its candor and accuracy; and Sir R. C. JEBB, the Oxford professor and author of noteworthy translation of Sophocles, are among the older group who served in the old Parliament and have been re-elected to the new. Mr. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, the government leader in the House of Commons, has written books of essays and philosophical discussion, and might write more if politics did not keep him busy.

Mr. AUGUSTINE BRIDGES, one of the brightest of living essayists, whose delicate humor enlivened debates in the old parliament, will be missed in the new. He gave up a safe constituency to contest a difficult one, and was defeated. Mr. BARRIE, author of many well known novels, and Mr. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS, better known in literature by the first two-thirds of his real name, were announced as candidates, but with drew on account of ill health; and Dr. A. CONAN DOYLE the creator of "SHERLOCK HOLMES," was defeated because the constituency to which he appealed preferred a liberal to a conservative. But the list of younger authors elected includes Mr. GILBERT PARKER, the successful novelist; Mr. HENRY NORMAN, author of books of travel in the far East; and Mr. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, who is known both as a war correspondent and as a writer of excellent books descriptive of military campaigns.

A PERMANENT INVESTMENT.

One of the most noticeable things during the last two or three years has been the large increase in the number of college students. For the country at large these years have been prosperous ones; for some parts of the country unusually prosperous; and therefore a larger number of parents find themselves able to give their sons and daughters the advantage of a liberal education.

It is exceedingly pleasant to find prosperity thus reflecting itself as promptly and as generally in the higher life as in the mere material well being with which the years of fatness are more commonly associated. It shows how persistent education and how eager parents are when the conditions of life grow temporarily easier, to give their children a dowry which no financial panic can disturb.

Not only is the number of college students increasing, but the proportion of those who pay their own way is also gaining; a fact which, in itself, shows how the value of an academic training is coming more and more to be perceived.

But if the increase in the number of students during prosperous times is cheerful news, the decrease during a period of depression carries something of pathos with it. A grown man may contract his living expenses in hard times, and yet, when business improves, be little the

worst for his temporary economy; but for the boy or girl who is kept away from college the loss is complete. The golden moment passes forever.

Yet even those who have had to face this disappointment should not despair. The colleges all hold out both hands to worthy and determined students; and for these to whom four years of study are impossible, there are special courses, "university extension" lectures and home study opportunities unknown a generation ago.

Public sentiment will generally approve the action of the New York sheriff who recently arrested a "lady cyclist." She was trying to cover three thousand miles in quicker time than that distance has ever been ridden before, and when the sheriff interloped had already covered twenty six hundred miles in less than twelve days. She was in such a pitiable condition that people living near the scene of her riding made complaint. It may not be necessary to regard such a person as a criminal, but any one who knows no better than to impose such a strain upon her own health, if not upon her life, is better off in custody than out of it.

South America, in strictest accuracy, should have been named 'Southeastern America,' it lies so far east of the northern continent. The southern half of the west coast of South America is on nearly the same meridian as New York. This eastern position of the southern continent has an important relation to modern commerce. It greatly benefits English merchantmen who are in competition with our own for South American trade. Our ship have to go half-way to Europe to go to Rio de Janeiro.

The next Pan American conference will be held in the city of Mexico on October 22nd next, by an invitation of the Mexican government, which has been generally accepted. Like the celebrated conference held in Washington eleven years ago, the purpose of the gathering will be to promote closer commercial and other relations between the several nations of the hemisphere.

The latest exposition of rural mail delivery in the United States is the remarkable route extending three thousand miles beyond the reach of the mail-boats in Alaska. The carriers are descendants of reindeer imported from Siberia in 1892, of which there are now twenty large herds in Alaska notwithstanding frequent newspaper assertions that the reindeer are all dead.

A Sad Case of Desertion.

There is a case of shameful desertion in the North End which should call forth the sincere pity and sympathy of every man and woman deserving of the name. It is the case of Mrs. Smith, wife of Charles Smith the car conductor, whose husband left St. John a few weeks ago in company with a Mrs. Dickson of Stanley street. Mrs. Smith who is a highly respectable and much thought of woman, has been left with three little children the youngest being only two weeks old when the worthless father departed. There is also an aged mother to be cared for. The family were compelled to leave their home on Metcalf St. this week, which the faithless man had mortgaged over their heads. Mrs. Smith has a merchant brother-in-law, who is doing nobly by her, and kind friends are doing their share for the helpless little family. The car conductors, and motor men, made up quite a contribution among themselves and quietly presented it.

While his long-suffering wife, and helpless and innocent family are in this condition Smith is said to be at large in Boston. He has done away his moustache, either as a disguise or to make him appear more youthful, and he and his inamorata are doing the place and surroundings to the best of their ability, which is saying a good deal.

Neck Bands Repl. ced.

Hosiery darned, repairs made all free, why do you go elsewhere with your laundry, when we do the best work and do so many things free. Try us now Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and carpet cleaning work. Telephone 58.

Self-Interest.

Mother (reading telegram)—'Henry telegraphs that the game is over and he came out of it with three broken ribs, a broken nose and four teeth out.' Father (eagerly)—'And who won?' Mother—'He don't say.' Father (impatiently)—'Confound it all! That boy never thinks of anybody but himself! Now I'll have to wait until I get the morning paper.'

A Professional Opinion.

First Doctor—Bolus tells me it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of his discovery.' Second Doctor—'Well, it may be difficult, but I guess he'll do it.'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Love Sign of a Rose. She trained a little rose to grow And grace the gate above, And hence I love the path-way so I bid my love to her love, And oft my heart before me goes To read the love sign of the Rose.

Throned fairer bloom for lovers' trust To me it seems as fair As if an angel's lips had kissed And blessed its booming there, For heaven its sweetest smile bestows On this dear love sign of the Rose.

The patter of little feet When shadows dim the night, The rosy tending arms that meet And necklece me at night, These my glad heart enraptured knows At the dear love sign of the Rose.

Not far away Love's steps shall stray— In thorny paths to roam, While o'er the meadows of life's May Shine signals sweet of home, When night falls drear, one heart still known As in the love sign of the Rose.

My Father's Dinner Pail. I found it in the attic in a corner dark and dim, 'Twas hidden on the cover, and 'twas broken on the rim, Yet it thrilled my heart with pleasure as I took it from the shelf, That simple link of girlhood's days, my father's dinner pail.

It was dusty, it was rusty, it was broken on the rim Yet it thrilled me for the moment with sweet memories of him, Of the bloom upon the orchards, and the fragrance in the air, As I walked through shining meadows, with my father's dinner pail.

I can see the garden pansies and the sunflowers by the wall, And through the woodbine covered porch, I hear my mother's voice, 'Come, Janey, quick, put on your hat; there comes old Father Kall; You're not too soon; come in, my dear, and take the dinner pail.'

I pass beside the woodland where the tender violets grow, And through the pleasant meadows where the honeysuckles blow, Across the bridge, along the brook, and through the broken rail, Where none would wait to help me with my father's dinner pail.

I can hear the wild birds singing and the drone of humming bees, And the voices of my children playing 'neath the shade of trees, Yet memory comes crowding like a pleasant fairy tale, And once more I trip through meadows with my father's dinner pail.

The Best Day. Some skies may be gloomy, Some moments be sad, But everywhere, always, Some souls must be glad. For time is the best day, Proclaimed by the sea,— 'Each day is the best day Of somebody's year!'

Each day finds a hero, Each day helps a saint, Each day brings to some one A joy without taint; Each day may be my turn Of yours that is near,— 'Each day is the best day Of somebody's year!'

The calendar sparkles With days that have brought Some prize that was hoped for, Some good that was sought; His deeds happen daily, 'Wide truths grow more clear,' 'Each day is the best day Of somebody's year!'

No sun ever rises, But brings joy behind, No sorrow is letters, The whole earth can bind; How selfish our fretting and how narrow our fear,— 'Each day is the best day Of somebody's year!'

Two of a Kind. The early bird catches the worm, we are told, And the worm that is early gets caught; So if you hurry you must miss the gold Of the morning flames up, or catch naught! With the first hint of day You must hurry away To where anelliots are caught!

And if you're a worm, you must stay close in bed Till all the woodpeckers have gone; When they knock at the door you must cover your head, And be dead as a stone till the knockers have flown! Oh! 'You'll starve if you do! Well, the bird'll starve, too, And there'll two 'Simple Simons' be gone, —Ben S. Parker.

Lilies of the Valley. Little silent bells that ring Music to my heart, Songs of many a bygone spring; How the quick tears start— As I dream—remembering!

Here the brave, sweet crocus came With her lamp of gold, Holding up its yellow flame, When the world was cold,— (Long may poets sing her fame!)

There the lilacs met the sun, Purple plums and white, And the violet (timid one!) Hid itself from sight, Like a veiled and praying nun.

But of all dear flowers that grow Field and garden through, Lilies of the valley show Like the friends and true— With long thoughts of long ago!

White and silent bells that ring, Music to my heart! Songs of many a bygone spring, How the quick tears start— As I dream—remembering! —Madeline S. Bridges.

House Plants. My little window tropics, set with palm, With bright geranium and cactus rare, And frail exotica from a warmer air, The mock our Northern winter with your balm, And smile at storms that spare your indoor calm; You breathe of summer, though the trees are bare, Though shines the sun on snow and icy glare, And winds are hoarse from their loud-swalling.

PRISM. In little here you bring the sunny South, Where all the year the grass waves in the field And on the bough the orange blossom clings, The sunbeams are the words upon your mouth By which the law of beauty is revealed, That summer still is at its heart of things.

Just as He Left Them. His toys are lying on the floor, Just as he left them there; The painted things for keeping store, The little broken chair; The jammy pie, the whistling ball, The sock, the gun, the doll, The many looking Chinese doll, The bucket billy goat.

They lie about, poor, battered things, The rabbit and the fox, The cuckoo with the broken wings, The jack, sprung from his box, Here lie his knife, his tangled string, His bow and silver cup— Because 'I'm tired of following Around to pick them up.

Oh, dear! He's seated Ours, Splendid, Fervent, Oh, Dear! It's Waterloo!

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

A GREAT SCHEME.

Which is Quite Certain to Inconvenience Reckless Pedestrians. 'Yes, this case is a pet of mine,' said a Front street business man, passing his hand lovingly over an unusually heavy bamboo walking stick. 'I had it built to order. The shaft, as you will observe, is peculiarly knotty, but its distinctive feature is this huge pointed ferrule, which was made in a blacksmith shop on the next block. Did I have any particular purpose in view? Why certainly I had. The case was constructed for use as a collision buffer and has provided a most unqualified success.

'You are familiar, I dare say, with the special type of idiot who comes prancing down the sidewalk with his head twisted around looking at something over the top of his shoulders, and you know of course, that he invariably runs into you. It makes no difference how frantically you try to avoid him; you may jump and dodge and do your level best to hunt cover, but your efforts are all in vain. The idiot bears down on you by some mysterious gravitation, and the next thing you know he has smashed against your diaphragm with a concussion that leaves the print of your vest buttons on the inner surface of your backbone. Then he looks around with an expression of innocent surprise.

'Scuse me,' he says blandly. 'I didn't notice where I was going.' 'I suffered greatly from that brand of monster before I invented my case,' continued the Front street man, 'but now there is nothing I enjoy more than an encounter. My tactics are simple. When I see the idiot rushing down on me, with his head screwed around as usual, I stop stock still, clutch my cane firmly under my right arm, point out, brace myself on my feet begin to read a letter or newspaper. I never raise my eyes or shift my position, for I know full well that no power on earth can prevent the idiot from landing square on the mark. A moment of exquisite anticipation ensues, and then I have him. As a rule he impales himself a trifle north of the equator, and when he feels the prod of the ferrule he emits a series of agonized bellows, which are sweet music to my ears. For some little time he is unable to speak and claps his abdomen [with both hands, meaning. Then I get in my fine work. I am really delighted, but I pretend to be very angry. I scowl at him fiercely.

'What the deuce do you mean, sirrah! I hiss. 'I fear you have ruined this valuable walking stick!' 'That caps the climax! The bare idea that he has run into such a bludgeon hard enough to damage it greatly increases the poor idiot's pangs. He looks at me piteously.

'Scuse me!' he gasps. 'I didn't notice where I was going.' 'I wave him haughtily aside and pass on, chuckling in my sleeve. That, briefly, is the modus operandi. It's a great scheme, sir; a great scheme! I wouldn't take \$100 for this case!'

Aunt Betsy's Prayer-Meeting. She had outlived most of her own nephews and nieces, and had long been 'Aunt Betsy' to the whole New England village. A single woman, she had devoted herself to these countless duties for the performance of which, apparently, God permits some of the best women to remain unmarried. But her days of activity were past, and Aunt Betsy was an undisguised burden in a helpless old age. Blindness added itself to her other infirmities, and she was to old to learn any of the arts by which the younger blind make one sense compensate for the loss of another. She could not fail to know that she was a burden.

In hundreds of New England homes, a half century ago, hung a pair of colored pictures in which the lives of man and woman, respectively, were set forth under the analogy of a series of ascending and descending steps, with complets below commenting on each decade. Aunt Betsy could not fail, as she grew older, to see her own condition in the picture of the frail, tottering, bent little old woman of eighty still two steps from the bottom, and with the verse below:

A useless lumberer of the earth, From house to house they send her forth. She had been sent from house to house since she was eighty, and she was over ninety now. One door after another closed behind her, never to reopen. Poverty

here, sickness there, death yonder, narrowed the circle of homes where she could be cared for, and Aunt Betsy faced that dreadful thing the very name of which is a terror to the thrifty-reliant. She spared others the necessity of telling her. 'Don't try to hinder me,' she said. 'I've taken it to God, and had it out with Him. I'm going to the poorhouse!'

But a subscription paper went round, and a home opened to her. People could not bare to see Aunt Betsy in the poor house; and after the home was secured, contributions for her support were not hard to find. But she knew that she was a burden, and she longed for death.

It was then that they arranged the prayer meeting for her. She has not been to church for so long, and she missed it so much and talked so much about it, that they brought the church to her. The three ministers of the village came, and some of the old people, and the young ones came to sing, and the house was filled. Aunt Betsy's shaking voice joined in the old hymn; she said her feebly amen after each prayer. Truly, it was a great event in her cramped life.

'Any of those who came brought money but that was not all. By a beautiful conspiracy it had been arranged that every one should remind Aunt Betsy of some good thing she had done, and thus make the present kindness of her friends seem only a just recompense. And so at the close of the meeting she found herself overwhelmed by the memories of forgotten kindnesses.

The guests had gone home, and those who cared for her turned to find Aunt Betsy in a little heap in her stiff old chair with the straight back and short rockers. She was unconscious, and they at first thought dead. But they restored her at last, and her first words were, 'They—praised-me—too much!'

On the memory of that meeting Aunt Betsy lived her few remaining months. They had praised her, and it warmed her heart with a joy that she carried into heaven. Those who were with her to the last, and those who shared in the meeting learned a lesson never to be forgotten, of the value of Christian kindness to the aged and helpless.

'Can't get this Headless Horror story all in,' said the foreman to the editor of the yellow Churner. 'Here's half a column introduction telling about the Churner's enterprise in securing the exclusive story and two 'sticks' containing the scoop. Something has got to go.' The great editor did not hesitate. In two minutes more the Evening Worried would be on the street. 'That's all right!' he said. 'Kill the last two 'sticks' and get to press.'

The House Hunter. 'Do you call this a good neighborhood?' Resident—'That depends. If you are fond of gossip, this is the best neighborhood I know of. There are three grass widows on this street, four men who do not live with their wives, half a dozen men who come home drunk every night, and at least one man who is said to have been in the penitentiary. If you enjoy scandal, this is the place for you.'

At the Clothes Horse Show Her best friend—I suppose May will have a row with the judges if she doesn't get a prize.' Her next best—'No; she'll have it with her tailor. She says she left it all to him.'

'You never loved me,' exclaimed the bride of a week, 'True, I did not,' answered the brutal bridegroom, with a sneer, as he wrote an order for the expressman to come for her baggage. 'Then why did you marry me?' she moaned, gazing tearfully into the mirror to see if her hat was straight. 'I did it,' he answered hoarsely, 'to pay an election bet.'

That must have been an interesting paper that was not read before the American ornithologists in Cambridge, Tuesday, owing to the absence of the author. It was 'The Pterylogia of Podargus, with Further Notes on the Pterylography of the Caprimulgidae.' Briggs—'That medium doesn't know a thing when she is in a trance.' Griggs—'Oh, yes, she does? Griggs—'What makes you think so?' Griggs—'Because, the other day I tried to steal away in the middle of one—without paying.'

BAKING POWDER PURE and wholesome

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The spectacular extravaganza, Zephra, present... ed at the opera house during the present week... has been a grand success. At every performance... the seating capacity has been taxed to the utmost... limit, and some indications are that for this afternoon... and evening, seats will be at a premium. As the... amateur effort Zephra is away ahead of anything else... ever produced in this city. The stage settings and... scenery are splendid, the choruses perfectly drilled... and the dozens of pretty and graceful girls execu... ted their various parts in the dances and marches... with perfect precision and ease, which plainly... showed the result of thorough and painstaking... practice. Speaking of the dances perhaps those... which received the most applause were the Merry... go-round, the tennis dance, and the Tarrantella... dance while the four pretty girls who posed as the... graces received their well deserved share of praise... and at almost every performance had to respond to... an encore.

The interior of the theatre was handsomely... decorated with patriotic and yacht club colors and... emblems, while a corps of R. K. Y. C. boys in their... natty yachting suits of white and blue, made quite... efficient and picturesque ushers.

Some of the costumes worn on the stage were... very pretty, and some indeed were handsome. Mrs. R. L. Johnston made a perfect Queen Zephra, the... court costume of white satin and crimson velvet... being particularly becoming to her.

Although some two hundred and fifty people... were employed in the dances, choruses, etc.,... still the plot of the play was confined to quite a... small number. The cast of characters being as follows:

Zephra, Queen of Norway... Mrs. R. L. Johnston... Neysa, daughter of Decius... Miss Clara Brennan... Flora, friend to Neysa... Miss Ethel Fayoy... Unis, fairy godmother to Neysa... Miss Daisy Sears... Anthea, friend to Neysa... Miss Tonia... Nadia, friend to Neysa... Miss M. Patton... Nita, a dancing girl... Miss Daisy Sears... Declina, King of Norway... Robert S. Ritchie... Juna, Prince of Mythland... John A. Kelly... Alexis, Minister of State... S. M. Baker... Solon, Captain of Decius' Guards... J. N. Sutherland... Thomas, a Knight... Stanley B. Smith... Orlan... Mr. Robert Seely... Hendrix... Mr. Louis Brennan... King of the Nidians... Harold Brown... Yeomen of the Guard—Peasants—Cavaliers... Ladies of the Court—Nixies—Cupids—Newsboys—Fairies etc.

Mrs. R. L. Johnston made an ideal Zephra, her... queenly bearing and beautiful face and form to... gether with a splendidly clear speaking voice and... good enunciation rendering her perfectly fitted for... the part.

Miss Clara Jean Brennan as Neysa added laurels... to her already enviable record as an actress and... singer. She entered thoroughly into her work as... very few amateurs could do. On each occasion... she received much applause. Her duet of "Dream... ing" with Mr. Kelly being especially well received.

Miss E. Fayoy portrayed the character of Flora... the friend of Neysa, in a most acceptable manner... This young lady possesses considerable dramatic... talent, but perhaps the only chance she had of... showing what she could do was when in the third... act she exposed the treachery of Decius. Miss... Fayoy was perfectly at home in her role, and so... we may add were all the young ladies taking part... in the absence of stage fright or embarrassment of... any kind being quite noticeable.

Little Miss Daisy Sears as the fairy godmother... Unis, and as Nita the dancing girl, was a revelation... to those who had not before witnessed any of the... performances of this clever little lady. Her voice... was pure and sweet and her enunciation very clear... In all she made a very pretty and graceful fairy... godmother.

During each evening, Mrs. Johnston, Miss Brennan... Miss Fayoy, Miss Tonia and Miss Sears were... the recipients of handsome bouquets. On Thursday... evening Miss Brennan receiving three and Miss... Daisy Sears two.

The male characters were all well taken. Mr. Jack... Kelly as usual carried off the honors as Juna, the... lover of Neysa. Mr. J. N. Sutherland and Mr. Robert... S. Ritchie both sang and acted well. In all... Zephra fulfilled every promise made for it and was... a grand success both socially and financially.

Miss Sadie Allison Knight of the West End has... returned home from an extended trip to the South... Miss Knight in company with Evangelist Strouse... and his wife spent some time travelling through... different parts of Virginia and sang at many of the... evangelistic services receiving many flattering... comments on her work from the different news... papers throughout Virginia. Miss Knight's friends... say that her voice has been much improved during... her absence and that lovers of good singing will... probably hear her in public before very long.

On St. Andrews Day, Nov. 30th, the St. Andrews... Society will give a dinner in the Dufferin Hotel. A... large number of guests will be present.

The sale and tea held by St. Paul's church...

Robtsey on Wednesday afternoon and evening... was a grand success. Quite a sum was raised for... the church fund. Had the weather been at all... pleasant a larger number would have been present... from the city. However the tea passed off most... successfully.

Lady Tilley spent a few days in St. Stephen last... week and while there was a guest at the home of... Madame Chipman. Mrs. Wm De Wolfe, who has... spent several weeks in St. Stephen accompanied... Lady Tilley back.

Mrs M D Cox of Annapace was in town for a... few days this week the guest of Mrs (Rev) J W... Manning.

Miss Annie McVey of Sydney, C B is the guest... of Mrs Wm G Shanks, Sydney street.

Mr and Mrs F Ryan have returned from their... honeymoon trip, which was spent in Chatham and... vicinity.

Mr and Mrs Fred C Macneill have returned from... their wedding trip. Mrs Macneill will receive her... friends next week.

Mrs Beattie Cooke, daughter of the late Senator... Lwin who has been visiting at Lancaster Heights... for the past few months, left this week for New... York where she will spend the winter. She was... accompanied by her son.

Hon. A. G. Blair, Mrs. Blair and the Misses... Blair are enjoying a short vacation in New York.

Miss Letta Freeman, daughter of Boston is paying... a visit to Mr and Mrs Frank E Crabbe of Cranston... St.

Mr and Mrs J J Connors have returned from their... wedding trip to New York and are receiving their... friends at No 78 Sydney Street.

Mr W B Dustin and Mrs Dustin of Halifax were... in the city during the early part of the week and... while here were guests at the Dufferin.

The Hiram's Mission circle in connection with... Centenary Methodist church will hold a tea... sale of fancy goods during the first part of Decem...ber.

Mr John A Ashe of Oswego, N. Y., arrived in... the city this week. Mrs Ashe and their two... children have been in the city for some time, visiting... her parents Mr and Mrs McCann of the North end.

Dr. J. Gallivan, Mrs Gallivan and their little... daughter returned this week to their home in New... York, after spending a most enjoyable vacation... in the city.

