

# PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## HE DID NOT SALUTE HIM.

OFFICER BURKE WAS TOO DULL TO SEE HIS CHIEF.

And the latter asked for his resignation—Indignant Aldermen Call Him to Order and Pass Strong Resolutions in Earnest. The City Will Ask For a Change.

Gilson and Burke are no longer on the police force.

Both of them, it was stated, "handed in their resignations."

That was the "official" bulletin and the public was expected to receive it as truth.

Part of it was correct but the men in question handed in their resignations because the chief asked them to.

The request was made of Gilson because a man named Cox came to town and made a charge against him, which if true, was sufficient to cause his dismissal. Whether Gilson did not care to wait for an investigation and the publicity attached to it or whether the charge was true is not stated but his "resignation" went in.

This was nearly ten days ago and the chief got the daily papers to make an announcement that the next man he wanted was a small giant—he must be nearly six feet tall weigh nearly 200 pounds and not over 27 years of age.

That narrowed down the list for applicants very considerably but why there should be any applicants at all was what puzzled the aldermen. When Sergeant Owens resigned special officer Johnson was promptly appointed and so far as dimensions go the present requirements of the chief in comparison with his, provoke a smile. No fault could be found with the stature of special officer Rankine and his friends were confident that he would get the appointment.

But the programme of the chief could not be marked down for him in that fashion and a Milford stalwart, Sullivan by name, with plenty of height, circumference and averdupois was sworn in to take the place of Gilson.

This was in defiance of the resolution passed by the board of safety of which the chief was notified and in consequence there was a rumpus in the common council Thursday about the matter.

A good many of the aldermen "wanted to know" and the discussion that ensued was far from complimentary to the chief. Alderman Christie was especially severe in his remarks and there did not seem to be any objection to them on the part of the other aldermen. Altogether it was a bad

half hour for the chief of police. He declared it a scandalous thing that ratepayers of the city should be overlooked and a man appointed who had to pay a license in order to go upon the force. Moreover he expressed his opinion—and he is a medical man—that a good man five feet ten inches in height with other necessary qualifications was big enough for the force.

Every time the chief has appeared before the safety board or the council he has always been full of protestations of his

willingness to work in union and harmony with the aldermen, still this is not the first occasion upon which he has shown them the discourtesy of ignoring their recommendations. It was said that because Johnson was placed upon the regular force after Sergeant Owens resigned, that there was a feeling in favor of the appointment of a catholic when Gilson resigned, still the feeling did not seem to be in the majority in the safety board, because the recommendation of that body was very distinct

## DON'T LIKE ALDERMEN.

MAGISTRATE RITCHIE GETS A CHANCE AT ONE AGAIN.

And Alderman A. W. Macrae Returns the Compliment at the Council Meeting the Same Afternoon—They Wait Returns Promptly.

The magistrate does not seem to have the highest opinion of the aldermen of the city—as such.

He and Alderman Macrae had a sharp tiff in the city court room on Thursday and he referred to the latter as an alderman though he was before him simply as a barrister.

The facts in brief are that Mr. Macrae and Mr. Mullin went before the magistrate awaiting a decision in a case that had been going on for some time and the magistrate seemed to be very much in doubt. First he was disposed to favor Mr. Macrae and said if he would take the risk he would give judgment in his favor. Mr. Macrae was willing and then when Mr. Mullin protested against the reason that the magistrate gave for making such a decision Mr. Macrae was told he could withdraw the case or submit to a non suit. He was naturally astonished at this change and told the magistrate that he thought it was unfair. Then in the words of the reporter the magistrate said "I consider your statement impertinent and though you are an alderman I have a good mind to commit you for contempt."

Mr. Macrae attempted to make some answer to this but the magistrate interrupted him, refusing to listen and ordered him from the court.

The lawyer retired in good order after a courteous salutation to the court.

Now comes the sequel. Mr. Macrae is an alderman and a very aggressive one when he takes the notion. There was to be a meeting of the council that afternoon and he found out from the chamberlain just how the magistrate stood with the city in regard to the remittance of fines &c. collected in the police court. He must have discovered that the receipts for the month of November were not landed in because he moved a resolution that afternoon instructing the chamberlain to take the necessary steps to compel payment.

The union act leaves no doubt on this question for it says that the money must be paid right over after the first of the month to the chamberlain and it would appear that the returns for November were not in on December 15.

That is nothing new as far as the readers of PROGRESS are concerned because some time ago when the magistrate took issue with the council on the appointment of an officer to the mayor's office the question came up but nothing definite was done about it. Now, however, resolutions have not only been passed calling upon the magistrate to be prompt but the council seeks to add to the law that it as well as the government may impose a penalty if the magistrate does not do so.

This seems to be but the beginning of a strong attempt that will be made to keep the officials appointed by the government to the line. The council seems to have much trouble with the officials who are not responsible to them. There is but little division of opinion regarding the appointment of the chief of police, the great majority feeling that it should rest with the city. There are some who imagine that if that was the case the aldermen would be pestered all the time for police court favors. That is an absurd idea. If they had the right sort of a man no favor that cannot be obtained now would be obtained then. This idea has been industriously boomed by the supporters of the chief who do not want to see him come under the sole control of the people who pay him.

The fact that he ignores the suggestions and recommendations of the aldermen sometimes leads to resolutions that are necessary to remind him that although he may appoint as many new men as he pleases the council regulates the number they will pay and the amount they shall give them. This led to the resolution moved by Alderman Maxwell and passed by the council which practically ties the hands of the chief so far as new men are concerned, and makes the appointment of Sullivan null and void unless the Milford man wants to work for nothing.

As the chief wants a good sized force he won't be so ready to ask for resignations and the days of Officers Boyle and McDonald may yet be prolonged. Surely it was a curt Christmas box for them to ask for their resignations. Did the chief at the same time intimated to them that he would hand over their share of the police fund?

Will You Observe Sunday or Monday?

Many people are going to eat their Christmas dinner on Sunday this year and many others will observe Monday but whether Sunday or Monday the splendid beef and turkey in Thomas Dean's stall in the country market will appear on hundreds of boards.



MARGARET ANGLIN

PROGRESS presents to its readers this week a picture of Miss Margaret Anglin, the charming St. John actress who is this year Mansfield's leading woman and who is said to be the youngest and handsomest leading lady on the American stage. Miss Anglin's bright graceful work in Christopher Jr., and The Mysterious Mr. Bugle here last spring will be well remembered and now the people of her native city, have cause to feel proud of her success as Roxana in Cyrano de Bergerac. In this character Miss Anglin has suddenly

risen to a conspicuous place among the leading players of America. It is only four years since she made her first appearance in New York in the play of Shenandoah but since then she has played many parts her most important engagement being with James O'Neill and E. H. Sothern. In the latter company she once played the part of Lady Ursula in the Adventure of Lady Ursula, at only an hour's notice, with a charm and distinction prophetic of her present performance of Roxana.

## Where Will They Play?

HALIFAX, Dec. 15.—There is serious trouble among the members of the Crescent A. A. club, and the split is of such a nature that unless it is soon patched up, there will be no hockey team this season. The whole trouble is over the rinks. Some of the members want to play in the old rink of which H. B. Clarke is the lessee, while others want to make the new rink which is under the management of John Mullane the home rink. Ever since the visit of the team to St. John last season there has been trouble brewing, and the members of the club and players on the team have not been getting along in harmony. There was a little unpleasantness occurred on the trip and the party who suffered then told some of his friends on his return that he would get square if it took him a whole year to do so and he has kept his word. It was also understood that there was an under hand attempt to freeze out the captain of last year's team, and not give him a chance among the chosen seven this year, but matters took a sudden change and now the majority of the members can see "through the whole scheme. As is customary a committee was appointed to select the team, and also make the best possible arrangements for a successful season both financially and otherwise. The committee held a meeting and considered the tenders that were submitted by the lessees of the two rinks. Clark offered a greater percentage than did his rival, and on this ground many were disposed to favor his tender. On the other hand Mullane had treated the team fairly well last year, and several of the committee thought it would be unfair to go back on him now. As there was a difference of opinion, it was decided to test the matter by a vote. There were just nine present, and the vote

stood four to four, and the chairman gave his casting vote in favor of Clark's tender. The chairman was J. Scriven, and the others who voted for the above tender were Graham, Bishop, Ruder and Glassey. It was generally understood that the Crescent Club as a whole would endorse the decision reached by the committee, but such was not the case. Clarke was notified that his tender had been accepted, but it was not official. It was also publicly announced that the team would play in the old rink, but it will not, as later developments will show. The matter has again been opened up, and from the present indications, two teams may be formed from the club. The committee met again, to reconsider its former action, and as a result several of the members changed their minds, and decided to make the north end rink their home rink, during the hockey season. This sudden change fell like a bomb shell upon the other members who favored Clark's tender, and they are very much displeased, in fact so much so that they are about to resign from the club. They claim that the action taken was both ungentlemanly and unbusiness like, after Mr. Clarke had been notified of the acceptance of his tender, and that in the face of that they could no longer remain with the club. Those who are resigning have been connected with the club for years, and both Scriven and Glassey are officers. Mullane the captain of the last year's team will not play with this year's team unless the new rink is positively made the home rink. The difficulty has not yet been settled, and it is doubtful if it will be. It is also stated that some further changes will take place in the personal of the team, and more trouble is anticipated.

and certain. Alderman Maxwell made the statement at the meeting of the council that Burke did not hand in his resignation in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but that the chief asked him to do so, and refused the man any reason for his action. Since then it has been discovered that Burke was asked to resign because the chief thought he was "too dull," and the question arose as to whether his "dullness" was not attributed to the fact that upon one occasion when the chief was on the opposite side of the street, the officer did not see him and salute him. The aldermen did not confine this statement to Burke alone, but said that it was equally true of other officers. This brought forth indignant remarks from many of the aldermen, and the chairman of the treasury made the important motion that the Bills and By-Laws Committee prepare a resolution amending the union act and vesting the appointment of the chief in the council of St. John. This met with such approval that it passed after a light discussion, though the mayor and Alderman-at-Large Purdy did not appear to approve exactly of the proposition.

### Wanted to Raise the Wind.

One gets a fair idea of the sharp look out the saloon men have to keep for the interdiction when the act of one Daen one evening this week is explained. Without being "on the list" he represented that he was, and after getting a drink demanded two dollars of Thomas Haley instead of making a report. He struck the wrong man. Instead of paying up Haley followed him with an officer and caught him. He tried the same game on Mr. Cronin but the latter could not see why he should be blackmailed in that fashion. So Daen is behind the bars and the charge of obtaining money under false pretences is against him. In the meantime the saloon men are looking over their lists and guessing when the next "unknown" will come along and try the same game.

Books, Toys, Dolls, Annuals, Lowest Prices, at McArthur's Book Store, 90 King Street.

## Who Stole The Rum?

HALIFAX, Dec. 14.—Who stole the rum? That is what Mr. Hesslein, R. A. McDonald, Dillon Bros. and several other dealers would like to find out at the present time, and no doubt if they did, they would in all probability make it interesting for some one. Large quantities of liquor of various kinds have been stored for quite a long time in the government bonded warehouse on Corbett's wharf, and up to last week everything was found to be O. K. there. The startling discovery however was made the other day, that someone had been tampering with the liquor in the various packages. First it was found that several bottles of gin had been removed from the cases which were the property of McDonald. Who ever took it must have been an expert at the business as he completely covered up his tracks, so as not to leave the slightest clue for either the custom officials or the police to work upon. This discovery was only a mild one when compared with the developments that followed a short time after. Some of the merchants are in the habit of importing large quantities of liquor at one time, and leaving it in the bonded warehouses to mature. They only remove the cases or cases as they require them, and consequently there is always more or less in the warehouses. On the day referred to one of the government gaugers was sent down to the warehouses to test some rum there that was the property of Mr. Hesslein, and to his surprise he found that there had been some person there testing it before him. Something was radically wrong with this case of rum, and a hasty and more closer examination of the contents were made, but the result was the same in both cases. It was soon seen that someone had been getting free rum by some unexplained means, and good rum

at that. The rum in this case was supposed to be 40 per cent over proof but the best it would go on the guger's test was three under. This was not the only case that had been tampered with, but not to such an extent as the first mentioned. There was a peculiar taste about this rum, so say those who sampled it. It was salted, and the brine was very strong. The person who had extracted the rum from the cases went to all the trouble of procuring salt water, and emptying it into the cases in equal quantities for the rum that was taken. Perhaps he thought that a fair exchange was no robbery, but there was a slight difference, not in quantity, but in quality.

There is a customs officer always on duty at the warehouse in the day time, and the keys are kept by him. No one has access to the place or any communication with it, except those whose duty it is to be there. Up to the present time no clue has been obtained that would lead to the arrest of the guilty persons, but some information was secured which will in all probability be of much value to those who are handling the case. It is understood that an entrance was gained to the warehouse through a tunnel or subway that runs from beneath the wharf up to it. When the tide is low it is not very difficult to walk under the upper part of the wharf, and the rum barrels from there] made their way into the building, by raising the flooring or some planks. After making the haul, they would always carefully replace the boards again, and leave the place unnoticed. So far the customs authorities are unable to state the exact amount of liquor taken, but it is estimated that in value it will not fall far short of \$1000. The whole affair is a deep mystery and has caused considerable talk throughout the city?

HIS JOYS AND SORROWS.

INTERESTING CHAT WITH A LOCAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

He Talks of Some Things he Encounters and Says There are Lots of Strange Happenings in His Line of Work—Women Who Procrastinate.

"Have you ever stopped to think what a really difficult position a photographer occupies?" Queried a member of that persuasion a day or two ago. "It looks nice, easy and desirable work from every standpoint, but that's because only the artistic side of it is open to inspection. Is there another side? Well I rather fancy you'd think so if you were here for a day or two, especially around Christmas time. That's about our busiest season and people expect impossibilities from us then. A woman makes up her mind in the early spring perhaps, that she's going to give some of her friends a photograph for a Christmas present; it is such a nice idea and there are some people to whom one could not offer anything else. All summer long she thinks of these photos and knows just how she's going to have them taken, and plans and dreams over them till about the first or second week in December. Then she comes in with all the sang froid in the world, takes up a good deal more time than we can afford in sitting, and finally informs us that she must have the photos at least a week before Christmas. There is no allowance made for dark weather, accidents or the holiday rush; oh! dear, no. All we have to do is get the work finished. All women, and men too for that matter, are the same in that respect. There is no earthly reason why people should procrastinate, but they do.

"Now here's some proofs of a lady who sat three hours and a half to me one day lately and out of twelve proofs, all excellent, she selected the one that requires the most work, just because it makes a rather attractive picture—I don't know that I'd call it a good photograph. The face will require at least four hours work in retouching and with many hundred more such orders on hand we are not likely to have much time to spare." While the knight of the camera, talked he worked, frequently pausing to adjust some one of the many fixings that are so necessary in a studio. Occasionally some one dropped in to see a proof, and it was in discussing these that the photographer displayed his wonderful ability to surpass nature and accomplish what she had overdone or left undone altogether. An unduly prominent nose was guaranteed to be made classical, an outstanding ear could be softened and shaded back, a large and extraordinarily ugly mouth can be retouched into a thing of beauty, and a joy forever—in the photograph and several other trifling defects remedied to the entire satisfaction of the various subjects.

"It's truly wonderful, the way in which some people manage to get away from their own looks when they sit for a photograph and in most cases they display a real anxiety to get as far away as possible from their identity: they don't do it intentionally of course and would be highly indignant if one suggested such a thing," went on the man of the lens as he folded up a lace drapery that had just done duty as a Spanish mantilla. It is surprising what a lot of vanity there is in the make up of most human beings; for no matter how flattering a photograph may be I don't believe there is one person living but deep down in their hearts thinks it does not do them justice. They do not always say so of course but the idea is there just the same.

"Do people ever take photos that don't belong to them? Steal them you mean. Well I will honestly say I think kleptomania is on the increase in that matter. People who would not for the world pick up anything, else think it all right to purloin a photograph, and so we are constantly losing samples of our best work.

"Are theatrical people easy subjects? No they are just the most difficult class we have to manage. The majority of them—the ladies—insist upon making up as they would for a performance and then they know all there is to know about posing. While a certain position may look very effective on the stage it wouldn't be graceful or successful photographically. On the stage its a case of distance lending enchantment to the view, but there is not that advantage in a photograph. No I don't like theatrical subjects as a rule.

"Have you ever seen a photographer trying to get a baby's photo? Sometimes I remind myself of Professor Gleason—you remember him—training a horse. You ring bells and you blow whistles at that baby till you get him quieted down and then you watch a good chance and 'na' him as some one expressed it to me the other day. On the joys and the sorrows of a photographer's life are many but the chiefest of the latter is photographing a baby. If

you have any doubts I'll send for you next time I have a good lively job of that kind on hand."

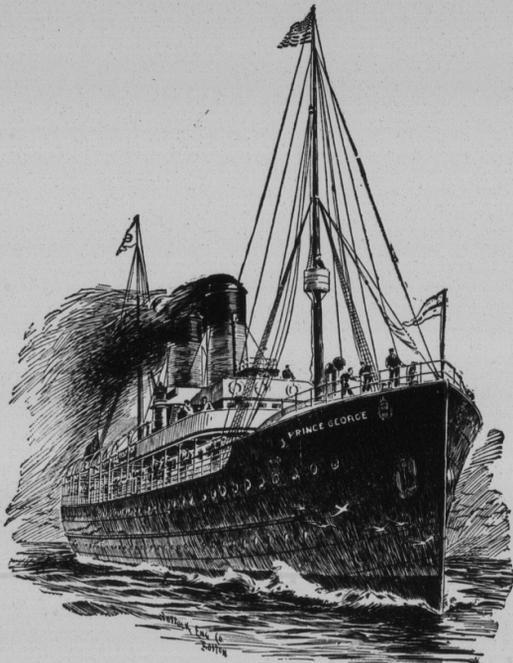
SLAYERS IN THE JACKPOT.

Memorable Contest Between Gambler and Planter.

"I was drifting through the South in the fifties," said the former gambler, "and one winter I was living at a town in South Carolina where a lot of card players used to gather for mutual pleasure and profit. There was a club in the town where the gamblers used to meet, but the fact was

"A dozen salty gamblers were at the club at 3 o'clock. Pete got there ahead of the Colonel and the local element kept its breath while Pete told wonderful stories of great games in the East. He rattled off the stories faster than the 'tin horns' could listen, and they all thought him something to be feared by the Colonel. At 3 o'clock the Colonel drove to the club and sent his man to the hotel. 'I'll come there when I need you,' he said.

"In fifteen minutes everybody had taken a drink or two and become sociable with Pete, 'I don't know what you want to play,



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kept from the female part of the population that it was a gambling house. All kind of games went on there, but the prosperity of the place was short-lived. The house, however, was not closed the winter I was in the town. At the club one night somebody said that Col. Wallace, the crack poker player of the State, had been fixed to play Pete Welch, one of the biggest plungers from the East. Pete was coming down the next week, and the sports were all anxious to see what he could do with the Colonel, who was a stiff player. The Colonel was universally lucky. The cards rolled to him without the asking, and every year his cash accounts showed good profits from the game. He owned a valuable plantation not far from the town, and he was noted for having one of the finest bodies of slaves in the South. They made the plantation yield rich returns, and there no need for the Colonel to depend on his playing for money, for he was better off than many of the planters who risked their fortunes at the club.

"When the Colonel heard that Pete was coming to rake him, he turned his lip and said he was not afraid to play forty Petes on the biggest kind of stakes. 'If Welch can do me, then all well and good,' was the way he put it, 'but I want you fellows to know that I can play him to a standstill. I have heard much about your swell eastern gambler, who prides himself on never having been caught on a bluff. Well, we all don't know about that. When he comes I will play him a single-handed game, and you chaps can watch it. I'll say, though, that I'm not extra wealthy this winter and can't lose much stuff. I've got a limit fixed in my head and when he passes that I'll simply quit, and Welch can take my money and talk all he pleases.

"Welch got in town one Sunday morning. His stage drove to the only hotel in the place, and the news of his arrival soon spread through the sporting part of the town. A messenger who came in for Col. Wallace's mail carried a note back telling of the safe arrival of Welch. Pete sent word to the Colonel that he had heard of him and was very anxious for a fight. He asked the Colonel when he could play. Not more than an hour after the messenger started with the note he returned to the hotel with a paper for Welch. The Colonel wrote that he would be in town at 3 o'clock that afternoon and would bring his money with him.

"Now, we want to keep this game quiet for once," said Squire Bogge, the President of the club, for no good can come from so much talk. Besides this club is getting too much notoriety of late.

said the Colonel, 'but fix your price and I'm probably your man. Some of these gentlemen think I'm too nervy for my good but let that go. How will \$100 jack pots suit you?'

"Good enough," answered Pete, 'but that's what I call a dinky game. It suits you, though, it's good enough for me, dear Colonel.'

"All right, then, let her go at that."

"The cards were dealt, but they shuffled badly and passed around five times before the pot could be opened. The Colonel held the openers and betted his hand in the draw, and finally won, but not until Pete had done some heavy betting. After that the Colonel played ahead and the local sports thought Pete easy. Pete couldn't draw. When he opened a pot the Colonel would win it, and the game was too much one way to be interesting. Pete crossed his bridge at last, however, and the cards went to rolling his way. He got finer hands than did the Colonel during the first part of the playing and the sports who looked on saw the Colonel's pile of gold gradually grow less. One package was emptied and another was brought from the old-fashioned locker in the club. After that the betting got fierce. The game appeared perfectly square, for Welch would not have turned a bad trick had he wanted for too many eyes were watching the deck. Col. Wallace took all kinds of wild chances. Another drink will help me,' he would say as he lost, though he did not allow his head to get clogged. When his last stack of chips crossed the table he shoved back his chair and said his pile was gone. It was getting late on at night then 't the gamblers didn't notice that.

"Welch, you've got an even thirty thousand there if you will count it. I brought that much with me and I may be foolish. I believe if I had more I could get it all from you in a half dozen hands."

"I'll gladly give you the chance, Colonel. Perhaps some of your friends here can accommodate you?"

"Nobody spoke. The Colonel rattled on the table.

"Welch," he said, when the silence got oppressive, 'I have no more ready cash, but I have property that is as good as gold any day right here in this town. I never did it before, but I will play you twenty-four of my best slaves against \$50,000. The negroes are worth fully that amount, as these gentlemen will testify. The slaves are the best in the State, but if you think the value too high we can arrange it otherwise. Will you finish the game?'

"If these gentlemen say the slaves are

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worth that much then fix your papers while I count this money. I never like to turn my back to a good thing.'

"Everybody got up and took a drink on the strength of the new game. When the papers were arranged the players got a new deck of cards and there was not a word passed while the cards were being shuffled. The sky was to be the limit until the \$50,000 was reached. I saw at the start that the game would not be long. Wallace's sporting blood was up and he seemed determined to lose all quickly or get it back in the same swift gait. He took desperate chances in drawing and accepted foolish bets. The end was drawing near. Welch was dealing, and had shuffled on the previous hands had left considerable money in the pot. Welch was ahead on the winnings. The Colonel

looked at his cards and opened the pot for a thousand dollars. Welch stretched his eyes and then looked at his hand. He raised it a thousand. Without raising his head the Colonel raised back \$2,000 and Welch saw it. He went \$1,000 better and the Colonel stopped raising.

"We saw the finish coming. The players were less excited than any of the other men in the room. Pete took the cards and asked the Colonel:

"How many?"

"Two cards," he said.

"None here," put in the dealer.

"The Colonel took his two cards and looked at them quickly. Then he stuck them behind the others. 'I'll start this on \$5,000,' he said. Welch looked at his hand again, and took the bet. He went \$5,000 more. The Colonel raised another \$5,000. Welch saw it, and raised another, and the Colonel raised still another \$5,000.

"Well, I've just got \$10,000 here you can have if you can get it," said Welch, and he tossed in the chips. The Colonel studied his hand. 'I've got only \$5,000' he said, 'and I think you've got me, even if it is a bad thing to say.'

"With that Wallace tossed the cards on the table and Welch took the pot. It was a clean case of bluff on Pete's part, as the cards subsequently showed. The Colonel had held up a pair of jacks, his openers, and an ace. On the draw he caught an ace and a seven of diamonds. Welch had only a pair of fives to start with and he kept them with the rest of the hand. Wallace thought he was bluffing, but lost his nerve at the wrong moment. When the game ended the Colonel had barely \$4,000. He bought back two of his slaves that were lost, and the twenty-two went to Welch. They were sold in the town a month later."

Literary Note.

As is natural the December OUR LITTLE ONES and THE NURSERY contains many stories and jingles about Christmas. There is a jolly poem 'How Santa Claus had a Frolic', full of life and spirit, and 'Tom's Christmas Tree' will teach the little ones to respect their elders. Though Christmas Stories and tales of old Santa are numerous, yet instructive articles are well represented in 'The Ant's Milk Cows', which tells about the curious little animals from whom the ants get food by milking them; the interesting Japanese children are described in an entertaining way by Charles T. De Witt. Though the stories in this magazine are light and fanciful as is suitable for their young readers, there is not a one which does not inculcate good morals and instruct. Truly this delightful little magazine must be warmly welcomed by many mothers. (10 cents a copy; \$1.00 a year.) LAURENCE ELKUS, publisher. 181 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

She Cured Him.

In one of the small mining camps far away in the wilds of British Columbia there lay a big Cornishman stricken with fever. His wife, being unskilled in re-

medies for the ailment, hunted high and low for a doctor. Yet, after a long and patient search, she failed to discover anything better than a veterinary surgeon.

"What would you do, doctor, if your brother was delirious with fever?" "Madam," replied he, "I know no more than you. I can only cure horses and other animals."

"Well doctor, my husband is as strong a horse. What would you do for a horse? And for heaven's sake be quick in telling me!" "Madam replied the 'vet,' 'I should open his mouth, and pull his tongue out on one side to prevent his biting me, and give him this fever-powder—paper, string and all!' Overcome with gratitude the poor woman paid for the fever-powder and departed. History says the man got well. But his poor wife goes about with only three fingers on one hand.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED: ENERGETIC MEN AND WOMEN to travel and introduce and sell our new line—Experience unnecessary—\$50.00 per month and expenses paid. THE CALVERT CO., Toronto.

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**Music and  
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Readers of this department will be pleased to know that the musical event referred to twice in these columns, will actually materialize, and the dates fixed are Jan. 30 and 31. Mr. F. G. Spencer who has on previous occasions been instrumental in bringing to St. John, the finest vocal talent procurable in the United States, is the interested party in the anticipated venture, and that he will be successful goes without saying. This gentleman has by a combination of circumstances been enabled to engage for the above dates an array of talent which cannot fail to surprise the reader, namely, Helen Buckley, soprano, Madame Clary, contralto, W. H. Reiger, tenor, Arthur Beresford, bass, Adolph Rasenbacher, violinist, Hugo Frey, pianist; this party is engaged by the Redpath Musical Bureau for one hundred concerts, and two unexpected cancellations of dates, made the St. John concerts a possibility; it is not necessary to extol the merits of those performers. It will be readily admitted that they form the finest aggregation every brought to St. John. Clary and Reiger need no introduction, and convincing proof will be afforded that all the others, belong to the same class of excellence. In Arthur Beresford, Mr. Spencer has secured the finest basso in the country; he came from England two years ago, and his success has been marvelous. I predict for the coming concert a patronage which will render the opera house capacity almost inadequate.

The concert in Centenary church last Thursday evening came fully up to all expectations and was a veritable musical treat, all whose names appeared on the programme acquitting themselves in a highly creditable manner. This was especially so in the case of Mrs. Fred G. Spencer and Master Ulley the boy soprano, who was the chief feature of the entertainment. The announcement that Master Ulley would sing at the evening service was sufficient to crowd the church last Sunday and long before seven o'clock every seat was occupied. Mrs. Spencer also sang and though it is always a pleasure to listen to her charms, it is said she quite surpassed herself on Sunday evening.

**Tones and Under-tones.**

Mme. Adeline Patti's marriage with Baron Rolf Cederstrom will, according to present arrangements, take place in Wales early in February, either at Craig-y-nos Castle or at Swansea. As Mme. Patti belongs to the Roman Catholic faith the marriage will be first celebrated according to the rites of her church, but it is the wish of both parties to have a second ceremony performed according to the Swedish-Lutheran rites.

'Don Quixote' as a subject for musical treatment is coming to the fore. Richard Strauss' latest symphonic poem has the life of Cervantes' hero for its theme. Emil Paur has announced its production at one of his symphony concerts. Wilhelm Kienzl, the German composer, has made a 'tragic-comic' opera of the Knight of La Mancha. It was recently produced in Berlin. The libretto' also by Kienzl, has burlesque tendencies. It makes the hero a pathetic figure, surrounded by ridicule and mockeries. The score is very cleverly written. In its melodic matter it suggests Mozart. Mr. Paur made his debut as a pianist at the chamber music concert given by the Aschenbroedel Verein on Sunday last.

**The Standard  
Dessert**

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Dr. Dvorak's new opera will be produced at the National Theatre in Prague before the end of the year. The Bohemian composer has been at work on the score for a long time.

Jean de Reszke sailed on December 14, and will make his first New York appearance on December 20. In spite of assertions that the great tenor had discarded his old repertoire, he will be heard on the day mentioned as Romeo.

It has been practically settled that the operatic revival which is to be made at the Casino in January will be 'La Belle Helene,' New York, and Lilian Russell, Pauline Hall, Thomas Q. Serbrooke and two or three lesser celebrities are to appear in the east.

Marguerite Lemon is to play the chief role in De Koven and Smith's opera, 'The Three Dragons,' which is to be sung in New York on January 16.

'The Mikado' has just been sung for the first time in Italian after having been translated in every other European tongue.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

The Cazeneuve Company open a weeks engagement at the opera house this (Thursday) evening with a production of 'The Three Guardsmen,' to be followed later with 'David Garrick,' 'Don Caesar de Bizan,' 'The Two Orphans,' 'The Violin Maker' and one or two other pieces. The company carry special scenery, and costume their plays with due attention to detail. There is a revival of 'The Three Guardsmen' in New York just now and the piece is having an immense success. Mr. Cazeneuve enacts the role of D'Artagnan, and in the 'Two Orphans' is said to be a wonderfully good Pierre. David Garrick is the matinee bill to day.

Isaham's Octoroons will be an attraction for the last three days of next week and as the aggregation has always won popular favor wherever it has appeared the engagement promises to be unusually enjoyable. I believe the entertainment is farce comedy and lots of clean wholesome fun is promised. Mr. Wheeler arrived in the city Thursday and is assiduously looking after the company's interests.

Charles Coghlan may play D'Artagnan in a new version of 'The Three Guardsmen.'

Francis Powers' new play is called 'The White Rabbits,' and was produced in Brooklyn last week. The White Rabbits are supposed to be two howling swells who enlist as privates and go to the war. Mr. Powers plays one of the parts well, and Leonard Grover, Jr., another. Powers wrote 'The First Born.'

Comedian Crane has shelved 'Worth a Million,' and on Tuesday last in New York presented 'The Head of the Family.' The story of the play turns on the professor's (Mr. Crane) successful efforts to reconcile his daughter and her husband, who are at odds. It is in accomplishing this that the professor, who has been a nonentity in his household, takes the family reins out of the hands of his wife, who has brought the coach perilously near the ditch.

Manager Conried, of New York, announces the engagement of Willy Fabea, formerly of the Hof Theatre, in Dessau. For heavy leading roles Mr. Conried has engaged Eugen Schady of the Stadt Theatre, in Bresslau.

Julia Arthur presented 'Mercedes' and 'Pygmalion and Galatea' at New York last Monday evening.

The Phoenix is to be revived by Milton Nobles at the Third Avenue. New York, next week. Thousands of persons quote the line 'And the villain still pursued her' without knowing that that catchy phrase became famous through 'The Phoenix.' The incidental music of the piece was, it may be added, composed by John Philip Sousa in—well, long before he became the March King and wrote comic operas. It was composed when he was beginning his public career as a musical leader for Mr. Nobles.

Eugene W. Presbrey sailed for Europe last Saturday. 'I want to escape,' he said 'before they put me into prison for writing 'Worth a Million.' He will spend the winter in France, Italy and England in a holiday way, but will complete a play for the Lyceum.

Bracco's dramatic study of the wife, the husband and the lover, 'Infidele,' will be produced by Julia Arthur at Wallack's on December 19. The translation is the work of J. I. C. Clarke and Charles Henry Meltzer.

The production of the dramatic version of Marie Corelli's novel, 'Sorrows of Satan' occurs on December 19 at the Broadway theatre, New York. One scene in the third act will show a garden illuminated by hundreds of electric lights and decorated with flowery arbors and fountains. In this scene Lucio, the evil spirit, disguised as a nobleman, summons his servants, who appear in the shape of bats, vampires andimps. The second act will show the Grand hotel, London, and the fourth a yacht on fire, tossed about on the sea. John Kelder is to play Lucio.

The Milwaukee Journal says that 'Brown' in 'Town' is better than either 'Why Smith left Home' or 'What Happened to Jones.' The author, Mark E. Swan, is 26 years old. The cast includes Anna Belmont, Kathryn Osterman, James E. Burrows, and Bella Davis, the latter impersonating a cook.

Gilbert Parker the novelist, and Louis N. Parker, the dramatist, are to adapt Gilbert Parker's 'The Battle of the Strong' for the stage.

Victorien Sardou has recently denied that he has finished, 'The Witch' for Sarah Bernhardt, who will open her new theatre with it. M. Sardou says that he is devoting all his time to 'Robespierre' for Sur Henry Irving. The new drama for Mme. Bernhardt will not be ready for some time.

Jane Hading is traveling in Russia and has already started back toward Paris. Her arrival there will be followed by the withdrawal of 'Cyrano de Bergerac' and the production of 'More Than Queen,' in which she will act Josephine and Coquelin, Napoleon.

Jules Lemaitre's 'The Older Sister' was recently acted in Milan by Tina di Lorenzo but in spite of her popularity the event proved to be what is described on the Continent as 'a scandal' of the worst description. Not only was the play hissed off the stage, but the actors were abused and insulted by the audience.

An adaptation of a French play, 'La Joueuse d'Orgue,' will be brought out at the Princess' Theatre, London, on Christmas eve. Lawrence Irving is in the cast.

George Alexander will soon produce 'A Repentance,' by John Oliver Hobbes.

A new French giant is 8 feet tall.

Nance O'Neil is to appear in Honolulu.

Henry Miller is to appear in 'Brother Officers.'

The 'Twig of Laurel' Company headed by bicyclist Eddie Bald collapsed at Boston last week.

Mrs. Keely, the oldest English actress, celebrated the ninety-third anniversary of her birth the other day with a reception, which was attended by many of the best known persons connected with the London stage.

This season Smyth and Rice have four companies on the road and every one of them is doing more than well. If the present good business continues they will clear upwards of \$100,000 this season.

R. A. Barret is in New York in consultation with Augustin Daly in reference to the latter's forthcoming production of 'Three Lamps' at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The piece, which is lively musical comedy is to be done in fine style as to cast, scenery and costumes. Mr. Barret will assist Mr. Daly with the rehearsals.

**"77"**

Is Dr. Humphreys' Specific for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and

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From N. Y. HERALD.  
No one, however strong, can tempt fate by undue exposure or afford to neglect the warning of a chill or cough on the supposition that they mean nothing, or possibly, cure themselves.  
The susceptible man should be the careful one, who should never run the risk of an open car, draughty theatre, a soaked shoe, or a thin coat.  
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**HUMPHREYS'**

Last week Fanny Rice played her third engagement in Cincinnati since last January. Her receipts were nearly two thousand dollars larger than for any previous engagement in that city. This in the face of the strongest kind of opposition proves that Miss Rice is not only a strong personal favorite, but that her new version of 'At the French Ball' is the greatest money winner of any play she has ever had.

The London England County Council has just held its annual meeting to settle the question of licenses for place of amusement during the year. A question of paramount interest had to do with the continuance of Sunday Concerts given both afternoon and evening in the Queen's Hall. Under a special licence, this place has for some been enabled to give Sunday Concerts but the Sunday observance league has recently been worrying over the matter, hence the trouble. The Council refused to permit the Continuance of the Concerts but it is more than likely that the Council Action will probably bring about the passage of An Act of Parliament which will permit some Sunday entertainments.

The Wheeling, West Virginia Register of Dec. 6th, has the following item which will no doubt be read with a great deal of interest in this city. Mr. Breese will be remembered as a prominent member of James O'Neill's company during the latter's engagement here during the fall season of 1897. He is now Mr. O'Neill's leading man. The item referred to in describing a recent performance by the O'Neill Company says: "Mr. Edmund L. Breese who sustained the role of 'Nortier' in the production of Monte Cristo at the Opera House last night gave a very capable and intelligent interpretation of a very difficult character. His work was frequently applauded, particularly in the finale of the third act. Mr. Breese's versatility was demonstrated in a manner which bore the stamp of genius and which justifies the promise that he may be seen in the future in stellar roles. He is engaged to be married to Miss Genevieve Landry of St. John New Brunswick. His betrothed is a very prepossessing and talented young lady and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. J. D. Landry, the latter of whom once lived in Weston, Lewis county, and was a sister of the Catholic clergyman in charge of the parish at that place. Mrs. Landry has frequently visited in Clarksburg and is well and popularly known throughout the central part of the state. Mr. Breese will spend the week before Christmas with his fiancée at her home in St. John, while the company rest for the holidays, after which he will return to Washington to join the company of which he is so valuable a member."

**HIS ONLY PRACTICAL JOKE.**

An Old Man's Reminiscence of One of His Boyhood's Experiences.

The apples and cider and the genial warmth of the glowing coal fire caused the old man to grow reminiscent. He placed his slippered feet up on the fender, and, while a brighter light came into his faded eyes, he talked of the "good old times."

"Once," he said, and he smiled at the recollection. "I did a very funny thing when I was a very small boy. I think I must have exhausted all my genius for fun in that one grand effort, for I have never had the heart to attempt a tunny thing since."

"It happened when I was about 10 years old. I was then helping father to the farm, and I suppose we ran it pretty hard too, for the first thing I knew it got away from us; but that is another story. As I was saying, it happened when I lived on a farm. We had a hired man, a great, raw-boned, overgrown Irishman, as full of mad pranks as Peck's bad boy. He was always playing some trick on me. One night he placed a large thistle in my bed. It was summertime and I had no underclothes on; and when I lay down on that thistle there was a sensation; several million of them. The Irishman stood and laughed at me until the great tears rolled down among the red stubble on his face. I swore, as well as a young fellow could swear, that I would get even with him. I spent all the next day studying out how it could be done, and by night I had a plan worked out which I thought so good I had to go out behind the barn, where nobody could see me, and have a good laugh over it. Afterward I was glad I had the laugh anywhere."

"That night I stayed up until all in the house except myself had gone to bed. Then I went and got my mother's largest washtub, sat it at the foot of the stairs, and filled it with water. Next I secured several lengths of stovepipe and scattered them at judicious distances upon the stairs. You see, the hired man slept upstairs. So did I, for that matter; but then he was always up an hour or more before I was, and so, of course, he would come downstairs first. In fact, I intended that he should come down

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head first, and then cool off in the tub of water.

"Every part of the plan was carefully thought out. I was confident it would work like a charm. In fancy I could see the look of astonishment that would jump all over the big Irishman's face when his feet struck the stovepipes on the stairs and his head started for the tub of water. Then I would have the laugh on him, and I thought of the thistle pricks and the sweetness of revenge as I cautiously crept upstairs to bed. It was some time before I could go to sleep. I felt so good over the joke I was about to play on the Irishman. In imagination I saw him go sprawling down the stairs, yelling like a wild Indian, and I fancied how funny he would look when he picked himself up out of the tub of water, blowing like a whale and swearing like himself."

"However, I at length fell asleep, and sleep: the sleep of a tired boy until suddenly I was awakened by some one wildly crying: 'Fire! fire! fire!'

"I always had a horror of being buried alive. The cry frightened me out of my wits. I did not stop to think; but sprang out of bed and rushed for the stairs. My feet struck a stove pipe and started off on their own hook. I followed, trying to get ahead of them and succeeded just in time to land head first in the tub of water."

"What a racket I and the stovepipes made! How the water flew in every direction! All in the house rushed to the stairway to see what the matter was. The big Irishman stuck his head through the open door, and, seeing me standing shivering in the tub of water, wearing a skinned nose and a wet shirt, mildly inquired: 'Did ye ever git let, me darlint?'

"Mad? Mad is not the name for the state of my temper. I was raving, tearing, boiling with maniacal fury," and the old man chuckled softly to himself at the picture memory held before his eyes of a youth now long, long dead.

**Magnifying the Presents.**

"If there is an occasion when we are people of some importance in the world," said a reporter for a local paper, recently, "it is at a wedding. I have been at a few such gatherings where as much fuss was made of me as of the bride herself. Why? Well, that is easily answered. They want a good notice in the paper, and to get it they treat us for the time being with real distinction. Many little tricks we see, too, over the presents. Sometimes anything new about the house is added to the wedding gifts, and cheques are displayed that are never meant to be cashed. Goods are even had 'on approval' to swell the list. And when the mother or father describes the presents to us—well, gilded articles become solid gold, nickle is sterling silver, paste stones turn into genuine diamonds, and everything goes up in value at least two hundred per cent."

Hearing a faint rustle in the dark hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out:—  
"Well, Bessie, have you landed him?"  
There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments. It was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man:—  
"She has."

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AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, DEC. 17th

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

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR has long been a name for Massachusetts republicans to conjure with, and his utterances have hitherto been regarded as the oracles of old. What will they do with his latest, to the effect that "it the United States takes over the Philippines under the treaty of peace the downfall of the republic will date from the administration of WILLIAM McKINLEY". That is strong language and yet, in a measure at least, true. Our neighbor having now added to itself colonies will be in the effect a kingdom without a king. There are those who believe that this was the intention of the founders of the republic and in this event she has simply fulfilled her destiny. That the ultimate result of this "land grab", growing out of a war waged for humanitarian reasons, solely and not for territorial expansion, will be for the benefit of civilization and the world at large, we at least cannot doubt. There will also be an immediate benefit to us as colonizers. Hitherto, the United States, ignoring its inability to cope with its own internal racial troubles, has been our severest judge and most unreasonable critic in any seeming mistakes in our foreign policy. It now has colonies of its own, with people of other tongues, habits and prejudices; with no idea of protest other than the shedding of blood; without gratitude for favors done or benefits bestowed, and it will now have less time to devote to criticizing Great Britain. We, with our centuries of experience, will be more lenient in judging this great nation in her colonial experiment than she in her inexperience could ever hope to be to us.

A SUGGESTION FOR A RESERVE

Imperial ideas are very much in evidence these days. The leading newspapers of the old country as well as those of the colonies are advocating a closer union with the mother country and it almost seems as if imperial federation in a modified and practical form will be realized in the near future. The circumstances of today are not as they were years ago. The opponents of that idea, which was then put forward in a very vague and shadowy way, may now see their way clear to give it a certain support, but to show how closely the attention of the people is given to the imperial idea it is only necessary to read a communication in the "Army and Navy Gazette" printed recently, which advocates strongly an "Imperial Colonial Reserve Force." Starting out with the declaration "that it is time for our great colonies to wheel into line," the writer, who was formerly a Canadian officer and served in the 1885 campaign, suggests that a certain number of volunteers should be enlisted in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the Cape for service in the Imperial army, and he says the only way to do this is to invite a number in each colony to register their names for, say, two year's service in India, Egypt, or elsewhere. In some instances whole regiments will register their names: so much the better. To make a start 5,000 might be registered in Canada and 5,000 in Australia, with 2,500 at the Cape and the same number in New Zealand. Each should receive a nickle badge with the arms of his colony and his number, suitable to wear if he wishes. The Intelligence department would prepare a soldier's book of reference for these men, with maps of England, and the Nile and India, and circumstances of climate. This would be necessary in view of the education

and standing of the men who would be accepted on presenting them. It would be more than probable that more than 5,000 would offer themselves, for the position of each man considered worthy to enter this corps would be an enviable one in Canada. Then the suggestion is made that reserve pay for 5,000 men at 6d. a day, or £50,000 a year should be shared by the mother country and her colony, which would give the supervision of Imperial officers when the regiments so formed muster with their officers. The men would regard as of great importance the liberty of changing their habitation if they chose to go to another colony, or to go to England, always remaining on the reserve list and drawing 6s. a day pay.

Thus an English reservist could emigrate to Canada or Australia, or an Australian could try the mines at Klondyke or go to England or the Cape, and yet not alter his position with regard to the Empire. The officers in charge of the Imperial Reserve Forces could attend to all that, for the men, being provided with official printed envelopes could communicate with them wherever the Union Jack flies.

A BRUTAL EXHIBITION.

It is pretty generally conceded that the many courageous characteristics for which the Anglo-Saxon race is noted, are largely due to our love of sports. As far back as we can trace the people who have encouraged physical training have been the rulers of the world. The endurance and pluck which have shone forth from the pages of our history, from Crecy to the fall of Khartoum could only have been shown by a race accustomed to all sorts of sport, from single-stick to golf, polo and bicycle riding. Therefore it comes hard to speak a word against any sporting contest lest we be accused of ignorance or ingratitude. But it is against such abuses as the recent bicycle tournament at Madison Square Garden that one must protest. It is a question whether money or fame as a record-maker and breaker can offset the terrible strain put upon the system in a six days' race. There can be little pleasure to the spectator in a broken exhausted fellow creature pushing pedals until he faints and falls from his wheel. Yet we hear of wives who so far lose their humanity in the excitement of watching this pitiful sight, that they experience naught but an impatient scorn when the fainting man belongs to one of them. When we with our superior civilization applaud such an abuse of sport, how much better are we than the Spaniard enjoying his bull fight?

Brain and Braun are an incomparable team and Britons may be forgiven a great deal of pride in their race when we consider what they have to show for both sides. The past few years have given us the works of KIPLING and KITCHENER as representatives of both and their equals are not to be found in any other nation. The achievements of men like KITCHENER, young, brave Englishmen who leave home to fight plague, pestilence, prejudice, famine and heat as well as barbarous tribes, were never so well sung or told as they are told by KIPLING. The men who avenged GORDON, are descendants of the men of Alma and Lucknow, are companions in arms of the men who took Lungbuppen and who fought the famine after the manner of SCOTT, HAWKINS, and MARTYN in KIPLING's great story "WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR." A little boasting may be overlooked in a nation that in peace or war can produce men equal to the emergency and who do their work without any particular thought of reward.

Is it any particular credit to individual or nation to be anxious for peace when all the emoluments thereof fall to that individual or nation? Two commissions have recently been sitting to decide vexed questions between the United States and two other countries. The one has completed its labors, the proceedings of the other have been little less than farcical so far. Yet both results springs from the same cause, the arrogance of the United States. Spain had no alternative but to yield to her conqueror however unjust her demands, but Canada is not in that position and cannot afford to give all and get nothing, simply because the United States demands it. It is a question whether it deports with our dignity to attempt to parley further when the attitude of the United States is so manifestly unjust.

Staying Book-keeping.

The general value of the study of book-keeping is greatly enhanced when it is taught by means of facsimile business transaction, or in accordance with the Laboratory Method in use at the Currie Business University of this city. The method introduces a large body of practical business instruction and practice not included in book-keeping as ordinarily taught in the business colleges.

WHO WILL BE MAYOR?

Desirable Aspirants for the Position are Scarce at the Capital.

FREDERICTON, Dec. 14.—Who will be the next chief magistrate of Fredericton? is a question not a few citizens are asking at the present time and one few seem to be able to answer. The present incumbent of the office, Mayor Whitehead, does not seem to have much of a banking for civic politics, and somehow or other the impression has got abroad that he will not again be a candidate for the office. His Worship's private business affairs award pretty nearly the whole of his attention and he is not able to give that percentage of his time and talent to the city that the responsible position which he holds calls for.

For some reason or other the office of mayor of the capital city of New Brunswick is not regarded as a sinecure and those who in the opinion of their fellow citizens are best qualified for the position, are usually the ones who will have nothing to do with it, even if assured an election by acclamation. Then again the salary of \$200 per annum is not sufficient to induce an active business man who places a value upon his time to make the sacrifice that would be expected of an occupant of the mayor's chair.

As the date on which the citizens are to choose a chief magistrate is yet nearly four months off it is possible that a citizen may be found in that time who would be willing to take the reins and whose candidature would meet with popular approval but at present it must be confessed the prospects look rather dubious.

To ensure we have the redoubtable John Hamilton Reid, the vanquished of last year, who without much coaxing would consent to allow his name to be put in nomination. John Hamilton, though pretty well along in years, is still active and energetic, and considers himself amply qualified for the magistracy. Although his opinion of himself in this regard is hardly shared by all of his fellow citizens still his well known courage and perseverance and success as a showman, have won for him lots of admirers who would like to see him mayor for a term just for the fun of the thing.

John Beadle Gunter, is the name of another well known citizen who might render valuable assistance in the solution of the problem which the citizens will be called upon to solve in March next. John Beadle has served as an alderman and as he taken a very active interest in civic matters would not doubt be willing to dignify the mayor's chair with his presence. John Beadle was a candidate for alderman at the last election and by a combination of circumstances coupled with an array of hostile ballots, sustained defeat. This circumstance may possibly have lowered his prestige somewhat with the electors but it has not detracted in the least from his energy and aggressiveness. He has still plenty of go in him, and could put up a pretty sharp fight with almost any kind of an opponent. John Beadle as Mayor would make things hum, and he could be counted on to preside at the meeting of the council with dignity and impartiality.

So far the brace of Johns are the only persons whose names are breathed in connection with the chief magistracy, but time has been known to work wondrous changes and it is possible that between now and polling day, other aspirants may appear on the civic horizon. We can live in hopes at any rate.

HE KNOWS A THING OR TWO.

A Man Who Looks for Cold Weather Because of Blue Goose Bones.

The cold snap the middle of the week brought out all the weather prognostications that were ever heard of. All the old signs of a long hard and cold winter were brought out and burnished up to date, and as everybody usually has signs of their own there is no scarcity of prophecies. Most everybody is agreed though that this is going to be one of the longest and hardest winters we have had for years. There is a pretty good prophet residing on Brussels street, and his weather prognostications are largely governed by the long string of goose bones he has in his possession. A few weeks ago he dried the goose bone for this winter. Said he the other day:

"We are in for the coldest, longest and hardest winter we've had for the past fifteen or twenty years, just mark my word for it. Now look at this bone; it is very nearly all blue and that means cold weather. You see this bone means an early and hard winter to continue late in the spring, and its bluer than any bone for years."

"Would the bone of a goose killed last spring show the same marks? Why of course it would. I have tried it often and all the geese killed in one year have the same colored breast bone. They vary

Christmas Announcements, all kinds, at McArthur's, 90 King Street.

little for the same year but no two years are alike. I have great faith in these bones and they never deceive me. If I take a goose say about the middle of November I can always tell what kind of a winter we'll have. When the blue marks branch out in lines around the edges of the bone that means an open winter until January. This year the blue is solid away out to the edge almost. That doesn't mean an open winter from November to March. How do I dry the bone? Why that's easy and any one can do it. Get a goose from last spring, roast and carve it, gaudily scraping the meat from the bone. Let the bone dry naturally and then watch how the blue covering will develop all over it. I can't tell you why it is so, but it's a never failing test just the same. Then there are other things we can't explain. We know when the wild geese fly south early like a wedge in the sky that it means an early cold winter. They have the instinct to get away from the cold but whether a blue breast-bone is the basis for that instinct I cannot tell. I was out in the country yesterday and the old folks told me that they noticed that the musk rats along the streams this year were building their houses much higher up on the banks of the creek than last year. That means that the little animals are expecting floods and snows and they want to be safe. Old weather prophets here also noticed the unusual size the weeds grew this fall, and that is an unmistakable sign of a hard winter."

Sheldon's Newspaper.

The Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon's books, now so universally read, make it plain that that writer's hopes of the regeneration of the world lie in getting individuals more and more to do their daily tasks on Christian principles no matter what the sacrifice involved. In the best known of his books, "In His Steps," he clearly looks to the newspaper, carried on upon Christian principles, as largely the hope of the "coming kingdom." In looking about him for a newspaper upon his model, he seems to have hit on the Montreal Witness, to which he has addressed a letter, part of which we quote:—

"I have read the Witness with much interest. I cannot say that I know of any other daily paper in the United States that is conducted on such high Christian principles. I wish I did, for if ever we needed such a paper in our country we need it now.

"Let me express to you my appreciation of the Christian heroism and consideration which make a paper like the WITNESS a possibility. I have always believed it possible for a Christian daily to succeed. You have proved that it can. So much of the ideal newspaper in 'In His Steps' is therefore real.

"I pray that you may continue to be blessed in your work. I do not know a more glorious opportunity for building up the kingdom on earth than by means of Christian journalism. I take the greatest pleasure in sending the copies of the Witness to newspaper friends of mine for their inspection.