Mr J Chipman of St. Stephen, who has been in... the city for a short time, returned home this week... Mr Robert Marshall and his niece Miss Beattie... Sadler, have returned to the city, after having had... a most enjoyable visit to the Misses Marshall and... other friends at Chatham, Busbyville, Newcastle... Miramichi and northern New Brunswick. Miss... Sadler paid a flying visit to Mrs Montgomery at... Campbellton, Restigouche.

Mrs James Patten and his little daughter, went... to New York this week, where they will spend the... winter with Mrs. Patten's mother.

Chas. A. Kinneer, formerly of St. John, has re... signed his position in the Bank of Toronto at King...ston, Ont., and has accepted the position of assist... ant manager of the Algoma Commercial Co. at... Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Finn, accompanied by their... daughter Miss Mabel Finn paid a visit to Frederic... ton during the early part of the week.

Katie McCann, Miss Agnes Mahar, Miss Minnie... McCann, Miss Clara Maloney, Miss Annie Tier... ney, Miss Gertrude Maloney, Miss Pauline O'Prey... Miss Helen Dalton, Miss Nellie Harrington and... Miss Jennie Lloyd.

Ice cream table—Miss Annie B McInnis, Miss... Laura McCormick, Miss Nellie Keenan, Miss Mary... McInnis, Miss Eva Doherty, Miss Josephine Ma... har, Miss Maggie McPeake and Miss Mary Mc... Sherry.

Fancy table—Miss Martha Lynch, Mrs P Mc... Murray, Miss Maggie Tierney, Miss Agnes Mc... Peake, Miss Fanny Gallagher, Miss Minnie... O'Brien.

Doll table—Miss Nellie Kervin, Miss May Col... lins, Miss Josie Tierney.

Flirt Fond—Misses Edie Kiervin, and Ruby De... Laney.

Amusements—Messrs J McHugh, S McCormick... and John McCormick.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Edward... Riley were treated to a genuine surprise when... about forty of their friends assembled at their... home on the Marsh Road, to congratulate them on... the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage; quite a... number driving out from the city to participate in... the celebration. During the evening on behalf of... the company, Mr. M Carroll, in a neat speech, pre... sented Mr. and Mrs. Riley with a handsome comb... as a slight token of the esteem in which they are... held by their friends. Mr. Riley responded with a... few well chosen remarks. Dancing and games... were indulged in by the young people. About... midnight a beautiful supper was served, and the... party broke up in the "warm and cozy" hours of the... morning, all hands present voicing it the most en... joyable affair of the season.

On Wednesday morning at the Cathedral Rev... F. J. McMurphy united in marriage Mr. Robert S... of the Merchants' and Miners' Steamship... Company and Miss Nellie Henry daughter of Mr... John Haney of this city. Only the immediate rela... tives and friends of the contracting parties were... present at the ceremony. The bride wore a be... coming travelling suit of blue cloth with white... trimmings and hat to match. The bridesmaid... Miss Annie Haney, wore mauve and white. Mr... M Bowen acted as the groom. The young couple... received many handsome and useful presents from... friends in this city and in the United States. Mr... and Mrs Bowen left on the C.P.R. train for Boston... where they will, for the present, reside.

The church of the Assumption, West end, will... be the scene of an interesting event on Monday next... when the Rev J J O'Donovan will unite in mar... riage Mr E J Murphy and Miss Julia Haley, da... ughter of Capt F T Haley. Owing to a recent... death in the bride's family, the wedding will be... a very quiet one. Both young people are well known... and popular and are receiving the good wishes... of their numerous friends for a long and happy... married life.

Dr Preston announces the engagement of his... daughter, Miss Jennie to Mr George Moore of... New York.

Miss Hattie L. Keatum who entered the South... Farmington Hospital in March on probation has... been accepted and will complete the required... course.

St. Mary's church held its annual Harvest Sup... per Thursday evening, and was in every way a... brilliant success. The supper room in the basement... of the church was reserved from 6 to 8 was tastefully... decorated with white and blue bunting while the... tables, three in number, were elegantly and... daintily decorated with cut flowers. The ladies in... charge were, Mrs. W. O. Raymond, Mrs. E. V. W... Godfrey, Mrs. S. G. Olive, Mrs. F. J. Wright, Mrs... A. W. Golding, Mrs. S. H. Givan, Mrs. E. W. B... Kingston, Mrs. R. Boyer, Mrs. J. N. Rodgers, Mrs... J. Davis, Mrs. Foley, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. C... Char, Flewelling, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. E. Doon... Mrs. J. N. Wetmore, Mrs. Wickham. These were... assisted by an efficient corps of young ladies. The... refreshment table in charge of Miss Stevens assist... ed by Misses Ida Barton, Clara Grant, and Win... nifred Raymond was in the upper room, where from... 8 until 10 a highly interesting programme of both... musical and literary was carried out.

Mrs Sherwood of Ottawa passed through the city... this week on her way to Kars to attend the funeral... of her father Mr James Tools.

Mr Israel Moore who has spent the past five... months with his grandfather at Hampstead, left on... Thursday for his home in Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs Robertson of Philadelphia is visiting her... sister Mrs. John McAvity, Orange St. She is... accompanied by her little daughter.

Mr J. E. Stocker of Ormococt, was in the city... this week visiting friends.

Mrs. Isaac Brown of Union street returned Sat... urday from St. Martins, where she attended the... funeral of her father, Wm Bradshaw, an old... and respected resident of this place.

Mr. Frank Colwell's many friends, will be glad to... learn that he is able to be out again.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their shopping by post with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.—Canadian Magazine. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat... \$2.56. Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth... Thoroughly well made in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Length in front, and Prices: 24 27 inches. 49c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches. 70c. 82 cents. Postage 82 cents. 36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 45c. JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

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

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

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

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

Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Betting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John's Pulp Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY.

'STRONGEST AND BEST.'—Health. FRY'S Pure Concentrated COCOA. Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa to distinguish it from other cocoas manufactured by the Firm.

FREDERICTON. [Programme is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.] Nov 21—Mrs. D. Lee Babbit was one of the CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE. Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired. Royal St. Waterloo.

FOR ADDITION SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- Newsstand & Co. Barrington street
Lynn's Newsstand Cor. George & Grandville Sts
Canada News Co. Railway Depot
J. R. P. Newsstand Brunswick street
J. W. Allen Dartmouth N. St
Queen's Bookstore 109 Hollis St
Mrs. De Freitas 181 Brunswick St

Nov. 22.—Miss Melkielejohn of Toronto has been spending the autumn here, the guest of Mrs. Tremaine, North-West Arm. During her visit Miss Melkielejohn has made a large circle of friends here.

Miss Fielding has been spending a few days with Miss Daisy Farrell.

The Misses MacGregor are at Hillside for the winter months.

Miss Cornelia Hughes, niece of Archbishop O'Brien, returned this week from Ottawa, where she has been spending some weeks with her parents, who reside at Ottawa.

Mrs. Middlemas, wife of Major Middlemas, has come from England to spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Duffas.

Mrs. John Stairs, South street, entertained a number of friends at a 'Tea' on Thursday afternoon of last week. The tea was given for Miss Lockyer, who is the guest of Miss Susie Stairs.

Miss Ella May Hatcher, an estimable young woman, died last week at her mother's residence, 9 Dresden Row, after an illness extending over two weeks.

Conductor Forest Blanchard a native of New Glasgow and Miss Frances McArthur, eldest daughter of Capt. McArthur of Matland, N.S., were married recently at Oakland, Cal.

Governor Jones has taken up his residence in Government House and Mrs. Jones will receive her friends on Tuesday afternoon.

Capt. and Mrs. Lithbridge and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Chipman have taken rooms at the Berkeley, where they will remain for the winter.

The wedding took place on Tuesday morning of Walter Craig, a popular member of R. G. Dun & Co.'s staff, and Miss M. Gallivan daughter of Daniel Gallivan. The ceremony took place at St. Patrick's at an early hour, and the bride wore a handsome travelling costume. Mr. and Mrs. Craig were the recipients of a large number of wedding gifts.

Captain Sterling, of the ship Great Admiral, who has been on a brief visit to Halifax, left by the C. P. R. for the Pacific coast, accompanied by Ada daughter of Captain Watt and sister of Mrs. Sterling who will go on the ship to Australia and other places with her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cornelius will be 'at home' to their friends on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons at 279 1/2 Robie street.

Miss Agnes Hennessey has returned from a three months visit to New York, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Dr. Murdoch Chishelm leaves to-morrow on a several weeks trip to the Southern States for the benefit of his health.

The marriage took place on Tuesday afternoon of William Berry, tide waiter, to Miss Cecelia Morris. Rev. Dr. Hester officiated at the ceremony.

Mrs. A. L. Michaels and Leo Michaels are in the city for a short stay, guests of Mr. Max Ungar.

The pastime dancing class held a reunion at Belle-Aire hall, Monday night, which was attended by fifty couples and the affair was carried through with sewing. The Keating and Buchanan orchestra supplied a length programme of dance music and the floor was in its usual good condition. Shortly after midnight the dancers sat down to a sumptuous supper, nicely laid in the new dining hall which has but recently been added to the Belle-Aire Hall. The committee who had the reunion under their management received congratulations from those present for the successful manner they conducted the dance.

WOLFVILLE.

Nov. 22.—The Wolfville Whist club held its first meeting of the season at the home of Mrs. J. W. Bigelow on Monday evening.

The Browning club met at the home of Mrs. W. H. Chase on Monday evening.

Miss Laura Miner, of this place, is visiting at Kentville.

Mr. W. S. Eagles returned from N. H. recently, and will spend a few weeks visiting his family.

Mr. Arthur Miner and Mr. of Canada, were the guests of the former's parents here, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Miner.

Crokinole parties are the order of the day at present.

YARMOUTH.

Nov. 21.—Miss Annie Lovitt went to Boston Wednesday last for a short visit.

Miss Emily Raymond was a passenger to Boston per steamer Boston, Wednesday.

Mr. Ralph Eldridge arrived from Boston on the Prince Arthur Wednesday to attend his brother's funeral.

Mr. M. J. Harrison has gone to Boston for a week.

Mr. Irving G. Hall arrived from Boston on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Wyman and daughter left for Boston on Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Rockwell, wife of the well-known summer hotel man of Wolfville, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. W. F. Kempton, Parade street.

Mr. Beverly King, of Sussex, N. B., has taken Mr. J. B. Farish's place at E. K. Spinnery's.

Mr. and Mrs. James Long were passengers from Boston per S. S. Boston.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 31st, Miss Anne Moses and Mr. Fred Crowell, of Hebron, were united in marriage by the Rev. E. Crowell at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Henrietta Moses. It was a very pretty home wedding. The bride's pair took their places under an exquisite arch of hawthorn and chrysanthemums as the mystic strains of the wedding march were played. The beautiful berries and green leaves, reminding one of its costume, the English holly, served as a background to enhance the charms of the bride, which was a delicate grey, decorated with white silk and pearl trimmings. A wreath of roses and asparagus ferns completed the picture. As the

benediction was pronounced inevitable wedding bells were rung, greatly mistifying the juvenile guests. The house was filled with a pleasant company of relatives and friends of the contracting parties.

Mrs. W. D. Robertson is visiting in the Annapolis valley.

Mrs. Charles L. Brown, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Durant and Mrs. A. E. Brown, Cambridge, Mass., returned to Yarmouth on Saturday by steamer Boston.

Miss May Baker is visiting her friend Miss Ethel Murphy, Windsor.

Miss Elva Larkin of Pabuco, is a guest of Mrs. R. B. McCormick, South East street.

TRURO.

[Pr. games for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.]

Nov. 21.—Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Randall arrived home Monday evening from a day or two visit with the former's sister, Dr. Mary Randall, in Sydney, C. B. Mr. C. M. Blanchard is home from a short trip Cape Breton wards.

Miss Seaman who was spending a few days with the Misses Ross, Victoria Square, returned home on Monday to Wallace.

Mr. E. B. Stuart gives his annual parades' recital on tomorrow, Thursday evening. Through the courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Muir, their spacious parlour will be utilised for the occasion.

We have had two very charming and successful concerts, during the past week. On Friday evening last the long anticipated Trebelli evening came off, and was an artistic success. The great singer was in perfect voice and most complimentary, responding to encores, and giving by special request, her justly famous "Lament Song." The pianist, Mr. Strauss, was also thoroughly appreciated.

The "Foot Ball" concert on Monday evening by local talent, assisted by Miss Sherrif of Halifax, drew a crowded house, and was from every point of view a great success.

Mr. V. Jamieson, of the Halifax bank, who has been in the New Glasgow office for some months has resumed work in the bank here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Chisholm, Halifax, were spending a few days with their relations at the Learmont this week.

Mrs. Smith, Sackville, is visiting her relatives, Park Street.

WINDSOL.

Nov. 22.—Mrs. C. DeW. Smith and Miss Dorothy Smith have returned from Halifax for a short time where they have been visiting.

Mrs. Graham Munn went to Halifax last week where she took the steamer for her home in Harbor Grace, N.S. Mr. W. H. Blanchard accompanied his daughter as far as the city.

Miss Edith Curry, who has lately resigned her position as operator of the W. U. Telegraph office, Halifax, recently visited her friend Miss Jessie Graham.

Mrs. E. M. Bancroft left on Saturday for Bayonne, New Jersey, where she will remain for a few weeks as visiting friends, and will afterwards make a visit in Holyoke and Boston, Mass. will return some time in January.

Professor DeMille who has been ill for the past week or two with a severe cold is getting better and are pleased to learn. Mrs. DeMille of Halifax, mother of the professor, has been for the past fortnight on a visit to her son at King's college.

Miss Baker, Yarmouth, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Murphy.

Miss Cora Whitman of Hantsport is attending E. G. Hill Church school for girls.

Mrs. John Blanchard went to Antigonish on Monday of last week to visit her mother, Mrs. Dexter.

Mrs. Wm. Curry has returned to New York and will spend the winter in Halifax.

Miss Haley and Miss May Haley are spending the winter with their sister, Mrs. E. R. Bill at Sackville.

Mrs. Cochran and Miss Bessie Cochran, Brooklyn, have been visiting Mrs. Walter C. Northrup, Bland street, Halifax.

Miss MacLach, Charlottetown, after a pleasant visit with her friend Miss Ellie Smith, returned home on Thursday.

BRIDGETOWN.

Nov. 22.—Miss Nellie Salter, of Annapolis, spent Sunday with Miss Fisher.

Miss Hattie Walsh is spending a few weeks at Sheffields Mills, Kings county.

The engagement announced of Mr. James Linn of the Bank of Nova Scotia, to Miss Prizell.

Dr. and Mrs. deBois spent a portion of last week in Halifax, returning home on Saturday.

Mr. F. R. Bence of Lynn, Mass. who has been visiting friends in town for several weeks, left for home last Saturday.

Mrs. M. A. Davidson and Mrs. J. H. Davidson of Dorchester, Mass. are visiting the former's daughter Mrs. J. B. Poirer here.

Mrs. H. W. Cunningham, wife of the newly elected rector of St. George's, Halifax, with four children, spent a portion of last week at the home of Mr. Frank Pratt.

DIGBY.

Nov. 21.—Mrs. Edward Jenner is visiting friends at Grand Fre.

Mrs. George Frost, the obliging telephone operator at Little River, was in town last week.

Arthur Gorham of Boston, who has been stopping at the Barton House, was in town a few days last week.

Miss Estella Abbott, of Barton, was a passenger via S. S. Prince Rupert on Thursday to attend the St. John Business College.

Mr. Fred Jones and family, who have spent the summer and autumn at Digby, have returned to Ottawa.

Mr. Fred Kirkpatrick, nephew of Maj. Daley and a member of the First Contingent of Canadians, recently returned from South Africa, is the guest of his uncle at "Linden Terrace," Queen street.

ANAGANOC.

Nov. 21.—The obituary notice of Mrs. R. P. Steeves' death was read with emotions of regret by the communities of Sussex, Portage and Anaganoc.

Mrs. Steeves during the five years residence in our village endeared herself to everyone as she was an unassuming "one of the thousands." In my estimation she exhibited a rare union of talent and piety, of ability and worth but she has doubtless exchanged the toils and duties of time for the rest and rewards of eternity. The Methodist church and its societies have received a severe loss as Mrs. Steeves was a zealous worker in all good causes for she possessed a mind of no ordinary mould and a heart of no common virtue. Mrs. Steeves has thus added a loss of great magnitude and the many friends in this section extend their warmest sympathy to him and his dear family in this sad hour of affliction. Mrs. Steeves was buried at Sussex on Tuesday the 18th inst and her remains were followed to its last resting place by a large concourse of people. Mr. and Mrs. Mc-

Naughton and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunfield went down to the funeral.

Mr. Frank H. Rouse spent a few days in St. John recently.

Mr. B. B. Colwell and two children of Rothesay, are at present visiting at "Apple Hill," the home of the Davidsons.

Mrs. George Davidson was in St. John last Wednesday to see "The Charity Ball".

Misses Annie Nicholson and Julia McNaughton and Mr. George Holmes, went to Pettoad last Tuesday to the concert by Miss E. Pauline Johnson.

Mrs. M. F. Cox spent a few days of last week with her friend Mrs. (Rev.) J. W. Manning in St. John.

Miss Margaret Briggs was in Sussex on Sunday the guest of her sister.

Mrs. Davidson went to Sussex Friday to attend the dance in honor of Mr. R. C. Sherwood, which was given by his bachelor friends, and reports a very enjoyable time. A programme of twenty four dances was carried out to excellent music and a dainty repast was served at midnight. Mr. Sherwood will visit at his parents home in Uplam until Yale tide when he intends going west to seek his fortune. Sussex sustains a great loss in Mr. Sherwood's going away and his many friends seem loathe to say good-bye, as he was a general favorite.

Mr. Roy Smith went to South Ferrisack over a week ago to visit his sister, Mrs. Miller prior to her going to her new home in Bar Harbor, Maine, where her husband has the position of General secretary of the Y. M. C. A. It is needless to say that Mrs. Smith will be much missed in social circles as it is an established fact that she was the instigator of all good works carried on in this place.

MOSEURO.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

PROGRESS JOB PRINT.

MONCTON.

Programme for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore and M. S. Jones' Bookstore.

Nov. 22.—The young ladies of the Central Methodist church gave a supper in the vestry of the church on Wednesday evening which was well attended.

The many friends of Mr. George McCreaney, proprietor of the Brunswick hotel are glad to hear that he is improving from his recent severe illness.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Bernard's church on Monday morning, when Mr. John S. Bourgeois was united in marriage with Miss Isabelle Pettigrew. The bride was attended by Miss Rene LeBlanc while the groom was supported by Mr. E. Breen.

Mrs. K. Bezanon and Mrs. H. G. Marr have returned from a six weeks visit to New York and Boston.

Mr. Edward Robinson, who has been lying seriously ill for several days at LeBlanc's hotel, Duke street is not improving to any extent.

Mr. Wm. Whiston and wife formerly of Moncton, now of Ottawa are in the city.

Miss Letargy was called to Charlottetown this week by the death of her niece.

Miss Florence E. Woodman, daughter of Mr. Geo. H. Woodman, left on Monday night by the Maritime express for Chicago, where she has secured a position as stenographer and typewriter.

Miss Woodman is a graduate of the Moncton Business College and is one of the best stenographers that has graduated from the Moncton school.

Mrs. J. C. Gunn arrived home on Saturday after a two months' visit to friends in Boston Brockton and other towns in Massachusetts.

Mrs. John O'Rourke received her friends on Wednesday of this week.

Mr. G. S. Gonnell, of Woburn, Mass., is in the city visiting her mother, Mrs. Duos Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Berryman who have been residing in Sussex for some months have returned to Moncton to reside.

Wm. Wheaton and wife of Campbellton were in town recently.

Miss Lottie Munn, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. David Gibson for the past few months, returned to Boston Saturday last.

Mrs. J. M. Forbes and family of Prince Edward Island, are the guests of Mrs. Forbes' mother, Mrs. H. M. Hunter, Bonaccord street.

Mr. Murray Fleming left on Monday for Sydney where he has accepted a good position with the Dominion Steel Co.

NEWCASTLE.

Nov. 23.—Mrs. K. England of Neguec was visiting friends in Newcastle last week.

Mr. F. J. Collins of Weston, Mass. was here last week reuniting old acquaintances after an absence of twenty years.

Miss Nellie Donovan of Renous River was here a few days ago visiting friends.

Miss Agnes McCormack of Backville is visiting friends in Nelson.

Miss Katie Troy, the popular teacher of Harcourt spent Sunday with her parents in Newcastle.

Mrs. McNutt, Yarmouth, is visiting Miss Acheson.

Mrs. Sarah Burns, of Moncton was in Newcastle this week attending her mother's funeral.

Mrs. Sweeney and Mrs. F. W. James were visiting in Blackville.

Mrs. Sarah Vaughan, one of Newcastle's most estimable ladies passed away on Wednesday afternoon last in the 86th year of her age. Mrs. Vaughan has been in ill health for the past two years, but the sickness which proved fatal commenced about two weeks before her demise. Mrs. Vaughan was a woman of many sterling qualities and she leaves many mourning friends.

On Thursday night last Mrs. John D. Russell entertained a number of her lady friends at what the first prize was captured by Mrs.onald Morrison. A very pleasant evening was spent.

On Saturday last Mrs. and Miss Parker left for New York where they will spend the winter.

Private Wm. McMillan of Canada's First Contingent arrived here last week from his home in Springfield, N. S., to visit his sister Mrs. J. E. McDaniel.

Miss Pickles of Derby, was in town Saturday and Sunday visiting her parents Rev. F. H. W. Pickles.

Gymnastics

Will do much to develop a muscular body. But the strength of the body is not to be measured by its muscle, but by its blood. If the blood is impure, the body, in spite of its bulk and brawn, falls an easy prey to disease.



There is no medicine equal to Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the purifying of the blood. It carries off the poisons which contaminate the life fluid. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands and gives the body an increased supply of pure, body-building blood. It builds up the body with sound, healthy flesh instead of flabby fat, promotes the appetite, feeds the nerves, and so gives to weak, nervous people vitality and vigor.

and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

"I feel it my duty to write to you of the wonderful curative powers of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes George S. Henderson, Esq., of Denard, Lee Co., Florida. "I had a bad bruise on my right ear and my blood was badly out of order. I tried local doctors, but with no good results. Finally I wrote you the particulars in my case and you advised your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which I began to take. From the first bottle I began to feel better, and when I had taken eight bottles the sore was healed up. I wish you success."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK 1847 ROGERS BROS. MARK. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX '1847' IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

"The Least Hair Casts a Shadow." A single drop of poison blood will, unless checked in time, make the whole impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great leader in blood purifiers. It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

To Dye At Home BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints. THOS. L. BOURKE 25 WATER STREET.

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS. WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 809 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

Something Choice.