"Very cordially yours,

CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Topeka, Kansas.

An Entertaining Insurance Company

One of the most unique and entertaining of presentations is half a dozen cards fastened at the corner which contain the figures 1 to 6 so arranged that one person can tell the age of another by quick and certain calculation which though mystifying at first is as simple as it is ingenious. To Mr. Robert Johnson, one of the energetic agents of the Great West Life Assurance Company, PROGRESS is indebted for its cards which remind one constantly that the hustling company of the west is very much alive at all times. Mr. Johnson has proved this already and the business he has written ranks in amount among the "leaders" of the year.

This Is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

The Great Carpet Cleaning Process

For cleaning carpets on the floor. We are now in a position to do this work and give entire satisfaction. Rugs a specialty only 50 c. each. Send us one. UNGER'S LAUNDRY, DYEING & CARPET CLEANING WORKS. Telephone 58.

Just a Guess.

"Er-h'm!—my dear children," rather pompously began old Mr. Tubman, standing before an assembly of school children he had been asked to edify. "I have been requested to say a few words to you, and I bring with the hope that a brief Agent's life of one who has trodden miles along the highway

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

of existence may be of profit to you who are just entering that highway. I was twenty-four years old last March, four years beyond the three-score and ten allotted to man for his years upon earth. During all those years I have—but, before I tell you the few and simple but potent rules of life which I have always followed, how many of you can guess why it is that I have been permitted to live so long in this beautiful world? And the dear little innocents replied in one voice, 'Because the good die young!'

EVOLUTION OF THE COAL CART.

And a Look Ahead to the Time When it Shall be Seen Only in Museums.

In the evolution of the coal cart that vehicle has developed from the old single-ton dump cart to the big five-ton wagon, and the majority of the wagons used nowadays, of whatever size or form of construction, are equipped with a delivery chute, single length or telescopic, by means of which the coal is delivered direct into coal holes or collarways. There are, nowadays, great coal wagons with side delivery ports, which do not have to back up to the sidewalk, but are unloaded sidewise.

All these things, however, apply only to the delivery of coal to a lower level by gravity. Where coal is still taken up it is carried in the old ways. If in business or other establishment where coal is used in stores it is shoved into boxes or barrels on the sidewalk and then hoisted up. But this way of taking in coal is now seldom seen. As the old fashioned hoisting apparatus with its dangling ropes has now been almost universally superseded by some form of elevator, so has the use of stoves in the establishments to a very great extent been superseded by steam heaters, where the coal is burned in the cellar and the resulting heat sent up in the pipes.

In dwellings, more and more, the custom now is to get fuel for cooking purpose and more or less for heating also, piped in the form of gas. There are now plenty of families that have ceased entirely to buy coal. Living in flats they get steam heat for which the coals bought and burned by the owner, while for their cooking they burn gas. It seems reasonable to suppose that in the not very distant future the use of gas for fuel will largely increase; that private consumers at least will, for all purposes—use fuel in that form, and that the coal to produce it will be burned economically at your central stations and the gas fuel piped to the consumer. In that case even the highly developed nineteenth century coal wagon would practically disappear from residence parts of the city. Looking still further into the future, it seems possible that the day may come when far greater economies yet will be practiced, when the coal will be burned in great plants at the mouth of the pit and the product of gas be piped to centres of consumption. Then will the coal wagon disappear from use and be no longer seen save as an interesting exhibit in the museums.

Translated.

A rather impecunious individual, who often indulged in the reprehensible habit of sponging on his friends, sent a request to an acquaintance for monetary assistance to tide him over a difficulty. His friend, who had frequently assisted him in similar cases, was getting tired of these repeated applications and replied that he could not comply with his request at present, but would direct his attention to an excellent French proverb, which, if he would follow it out might be of much value to him ultimately. The said 'proverb' was, 'Pas d'elle yeut, Rhone que nous.' The hard-up one, not being conversant with the French idiom, had to consult another friend who had some pretensions to linguistic attainments, and who, seeing the joke immediately translated the sentence into "Paddle your own canoe."

Hicks: 'Bowers has been telling me some of his war experiences.' Wicks: 'And you believed all his yarns?' Hicks: 'O, yes; they were so uninteresting I'm sure they must be true.'

Willis: 'Putting a pin in a person's chair is an old joke.' Wallace: 'Yes, but it hasn't lost its point yet.'

Chas's Rescued, Cane, Spinal, Perforated, Duocal, 17 Waterloo Street.



The nearness of the Christmas season with the rush and hurry it brings along, and the stormy disagreeable weather, are both very good reasons to offer to the world at large for the dearth of social news these days. The storms are not severe enough though to interfere with the usual Christmas shopping and whatever hour one visits the stores they are sure to find the long attractively arranged counters surrounded by perplexed shoppers peering their brains as to just which of the numerous lovely things displayed they want.

It seems really as if every year the Christmas goods grow prettier and this year in addition to prettiness and variety there is the added merit of being able to purchase, very cheaply, the daintiest little trifles.

Beautiful little accessories of the dressing table, china, medallions, etc., there are in bewildering array and if you're not delighted with the articles and their prices why certainly the fault is in yourself not the Christmas goods.

The performance of The Three Guardsmen Thursday night might almost be called a society event bringing out as it did so many members of the smart set. What a very good presentation the Cazenove company gave of the piece, and what an enthusiastic audience it was to which they played. The frequent applause and curtain calls were fully merited, and there is no doubt that on the opening night the company scored a very decided triumph. Paul Cazenove, the star, quite justified all the nice things that were said of his work in advance, and the audience of Thursday evening gave flattering recognition of his excellent interpretation of D'Artagnan. As Richelet Mr. Ulysses Davis was excellent and though, of course, it was a part that he made him thoroughly detested his work and his make up called forth universal praise. The balance of the cast was very pleasing, and taken as a whole it may be said without exaggeration that the company is one of the best we have had for some months.

The benefit concert for the Oratorio society was held in Trinity Sunday School room on Thursday evening and was largely attended. The various numbers on the well arranged programme were very heartily received and were as follows:

Songs—Still as the Night.....Carl Bohm  
Robert Seely.  
Songs—(a) For Sweet Love's Sake.  
(b) O Lovely Rose.  
(c) I Ask But This.....MacDowell  
Mrs. Charles Taylor.  
Song—I'll Sing These Songs of Araby.....Clay  
John Kelly.  
Songs—(a) Where'er You Walk.....Handel  
(b) The Sweetest Flower.....Stucker  
Mrs. H. B. Schofield.  
Violin Solo—Bolero.....Ferman  
Albert Ford.

Concluding with the Song Cycle, "In a Persian Garden," Music by Lisa Lehmann.

Mr. T. Robertson went to Digby last week to see his brother Mr. G. Robertson who was quite ill for a little while but who is now much improved.

Mrs. James Millican is visiting her daughter Mrs. Fuller of Truro.

Miss Maude McClaskey has returned from a very pleasant visit to her friends the Misses McVoy of St. Stephen.

Zion church school room was on fete this week, when the ladies suite society held a fancy sale and tea which was well attended and very successful in every way. The room was gay with bright colors and together with the tasteful and prettily fancy work displayed on the tables made the rooms look extremely attractive. One of the features of the affair was a souvenir table in charge of Miss Young and which contained a unique assortment of boxes made from the glass in the new windows of the church.

At the fancy table where Miss S. G. Powers, Miss R. Wilson and Miss Amos presided a beautiful assortment of fancy work was offered for sale and quickly disposed of. A silverware table was an innovation in connection with the fancy table that attracted a good deal of attention.

A very interesting collection of dolls and toys for the little folks found ready purchasers through the persuasive powers of Miss Sprout and Miss A. Wilson.

The candy table which was prettily decorated in pink and green and contained a dainty assortment of sweets was in charge of Miss Hattie Lindsay and Miss T. Wilson and tea was served in the infant class room from 5 to 7 o'clock by Miss Puchell, Miss Dean and Miss Wilson. In the evening a musical programme was rendered in a very enjoyable manner.

Mrs. R. B. Colwell and children of this city paid a short visit lately to relatives in Anagance.

Mayor and Mrs. Whitehead of Fredericton spent a little while in the city the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. McLean returned Monday from a trip to the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Patterson have taken up their winter quarters at the cosy and homelike Clifton for the winter.

Mrs. F. H. Murray and Mrs. Frank S. Rogers who were summoned to Halifax last week by the tidings of their father, Mr. J. F. Shaffer's death, returned home on Monday of this week.

Mrs. J. D. Weldon of Shediac spent a few days in the city in the early part of the week.

Mrs. W. H. Furdy is entertaining Miss Constance Vail who is enjoying a brief visit from her studies in a Waltham hospital.

Mrs. Miller of Bridgetown who has been visiting her sister Mrs. T. L. Coughlan returned to her home on Saturday last week.

Mrs. Chas. Manuel of Boston arrived home a few days ago to spend Christmas with her mother Mrs. J. K. Schofield.

His Lordship Bishop Kingston and Mrs. Kingston came down from the capital for a day or two the first of the week.

Mr. C. A. Lowe of Amherst, N. S., spent Tuesday in the city.

Mr. F. H. Tingley of New Glasgow was among the past week's visitors to this city.

Mrs. B. G. Fowles has returned to her home in Havelock after a very pleasant visit to friends here.

Mrs. E. A. Keith spent part of last week in the city, returning to her home in Havelock later in the week.

The third annual Ceramic exhibition of the local branch of the Woman's Art Association of Canada

was held this week and was certainly superior to its predecessors in every way. The present location of the new studio on the south side of King square are extremely pleasant—and in the matter of lighting is much better than the former quarters on Prince William street. The work exhibited possesses a great deal of artistic merit and the local artists are to be congratulated on the excellent showing they make.

Among the St. John exhibits Miss L. C. Cushing has a very handsome fish set, platter and six plates, very artistically executed. Miss Marion Holly's four pieces are a plate with miniature "Galassborough Girl," a plate with violets and cupids, and a tea set and cream pitcher with these articles were greatly admired, as was Miss Lily Markham's large tray with its effective decorative of chrysanthemums. Miss Ethelwyn Hall's collection of miniature work possesses a great deal of merit and is much admired. The largest display is made by Miss McGovern and is exceedingly rich and varied and includes a claret jar with purple and green grapes plaques done with chrysanthemum, a fruit dish with grapes, trays with violets pansies and yellow roses, cups and saucers and bon-bon dishes. A fish tray and plates, bird plate, brush and comb tray, rose tray, jardiniere and marble jar all painted in charming design are exhibited by Mrs. T. T. Mortimer.

Mrs. W. O. Raymond's work attracted a good deal of attention and is exquisitely dainty and pleasing. It includes two claret jugs plates, and bon-bon dishes. Miss E. J. Ritchie exhibited a miniature on ivory, and a large plaque on which are Venus and cupids in dainty coloring and effective grouping. Miss Barry Smith's display is small for such a clever artist, but it is lovely and attractive, and consists of decorated Royal Worcester vases, cups and saucers, a jardiniere and a plate, all of which are most pleasingly executed and form a valuable collection.

The display from other Canadian cities is large and beautiful and includes exhibited by Miss Hannaford, Miss Harrison, Miss Strong, Miss Honson, Miss Logan, Miss Good all of Toronto; Miss Watson of Galt, Miss Spence of Brantford, Miss Whitney and Miss Schulze of Montreal.

The name of Planket Greene is now recognized the world over as that of the most distinguished and popular ballad singer appearing before the people of England. Possessing a bass voice of rare quality, sweetness and power added to a most magnetic personality, Greene is to the fore not merely at all the principal London concerts, but at the great Musical Festivals. At the last Leeds Festival, the greatest in the old land, he won a remarkable triumph in the new works then given. With a splendid interpreter of classical music and oratorio, Planket Greene is most highly regarded by the general public for his beautiful renditions of old time English, Scotch and Irish ballads. During his coming American tour it is believed an appearance will be arranged in this city.

Mrs. Byron Taylor returned this week from a visit to friends in the capital.

Mrs. H. S. Bridges is spending a few days in Fredericton the guest of Mrs. H. V. B. Bridges.

Mr. John A. White of Bat Portage, was in the city for a day or two this week.

Mr. M. N. Cockburn of St. Andrews spent a little while in the city during the week.

The Eastern Helpers, Kings daughters of Leinster street church held a tea and sale in the church Sunday school room last Tuesday afternoon and evening. The room was very tastefully decorated with yellow and white predominating. Tea was served from six to eight o'clock and a large number of useful and fancy articles were disposed of. Following is the tables and list of attendants.

Tea table, Mrs. John Dean, Mrs. Abner Hatfield, Mrs. F. Carey, Mrs. Hatfield, Miss Hoyt, Miss Cowperthwaite, Miss Clarke, Miss Worden, Miss Erb.

Fancy table: Miss Currie, Miss Addy, Miss Allen, Miss Brundage and Miss Wetmore.

Novelty table, Miss Rising, Miss Currie, Miss Sault, Miss Huestis, Miss Bertie Barbour, and Mrs. J. W. Robinson.

Apron table, Mrs. W. S. Martin and Miss Edith Allen.

Flower table, Miss Annie Knott, Miss Nettie Hatfield, Miss Winsie Erb, Miss Bertha Allen and Miss Lulu Kelly.

Candy Table, Miss Bessie Waterbury, Miss Minnie Nincent, Miss Cora Clark and Miss Jean Cameron.

Mrs. A. J. Heath and family of Carmarthen St. have gone home to Boston for the Xmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Morine of Halifax have taken up their winter quarters at the Grand Union hotel for the winter.

Miss Robinson of Digby who spent several weeks with friends here, returned to her home last Saturday.

Mrs. Cloness of Nanaimo, B. C. who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. A. L. Goodwin for the past three weeks, left this week for Toronto to spend the winter with her son who is attending college in that city.

Mrs. Whightman has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Abramson of Digby, N. E.

Among the Christmas attractions secured by Manager Dockrill of the Opera house is a special engagement of Ishams Octoroons one of the foremost colored organizations in America. The combination has always been wonderfully successful in both America and Europe, and this year it has several new features, which are considered a genuine improvement.

The Octoroons are seen in an original musical farce, two acts, entitled "The Tenderloin Coon." The public may be satisfied to know that the large delegation of amber hued individuals are afforded ample opportunity to display their talents, and it can safely be said that much good amusement results. Comical situations abound; there are songs galore and dancing a plenty, in which the entire organization takes part, prominent hits being scored by each and every member of the company. Suffice it is to say that not one dull moment is found during the entire program. And the ensemble singing and dancing are certainly most enjoyable. The costumes are rich and beautiful, being all new, and the scenery has been painted especially for this season's review.

A number of friends called last Wednesday evening upon Mr. and Mrs. John Magee of Winter Street to celebrate the fifth anniversary of their marriage, and to tender expression of good will in the shape of several valuable gifts. The evening was pleasantly spent in games, music etc and a delicious lunch was served to the assembled guests.

Madame Harrison is expected to arrive in this city today on a visit to friends for a few days before going west. Miss Harrison gave the final concert in her present tour at Campellton on Friday evening and it is pleasing to her friends to know that there is elsewhere during the tour just ended she was greeted with a large appreciative audience.

Native Andamanese widows use the skulls of their deceased husbands as treasure boxes.

Dolls, Dressed and Undressed. Body and Jointed. All sizes. Lowest Prices. McArthur's Book Store, 90 King Street.

Mrs. Wm. Lemont those who sang solo's

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

**Verses on a Cat.**  
(Lines on hearing of the death of an old pet that had been in a family for 14 years.)  
So, poor old Dinah's dead!  
No more will she be fed  
On turkey, fish and cream,  
She lived a peaceful life,  
Here in this world of strife  
Now let her sweetly dream!

Lo! many cats there are  
That live to eat and war,  
But Dinah did not fight,  
Nor care she of the world,  
Like pussy's sometimes do,  
When in the yard at night.

Her place she kept in house,  
Was terror to the mouse  
That from his hole did stray,  
But there he was leapt once,  
And it made a meal  
At any hour of day.

O, rest thee well old cat!  
Lie thou with mouse and rat  
Thy tooth and claw laid low,  
So shall all pussy sleep,  
And clouds o'er them sweep  
On clover and on snow.

L. MIDGERT.  
St. John, Dec. 6, 1898.

The Return Check.

I often have thought what significance lies  
In the check that you get at the door,  
When, to visit a friend, from the play you arise,  
And then he gains entrance once more.  
There are shows that, in life, where this rule doesn't  
hold,  
Your love has proved false and to leave her you're  
told—  
Here's where you get no return check!

When Adam in Paradise had a front row,  
Found everything heart could desire;  
At least, if you don't, the sequel you know—  
They told him to leave, and instantly he left;  
His troubles were more than a peck!  
Of all the loves of the garden here,  
He vanished, with no return check!

To manhood you grow, and look back with a sigh  
On childhood's delightful domain,  
The visions it held have forever gone by,  
And you're left to your own "y" again.  
You think of the loves of your boyhood so fair,  
When "p. causer" was still at your beck;  
Oh, bright land of childhood—you long to go there  
Alas! you have no return check!

You muse o'er the comrades who fell by the way,  
What joyful hearts had the boys!  
Yet here you are patterning on, day by day,  
Through life with its troubles and joys,  
But the time for departure grows briefer each day,  
The laurels your brow may bedeck,  
So, guard well your seat in the golden paragon,  
For remember, there's no return check!

The Calamity of Kalamazoo.

Have you heard the pretty legend, sad and mourn-  
ful, and yet true,  
Of the brave and ducky lover and the Indian maid  
Mabzoo?  
How they lived and loved, and wandered on the  
river's shady shore,  
Happiest of Indian lovers, in the days that are no  
more?

All day long the maiden labored, weaving baskets  
Thinking of her love, her Kahla, weaving him into  
her dream;  
Then he came and hears the rowing of his light  
birch-bark canoe,  
"Kahla!" calls she; cries he, "Coming, coming to  
my own Mabzoo!"

Al! one night she waits in silence; sad her face—  
her love is dead!  
Wounded in the chase, her warrior in a fortnight to  
be wed  
In the morn'g they find sweet Mabzoo lying silent in  
the stream,  
Gone out; her lover Kahla, nevermore to watch  
and dream.

Still the echoes o'er the river may be heard soft  
through the air;  
Echoes of the warrior Kahla and of young Mabzoo  
Mabzoo?  
All the trees repeat the whisper, all the ripples  
murmur, too,  
In the stream that bears their name—bears the  
name, "Kalamazoo."

Day Dreams.

Day dreams will not do, boys,  
Pleasant though they be;  
Day dreams fulfill us, boys,  
As rain upon the sea,  
Vain it is to climb boys,  
Fancy's golden stair,  
If the climbing ends, boys,  
In castles in the air.

Not by strokes of luck, boys,  
Can you win a name;  
There's no royal road boys,  
Leading to fame,  
Those who gain renown, boys,  
Don't with shadows play,  
Eed the season well, boys,  
Lest your dreams away.

Work lies at your hands, boys,  
Tasks that must be done;  
You must buckle to boys,  
Ere the set of sun,  
Swiftly dies the time, boys,  
Whist! you aimless stray  
Your bright day is short, boys,  
Lest your dreams away.

Day dreams will not do boys—  
To yourselves be true;  
If you would achieve boys,  
You must do and do,  
Have a purpose clear boys,  
With heart and soul  
Follow where it leads, boys,  
Till you reach the goal.

The A to Z of Pessimism.

A little babe,  
Mother's Prayer,  
Little boy,  
Lots of dare,  
College youth,  
Football hat,  
Fearless man,  
Country air,  
Pretty maid,  
Lovely snare,  
Little duggy,  
Aged mare,  
Priestly priest,  
Youthful pair,  
Little side,  
Wear and tear,  
Troubled life,  
Worthy care,  
Eed in sight,  
Dread despair,  
Gravestone's scene—  
That's all, I swear

A rule, a six months' cruise decreases the  
speed of ships fifteen per cent. This is caused by  
the barnacles which form on a ship's hull.

London, as comprised in the Metropolitan and  
City police districts, has a population of 5,833,806,  
equaling the combined populations of Paris, Ber-  
lin, St. Petersburg and Rome.

Fancy Goods, Games, Toys, Dolls and  
Annals, Lowest Prices, at McArthur's  
Book Store, 90 King Street.

Xmas Candy.

McClaskey's is the place to get it.  
We have all kinds at all prices. Connoisseurs all  
sizes. Fancy boxes for Xmas Trees in the latest  
American designs.  
Have you seen our fancy baskets—they are going  
fast. Fresh fruits only 50c. cents per lb. special  
price for Xmas.

Handsome Premiums—Save the Wrappers. "What is, is Best"



Smooth on the Hands Rough on the Dirt

AND WHAT IS BEST, IS Welcome Soap. It helps a woman economize at home. It has that free lathering, great cleansing and at the same time lasting quality.

Many thousand housekeepers throughout Canada have learned to pin their faith to..... THE ONLY REAL BORAX SOAP, WELCOME

The Welcome Soap Co., - St. John, N. B.

Holiday Desserts.

If you have friends spending the holidays, an easy way of serving a "change" for the dessert is to use Lazenby's English Jelly Tablets. One dropped into hot water is all the work there is to do to get a delicious table jelly. They are of the very highest quality—the nobility in England use them. The jelly hardens quickly in a mould. But be sure you get Lazenby's.

Lazenby's Jelly Tablets.

Best grocers sell 13 varieties.



The Famous Model

WOOD COOK STOVE. Our Latest and Best.



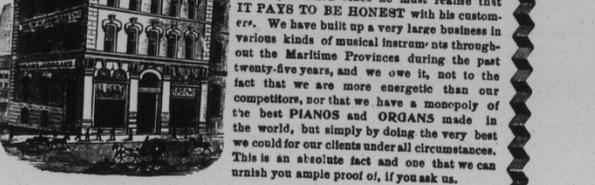
The result of 50 years experience. It's good working is guaranteed. The Oven has a steel bottom. Thermometer in oven door shows exact heat, no guessing as to whether it is hot enough, while the system of hot air circulation thoroughly ventilates the oven and carries all fumes into the chimney. Top of Stove is made so as to prevent cracking.

This Stove baked 212 loaves in 6 1/2 hours with 24 cubic feet of wood.

The McClary M'fg. Co.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER. If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

Confidence



Every business man who expects to make a permanent success of his vocation in life, must have the confidence of the people who trade with him. This is sound natural law that is applicable to every legitimate trade that we know of, and no matter what the disposition of the individual may be, if he has ordinary common sense he must realize that IT PAYS TO BE HONEST with his customers. We have built up a very large business in various kinds of musical instruments throughout the Maritime Provinces during the past twenty-five years, and we owe it, not to the fact that we are more energetic than our competitors, nor that we have a monopoly of the best PIANOS and ORGANS made in the world, but simply by doing the very best we could for our clients under all circumstances. This is an absolute fact and one that we can furnish you ample proof of, if you ask us.

The W. H. JOHNSON CO. Ltd., Halifax.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES



THE WEDDING RING.

Death lurks in every place in this vale of tears. There is no happiness, no joy, no success, no sorrow, and no failure...

HALIFAX NOTES.

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

The great event of last week was the ladies dinner given by the officers of the Princess Louise Fusiliers at the Halifax hotel...

The tables were most beautifully decorated, and a lesson to many private houses, with their lovely arrangement of long trails of smiles, chrysanthemums, and high palms and much silver...

Among the unmarried ladies Miss Burns in black and Miss Wickwire in white and green looked charming, and Miss Nicholson in pale blue was much admired.

Miss Daisy Foster sang very delightfully after dinner, and was prettily gowned in pink. Mrs. Curran, who is heard too seldom, also sang two or three songs, to the great pleasure of the crowded drawing room.

The table was arranged in three sides of a square the upper end being occupied by the guests holding the highest rank. The Queen's health was drunk standing, and was the prettiest sight possible...

I hear there were no less invitations, each officer asking his own guests, and it says a great deal for the competency of the committee that every thing was arranged so perfectly, as at a large dinner...

The Junior members of the Church-woman's Missionary society held a bazaar at the Church Institute on the ninth, which was quite as successful as last week's and was by way of being a society function at tea time.

The first has come at last and all sorts of plans are afoot for skating parties, including a garden one, at which the band will play for dancing. There is, as yet, no committee appointed to take the private afternoon in hand, but that will be all arranged as soon as the skating fever really sets in.

Lady William Seymour is having a children's fancy ball, it report speaks truly, in Christmas week, with no guests but children of all ages, and it will be one of the prettiest sights possible. All sorts of pretty costumes are being devised for the small guests, and their pleasure will be a real joy to watch.

Captain Elliott, R. A. is expected from England the first week in January, and will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Huddleston and Miss Keith, who will spend the winter here at Keith, Hall Miss Wickwire's wedding takes place a few days after the arrival of the bridegroom, to whom Mr. Cayley will be best man.

Miss Oliver's wedding is now fixed for the 29th of this month, and Captain Drake will arrive here about Christmas.

Colonel Wilkinson's best man at his marriage with Miss West will be Captain Lake, but the wedding is to be a small one, according to family tradition, only the girl friends of the bride and members of the garrison being invited.

And still there is another engagement! This time not in the garrison, but purely civilian. However, it is not yet announced, and no one is quite sure whether to offer congratulations or not. Such things have a way of leaking out, and there is likely to be yet another smart wedding at Easter. Truly, people will be at their wit's end this year to vary their wedding presents. One lady has evolved the idea of buying six silver jugs, all exactly the same, and handing them round. She says to choose a present for each bride would turn her hair grey.

OTTAWA SOCIETY LETTERS.

D. C. T.—In some mysterious manner the budget I wrote you last week did not reach Progress and I wish to think of how much you missed. Not that there was very much going on in that recorded week; in fact I hardly remember what I found to write about, but scribble you something I certainly did.

Well to pick up the threads again, a very large dance was given by the Misses Sparks for the coming out of their niece Miss Florence Sweetland. There were five other debutantes, and in spite of the dire rumors of the scarcity of men to be in Ottawa this winter, no less than twenty ornamented the walls. So the debutantes to come are picking up heart of grace, and the few who became frightened and thought they would wait another year.

Canada's Greatest Remedy.

Griff's Menthol Liniment is the greatest curative discovery of the age. Penetrates muscle, membrane and tissues of the very bone, banishes pain and aches with a power impossible with any remedy. Use it for rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches and all soreness, swelling and inflammation. A. I. Druggists, 25 cents.

is death in the embrace of love, and the first touch of baby-fingers is succeeded by the chilly grip of the grim destroyer. If wives and mothers would only resort to the right remedy when they suffer from weakness and disease of the delicate and threshold to life, their favorite husbands bereft, and fewer homes saddened by an infant's loss. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes the feminine organs strong, healthy and vigorous. It fits for maladies of the period of suspense, and comparatively painless. An honest druggist will not try to induce a customer to take an inferior substitute for this great remedy, for the sake of extra profit.