My Gum Picker has arrived with a lot of that lovely SPRUCE GUM. Come and see my window display with the real Gum Trees showing how it is procured. Don't fail to get some of this gum.

REMEMBER THE STORE: ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY. 87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239. Mail orders promptly filled.

Scribner's FOR 1900 INCLUDES J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers". SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Ernest von Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration. "HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists. Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, R. C. PELLETTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. BILMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

ARTISTS. WINSON & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS. WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

My Gum Picker carried with a lot of that...

PRUCE GUM. Come and see my window play with the real Gum...

REMEMBER THE STORE: MAN'S WHITE PHARMACY.

Charlotte Street. Phone 239.

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M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Hazel" (serial).

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"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

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Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

At the TOP of the TREE. Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa. "Strongest and Best." 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

CHATHAM.

Nov. 23.—A pretty and interesting event took place on Monday morning at 6 o'clock when Mr. J. J. Noonan and Miss Mamie Kelly were united in marriage.

Miss Lillian Flanagan entertained about fifty young friends at the Adams House on last Friday evening.

Mrs. Robert Marshall and Miss Sadler of St. John, are visiting the Misses Marshall.

Mr. F. H. C. Benson, of the customs service, Chatham, who has been doing special service at Ottawa has returned to his duties here.

An "At Home" was given in the hall of St. Andrew's last Tuesday evening by the Young People's Society of St. Andrew's church.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices.

Progress Job Print.

SUSSEX.

Nov. 22.—Hon. A. S. White and family have returned to take up their residence.

Miss Dora Hubbard, of Burton, who has been visiting Mrs. W. W. Hubbard, Church, Avenue, returned home on Wednesday last.

On Wednesday, 7th inst., at her home, Mary, second daughter of Mr. G. Pearson, was united to Mr. T. Lison, of Liscombville.

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YORK.

York to reside for the winter with her brother, W. F. Vroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wellington of Houlton, were in Calais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Todd have returned from Boston, where they spent a month.

Miss Millie Rockwood came from Machias last week to make a brief visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. Joseph Rockwood.

Lady Hilley spent a few days with Madam Chipman last week but has returned to her home in St. John, accompanied by Mrs. William DeWolfe.

The Saturday evening club, a popular club with young ladies in Calais, was entertained by Mrs. Robert F. Renne last Saturday.

Mrs. W. C. Reene gave a most delightful at home and whist party at her residence last Thursday evening and on Friday afternoon gave a thimble party to a number of lady friends which was most delightful.

Mrs. Geo. H. Sullivan has recovered from her illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Christie of Shelburne, Mass. are in town.

Mrs. George Phillips of Woodstock have been the guest for the past two weeks of Mrs. Fred W. Grimmer.

Mrs. George H. Eston is visiting Providence.

Mrs. A. E. Benton has returned from Fredericton and is now in Calais.

Miss Annie Stevens gave a whist party on Monday evening for the pleasure of Miss Black, Mrs. John Black's guest.

Miss Cora Maxwell and Miss Ada Maxwell have been visiting friends in Woodstock.

Mrs. J. M. Marchie has returned from Bangor.

Miss Dora Bols still continued quite ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Bols.

Mrs. Margaret Stuart, one of the oldest and respected residents, is very ill this week at her home on Prince William street.

Mrs. D. G. Smith leaves this week for her home in Chatham, after a pleasant visit of three weeks in town.

F. W. Andrews is in Newfoundland looking after his valuable mining interests.

Miss Florence Mitchell entertains the St. Croix whist club at her home this evening.

The "press social" given by the Ys last week was well attended and most successful in every way.

ST. ANDREWS.

Nov. 23.—Mr. Frank Kennedy is enjoying a visit among western friends, Miss Marie Kennedy of Glenora, Ont., who has been visiting here accompanied her to her home.

Capt. and Mrs. Nelson Clarke are contemplating a trip to British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. E. McCoy, who spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. E. Odell, have flitted back to Boston for the winter.

Mr. Arthur Thurber and Miss Della Hermon were united in marriage on Wednesday evening last, by Rev. J. C. Berris. The young couple will make their home in St. Andrews.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir...

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The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Income, \$ 58,890,077 21; Disbursements, 38,597,480 68; Assets, 304,844,537 52; Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61; Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 50,132,548 91; Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,052,665,211 64; Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B. JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing. Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order? Consult Us for Prices. Progress Job Printing Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER and CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE.

They Have Largest sale of Dentifrices. Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

FARM HELP.

ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 50 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$40.00 per month and expense, part time, by selling unnecessary household goods for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Fall, Pa.

FOR SALE U.S. Gold & Copper Mining Company (Bullion State, Wash. D.C.) stock. Shares, 100. Regular price \$10. Address "C" Box 146 Minneapolis, Minnesota.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A EDWARDS, Proprietor. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Victoria Hotel, 51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

hostesses of the week and on Thursday afternoon gave a very enjoyable five o'clock tea, Mrs Babbitt was assisted in receiving her guests by her aunt Mrs A Kerley, and Miss Babbitt. The tea room which was to copy with a hissing open fire was presided over by Mrs T G Loggie who had the assistance of the Misses Babbitt and Miss Bailey in waiting upon the guests.

Mr Addison Yerxa and bride of Bangor are here spending a week with Mr Yerxa's parents. Mrs John Black has returned from Boston where she has been several weeks with her niece Miss Reddick.

Mr and Mrs Chas S Everett are here visiting Mr Everett's parents.

Miss Beverly returned on Thursday from a pleasant visit of three weeks with friends in Boston. Mrs T Carleton Allen entertained a pleasant party at whist last evening.

Miss McGouly returns to her home tomorrow after a pleasant visit with Mrs J Walker, York St. Mrs Glasgow of St John, West, is visiting her niece, Mrs J Walker.

Major M B Edwards of St John and Mr Robt Edwards of Halifax are in the city, having been summoned on account of the very serious illness of their mother.

The Misses Nan and Sadie Thompson entertained about forty of their friends on Saturday afternoon, the young ladies all brought their Christmas work and after a couple of hours of steady work, interspersed with bright and spicy chat, 5 o'clock tea was served.

Capt and Mrs Nagle have returned from their wedding journey and have taken up their residence at the quarters at the Barrack, formerly occupied by Lieut Col Hemmery.

Mr and Mrs Jas S Neil, left on Friday afternoon on a ten days trip to Boston and New York.

Rev Chas McNally, formerly of this city but now pastor of the Warden St Baptist church, Lowell, Mass, is receiving congratulations on the arrival at his home of a young daughter.

Mr J W McFarlane of Nashua has returned home from a four week's visit to Boston.

CHESTER.

BEST GAMBLING SYSTEM.

The One That Will Surely Beat Fares and Roulette.

"Every confirmed gambler in the world has spent more or less time trying to figure out some system to beat the game," said a well known northern sporting man. "The commonest and most plausible scheme is the one known as 'progression.' It is simply a doubling of bets until a winning occurs, and theoretically it is perfect, but the trouble is that all gambling games have a limit, and the doubling process increases a wager with such enormous rapidity that it is apt to get over the stipulated amount before the winning takes place.

"I was at Monte Carlo last spring," continued the speaker, "and was surprised at the number of touts who insisted the grounds peddling 'sure thing' systems to break the bank. The ludicrous part of it was that most of the peddlars were seedy and poverty stricken in appearance, yet they purported to sell secrets which would infallibly enrich any purchaser. I asked one fellow why he didn't try his system himself and buy a new hat, and he replied very glibly that he was 'working for a syndicate' and under bonds not to pay.

"Nearly all of these systems are based on progression and would be impossible in high play owing to the casino limit. Nevertheless I saw a number of small progression players at the tables and was told that they have been a fixture there for many years. They were nearly all horrible looking, bloodless old women, who began with the smallest possible wager and quit when they won 20 francs, or less than \$4. A house official informed me that were tolerated about the place on account of age and infirmity and that their daily winnings regarded in the light of a pension.

"In the days of open gambling in New Orleans I remember there used to be several broken down sports who were said to make a living off the games by 'progression playing.' I have my doubts about it, however. The best system and the only system that will beat faro and roulette is to stay away."

Wasps Act in a Tragedy.

"One of the most laughable scenes I ever witnessed during the representation of one of Shakespeare's tragedies," said a well known theatrical manager to the writer the other day, "happened to the late Tom Keene when he was performing in a northern New York town. The company was playing 'Julius Caesar,' and at the last moment it was found that the property man had failed to send up the regular throne chair, used in the senate scene, and an old rustic chair was hastily procured from the left of the theatre and, after being covered with drapery, was pressed into service. In the midst of the scene a large wasp's nest was discovered attached to the chair, and its inhabitants, becoming indignant at the disturbance they had suffered, began to swarm about the stage, seeking revenge upon the Romans in their low necked and short-sleeved dresses. The wasps seemed to be particularly offended with Caesar, and it is doubtful if Caesar's death scene was ever acted with more feeling, for at the moment he was being pierced by the conspirators' daggers the wasps were most industrious in their work. In the tent scene where Caesar appears

to Brutus one might almost have doubted its being the real Caesar. It was the same in form and dress, but the face was no longer the same. In the last act Brutus had one closed, Antony a swollen lip, Cassius an enlarged chin. Lucius an inequality in the size of his hands and Octavius Caesar a nose that would have done service as the famous nasal organ of Bardolf in 'Henry IV.'

"The tragedy came very near becoming a roaring comedy when Mr. Keene, as Cassius, said Antony, the posture of your blows is yet unknown but for your words; they rob the Hybla bees and leave them honeyless," and the actor who was doing Antony replied, 'Not stingless too.'

THE SCHEME WORKED.

A Scheme by Which Brown Quieted His Wife's Suspicion.

To be perfectly honest, Brown does not go to his Griswold street office every night that he tells his wife he is going there. The business which he says is pressing is frequently imaginary and the man whom he is going to meet does not exist. He belongs to a club, and clubs have their attractions. He thought that his wife was growing suspicious, and Brown is resourceful.

On the the evening in question, as lawyers would say, he told her that there was a matter of business that could not possibly be deferred until the next day. About 9 o'clock she answered the phone and was asked if Brown was at home, and she replied that he was at his office.

"Guess not," was the alarming response. "I was just down there and all looked dark."

She rang off viciously, if women ever do such things, ordered a coupe, told the driver to go as fast as the ordinance allows, kept taking on temper as she went and flew up stairs to the office as though a mouse were in hot pursuit. Her husband met her smilingly, insisted that she had given him a delightful surprise, put his easiest chair near the light, handed her a paper and apologized for having to resume work that would possibly keep him till 3. She could not explain, she could not keep awake, she was ashamed of herself, and after lamely telling him that she had dreamed that he was ill she left.

In ten minutes he was at the club and shook hands with the man who smilingly asked if the scheme worked. He replied that it was as good as ready money for at least 60 days, and then each brought a stack of chips that pass in the night.

Rose To the Occasion.

A man who is back from a visit to Paris and Germany is telling a story which ought to make the great American eagle flap his wings with pride. It happened at a little railway station in Germany, Gruenewald by name, while the man who tells about it was waiting for a train on a branch line which connects with the main line at that place. Besides himself there were at the station a party of American tourists of the kind you read about in American books. The Americans were loud voiced and ungrammatical. They laughed a great deal and they ate peaches, the stones of which they threw at a post to test their marksmanship. They were persons for whom Uncle Sam himself would have felt apologetic, and they displeased the haughty British matrons greatly. To the younger members of her family, a gawky boy and a lanky and 'leggy' girl of the typical elongated English variety—they were objects of great interest, however, and the girl in particular edged nearer and nearer, to her mother's great disgust. At last she was so near that mamma could endure it no longer.

"Clara!" she called in her loudest voice, "come away at once. You might be mistaken for one of those disgusting Americans!"

A pretty young American looked up and swept Clara from head to foot with a calm glance. Then she went on eating peaches. "Don't worry, madam," she called out cheerily. "There's no danger of that—with them feet!"

Launching the Lanterns.

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, in his book, 'In Ghostly Japan,' says that he was fortunate enough to be at Yaidzu during three days of the "Festival of the Dead," although he missed a part of the prettiest sight of all, the beautiful farewell ceremony of the third and last day. In many parts of Japan the spirits are furnished with miniature ships for their voyage—little models of junks or fishing craft, each containing offerings of food and water and kindled incense, and also a tiny lantern or lamp, if the ghost ship is to be despatched at night. At Yaidzu, however only lanterns are set afloat. The author says:

"I was told that the lanterns would be launched after dark, and midnight being the customary hour elsewhere, I supposed that it was the hour of farewell at Yaidzu

"Wilful Waste Makes Woeful Want."

It is as wasteful not to secure what you need and might have as it is to squander what you already possess. Health is a priceless possession. You can secure it and keep it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies the blood, cures disease, and invigorates the whole system.

Boils—"I was greatly troubled with boils and had blood and was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed this advice and the benefit I received was so great that I took a second bottle and was cured." M. L. Petit, Lyons, Ont.



also. I therefore rashly indulged in a nap after supper, expecting to wake up in time for the spectacle. But by ten o'clock when I went down to the beach, all was over, and everybody had gone home.

Over the water I saw something like a long swarm of fireflies, the lanterns drifting out to sea in procession—but they were already too far off to be distinguished except as points of colored light. I was much disappointed, and felt that I missed an opportunity which might never return, for the old 'Ben' customs are dying rapidly.

In another moment, however, it occurred to me that I could very well venture to swim out to the lights. They were moving slowly. I dropped my robe on the beach and plunged in.

The sea was calm and beautifully phosphorescent. Every stroke kindled a stream of yellow fire. I swam fast and overtook the last of the lantern fleet much sooner than I had expected. I felt that it would be unkind to interfere with the little embarkations, or to divert them from their silent course, so I contented myself with keeping close to one of them and studying its details.

The structure was very simple. The bottom was a piece of thick plank, perfectly square, and measured about ten inches across. Each one of its corners supported a slender stick about sixteen inches high, and these four uprights, united above by crosspieces, sustained the paper sides. Upon the point of a long nail driven up through the center of the bottom was fixed a lighted candle. The top was left open. The four sides represented five different colors, blue, yellow, red, white and black, the five colors symbolizing ether, wind, fire, water and earth, the five Buddhist elements which are metaphysically identified with the five Buddhas. One paper pane was red, one yellow and one blue, while the fourth was divided between black and white. Inside the lantern there was only the flickering candle.

A SAGE MANAGER.

The Barnstormers Got Out of a Bad Hole, Thanks to Him.

"The first company that I was ever with was a barnstorming one," said the well known actor who was in a reminiscent mood, "and it was my first experience with a hustling, never say die manager. Business was poor, we were 200 miles from home, and the outlook was anything but encouraging. But our manager kept us going by one way and another until we had complete faith in his ability to get us home. But at last a hard hearted landlord seized our baggage and refused to listen to the promises of our manager.

"We had just enough money to carry us to the next town, and finally the landlord relented a trifle and agreed to send our baggage on to the next town to be held there until his bill was paid. We gave our manager credit for another victory and took the train for the next town, feeling as good as the situation would allow and not doubting for a moment that he would find some way to reclaim the baggage. We had nearly reached our destination when the train left the track, and we found ourselves piled up in a ditch. When I crawled out of the w. e. c. k, the first thing I saw was the manager.

"Anybody hurt?" he yelled.

"None of our party, thank God!" I answered.

"Well, of all the confounded luck," said he, "I was in hopes that some one had broken an arm or a leg at least."

"Now, that was a funny remark for him to make, and I laid it to the fact that he was rattled by the accident and was not aware what he was saying. But while we were waiting for the relief train he had a good deal to say about hard luck. Suddenly his face brightened, and he called our star contortionist aside and whispered something to him.

"When the relief train reached the spot, the first man to jump off was a claim agent who rushed up and asked if any one was

hurt. "Oh, my son, my son!" wailed our manager, wringing his hands. I rushed over where he was to see what his game was, and there lay our contortionist in the ditch doubled up into his famous doubled bow knot.

"Great Scott!" gasped the claim agent. However, an agent hasn't anything to do with sympathy, his business being to settle with the injured before a lawyer could get hold of them. Our manager between sobs agreed to take \$60 in full for all damages, and once more we saw the silver lining to our cloud."

JACKAL, HYENA AND CO.

Wild Animals That Act as Scavengers in Africa.

Any attempt at writing biographies of the jackal and his boon companions, the hyena and the vulture, would undoubtedly result in the production of a sort of animal Newgate Calendar, for all three are gluttons, thieves, and of very unpleasant personal habits.

But if they do not appeal to the naturalist with an imagination, it is rather odd that the statistician has not woven a romance about them. Their domain embraces Persia, Arabia, Babylonia, Syria, Egypt, a part of Asia Minor and the whole of North Africa, and most formidable columns of figures might be gathered concerning their work in the interests of hygiene.

In Africa, after the vultures have done their "day turn," the jackals and hyenas come out. To appreciate the work done by these agents of the African commission of public highways, says Filbert Dumontell in 'Les Fauves Chiffoniers,' we may take a glance at typical African village at nightfall, and the same by early morning light.

The European traveller, approaching such a village for the first time and viewing it from afar is delighted with the scene. The little huts, lying in shadow beneath the huge forest tree, look cool and inviting, and seem to promise the tired traveller a comfortable night's rest.

Approach, however, quickly disenchant him. The struggling areas between the huts are reeking with all manner of filth and abomination. If the traveller enters a hut, it is merely to find that he has escaped from stench in the outer air to worse ones inside.

He passes the night as best he can, his ears constantly assailed by the groans, growls, howlings and snappings of wild beasts. At early dawn he goes out and finds every particle of offensive matter gone, with all the filth of the night before.

In the cases of the desert, as soon as night falls, the human ear is assailed by a deep and peculiar grating sound, that comes from the surrounding hot, barren sands outside the range of vision. It swells and grows as it comes nearer, and soon the light of the camp fire shows, dimly, horrid shapes by the hundreds, and sometimes thousands, seated outside the area of brightness, gnashing their teeth and licking their chops in anticipation of the time when sleep shall have overcome the travellers. They are hyenas, fearful to look upon, but rarely dangerous to man.

If there is a settlement on the oasis they over-run its streets and alleys in search of garbage.

At the first sign of dawn, which is followed almost immediately by the rising of the sun, they disappear, but in the meantime they have accomplished their mission. The village garbage heap, piled no matter how high with the debris of a day,—dead dogs or cats or fowls, sometimes a dead donkey, all the scrapings and garbage of the town,—has vanished as completely as the beasts that have cleaned it up. Not a bit of squirrel bone, not the wing of a locust or a dead grass hopper remains!

TYPHUS FEVER.

Symptoms of this Dread Disease—No Known Remedy for It.

Typhus fever is fortunately very rare in this country at the present day, although we even yet hear occasionally of cases in our large cities during the winter season. It used to prevail extensively in Ireland, and epidemics were often started in American seaport towns by importation of the disease in emigrant ships. It is said still to exist in Dublin, Liverpool and London to some extent, but Mexico is now its chief stronghold. Many cases occur every winter in Mexico city and elsewhere on the great central plateau of Mexico, and sometimes tourists from this country catch it there and bring it home with them.

The disease usually begins suddenly in the midst of apparent health, with a chill, prostration, severe pain the head and limbs and high fever; the pulse is rapid, the face flushed, the skin hot and dry, the mouth parched. An almost constant symptom is nosebleed, which occurs on the third or fourth day of the disease, and another is



That Snowy Whiteness

can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of SURPRISE Soap which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes.

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



It's All Right!

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

Where shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214. AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. WDSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing, Co., "Gold Medal Dyeers," Montreal

constipation. The disease has a characteristic eruption which in the beginning resembles somewhat that of measles. It comes out in patches of a reddish or pink color, first on the chest and then on the rest of the body and the limbs. Later the color changes to a dusky purple.

The nervous symptoms are marked. They consist at first of headache and dizziness, but soon the patient falls into a stupor from which he can be aroused only with difficulty, or else he becomes delirious, muttering constantly to himself in a dull, confused way, or perhaps becoming violent and having to be restrained by force from doing himself injury.

The affection is probably a germ disease although the microbe, if there is one, has not yet been discovered. It is preeminently a disease of human crowding, as the old names of ship fever and jail fever testify. It cannot thrive in the open air, and is never to be feared by those whose dwellings are flooded with fresh air and sunlight. Even those already seized with the fever are not infrequently saved if moved out of the hospital ward or bedroom and kept in tents, or actually in the open air with only a shelter supported on poles over the bed.

There is no specific remedy for the disease, which is a very fatal one. Open air, cleanliness and good nursing are the patient's only salvation.

Observations.

When a man helps his wife with her work she has to drop what she is doing to wait on him.—No woman is going to saw the wood and say nothing. If she has to saw the wood the world will certainly hear from her.—No man loves a woman when he is busy, and no woman understands why a man doesn't enjoy stopping while driving a nail to kiss her.—I have noticed that when you tell a woman her daughter is just the image of her when she was that age the mother looks pleased, the daughter looks scared.

"Har, yesterday was our wedding anniversary, and you never said a word about it." "Well, my dear, I felt it in my bones that it was some sort of a big day, but I couldn't remember what it was."

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1900.



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LIFE IN A BOER HOSPITAL.

Nurse Tells of Her Patients—How the Boers Took Their Victories and Reverses.

Capt. Eccleston, in a letter to the Hamilton, Ont., Times, dated Cape Town, October 12, gives some very interesting information regarding the Boer character and hospital arrangements, as described to him by one of the Boer nurses.

She first of all reminded us that she was a Hollander, resident in Johannesburg at the time of the outbreak of hostilities, and was then a teacher of languages, being, however, a qualified nurse as well, and from her nationality intensely sympathizing with the Boers, if not with their cause.

The chief hotel in the place was commandeered and fitted out as a hospital to accommodate 50 patients. There were no other qualified nurses, but the staff consisted of a number of Boer ladies who had offered to give assistance to the extent of four hours per day. All was ready and now they were only waiting for patients to arrive, but it was not until the second week in December that the Boer hospital at Krugersdorp was favored with half a dozen wounded men from the vicinity of Mafeking.

Amongst the 57 were nine foreigners, two being Germans, five Italians and two Hollanders, the remainder being Boers, pure and simple. Computing the largest number the Boers could muster of their selves to be 60,000, the foreigners, reckoning on this basis, swelled their army to 80,000.

Life at the Krugersdorp hospital was not all jam and honey. Disension crept in among the Boer lady helpers. They did not always respond to duty; letters of apology and excuse became frequent, until the one qualified nurse was completely done up.

Still matters went on pretty briskly on the Boer side. They were confident of victory and of driving the hated rookines into the sea, or into submission. Every young Boer seemed strong-headed, each anxious and ardent to do his share, and all strapped on their bandoliers, shouldered their rifles and were off to the front.