Mrs. Seagle was a great sufferer from a combination of female diseases, a few years ago which she has been entirely cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. "I write Geo. A. Seagle, Esq., of Box 130, Wytheville, Va. I am convinced that there is no medicine on earth equal to the Favorite Prescription, and she doesn't hesitate to say so. She has recommended it to her lady friends, and in all cases, where it has been given a fair trial, it has given entire satisfaction."

In cases of constipation and torpid liver, no remedy is equal to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. They never fail. A little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. An honest dealer will not urge a substitute upon you.

have suddenly changed their minds. And this dance the debutantes vowed, was the very loveliest that could be, and they did hope there would be more. So on Saturday, in the old Esplanade Court, an afternoon dance was given as a farewell to Colonel and Mrs. Lake, who leave for India on the 10th. It was a great crush, and a few who liked dancing tripped dithely to the music, and the many who did not tried to get out of the way and all who could found their way to the upper room. There was still an other dance last week but you may be tired of the mention of such frivolities.

The really great society event of recent date was the performance of "The Highwayman" given at the Russell theatre, for their Excellencies were present, and with their horse party occupied two boxes. Lady Minto wore a gown of black net over red, while Lady Sybil Beaulieu was in pale yellow satin. In the audience were all the notable people of the Capital, most of them in evening dress. I believe that I gave a description of the new theatre in that much-lamented letter that never saw the light of day, so I am going to write about it again. It is considered to be one of the prettiest in Canada. One can leave the Russell parlors and go through a covered archway till the light of the theatre burst upon one. The seats are of red velvet and the ceilings and cornices of white and gold and the walls painted to represent the colors of sunset. The drop curtain represents "The Loops in the Socks."

At the last concert of the Women's morning music club Miss Cotton of Charlottetown, who is a guest of Miss E. H. Davies sang twice. Lady Daves is still in Washington but will probably return soon. Miss Dobell is an exceedingly handsome girl and is very popular. Miss General Hutton and Capt. Bell, his aide, are moving here to Toronto for a short time. Miss Hazard of Charlottetown, who has been the guest of Mrs. W. Scott for some time has returned home. Mrs. John Hodgins spent a short time in Montreal recently, with her cousin Mrs. Albert Lingo.

The very cold weather brings skating in its train, and Ottawa has many who excel in skating on the ice. I wish I had some idea of what you do and do not do in winter in St. John, but no doubt if I study the columns of Progress I shall hardly be able to see where we differ. I shall hardly dare whisper it, but a slanderous statement has come abroad that, people in the Lower provinces are a wee bit slower than in the sense of their going about their work or play leisurely and with no suggestion of hurry. Here, every thing is bright and alert; one cannot afford to be caught napping, and yet there are few who have nervous prostration.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]

Dec. 14.—Another of those interesting events which always cause more or less flutter among the fair sex, came off on Wednesday last at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Facey, Laplanche street, when their daughter Miss Harriet and Mr. Leigh Reid Baker, son of Mr. Reid Baker of Ashol, were married. Rev. N. E. Harris, rector of Ashol, and the bride looked very pretty and was gowned in a handsome costume of green, and was attended by her sister Emma who wore the same color. There were about twenty-five guests principally relatives. The presents were numerous and included a substantial cheque from the groom's parents and a pretty table from the choir of Christ Church of which the bride had been a member. Mr. and Mrs. Baker left immediately after the ceremony for St. John returning to town to spend Sunday and left on Monday for Truro where Mr. Baker is Train Dispatcher.

Mrs. T. N. Campbell has returned from a stay in Dartmouth with her parents, her father Rev. Dr. Heartz having been very seriously ill with typhoid fever, but is now rapidly recovering.

Rev. J. C. Cox of Falworth, has been canvassing the town in the interest of several leading papers of the Church of England, and met with very good success.

Rev. Wm. Driffield, rector of St. George, Pungwash, delivered the last of a course of lectures on Church History in the Parish Hall on Wednesday evening which was highly thought of by an appreciative audience.

The same evening Hon. J. M. Longley of Halifax delivered a lecture in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, which was largely attended, Hon. A. R. Dickey occupied the chair.

Mrs. W. J. Moran after a two week's visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Darling, Newburg, returned last week.

A sacred concert in the Baptist Church by the

choir, assisted by some of our best local talent both literary and musical, is to come off tonight. Miss Johnston who remained in town on her return from Montreal a guest of Mrs. A. R. Dickey, left on Wednesday for Windsor where she will remain until after Xmas holidays a guest of Mrs. Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Dunlap, who had quite decided to spend the winter in Southern California, have given up the trip and will remain at home owing to the precarious state of Mrs. Dunlap's health who has again had another severe attack, similar to the one he had in the summer. At this date he is improving.

Mr. McColl, of New Glasgow and children are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

The 50th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. David Chapman of Dorchester, will take place on the 26th inst. We take an interest in the event because Mrs. Chapman is a native of Amherst Point, being the second daughter of Mrs. Thomas Fowler and a sister of Mrs. Pipes, the mother of Hon. W. T. Pipes of this town, D. T. Chapman, of Chapman Brook, and the eldest surviving son.

Hon. Senator MacPain of Wallace died at his residence on Tuesday aged 84 years. He had been in failing health for some time.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fallon, Messrs D. H. Smith & Co. and Messrs. J. S. Jones.]

Dec. 14.—Mrs. Milliken is here from St. John visiting her daughter, Mrs. Fred Fuller.

Mrs. W. K. Langille gave a large tea last Friday afternoon. The hostess was assisted in dispensing her hospitalities and looking after the comfort of her guests, by Mrs. George Layton, Mrs. Albert Black, Mrs. Lewis Rice, Mrs. J. Fowler, Mrs. Lee Russell and Miss Ottilie Smith.

The same evening Mrs. Vernon entertained a large party, for which Miss Cragg, and Mr. Jack party there were present: Dr. and Mrs. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Dray, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Moerman, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, Mrs. J. J. Snook, Mrs. W. C. Sumner, Mrs. T. W. Blenkinsop, Mrs. MacNeil, Grand Narrows, Miss Blenkinsop, Miss Fraser, Miss Patridge, Miss Blenkinsop, Miss Stansfield, Miss Cragg, Miss Laurence, Miss Spencer, Miss Bent, Miss E. Snook, Miss Nelson, Miss Robbins, Messrs. O. A. Harnaby, F. C. Cotton, A. F. McCrowe, D. Cummings, W. D. Dimock, J. B. Hall, W. Nelson.

Charming operas are being put on this week, by the Robinson opera company, to very meagre houses.

Master Roy Henstis, Halifax, is visiting his aunt Mrs. W. K. Langille, Queen street.

Mrs. E. A. Taylor, Halifax, is the guest of her friend, Miss Mabel Bates.

The whist club enjoyed a very pleasant evening last Monday, at Dr. D. H. Muir's being entertained by Mr. Jack Muir.

Mrs. Henry Tupper leaves next week for St. Catharines, Ont., to spend the holiday season with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McLellan.

Mr. Robert Finn Wallace, was in town this week a guest of his relatives at the "Stanley" Pros.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

Dec. 14.—Friday last was lucky Friday in the way of entertainments. An agreeable social event was the progressive whist party given that evening by Mrs. Thors. Murray in her pretty home on York Street. It was the same time a meeting of the Bread and Butter club, but as there were other distractions, not all the members were there. The guests present were; Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fawcett, Mr. and Mrs. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson, Mrs. Tupper, Miss Grace Fawcett, Miss Janie Fawcett, Miss McMurray, Miss Stevens, Miss Emmerson, Miss Smith, Miss Cogswell, Miss Ella Copp, Miss Sigra, Miss Emery, Miss Miss Minnie Estabrook, and Messrs. A. Smith, A. Copp, B. Teed, H. Henderson, G. B. Chandler, R. Bayworth, Hillie Ford, Dr. Sprague, Knapp. This number with host and hostess made eight tables at which the game was kept up with great spirit till the party had "progressed" nine times when a halt was called. The ladies first prize, a pretty little pearl and silver paper cutter, was taken by Miss McMurray, the men's first, a silver soap box, by H. Ford, while a dainty metal pin tray was offered to Mrs. Tupper as consolation for having more blue stars on her card made for the same reason Dr. Knapp was the puppet of the slightest provocation, would clap his hands joyfully as much as to say, "Never mind old chap, better luck next time." The luck was really pretty well divided, however, no one card showing a startling performance either red or blue stars. After this weighty matter was the toothsome oyster and other dainties were broken up about twelve after a most pleasant evening. Some of the toilettes were very pretty. Mrs. Wiggins wore black with light silk bodice trimmed with white chiffon. Mrs. Tupper was becomingly attired in black silk with white lace jabot. Miss Grace Fawcett looked very dainty in a Dresden muslin with blue satin ribbon sash. Miss Emmerson was charming in soft dove grey with white garnitures. Miss Sigra Copp wore a pretty light blue cashmere trimmed with shirred white silk. Miss Estabrook was artistically gowned in golden brown silk and the general impression the rest of the ladies gave was attractive.

The same evening the Whist club met at the residence of J. F. Allison. The members present were Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. F. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. F. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Read, Miss Ogden, Miss Greta Ogden, Messrs. W. Read, W. Black, C. Fawcett, A. Tall, W. Harrison, L. Harrison. The rigor of the game was strictly observed till supper time, this repeat being usually served at the same table as the cards. It was a misstatement saying the menu of this club was optional, it is not but is supposed to be governed by hard and fast rules. Mrs. Allison with the open handed hospitality for which she is noted honored the rule more in the breach than the observance, with the dainty chicken salad, cheese cakes and pastry, but if any objection to the innovation they swallowed their objections along with the good things. Apropos of this subject the different hostesses are beginning to say "what shall I give the club for supper?"

Some they are running ashore for variety by spring home they probably be ready to vie with the Ladies Club in offering prizes for menus. The Lady of Shalott would humbly suggest hot sausages

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 26c

and baked potatoes. Sounds inelegant does it? Just try it once and see how it will go down.

The third engagement Friday evening was an entertainment in Beethoven hall given by the Ecclesiastical society of Mt. Allison ladies college. It was extremely well got up and agreeable as the young lady's affairs are as yet to be. A well delivered reading by Miss Harrison and a decidedly clever essay from Miss M. Evans represented the literary part of the programme. There was a selection from the promising young pianist, Miss Nichol; Miss Wright gave a sweet voiced song and the boys glee club assisted with a comic medley sang with great spirit. The Brownies occasioned lots of fun while the tableaux both the Grecian and the old fashioned "Loves me, loves me not", were extremely pretty and got up with a good deal of taste. At the close ice cream was served and a sort of informal reception was held, and everyone appeared to have a thoroughly good time. Miss Maxwell the president fills her position with ability and grace and all the members of the society were unwilling in their efforts to make the evening pass off. The next sum of \$20 net was the result.

Saturday Miss Emmerson gave "small and early" to a few friends in honor of Miss Smith who has been her guest over a month. Miss Smith's departure early this week for her home in Pettoctidic Sunday was a pale day in the Methodist church when the long talked of and long wished for opening took place. The building was crowded at all three services. Not only was there a goodly share of townspeople but visitors were present from Amherst, Point de Bute, Bale Verte, Port Egin and J. B. Curcure. The morning dedicatory service was conducted by Dr. Brecken at which Dr. Sprague of Summerside, delivered a most finished and intellectual discourse taking his text from 1 Cor. 1 Chap. 23 verse. "We preach Christ crucified." The appearance of the church is now handsome in the extreme with its beautiful stained glass windows quartered oak pews and spacious galleries. The pulpit and choir platform looked particularly well with the organ in the centre at the back. Under the care of Mrs. Josiah Wood, all about the front of the pulpit was tastefully decorated with palms, potted plants in bloom and cut flowers. The music which throughout the day was excellent. The choir, which was considerably augmented for the occasion, have improved wonderfully under Prof. Oetting's training and rendered all the selections with fine modulations and in good time. The anthems were "Hearken unto me people" by A. Sullivan, Beethoven's "The Heavens are declaring," and "The radiant morn" by H. H. Woodward all of which displayed Mr. Dettling's conducting ability. Mrs. Harrison's solo "Let the bright seraphim" from Handel was very beautiful and has been much admired. Although Madame has been travelling and singing incessantly she was in fine voice and took her high notes with all her old time prestige. She also gave "Star of Bethlehem," "Song of Trust" and "I will extol Thee" singing twice for the children at the Sunday school rally in the afternoon. Madame's appearance was most charming. She wore a skirt of handsome black and green mixed material with bodice of black silk overlaid with beaded lace. Her large feathered hat of green velvet was very becoming. Both choir and congregation were delighted to have her once more in her old place. The organ, morning and evening, was played by Miss Florence Webb, whose technique has broadened wonderfully in the last year. She played during the services a large quantity of music, some of it decidedly heavy, with unerring taste and skill and in the choruses, she led the attack with great precision. The evening service was conducted altogether by Rev. Wm. Dobson and while differing from the morning's was equally inspiring and enjoyable. Mr. Dobson preached a fervent sermon from St. John's words, "This is life eternal that I should see the children of men." The service was estimated at over nine hundred. The collections which are to help defray the \$6000 debt, amounted to \$275.

The weather early in the day threatened snow but on the whole was very reasonable and the change from the long continued rainy Sundays was very enjoyable.

LADY OF SHALOTT.

HAVERLOCK.

Dec. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. W. Burnett of Dorchester spent Sunday here with friends.

Mrs. B. G. Fowles has returned from St. John, where she was visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hanson purpose going to Boston this week where Mrs. Hanson will spend the winter.

Mrs. Thorne is visiting her daughter Mrs. Alex. Kingston.

Mrs. E. A. Keith spent a few days in St. John the latter part of the week.

Mr. Dudley Keith is home from St. John Business college for his holidays.

Mr. A. H. Robinson paid a short visit to Moncton last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Herritt are the guests of Mrs. James Gulon.

ANAGANOC.

Dec. 12.—Miss M. S. Cox of Chipman Queens Co. who has had charge of the school at Sussex Portage during the past year has resigned and will be succeeded by Miss Magale Baird.

Rev. Mr. Baker of Pettoctidic spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Davidson at the depot.

Mrs. George Davidson went to Moncton on Monday to visit her sister Mrs. C. W. Price.

Mrs. R. E. Colwell and children of St. John was visiting her mother Mrs. Davidson on Apple Hill recently.

E. H. Davidson is now in St. John spending a few days with his relatives.

THE HORSE CAN'T

tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness when applied, by retaining moist WARD'S BLOOD PURIFIER OF Calsons of all Cords, and Shoe Bolts. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 9th, 1897. Dear Sir—I have since your recommendation, had your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my man-horse and also on my trotting Stallion "Speed-Blood" with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

Remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street, Agents for Canada.

HEART TROUBLE.

Arising From Dyspepsia

Gentlemen:— This certifies that I was troubled very much with heart trouble arising from dyspepsia. I was very bad and my wife was afraid to go to sleep for fear I would have one of those smothering turns and perhaps not get over it. I heard of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them. I took them according to directions and in less than two weeks time I was completely cured. I used altogether about three boxes and believe there is nothing on earth so good for dyspepsia as a box of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I take great pleasure in recommending the Pills to all afflicted as I was. Yours truly, Alex. McFeatherin, Antigonish, N. S. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists or mailed on receipt of price by The Doctor Ward Co. Limited 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.



LOTS OF FUN FOR ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND and Canada and all ages playing the great game of BOBITY

Price \$1.25 each. Trade supplied by G. FLOOD & SONS, General Wholesale Agents, St. John, N. B.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON, Manufacturers, Montreal.

FREE

We give this fine watch, chain and charm, for selling two doz. LEVER COLLAR BUTTONS, at ten cts. each. Send your address and we forward the buttons, postage and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the buttons among your friends, return the money, and we send the watch, guaranteed, for a few hours' work. Mention this paper when writing.

LEVER BUTTON CO., 20 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Ont.

THAT PALE FACE

may be a sign that your blood is poor in quality, and deficient in quantity.

Puttner's Emulsion Produces pure, rich blood, and restores vigor and strength, and bloom to the cheek.

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

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street,

has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacons, and Canned Bacons, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages, Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037.



"Too sweet for anything," is the Baby after a Bath with

Baby's Own Soap

Used by Thousands of Mothers.

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CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAP. 50

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall & E. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. In Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

Dec. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. James G. Stevens gave a very pleasant winter party at their pretty home on Union street last Thursday evening.

There are rumors of several parties and "At Homes" to be given at Christmas for the pleasure of the young people who now absent at their respective schools but who will spend their holidays at home.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall on Friday evening last entertained at the Methodist parsonage the members of the choir of the Methodist church.

The Travellers club were entertained on Monday afternoon by Mrs. Elwell Lowell. There were several most interesting papers read, and the afternoon was one of rare enjoyment.

Mrs. G. H. Raymond spent Monday in town and was the guest of her sister Mrs. Hasen Grimmer. The F. U. S. club meet this evening with Mrs. Willard Pike.

Miss May Morris is the guest of Mrs. Henry Todd.

Mrs. C. H. Newton is spending a few days with her mother Madame Lee.

Mrs. Howard Grimmer returned to St. Andrews on Thursday, after a short but pleasant visit in town.

The young ladies' Saturday evening club will meet this week with Miss Josephine Moore. Dr. McKenzie of the Presbyterian church, arrived home today after an absence of several weeks in Ontario.

Mr. L. D. Lamond of Eastport made a brief visit in Calais during the week.

Mrs. Samuel McMinch and daughter of Woodstock, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McMinch.

Mrs. B. F. Rivins, C. E., left this week for his home in Memphis, Tennessee.

Mrs. Charlotte Whipple of Eastport is visiting her brother Mr. Martin Bradish.

Mrs. Ellen Conroy and Mr. Edward Moore, have returned from Waterbury Connecticut, where they have been attending the funeral of Dr. Walter Hamlin Holmes.

Mrs. John Prescott, leaves for Baltimore this week where she will visit Mrs. F. A. Pike.

Mr. J. L. Haley is visiting Boston this week. Miss Maude McClaskey has returned to St. John after a pleasant visit with her friends the Misses McCoy.

Miss Annie Douglas of Moore Mills, is visiting her sister Mrs. Walter Grimmer.

Miss Grace Stevens arrives from Halifax tomorrow.

Ninety-five Cures in One Hundred Cases.

Within a period of sixty days one hundred cases of Asthma treated by Clarke's Kola Compound showed the marvelous percentage of ninety-five absolute cures—and these figures are gathered from hospital records. \$2. dollars a bottle; three bottles for \$5. sold by all druggists or the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church St., Toronto. 21.

Catarrh

What is Japanese Catarrh Cure? The newest, safest, surest, most pleasant, harmless and only guaranteed cure today. It is a pomade or ointment to be inserted in the nostrils; the natural heat of the body melts it, and by the very action of breathing it draws up into the nasal passage. In an instant makes its potency felt by the opening up of the disease-stopped channels and the soothing, comforting sensation that follows its application. The dull pains leave the head the inflammation is allayed, the foul breath becomes sweet and fresh, and the sense of small returns, that distressing drooping in the throat ceases, the discharge gradually grows less, and in a very short while, by the use of the treatment the whole system is eradicated from the system. It's an antiseptic; contains no cocaine or other dangerous narcotic, and there's a guarantee to cure with every package. 123. "I was troubled with Chronic Catarrh in the head for twenty-five years; spent hundreds of dollars with specialists without any permanent benefit; eight years ago I was cured with Japanese Catarrh Cure, and there's never been a symptom of a return." J. E. LITTLE, Fort Resington, B. C. 50 cents—all druggists or by mail. Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Toronto.

Mrs. John L. Woodcock has returned to her home in Chicago. Mr. Henry F. Todd and Mr. J. M. Johnson, are visiting New York city.

NEWCASTLE.

Dec. 14.—Mrs. Dr. Bishop and Miss Edith Bishop are the guests of Mrs. William Park. Mr. William Maller who spent part of last week in town left on Monday for his home in Bridgetown, N. S.

Mr. W. D. Ramsay of Plattsville was in town last week.

Miss Aubrey Street who has been attending the ladies' seminary at Boston, returned on Saturday to spend the Xmas holidays with her parents with her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. Lee Street.

Miss Gertrude Fairman left on Tuesday for Brockton, Mass., where she will spend the winter with relatives. We understand that Miss Fairman will take part in a very interesting ceremony some time between Xmas, and the New Year.

Mr. Harry Muirhead of Chatham spent Sunday in town.

Miss Maude Finney of Shediac is the guest of Mrs. E. Finney.

James Robinson M. P. was in town on Saturday. Miss Mamie Johnstone played the organ in St. James' church on Sunday evening in the absence of Miss Jean Thomson who was suffering from a severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fleming took advantage of the excellent sleighing on Thursday last to visit friends in Chatham.

The King's Daughters met on Monday evening with Mrs. and Miss Nicholson.

Mr. Fred Tweedie of Chatham, was in town on Sunday last.

Rev. R. Crawford of Metapedia, was in town several days last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ritchie.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Armstrong of St. John addressed the school children in Harkin's Academy.

The "Friday Twelve" met last week with Miss Ada Pedolin, Piesant street.

Mrs. James Robinson and Miss Susie Robinson, were in town on Monday.

Mrs. George N. Clarke of Kingston, N. B., is visiting friends in town.

Rev. W. Corbett of Blackville, was in town on Saturday.

Miss Robinson of New York, is the guest of Mrs. Donald Sutherland.

Mr. George Parker of Derby, made a short trip to town on Monday.

Mr. Charles Park's bazaar was opened on Tuesday the 13th and bids fair to be the chief attraction for young and old during the holiday season.

Miss Freeze spent Sunday with friends in town. Miss Bessie Bell and Mrs. McKinley of Chatham were in town Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. George Harrison occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church Sunday last.

On Tuesday Mrs. D. W. Armstrong gave a very interesting address to the members of the W. C. T. U., at the residence of Mrs. W. Park.

Mr. McCully the popular piano tuner will be in town for the next few days.

We tender our sympathies to Mr. and Mrs. Lee Street in the death of Mr. Street's brother Mr. J. L. Street of Malden, Mass.

The ladies of St. Andrew's (Episcopal) Guild are holding their annual sale of useful and fancy articles this afternoon Wednesday in St. Andrew's Sunday school, we will give full particulars next week.

Mr. I. Gallagher of Moncton is in town this week.

We are glad to hear of the safe arrival in Revelstoke, B. C. of Messrs. Perley Fleming and Clarke Brown.

Mr. John Davidson's many friends are glad to see him in town again after his recent severe illness.

Mr. C. Miller of Millerton was in town on Wednesday.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

Dec. 14.—The musical club had a very pleasant gathering last evening at the home of Mrs. M. E. Sewell.

A fine programme of fourteen numbers was rendered and much enjoyed, after which a very recherche supper was daintily served and fully appreciated.

The numbers on the programme were:

1. Piano Solo—La Livry..... Chaminadi Miss Carman.

2. Song—"Yearning".....Rubenstein Mrs. M. E. Sewell.

3. Song—"Mons".....Stephan & d'ams Mr. Martin Lemont.

4. Song—"Let me dream again".....Sullivan Mrs. Fenety.

5. Piano Solo—"Sadness of Soul".....Mendelssohn Mrs. Rink.

6. Vocal Duet—"Lovely Golden Light of Morning".....Keller Mrs. Jaffrey and Miss Clowes.

7. Song—"I cannot help loving thee".....Clayton Mrs. Wm. Lemont.

8. Song—"The Lifted Veil".....Barney Miss Fenety.

9. Song—"Thine eyes so blue and tender".....Tasson Miss Alma Gibson.

10. Song—"The Old Guard" (by request).....Rodney Mr. Martin Lemont.

11. Song—"The Meadow-Grass".....Bohm Mr. Bristowe.

12. Song—"The River of Years".....Theo Marzials Mrs. Jaffrey.

13. Song—"The Three Wishes".....Ciro Pisanti Miss Alma Gibson.

14. Song—"Daddy".....Behrend Mrs. M. E. Sewell.

Mrs. Byron Taylor, who has been visiting Mrs. E. Byron Winslow leaves today for home.

Dr. Haber Bishop of Boston is in the city. Mrs. Donham, who has been visiting her brothers Messrs Geo. F. and A. J. Gregory for the past two months left today for her home in Portland Maine.

Miss Beverly left on Monday morning for St. Leonard, Madawaska Co.

Friends will regret to hear that the latest intelligence from Miss Cora Reid, who is very ill at St. Leonard, is that she is still in a very critical condition.

Miss Susie Steeves of hillbore who is so ill at Victoria hospital, is to day reported slightly better.

The Laug sylvie Whist Club met last evening with Judge and Mrs. Vanwart at their pleasant home on York Street. A very happy evening was spent and about-midnight supper was announced. The first prize was won by Mrs. Miller, Mrs. T. B. Winslow taking the consolation prize. Dr. Crockett won the gentleman's gift prize and Mrs. Geo. Allen acting as gentleman received the consolation prize.

Mrs. Bridges of St. John is the guest of Mrs. E. V. B. Bridges College road.

By some oversight last week Mrs. Wm. Lemont's name failed to appear among those who sang solo's

so acceptably at the last meeting of the musical club.

The club will not hold any more meetings till after the holiday season. The next evening will be held with Mrs. Fenety on the 10th of January. Mrs. Vavasour sr., has returned from a pleasant visit of seven weeks spent with friends in Hillsboro and Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Newcombe of Woodstock have been spending a few days in the city.

Mr. Geo. Trites of Halifax has been spending a short time in the city.

The assembly club has reorganized for the winter and elected Mr. T. C. Allen, president, Mr. F. S. Hillyard, treasurer and Mr. A. R. Sillip, secretary. It has decided to hold a series of dances during the winter similar to those held last winter and which were so very enjoyable.

Mr. Frank B. Gregory of Victoria, B. C. son of Mr. Geo. F. Gregory of this city, is expected home for Christmas and will probably reach here on Dec 24th.

The Choral society held its second practice on Monday evening, about seventy-five members being present.

THINGS OF VALUE.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills, which flesh is heir to—the very nature of man's curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailties of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result are enervated and strength, by the influence of Quinine Wine, is restored to the system. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result of the system, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result improved appetite, Northrop & Co. of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thompson's 'ELECTRIC OIL.' I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine.

A TONIC FOR THE DEBILITATED.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthy action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses until they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO REPAIR.—A little of the hope of the wonderful pills which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills administered at the proper time and with the direct result of often preventing a serious attack of sickness and saving money which would be expended in all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

Ungrammatically speaking the plural of baby must be twins.

When a man tells his acquaintances that he is sorry he ever got married, it is safe to assume that his wife is sorry too.

A Moralist says that contentment is just as good as money. That's so; and it's just as scarce.

No matter how much your experience may have cost, you can't bring it back to be exchanged for some other kind.

Every baby is the sweetest baby in the world, you were once considered the sweetest thing in the world, although you may not look it now.

WONDERS OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

A Powerful Athlete Made Simply by Breathing Exercises.

Hugo Pruessing, one of the best-known athletes of Milwaukee, is a wonderful example of muscular development produced by breathing exercises.

Two years ago he was narrow chested, stoop shouldered, consumptive. It was predicted that he could not live a year. Hearing of the treatment of a Washington physician, who required his patients to undergo a regular system of breathing exercises, Pruessing determined to try it. The results have been truly astonishing.

At the outset he weighed 110 pounds, measured 33 1/2 inches around the chest, with an expansion of 1 1/2 inches. To-day he weighs 160 pounds, measures 38 inches around the chest when normal, 43 expanded and 54 empty. His lower chest is 23 1/2 inches normal and 35 expanded.

The extraordinary muscles under his arms are those possessed by few other athletes in the country except Sandow. It will be remembered that Sandow, by similar treatment, built himself up to his present marvelous strength.

The breathing exercises are largely a matter of will. He commenced breathing with the upper chest. The ordinary method moves the shoulders and uses involuntary muscles instead of the voluntary ones. Pruessing's method of training keeps the chest raised and gives a longer range to the diaphragm. After the shoulder movement upper chest breathing is practised, and then the abdominal breathing; then the lower chest breathing, the effect of it all being to build up the chest, shoulders and diaphragm most notably.

Striking an Average.

A barrister once appeared for the plaintiff in a suit brought to recover damages caused by a runaway horse. His client had been knocked down and slightly bruised—just enough upon which to base a lawsuit. He had a very strong case; in fact, there was particularly no defence, and as the defendant was a rich man counsel asked for \$200, hoping to get half that amount. When the jury came in they returned a verdict for the plaintiff, with the

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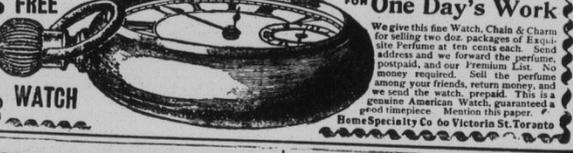


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When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINES.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

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We give this fine Watch, Chain & Charm for selling two doz packages of Equi-site Perfume at ten cents each. Send address and we forward the perfume, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the perfume among your friends, return money, and we send the watch, prepaid. This is a genuine American Watch, guaranteed a good timepiece. Mention this paper, & Home Specialty Co. 60 Victoria St. Toronto

damages assessed at \$836. The judge set the verdict aside as excessive, and the barrister had to begin over again. Some days later he met the foreman of the jury and asked him how they arrived at the verdict.

"Well, I don't quite understand myself, he said. 'The fact is, we all agreed for the plaintiff on the first vote, but each fellow had his own ideas as to the damages. I was in favor of £100, another fellow thought it ought to be £200, and another stuck out for £50. Then one of the jury suggested that we strike an average.'

"But you couldn't have done that," said I. "That's just what we did," said the foreman. 'Each man put down what he thought right, and added them together. I know there seems to be something wrong about the verdict, but hanged if I can see where it is.'

Produced In. An Irish policeman in Australia was giving evidence in the witness box against a local 'Hooligan,' whom he had cause to arrest. The policeman wore a battered appearance, and his right eye was bandaged with a broad cloth.

"What happened?" quired the magistrate. "Well, yur worship, the prisoner was causing a disturbance outside O'Ryan's public-house and I told him to desist."

"And did he?" asked the J. P. "No, yur worship, he did not, but immediately turned round and (lifting the bandage) 'he gave me a black oi, white Oi now produce.'

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Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

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ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Levchotzky" Method"; also "Synthe System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. BULLOCK

"Progress" Print.

MINING BY ASTROLOGER.

An Unexpected Windfall for the Owners of a Cripple Creek Property.

'We meet some very peculiar people out our way,' said the man from Cripple Creek. 'Any one who lives in a mining town has a chance to see human nature in all its phases. There is no place where the superstition and the passions of men are so fully revealed.'

'You have probably never heard of the Epsilon Gold Mining Company, Limited; indeed, there is no particular reason why you should. Up to a few weeks ago the Epsilon Gold Mining Company, consisted almost entirely of John Robinson as President and of myself as Secretary and Treasurer. There were 200,000 shares of stock equally divided between us two, for which up to that time we had been unable to find a purchaser at any price. The assets of the company consisted entirely of a barren tract of land several miles from the gold-producing mines of Cripple Creek. We had bought the property for practically nothing and had incorporated our company according to law. Up to that time its stock was worth nothing a share. There was a small amount of money in the treasury, but we had not felt ourselves sufficiently encouraged to work the mine; had long ago given it up as a bad job and turned our attention to more profitable fields of investment. In fact, I had almost forgotten the existence of the Epsilon mine, when one morning a tall, lank funeral person marched into my office unannounced and planked himself in a chair directly opposite me. I had never seen him before, but he was well dressed and from all appearances well provided with this world's goods.'

'Pardon me,' he said, by way of introduction, 'but I have seen your name mentioned in connection with the Epsilon mine. I believe you are the Secretary and Treasurer of the company.'

'I thought for a moment and then suddenly remembering my abandoned claim, nodded a polite acquiescence.'

'I wonder where I can buy any of the stock of that mine?' inquired my visitor.

'As a matter of fact there are 200,000 shares of stock gracefully reposing in our safe awaiting a purchaser. However I thought it best to be just a little bit wary, so I informed him that there was so far as I knew no stock for sale; that it had already been taken up, and was in safe hands; but that if he was anxious to buy I would look around and see if I couldn't pick up a few shares here and there.'

'Oh, yes; I would like to buy quite a good block,' he said; 'that is, if I could get it at a moderate price. I would buy as much as 100,000 shares if everything was satisfactory.'

'I asked him to call around in the afternoon, as I might be able to accommodate him by that time. He agreed to that proposition and retired. Of course, I began at once to smell a rat. I called in my partner and informed him that an apparently sane man wished to buy 100,000 shares of the Epsilon. He at once grew suspicious. Of course, we thought that this man had some inside information concerning the property which we did not possess, and we at once began a rigid investigation. We had not finished by the time my friend punctually returned in the afternoon, so I asked him if he could not come back the first thing in the morning, when I thought I would be prepared to deliver the stock. He at once agreed and we continued our investigation. So far as we could learn there was absolutely nothing new about the Epsilon. No strike had been made on that or any claim within several miles of it. It was just as barren a tract as it had ever been. My partner, however, was not satisfied and did not want to sell. I thought it was the chance of our lives and I finally persuaded him to dispose of fifty thousand of his



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Everything at cut prices.

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Perfectly Cured

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

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

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best - In fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1.50 for 60c. Get Hood's.

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

shares at five cents a share, I agreeing to dispose of the same amount for the like sum. It was just like picking up money in the street, for there was no stock broker in Colorado who would have accepted the Epsilon as a gift. My friend turned up promptly the next morning.

'I have succeeded in raising the hundred thousand shares,' I said, 'but I find that I cannot get it for less than five cents a share. Would you be willing to give that much?'

'Certainly,' he replied promptly, pulling out his check book. He at once wrote out a check on a responsible bank in Colorado Springs for \$5,000, and handed it over to me. I made an excuse to retire to the next room and while there I called up the bank. They replied that the check was all right; that it only represented a small amount of the stranger's deposit. More mystified than ever, I made out the stock certificates and handed them over to him, he accepting them apparently with relish.

'I suppose I have no right to ask the question,' I said at the conclusion of the transaction, 'but I would really like to know why you have bought this stock and paid \$5,000 for it. You must have information which we do not possess.'

'Yes, I suppose you think I am very foolish to take up this apparently worthless mine,' replied my visitor. 'I know the whole history of it and am perfectly well acquainted with its rating on the Stock Exchange. Nevertheless I am bound to take it up. The reason why is this: I am an astrologer and direct all my life and all my business transactions by the stars. Some days ago I was looking over a list of the Cripple Creek mines, and that peculiar name of Epsilon at once attracted my attention. I procured a map of it, took its horoscope, and made other astronomical calculations. As a result I know just where to sink a shaft and strike the richest bed of ore in this region. There is no doubt of it. There is more gold in your discarded mine than in Cripple Creek and the Klondike combined.'

'I felt like reaching over and pulling back my stock, but of course it was too late. I therefore suggested to him that we develop the mine, sink a shaft, and see if we could find that gold. He agreed, and we began operations at once. There was a little money in the treasury, and with the aid of that we carried the shaft down fifty feet. We struck nothing but sand and mud. Our obliging friend put up a sufficient sum to carry down the shaft fifty feet further. Again we were doomed to disappointment. My partner and I who were now thoroughly in the spirit of the astrologer, furnished the money for another fifty feet. Still no gold. We therefore gave the thing up, and let our friend continue the work. He has spent a large fortune sinking shafts in every available spot on the Epsilon mine, but he hasn't struck color yet. When I left town a few weeks ago he was planning another shaft, but whether he will succeed in finding anything I don't know. I firmly believe that he will not.'

'I suppose,' the narrator's friend put in, 'that the astrologer feels pretty sore against you at the present time and thinks that he has been taken in by the Epsilon?'

'Not a bit of it. He still thinks he has got a bonanza. He has absolute faith in the gold-producing qualities of the Epsilon and you could not buy his stock for ten times the amount he paid for it. He has absolute faith in astrology. The stars tell him that there is gold in the Epsilon mine, and he says that he will bore through to China if necessary, in order to find it. Meanwhile, if you know of any one who wants to buy that other 100,000 shares of Epsilon, kindly send him around to my office. I will sell them for less than five cents a share.'

Making It Worth While. An Irishman walking over some planking in counting his money, accidentally dropped a penny, which rolled down a crack between the boards. He was much put

out by his loss, trifling though it was. Early the next day a friend, while walking by the spot, discovered the man dropping a shilling down the same crack. 'It was this way,' explained Pat: 'I reasoned that it wouldn't pay to pull up that plank for the sake of a penny, so I'm just dropping down a shilling to make it worth me while.'

THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.

One of the Things he is Going to do When his Ship Comes in.

'If ever I get rich,' said the man of moderate means, 'one of the things that I shall do is to travel. I do love to travel. I should poke about not only on the highways, but the byways. New York is getting to be a centre of world travel, but it's nothing like London and Liverpool. If I had the money, I should go to those towns and read the advertisements in the papers, and look up the shipping guides, and pick out my trips. From either of those ports ships go literally all over the world; not alone along great routes of travel, to familiar though distant lands and cities, but to many strange and curious and interesting places that ordinarily one would never even dream of.'

'The trip across the Atlantic in a fast steamer, among a lot of people, is like a brief journey in a floating hotel. I'd like to take a long journey in a fine ship. The very finest steamers in the world come to this port; but there are many fine ships running out of the Thames and the Mersey that we never hear of at all, running, not on our familiar Atlantic ferry, but going half round the world and back at every trip; and I would like to travel on them all. And then there are long-distance coastwise trips along strange lands, and trips to distant points to connect with other boats that go further still to places yet more remote, where the passenger travel is small and the boats infrequent and sailing when they get ready. Think of loafing under such circumstances.'

'Then back to London or to Liverpool after a while, and off again. I should travel all the lines. I should like to know all the ships, and the officers, if they wanted to know me, and all the seaport towns the world over; that means I'd like to know the world. No exploration business, no hard work anywhere; some discomfort, perhaps, but mighty little and comfort always in sight, and just having a feast of loafing with a sauce of strange sights; and a familiar knowledge, finally of the earth's strange places.'

'And I want to go more or less on tramp steamers on long voyages. I imagine that that's the place for rest. I want to be the only passenger on a tramp. I've dreamed a-many times of swinging up and down the swells of the ocean, and of sitting on deck under an awning in port, the only passenger, and of seeing the passenger boats go by; and then, when our turn had come, loading off to the next port or loafing home. And I shall have a look around my own country, too, when I have the means. I shall travel on all the river lines of boats of which they are not so many as there were, because the railroads are carrying the people more and more, but of which there are many after all. There are within the boundaries of this tremendous country scores, I suppose hundreds, of rivers and other waterways traversed by steamboats; rivers and boats that a man living in one locality never hears of at all. I'd like to travel on 'em all, but I don't suppose one would quite have time for that. But I'd like to travel 'em all if I could; and I should travel all the main lines, and that would include many rivers scattered in all parts of the country. And when I read among the steamboat advertisements in the local papers in some Southern or Western city in which I might be the notice of a line of boats running up some stream whose name I had never even heard of since I had learned it in the geography, in the days of youth and romance, why, I should go right straight and take passage on that boat and stay there till she got back; and brush along against the banks and go ashore when she landed, and so just wander along this watery street through the country.'

'I love to ride on the cars. I never get tired of it. I have never found a journey on the cars too long. Every individual car and every locomotive wherever I may see it interests me. I like to read the names on the sleepers; I like everything about the railroad.'

'There's nothing in the papers that I like to read more than I do the railroad and steamship advertisements. I never get tired of them. As a matter of fact I suppose I read them a dozen times a year; though I read the advertisements of the limited and the other long distance trains, and the advertisements of ships to many ports; I love to read 'em; and I am going to all of those places, some day.'

Too sharp. Here is a story from Sussex. There was to be a local agricultural show, and two farmers intended to send in a beast each of a kind for which there were only their own entries. About a fortnight before the show one of the farmers, whom we will call A., went to B. and proposed that each



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EMPIRE \$37.50 Ladies' or Gents' C. R. Co's guaranteed tires.

EMPIRE 40.00 Ladies' or Gents' Dunlop Tires. Thoroughly high grade, forged crown, cranks and sprockets, flush joints two piece cranks.

Canadian, Ladies' and Gents,.... King of Scorchers, 28 inch wheel, all the latest details \$50.00

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We handle no poor cycles and every cycle is fully guaranteed. Write for agency at once so that our Agent may call with samples.

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should withdraw his beast on condition of receiving half the prize money. Making many difficulties, B. at last agreed. A friend went and told him he was foolish, adding that, to his knowledge, A.'s ox was very ill. 'Perhaps so,' replied B., quite unconcerned; 'but, man, my ox has been dead over a week.'

TERRIBLE PEST OF FLIES.

Played Havoc on a Sugar-laden Ship Until Sea-birds Attacked Them.

The British steamer Kensington, sugar-laden, which recently reached Philadelphia, from Sourabaya, a port in Java, while in the Indian Ocean, ran into a vast field of seaweed. These weeds were the home of a large and voracious species of the dragon-fly.

Attracted by the fumes of the sugar the flies swarmed upon the decks in millions. Thousands of them penetrated the hole and feasted upon the sugar. Thousands were upon the decks seeking to get below. Big enough to do mischief, they got savage and attacked the crew. Captain Langwell had thirty-two men and they had the battle of their lives. The flies could not be driven off.

There bites were something awful, Captain Langwell said, and it was not long before the body of each man of the crew was a mass of blood.

The terrible pest of flies lasted for five days. Then far up in the sky the desperate sailors saw a flock of birds circling. They were a mighty army of boatwain's birds, the deadly foe of the dragon-fly of the Indian ocean. Upon the pest these birds chiefly subsist. They had scooped their ancient enemy, and just as the steamer was directly under them they swooped down. These birds of the sea resemble a dove, but are many times larger. They have long tails and sharp beaks.

Against the crew's timely rescuers the flies had no chance. They were eaten by boatwains as quickly as a flock of barn-corn, and soon there are enough of the flies to cause further trouble.

From skipper down to cabin boy all bear trace of their terrible experience with the vicious dragon-fly.

Couldn't Catch Mrs. Turveytop. Mr. Turveytop has, up to very recently considered himself quite clever, and nothing so pleases him as to get the best of some unsuspecting person. For a long time his wife had been in need of a new muff; and after hinting to her lord that her happiness would never be complete till she owned one, he at last decided to gratify her desire. So he went into a shop and picked out a couple, one of which was

cheap and the other very expensive. Upon these he changed the price tickets, putting the cheap price-mark on the expensive muff, and vice versa, and then took them home. For a long time his wife pondered, and at last said: 'Now, dear, the expensive muff is a beauty, and it is really very good of you to allow me my choice. Some women would take it without a word, but really I don't think we can afford the more costly one; and, besides I think the cheap one is more stylish too. Why, dear, what is the matter? Are you ill?' But 'dear' had fled into the night, where, unseen, he could abuse himself to his heart's content.

Floody of Them on Board. He had just returned from a trans-Atlantic voyage, and he let all the tram-car know it.

'Yes,' he said pompously to the old gentleman with the silk hat and the grey whiskers who sat opposite, 'we had a most eventful trip; there was a marriage on board, two deaths, and—'

'Any births?' interrogated the old gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye. 'No—er—no births,' answered the other, in a manner which implied they could have had one or two if they so desired.

'Dear me! that's very strange!' exclaimed he of the grey side whiskers, rising as the tram car slowed up. 'What is strange?'

'Why no births. I have crossed forty-three times, and there have always been births on board.'

The pompous note in the new-fledged traveller's voice gave place to a tinge of reverence as the other mentioned the figures, but he asked:—

'Well! what do you call a number of births? Two, three, four, or—'

'No indeed. Why, the last time I crossed there were over five hundred, and—'

'What, babies?'

'Babies? No, births, sleeping births. Here's my street. Good-bye.'

A titter ran round the tramcar as the silk hat got off, and the young man became suddenly interested in the morning paper.

Advice. The editor of a country newspaper had the misfortune to offend a subscriber by allowing something to appear in his columns which the latter gentleman considered derogatory to him. The offended man wrote an angry letter to the editor, in which he stated his intention of calling at the office at his earliest convenience in order to horsewhip him; and added that he afterwards proposed throwing him out of the window. This epistle somewhat alarming the editor, he showed it to a friend and asked his advice on the subject. 'Ah!' said the friend, after having read the letters and thought a moment, 'this fellow is a dangerous man and means what he says. If you take my advice you will at once have that cucumber-fragment removed from underneath the window.'

On plou... liery, there no mo... worry fears of man, A as the and ven... to talk At th the wo- or Blac were on of unde one and slope, general gas but inclined blown o As coas however confined it occur those wh within a fell victi choke da deadl y one per to lunar Of the the disat at the tin dale, an romantic of the ex occurred lived in t —John W and Hira engaged t bright, p suitors, ro by the sco place on event who desolation berry. W worked wi groomsmat he at su self, he on foolish noti ten the bri When the dark and ev sengers we lit,' where the purposer. While there seeme cessity for, spent itself was not lik facts to the days, howe were mo; and a steam sudden revy retreat w necessary. lingered | be tried to save effort and so face alone. voice broken news to the By and by the young g told her that which had par that he cou that Mar Mary marri The events of this tale ha Robert Adam hery to take in February Mary Fletcher years had pas which had dar tained traces and featuro. whitening fast- strange expres of one who ga

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1898.

## From the Depths of the Mine.

(Copyrighted)

On the 23rd of December 1855 an explosion of gas occurred in Barberry colliery, Darbyshire, England. In these days there was no such thing as a Mines Act, no such individual as a Mine Inspector, to worry the life of the manager, or raise fears of danger in the minds of the workmen, and every mine went its own "gai" as the Scotch say. Fans, safety lamps and ventilation were the sole property of cranks, and it was an indication of lunacy to talk of anything of the sort.

At the time of the explosion in question the workings were confined to the upper, or Black Rock seam, and about 150 men were employed in the various operations of underground work. The principal face of work lay in the North West level about one and a half miles distant from the main slope. The cause of the explosion was generally set down to a sudden outburst of gas but in these times we would be more inclined to look upon it as the result of a blown out shot fired in a dusty atmosphere. As considerable water existed in the mine however, the force of the explosion was confined to the particular section in which it occurred. Therefore the majority of those who lost their lives—25 in number—with the exception of five men, who were within a few yards of the original blast fell victims to what was at that time called choke damp, but which we know to be the deadly gas carbonic oxide, one half of one per cent of which we know to be fatal to human life.

Of the twenty-five unfortunate victims of the disaster all the bodies were recovered at the time save one, that of John Westerdale, and thereby hangs a tragedy—romantic and weird, but true. At the time of the explosion which, as I have said, occurred two days before Christmas, there lived in the village of Barberry two cousins—John Westerdale mentioned previously, and Hiram Fletcher. Westerdale was engaged to be married to Mary Wallace, bright, pretty girl, who counted her suitors, rough and uncouth as they were, by the score. The marriage was to take place on Christmas Eve, the day after the event which brought so much sorrow and desolation to the humble homes of Barberry. Westerdale's cousin Fletcher, who worked with him in the mine, was to act as groomsmen, and while it was thought that he at one time fancied the bride-elect himself, he succeeded in disarming any such foolish notion by doing his utmost to hasten the bridal day.

When the explosion took place on that dark and ever-remembered Thursday, messengers were dispatched to the "upper lift," where the cousins were at work, for the purpose of warning them of their danger. While expediency was advisable, there seemed to be no very immediate necessity for haste, as the explosion, having spent itself on the other side of the airway, was not likely to carry any disastrous effects to the section in question. In these days, however, fans and even furnaces, were most conspicuous by their absence, and a steam pipe in the down-east caused a sudden reversal of the current and a hasty retreat was, at the last moment, made necessary. The young man Westerdale, lingered behind, and though his cousin tried to save him, he had to abandon the effort and sorrowfully returned to the surface alone. With tears in his eyes and a voice broken with emotion, he told the news to the sorrowing sweetheart.

By and by, when the first bitter grief of the young girl had somewhat abated, he told her that Jack's last words to him were that if he could not escape himself, his wish was that Mary might marry Hiram.

Mary married Hiram Fletcher.

The events recorded in the previous part of this tale had passed into history when I, Robert Adams, arrived at Barberry Colliery to take the management of the mine in February 1884. Mary Wallace was Mary Fletcher, and though nearly thirty years had passed since the great sorrow which had darkened her youth, she still retained traces of early beauty of form and feature. True the brown tresses were whitening fast—and the dark eyes had a strange expression in their depths—the look of one who gazes ahead into the years with

the fear, the knowledge, almost, that fate has not yet dealt her hardest blow. Her husband, Hiram Fletcher, was at the time of my arrival underground manager of the Colliery and had the reputation of being a good husband, a hard but scrupulously honest task master, and a rigid Wesleyan local preacher. He always seemed to me to have the face of a man whose life held some sorrow that would bear no inquiry, but after hearing the story of his heroism in attempting to save his cousin twenty nine years before and of his deep sorrow for that untimely death, I understood his apparent stolidity, and admired his honorable, upright dealing with all his fellow men.

About two years after my advent at Barberry, it became necessary, owing to a law suit with a neighbouring company who owned and worked the same seam to the rise side of us, to make preparations to catch whatever water might come down on us from the upper workings. After considering many methods of accomplishing our object I decided to drive parallel water levels through the old workings where the explosion occurred in 1855, and which had been closed ever since. The most vigorous opponent I had to this scheme was Hiram Fletcher; and so pitiously did he plead for me not to desecrate the home of the dead, and to spare the feelings of his wife of nearly thirty years, that I was almost induced to erect a large pumping plant away to the dip at the second shaft. Other influences were at work however with our owners and Fletcher was overruled.

The levels were started and as they progressed at an average rise of 1 in 140—the necessary inclination to carry off water, we periodically crossed "gate roads" in the old "gob," and to our surprise found them not only open, but free from gas of any kind and "dust dry."

After progressing about 1500 yards we cut into an old road which had the appearance of being a main dip haulage. We—that is Fletcher his son Jack and myself—traversed it towards the rise for a considerable distance and eventually reached a point where a "cross gate" branched off to the left. A low agonized exclamation from Fletcher made me turn to see if he had met with any accident, and his face startled me, it was so white, ghastly and fear-stricken. Two roads were there before us and again Fletcher asked me to follow the "cross gate." Without however waiting for an answer he dashed into the "cross gate" accompanied by his son, and called to me to follow him. The main road seemed to me to present better possibilities for excitement and despite his almost frantic entreaties I made my way alone until an incident occurred, which to all practical purposes froze every drop of my blood in my body.

I had given my last response to Hiram when my eye caught sight of the figure of a man sitting at the side of the roadway. He was leaning towards the right, his head resting against a block of coal; his hands were clasped between his knees, while his cap which appeared to be drawn over his eyes gave him the look of one asleep. Thinking that perhaps he was one of the "headers" who had first discovered the old roadway and had tried to explore it with the result of going to sleep I called on him to get up and go to work or home. There was no answer and as I failed to recognize in the lonely figure, any of my workmen, I knelt down and looked in his face; my gaze was riveted there in horror. Shall I ever forget the feeling that ran through me as, unable for a moment to withdraw my eyes, I continued to stare at the parchment-like face, which was that of young man. My heart beat so loud that it seemed to me it must be heard all through those silent subterranean corridors. My head swam round and round, and every nerve was quivering with horror. It was not that the sight of death brought any cowardly fears—Ah, no; I had seen it too often for that in my mining experience, but there was something in that rigid form that affected me as I had never been affected before. Finally through mingled terror and weakness my eyes sought the ground. My God! What did they see. Before me was the sequel to a tragedy of

nearly thirty years before! There by the light of my Marsant lamp, I read written on a slab of roof slate the words: "Mary—Hiram and I quarrelled—he has given me my death blow—he cursed me and said he would tell you I could not escape the choke damp and that I asked you to marry him—Oh my head—good bye Mary—Jack Westerdale."

On the forehead of the figure before me was a ragged wound round which the blood of thirty years still showed itself and told too plainly of the blow with which jealous Hiram Fletcher had removed a rival and gained a wife.

These things are matters of history now, in Barberry Colliery, true history, and I do not wish to enlarge on the way in which Fletcher accepted the situation when his son told him of my ghastly discovery. He was not expecting it, much I believe as all criminals expect ultimate punishment and perhaps in the same way he longed for it. A sudden paralytic stroke followed the announcement, and a few days later Hiram Fletcher was called to answer before God for the crime of his early days. Neither do I care to dwell on the way in which his wife received the true version of the tragedy of her life. Today Hiram Fletcher lies a dishonored man in his grave, in a dim, damp corner of the village graveyard. Over that neglected mound falls the shadow of a giant pine, whose hoarse murmuring makes ever a mournful requiem. The children in their play, in the home of the dead, never by any chance come near that lonely grave. In the village of Barberry, Fletcher's widow drags out her weary days, an old woman, recognizing no one not even the devoted son who has given up his life to her. She sees in him only that other Jack—the young bridegroom who waits the day when he shall arise, when his bride shall become young once more and he shall resume his place as a lover, a lover forever.