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take a holiday in commemoration of our defeat, in '81, was this year turned into "Paardeburg Day." Cronje unconditionally surrendering was a terrible eye opener and cruel blow to the Boers, a blow which it is said they had most felt throughout the whole of the war, Cronje as a general in the eyes of the Transvaalers was on a par with Joubert, and his surrender with all his host was a paramount calamity. It came to them as a fearful shock, and they must have recognized that, with this disaster, the critical turn of the tide had come.

The president made a few preliminary enquiries of different kinds, about her duties, and so forth, and then began paying her compliments, chiefly about her personal appearance. Much astonished at the president's levity, she exclaimed, "Oh, Oom Paul! Oom Paul! I thought you were too old to flirt," and Paul replied in a dry manner, "Ah, but you see an old fossil sometimes likes a green leaf."

When Oom Paul and his henchmen saw that things were getting too hot for them they collected all the 'swag and booty' in sight, paid their debts with promissory notes, and 'lit out.' The nurse in question received a number of those notes in payment for her service, and it is possible that they will never be more valuable than the paper they are printed on.

'Paardeburg was followed by the relief of Ladysmith and Mafeking, but the Boers appear to have taken these reverses very quietly, and vowed the English would never enter the Transvaal. The Transvaal Boers were determined as regards this item. 'The Boers appear to have cared for their wounded fairly well, but then it must be remembered that all farm houses were available for any who had fallen on their side, the occupants being their friends and our foes. It has never been possible to accurately state what their losses have been, on account of the number accommodated in farm houses, and who were carried there by Boer women following in the trail of the army.

'You can bet if I were nominated for president I wouldn't fool away my time writing a long letter of acceptance that nobody reads.'

'Mandy,' said the old gentleman, 'I am afraid that boy of ours is goin' to be a poet.'

'No, he ain't writ nothin' yet, but I notice him doin' less an' less work every day, an' doin' it carless.'

'Now, don't give me any song about

misfortune an' wantin' to be a hard worker 'n' all right,' said the hard-faced lady. 'I can see right through you.'

BRITISH FLEET.

Saved the Crew of a Steamship—Repairs the Disabled Vessel.

About midway between the islands of St. Helena and Tristan de Cunha, in July last, the SS 'Athena' broke her shaft. It is often the case, under such circumstances, that nothing is done to repair the damage. Instead of that the captain whistles for a tow, and lands the vessel's owner in large salvage expenses. But the 'Athena' had resourceful engineers and a plucky crew.

Signs after leaving port there was undeniable evidence of this. The vacuum repeatedly fell low, but, thinking that seaweed was choking the injector, the captain kept the vessel on her way. On July 9 the shaft broke, as darkness was setting in. The crew knew they were in a tight corner, and waited until daybreak.

Though stored for five months, over three had been spent so all the crew went on one third rations, while the engineers endeavored to put matters right. For thirty-six days not a sail hoisted in sight. Had the repair failed, it is painful to contemplate what might have been the lot of the crew.

It was found that the stern tube was broken, exposing a fractured shaft in the fast frame of the peak, and the task of mending it seemed hopeless.

When all the keys were fitted, the open fracture was wedged with one-half inch and five-eighth inch iron and made solid, and over all and through was run magnesium metal. The shaft was then sheathed with the sleeve and bound firm.

Alter weeks of anxiety and aimless drifting—thirty-five miles aft daily—the work was tested. The machinery at once revolved; the vessel forged slowly ahead. At rather more than half speed 900 miles were covered and port reached. Not a penny went in salvage, not even for shifting births in harbor. The crew are now waiting to see how the underwriters and owners will appreciate this smart piece of work.

'Won't you give a veteran something to eat, mum?' said Tired Thompson to Mrs Whiffet.

'You a veteran,' replied Mrs Whiffet, unbelievably. 'You were never a soldier, I'll be bound.'

'Madam,' added the tramp, 'you do me a grievous injustice. I have done nothing but soldier all my life.'

'It is complimentary to have such a talented clergyman accept a call to your church, isn't it?'

'Dear father,' wrote the young man who had gone to Arizona as a member of a party of government surveyors, 'you told me when I left home that I ought to lay by a portion of my salary every month for a rainy day, but I haven't done it, because it never rains here. Please send me \$35.'

'Well,' said Susan the next morning, 'I did just as you told me to ascertain whom I should marry, according to Hallowe'en rules, and I saw a whole mob of men in my mirror.'

'That's all right,' replied Blanche. 'You are a Chicago girl. You will marry them all.'

A MODEL COUNTRY.

Some Commendable Features About New Zealand—How the State Railroads are Conducted.

In many particulars New Zealand takes a foremost place among the countries of the world. With the exception of two private railroads the government controls the railroad transportation of the country, and such a thing as a rebate or discrimination in favor of one shipper against another is unknown.

The public administration of roads also takes cognizance of special circumstances in the condition of the people. When there was a great drought in New Zealand, and the sheep had died by hundreds of thousands in the grazing districts, the government reduced the rates on the movement of sheep in order to assist the settlers to restock the country.

The labor department has organized a regular system of free school children's excursions. The children of one district, on some appropriate holiday, are carried in large trainloads to another district. Children, for instance, in the up country are carried to the seashore, that they may see a harbor and vessels, and all the insignia of commerce, and get a taste of the variety of metropolitan life.

The labor legislation in New Zealand is, in some of its provisions, the most enlightened in the world. There is no eight hour law, but the eight-hour day is general as a custom. The factories are under sanitary and other supervision, and a half holiday is enforced by statute, but it is not a universal Saturday half holiday.

There had never been any compulsory arbitration law anywhere else in the world, nor any state arbitration of any sort in New Zealand when William P. Reeves, then minister for labor, succeeded in inducing Parliament, in 1894, to pass the bill which he had prepared.

Mr. Reeves' study of the efforts at arbitration in other countries had convinced him that voluntary arbitration was a sham, and that compulsory arbitration was the only possible solution. The law, which was passed after three years of struggle, has been a brilliant success. For five years New Zealand has been free from strikes and lockouts which have destroyed so much property, done such injury to business, and created such ineradicable social cancer everywhere else in Christendom.

The law is becoming as popular with manufacturers and employers of labor as with the workingman. Business men find themselves now able to make contracts for two years ahead, without fear of strikes. It is one of the essential provisions of the law, that, pending the settlement of a dispute, the workingmen shall not strike and employers shall not lockout. In fact, compulsory arbitration proves to be not so much a weapon in the hands of the side against the employers, or the employers against the workingmen, as a means for carrying out the will of the majority of both employers and employees.

New Zealand is far ahead of the other colonies of Australasia, and, in fact, of any other country in the world with which I am acquainted, in its treatment of the unemployed. It has a well-considered plan in actual operation, by which the unemployed are gathered up in cities, at government labor bureaus, and are forwarded to one point and another, where they are wanted on government railroads or other public works. At these points they are not kept in camps to be scattered again when the work is through, but they are assigned farms, and their work is so arranged that they work alternately for the government and on their own land.

A specimen case is that of the estate of Cheviot, of 80,000 acres, which, under the old regime, supported a single family. The estate was entirely devoted to the grazing of sheep, but New Zealand statesmanship thinks that a man is better than a sheep. This estate has now been divided into a hundred or more prosperous little farms, and where was once only one family, there is now a population of 2,000.

New Zealand's latest experiment is not its least important. It now treats its worn-out workmen and women not as paupers, but as pensioners. Everyone who has been in the colony 25 years, and is a citizen, and has an income of less than \$170 a year, is entitled to a pension of a shilling—a quarter a day. This is not merely a tenderer form of charity than that which obtains in other countries; it is a distinct recognition of the honest toiler's right to a share in the wealth he has created.

It is safe to say that no family paper in existence has ever had the run of prosperity that the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, has enjoyed. It deserves it all, too, for no other newspaper has ever attempted to give such real good value for so little money.

This year the publishers of the Family Herald have certainly excelled themselves, and in offering the two pictures, "CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE," and "HOME FROM THE WAR," along with the Family Herald and Weekly Star for one year for one dollar, no one will deny that it is the big get dollar's worth ever offered. The Family Herald and Weekly Star are going to do a bigger business than ever, and it is a case of merit.

Heaven is like home; it is open after the other place is shut. If the devil had eaten the apple himself, where would we all have been now? Love is a lot of baby-talk; nobody understands it but the one that is talking it. A woman's ideas are generally half her husband's, half her minister's, and the rest her own.

'But the moths have got into the gown,' she protested. The manager of the costume-storage department shrugged his shoulders. 'What would you have?' he asked. 'The open-work fabrics are all the rage now.'

Aunt—Why is it, Fritz, that you always bring Elias here when I want to sing. Shriv does nothing but scream. Fritz—Yes, but then you stop singing and papa gives me 10 pennings.

'Here, hold on! What are all the people running into the stores for?' 'Heavens, don't you see the millionaire's son coming down the street on his automobile!'

# Giacinta.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

### CONCLUSION

It was nearly a week later when he climbed the hill again and made his way through the pines to the little chapel.

It was afternoon, and so deep was the stillness in that world forgotten little spot, that he was struck with disappointment, thinking that Giacinta was not there.

But, walking round the building, he came upon her sitting on the old stone bench beside the porch, with a book—an old leather bound and gold-clasped volume—open on her knee.

It fell to the ground suddenly as she caught sight of Ted, and sprang up to greet him, with a glad light shining in her eyes.

'You were so long!' she said reproachfully, 'I was afraid you had forgotten, and I have wanted you. It has been worse than ever since you were here. I mean the marchese has been more harsh and ill-tempered than before. He forbade me to leave the house at all, even to come here, but I grew angry and defied him. I will not give up my little bit of freedom, since he is so unreasonable, though I would have done anything for him in the old days.'

'I am very sorry,' said Ted, 'and I certainly would have come sooner if I could have suspected that you wanted me; but I was afraid of offending the marchese beyond forgiveness if I disturbed him again too soon, and it is not pleasant to feel that my coming makes things harder for you.'

'Oh, you mustn't think that! I don't mind the marchese's anger now, since it is no longer possible to love him. Will you come up to the villa?'

'Yes, if you think I dare. I have armed myself with the excuse of a wish to look at the frescoes, if he will be good enough to let me.'

'He must,' said Giacinta, with a little air of imperiousness that made Ted smile.

Rather to his surprise, the marchese did not refuse to see him, receiving him, however, with not the slightest cordiality, and responding very curtly to his attempts at conversation.

Presently Ted, with a little diffidence, made his request to see the paintings, which, Giacinta had told him, covered the walls of a large hall, now unused, but which, in the old days of the villa, had been the banquetting-hall.

The marchese agreed with a readiness which Ted attributed to his hope that, once his tiresome guest's request was complied with, he would leave him in peace.

The old banquetting-hall contained, besides the mural paintings, groups of sculpture and exquisite busts in bronze and marble, which the eccentric old man passed by with an indifference that filled Ted's artistic soul with disgust.

'What a beautiful Diana!' he exclaimed, stopping suddenly before a bronze figure that stood a little apart; 'this is surely the original of that copy you admired so much in Doctor Grant's study in Portman Square?'

'Yes—er—yes, this is the original,' said the marchese, taken rather by surprise.

And Ted was conscious of a feeling between triumph and contempt.

'The man is a liar, if nothing worse,' he reflected. 'Doctor Grant has no such figure in his possession, and has never lived in Portman Square.'

The incident only served to confirm in him the suspicion that for the last week he had been deceived, that he had determined not to leave the neighborhood without proving it to be true or false.

He prolonged his visit as much as polite ness would allow, and when he took his leave of the old man, Giacinta went out with him to the porch.

'You will come again, will you not?' she asked. 'You will not take offense at my discourtesy?'

Ted smiled a little doubtfully.

'It seems rather bad taste to persist in coming where one is so obviously not wanted,' he said; 'but your welcome more than makes up for all the rest, and if you really wish it, signorina, certainly I will come again before I go away.'

'Go away!' Giacinta echoed in blank surprise, 'I beg your pardon—it was silly of me—but I had not thought of it. It has been so different since you came; and I cannot bear to think of going back to the horrible monotony of the old life.'

Her scarlet lips were trembling and tears filled her eyes.

A sudden impulse seized on Ted to take the little childish white figure in his arms and carry her away from the dreary unnatural life she led.

'You shall not go back to it,' he said suddenly; 'I will not let you. I don't know yet what can be done, but you shall not be sacrificed much longer; if you will trust me, I promise you that things shall be made to alter very soon. Can you trust me, Giacinta?'

It seemed to her quite natural that he should say her name, and she answered, without a shade of hesitation.

'I trust you perfectly, and whatever you do for me, whether you succeed or not, I shall thank you all my life; you are the only one in all these years who has brought me a little happiness.'

Her simple candour touched Ted more deeply than anything had ever done before.

'You are much too good and too grateful,' he said, 'but I shall be glad to remember your words in the future, and find comfort in them, for I

foresee that you will, some day, have many friends besides myself, and I shall be horribly jealous of them.'

'Oh, no, you won't!' said Giacinta, 'or you will always be the first.'

'Don't be rash, little lady,' he laughed. 'It is not difficult to say so now, but I may ask you to repeat it later when it might not be so easy.'

'I will repeat it whenever you like,' she answered, and Ted saw that she meant it.

'I shall hold you to your word,' he said. 'But, in the meantime, I am going to ask you a question. Will you tell me just where it was that the marchese's servant died?'

'Yes,' said Giacinta readily. 'It was at a little place called Rocagna, in Tuscany. He was taken ill suddenly, and died at an inn kept by the sister of Luca Panuzzi and her husband.'

'Ah! our friend Luca again,' reflected Ted, 'I think I begin to see light. Thank you,' he said aloud, and having made a note in his pocket-book of the address she had given him, he took his leave and went thoughtfully down to the village.

The visitor had scarcely left the marchese's room with Giacinta, when Filomena came into it by another door, with a haste that suggested her having been eaves dropping.

'Per carita! what is it?' she cried, throwing herself down heavily, and with an agitated want of ceremony, in the nearest chair. 'What does it mean, this Englishman coming here with his letter and his questions? Why did you not refuse yourself to him as to all the others? You were mad to entertain him, and harm will come of it. You must see he suspects. Do you hear, Signor Marchese—he suspects!'

The old man glared at her with a savage ill humour that he made no attempt to hide.

'Do you think I don't know that?' he snarled. 'Am I a fool? Of course, he suspects, and for that reason I can't afford to seem to be afraid of him.'

'But at first,' insisted Filomena, 'it would have been easy to deny him the first time.'

'I could not,' said the marchese savagely. 'The girl taunted me with fearing to show myself. She is getting unmanageable, and begins to defy me.'

'Poverina!' the woman exclaimed. The wonder is that she has not done so before, with her youth and spirit, to be imprisoned like a wild bird in a cage. It is unnatural and cruel. I could have forgiven the rest, perhaps, but the injustice to the child is too much.'

'Hold your tongue!' cried the old man roughly. 'What would you have me do? I have told you often enough that as soon as the old count dies, I will realize all the property, and we will go away. In a new country we shall be safe, and we can live like princes.'

Filomena cast up her eyes, and shrugged her shoulders with an air of hopelessness.

'The life had need be a bright one,' she said, 'to make up for the misery of this. It is weary waiting for the death of a hale old man, and meantime the child is growing up. It is time that we thought about her marriage.'

'It is impossible to think of that now,' he said. 'Once safely away from here she shall have her chance, and I will not interfere in her choice; but I cannot stir in the matter here—it would not be safe.'

Filomena shrugged her shoulders again.

'Ah! well,' she said, 'if you cannot think of it, there are others who will, and if I am not mistaken, the English signor—'

'What do you mean?' the marchese asked sharply, and Filomena answered him impatiently.

'Are you so blind that you have not seen? Or do you think it is for nothing that he comes here, in spite of your rudeness, and will continue to come prying until he has discovered the whole thing and ruined us?'

'Be quiet, fool! How often have I warned you to lower your voice, if you must make those stupid speeches. As for what you hint at, the thing must go no further. I will put a stop to it at once.'

'What can you do? It is too late now to stop his coming without increasing his suspicions.'

'Leave it to me. I will find out a way; but go now, and let me think it over alone, your chatter maddens me!'

The next morning, Ted rather astonished Luca Panuzzi by the announcement that he was going on a journey, but as he would probably be absent only a day or two, he would take no luggage but a small valise, and his rooms were to be kept vacant for him.

Luca was good-naturedly interested in the movements of his guest, for whom he had conceived a great liking, but Ted gave him no information, and started about midday on his eight-mile drive to Monteferrata, the nearest railway station.

The next day was dawning gray and chill when he awoke from a light sleep in the faded, first-class compartment which he had possessed in solitary grandeur all through the long night hours.

Stretching himself drowsily, he found

that he had arrived at Scagliata, which, inquiries had told him, was the nearest station to his destination.

He got out and asked the single official who stood shivering and yawning on the little platform, where he could get a conveyance to take him to Rocagna.

The man directed Ted to a small hotel in the neighbourhood, where, after a bath and breakfast, he hired a fly, in which he drove quickly over the few Tuscan hills in the ruddy morning light.

A few hours later, he was set down before the door of the single osteria in the quaint old village of Rocagna.

In the stout, handsome woman who came forward to receive him, he saw at once a resemblance to his host of Passello, but he said nothing about it, and contented himself with observing silently that her husband was a host of a very different type from Luca—the man's lean, tall, narrow face and searching eyes were not unattractive, and made a singular contrast to his wife's frank smile and over-flowing good humour.

After a simple luncheon, he went out into the golden afternoon, and strolled down the one long street of the village to the grey old church at the end.

The presbytery was close beside it, and in the little garden a white-haired priest sat on a stone bench nodding in the sunshine.

He awoke at the sound of footsteps, and got up with a grave salute to Ted, who apologized for disturbing him.

'I hear that your church is an old and interesting one, and I thought I should like to see it,' the young fellow began, feeling that the priest would be more easily led to talk in this way than in any other.

'He was right,' for the padre was delighted to show him all the beauties of his beloved church, and Ted's artistic appreciation of them, pleased him so much that, when the inspection was over, he begged the young stranger to stay a little and drink a glass of white wine in his cool, shadowy parlour.

Ted agreed gladly, and in a few minutes managed to lead the talk to the subject that interested him most.

'You have been here so many years, padre,' he began, 'you will, no doubt, remember the death of a man in whose end I am interested—I mean the servant of the Marchese di Castagna, who died here at the inn a few years ago.'

'I remember the circumstance perfectly,' he said. 'Ah! it was a terrible visitation—a death so sudden, a few hours only of illness that no one guessed was serious, that did not even serve to warn the poor man of his danger. Yes; a terrible visitation. May we be preserved from the like!'

'Where you with him at the time?' Ted queried.

The priest shook his head.

'No; that is the worst part of all,' he said; 'he was not thought to be in danger, so that no one came to call me, and the unfortunate man died without the last sacraments.'

'And did you not see him at all?' asked Ted, disappointed.

'No; for, the day after the death, I was engaged at the other end of the parish, and when I at last went down to the inn, it had been found necessary to close the coffin. I buried the poor man here in the cemetery the day after.'

'And the marchese?' asked Ted; 'you saw him probably? What kind of man was he?'

'I never saw him either,' the priest answered; 'he had been greatly shocked by his old servant's death, and kept his own room, giving orders that no one should disturb him.'

Ted felt baffled, but would not let himself be discouraged.

'I suppose a doctor attended the man?' he said. 'Can you tell me if he is in the village now?'

'Yes; he is still here, but he can hardly be said to have attended the sick man, for the latter was already dead when the doctor arrived at the inn, so that all that could be done was to give a certificate of death.'

There was evidently no more to be learnt here, and, with many thanks to the old priest for his courtesy, Ted took his leave, having first asked the address of the only medical man in Rocagna.

The house he was directed to lay at the opposite end of the village; but it was still early, and he made his way there at once.

His inquiries were destined to be postponed, however, for on arriving at the house, he was told that the doctor was in attendance on a patient in the next village, and would not return before the night.

The delay was especially irksome, because Ted was possessed of a feverish impatience to get back to Passello.

It was very early the next morning when he called at the doctor's house again to ensure seeing him before he went out.

The doctor received him cordially, and invited him to drink a cup of coffee while they talked.

'Yes,' he said, in answer to Ted's question. 'I remember the visit of the Marchese di Castagna quite well, although it is quite five years ago. He arrived in the evening, I believe, and the next morning, soon after dawn, I was summoned by a messenger from the inn to go and attend the marchese's servant. I went at once, but the message had been sent too late; the unlucky man was already dead.'

'Did you see the man on his arrival, doctor, or at any time before his death?'

'No; I saw neither of the travellers until I was called to the inn.'

'Forgive my troubling you,' went on Ted; 'but I am anxious to know if this man who died was really the person in whom I am interested. Will you tell me just what he was like?'

'Well, as far as I could see,' replied the doctor thoughtfully, 'he must have been a handsome and well built old man, with clear, regular features, and a decided air of superiority to his position.'

'Can you recollect if he was clean shaven or not?' Ted asked, with a sudden eagerness that he could not quite conceal.



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'No, he was not,' said the doctor; 'he wore a moustache and small beard, both almost white.'

Ted's pulses gave a sudden throb of joy, and he sprang up with a flush of excitement on his face that set the doctor wondering.

But he sat down again, and managed to appear cool.

'Did you see the marchese himself?' he asked.

'No, the poor gentleman was said to be terribly upset at the sudden death, though not so as to require my services, and only desired to be left alone.'

'A thousand thanks,' said Ted gratefully and with a pleasant sense of triumph and conviction. 'Only one more question, and I will trouble you no longer. The people at the inn here seem to be pretty flourishing just now. Can you tell me if they have been always in equally good circumstances?'

The doctor shook his head.

'No; they had a hard, struggling life for many years after their marriage, and their affairs were at a very low ebb at the time of the marchese's visit, I remember; but the man was a friend of the unfortunate servant, and it is thought that the marchese befriended them in consequence.'

It is certain that after his visit things went much more smoothly with them, and they have lived in comfort ever since.'

'I suppose the marchese left Rocagna directly after the funeral,' suggested Ted; but the doctor understood him.

'No; he remained on at the inn for quite a month, spending the whole of that time in his own rooms, and seeing no one but the landlord and his wife. He even refused himself to Padre Marchetti and me, though we called several times to see him, and I had offered him the accommodation of my own house, which, I think you will agree, is preferable to that of the inn, at that time a very poor place indeed!'

The doctor was plainly hurt at the remembrance, but Ted could only murmur a sympathetic remark on the bad taste of such a refusal, combined with hearty thanks for the information he had received, and took his leave.

Now that his errand was done, every moment seemed wasted that was not employed in the journey back to Passello.

'Not bad success, after all, for my first attempt in the line of private detective,' he told himself. 'It is almost incredible that such a piece of clumsy trickery as that should have succeeded even in this out-of-the-way place, and have gone on all these years, without, so far as I can make out, a single person suspecting it! And I suppose it would have gone on till the end of the chapter if it had not been for my accidental coming on the scene, and Doctor Grant's letter; in that case I wonder what sort of fate was reserved for little Giacinta!'