M. A. R.

### TROUT COOKED ON THE HOOK.

Conclusion of one Story Told About the Wonders of Yellowstone Park.

"You needn't think that just because I have been out there I am going to give you all the details of a surprise which I did not feel at the stock tales of the Yellowstone Park said the critic tourist. Anybody knows that boiling water will cook fish, and so long as you know that the Yellowstone is full of geysers and boiling springs I don't see what there is wonderful about catching a trout and the turning around and dangling it in a boiling spring until it is cooked. It would begin to be wonderful if boiling water didn't cook fish everywhere.

"But I wish when they are telling this old story they'd finish it up—make it complete. The next time you hear anybody tell that story just you watch out for the way it ends. It never ends. The man tells how he caught the trout. Well and good; anybody can catch hundreds of trout in those overstocked waters. Then he tells how he swung around on his heel and, without taking the fish from the hook, lowered it into a pool of boiling water and cooked it. Well, what's the end of the story? There isn't any end. He just chortles about how he was overcome by the marvels of nature and that sort of thing. He doesn't say another word about the fish. Now, if you will only let the marvels of nature alone and keep your eye fixed on the fish with which the story began it will look mighty different.

"There is the pool of boiling water pretty handy, but not by any means to be reached by pivoting on the fisherman's heel. Then just so's to have something to talk about when he gets home the fisherman seizes the live trout into the boiling water. If its cruelty to broil a live lobster there ought to be something done to a man who will boil a trout alive. And it spoils the fish: the man has to throw it away after he has shoved it through nature's marvels for the sake of his miserable little story. Nobody can eat a trout that has been boiled with all its scales on and all the machinery in place; it's got to be thrown away. There's another thing, too about this story, the next time you hear it ask the man if he took the trout out of the pool of boiling water. If he says he did then the fish didn't begin to be cooked, for anybody who has ever seen a boiled fish of any sort knows that when it's done it won't hold together tight enough to be lifted unless it's wrapped in a naykin before its cooked.

"So there you have the plain facts about cooking trout on the hook. I know because I thought it was such a great marvel of nature that I had to go and try it. Then I saw what happened, and I haven't yet got through feeling disgusted with myself.

## CALIPH'S COMMENTS.

"If the Cap does not fit, don't wear it."—Old Saw.

HALIFAX, DEC 14.—While I think the Honorable Attorney Generals book "Love" has been commented on enough for one season, I cannot refrain from mentioning what I heard the other evening. A bookseller no less, one of the praying kind and a strait-laced presbyterian at that, has called the book obscene and refuses to sell it. Ye gods and little fishes! When a book with a high moral purpose can be called obscene, what in Heaven's name are we to do with the Bible, if we judge it on the same level as Dr. Longley's book? One cannot claim that the bookseller aforesaid has not perused the pages of his Bible for his whole life manifests that. Verily the breadth and scope of some mens minds tends to prove the narrowness and shallowness of others remain a miracle yet inexplicable and unanswerable.

One day last week while the piercing wind and chilly blasts swept down the principal thoroughfare of the city, there stood beneath the shadow of a blank building aged and infirm specimen of the aboriginal settlers of this Province,—a once stalwart and muscular Indian. There he stood outstretched hand asking a pittance from the white man, whose tender heart might feel a passing pang this Xmas season and give a few pence to help cheer his loneliness and brighten the memories of days gone by. It seems to me a sad commentary on fallen greatness. The once brave arrow now humble and abject begging a passing dole! How have the mighty fallen.

There seems to be a great lack of literary life in this city. Even the daily morning and evening papers are not up to the standard of literary or news excellence that such a sized city demands. On every hand complaints are heard, but still improvement lingers in the lap of don't care, and the literary and news abortions continue to pursue the even tenor of their various ways. Now and then something phenomenal will flash athwart the literary newspaper sky, and in a day or two leave us darker than ever. We cannot measure

### A CARELESS PICKPOCKET.

How He Lost His Diamond in the Place of an Empty Purse.

This story did not come from the man interested; it came from the lady who was with the lady who was interested. Perhaps that fact will relieve the mind of the man 'who did.'

The two ladies were crossing from Hobboken the other day, and in the ferryboat sat next to a flashy dressed man, who wore many imitation diamonds and much jewelry. When the ladies left the boat one felt her purse and didn't find it.

"There wasn't much in it," she explained philosophically to her friend. "I wasn't going to buy anything, you know; I was only going shopping. But it served me right for putting the purse in my pocket."

The friend agreed consolingly, and they walked on for a moment, when the lady whose pocket had been picked pulled out

up our own sister city St. John in this respect. The more the pity! Badly printed, poorly edited and without news, Halifax papers are a crying shame to its citizens who deserve better at the hands of its would-be representative papers. The scissors and paste-pot seem to be the essential articles in the editorial equipment.

As a moral city Halifax can hold up its head with any in the Dominion, the remarks of those in high positions to the contrary. Its people are on the whole law-abiding, well-mannered, cleanly in thought and habits as those of other cities. A great deal has been said about it on account of the military and navy, but I am of opinion that the presence of Tommy Atkins and the jolly tar, while raising the devil in a few instances, is not detrimental to the morals of the citizens. Vice is always so hideous that we naturally abhor and are more ready to observe it in others while virtue goes unnoticed without a passing comment. Halifax can measure up in all that appertains to making good, sound citizenship, with any city of its size in the Dominion. May she always hold this high and honored position!

To hear the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells reminds one of the festive season so near at hand. Associated with Christmas are the snow and frost, so conducive to good cheer and jollity, refreshing to the soul and spirit of—man, woman and child. A green Christmas angurs ill. Give us the keen frost and feathery carpet spread o'er hill and dale, with all its joyousness.

An old-fashioned Yule-tide, such as childhood memories recall, with the pleasant aroma of roast goose and plum-pudding; with Santa Claus not a myth or fiction, but a reality. Give us the laughing games, and sport; the general good-will and festiveness the season brings! Away with man or woman who would dare rob us of these hallowed memories, for Christmas must never be relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness while there's a goose to roast, or the ingredients for making a plum-pudding.

A small hard lump of glass from her pocket. "The poor thief," she said, "here's one of his diamonds!" They laughed and went on uptown. In the course of time they were up in Union Square, and for the fun of the thing decided to go into Tiffany's and see what the thief's 'diamond' might be worth. So they went to the diamond sharp and asked if the glass was really worth anything.

"It's not glass," said the expert; "it's a diamond, and a very good one." Then he studied it a little longer and said that it was worth about \$800.

For some reason the man who lost that diamond hasn't advertised it yet. This story will do that for him.—New York Sun.

### A Cheap Old Queen.

An Egyptian mummy, supposed to be that of Queen Anne, wife of Rameses II was offered for sale in a London auction-room and realized \$60.

## CAUSE FOR ALARM.

### How baldness begins.

### How to prevent it.

Every person, male or female, shrinks from baldness. It adds to the appearance of age and is a serious discomfort. The cases are rare when the falling out of the hair may not be stopped, and a new and healthy growth of the hair promoted. The hair grows in the scalp like a plant in the soil. If a plant flourishes, it must have constant attention; it must be watered regularly and find its food in the soil where it is rooted. It's so with the hair. Neglect is usually the beginning of baldness. Dandruff is allowed to thicken on the scalp. The hair begins to loosen. The scalp loses its vitality. The hair, insufficiently nourished, begins to fade and to some practical preparation which, supplying the needed nourishment to the scalp, will feed the hair, give it strength, and so produce a strong and healthy growth. All this is done by Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, the most practical and valuable preparation for the hair that can be obtained. It tones up the scalp, does away with dandruff, stops the hair from falling, restores the original color to gray or faded

hair, and gives an abundant and glossy growth. Those who are threatened with or in the following voluntary statement, made by Alderman S. J. Green, of Spencer, Iowa. He writes:

"About four months ago, my hair commenced falling out so rapidly that I became alarmed, and being recommended resolved to try this preparation. I have been now using it for three months, and am much gratified to find that my hair has ceased falling out and also that hair which had been turning gray for the past five years has been restored to its original color, dark brown. It gives me much pleasure to recommend this dressing."

Those who are interested in preserving and beautifying the hair will do well to send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook. A story of cures told by the cured. This book of 100 pages is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

# A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS.

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc

CONTINUED.

## CHAPTER LXVII.—Continued.

Dr. Browne saw it, and proceeded, more solemnly and impressively than ever—

'That is, of course, unless such confession of one's sins would right a wrong. There can be no true spirit of repentance without a desire to make reparation. If, by any sin of yours, you have injured another, and it is in your power to repair the injury before you leave this world, I exhort you, most solemnly, and in the name of God, who is your Maker, and must be your Judge, to devote your last moments to making such a confession as may most effectually undo your sin.'

No priest could have spoken with a more thrilling solemnity and earnestness than did Dr. Browne, as he thus exhorted his dying patient.

His words were not without effect. Rochefort turned to his sister with an imploring eye, and murmured, faintly—

'Leila, it must be so. I feel myself a coward at the last. I dare not face death with that load of guilt upon my soul.'

She started forward, like one in mortal terror.

Her face blanched, her nostrils quivering.

'Louis! she almost shrieked. 'Reflect! Consider! Be firm! Die like a man. You have mocked at priestly juggling all your life. Do not fall a victim to it now.'

The death-sweat stood in beads on Rochefort's brow.

He trembled in every limb.

The doctor saw his irresolution, and, with a firm, though gentle hand, held back the woman, as she would have flung herself on her knees beside her brother.

'You shall not!' she panted. 'You shall not wrest his secret from him. This is my house. I bid you leave it. My brother shall die in peace. Go! I command you!'

And, with an imperious gesture, she pointed to the door.

But the young English doctor rose to the occasion.

'Madame,' he said, in a low stern voice, while his awkward figure and plain features seemed invested with a new and striking dignity, born of the earnestness within him, 'I refuse to recognise your right to banish me from a room where I have a dying patient. My place is by his side. I decline to leave him, and I warn you, that if you attempt to prevent him from making the confession, which alone can give him peace of mind, you will bring upon yourself a suspicion you may not find easy to remove. I will understand me better if I say I am the doctor who, last year, attended Miss Kate Lisle in a certain mysterious illness, and that I am determined not to rest until I have restored that unfortunate young lady to her home and friends.'

He had shot an arrow at a venture, but he saw, in a moment, it had found its mark. The woman shrank beneath his clear, accusing gaze.

She trembled, and her face grew almost ashen pale as that of the dying man.

The doctor, conscious that he had conquered, and seeing clearly that Rochefort's life was ebbing away with appalling swiftness, drew a chair to the bedside; and, first administering a strong cordial, drew forth his pocket-book, and prepared, if need were, to take down some notes of the confession.

Leila had retired to the further end of the room, and was sitting with her face buried in her hands.

Rochefort turned his dying eyes toward her, and said, in a faint voice—

'Leila, forgive me!'

'I will not forgive you!' she answered, sullenly. 'You will take my curse with you to your grave. A man who, for his own paltry fears, will destroy his sister, is so poor a coward, that I despise myself when I remember one mother bore us both!'

It was a bitter speech, and delivered with merciless resentment.

Rochefort, however, made another attempt to conciliate her.

'I shall not destroy my sister!' he said, with a faint return of energy. 'Sooner than that, I would go down to my grave with my lips sealed,—ay, though I knew I was going to perdition. But, Leila, you know, as well as I, how safely you may trust to Sir Gerald Vere.'

'Fool!' said the woman, fiercely. 'Is it Sir Gerald Vere alone we have to deal with? What of this man?'

And she pointed, with a passionate gesture, towards Dr. Browne.

Rochefort fixed his dark, hollow eyes on the doctor with a look of such haunting solemnity as only the dying can bestow.

'Swear!' he said, slowly, 'swear by the God in whom you trust, that, no matter what the nature of the crimes I reveal to you, you will not seek to betray the perpetrators of them to justice. A priest observes inviolability whatever is imparted to him in confession. Swear to me that you will do the same.'

'I swear it,' said the doctor, firmly, 'provided no one will be injured by my silence. Not otherwise.'

'No one will be injured. Such wrongs as can be redressed, will be redressed. I only ask that you will abstain from giving a criminal up to justice for crimes which are things of the past, and quite irreparable.'

'That I most solemnly promise.'

'Swear it!' said the dying man, with feverish energy.

The woman still sat in that attitude of sullen despair, her face buried in her hands.

'I swear it—by the God who made me!'

said Dr. Browne, with deep solemnity, wondering much what would be this darkly mysterious confession he was about to hear.

'Then listen,' said Louis Rochefort, in a faint, hollow voice, and he began his story.

Just as the first sunbeams glanced into that room, Louis Rochefort drew his last faint breath.

Dr. Browne, pale with the horrors of the night, closed the dead man's eyes reverently, and composed his limbs for burial.

Then he turned to the woman who still sat with her face buried in her hands.

The glances he cast upon her were strangely compounded of horror, pity and repulsion; but his voice was perfectly calm as he said—

'Listen to what I have to say.'

She did not move—did not so much as raise her head.

'You hear me?'

With a gesture of her hand she showed him she was listening.

He went on, still in a very calm quiet voice—

'I want you to understand that you are free to make your escape from here, if such is your desire. Your brother's confession must, of course, be made known to Sir Gerald Vere, and Miss Lisle be restored to her friends at once. But I shall rigidly keep my word. No ill-consequences will fall on you, unless you willfully draw them down on your own head.'

She did not answer; and he, with another glance, in which horror and pity seemed to strangely mingle, passed out of the room, leaving her alone with the dead.

Then she sprang to her feet, swift as lightning, and, crossing to the bed, looked down at the lifeless form with furious passion in her eyes.

'Coward! Poltroon!' she hissed into the dead ear. 'If that man is right, and there a life beyond the grave, I pray that my curse may reach you there! If I were sure of it, I would pursue you—to show you whether I fear death. As it is I curse you and rejoice to think that if there is a perdition it must needs yawn for such as you!'

Her eyes were ablaze with wrath.

Surely a more fearful malediction was never breathed than that which she was hissing into the ear of Death.

The servants at the golden horn were only just coming downstairs, when Dr. Browne, pale and jaded, rode up to the door on horseback.

'Sir Patrick Donovan is in his room, I suppose?' he said, and hurried up the stairs, and tapped at the baronet's door.

It was opened in a moment by Sir Patrick, fully dressed.

'Well, my boy, what news?' he questioned, gravely, as he drew the doctor inside the room.

'I have had a night of horror!' replied the doctor.

'Is the poor man dead?'

'Yes. He died at sunrise.'

'And have you discovered anything?'

'I have discovered everything. The man made a full confession before he died. Sir Patrick, I tell you honestly, I shouldn't like to have such another experience in my life. I have listened to a story the most terrible, the most mysterious, that it is possible for the mind of man to conceive. Even to you I am not at liberty to reveal all that I have heard. But I may tell you this one thing, at any rate—that unfortunate young lady is Miss Kate Lisle. She has been the victim of the most diabolical plot I have ever heard of in my life.'

'And where is she now?'

'She is in safe keeping. But, for the present, I can scarcely spare so much as a thought to her. The person I want to see is Sir Gerald Vere.'

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

A beautiful white house overlooking the Bay of Naples, though two or three miles from the town—a house with orange gardens, and flower-decked terraces, a piazza, and white marble balustrades.

It was the house Sir Gerald Vere had taken for himself and his wife during their stay in Italy.

In one of the shady rooms, whose hangings were of rose-coloured silk, Lady Vere lay on a couch, with a book in her hand which she was not reading, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the flower-wreathed columns of the piazza.

Her face was as lovely as ever it had been; but there was upon it now a look of languor, of delicacy, which seemed to hint that her health, either of body or mind, was not so perfect as it had been in England.

A servant entered with a visitor's card. She looked at it, and seemed to consider for a moment or two, then she said—

'I will see Madame la Comtesse. Bring her here, if you please.'

The servant withdrew, and, in a moment or so, returned to usher in the visitor, a French countess, who was staying at Naples, and, having met Sir Gerald's beautiful young wife at one of the saloons, had taken a tremendous fancy to her.

'My dear love,' she said, seating herself on the couch by Lillian's side, and taking both her hands in hers, with all a Frenchwoman's effusion. 'My dear love how pale you look—positively distraite, I do assure you. I am perfectly desolée to see you like this.'

'I am quite well,' said Lillian, smiling faintly, 'or should be if the heat were a little less intense.'

'My dearest, the weather is delightful—truly delightful!' declared the countess, with energy. 'If you complain of that you must be ill. The truth is you mope too much.'

'Mope!' repeated Lillian, still smiling, but looking as though she was a little startled at the word.

'Yes, indeed, my love! What is it but moping, to lie on a couch on this too lovely day, when the sun is shining, and the birds are singing, and the flowers are blooming? Ah, my dear, when you are as old as I am you will know that life is too short for us to lose the brightness of any of its sunny days!'

'Yes; life is short!' said Lillian, in a slow musing tone, while a shadow stole into her lovely eyes. 'And death lurks even among the flowers. Ah, countess! sometimes I sit and think about these things until my heart is heavy as lead within me. To the young, death is so terrible, and yet it comes to them as well as to the old. I sit and wonder why it must be so.'

'Ah, now you are getting positively morbid! I see you must carry you away, and find you cheerfulness. But where is Sir Gerald? I am wanting to give him one grand scolding. He is not what you call a model husband; he leaves you too much alone.'

A wave of colour swept across the pale face of Lady Vere.

She looked up, eagerly, to say—

'Oh, no, indeed! You must not think that. Sir Gerald is all goodness. It is only when he cannot be with me, that I am left alone. He has so much business on his hands just now. If it were not for that, he would be with me always.'

The French countess gave a shrill little laugh—a laugh of very genuine amusement.

'Mon Dieu! But you have plenty of faith my child. You are not such an one little daisy. Business! And you really believe in that? When I see Sir Gerald, I will tell him he has for a wife the most trusting angel in the world.'

Lillian rose, with a look of gentle dignity.

'Indeed, countess,' she said. 'I assure you that, with a man like Sir Gerald, a wife needs only to be a true woman, not at all an angel, to be certain she can trust his word.'

The countess laughed gaily, and shrugged her shoulders.

She was a veritable Frenchwoman, gay, good-humored, kind-hearted, and volatile. In her heart of hearts she thought that Sir Gerald, judging from what she had seen during her stay in Naples, was culpably neglectful of his beautiful young wife; but if she, the pure innocent, chose to defend him, why, it was no affair of Madame la Comtesse's.

'At any rate, come out with me this afternoon!' she said, gaily. 'I am going to the picture gallery. Vinadi's new picture is there, and everybody is raving over it, of course. Do come.'

'Certainly I will if you really wish it. It is very good of you to want me,' returned Lady Vere, gently. 'I can dress in ten minutes, if you don't mind waiting.'

The two ladies drove away together, the French countess petite, vivacious, and altogether chic; Sir Gerald's beautiful wife, calm and tranquil, but with a certain look of sadness in her eyes, which added to, rather than detracted from, her beauty.

She was dressed entirely in black, with a bunch of Neapolitan violets at her throat.

'Not another touch of color about her, save her golden hair.'

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Youth and health alike seemed here; but, from out a bower of roses behind her, a ghastly form was stealing—a skeleton shape, with a dart in its upraised hand, levelled at the maiden.

The artist had given to his picture a name which was at once short and striking.

It consisted of but one word—'Death.'

The countess was voluble in her praise of the picture.

She fell into ecstasies over it, appraising its merits in English and French by turns.

Lady Vere, on the contrary, stood and gazed at it in perfect silence, her beautiful face very pale, a strangely sorrowful look in her dark eyes.

'Mon Dieu! it is not charming—ravishing—suberb—magnificent!' cried the countess, as her raptures reached a climax. 'It is very sad,' said Lillian slowly. 'Very sad, and very terrible.'

And she gave a little shiver as she turned away from the picture, and walked to the further end of the gallery, as though she resolved not to look at it again.

Two young men were sitting on a velvet lounge—both Italians, and artists—looked after her with glances of deep interest and admiration.

'Did you ever see anything so perfectly lovely as that girl's face?' said one. 'Who is she, I wonder? Just notice the pose of her head. How gloriously regal! That is just the sort of woman you ought to paint for an empress or a queen.'

'I'm she is wonderfully beautiful. I don't know that I ever saw a more perfect face. But, Verdi, the most striking thing about her you don't seem to have noticed at all.'

'Who? And pray what is that?'

'Why, the look in her eyes is exactly the look in the eyes of the girl there.'

And he pointed to the painting.

'Impossible! Vinadi's maiden has eyes of the loveliest summer blue. They are the color of forget-me-nots. Miladi's there are as dark as night. They have all the depth of colouring of a purple pansy.'

'I spoke not of colour but of expression,' said the other impatiently. 'It is possible you don't see what I mean? Vinadi has painted his maiden with eyes such as you never see except in those who die an early death. That, to my mind, is one of the greatest beauties of his picture. And the English miladi has just that look. She is not long for this world. Mark my words.'

'Bah! What a superstitious dreamer you are!'

'I seem so to you, you mean, because you look only on the surface; and, as I've told you thousands of times, you haven't the true artistic soul. To you Vinadi's maiden is simply a girl in perfect health. You note her ruddy lip, and perfect skin, and cannot see that he has painted her doom in her eyes. But, this I will say, you never see that look in the elderly or middle-aged. Whoever has it, is the favorite of the gods, inasmuch as they die young. You beautiful lady will never wear the mark of Time's furrow on her brow.'

'What nonsense! I declare you grow worse every day.'

And then the two friends sauntered from the gallery together.

The countess and Lady Vere lingered for half-an-hour among the pictures, then re-entered the former's carriage.

'You will go home with me?' said the countess.

'Thank you; but, if you will excuse me, I will return home at once. I am feeling a little tired, and not quite well.'

'You are certainly very pale,' said the countess, with ready sympathy. 'You shall do just as you please then, ma chere; but, remember, I am expecting you at my 'At Home' to-morrow.'

They were driving by the side of a cemetery, and, at this moment, a coffin, borne on four men's shoulders, was being carried in at the gate.

The countess's coachman had to rein in his horses to allow the mournful cortege to pass.

'They say it is unlucky to have to make way for a coffin,' said the countess, briskly. 'However, thank goodness, I am not superstitious. There are heaps of stupid people who would say this forboded an early death to either you or me.'

Lillian had been pale before, but she grew paler than ever as she watched the coffin being carried, slowly, to the grave. Every vestige of color seemed to have left her face.

She was pallid, even to the lips.

'My dear, I am afraid you are ill,' said the countess, with good-natured concern. 'Surely you are not superstitious, my love; you are not alarmed because of that?'

And she nodded her head in the direction of the coffin.

Lillian seemed to recover herself with a great effort.

'I am not superstitious,' she said, very gently; 'but we seem to have seen and heard of nothing but death this afternoon. It has pursued us like a spectre. First, that picture; now, this coffin. It was a cypress leaf that fell into the carriage a moment ago; and, see! there is a raven on that tree just above our heads.'

'My dear child, you are nervous. I shall positively recommend you to consult Dr. Ramonzi. He is the cleverest physician in Naples and nerves are his speciality. He will look in at my 'At Home' to-morrow. I shall certainly have to talk to him about you.'

'I beg you will not,' said Lillian smiling faintly.

Her beautiful face, however, remained perfectly colourless.

The young Italian artist could have seen her then, he would have said, more positively than ever, that in her eyes there lurked the shadow of a coming doom.

Late that night Sir Gerald Vere entered his own apartments, having only just returned home after an absence of several hours, spent in walking gloomily along the white dusty roads outside the town of Naples.

His face was flushed, but his eyes had a terribly haggard look.

A keen observer of human nature would have said that a man with such a look as that was either the bearer of, untold misery or the perpetrator of some dark and secret crime.

He threw himself into a velvet lounging-chair, with an air of being thoroughly worn-out, and, fixing his eyes on vacancy, seemed to fall into a train of moody thoughts.

A soft tap at the door made him look up impatiently.

The next moment the door opened, and Lady Vere, timidly hesitant, stood upon the threshold.

He started up from his chair, amazement writ legibly on his brow.

'You?' he said, incredulously, as though he deemed it passing strange that she, his wife, should come to her husband's room.

'Yes, it is I,' she said, gently, and with a supplicating look. 'Gerald, may I come in?'

He did not answer in words at all.

He sank into his chair again, and signed to her, with an imperative, almost a fierce, gesture, to close the door.

She obeyed, and then advanced into the room with that slow, undulating grace of movement which was at once the envy and the despair of every woman who knew her.

She was all in white, a robe de chambre, of thick ivory satin, falling in long straight folds to her feet.

Her face still wore that interesting delicacy, that look of languor which so heightened her beauty.

Her long golden hair was unbound, and fell, in rippling masses, below her waist.

'Gerald,' she said, standing in front of him, and speaking with a beseeching timidity which contrasted painfully with the grand imperial character of her loveliness.

'Gerald, will you listen to me?'

He averted his eyes from her shading them with his hand, while his teeth all but met through his nether lip.

'Gerald!' she took a step nearer to him, while her voice sank to a low entreating whisper. 'Oh my husband! if you only would have faith in me!'

'Something like a smile—a bitter, cruel smile of derision—crossed his face, though still his teeth were biting fiercely at his lip.

'Have faith in you! he repeated, after a momentary silence. Faith! In you! My God! what shall I hear of next?'

There was a note of passion in his voice—a warning note it seemed to that beautiful, pale-faced woman, for she clasped her white hands together in an agony of appeal, and looked at him with the eyes which might surely have moved to pity the flintiest heart, that ever beat in the breast of man.

It was as though she knew that his passions were like caged beasts within him and might, at any moment, break loose from restraint. 'Yes trust me,' she cried, falling on her knees at his feet, and clasping one of his hands tightly in both her own. 'I am your wife, Gerald! Your wife! Oh, my husband, remember that!'

'I do remember it,' he said, in a sombre tone, still averting his eyes from her pale, lovely face, with its veil of golden hair. 'God in Heaven! why does she remind me of it? Am I likely to forget?'

Still she clasped his hand; nay, she pressed her lips to it, timidly, and as though she feared to anger him.

'Dearest, if you would but let me prove to you how cruelly you are wronging me!' she pleaded.

He laughed sardonically, a bitter, mocking laugh.

'Gerald, I can prove it. Oh, believe me! I swear that I am innocent.'