The thought made him hot and red with anger.

'Poor little girl! how this revelation will startle her! he thought. 'It is hard on Luca and his sister, too; they were, most likely, only tools of the other man, but if their fate is left to Giacinta to decide, she is not likely to err on the side of over severity. And now for mine host's little bill and the first train to Passello!'

'When did they go?' asked the young fellow.

'Yesterday, signor, about three o'clock in the afternoon. His excellency had sent for me the night before, and given me the order that, with Assunta, my wife, I should come and stay in the villa until he returned or sent fresh orders.'

'And is it true that you know nothing of his intentions?' Ted asked suspiciously.

'It is the very truth, signor; Assunta will tell you the same.'

The old man made way at the door for the stout figure of his wife who came up at that moment.

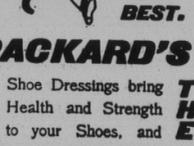
'I have most important business with the marchese,' Ted said to her. 'Can you not even guess where he may have gone?'

'How should we guess, signor?' the woman said. 'The marchese is not one to ask questions of, but the signor might perhaps learn something from Pietro Moro. His excellency hired Pietro's big old carriage to take him to the railway.'

'To Monteferrata?' asked Ted quickly.

'No, signor, to some station further (CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)'

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He quickened his pace and strode back to the inn, whistling gaily; but his high spirits were destined to receive a check when he was told that no train would leave for Monteferrata until ten o'clock the next evening.

There was nothing for it but to wait, and he filled in some of the spare time by paying another visit to the courtyard, old priest going to look at the simple marble headstone that had been put up to the memory of Alessandro Mezzi, and making a sketch of the village for Giacinta.

The night train was a slow one, and he spent the most exasperating stoppages all night long, dark hours, with the result that it was nine o'clock the next morning when Ted got out on the platform at Monteferrata.

His impatience to see Giacinta and get his news, he decided not to lose by going to the village, but leave his trunk to be sent on, and walk straight up the hill.

It was a distance of six miles, but on a fresh golden autumn morning, and through a country which he knew to be so lovely, the prospect was delightful. He set out at a good pace, full of high spirits and glad anticipation of the well-remembered Giacinta's hazel eyes.

Arrived at the edge of the pine-wood on the steep hill top, he stood still to recover his breath after his long climb, half hoping to see some notes of the organ.

As everything was profoundly still, and he was waiting on the little chapel, he found a chill of disappointment that Giacinta was not there, and that the chapel door, for the first time since he had known it, was locked.

The fact caused him, somehow, an uncomfortable foreboding; but, without stopping to meditate on it, he went quickly to the little footpath to the villa.

As usual, the place was wrapped in a hazy stillness, and he went up the steps leading at the rusty bell without having uttered a word, and he rang impatiently.

At last, with a clanging of chains and drawing of heavy bolts, the door opened about the space of a foot. An old man appeared in the opening, stared at Ted with no evident intention of admitting him.

'I see the marchese?' asked Ted, but vaguely, fearing something he had not said. 'No, signor; the marchese is gone away,' he answered.

'And the signorina?' demanded Ted. 'The signorina is gone, too, and Filomena also. They are all gone together.'

A man shrugged his shoulders. 'The marchese knows?' he said. 'The marchese does not tell his business to such as us. We are to take care of the house, and to anyone that asked that they were away, that is all.'

'The expression Ted gave vent to suddenly between his teeth was in English, but he did not alarm the man, and he made a dash for the door; but the visitor put his hand to the door, and he re-enters. 'How did they go?' asked the young man.

Sunday Reading.

THE MAGAZINE CLUB.

Madge Wyburn had sat gazing into the fire utterly oblivious to everything around her for at least a half hour. Her little lips were puckered and a tiny frown between her brows indicated that merry Madge was doing a bit of earnest thinking.

Her brother Fred, unable to bear her silence longer, at last exclaimed: 'Do, Madge, for mercy's sake, wake up; there are two lines between your brows deep enough to lay a cambric needle in and you look as sober as a judge. What's the matter, anyway?'

'Why, nothing,' answered Madge rousing a little. 'only I was thinking.'

'Then I hope mother will forbid your thinking in the future. It's altogether too much for you,' and Fred reached over and pulled one of her bright curls.

'Don't tease your sister, Fred,' interposed Mrs. Wyburn. 'If you are in trouble, Madge, perhaps I can help you. What is it, dear?'

'Why, nothing much, mamma: only when I went to Aunt Ada's yesterday she wrapped my veil in a paper till I got off the car, and when I went to throw the paper away a girl asked me to give it to her. She said she was so hungry for good reading. Then last week when I was at Mrs. Osgood's, she gave the servant some papers to kindle the fire with and it seems a pity that some people should destroy good papers that to others would be a delight.'

'That's an old problem, one that has puzzled wiser heads than yours. I do not believe you will solve it, either,' said Fred. 'I shall not attempt so great an undertaking,' answered Madge, lightly. 'I'll leave that for you with your superior mental ability. But really, mamma, I have an idea, although I do not know that it is practical.'

'I will give you the benefit of my judgment, if you wish,' said her mother pleasantly.

'Well, you know Edith, Grace, Hattie and I have been looking for something to do ever since we have won our white ribbons, but we have not found anything special and I thought perhaps the next time we met we might make some bags of red calico and leave them at houses where the people were willing to take them and put old papers in them; and then we could gather them once a month and lend them out to those girls who cannot afford to buy them. What do you think about it?'

'I think the idea very good, indeed, but I'm afraid there will be some difficulty in carrying it out. It might be well to speak to Dr. Armstrong and see what he thinks about it.'

The next day four young maidens waited on Dr. Armstrong and told him their plan. The kind minister listened with interest, but stopped them when they apologized for troubling him about so little a thing.

'There are no little things in life,' he said, 'and I am glad you are willing to gather up the fragments, as our master bids, instead of waiting till something great comes in our way. Go and make your calico bags and I will help you dispose of them.'

The next Sabbath the doctor gave his hearers a sermon on 'Fragments,' and finally said: 'Your homes are full of literature filled with gems from the best authors. Your library shelves are weighed down with costly volumes which you seldom read. I do not ask you to turn your homes into a public reading room, but I do ask you to pause ere you throw in the waste basket papers and magazines which will be better than food or drink to some of the poor around you. I have often regretted this waste of our religious weeklies and the best magazines, but it was reserved for four girls in their teens to suggest a way whereby it may be stopped.'

He then told them of the plan, asking all who were willing to accept a bag to give him their names. Many responded, and not a few told the girls when they left the bags that they always hated to destroy their papers but they accumulated so rapidly that they knew not what to do with them.

A few women dropped a half worn book into the bag and one a year of a bound magazine, so that when the girls met in Mrs. Wyburn's attic, which she had given them for their work, they found some real treasures among their papers.

Dr. Armstrong announced at the chapel on Seventh street that good reading matter would be loaned at Mrs. Wyburn's on Saturday afternoons; and Grace Brown's father had an item published in two papers to the same effect, so that very soon there were plenty of applicants. One of the girls and sometimes two, stayed in the room to wait upon them, and so learned much of

the material wants of many which they would never otherwise have done, and they carried blessing and comfort to many a home whose occupants would never have availed themselves of the opportunity to obtain good literature.

They continued their work for six months in Mrs. Wyburn's attic; then it grew to such proportions that kind friends rented a large room near the chapel, and two of the girls (the number in this particular work had increased to a dozen) were present all day Saturday, and were kept busy giving out the eagerly-sought-for papers. A taste for good reading was formed by many, and some were led to the Master by the strong, earnest helpful words that went on and on in their mission of good. The girls will know little of the harvest that shall follow the scattering of the good seed in the hearts and brains of those who avail themselves of their kindness, but it is the work that makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before in a benefactor's, then the members of the 'Waste-Paper Club,' who provided free, wholesome reading to the poor, have benefited many.

A NOBLE WORK. Remarkable Record of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Whether the resignation of Elbridge T. Gerry, of the office of president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which was tendered last week, to go into effect January 1 next, will prove a detriment to the work of that organization it is too early to determine now, but certain it is that the society, in the retirement of Mr. Gerry, loses a capable and very efficient officer. Through his untiring and well directed, though frequently criticised, efforts the society has been built up as an indispensable arm to the law and in thousands of instances it has justified its founding.

Originally Mr. Gerry was counsel for the late Henry Berg, the founder for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. To the notice of the latter society came a case of atrocious cruelty to a child known only as 'Mary Ellen.' The investigation and handling of this case was the germ of the children's society, which from the start won the aid of many wealthy philanthropists. Henry Berg became president and Elbridge T. Gerry vice president. In 1879 Mr. Gerry was elected president of the society, from which time it has been the main work of his life. It was the first society of its kind in the world. Today there are five hundred of them, and all are modeled largely on New York's exemplar, says Ainslee Magazine.

The records show that the society has received 129,675 complaints, involving the custody of 368,799 children. Of these 50,800 cases have been prosecuted, with 47,455 resultant convictions; while 83,986 children have been rescued and cared for. During the year 1899 more than 3,000 cases were investigated, with a saving to the city of \$84,864, at the yearly allowance of \$104 per capita. Further, the society collected in the same year the sum of \$9,690.75 from parents whose children had been committed to institutions. This money has been paid over to the city fund for the maintenance of public charities and institutions.

As soon as a child is taken in hand by the agent of the society, it is conducted to the building of the society. On the first floor the child is given to a matron who has it bathed, examined and dressed in clean clothes. On the second floor are the offices, where a force of clerks is always busy with the books of the organization. Here also are the rooms of the board of officers, the room of the president and that of the superintendent. On this same floor is the museum, a place of most curious interest, which contains instruments of cruelty and crime seized by the society. In the cases are bottles of intoxicating drinks, of poison and of chemicals of various kinds. There are also whips, lashes, cudgels and sundry devices of fiendish minds. Sorry musical instruments and begging outfits fill one case, and in another are signs and placards taken from children that have been put out to beg or to lake. In the upper part of the building are the play rooms, the hospital, the living rooms; the roof is a playground, fenced in, and divided by a grill to keep the boys separate from the girls.

Two rooms are set apart for vicious children. The society houses children only while their final disposition is in process of law. Afterwards they are delivered to the institutions appointed by the court.

The society has at times 30 to 40 cases in the courts in one day. Each day the wagon of the society may be seen on its way to the Criminal Courts building. The wagon looks like a police patrol and has wire screens on all sides. These cases are

directed by E. Fellows Jenkins, secretary and superintendent of the society. Mr. Jenkins has been with Mr. Gerry since the beginning. One of the most valuable services rendered by the society was the killing of the child padrone system. Children were formerly brought here in droves to beg, to peddle and to play musical instruments in the streets. The pedrone starved them and kept them in rags, meanwhile pocketing all their takings. Today child beggars are very rare. Child thieving has abated also because the society has enforced the law that prohibits pawnbrokers from taking pledges or making loans to any person under 16 years of age.

Mr. Gerry's fixed conviction that the use of children as public entertainers is ruinous to their moral and physical being has resulted in much benefit for talented youngsters and in a deluge of abuse for their protector. Several years ago he called in the aid of the law to prevent the performances of a child pianist. The child was admitted by all qualified to judge to be marvelously talented, and as the young prodigy seemed to be well cared for the outcry against the society was long and loud. But Mr. Gerry never flinched and the law upheld him. Shortly after the child was taken to Europe and the episode faded from the public mind. Ten years afterward the same pianist reappeared, now in vigor of youth. His musical gifts had been developed under the guidance of the most accomplished foreign instructors. The public wondered and admired, but few knew that the musician owed the training in his art to the generosity of the man who had restrained him from concert playing 10 years before.

Her Two Boys. It was on a western express train the other day. A tall, fine looking young man and a handsomely dressed woman sat just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet faced lady of perhaps seventy years. Once in a while—pretty often—the man turned and made some remark to the elderly woman, whom he called mother, and whose eyes showed that she was proud and fond of her son. The younger woman, his wife seemed somewhat less cordial, but she, too once in a while, turned and dropped a word or two into the conversation.

By and by the porter announced that dinner was ready in the dining car, and the young man said: 'Well, mother, Emma and I will go now and get a dinner. You know she needs some thing warm. You've brought your lunch-box, and I'll send you a cup of tea.'

After the couple had gone, 'mother' sat looking out of the window in deep thought apparently, and perhaps not altogether happy. Finally she reached under her seat, and brought out a little worn, black basket, and began fingering the ribbon with which it was tied.

Just then the train stopped at a station, the door was flung open, and a cherry faced man stepped inside. He looked eagerly up and down the car, and his glance fell upon the old lady. 'Mother!' he cried.

'John, my John!' answered the lady, and the two were clasped in a loving embrace.

'Where are Frank and Emma?' he demanded after a few minutes.

'They have gone into the dining car. Emma isn't strong, you know, and has to have a hot dinner.'

This last remark she repeated in answer to a curious look in John's eyes.

'And you didn't want any dinner, I suppose?' His eyes fell upon the basket. He mustn't hurt his mother's feelings, and checked himself.

'Aren't you glad to see me?' he said. 'Aren't you surprised? I found I could meet you here instead of waiting until you reached Chicago. And say, mother, isn't that the same basket that Frank and I used to carry to school? Yes, I thought so.'

By this time there was a smile on the mother's face.

'Well,' said John. 'I'm pretty hungry. Suppose we keep this for supper, and you come with me and get a hot dinner. No; no excuses.'

As they left they met the other couple. 'Hello John! Where did you come from?'

'How do you do, Emma? Mother and I are just going to dinner.'

At Chicago the people who had seen all this saw a handsome young man, with a little black basket on his arm, tenderly assisting a sweet faced old lady through the crowd to a carriage. As for the other couple, nobody had any eyes for them.

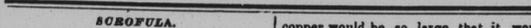
Futnam's Cora Extractor. Doesn't lay a man up for a week but quietly and surely goes on doing its work, and nothing is known of the operation till the cora is abated. Plenty of substitutes do this. Some of them are dangerous, no danger from Futnam's except to the cora. At all druggists.



Procrastination.

Steals time, and everything that time ought to be good for. Possibly it keeps you from using Pearline. You know from others of its ease and economy—but you're 'putting it off.'

Why not begin the use of Pearline with the very first thing to be washed or cleaned—your face and hands, say. Pearline hurts nothing; cleans everything.



SCROFULA.

Children are the Principal Sufferers From This Disease.

At the present day physicians no longer regard scrofula as a distinct disease, but the term is still used in an indefinite way to designate the presence of enlarged glands in the neck and a tendency to chronic inflammations in the skin and mucous membranes.

The lymphatic glands in the neck are prone to enlarge on very slight provocation. It is common, for example, to find the glands beneath the jaw swollen as a result of irritation from a decayed tooth, a canker sore, or any other abnormal condition in the mouth; but the swelling in such cases is usually transient and subsides with the disappearance of the cause. Not so, however, with 'scrofulous' glands. These remain permanently enlarged, perhaps slowly increasing in size.

They are at first hard, but later become soft, as a cheesy matter forms in the interior, and eventually break down, giving issue to a chronic discharge, which is succeeded by an unsightly scarring of the neck.

The disease is the same as consumption, the seat of tuberculosis being the glands in the neck instead of the lungs. It is not in itself dangerous to life, but its presence indicates that the sufferer is vulnerable to tuberculosis, and is consequently a candidate for consumption unless preventive treatment is at once undertaken.

This preventive treatment is mainly twofold—good food and fresh air and sunlight. The child, for children are the usual sufferers from 'scrofulous neck,' should have an abundance of nourishing, well-cooked food, and should be encouraged to eat a little at a time and often, rather than to take the ordinary three large meals a day. Plenty of butter and cream should be taken into the dietary, and cod-liver oil may be taken with advantage, if it does not disturb the appetite or the digestion.

Summer and winter the patient should spend most of the day in the open air (schooling can wait), and at night must sleep with the windows wide open. Sunshine is inimical to the tubercle bacillus, and a vulnerable person should be in it as much as possible.

If the glands in the neck begin to soften it is generally advisable to have them removed, for if this is not done they will finally break down and discharge, and the resulting scars will be much more conspicuous than those that would have been left after the cutting out of the glands. Besides, there is always danger of the disease spreading to the lungs or other parts of the body so long as the tuberculous are allowed to remain.

REVOLUTION IN METALS.

Copper Taking the Lead in the Great Race for Progress.

In his report, dated Nov. 10th, 1900, Assistant Secretary Vandervliet, of the United States treasury, says of exports of manufactured articles, those of 'copper increased in ten years—1890 to 1900—from \$2,300,000 to \$58,800,000; products made from iron and steel being next in value showing an increase in the same length of time from \$25,500,000 to \$121,800,000. Thus the increase of copper is over 62 times greater and distances its greatest rival, the old Iron King.

The development of electricity, in which copper figures so largely, is only one in its infancy. We are just beginning to use it. The next great step must be to harness the waterfalls of the world to the industries of the world. There is power enough that goes to waste on the upper Hudson river to run all the light, heat and power in New York city.

The city of Buffalo has nearly quadrupled her manufacturing plants in the last few years because she can furnish electric power so much cheaper than other cities. It is brought from Niagara Falls on copper wires which weigh thousands of tons.

There is no other metal that can ever take the place of copper as a conductor of the electric current. Silver, which has 15 per cent greater conductivity, of course is barred by its cost from being used for commercial purposes.

Aluminum was talked of awhile ago, but recent experiments have proved that a wire having as great conducting power as

copper would be so large that it would break under a small load of ice or steel. Iron or steel has only about 40 per cent of the conducting power of copper, besides being practically out of the question for use in the open air on account of its tendency to rust and corrode, so that it is pretty well settled that for the purpose of conducting electricity copper at 25 cents a pound is cheaper than either iron or steel or aluminum at present prices.

The indications are that in much less time than has taken iron to gain its eminent position in the commercial world, copper will have far outclassed it as a source of revenue to the nation to the manufacturer and to fortunate possessors of copper-producing properties.

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark—for home use Magnetic Dyes gives excellent results.

Gratified. The portly gentleman in the black cutaway coat lighted his cigar, leaned against the bar and puffed away contentedly. Like most New York bar rooms it was a cosmopolitan place, full of many sorts of people. A lean, hungry-looking individual, with grimy hands and the beard of an Anarchist, approached the portly gentleman cautiously.

'I say, boss, could you let me have a nickel,' he said tentatively.

'What's the trouble?' asked the other.

'Well, you see, the fact is I haven't a cent, and I was out on an awful spree last night—and I want a beer.'

Tired Brain Weak Nerves

Irritability, Despondency and Body Irregularities Are Corrected by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Millions of brain and nerve cells are daily consumed by the activities of the body and its various organs and as many more new cells must be created to take their place. Otherwise there is a wasting away of nerve tissue until nervous prostration, paralysis, epilepsy, or insanity are brought on.

The same cell changes which hasten the progress of disease speed the work of repair when curative agencies are at work. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stops the waste and restores vitality by the building up process. Through the blood and nerves it rekindles the vital flame in the brain and nerves and restores health and strength to the pale, weak and nervous.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarendonville, Que., writes: 'For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more.'

'I can say frankly that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly for weak, nervous people.'

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Princeton, Que., writes: 'For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells and a dizzy swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night, I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring his medicine did not help me.'

'I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment.'

For men, women and children Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of incalculable worth as a blood builder, nerve invigilator and general restorative. Through the medium of the blood and nerves it reaches every organ of the body and carries with it new vitality, new vigor and new confidence.

Disease and weakness cannot exist when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used. In pill form, 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CANCER

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# She Will Marry a Prince.

While her father, E. P. Deacon, hopelessly insane, drags out his weary days in a Massachusetts asylum, beautiful 18-year-old Gladys Deacon has become betrothed to one of the proudest princes of Europe, the prince of Lichtenstein.

The terrible tragedy of Mr. Deacon's killing of Abeille, whom he had accused of attentions to his wife, is forgotten in the intensity of the American colony's interest in the romance.

Miss Deacon has several times been reported engaged. The last time such a story prevailed she was supposed to be on the point of becoming the bride of Claude Lowther, an Englishman.

Not many months ago Miss Deacon and her mother went to Biarritz. A week or two afterwards the prince of Lichtenstein, a rich young German relative of the kaiser, registered at the same hotel. Then the following interesting sequence of events occurred:—

The young prince, who is a nephew of the famous Austrian diplomat, Prince Alois Lichtenstein, met Mrs. Deacon—or Mrs. Baldwin, as she is now known.

Mrs. Deacon is still young. She married Edward Deacon when she was only 17. Her misfortunes have added, her admirers say, a curious fascination to the beauty which made her in her girlhood one of the belles of America and as a young matron much sought after in Europe. In dress, in manner and in a thousand details she is a thorough Parisian.

Young Prince Lichtenstein succumbed at the first sight of this beautiful woman. It was the same old story—exemplified a few weeks ago in the marriage of Lady Randolph Churchill and young Mr. West—of a beautiful matron's capacity for arousing the infatuation of a susceptible young man. The second time he met Mrs. Deacon the young prince told her something of the sort. She, wiser than some women, silenced him.

"Hush dear boy," she said. "Why, you haven't even met my daughter yet."

The next day the prince met the daughter. Spectators of the comedy smiled at the eagerness of the boy's glances. In a few days the impressionable young nobleman was much more overcome with the charms of Miss Gladys Deacon than he had ever been by those of her mamma. His attentions were delicately insistent. Miss Deacon's acceptance of them was marvellously ready, her friends thought.

In short, their romance developed by leaps and bounds. In two weeks Paris had heard of it.

"Poor, dear Mrs. Deacon!" they said—Paris had never condemned Mrs. Deacon very severely—"What a comfort this will be to her!"

And they sighed reminiscently. The one painfully lurid chapter in the life of Edward is not yet faded by time.

The princess-to-be has captivated, it is said, although only 18, many far less impressionable men than her present fiance. It is known that her mother has often declared that Gladys should marry for no other motive than love.

Gladys Deacon, though an American born, an heiress, and of excellent family, is absolutely unknown to her own country. She has not even visited it since she was a tiny girl.

Even then, on her last visit, people looked at her curiously and pityingly. The sorrow of her life had already come to her. The bitterness of being stared at and openly pitied was revealed to Gladys Deacon when she was only eight years old. Since then she has never known a respite from it.

In the remotest by-ways of Europe there would always be some prying eye to recognize that conspicuously lovely pair, Mrs. Edward Deacon and her daughter; always some malicious tongue to remind the daughter of the misfortune of her parentage.

It is only a year or two ago that the girl learned the secret that had tortured her from babyhood—why it was a curse to be Edward Deacon's daughter. It was a relief to her to know the truth. The whispers she had overheard had led her to fancy the connection of her family with some far more monstrous crime.

The story that had been told her has been gossip at one time or another in every drawing-room in both continents.

Anybody familiar with the social history of the country can tell you that the beginning of misfortune came a score of years ago when lovely Florence Baldwin—only child of Rear-Admiral Baldwin—the "rich-

est officer in the navy"—17 years old, motherless, the belle and beauty of her time, chose from her long line of suitors a reserved, awkward man of 40—Edward Deacon of Boston.

All events after a brilliant wedding, the elderly Mr. Deacon, who had already exhausted, during his long bachelorhood, the pleasures of a purely worldly life, took his young bride to Paris and invited her to settle down to domestic isolation.

But Paris would not hear of such a thing.

Mrs. Deacon was the most charming novelty that had come to Paris in many a day. She was 'taken up' in a transport of enthusiasm. All Europe heard of this tall slender young woman, with the wonderful transparent skin, wavy chestnut hair, iridescent voice and a fascination altogether indefinable.

Then there was a powerful disturbing element in the person of a Paris clubman, M. Abeille, whom Deacon had met a few years before and who had come to be a constant visitor at the house. No importance was attached to the fact that Abeille openly admired Mrs. Deacon, because all Paris admired her likewise. And the one person who was suspicious, resentful, jealous, was of too taciturn a nature to make his suspicions known. Edward Deacon said nothing.

One morning, Feb. 18, 1892, a sensation flashed from one end of Europe to the other. There had been a tragedy at Cannes, of which the well-known Parisian, M. Abeille, was the victim. Mr. Deacon on returning suddenly to the Hotel Splendide, at Cannes, where his wife and children were stopping, had brought a revolver in his pocket. Arriving there, he had shot and killed M. Abeille.

The Deacons were so well known that the scandal assumed enormous proportions.

Deacon himself was arrested, tried at Nice and convicted of murder, but in consideration of the alleged circumstances of the crime, was imprisoned but a short time.

There were numberless squabbles over the four little girls. The result of the first court decision was that the oldest child, Gladys, now soon to be Princess Lichtenstein, was sent to a convent, where both parents might visit her. Mr. Deacon then sued for divorce. Each made serious charges against the other.

As the outcome of it all, Edward Deacon came back to America to live, while Mrs. Deacon remained in Europe, dividing her time between a convent and quiet watering places, where she was known as Mrs. Baldwin. Though the scandal was one impossible to live down, no other unpleasant rumor has ever been associated with her.

Deacon, who was, his wife declares, during their married life unkind, cruel and given to personal violence, became more and more unkind mentally, and was a few years ago committed to a hospital for the insane in Waverley, Mass.

Previously he had repeatedly started Newport by manifestations of insane violence in various clubhouses and hotels. Once after his commitment Deacon escaped; once he was released on the intercession of his divorced wife. On each occasion it was found necessary that he should be recommitted.

Mrs. Deacon, his divorced wife, keeps constantly informed as to the patient's condition, does all that is possible for him, and is greatly distressed that there is no hope of his recovery.

### WAR SPIRIT PROMINENT.

The World To Day is worshipping at the Shrine of Mars.

Those who still believe in the beautiful dream of international peace should divest themselves of the optimism based on the Hague conference of the powers and study the military situation as it affects the great nations of the world.

There never has been a time during the past three quarters of a century when the great powers were making preparations for war with more feverish haste than now. There never has been a time in all the annals of mankind when the machinery of destruction, was more perfect than at present. Tax has been laid upon the human intellect in every line of endeavor to perfect the weapons of war and now, 2000 years since Christ preached the lessons of peace, the Christian world is one vast camp of warriors, trained in the science of killing. Indeed, it seems as though civilization were promoting the science of

warfare. It breathed upon barbarian Japan and lo! a new and powerful militant nation arose in the world. It touched the outer fringe of China and already the Chinese monster is awaking, brushing from its eyes the cobwebs of conservatism and girding on the armor of militarism. When China shall have attained the development of Japan the world may well tremble, and the 'yellow peril' shall take on a new meaning for mankind. Should the Chinese turn from the arts of peace, which they have practiced for thousands of years, to war and conquest, what power, or combination of powers, could stay the advance of a nation 400,000,000 strong, whose people are capable of the greatest endurance and the most daring bravery.

But among the most civilized of European countries the war spirit is dominant. It is the national idol, and yearly it is costing many millions in treasure and the earnings of millions of men, who are held apart from the fields of industrialism.

France has just expended \$40,000,000 in perfecting her field artillery. Russia is equipping her for forces with 1,000 six-gun batteries at a cost of \$50,000,000. Germany, which has expended \$30,000,000 since 1896 on her Krupp field guns, is about expending \$15,000,000 in perfecting this branch of the service alone.

England is constructing 500 field guns of the newest pattern, in addition to the vast armament she already has. Turkey placed an order recently for 200 Krupp guns, while bankrupt Spain and little Sweden are each adding to their enginery of destruction according to the most approved modern patterns. Similarly, the leading countries of the world are adding to their navies—all expectant of that cataclysmic day when they will be called upon to fight for their existence. Surely the day of international peace is not at hand yet. In entering the second millennium of Christianity the world is face to face with the shadow of impending disaster.

### IN THE BIG STORE.

How the Man Looking for the Razor Strap Fared.

"Where are your razor straps?" asked the customer.

"Razor straps?" said the floorwalker, stroking his side whiskers. "Fifth aisle to the right."

The customer went to the fifth aisle to the right.

"Razor straps?" he asked.

"Razor straps?" the girl behind the counter said. "I think they must be in the notion department."

"Where is the notion department?"

"Next section. Three aisles back."

The customer hunted up the notion department.

"Razor straps-razor straps?" he said.

"You'll find them among the household goods in the basement," responded the girl in charge of the hairpin sub-department.

He went to the basement.

"Where are your razor straps?" he inquired of the first salesman he met.

"Last counter on the right."

He went to the last counter on the right.

"I'd like to see some of your razor straps."

"I think you'll find those in the notion department on the first floor."

"Been there. They sent me down here."

"Nearest we can come to it is dog collars. Suppose you try the razor department."

"Where is that?"

"First floor."

The customer hadn't thought of the razor department. He went back to the floor above and appeared a few moments later at the counter presided over by a girl with a large bang and a lip.

"Got any razor straps?" he demanded.

He was becoming reckless now.

"Leather thrap? No, thir. You'll find thoths in the leather goods department on the thirkth floor."

He took passage in the elevator for the sixth floor.

"Where's your blmsed razor straps?" he inquired of the sixth floor walker.

"Eight aisles over. Leather goods department."

The weary pilgrim traversed the eight aisles.

"I want to see your razor straps," he said, with some fierceness.

"We don't keep 'em," replied the man behind the counter.

### Bicyclists.

Young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain Killer in their saddle bags. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

"I suppose you take a great interest in your husband's literary work, Mrs. Bradstone? When he writes a new poem, for instance do you get all wrought up and excited over it?"

"Oh, yes, always, unless it is written in order, and he has already received the check for it."

## FLASHES OF FUN.

"Maude says she isn't going to sing for nothing any more."

"H'm! If I had her voice I wouldn't sing for anything."

The widow—Did you ever think seriously of matrimony?"

The bachelor—Well, I'm sure I never thought of it as a joke.

Little Elmer—Papa, what happens if you convince a man against his will?"

Prof. Broadhead—Oh! you have to do it all over again the next time you catch him.

I see that dried hens' eggs have been ordered in large quantities for shipment to our soldiers in the Philippines."

"Yes. But where do they find the dried hens?"

He—Would you object seriously to my kissing you?"

She—Well, you see, I must resist on general principals; but then, I'm not very strong.

"Would you like to know that you had a king for an ancestor?"

"No; it would be a lifelong grief to me that I couldn't show him how our stock had improved."

The Easy Mark—She said she had the 'other fish to fry.' I wonder if she insinuated that I was a fish?"

The soubrette—Impossible! All lobsters are crustaceans.

"If a man wants to do something to kill time," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "let him try to open a window in a railroad train. He can kill a whole lot of it that way."

Mrs. Wunder—The paper say that the defeated silver candidate will enter the ministry.

Mr. Wunder—Oh, no. He never could accept that golden stair idea.

"Tommy says he hates to see his mother have to stand up in a car."

"What a noble child!"

"Yes, he says it always makes him nervous to see a strap in her hand."

Society Reluctance—"Dickey, did you go up and tell pa that Mr. and Mrs. Jones were here?"

"Yes, ma; he said he guessed he'd have to come down, but he didn't want to."

Boeker—Prof. Delvington is in a terrible quandary.

Hooker—Why, what's the trouble?"

Boeker—He has discovered a new disease and can't find any germ for it.

Clara—"How shall I have my winter hat trimmed so that it will correspond with my complexion?"

Maude—"Well, if you want it to match your face I'd advise you to have it plain."

Reconsidered—He—You need not fear. I shall do nothing desperate just because you have refused me."

"Then, darling, I repent. It was only the thought that you might do something romantic that made me refuse you."

"Miss Keedick is taking the first course in the Female College of Journalism. It will last three months."

"What is the subject for the first few months?"

"Learning to sharpen a lead pencil."

Marie—"Oh, Tom, suppose papa should find out that you drank whiskey?"

Tom—"He knows. He found it out this afternoon."

Marie—"My goodness! what did he say?"

Tom—"He said: 'What're ye goin' to have?'"

"Jack Sheppard is considered the prototype of read agents, isn't he?"

"Oh, I don't know. What's the matter with Atlas?"

"Atlas?"

"Yes. All the world's stage, you know, and Atlas held it up."

Well, Lydia always said that she would marry a hero you know."

"Yes. Did she stick to her resolution?"

"She is engaged to a man who has faced death hundreds of times."

"Goodness! Is he a soldier or a sailor?"

"No, an undertaker."

"I've asked you to marry me, Miss High-up. I'm a plain, blunt man, and I may have startled you with my suddenness. Take your time to think about it. It's a standing offer."

"You'll have to make it a kneeling offer. Mr. Wellon, before I can even consider it."

"Yes, sir," said Farmer Cornflossed, "I'm ag'in capital. It's oppressin' the farmer an' destroyin' his opportunities."

"Can you prove it?"

"Certainly. I know a lot o' people that's gettin' so much money that they go to the big hot, is inat'd o' comin' an' takin' board with us agriculturalists."

"There are some people," remarked the melancholy person, "whose fate it seems to be to stand aside while those less worthy profit by their endeavors."

"That's right," answered Mr. Blykins; "I'm one of those people. We always invite our relations to the house on Thanksgiving day, and I carve the turkey."

### Great Power of Women Rulers.

Considerably more than half the human race is ruled by women. Two women—the Empress Dowager of China and the Queen of England—alone govern about half the entire population of the world. The third in importance is young Queen

Wilhelmina of Holland, whose home land numbers less than 5,000,000 souls, but whose colonies have 80,000,000. Spain is ruled by a woman, Queen Regent Christina in the minority of her son. It is expected that the Queen mother Margherita will have great influence over her son's kingdom but her case is not needed to establish the preponderance of woman-ruled races.

**A Veteran's Story.**—George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely." 50 cents.—25

I say, Sherry, said one of two royal dukes, who had met Sheridan in St. James street, we have just been discussing the question whether you are a greater fool or rogue. What is your opinion, my boy?"

Why, said the wit, smiling and bowing at the compliment, and then taking each of the dukes by an arm, "I' faith, I believe I am between the two,

**Helpless as a Baby.**—South American Rheumatic Cure strikes the root of the ailment and strikes it quick. R. W. Wright, 70 Daniel street, Brockville, Ont., for twelve years a great sufferer from rheumatism, couldn't wash himself, feed himself or dress himself. After using six bottles was able to go to work, and says: "I think pain has left me forever."—26

I'll fix that Hall of Fame all right.

What would be your basis of choice?"

Why, I think no man's name ought to go in there until everybody is dead that know him.

**Her Heart like a Polluted Spring.**—Mrs. James Srigley, Pelee Island, Ont., says: "I was for five years afflicted with dyspepsia, constipation, heart disease and nervous prostration. I cured the heart trouble with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and the other ailments vanished like mist. Had relief in half an hour after the first dose."—27

Professor (to student of surgery)—Please inform the class the names of bones forming the skull.

Student—Ah—er—I do not at the present time remember, but I know that I have them all in my head. [Uproar in class].

**Under the Nerve Lash.**—The torture and torment of the victim of nervous prostration and nervous debility no one can rightly estimate who has not been under the ruthless lash of these relentless human foes. M. Williams, of Fordwich, Ont., was for four years a nervous wreck. Six bottles of South American Nerve worked a miracle, and his doctor confirmed it.—28

I must admit said the mannish girl, that I'm very fond of men's clothes. You don't like them—do you?"

Yes, I do, replied the girly girl, frankly when there's a man in them—Tit-Bits.

**Ruby Lips** and a clear complexion, the pride of woman. Have you lost these charms through torpid liver, constipation, biliousness, or nervousness? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills will restore them to you—40 little "Rubies" in a vial, 10 cents. Act like a charm. Never gripe.—29

Customs Inspector—This photo is of a very lean man.

Passenger—Yes, foreign living fattened me up. I have nearly doubled my weight.

Customs Inspector—Then I must charge you the special duty on foreign-grown meat.

**The Backache Stage** may be just that incipient form of kidney disease which, if neglected, will develop into stubborn and distressing disorder that will take long tedious treatment to cure. Don't neglect the "backache stage" of the most insidious of diseases, South American Kidney Cure stops the ache in six hours and cures.—30

Irate P.—Did you tell that dude who calls on you every other night that I am going to have the gas turned off promptly at 10 p. m.?"

Daughter—Yes, papa.

Irate P.—And what did he say to that?"

Daughter—He said he would consider it a personal favor if you would have it turned off at 8:30

**Salt Rheum, Tetter, Eczema.**—These distressing skin diseases relieved by one application. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a potent cure for all eruptions of the skin. Jas. Gaston, Wilkesbarre, says: "For nine years I was disfigured with Tetter on my hands. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured it." 35 cents.—31

Mrs. Mann—Nora, I am awfully sorry you broke that fruit dish. I thought so much of it!"

Nora—Yes, ma'am, and I was awfully sorry when Mr. Mann broke one of the commandments when he saw the thing drop.

**Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.**—Medical science by accident discovered the potency of the pineapple as a panacea for stomach troubles. The immense percentage of vegetable pepsin contained in the fruit makes it an almost indispensable remedy in cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. One tablet after each meal will cure most chronic cases. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—32

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### Chat of the Boudoir.

The winter girl will be a radiant picture this season in her velvet gown, her swirling plume-laden picture hat, her rich tulle and her big granny muff. Whatever else she may economize on, she will not omit fur as a part of her wardrobe, for not for many seasons has fur been given as prominent a part in the drama of fashion. It is decidedly the vogue, and fur of all kinds will be used in ways undreamed of in the years that are gone.

In some old-fashioned households and for the use of the aged feather bed retains its old-time supremacy, but in the majority of homes the hair mattress has taken the place of feathers. Good hair mattresses are expensive, and the American housewife can learn from her French sister how to keep these mattresses in good condition.

Once a year—in midsummer—the mattress is renewed. The hair is taken out and carefully picked and put in new casings. The art tickings, as they are called, and which come in all the delicate tints and combinations, make durable and handsome coverings and have quite superseded the familiar awning strips variety.

You hear fashionable women talking familiarly about taking a "rest cure," for the throat during the coming winter. It is easy to misinterpret the phrase. This is not a case of loss of voice or any bronchial distress whatever. It simply means that the victim of fashion has ruined the contour of a soft white throat by too prolonged indulgence in stock collars, which are not only too high and entirely too stiff to be hygienic, but very much too tight. In an effort to have a "slender throat" our girls and their mothers have worn collar bands hooked up to the point of suffocation. Slips of whalebone, or feather bone, or "coraline" stay the high neck-band and give further discomfort to it.

A lady's complaint of "feeling faint" the other day, was met by her husband's demand "to unlock that foolish collar," which compressed her throat into ridges and actually hindered free circulation.

The remedy is to have your house dresses made with open neck, and to let the throat have a chance to regain its smoothness by fresh air treatment. An afternoon dress intended for evenings at home can have the throat cut surplice, and faced with a little lace.

The oldest dressmaker's bill was found in the ruins of a temple of the city of Nipur, and cannot be less than 3,700 years old. It contains the names of 92 vestments given to the temple by the king of Babylonia.

Boer women's education does not include a great variety of subjects. As a rule the wife can read the Dutch Bible, repeat the Heidelberg Catechism and a few hymns and psalms. She brings up her children to assist in the household duties and the daughters are entirely under her care. They learn to sew and make their own clothes. Naturally these are not remarkable for fit or style. They wear shoes of untanned leather made from the hides of the animals killed for food, and they do not wear stockings.

The household duties are very primitive. The house consists of a cottage of unburnt stones plastered with mud and a thatched roof. The floor is simply the earth tramped hard. There are no schools in the outlying districts, and when the Boer farmer is in a position to afford a teacher for his children the wife is often very particular as to the information imparted. To tell the children that the world is round or that the countries on the other side of the equator have opposite seasons is not permitted, for these facts are not found in the Bible.

A recent debutant's dance took the form of an Indian cotillon. Partners were chosen by means of colored pictures of Indian chiefs and princesses. Beneath each pair, the Indian and his princess, was written a tribal name, as the Apaches, Senecas, Iroquois, Seminoles and more. The man who drew a Mohawk chief paired off with the girl to whom the Mohawk princess had fallen, and so on.

The favors were genuine Indian trinkets, gathered for the purpose in a summer trip through Canada and the north-west, and included bows and arrows, meococans, canoes of many styles, baskets innumerable and varied, toboggans, shovels, snow shoes, lacrosse sticks, paddles, pipes, and the rest of the list of Indian belongings. The loaves were served as tomahawks, canoes

and pipes, and the decorations of the table carried out still further the Indian scheme.

**Faults of Gushing Girls.**  
Don't gush, girls. That is it you care anything about a sensible man's opinion of you. It's one of the greatest faults of womankind, and not only is heard from sweet 16, but the woman of 40 is apt to allow herself to lapse into extravagant phrases. It is insincere, silly and purposeless. What is the reason for it?

If a woman who has poured forth volumes of gush on a man could hear his remarks afterward she would never be guilty of the offense again. He is disgusted; says she made him "feel foolish," and he takes care not to get in her way again.

Just stop for minute and imagine how a man must feel when a young woman says: "Don't you think that book is too cute for anything?" or when she says: "I adore bou-bons, don't you?"

What is the poor fellow going to say? If he were talking to a man he would say: "Oh, drop that." But with a young woman companion he must acquiesce in her gushing.

Sometimes she gushes about him, and says: "I should think your work would be terribly hard. Do you really like it? You must be awfully bright. I'm sure I never could do it!"

After a few remarks of this sort the man feels like a clown or has an almost uncontrollable desire to be rude and answer in like extravagant conversation.

The women do not confine this hysterical mode of expression to conversation with men, but they gush over one another. They say a friend "looks too sweet for anything" in such a gown, or that another friend is "simply horrible."

Picture any one being "simply horrible." I have heard a woman in the prime of life say that an acquaintance was a "perfectly sweet little woman."

However, it is masculine society that brings out these expressions in all their ripeness, and the young women never seem to think that they are making themselves ridiculous and losing favor where they would gain it. They pile it on, until the most of the remark is lost in a mound of adjectives and adverbs.

It might be rather rough treatment, but it certainly would have a very good result; if a man would brave a girl's wrath once in a while and say: "Oh, quit that and talk sense, won't you?" for she certainly would never be guilty again of gushing in that man's society.

However, a better plan would be for women to carefully think over what they have said, and they will realize how silly they have been. A few quiet times of thinking it over ought certainly to put an end to this disagreeable practice.

#### For Storm Wear.

The fashionable storm coat is the box raglan, and it is worn alike by men and women, for the mackintosh is quite out of date. Some ladies prefer the silk circular garment, with the quaint finish of little tiers of capes, but the waterproof quality of any silk is more or less a myth, and for real wear the cloth coat of this popular cut is all the fashion. It is medium weight and, therefore, is not a burden, so it worn for protection at any time by both women and men, and the latter prefer it in the light tans to wear with their dress suits, and, of course, the girls think it is very smart to wear a raglan over their evening gowns.

The stuff of which the real storm coat is made is a cloth which has been treated medically in order to render it waterproof, and the popular colors are Oxfords and tans, with preference for the dark gray cloth for hard wear. Automobile red has a show in every sort of a garment for women this season, and it is handsome in the large coats, but for storm wear the dull colors are more the thing.

The box front and back of the woman's raglan generally hang from a yoke, there are box sleeves, finished with cuffs, and there may be a self collar or one of velvet. Even the little children have their storm wraps of this pattern, in brown, garnet or blue. But the raglan differs a good deal in weight, since it may be desirable to have this as an all-year round garment, and in that case a lighter one is worn for winter over an outing jacket, but the ulster style of a garment is coming into fashion this winter, and a rough Scotch cloth is made in this long style, and oh wool protection against the winter storm and blast! It is cut on a good generous pattern, which gives the wearer full credit for all her proportions, but it is no end comfortable.

The man's storm coat, too, is in the heavier warm clothes, but for the season so far the coverts and whipcoats are preferred, and there is increasing popularity for the Oxford gray, even the hats taking the tone.

The storm hats of both men and women are soft felt, and for women's wear the

popular as well as the stylish thing is the camel hair felt, with stitched brim and soft corded crown which goes by an outlandish name invented by the English makers. The only trimming is a soft silk scarf, knotted at the side, and a pompadour coque's feather may be added, though the imported hats are quite flat. Dark colors seem to prevail, and the black felt is taking the place of the light gray. Dark gray is newer, and that and the black may be trimmed with the scarf of 'auto' red, or Harvard crimson, as the wearer may choose to style it. There is a brown color also in fashion in the soft hat and that has a darker shade of heavy corded silk on a plain trimming of panne velvet laid in fold.

#### Silk Petticoats.

Black and red, that Mephistophelian combination are the popular colors of the silk petticoat for street wear, even though the red be ever so slight; a piping, a tiny niche, or best of all, a facing to the scallops of the wide flounce.

The fashion of the petticoat this year is to have two ruffles, and sometimes three, in order to give the desired flare, and these ruffles are generally of even width, though they are still to be found with increased width at the back.

The finish is frequently the hemstitch, and a new feature is to have the tucked piece for the bottom, and a tiny pinked niche, sometimes two of them, makes the finish of the ruffles, especially the wide accordion plaiting. This has not gone by, but there is also among the new ones a flounce set in tucks and finished with a smaller ruff, which is tucked, and with all the finest petticoats there is the scalloped edge, which is finished with piping and stitching and spreads out over a smaller ruff underneath.

For the foundation skirts to be worn with the thin cloth gowns, the colored silk is trimmed with ruffles of black point d'esprit, and all sorts of black trimmings are in vogue, lace frills, applique, and on a petticoat of a cern yellow, which is also a favorite, there is hand embroidery in black about the wide frill.