Sunday Reading

The Voice From Heaven.

Upon three occasions God spoke audibly to his Son. At the Jordan God said: 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;'

This voice revealed the character of God and set the seal of his satisfaction upon the work of his Son. It revealed God as one who could hear and answer prayer. Jesus was praying upon every occasion when the voice was heard.

In each case these men knew that they prayed, not to blocks of wood nor idols of stone, but to a living Creator who had both ears to hear and a heart to answer.

This power to hear and answer prayer, God revealed for the benefit of his children. In the temple, when the voice was heard, some of the people 'said that it thundered.'

Thus did the voice set the seal of God's satisfaction upon the work of His Son. His name has been glorified. Through the life and work of the Son was this glorification accomplished.

The Lord Jesus was a Son worthy of his father. The great aim of his life was to glorify the Father's name. For this he lived, for this he died, and for this he returned to the home whence he came forth.

If your children are well but not robust, they need Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil.

We are constantly in receipt of reports from parents who give their children the emulsion every fall for a month or two. It keeps them well and strong all winter. It prevents their taking cold. Your doctor will confirm this.

The oil combined with the hypophosphites is a splendid food tonic.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

of Galilee he manifested his glory by showing his power over nature; at Jerusalem he taught a ruler of the Jews that God sent his Son into the world to redeem the world; on one of the horns of Hattin he spiritualized and vivified the law of God written on Sinai; at Nain, at Capernaum at Bethany he spoke and the dead were raised to life again.

The voice heard in the temple declared that the Father's name should be glorified again. What need of a second glorification? His name had been glorified already by the manifestation of love as broad as the universe.

In Israel Jesus had certainly glorified the Father's name. His ministry and miracles, his knowledge of the Hebrew Scriptures, his interpretation of the Mosaic law; these things were sufficient to show the Father's glory among a people chosen as the repository of his truth.

The character of God and the work of his Son. What more beautiful or important theme could Christians consider? In God we find all that one could expect in a loving Father. In the work of the Son we find the basis of our hope of eternal life.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Pure, High Grade Cocoa and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

A YOUNG MAN HELPS.

We should know that he bears the impress of God's Grace.

I am there with him! With whom? With Jesus. And where is Jesus now? He is at the right hand of the throne.

And I may be. Jesus has promised it. 'Yet a little while,' he said, 'and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me.'

Young man, you need this, just this kind of help, high help. You cannot, indeed get along without it. The reason you and I stumble so much is because we let it slip from us.

You recall the name they gave to Abraham—'father of the faithful.' Noise of many feet is its significance. Your feet, my feet. Abraham is up there now, and by the grace of God I am up there with him.

It was on his deathbed that Cromwell said it. His wife was reading to him Paul's letter to the Philippians. At the words: 'I can do all things through (in) Christ which strengtheneth me,' he stopped her and exclaimed: 'O St. Paul, you are entitled to speak thus, and he who is your Savior shall also be my Savior, too.'

Have you heard of the white feather that the Indians placed above the doorway of the Quaker home in the wilderness in token that the family were friends and were not to be touched by marauding bands?

Every French-Canadian resident of Maine believes that a miracle has been performed over the grave of Paul Beaupre, who died and was buried in the woods above Grindstone Falls four years ago.

Beaupre died in November, 1894. His body was sewed up in a new blanket and carried to a rocky point above Grindstone, where the bearers placed it under the roots of a great yellow birch tree which had lately been felled in a gale.

Two weeks later the camp boss was killed by a falling limb. The following spring the logs were hung up for want of

Unsettled Weather. Cloth . . .

The fact that Cravenette is precisely the same in appearance, that it makes up as well as other fashionable dress goods, that it is light, soft, pliable, cool and entirely odorless, that it may be used at any time or for any purpose that any ordinary dress goods can, coupled with the fact that it is waterproof, gives it a unique place among textiles.

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Cravenette The Rain-proof Dress Goods.

It is with rain unapproachable, With mud uncollectable. FOR SALE AT DRESS GOODS STORES.

In light and medium weights and in six colors.

governor's cold verdict. Mr. Brocklehurst had to be content with 'Euclid,' whose moral instruction is not very evident.

PURE BLOOD IS LIFE.

Paine's Celery Compound the Only Hope of All Suffering from Blood Diseases.

The Great Medicine Quickly Expels all Poisons and Renews the System.

Why They Have Dyspepsia—How to Cure It.

Scrofula is one of the most terrible and wasting of blood diseases; it usually develops in early life, and in the majority of cases is hereditary.

When the blood is thin, impoverished, impure and foul, its poisoned condition shows up clearly in pimples, sores, tumors, abscesses, blotches, erysipelas, cancer, white swellings, sore eyes, felons, boils, salt rheum, eczema, etc.

Pure blood represents life; foul and poisoned blood means suffering and death. Strength action and health of the human system are dependent upon the blood.

MIRACLE OF BO PEEP'S GRAVE. The Dire Prophecies of a 'Ganuck' Fortune Teller.

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water and while they were lying on the shore waiting for rains a forest fire swept through the woods burning the logs and the camp where the men had worked.

The Only Thing to do.

Mrs. Bronston (pale, weary, and half-distracted): 'That's the ninth girl I've had within a month, and she just threw a flat iron at me.'

Mr. Bronston: By the way, a party of us to-day were trying to evolve a scheme for co-operative housekeeping. Our plan was to take a small family hotel, engage our own servants, do our managing, and share the expenses.'

'That's grand! It would be just like living in an absolutely perfect hotel, and at half the cost. Oh, I'm delighted! Who will go with us?'

'Well there Jinks for one.'

'His wife doesn't move in our set.'

'And Winks?'

'Mr. Winks is a scandal-monger and you know it.'

'And Minks—'

'Catch me living under the same roof with that flirting woman.'

'Well, there's Binks, husband of your friend, Mrs. Binks.'

'Very nice in company, but they say she's a terror at home.'

'And there's Finks.'

'Mrs. Finks is a regular old cat.'

'And Pinks.'

'Hud! Mrs. Pinks and her two pretty daughters, with no thought but dress and the opera! Nice ones they'd be to keep house with!'

'And your dear friend, Mrs. Kinks.'

'She didn't return my last call, and I've dropped her.'

'But what shall we do?'

'Get another girl.'

Changed his Opinion.

The other day a married couple were walking down one of the main thoroughfares of a North-country town, and the husband, noting the attention other women obtained from passers-by, remarked to his better half: 'Folk never look at thee. I wish I'd married someone better looking.'

HOW TO COOK A SHOE



Apply any ordinary shoe-dressing, once or twice a week, for a short time.

When the Shoe Cracks, It's Done. N.E.—Avoid

PACKARD'S SPECIAL COMBINATION

...Leather Dressing IT WON'T COOK.

25 cents at all shoe stores. PACKARD makes IT PACKARD OF MONTREAL. L. H. PACKARD & CO.

### Notches on The Stick

Was there some latent trace in memory, when Matthew Arnold wrote the following stanzas, of an earlier poet's words much in the same spirit? They are not altogether dissimilar, though Arnold's are saner, sweeter, and less darkly woven:

I ask not each kind soul to keep  
Tearless, when of my death he hears.  
Let those who will, if any, weep!

There are worse plagues on earth than tears.  
I ask but that my death may find  
The freedom to my life denied;  
Ask but the folly of mankind  
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Nor bring to see me cease to live,  
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,  
To shake his sapient head and give  
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the 'accustom'd toll  
Of the poor slumber bound for death,  
His brother-doctor of the soul,  
To canvas with official breath

The future and its viewless things—  
That undiscovered mystery  
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings  
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,  
While all around in silence lies,  
Moved to the window near, and see  
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dew of morn  
The wild aerial landscape spread—  
The world which was ere I was born,  
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Thus feeling, gazing 'neath I grow  
Composed, refresh'd, enabled, clear,  
Toen willing let my spirit go  
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

So fulfilling Wordsworth's wish for the aged innocent who once wandered over the hills of Cumberland,—

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,  
In the eye of Nature let him die;

prizing maybe more a final look at what he "ne'er might see again;" though, by that time, perhaps, the night may have fallen, or by the darkening of the brain the landscape be shut out, while

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,  
But earlier Byron, in the poem to Thyrsis, entitled "Euhanasia:"

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring  
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,  
Oblivion may thy languid wing  
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,  
To weep, or wish, the coming blow;  
No maiden, with dishevel'd hair,  
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,  
With no officious mourners near:  
I would not mar one hour of mirth,  
Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour  
Could nobly check its useless sighs,  
Might then exert its last-of power  
In her who lives, and him who dies.

But vain the wish—for Beauty's ill  
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;  
And woman's tears, produced at will,  
Deceive in life, unmas in death.

Then lovelily be my latest hour,  
Without regret, without a moan;  
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,  
And pain been transient or unknown.

As, but to die and go, alas!  
Where all have gone and all must go!  
To be the nothing that I was  
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys three hours hast seen,  
Count o'er the days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be.

The epistle of oblivion—the sponge narcotic that The Cross refused; a lonely death-bed; tears forbidden and love repulsed, friendship a suspected thing! Surely this must have been written in a grievous mood and a shadowy hour. Give me rather another scene sacred in English poetry:

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires.

Only what we live we know. Alas! had Byron never an example of true womanly character and true womanly devotion? He had too many on the contrary. But we have in memory the picture of a wife, with breaking heart, but calm pale face, sitting beside her dying husband, with all patience and trust and restraint of self, till all was over that could distress him; then—and only then—breaking into a storm of irrefragable sorrow. Such a gift to man has the steadfastness of nature, with the steadfastness of God.

The poetic wish of each poet was measurably fulfilled in the manner of his departure. As to Byron, we recall that last scene at fever-stricken Missolonghi, where the servant Fletcher, alone caught his semi-delirious words. Matthew Arnold had no time for ministry of nurse or physician, or benefit of clergy,—save as that morning he had waited on the words of Ian MacLaren at Liverpool, and had been unusually impressed by the singing of one of the noblest strains in all hymnody, beginning—

When I behold the wondrous cross,  
Then, after dinner,—if we have the circumstance correctly in mind,—he went out for one more look at earth and sky. It

### Biliousness Hood's Pills

is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

was his last. The summons came to him, if with less sharpness, with more urgency, than to his illustrious and noble father; for

With no drops of fiery pain,  
No cold gradations of decay  
Death broke at once the vital chain  
And freed his soul the nearest way.

How different from all this, the strain of the old hymnody, referred to above, familiar to our youth, and the solace to our age! There resound the lost notes of faith and rapture. We can, hearing again the triumphant voices of the past rising on some soft wind of memory, drop the cark and care, and the grim recurring doubts we all must combat, and sit for a while in Beulah's sunny quiet. Here is our favorite song and ideal of the closing scene:

When anxious cares would break my rest  
And grief would tar my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praise, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But O when that last conflict o'er,  
And I am chaled to earth no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies!

How different, too, the spirit and attitude of England's last great Christian poet and philosopher, in the face of the solemnizing presences of Nature and Death! He walks out after a great storm of rain, having heard that one of the great leaders of his country was dying, and thus he expresses himself:

Lo! is the vale—the voice is up  
With which she speaks when storms are gone,  
A mighty union of streams!  
O! all her voices, one!

Lo! is the vale!—this inland depth  
In peace is resting like the sea:  
You star upon the mountain-top  
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain depress'd,  
The comforter hath found me here,  
Upon this lonely road.

And many thousands now are sad—  
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;  
For he must die who is their stay,  
Their glory disappear.

A power is passing from the earth  
To breathe: Nature's dark abyss;  
And when the mighty pass away,  
What is it more than this—

That man who is from God sent forth,  
Such ebb and flow must ever be,  
Then wherefore should we mourn?

Byron was coeval with this muse, and scor'd it. But what would he have given at the last for Wordsworth's peaceful heart and quiet spirit? His latest medicinal song, compounded so as to be, as he averred that passionate poet's "aversion," has been balm to many a sick and jaded and wounded one of our time. "This won't do!" exclaimed the critical dictator of his day; but, had he known it, nothing else would do! "O Francis Jeffrey!" writes W. J. Dawson, in his "Quest and Vision," "had you but known it this man spake the words that made for your peace and ours, he brought precisely what would do, the book bitter in the lips to critics like you, but sweet and healing to the soul of our vexed, tumultuous generation; the one medicine, the one message we most imperatively needed." He does indeed give to all who will heed him a sense of those things that the mad strife of this world never

Can utterly abolish or destroy.  
While we see him stand, priest and prophet  
of Helvellyn,—  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea which  
brought us hither;  
We in a moment travel thither—  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

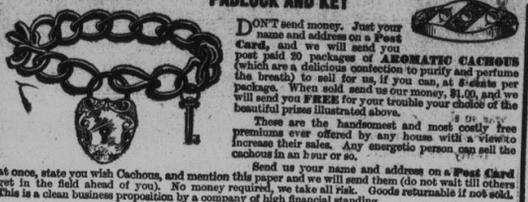
The name Wilson has been honored, if not so numerously as the name Smith, yet more frequently than most others, on either side the great sea. The name at once turns our thoughts to Scotland and to the doughty and magnificent "Christopher North," the lion of all the tribe. He will in many respects, physical and intellectual, still continue to be the unique one. Some removes we find Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist and poet, whose spoils and exploits are divided between the citizens of two hemispheres, where ever the English speech prevails; and John Mackay Wilson, author and editor of, "Tales of the Borders,"—pabulum for some of us in callow years. In England we find Henry Bristow Wilson, clergyman, author and educator; and

Horace Hayman Wilson, the Orientalist and scholar; with one honorable representative of the British soldiery, and a skilful writer on military and campaigning topics, Sir Robt. Thomas Wilson. But by far the longest list belongs to America; where we have, Henry Wilson, the distinguished statesman, (though his original and actual name was Jeremiah Jones Col-bath); Robert Burns Wilson, artist and poet; William Wilson of Foughkepsie, N. Y., journalist, publisher, and, in a small way, poet; Woodrow Wilson, a valuable worker in the educational field in the United States; with Sir Daniel Wilson, no less useful and honored, in the Dominion of Canada,—archæologist, author, teacher, a man of books and of noble life. Among the American writers of fiction appears the name of Mrs. Augusta Jane Wilson (Evans) whose "Inez," "Beulah," "St. Elmo," and "Vashti," are familiar to readers of that kind. The family in this country has several representatives distinguished in military life. The writer of a paragraph in The Home Journal point out that "there are four General Wilsons who are more or less in the public eye at present, and who are frequently 'much mixed,' as one of the quartette remarked recently. Three are authors, and three were born in the thirties, serving with distinction in the Union armies during the civil war, and one in the Confederate service; William Lyne Wilson, President of Washington and Lee University, who was born in 1843, and was Postmaster General in Cleveland's second administration. The others are James Grant Wilson, the friend and biographer of the poets Bryant and Halleck, and of General Grant; James Harrison Wilson, commanding the first Army Corps, stationed at Lexington, Kentucky; and John Moulder Wilson, chief of the Engineer Corps, and at present a member of the War Investigating Committee appointed by President McKinley." In addition to these we might mention James Wilson, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; John Wilson, the vocalist, said to be the finest that ever came from Scotland to these shores, and only rivaled in popularity by the celebrated David Kennedy; and another John Wilson, born at Glasgow, but celebrated in this country as a printer at Cambridge, Mass. The list might perhaps be extended, but the foregoing includes nearly all names of eminence.

M. de Chevillon in a poetic and unequivocal review of Shelley in the Revue de Paris, makes the following excellent discriminations: "No vision of poet more acute than his, no retina more subtle and impressionable. Objects that appear to our eye simple and immobile appear to him complex and moving; traversed by myriads of fugitive gleams and vibrations, always ready to dissolve, to be transformed and evaporate in the circumambient air. . . . In the infinity of facts and aspects which the world presents, each artist, by an intuitive election, attaches himself to certain characteristics that correspond to his own personality. Wordsworth feels, more than anything else, the grave, the sedate, the thoughtful; Byron, what is violent, savage, inhuman; Hugo, who understands everything, prefers the mysterious, the sombre, immeasurable; Leconte de Lisle, direct and simple energy, manifested by plastic grandeur, by simple rhythm, sure, professional, and almost fatal. Shelley inclines to the variable, the fugitive, the evanescent, the ripple of the wave, the morning mist rising from the prairie, the glistening of the dew on delicate petals, ephemeral blossoms, the birth and grand uprolling of the clouds, the changing gleams of the ocean, and falling shadows of twilight; this is what remains of the visible world when it has been volatilized by his ardent glances."

Few book-reviewers of the day are more worthy of attention than the Rev. Richard Putnam, who for years past has contributed to this department of the Home Journal, New York. He is never savage, never sour; is quick to perceive excellencies and point them out; gentle and candid in his dealings, especially with budding poets; and possessing a good general acquaintance with literature. Of Charles G. D.

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**TISDALL SUPPLY CO.,**  
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Robert's "A Sister to Evangeline," he has recently said: this is a charming romance by the author of "The Forge in the Forest," whose British North American nationality, like Gilbert Parker's always asserts itself, and whose pages, also like Mr. Parker's cannot to the great delectation of readers, help revealing the poet at every turn. There is even a graceful little lyric, sweet-scented and glinting as the apple-orchard boughs whereof it speaks, on page 54; while the entire volume is laden with word-pictures, often exquisite in their simplicity and freshness, and suffused with an idyllic glamour that seems a part of the latter-day novellists just north of our border. Of course there is a great deal said of Grand Pre since the story deals almost exclusively with the exiling of the Acadians in 1755 and the inevitable Blomidon (which appears to be the Panarus of Canadian poets, judging from the fervor and frequency wherewith it is mentioned) gets generous mention; yet one more than pardons repeated references to the Nova Scotia headland when made with the grace and aptness that Mr. Roberts manifests. The book takes an autobiographical form, and one soon grows to like its supposed author, and, if not to adore after his manner, at least to admire and commiserate the lady of his heart with the pretty Norman-French name, Yvonne Lamourie. Other excellent portrayals of character are to be noted in Grul, the prophet of Grand Pre's woe (a very strong piece of work indeed); George Anderson, the rival of the hero of the tale, Paul Grande; Nicole, the blacksmith; Lieut. Shatto, the brave military fop, the two Yankee sea-captains; Marc Paul, Grande's cousin; the old would-be witch but kind-hearted granny, Mother Peche."

The storm that with deadly violence swept the coasts of New England so recently left almost untouched the region of which Toronto is a centre. Our learned correspondent and poet in that city says: "Do you know it was all south and east of us here. We had a gentle snow-fall on the Saturday, of some three inches, and the weather cleared at 6 p. m. A glorious moonlight night followed, and Sunday—all day—as still as a breathless October day, and as bright and radiant as any day I ever saw. Meanwhile death and destruction had their way east and south. . . . Last Sunday night we had a snow-fall of fifteen inches, one of the heaviest I ever saw here, but the weather was mild, and the snow as white and soft as swans-down. It struck the boles of the trees, and covered every branch and fence, and the landscape was fairyland next day, and is still. All the trees in the Park and in the streets are as though solid marble—their boles—so white. It seems like the snow-storms we used to have when I was a boy at Canada. My earliest impressions perhaps, of beauty,—a real warm emotion; that lingered lovingly with me,—was given by the sculptured snow-driplets, and the feathery sky-work in its virgin purity. These, and the play of light and shadow, and the waving motion of the grasses, are my earliest consciousness of poetic emotion."

The geniuses of the whole earth exploit themselves in America. The latest who promises a visit is Jehan Rietus, of Paris, known as "the Poet of the Submerged Tenth." Excessive length of hair and a dialke of mere notoriety are mentioned as prominent characteristics.

The maker of the last batch of days puts in less heat and more shortening.  
PASTOR FELIX.

**KIPLING AND THE ELEPHANT.**  
An American's Story of the Englishman's Kindness to a Sick Stranger.

One afternoon we went together to the Zoo, and, while strolling about, our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard, a complaining, fretting, lamenting sound, proceeding from the elephant house.

"What's the matter in there?" asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper.

"A sick elephant, sir; he cries all the time; we don't know what to do with him," was the answer.

Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more pitiful. I followed and saw him go up close to the cage, where stood an elephant with sadly drooped ears and trunk. He was crying actual tears at the same time that he mourned his lot most audibly. In another moment Mr. Kipling was right up at the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in a language that may have been elephantese, but certainly was not English. Instantly the whining stopped, the ears were lifted, the monster turned his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his visitor and put out his trunk. Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tones and in words unintelligible to me, at least. After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lower tone of voice, and evidently recounted his woes. Possibly elephants, when enjoying poor health, like to confide their symptoms of sympathizing listeners as much as do some human invalids. Certain it was that Mr. Kipling and that elephant carried on a conversation with the result that the elephant found his spirits much cheered and improved. The whine went out of his voice. He forgot that he was much to be pitied; he began to exchange experiences with his friend, and he was quite unconscious, as was Mr. Kipling, of the amused and interested crowd collecting about the cage. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling found himself and his elephant the observed of all observers and beat a hasty retreat leaving behind him a very different creature from the one he had found.

"Doesn't that beat anything you ever saw?" ejaculated a compatriot of mine, as the elephant trumpeted a loud and cheerful good-bye to the back of his vanishing visitor, and I agreed with him that I did.

"What language were you talking to that elephant?" I asked when I overtook my friend.

"Language? What do you mean?" he answered with a laugh.

"Are you a mough?" I persisted, "and can you talk to all those beasts in their own tongues?" but he only smiled in reply.—The Argonaut.

Obeded Orders.

Some years ago during a severe engagement an officer in command of a company observed a British soldier distinguishing himself in a most remarkable way, and at last saw him fall, severely wounded. He was immediately rescued and hurried to the rear, and the officer sent an orderly to ascertain the man's condition. The messenger returned with the sad news that the wounded man was dying. The officer at once despatched the orderly with instructions that great care should be taken of such a brave fellow and that he must not die. When the wounded soldier heard the latter remark, he turned to the orderly and feebly said—"Give my respects to my officer, and tell him I will obey orders." Nor did he; and to-day he is one of the proud officers who have risen from the ranks.

### HARD TO STOOP.

Backache and Kidney trouble make a Halifax lady's life miserable.

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It would be well if every lady in Canada understood that pain in the back and backache were nothing more nor less than a cry of the disordered kidneys for help. Hundreds of ladies have found Doan's Kidney Pills a blessing, giving them relief from all their suffering and sickness.

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**Chat to . . .  
Boys and Girls.**

DOTTY DIMPLE.

HER name was Gretchen, but they called her Dotty Dimple—Dotty because she was so short and plump, and Dimple on account of her dimpled, laughing face.

Dotty Dimple was a child of long ago, she lived before our grandmothers were born. She was the youngest of six children. Her home was not far from the great Thuringerwald. Her father was or had been a carver, but now he was a German soldier. George III., who was then King of England, had hired him with many others German soldiers to fight for him. Dotty Dimple's father did not enlist of his own free will, but through the influence of the Landgrave he found himself forced to be a soldier.

Oh, it was sad for poor Fritz Rosekranz to be compelled to leave his beloved wife and little ones and go to America. Good Frau Rosekranz cried over the carving tools as she carefully put them away. She wondered if Fritz would ever use them again. She wanted to put away the unsold things that Fritz had carved, the pretty spoons and wonderful bowls, the spinning wheels, the memorial crosses, the chest of drawers and the beautiful clock out of which there walked on Christmas Day the Madonna carrying the Christ-child. But Fritz had told her to sell them, and use the money they brought for herself and the children. So she sold them and put the money away carefully for the time of need.

Dotty Dimple had been only six months old when her father went away, and now she was four years old, and still her father had not come home. As she had no remembrance of him, she could not miss him. The other children longed for their father's return. Franz, the eldest, was the man of the house. He lifted much of the burden from his mother's shoulders. He milked the cows and looked after the sheep, and helped Fritz, the next younger brother, take care of the garden and the fields and the small apple orchard. Katherine and Elsa worked in the house with their mother, and helped her look after little Carl and Dotty Dimple. The latter was no light task, for Carl was venturesome and Dotty Dimple was ever ready to follow where he led. They were not allowed to stray far away from home. You see there were many wild animals in the Thuringerwald. The mountains were full of them. Wild boars were there, so were wildcats and lynxes and great wolves. Sometimes the latter would stray away from the mountains and kill a calf or a lamb. Then there was a hue and cry, and all the men and boys of the little hamlet would unite in a battle against the wolves until the latter were all killed or driven away to the Thuringerwald.

Dotty Dimple's pet lamb was killed by a wolf one night, and for the first time her sunny face was clouded. They did not tell the child that it had been killed, for fear of grief. They said, 'It is gone.' She supposing it had strayed away, started to hunt it up. The next day Frank and Fritz were off on the wolf hunt, Frau Rosekranz and Katherine and Elsa were busy at the spinning wheels, and Carl was trying to carve a wolf out of a bit of oak. Knowing no fear, the innocent little child started off alone to find her pet lamb. She went through Frau Siehl's cherry orchard, and from thence she emerged upon a narrow roadway. It was rough, but on each side there were wild flowers. She gathered her hands full of the prettiest ones and held them tight until they faded. Her feet were not used to long walks, but she tramped on bravely as long as she could then sat down to rest and fell asleep. When she awoke the sun was sinking. She was stiff and tired and hungry, but brave as ever.

"Ioh liebe dich!" she said, as she struggled to her feet, still thinking of her pet (it means 'I love you'), and on she went, stumbling along in the gathering darkness. Suddenly the road ended, and she entered a forest. She realized then that she had lost her way, and sitting down on a moss covered rock, she leaned against an old tree trunk, and cried herself asleep. She had slept an hour or more when a fine looking man on horseback came along. He carried a small lantern and a pistol. By the aid of the former he saw a picture that blanched his ruddy face. A little child lay sleeping on the edge of the Thuringerwald. Glancing at her with its horrible yellow-green eyes was a huge gray wolf. In another moment there was a gleam and flash, and the horrible yellow-green eyes would never glare again. The report awakened the child, who opened her sweet blue eyes in fright.

"Liebes Kind" (dear child), the man

said, lifting the little one to his arms. Dotty Dimple sobbed as she clung to him, and could not speak at first, but as they rode away together on the big horse, she found her voice and said that she wanted to go to her Mutterchen.

"Mein Lieber (my dear), where is your mother? Tell me where you live," he said with tender compassion.

She told him that her mother was home, but she did not know how to get there, and that Franz and Fritz were there too, and so were Katy and Elsa and little brother Carl. The listener's face grew white, his hands trembled as he thought of the child's narrow escape from a horrible death—his child's.

"And your name—what is it?"

"Dotty Dimple."

"Mein Liebling! O mein Liebling!" holding her close and kissing her over and over.