The pretty little plaid silk skirts are a novelty for girls' street wear, and the quaintest of all are the satin "golf petticoats" which are short for field wear, and just as bright as they can be in the golf colors. The plaid-faced cloth which was in fashion for the golf suit is now out of date, and the merry glint of red or green satin which shows now and then under the dark cloth is fetching indeed.

#### SIBERIA'S GREAT WEALTH.

Its Vast Resources When Developed Will Surprise the World.

The world has now to deal with a new factor. Ten years ago the name 'Siberia' called up a picture of wastes of snow and ice, boundless steppes and coast white with icebergs. To-day the same Siberia is a land filled with thriving villages and peasant farmers, producing grain and various vegetables. That great compeller of civilization, the railway, has broken down the bars between the world and Siberia.

Besides its countless resources of the soil, besides its rivers filled with valuable fish, and its forests inhabited by fur-bearing animals, Siberia is beginning to show to the world its resources of gold, iron, copper, manganese, quick-silver, platinum and coal, the yearly output of which is but a feeble index of what it will be when the deposits are developed.

In the past three years several American mining engineers have traversed various parts of Siberia and Central Asia. The testimony of these gentlemen is corroborated by that of other foreign engineers who have visited the country—that the lack of exploitation of such evident mineral wealth as is found here is unparalleled in other parts of the civilized world. Of these resources gold is by far the most important, as it is, curiously enough, the least developed. Taking the product of the Russian empire approximately at \$25,000,000 in gold per year, it seems comparatively insignificant. It places Russia fifth among the gold producers and is but little more than the present annual gold output of Colorado.

#### That Tight Feeling.

In the upper portion of your lungs, is incipient bronchitis. You will proceed next to having inflamed lungs and pneumonia may follow. Adamson's Botanical Cough Balsam will give immediate relief. It has never failed and will not in your case. All Druggists, 25c.

#### The Shadow.

"What profession does your friend follow?"  
"That of the light-flighted gentry."  
"You don't mean it?"  
"Yes; he's a detective."

#### Joan Died With Her Feet Warm.

There lives at Lynn, Mass., a noted lawyer who is extremely fond of a joke, and who is noted over all New England for his repartees. He recently fell extreme-

ly ill, and during his sickness his friend, the doctor, tried vainly to cheer him. The lawyer was satisfied that his time had come, while the physician was positive that he would recover.

"I know I am going to die," said the lawyer.

"Nonsense!" said the physician, feeling the patient's hands and feet. "Did you ever know of a person who was near death whose extremities were as warm as yours?"

"Yes," said the sick man, as a pale smile came over his face.

"Who, pray?" asked the surprised doctor.

"Joan of Arc," replied the dying lawyer, whose ruling passion was strong even in death.

### The Fount OF Life.

IS THE PURE RED BLOOD THAT COURSES THROUGH THE BODY.

If the Blood is Impure and Stagnant, Disease Holds sway.

### Paine's Celery Compound.

PURIFIES, ENRICHES AND VITALIZES EVERY DROP OF BLOOD.

The majority of intelligent people know that rich, pure and highly vitalized blood alone can give health and build up the tissues that have been worn out. New and fresh blood carries all the materials for restoring wasted and worn-out parts of the body, and gives to the brain other materials for making nerve matter.

Paine's Celery Compound cleanses and purifies the blood and furnishes appropriate food for every part of the system. It increases the appetite, perfects digestion, gives nervous energy and increased strength.

If your blood is impure, if the skin has spots and eruptions, if you have an unhealthy pallor or yellow appearance, and if the eyes are showing yellowish whites, you should use Paine's Celery Compound without delay to cleanse the blood and regulate the liver and kidneys of the stain that is brought upon them whenever impure blood pours through their substance.

Mr. M. D. Arthur, Clemsford, Ont., writes as follows:

"I was laid up with sores all over my face and neck, the result of blood poisoning. While in that condition, I could not sleep at night, had no appetite, and could not attend to my work. The doctors in my district and their medicines did not benefit me. My aunt advised me to use Paine's Celery Compound. In two weeks I was so much better that I could go out, and in three weeks I was able to work again. I bless the day I commenced with Paine's Celery Compound."

#### MAN AND MONKEYS.

Which Existed First?—Men, According to a New Theory.

Sensitive persons who object to being confronted with their poor relations may find comfort in the theory advanced by Professor Klatatsch of Heidelberg University, and summarized today by our Berlin correspondent, says the London Standard. We are no longer bound to believe that man is descended from apes. The mystery of evolution has been cleared up, the search for the missing link is rendered futile by the learned doctor's discovery of the proper significance of a muscle in the upper part of the thigh.

The short strand, as one part of this is called, is attached to the fibula, and is fitted with a special nerve. After several years of investigation, Herr Klatatsch has convinced himself that this "short strand" is a rudimentary form of a muscle common to a considerable number of mammals, such as marsupials, carnivores and many rodents. In fact, it is very frequently present; but only anthropoid apes and prehensile-tailed American monkeys possess it in the same modified condition as man. Some climbing creatures indeed have entirely lost it, such as the lemurs of the old world. That indicates that the muscle cannot be serviceable for life on trees, its modification being the result of disuse when the progressive creature began to walk upright. Thus it is an inheritance, common indeed to man and apes, but derived from some remote mammalian ancestor. So far from proving the ape to be father of the man, it suggests the contrary view. Both can claim a common ancestry in some long extinct mammalian form, but that is all. Though the servants may be right in inferring, from the fragmental remains of the Javan Pithecanthropus, that it was either the most man-like of apes or the most ape-like of men, the creature does not supply the missing link in a pedigree beginning in a simian and ending in home sapiens. The professor also tells us that the ex-

### Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

### Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Living apes are for the most part degenerate forms. Are we, then, to reverse the line of pedigree, and declare that an old-time self-indulgent race of men have degenerated into apes, as little Tom was taught, according to the "Water Babies"? But to check any human conceit which he may seem to have encouraged. Herr Klatatsch informs us that it is quite wrong to consider man, as a mammal, the most perfectly developed in every way. That is not true of his teeth and limbs; only in the matter of brain is the facile princeps. Well, it is a relief to get this admitted, and as for the other organs we concede much to animals which have to get their living by cracking nuts or gnawing bones; we do not profess to leap like tigers, run like deer, or climb like gibbons. In all these we grant the advantage to the savage and are aware that an accidental or nearly toothless being is to be the ultimate result of civilization. But, we suggest, is not the professor building up a very large superstructure on a rather small base? His argument, though it comes to a different conclusion, reminds us of the famous controversy in which Huxley and Owen once figured, as to whether the ape did or did not possess a small structure called a hippocampus in its brain, for on that depended whether or not the ape was the "long-lost brother" of man. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the professor has proved more than the most thoroughgoing evolutionist is ready to grant. The latter does not assert, so far as we know, that man's descended from a gorilla, or a chimpanzee, or an orang-outang. He holds rather that, as something happens in the great social scale, one branch of a family has greatly risen, while all the others have remained children of Gibeon. Charles Darwin stated this quite clearly in "The Descent of Man," and it is still generally accepted. As an evolutionist he admitted a kinship between all mammals, since their pedigrees had a common origin. Sometimes the parting had been remote, sometimes more recent. The platyrrhine and catarrhine monkeys are cousins of a distant degree, while man is nearer one of the latter, but nothing like a cousin-german. In fact to evolutionist, it would seem strange for ancestor to be flourishing side by side with their offspring for nature works very slowly and will not be hurried over the origin of a species.

**TO THE DEAF.**—A rich lady, cured of Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nichols' Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 730 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Bagley—I heard a funny story about a man and a mule; didn't tell you, did I?  
Ragley—Only once.

Tess—so Maud's married. They say her husband's a very clever man.

Jess—Clever? He's a regular genius. He has made every one of Maud's people like him from the start.

"I tell you said the village wit during a serious discussion of life to the circle of worthies in the grocery store. 'I tell you, a man is just what he eats. Now, you take a man who—'

"Say, Bill," interrupted Mr. Medders, "where do you buy all your chest-nuts?"

### APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.

Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochis, Penuryol, etc.  
Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada, Victoria, B. C., or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF TOILET & BATH REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

## HE WAS WITH KITCHNER.

An American Who Served With the British Troops—Came Home With the Canadians.

A man who attracted a good deal of attention in New York city the other day was E. D. Curran, on his way to his home in Atlanta, Ga., from the battlefields of South Africa. He wore a rather rusty but neatly fitting suit of khaki. Over his right shoulder, across the breast, and under the arm was suspended a broad bandolier as on the battlefield, except that no cartridges were in it. His calves were incased in brown leggings, and on his heels jingled heavy spurs. Perched jauntily on the side of his head was a British regimental forage cap of black, showing a bit of yellow ribbon, on which were the letters "K. H. K."

This is the uniform of "Kitchener's Horse," one of the most famous and hardest fighting cavalry regiments in the South African war, and the wearer is one of the survivors, of whom there are less than 200 out of a total of 1,320 officers and men forming the original body, and he is an American.

He fought with the regiment for 13 months, was in seven general engagements, besides a score of skirmishes, was wounded more or less seriously seven times, the last wound being a shot through the right lung, received at the battle of Zand river, which laid him up for good, and he was invalided home.

Curran said that he had seen so much of war that he didn't like even to talk about it. Finally he granted an interview to a Times reporter, in the course of which he said:

"I drifted from Atlanta into Mexico, and in 1896 I went from Vera Cruz to South Africa. I stuck to my business of rail-roading, and was foreman of a gang of workmen on a bridge on the Cape Town railway three miles from Kimberley in October, 1899, when the Boers began closing in on the place. Then I had the choice of three things—join the British, join the Boers, or get shot.

"I took chances with the British, and as 'Kitchener's Horse' came along then I joined Troop G, under Capt. Warren, formerly chief of police of Natal. We started right out on a month's trip through the rebel territory, and we fought in Doer, Britstown, Prieska, Thaba N'chu, Lindley, Heilbron, Bloemfontein and a dozen other places that I can't remember. We were in Gen. Ian Hamilton's column, and there were 20,000 men in it. We were being bothered all the time by the Boers, but half the time we didn't seem to be trying to stop them. We just kept marching on.

"I used to see the Boers. They would come up close to us, fire a volley, and then retreat. These were in sight every day. I used to say to the fellows around me, 'There are the Boers right out there. If we want them why don't we go right out and get 'em,' but we didn't seem to want 'em.

"I got my first wound in the battle of Thaba N'Chu—shot clean through the leg. Say, that was a hot battle, and it's all rot to talk of the British always being in the open. We got behind rocks every time, officers and all. It was a question of doing that or getting killed. Why, when them poppoms, or machine guns, of the Boers got at us, the way the bullets came was like getting money from home. There was no living unless you were behind something. I put my hat on a rock once and got it full of seventeen kinds of bullets before you could take a chew of tobacco. Capt. Warren was wounded in two places but he kept crawling about steadying the men by calling to them. The only man that flunked that day was Lieut. Kidd, an officer who always wore a big single eyeglass. Capt. Warren finally found him away back among the horses, which we had left in the rear before going into the fight.

"What are you doing here?" yelled the captain.

"I'm just minding the horses, captain," said Kidd, all a quiver.

"The captain drew his revolver and said: 'Lieutenant, if I didn't know your wife and children I'd blow your brains out.'

"Then he left him, and that's the last time we ever saw Lieutenant Kidd. He may have rushed forward and got killed, or he may have run the other way. We lost 200 men out of our regiment that day, but we won.

"Speaking about officers, we never paid much attention to them when we got into a fight. Most of the younger ones were fellows who had bought their commissions and hardly knew a rifle from a carbine. They'd stand behind a rock and say, 'I

say, men, move along that way,' or 'Hey, there, work o'ah to the left, will you?' We had business to attend to, and we just went whatever way gemed best.

"Some of these society chaps, however, would go right out in the open wearing their single eyeglasses and get shot down like men.

"There was some awfully hot fighting all around Dornkop, near Johannesburg, and I got a shot through the knee, and we lost a lot of men. I myself was detailed to bury 60 Scotch Highlanders in one day. Those Gordon Highlanders were the best fighters in the whole British army.

"The longest fight we were in was at Diamond Hill, 20 miles north of Pretoria. We fought two days and nights with Gen. Botha. The Kitchener Horse seemed to have the worst of that battle. On the first day they made us stand stock still, 50 feet apart for three hours, while other regiments were moving around to the enemy's rear. We were just picked off like ten pins. It's standing like that and being shot at that scares a man. It's the first time I ever got really scared sick.

"Finally we got the order to charge, and everything was all right again. Later in the day Lord Kitchener rode down the line and said he was proud to have a regiment like that bear his name. 'You stood like men,' said he. After he passed a little way I remarked to a friend, 'I stood because I was too scared to run.' The general heard me, turned and scowled, then smiled and rode on.

"On the second day of the battle a shell struck my horse 'Lightning' that had carried me 5,000 miles and into all my battles. The thing tore him all to pieces, and I dropped to the ground on a bed of blood and bones. I knew my luck was lost, and sure enough a little later a bullet tore through my right lung. That ended me and I was invalided by degrees to Cape Town, and later took passage on the transport Idabo for Halifax with the first Canadian contingent.

"What do I think of the British generals? Well, to begin with, I think Kitchener is the greatest soldier they have, and the coldest blooded, cruelest son of a gun that ever rode a horse. He looked on a company of men as so many sticks. I saw him once send 200 men up against a thousand or so to keep the enemy occupied hacking them to pieces while he got his big force in position.

"Lord Roberts is a good old fellow, but the soldiers all believe that Kitchener is the real man there. Roberts goes around in the field covered with medals and looks to me as if he had seen his most useful days.

"Gen. Ian Hamilton is a peculiar-looking man. I was his orderly for four weeks once. He has a withered arm and a head like a five-cent watermelon, but he's got plenty of sense.

"Speaking of the Boers, do you know what the British government ought to do with Gen. De Witt? They ought to take him to England and make him president of the biggest military academy there, to teach the English soldier how to shoot. The Boers are the best shots I ever saw, but they can't stand a charge. The British always went through them. At the battle of Zand river we had been fighting all day, from behind shelter, neither side doing much damage. I was lying alongside the Fifth Lancers, and heard them get permission to charge. Out they went with their long pikes, and I scurried along behind them. They went through the Boers in horrible fashion, spearing them like pigs. I saw one man on the Boer side drop his gun and, getting on his knees before a lancer, he yelled: 'For God's sake don't strike; I'm an Englishman.'

"You are not an Englishman now," said the lancer, and he ran the man through."

### A Oubers Of Sheriff.

Some years ago, when that indefatigable theatrical manager, 'Bob' Grau, was trying to educate bucolic New Englanders up to his standard of comic opera, he struck a snag in the handling of sheriffs save an exchange. The company was being 'wild-catted,' theatrical parlance, which means the advance agent was jumping from town to town, contracting dates as he went along, so that the company never knew exactly where they were to play over a week ahead.

The attraction was not meeting with the amount of success financially which Grau felt it was entitled to, and as a result attachments for unpaid hotel bills were the

order of the day. As each sheriff with his attachment would happen along, Grau could tell him how much more harm he would do by taking the receipts, pointing out to the minion of law and order the fact that he personally had sufficient funds to reach New York, but that if the sheriff satisfied his judgement it would mean the stranding of the company and the throwing on the town of a number of public charges.

Then Grau would tell him that if the sheriff would only march along with the show he could get his money a few towns ahead, incidentally adding that he would put him in the chorus at the regular pay for the time he worked. As each sheriff agreed, he was put in the chorus and a regular chorus man discharged and sent back to New York. This kept up for a couple of weeks, until the chorus was composed almost entirely of sheriffs. Feeling that the singing was not what it should be, Grau one day, in a fit of despair, went to a telegraph office and wired his advance agent as follows: "For heaven's sake book a town where the sheriff is a tenor; these are all baritones."

### THE SIBERIA OF TODAY.

A Land Filled With Thriving Villages and Giving Promise of Wealth.

"Ten years ago the name Siberia conjured up a picture of waste of snow and ice, boundless steppes and coasts with icebergs. Today this same Siberia is a land filled with thriving villages of peasant farmers, producing grain and vegetables in plenty, and giving promise of a mineral wealth which will astonish the world."

Thus United States Consul Thomas Smith at Moscow, in a graphic report to the department of State, contrasts Siberia as it was with Siberia as it is. The world has now to deal with a new factor, says Consul Smith. And a factor heretofore unconsidered, he points out, as is evidenced by the ignorance of the Russians themselves regarding affairs and conditions beyond their northern border land.

The lack of exploitation of evident mineral wealth as is to be found in Siberia is unparalleled in other parts of the civilized world, states the consul. Of these resources gold is by far the most important, and it is, curiously enough, the last developed.

Consul Smith says:

"Cities from 10,000 to 50,000 in inhabitants are now numerous in Siberia. Hotels supplied with comfortable rooms, restaurants which may truly be said in many cases to be palatial, electric lights and telephone connections are not difficult to find. One may now traverse Siberia with his hands folded if he so wishes; as the elegant weekly vestibule, supplied with bath, piano, dining room, leather sofas, easy chairs and observation car, the whole fitted with electric lights and call bells, rolls from Moscow to Irkutsk. The cost of this remarkable journey of 3,200 miles, including sleeper is but \$44, first class.

"To the majority of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg and Moscow, Siberia is as unknown as it is to the people of the mountain districts of Tennessee. When men of affairs in Moscow were asked what clothes to take to Siberia they replied that furs were always necessary on account of the intense cold. Actual experience in the city of Krasnoyarsk showed that the thermometer registered 110 degrees for days together in the months of August, and any clothes but those made of silk or linen were absolutely unendurable.

"But let Siberia speak for herself; let the globe trotter get away from the Cook agencies for a moment and see a new world, where elements of strength and virility soon to be felt in the struggle for existence are but waiting to develop under the touch of western enterprise. Some advance has already been made, as is evident when American mowing machines are seen rattling through the streets of Tomsk and a policeman may be noted riding a United States bicycle through the dusty highways of Krasnoyarsk. The beginnings are small, but the straws blow with the wind of progress."

### The Respectable Wolf.

The wolf has a bad name, and possibly has earned it; but even the wolf should have his due, and a writer in the Cosmopolitan has a word to say in his favor.

There have been respectable wolves. In fact, wherever by patience and kindness men have attempted to tame the wolf, they have succeeded. The animal has shown himself capable of domestication. It could hardly be otherwise, since wolves are social animals of high brain power.

Cases of domestication are not rare. Captain Hare, an Englishman of a well known Devonshire family, on his return from the Peninsular War, brought home a wolf he had caught young in the Sierra Morena. By kind treatment he had made it perfectly tame, and it had lived with him

on the same terms of affectionate familiarity as a favorite dog.

In many a mountain bivouac the soldier, his horse and his wolf had slept together beneath a friendly tree, or in a sheltered ravine, sharing weariness, scanty food and danger. During Captain Hare's furlough, part of which was spent in Bristol, his pet accompanied him in his daily promenade, it is said somewhat to the terror of the Bristol citizens, who cheerfully yielded it the sidewalk.

Upon his departure Captain Hare left his pet in the keeping of his friend, Sir Hugh Smith of Ashton Court. The faithful animal never ceased to sorrow over the separation, pacing before its kennel at the length of its tether the whole day long, and keeping always the sharpest lookout for strangers in the hope that among them its lost master might come at last.

Perhaps the most striking of all authenticated instances of the wolf's affection and faithfulness is one narrated by Culvier. The animal was brought up as a dog would have been. He followed his master and behaved in all respects like a well-trained dog. Being obliged to travel, his master presented him to the Menagerie du Rio. Here he remained for weeks, discontented and uneasy, pining and refusing food. Gradually he became reconciled, and attached himself to his keeper.

After eighteen months the master returned, and at the first sound of his voice the wolf sprang up with frantic joy. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his friend with caresses. A second separation brought the same symptoms of grief, from which he was aroused by the companionship of a dog.

Three years passed before the master again returned. He arrived at night, but his first word awakened the wolf, and glad cries came from the cage. When the door was opened the animal rushed forward and placed his forefeet on his master's shoulders, menacing the keepers who offered to remove him, and giving touching evidence of his joy and affection.

## FADING AWAY.

THE CONDITION OF YOUNG GIRLS WHO ARE ANAEMIC.

This Record is of Especial Value to Parents—It is a Message from a Mother to Mothers of Growing Girls.

Among the young girls throughout Canada who owe good health—perhaps life itself—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Hattie Althouse, Campden, Ont. When a representative called at the Althouse home to make enquiries as to the particulars of the cure, he was cordially received by Mrs. Althouse, who readily consented to give a statement for publication. "Up to the age of fourteen years," said Mrs. Althouse, "my daughter Hattie had always enjoyed the best of health. Then she began to complain of weakness, and grew pale and languid. We tried several medicines, but instead of helping her she was steadily growing worse, and we became alarmed and called in a doctor. He told us that her blood was in a very watery condition, and that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. She was under his care for several months, but still kept growing worse. She had become very pale, had no appetite, frequent headaches, and after even slight exertion her heart would palpitate violently. As time passed, she seemed to grow worse and worse, until at last she could scarcely move about, and would lie upon a sofa most of the day. At this juncture she had occasional fainting fits, and any fright, as from a sudden noise, would bring on slight attacks of hysteria. Both my husband and myself feared that she would not live more than a few months. It was while Hattie was in this condition that I read an account of a girl cured of a similar ailment through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Then I decided that Hattie should give them a trial, and procured three boxes; when she had used them there was an undoubted improvement in her condition, and we felt hopeful that she would regain her health. She continued using the pills, and from that on daily made progress toward complete recovery. Her appetite returned; color began to come back to her face, headaches disappeared, and in the course of a few months she was as well as ever she had been in her life. It is now more than two years since she discontinued the use of the pills, and in all that time has enjoyed the best of health, with absolutely no return of the trouble. I can scarcely say how grateful we feel for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for my daughter, and I would strongly urge mothers whose daughters may be ailing to give them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, and not experiment with other medicines."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, and thus reach the root of the disease. In the case of girls merging into womanhood they are almost indispensable, and their use is a guarantee to future health and strength. Other so-called tonic pills are mere imitations of this medicine and should be avoided. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post-paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Teacher—Bobby, can you tell me what the word "respect" means? Bobby—Yes, ma'am; it's the feeling a fellow only eight years old has for one who is eleven."

## HAPPY ARE THE MAKERS OF Mats Rugs and Carpets.

### DIAMOND DYES.

Give Them Special Fast Colors For Cotton Goods.

The dyeing of Cotton rags for the making of Mats, Rugs and Carpets was for years a difficult and very unsatisfactory operation owing to the crude and common dyestuffs home dyers were obliged to use.

By the introduction of the special Diamond Dye Fast Colors for Cotton, the work of dyeing is now a source of pleasure and profit to every home.

The manufacturers of the famed Diamond Dyes prepare special Cotton colors such as Fast Pink, Fast Orange, Fast Purple, Fast Garnet, Fast navy, Fast Crimson, Fast seal Brown, Fast Yellow, Fast Scarlet, Fast Cardinal, Fast Turkey Red, Fast Dark Green, Fast Black and other colors that are un fading in washing or when exposed to sun.

No other dyes in the world can give such marvellous and pleasing results on Cotton goods. Ask your dealer for the Fast Diamond Dye Cotton colors; take no other make.

### THE TELEPHONE.

Vast Increase of the Telephone Business of the U. S. With Capital Represented.

C. J. Glidden, president of the Erie Telephone & Telegraph company, stated recently that the year 1900 would show the largest development of the telephone field since the invention of the telephone, the amount invested by that time being \$200,000,000, and that next year would see some remarkable combinations of electrical properties in various sections of the United States. The growth this year in the United States would, he said, be not far from 240,000 subscribers, and the investment of all properties in the neighborhood of \$50,000,000, \$38,000,000 of which would be for switchboards, \$10,000,000 for long-distance lines and \$2,000,000 for real estate. Speaking of the Erie system he said:

"The Erie system now operates 136,000 subscribers in eight states, and will close the year with a list connected and waiting connection of 150,000, or a gain during the year of about 37,000. The work done throughout the territory is of a most substantial character. The new relay switching apparatus is being installed at all points in the company's fireproof buildings on land owned by the company. At present, we have 66 buildings valued at about \$2,000,000, located in cities where the underground system has been established. Our development this year will cost at least \$7,000,000, \$2,000,000 of which goes into the long distance lines; the total number of miles in operation will not be far from 250,000. The telephone business of the United States has only reached a 25 per cent. development, considering that San Francisco and Los Angeles have reached possibly 75 per cent. development; San Francisco has 20,690 subscribers, population 342,000; Los Angeles 7800 subscribers, population 102,000."

The telephone has new uses every day, and with each addition to its field, the simplicity makes people wonder why it was not tried before, and what the limit of its use really is. One of the latest applications is a device which enables the conductor of a trolley car to talk to the officers of the company, and is applied on the St. Louis, St. Charles & Western railroad in the Missouri. In each car is placed a telephone box of the usual type, containing receiver and transmitter, but without the regular bottom box for the battery. In place of this the ground wire, which is concealed, is connected with the ground wire of the propelling motor, and the other wires, which are also hidden, and led through the car into the vestibule, where they are socketed to connect with the plugs on the device for making contact with overhead wires on the poles.

Seeker—Where did the first trust originate?

Sage man—In Rhode Island? Are you sure of that?

Sage man—Quite positive; as far back as I can remember there has always been a trust in Providence.

Hingso—Yes, I let my wife bowl all she wants.

Jango—Why?

Hingso—I twit her about her strength and bet she can't carry up the coal from the cellar.

Mrs. Younghub—John, won't you walk with the baby for a while?

Younghub—No.

Mrs. Younghub—Half of him is yours. Younghub—Well, you let my halt holler.

"What did you stow that clock in the room for?" "Jane?" "Blessus, mum, the plaguery thing has some sort of a fit every mornin' morn, just when I want to sleep."



A Unanimous Vote.

After three weeks Reuben Piper had found the Red Oak district school hard to control. Indeed, it had the reputation of being the worst school in the country, and Reuben was a gentle-spirited elderly man in rather feeble health.

'I'm mighty afeard he's too lakin' in grit to manage Sam Tobey and Lem Lawson and Jake Bender. If them three boys could be made to tow the mark, it would be no great job to manage the rest of the school,' Hiram Pike had said.

It soon became evident that Reuben Piper would be unable to make these three boys tow the mark. He had not the physical strength to thrash them, and his kindness they regarded as proof that he was afraid of them.

Philena walked into the schoolhouse, and five minutes later she appeared at the door with the bell in her hand. She rang it vigorously for a moment, and the boys and girls filed in to their seats with less noise and confusion than usual.

Then she said: 'I suppose that you are rather surprised to see me here today. I have come because my father is sick. He is too ill to be up today, and I have come to take his place. I have helped him a little in other schools. Father has written down the order of exercises, so I know just how to go ahead with the recitations.'

She glanced at the slip of paper in her hand and said: 'I see that the A B C class recites first. Will that class please come forward, and will the rest of you please attend to your lessons?'

No teacher who had ever stood on that platform had shown greater self-control. It irritated Sam Tobey to see her so manifestly confident.

He leaned across the aisle and whispered to Lem Lawson: 'Thinks she's mighty smart, don't she?'

Philena's voice, clear and commanding, rang out: 'Will that large boy on the rear seat in the third aisle stop whispering?'

Sam turned red, giggled and hid his face behind his geography. Jake Bender leaned across the aisle to say something to Sam, but before he could speak, Philena rapped on the desk sharply with her ruler.

'I want that Bender boy there to attend to his lessons,' she said. 'Whispering in school is contrary to rules. It makes confusion and annoys those who are trying to study. Please do not do it.'

Sam Tobey scrawled on his slate and held it up so that Lem Lawson could read: 'She is beginning to weaken. She said "please." I'll make her eat humble pie before night! She can't bulldoze me! She's too smart!'

The school was more quiet and orderly during the next hour. Those piercing, disconcerting black eyes of Philena's were fixed on a boy the moment he became idle or noisy. She went about her work with perfect self-confidence. And Sam Tobey grew more and more vexed to see that she had the school well in hand.

It was almost time for the noon recess when Sam rose from his seat and sauntered down the aisle toward the door. Philena called out when he was half way down the aisle: 'Sam Tobey, go back to your seat and ask permission before you leave it!'

'I'm going to get a drink.' 'You can wait for a drink until recess. You are breaking the rules.'

'Bah! I ain't held by the rules. When I want a drink I get it. I'm going to get one now.'

He swaggered toward the water-pail. Philena watched him, with no trace of fear in her face and little of excitement. But when Sam was within three feet of the pail she darted forward, seized the large, long-handled tin cupper and gave the amazed boy a resounding whack on the head with it.

The dipper was partly filled with water, which drenched Sam's red face, and caused him to gasp and sputter as he reeled back over a bench and sprawled at full length on the floor. Philena went back to the platform.

Go back, or I will lash you all the way there! She drew the rawhide up as if to strike, and Sam dodged and stepped back. He had no mind to feel that scourge around his ears. But thinking he must make some show of audacity, he turned and called out weakly:

'Come, Jake and Lem and the rest of you! Let's put her out! Let's show her who is boss here!'

'O yes, Jake and Lem and the rest of you, do come and help this manly fellow to fight one girl! What a fine and splendid thing it would be for you to help him put me out! Do come—this rooster is afraid of the hen!'

Philena spoke with such withering laughter in her tones, that the whole school laughed, and none responded to Sam's appeal. He stood, twisting his hands together, a picture of cowardice and rage.

Then Philena threw the rawhide at Sam's feet. 'There!' she said. 'Now you have the rawhide. Pick it up and you will be just as much afraid of me as you are now, you great coward! Why you couldn't fight anybody single-handed! You would annoy and torment and put out my father, a sick man, who would be your good friend, if you would let him. Let any boy or girl in this school answer this: Has my father ever harmed one of you? Up with your hands if he has!'

'Not a boy or a girl held up a hand. 'Very well,' said Philena. 'Now be fair and honest to him, and answer me this: Has he not always been kind and fair in his treatment of you? If he has been, up with your hands!'

Nearly every hand in the room went up. Some of the larger girls, who longed for peace and order in the school, held up both hands, and some of them cried out: 'Yes, he has!' He has been the kindest and best teacher we ever had!'

'Thank you,' said Philena. Her voice was less harsh when she turned to Sam and said: 'Why didn't you hold up your hand? What charge of unkindness or of unfairness have you to make against my father?'

Sam hung his head in sullen silence. It was now time for the recess, and Philena said: 'Now, boys and girls, my father is sick. He has been made so poorly by the unnecessary care and trouble brought upon him by a few boys in this school. It was cruel of them. They know they were mean to him. Well, I have been to see Mr. Pike, and he says that I may take my father's place for the present if I can control the school. I believe that I can do it in some better way than by fighting with unruly boys. There is no reason why we should have any more trouble. I wish what is fair and right if you will. But I am perfectly able to defend myself against abuse or ill treatment of any kind. All that I ask is fair treatment. Shall I have it?'

Up went nearly every hand in the room. Even Lem Lawson's hand went up this time, his sister Jane, who sat near him, commanding him in pantomime.

'We might as well make this unanimous,' said Philena, cheerily. 'Only Sam here and Jake Bender have refused to hold up their hands. Come, now, boys; help us to make it a unanimous vote.'

There was not a trace of resentment in her voice. A well-disposed boy sitting behind Jake took his arm and held it up, and Jake allowed it to remain in the air when the boy had withdrawn his hand. Sam glanced around for a moment, and then his hand went up with the others.

Philena clasped her hands joyfully and cried out: 'A unanimous vote! Thank you! Thank you! School is dismissed!'

Philena taught that school the rest of the term, and when it came to an end Hiram Pike said to her: 'I'm right sorry your pa's no better, but you give us the best term of school we have had for years. If you want the school next term you can have it, at an advance of ten dollars a month on your salary. I guess you'd get a unanimous vote if the scholars had their say so.'

ALASKA INDIANS.

Odd Ways of Two Tribes Which Mutually Depulse Each Other.

The Indians of the interior of Alaska are known as the Stick Indians, says a returned Alaska pioneer, and it is against tradition or some unwritten law for them to go to the coast, or for the Siwash or Coast Indians to go to the interior.

The two tribes trade together, meeting for that purpose at a certain line in the mountains. If the Siwash Indians find a Stick Indian on their side of the line and capture him he becomes a slave to his captors. The same fate awaits a Siwash captured in the Stick Indian country.

The Siwash looks upon a Stick as an inferior, and no greater indignity can be put on a Siwash than to be called a Stick Indian.

The Stick Indian holds himself towards the Siwash in the same manner, and regards it as a reproach to be called a Siwash. When the first prospectors went into the Yukon region they found stones piled here and there in a peculiar manner, and wondered how they came to be there and why.

It was learned after a while that these stone piles indicated the boundaries of the Indian hunting grounds. Each family has its own area set apart for its hunting ground, and the boundary lines are run out regularly and marked. No Indian ever is known to cross the line of another family's ground to hunt.

Each family or tribe has its medicine man, and that individual is the gentleman of the tribe. He never works, nor makes any move to provide his own victuals, and as his son will be his successor when the medicine man dies, the

son takes life easy, too, and is looked up to by the rest of the Indians. One of the duties of the medicine man is to "make medicine" to fetch the game around. To do this he lies in his tent and groans and grunts and growls all night. The pretty part of this act is, although the lay Indian doesn't seem to be able to see it, that the medicine man knows just the season when game may be expected, and he never begins to pass through the tribulation of "making medicine" to fetch it until these seasons are on. As soon as the groaning, grunting and growling cease the Indian hunters may go out and hunt, but the medicine man never hunts. They fetch him the best the chase affords, and he lies back and enjoys it. When the medicine man doctor a sick Indian, if the Indian does not get well it is because he has not been good to the devil. To be good to the devil is the basis of the Siwash religion, for the devil is the only one that can make him trouble.

AN OFFICER'S MISTAKE.

But then a Negro, a Neg, and Midlight are a Bad Combination.

'Now, then, I've caught you in the act!' exclaimed the policeman as he came upon a colored man who was just coming out of an alley at midnight with something in a bag.

'Yes, sah, you've got me,' was the reply. 'I've been laying for you for a dozen nights past, and here you are at last! How many you got in that bag?'

'Only one, sah. 'Got a tooth for chicken, eh? 'Yes, sah; I'd rafe fond o' chicken, sah. But de price is awful high dis winter. 'We'll see about the price. Anyone with you?'

'No, sah. 'Got scared before you filled the bag eh? Well, you come along with me. 'Yes, sah—whar you gwine to? 'I'm going to ring up the wagon and have you taken in. The judge will put you where you won't taste chicken again for three months. Where did you get it?'

'De chicken, sah? 'Yes. 'Hain't got none, boss. I dun tote you de price was so high dis winter dat I couldn't afford chicken. 'So you don't call this a chicken?' exclaimed the officer as he reached for the bag and shook the contents out on the walk.

'No, sah,' replied the man as a big black and white cat was dumped out with a yowl and ran up the officer's body to his head and sprang into the limbs of a shade tree.

'No, sah,' he went on as he reached for the bag and folded it up; 'no, sah, dat ain't no chicken, but an ole cat dat I was carryin' off to get lost. Can't dun make out, sah, how you calls dat a chicken, but if you says so I hain't gwine to dispute it. As I told you befo'—'

But the officer raised him one and ordered him to move on.

A Two-Handed Artist.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the animal painter, had a wonderful command over his left as well as his right hand. Harper's Young People tells an anecdote illustrative of the artist's ambidexterity.

At a gathering in London, a lady remarked that nobody had ever yet been able to draw two things at once.

'You are mistaken, madam,' said Landseer. 'If you will lend me two pencils, I will show you.'

The two pencils were produced, and the artist, sitting down before a table, drew with his right hand the profile of a stag's head, antlers and all, while at the same time, and without hesitation, his left hand produced the head of a horse. Both pictures are said to have been perfect in every detail.

Catching Lions by the Tail.

A Mr. Freeman, who visited South Africa in the first half of the century, was able to gather much information about life and sport in that country. He gives his authority for a most singular mode of attack upon the lion.

Mr. Lemue, who formerly resided at Motito, and is familiar with the Kalahari country, assured me that the remarkable accounts sometimes circulated as to the people of that part of Africa catching lions by the tail, and of which, I confess, I was very incredulous, were perfectly true. He well knows that the method prevailed, and was certainly not uncommon among the people.

Lions would sometimes become extremely dangerous. Having become accustomed to human flesh, they would not willingly eat anything else. When a neighborhood became infested, the men would determine on the measures to be adopted to rid themselves of the nuisance. Then forming themselves into a band, they would proceed in search of their royal foe.

As the men stood close by one another, the lion would make a spring on some one of the party—every man, of course, hoping that he might escape the attack—when instantly others would dash forward and seize his tail close to the body, lifting him up with all their might. Thus they not only astonished the animal and took him absolutely off his guard, but they rendered his efforts powerless for the moment. Other men closed in with their spears, and pierced the monster through and through.

All this was done, not for the exciting pleasure of a lion-hunt nor as an exhibition of prowess, but to rid the neighborhood of the villages of a dreadful enemy, and to save the men themselves from becoming in their turn the breakfast or the supper of this monarch of the desert.

Trucules of Pioneering.

Whatever may be said of the comfort convenience and other good qualities of the masculine shirt-waist, the fact remains that it is having to fight its way into public favor, with the chances thus apparently against it.

'Boys,' said a passenger in a rowded car, as two young men entered, get up and give them your seats?'

'What for papa?' asked one of the two lads to whom the passenger had spoken. 'They are not ladies. 'They are next thing to it,' he rejoined. 'Can't you see they've got shirt-waists on?'

And the boys obeyed.

Irresponsibility.

'They say,' remarked the very cynical person, 'that in this corrupt and superficial age, the great object is not to be found out.'

'That shows you have very little experience with bill collectors,' answered the impetuous friend. 'My great object is not to be found in.'

'O! about my engagement? Yes, what of it? 'You know you told me to keep it 'way down in my boots. Well, I'm afraid I lost it.'

'Home again, eh? How did you enjoy the ocean voyage? 'Don't mention it. Remember that secret you told me just before I started?'

BORN.

Kentville, Nov 4, to the wife of Wm Corey, a son. Middle town, Nov 14, to the wife of C G Gower, a son. Kentville, Nov 1 to Dr and Mrs Saunders, a daughter. North Sydney, Nov 12, to Dr and Mrs Burchell, a son. Bonaventure, Nov 5, to Mr and Mrs McDiarmid, a son. Salem, Mass, Nov 1, to Mr and Mrs J Arthur, a daughter. Charlottetown, Nov 11, to the wife of Mr W Ross, a son. Oxford, Nov 9, to Mr and Mrs W M Connagher, a daughter. California, Sept 15, to Mr and Mrs Wm Lane, a daughter. Halifax, Nov 14, to Mr and Mrs R J Power, a daughter. Bontouch, Nov 8, to Dr and Mrs D V Landry, a daughter. Shediac, Oct 16, to Mr and Mrs Francis Melanson, a daughter. Massow, Nov 12 to Mr and Mrs Charles Sutherland, a son. Cape Breton, Nov 5, to the wife of John McDiarmid, a son. Margareville, Nov 11, to Mr and Mrs Joseph Cleveland, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Bridgetown, Nov 8, Marion Munroe to Chas Hoyt. Pictou, Nov 12, by Rev Fr Chisholm, Geo Ryan to Jessie Gillis. Halifax, N. Y. 14, by Rev J Duxan, Irwin Pentz to Ida McDonald. Pictou, Aug 7, by Rev J Cairns, James McDiarmid to Grace Smith. Yarmouth, Oct 6, by Rev W Parker, Wm White to Julia Smith. Halifax, Nov 16, by Rev J Duxan, George Burgess to Isabel Young. Halifax, Nov 7, by Rev Wm Forbes Joseph Green, to Mahalia White. Digby, Nov 6, by Rev Mr Turner, L D M Mullen to Lydia Mallan. Truro, Nov 1, by Rev T Davies, Joseph Miller to Lucy Hennigar. Lynn, Mass, by Rev L R Greene, Andrew Stewart to Madeline Allen. Windsor, Nov 10, by Rev J A Mosher, Robert Foster to Maud Trider. North Sydney, Nov 12, by Rev F Young, Charles Lake to Bertha Lake. Windsor, Nov 10, by Rev J A Mosher, Robert Foster to Annie Trider. Hill Grove, Nov 8, by Rev W L Parker, Amos Waine to Annie Amoro. New Glasgow, Nov 8, by Rev A Logers, Joseph Eyles to Gertrude De-mal. Hill Grove, N. S., Nov 8, by Rev W L Parker, A Waine to Annie Amoro. Annapolis, Nov 8, by Rev L Tingley, Wallace Eulley to Eunice Dares. Halifax, Nov 15, by Rev W J Amattage, Edward Keele, to Minnie Outaway. Preston, Nov 18, by Rev E Dixon, Joseph Frevaux to Eliza Thomson. Bridgewater, Nov 3, by Rev H Burgess, Minta Padgett to A Collahaw. Brooklyne, Nov 7, by Rev W Tinker, Burgess M Blackader to Adella Crosby. Charlottetown, P. E. I., Nov 1, by Rev J McConnell, Mr A Thatcher to Miss Nellie. Alexandria, P. E. I., Nov 14, by Rev J Spur, Sigmund McLennan to Ada Judson. Roxbury, Mass, Nov 7, by Rev A McKinnon, D. Livingston to Sarah McDonald. Roxbury, Mass, Nov 7, by Rev A McKinnon, Malcolm Hamilton to Flora McKinnon. Weymouth Falls, Nov 7, by Rev F Langford, Freeman Pleasant to Lottie Crumwell. Dorchester, Nov 14, by Rev Byron Thomas, J. Edward B Herd to Gussie Buck. Moncton, Nov 14, by Rev J Robinson, Edward Embree to Elsie May McLellan.

Stuhenacadie, Oct 31, by Rev John Murray, Mr Henry Eter to Miss Olive Withrow. Yokohama, Japan, Aug 12, by Rev Henry Loomis, Rev D M McRae, to Edith Sutherland. Blissville, Sunbury Co. Nov 14, by the Rev H B Dibble, Rodolph Phillips to Clara Knorr.

DIED.

Boston, Nov 11, Urania McFay. Boston, Nov 9, Susan Crowl, 65. Little River, Robert Embree, 80. Oxford, Nov 5, Thomas Smith, 17. Truro, Nov 18, Robert Smith, 64. Halifax, Mrs May Hatcher, 22. St. John, Nov 23, Thomas B Leck, 23. Tantallon, Oct 24, Mrs John Hesterman. Halifax, Nov 19, Miss Sarah Croxton. Centerville, Nov 12, David Kieup, 88. Amherst, Nov 17, Margaret Tower, 27. Br. d'water, Nov 11, S. Jomon Bent, 66. Halifax, Nov 17, Miss Agnes Bayou, 17. Beverly, Mass., Mrs Emma Line Seeger, 78. Rosererville, Nov 6, Michael Dragan, 67. Back Lands C B, Mrs A McKenzie, 22. Beverly, Mass, Nov 2, Sarah Carrie, 61. Everett, Mass, Nov 13, Mr Percy Graves. Moncton, Nov 16, Wesley McFarlane, 64. Truro, Nov 16, George W McElhenny, 46. Boston, Nov 7, Mrs Minerva Archibald, 47. Lower Oshlow, Nov 18, Hunter C Barnhill, 47. Chatham, Nov 9, Mrs Charles Stewart, 81. Yarmouth, Nov 14, Capt George Lovitt, 73. River Falls, Oct 27, Mrs Ann Fillmore, 85. Pasadena, California, Nov 10, John W Fyke. Yarmouth, Oct 29, Deacon George Saxton, 79. Kennebec Corner, Nov 7, albro M Singer, 32. Eastern Passage, Nov 17, James Glasgow, 40. New Ross, N. S., Nov 7, Edmund J Johnson, 39. Manassas, Virginia, Oct 9, Joseph D McNeil, 44. Sydney Mines, Nov 2, James Leonard, McIntyre. Falls Co Chester, Nov 10, Elizabeth Matheson, 72. Halifax, Nov 14, Sophia, wife of Michael Bent, 65. Moncton, Nov 16, Lizzie, wife of Charles Elliott, 68. Chatham, Nov 16, Marjory wife of Wm Johnston, 86. Black River, Nov 11, Capt William McNaughton, 64. Southbridge, Mass, Nov 8, Mrs Lillian McLaughlin, 40. Cambridge, Nov 9, Abigail, wife of Prince W Penney, 55. St. John, Nov 17, Fannie, wife of Jeremiah Thompson, 59. Halifax, Nov 17, Charlotte, wife of William A McLeod, 54. Lockeport, Oct 30, Alice Mand, wife of Freeman Sutherland, 56. Pleasant Valley, N. S., Nov 9, Melinda, wife of Joseph Masou. Chatham, Nov 16, Johanna, widow of the late James Eikin, 65. Little Bras d'Or, Nov 10, Mary, widow of the late John Johnson, 81. Bear River, Nov 11, Mercy, widow of the late Edward Barreux, 88. Riverside, N. S., Nov 11, Mary A widow of the late William Murphy, 75. Halifax, Nov 19, Caroline, daughter of Mr and Mrs Charles Killy, 17.

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Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY Nov. 22nd, 1900 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax. Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Acadia. Express for Moncton and Point du Cap. Express for Sussex. Express for Quebec and Montreal. A through sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2:00 o'clock for Halifax, Verulamie, Dinning and sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex. Express from Quebec and Montreal. Accommodation from Moncton. Express from Halifax. Express from Pictou. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Nov. 22, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.