Then he rode on rapidly, thinking how anxious the home folks would be about the little one. He found them in a great state of anxiety, but the joy he brought far outweighed the trouble and sorrow that preceded it. The old house fairly rang with the joyful welcome home. The war of the Revolution was over. After all, Fritz Rosekranz had not fought in the bloody war, he had carved his way through, making wooden bowls and spoons for the soldiers. Then too he had cared for the sick and the dying. He had become attached to America.

"We must go there," he said, "it is the land of the free now."

And go they did, as soon as they could sell out. They settled near a town where there was a church and a school. Fritz Rosekranz became noted as a wonderful clockmaker. As for dear little Dotty Dimple she lived to be a great-grand mother.—Christian at Work.

**FELLS OF FASHION.**

Jewelled butterflies, butterfly wings of spangled gauze, and half wreaths of flowers with a rose and bud arranged in aigrette form are the chic hair ornaments for evening, provided that the jewelled tiara is not forthcoming. Spreading tulle or lace bows in fan shape are not considered good style.

The clinging effect so much desired in skirts is augmented by lining them with silk warp cashmere instead of taffeta, as the rustle is no longer desirable.

Panne velvet is used for waists, and in black with the usual accessories in trimming it is charming, despite the fact that it is said to wear atrociously.

Hot water bag covers of eider-down flannel with ribbon strings at the opening are one of the inexpensive but useful Christmas gifts.

The Trelawny hat is eccentric and pretty to the last degree. It juts over the face in a point, or is as round and small as a teacup. It is pinned as low down on the forehead as the force of gravitation will permit, and it has one tuft of plumes that waves audaciously from a jewelled aigrette on one side. Only a very pretty woman should dare to wear it until some modifying influence has softened its lines and added to its trimmings.

Since the weather has taken on its December chill a new veil has appeared, the laudable purpose of which is to protect the face. It is a black net with very big, close set silk dots at the bottom, growing lighter and fewer about the eyes. Another nice novelty is the white and straw-colored embroidery used for the narrow turnover neck bands. The embroidery is narrow, its edges done in small points, or scallops or squares, and a touch of white against the throat gives light, freshness and interest to every woman's face.

When the Christmas shopper purchases a set of six link buttons of gold, the inference must not be that she will necessarily use all six in her sleeves, but rather they will fasten the now highly ornamented placket hole of her cloth or satin skirt.

The jewellers have set plentiful 'mares for the holiday shoppers, and few are the young women who now wish to wear anything on their neck chains but a large cut crystal heart in pretty good imitation of a sapphire, amethyst, topaz, aqua marine, or turquoise. Fretted gold or silver covers the top of the heart. Besides the heart pendant all up and down the chain are fasten short sections of links, to the end of which are attached an amazing array of

trinkets. They are made of gold, silver, steel, gun metal, platinum, and even of brass. Few of them are larger or longer than one's thumb nail, and the favorites are crabs, mussels, a beautifully modelled little baby hand, a jointed doll, an enamelled golf ball or football, a rabbit's oyster shell in gold and gun metal, with a pearl in the centre.

Calcekin boots have almost had their inning, it appears. Those made of enamelled leather have taken their place and are all the go this winter for roughing it. The boot of enamelled leather is not only a thing of beauty and style, but also joy forever, to those who have adopted it say.

"Do you know," said one girl. "I think the big snowstorm and the succeeding days of slush a sufficient test of the water-resisting qualities of any shoe ever made. I didn't have on a pair of rubbers once during that period. I was out every day hours at a time, and my feet didn't so much as get damp once, and all because I wore enamelled leather boots with a cushion sole. In the first place enamelled leather resists water better than other kind; it does not crack and neither does it stretch. There is an inner sole of rubber, and one of felt is added, and marvellous to tell, you have a waterproof sole, too. But the best thing of all about these shoes is that it is no trouble to clean them. A rag and a little water are all that are necessary to make them look like new, that is applied with a little elbow grease."

These enamelled shoes are made up man-shoe fashion, and have bulldog toes, heavy soles, and a heel of comfortable height but considerable breadth. They not only protect the feet admirably, but are also quite smart.

Woman should not be tempted by the display of fancy kid gloves to be seen in many shops. They are hopelessly bad form. What woman of exquisite taste would dream of donning bright red, blue or green kids or would be caught wearing a pair of white suedes embroidered elaborately in pink or blue, or black in yellow and white. The Parisians are the best gloved women in the world, and the style of wearing suede gloves in white and delicate shades of tans, grays and browns prevails among them from year to year.

Long coats are more worn this winter than they have been in years. The long long coat can come about as near making or marring a woman's looks as any garment in her wardrobe. Unless it is of fine material, well cut and better fitted, it is about the cheapest looking of all wraps. When it has the right fit on the figure, it is simply stunning. The long coat is a luxury and not a necessity—fortunately. In the first place it is very expensive and does not look well on those of short stature and stout build. Then, two, it has its disadvantages, for unless made of very lightweight material, in which case it is hard to acquire the desired style, it is too heavy for comfort even on very cold days.

Fancy muffs are far finer than ever be-

fore. The prettiest are made of a combination of marabout feathers, chiffon and flowers, orchids being more in vogue for this purpose than any other blossom. Lace and fur are also used in combination and usually a neckpiece to match is worn with the muffs. They are pretty, but a muff of mosquito netting, unlined at that, would serve just as well so far as keeping the cold out goes.

Something new in the belt line is eternally going the rounds. The latest fad is for a crush belt of broad velvet ribbon of brilliant hue, such as burnt orange, yellow that would shame a ripe lemon, bullfight red and a blue that makes Yale blue pale before it. These belts, unfortunately, are only suited to very slender girls, because they are put around the waist in front, crossed in the back and fastened in front with a fancy buckle. Velvet has a tendency to make the waist look larger, and crossed in this way actually makes a thin girl seem plump. A specially pretty buckle noted on an orange colored belt was a large square affair made of gold, silver and copper pressed together higgledy-piggledy.

Now, if a woman wants to make her husband absurdly happy on Christmas she should give him one of the new clocks without face or hands. Think of Tom or Dick or Harry not being able to see what time he gets home in the morning! What a comfort that would be! It would save a great deal of beating around the bush on his part. This recent invention is a wonder in its way. It literally tells the hour for upon being pressed to do so proclaims the time in sonorous tones. It can also be set to sound an alarm and to announce the time throughout the night, like the old-time watchman as each hour passed. They do say that fathers very undesirable prospective sons-in-law take very kindly to this feature of the clock. The clock has many favorable points undoubtedly, but there are objections to it, too. One misses the homely tick-tack and then there are no hands to show the baby as they go scurrying round. And to be nagged and shouted at by one's clock would be unendurable under some conditions. But it is a handsome thing and something new.

Fine fans are very attractive this season. Imported French fans are quite small, made of the finest of fine parchment in most cases and decorated by the finest fan painters in Paris. Flowers take the lead in their decoration, and one covered with wide-open American Beauties and buds is stunning. Even the sticks are painted. Another pretty design consists of sprays of orchids and still another of nasturtiums. These fans are all put up in handsome cases and make a Christmas present that even the richest woman would not scorn.

Many women wear low shoes throughout the winter. Doctors say that such women are wanting in common sense. At any rate, fashionable bootdealers are trying to meet the situation with very smart leather gaiters that fit snugly about the ankle and fasten with large buttons. Both tan and black are finding favor.

Everything in the shape of a long chain is now called a Cyrano chain; and everything in the shape of a woman is now wearing one.

Wanted to run Him a Race.  
A private in a volunteer regiment told a friend that the first time under fire was 'a nasty experience'—that he felt as though he was 'up against a new job that he didn't like, but knew he'd have to stick to it or lose his bread and butter.  
"When our regiment was in reserve once,"



**"Chic" Gowns**

are easily modeled from Priestley's Black Wool Figured Fabrics because the firmness of the texture and exquisite weave yield ideal draping qualities.

Combined with this is the originality of the designs in Black Wool Figures—in Matalasse effects, Armures, Pebble Cloths and Wool Canvas Cloths.

**Priestley's  
Black Wool  
Figured Fabrics**

For the street, for calling or for the house, Fashion dictates from across the water as eminently correct this season

"Priestley" stamped on the selvedge.

Sold by Leading Dry Goods Houses everywhere.

he continued, I saw a reporter legging it back from the front. He was going for all there was in him, and looked as though he had a through ticket for the rear. We found the reserve line as bad a place as the firing line, most always, so I wasn't feeling very comfortable.

"This war correspondents' life ain't what it's cracked up to be," said he to me as he passed.

"I looked after him, and then I listened to the firing and heard the bullets whizzing."

"Old man," said I to myself, looking after the reporter again, "if I wasn't an enlisted man, I'd—run—you—a—race!"  
—New York Post.

If your dealer has ever tried them himself he will certainly recommend Magnetic Dyes for home use.

Re-signed.

After the necessary business of the meeting had been disposed of, the chairman of a certain angling club indulged, as was his wont, in 'raminiscences.' 'I had a rather curious experience in that favourite hole of mine in the river the other day,' he remarked. 'Most of you know I've tried many times to catch that big perch. Well I got him on Tuesday. He turned out to be a complete angler's outfit. Twenty-seven hooks and three bottom lines he carried about with him—relics of my many attempts on his life.' There was silence for some minutes. Then the youngest member of the club, a mere boy, rose and addressed the chairman. 'I hope you will excuse me Mr. Chairman,' he remarked, 'if I relate a curious incident, too. It occurred in the same hole. I had been fishing about an hour when I caught a hook, to which were attached twenty-seven perch and three eels.' More in sorrow than in anger, the chairman vacated his position. 'Come along youngster,' he said, pointing to the chair, 'this is your proper place. I resign!'

**HEART PAINS**

The Heart and Nerves are Often Affected and Cause Prostration of the Entire System.

A Kingston Lady Testifies to Her Experience in the Use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

People who suffer from any disease or disorder of the heart nervous system, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Smothering or Sinking Sensations, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Pain in the Head, etc., cannot afford to waste time trying various remedies, which have nothing more to back up their claims than the bold assertions of their proprietors.

These diseases are too serious to permit of your experimenting with untried remedies. When you buy Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, you know you have behind them the testimony of thousands of Canadians who have been cured by their use. One of these is Mrs. A. W. Irish, 92 Queen Street, Kingston, Ont., who writes as follows:

"I have suffered for some years with a smothering sensation caused by heart disease. The severity of the pains in my heart caused me much suffering. I was also very nervous, and my whole system was run down and debilitated."

"Hearing of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills being a specific for these troubles, I thought I would try them, and therefore got a box at McLeod's Drug Store."

"They afforded me great relief, having toned up my system and removed the distressing symptoms from which I suffered. I can heartily recommend these wonderful pills to all sufferers from heart trouble."

Liver Pills cure Biliousness, Dyspepsia and Constipation. Every pill perfect.

**Enameline** is the Modern Stove Polish, which means UP-TO-DATE; that is, labor-saving, brilliant in effect, no dust and no odor. It makes a rusty old stove look as good as new in a minute. Put up in paste, cake or liquid form.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

SUNKEN VILLAGES IN NEW YORK.

It is Right in the City's Heart To See How It Is.

There is in the heart of New York City a quaint, picturesque little village that few have seen.

This community, which numbers over fifty inhabitants, lies west on the boulevard, its principal lane runs from Sixty-first to Sixty-second street.

The sunken village might have slumbered in this quiet retreat undiscovered had its inhabitants not been rudely awakened one day last night by a fire.

The fire started near the centre of the village in the house of John Gebhardt, where the family had retired on Friday night leaving a lighted lamp on the kitchen table.

When the flames were discovered the volunteer fire department rushed to the rescue. Meanwhile a neighbor in a towering apartment house across the way saw the flames and smoke and sent in the alarm.

The first engine on the scene was No. 40, Captain Cogrove. The position of the village presented difficulties.

The population is mostly composed of Germans. Most of them have lived in the sunken village for many years.

The oldest inhabitants are the Joyces, Werners and Gebhardts.

SOUVENIR SHIPS WITH DEWEY.

He Has Five That Will be Reminders of the Yankee Tar's Prowess.

The extent of the prizes taken by Admiral Dewey at the time of the big fight in Manila Bay and later seized at other ports in the islands is very imperfectly known.

Recently Secretary Long contracted with a Hong Kong firm to put them all in serviceable condition. The price agreed to is \$500,000, which indicates that they will require extensive attention and may not be in condition for duty for three or four months.

The vessels that are to be over hauled at Hong Kong are being made ready at Manila for the trip and will leave in charge of officers of the fleet, convoyed, probably, by one of the cruisers.

MASCELAGATION A LOSE ART.

A Common Disease of the Gums Due to This Loss.

Mastication is rapidly becoming a lost art, and although we have become hardened to the fact that three-fourths of the dyspepsia is due to this cause, it might surprise some of us to know that the early decay of the teeth and diseases of the gums are hastened by this same lax of maxillary exercise.

Today it is given more care than the decay of the teeth, and is frequently omitted by patients who have a full set of natural teeth which are quite loose in the jaw.

After a certain development in the disease, nothing can be done to help them. By lack of exercise, the blood, which should nourish both the bones and the gums, is not carried to the part; nor does the blood carry sufficient material to the teeth, hence the enamel formed is defective, and early decay results.

In examining the skulls of thousands of Indians, early Britons and Chinese, not a single irregularity of the jaw is found, and the teeth that are present are sound and well-formed.

A FISHERMAN'S LIFE

Saved to Wife and Family By Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He Was Dying With Kidney Disease—No Doctor Within Fifty Miles—A Stranger's Gift of Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

PLEASANT BAY, C. B. DEC. 12.—A well known resident of this place, who has lived here, man and boy for forty years, and has followed his occupation as a fisherman, on the dangerous waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, since his childhood, sends regularly to Sydney for a supply of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Asked by a newspaper representative what his object was in doing this, he said: A fisherman's life is one of continual danger; I have experienced that for myself.

Some years ago I was caught in a storm on the Gulf and exposed to the terrible weather for two days and a night. "Soon after this I was laid up with Kidney Disease and Rheumatism and was confined to my bed for four months. There is no doctor within a good many miles of us here, and I thought I was going to die. So did my wife and my friends.

Fortunately, a stranger, who came here to 'write up' the place for a New York paper, called on us one day. He saw the position I was in, and gave me three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills from his own supply.

I used one box and part of another, and was then able to resume my work again, with renewed strength and vigor. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life. If it had not been for them I would have died and left my wife and family unprotected. Since then I have guarded against such a possibility by keeping a supply of Dodd's Kidney Pills on hand. I wouldn't be without them for \$1,000."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only safe safeguard against all Kidney Diseases. They can be got at all drug stores, for fifty cents a box.

When Water It a Fire.

On the western coast of Ireland, at Ballybunton, the sea set fire to the cliffs. For centuries the great Atlantic rollers had been basking them down and making great fissures in them. In their depths were masses of iron, pyrites and alum.

"Our landlady had to lower the dining-tables three inches."

"Why did she do that?"

"Nearly all the boarders are scorched."

If a woman has as many as two pots of chrysanthemums in bloom, she is not doing her duty by her opportunities unless she gives a chrysanthemum show.

"She Carries Her Heart on Her Sleeve"

What a boon to many a man or woman if this were literally so—How many spirits are broken because this particular organ is shackled by disease—and yet how many times has Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart brushed against the grim reaper and rebid him of his victim.

Diseases of the heart are by far the most treacherous of ailments which afflict humanity—ruthless to old and young alike—not insidious but violent, for when the heart fails the whole system suffers violence. Discussing causes here will not console the suffering one. The one great yearning of the heart-sickened patient is how to get relief and a cure. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart stands pre-eminently to-day as the star of hope to sufferers from heart trouble, and so far past the experimental period that thousands to-day proclaim, in no uncertain sound, the belief that were it not for this great remedy they would have long ago passed into the great beyond.

Most eminent doctors, from Boston cases have baffled, have tested Dr. Agnew's claims, and to-day they prescribe it in their practice as the quickest and safest heart remedy known to medical science. What are the symptoms? Palpitation, fluttering, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, swelling of feet and ankles, pain in the left side, chilly sensations, fainting spells, unconsciousness in sleeping, dropsical tendency, and as many more indications that the heart is deranged. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart specific; and no case too acute to find relief from it inside of thirty minutes—a powerful cure.

Mrs. Jno. FITZPATRICK, of Ganesnoque, Ont., after having been treated by eminent physicians for heart disease of five years' standing, was discharged from the hospital as a hopeless incurable. She suffered from every tendency to the dropsical form of heart disease, but the lady procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart as she declared, as a last hope. One dose relieved her of a very acute spasm in less than thirty minutes, and three bottles cured her—not a symptom of the trouble remaining.

CONDUCTOR WILLIAM G. LUCAS, of the N. & W.R.R., and living at Hagerstown, Md., suffered for years with acute valvular form of heart and he spent a small fortune in remedies and treating with heart disease—cost him many a "lay off" from his daily duties on the road, benefited, recommended Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and he found it almost immediately. He continued its use until a few bottles were taken, and to-day he's well and strong, and says, "Tell all heart sufferers that I can highly recommend this great remedy."

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT cures eczema, salt rheum, tetter, scald head and all itching skin diseases; cures piles in three to five nights. DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER relieves cold in the head or hay fever in ten minutes—will cure most stubborn and long standing catarrh cases quickly and permanently. DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, torpid liver—clear the skin. 50 doses, 50 cents.

At last the water penetrated to these, and a rapid oxidation took place, which produced a heat fierce enough to set the whole cliff on fire. For weeks the rocks burned like a volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose high in the air.—Saturday Evening Post.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y.

ORIGIN OF THE PLOW.

Something About the Earliest Implement of the Agriculturist.

Not only the beginning of agriculture, but the invention of the plow itself, is pre-historic. The plow was known to the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians, and the very existence of these nations points to previous thousands of years of agricultural life, which alone could have produced such dense, settled and civilized populations. It was with a sense of what the plow had done for them that the old Egyptians ascribed its invention to Osiris, and the Vedic bards said the Aevins taught its use to Manu, the first man. Many nations have glorified the plow in legend and religion, perhaps never more poetically than where the Hindoos celebrated Sita, the spouse of Rama, riving, brown and beautiful, crowned with corn-ears from the plowed field; she is herself the furrow (sita) personified. Between man's first rude husbandry and this advanced state of tillage lies the long interval which must be filled in by other than historical evidence. What has first to be looked for is hardly the actual invention of planting, which might seem obvious even to rude tribes who never practice it. Every savage is a practical botanist, skilled in the localities and seasons of all useful plants, so that he can scarcely be ignorant that seeds or roots, if put into proper places in the ground, will grow. When low tribes are found not tilling the soil, but living on wild food, as apparently all mankind once did, the reason of the absence of agriculture would seem to be not mere ignorance, but insecurity, roving life, unsuitable climate, want of proper plants, and in regions where wild fruits are plentiful, sheer idleness and carelessness.

On looking into the condition of any known savage tribes—Australians, Andamaners, Botocudos, Fuegians, Esquimaux—there is always one or more of these reasons to account for want of tillage. The turning-point in the history of agriculture seems to be not the first thought of planting, but the practical beginning by a tribe settled in one spot to assist nature by planting a patch of ground round their huts.—Detroit Free Press.

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FLASHES OF FUN.

"My wife always agrees with me." "How on earth do you manage it?" "I first find out her opinion."

"Pa, did you know me long before you married her?" "No, my boy, I didn't know her till long after I married her."

Adonis: "I can tell just what people are thinking of me?" Heiress: "Indeed! How very unpleasant it must be for you."

Teacher: "What should be done to a little boy who plays truant?" Johnny (the truant, promptly): "Keep him out of school, mum."

Let us remove temptation from the path of youth, as the frog said when he plunged into the water on seeing a boy pick up a stone.

Maud: "Did I ever tell you how George came to lose his heart to me?" Ethel: "No; I understood it was because he lost his head."

Tom: "There's a fortune in the race-course." Jack: "Why do you think so?" Tom: "Because I left one there."

Sitter (grumpily): "Want me to look pleasant, I suppose?" Photographer: "Not at all, sir! Our specialty is truthful likenesses."

Guide: "Now you will have to be careful; many a tourist has broken his neck at this spot."

Genl. (to his wife): "Augusta you go first." Friend: "I suppose you have had some hard experiences?" Returned Klondiker: "Oh, yes! I've seen times when we hadn't a thing but money."

May: "How did you come to change the day for your wedding?" Helen: "Oh there is to be a big game of football that day, and Paul couldn't get away."

Agent: "This is the finest protection in the world. The burglar no sooner enters the house than it gives you the alarm." Mr. Hussitt: "Haven't you got one that will alarm the burglar?"

She: "But how can you think I'm pretty when my nose turns up so dreadfully?" He: "Well, all I have to say is, that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth."

"Little Johnny opened his drum yesterday to find where the noise comes from." "Did he find out?"

"Yes. When his father came home, the noise came from little Johnny."

Clara: "I don't think Grace cares very much for her husband." Jessie: "Why?"

Clara: "Well, he was detained at his office until eight o'clock one evening last week, and it never occurred to her that he might be killed or something?"

"That's a fine, solid baby of yours, Middleton," said a friend who was admiring the first baby.

"Do you think he's solid?" asked Middleton, rather disconsolately. "It seems to me as if he were all holler."

A witness under cross-examination refused to tell the amount of his gross income. When the judge ordered him to answer the question, he said, "Your honor, I have no gross income; I'm a fisherman, and it's all net."

"If you do not marry me I shall hang myself," exclaimed a love-lorn young man. "Well, if you do, please go a little way down the street," was the young lady's cheerful response, "for I heard papa say he did not want you hanging about here."

"Oh! Mrs. Miggs, what a dreadful black eye! I do hope you haven't been fighting." "Fighting, miss? Sure, 'ow could I be fightin' wid me 'usband dead this two years?"

She: "You say you are an artist, a musician and a poet?" He (modestly): "All three."

She: "Oh, how awfully poor you must be!"

Householder: "Do you pretend to say that this meter measures the amount of gas we burn?"

Inspector: "I will enter into no controversy sir, but I will say that the meter measures the amount of gas you have to pay for."

Scene—Country road. Smartly dressed young lady, to bird-nesting urchin: "Oh, you wicked boy! How could you rob that nest. No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she doesn't care! She's up in your hat!"

Elsie: "Melville says he thinks platonic friendship is the thing, and that he will never marry."

Maud: "I used to know a fellow who said that too."

Elsie: "Where is he now?" Maud: "Upstairs playing horse with baby."

Mater: "He does not seem to be a brilliant conversationalist."

Pater: "No, unfortunately; he can't talk on any subject unless he knows something about it."

Doolihan: "So you were sacked, 'an for p'hwat did they sack yez?"

O'Rafferty: "For gettin' drunk only was toime."

Doolihan: "And how lang was ye wid him?"

O'Rafferty: "Wan day."



Clear as a crystal and delightful in its invigorating and aromatic odor is the coffee that comes to you in pound and two-pound tin cans from the famous tea and coffee importers,

Chase & Sanborn of Boston, its purity and its strength being guaranteed by their seal. Its supreme merit has been proved and is acknowledged by thousands of the most fastidious coffee consumers throughout the land. Grocers everywhere sell it.

DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY. Metric System Taught By MRS. E. L. ETHIER, 88 ST. DENIS ST., - - MONTREAL. Directors of the Cutting Class at the Council of Arts and Manufactures of the Province of Quebec. Pupils are taught at the Academy or by mail, in a short course, how to cut and make all kinds of women's wearing apparel. Full particulars upon application.

It is the best POROUS PLASTER. Irvaluable in Kidney Disease. It soothes the kidneys, stops the dull ache, protects against sudden colds. Try a Box of Benson's, Price 50c. All Druggists, Of age, Loaming, Miles & Co. Montreal, if unobtainable.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Scalds, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, Earache, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s 1/2d. each, at Chemists, etc, with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. F.C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester. Sores Healed. Nothing like B.B.B. for healing sores and ulcers, no matter how large or how chronic they may be. B. B. B. applied externally and taken internally according to directions will soon effect a cure. It sends rich, pure blood to the part, so that healthy flesh soon takes the place of the decaying tissue. "I had been troubled with sore fingers and sore toes around the nails. The salve I was using did not help me and I was getting worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using nearly two bottles my sores were all healed up. I consider B.B.B. a wonderful blood purifier." ENOCH G. HORST, Bloomington, Ont.

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Continued from Tenth Page. It was the day after the one on which Naples had been electrified by the news of the death of Lady Vere, and he was hastening to that city in response to the telegram he held in his hand.

"Will you come to me? Lady Vere is dead?"

"That was the telegram, and it was signed—Gerald Vere."

Morewood might well obey it without a moment's delay.

He might well wear that shocked, grief-stricken look upon his face.

He was bewildered, as well as shocked, and grieved.

He could not realize that the beautiful Lillian he had seen in such radiant health scarce six weeks ago, had passed away from life like a flower that is cut down in the day of its fairest bloom.

And, above and beyond this, it seemed passing strange to him that he should be the friend sent for by Sir Gerald.

In the old days, such a summons would have been natural enough; but after that mad suspicion of Sir Gerald's, it seemed strange indeed.

"How he even knew I was at Nice, I can't imagine," thought Morewood; for he had only left England two or three days ago, intending to spend a summer holiday in Northern Italy and Switzerland.

When he left the train, at Naples, he was met by a liveried servant with a carriage.

To him Morewood put a few hurried questions.

"Is it really true that lady Vere is dead?" he asked.

The man was English, and responded readily.

"Yes, sir. My lady is dead. It has been a great shock to us all, sir. My lady was so good to everybody. There was none of us but loved her."

"And what is the cause of her death?"

"An overdose of chloral, sir. My lady had suffered a good bit from sleeplessness lately, and had been in the habit of taking a little chloral. Her maid found her quite cold this morning when she went to her room to help her to dress. The doctor was there in less than ten minutes; but he said she had been dead several hours."

"And how does Sir Gerald bear it?"

"Well he seems dazed like. He bears up wonderfully in a way, for he's quite calm and nobody's seen him shed a tear. But he looks terribly bad. I never saw a gentleman look so bad as he does. His face is as white as chalk, and his eyes look as if they'd go through one, as the saying is, I'm sure I shouldn't wonder if he was to do something to himself—I shouldn't indeed, sir."

They soon reached the house, and Morewood sprang out of the carriage and hurried into the hall.

A door opened on his right hand, and Sir Gerald stood before him.

The servant's prescription had prepared Morewood, in some measure, for a terrible change.

Nevertheless, it was with difficulty he repressed a start as he gazed on the countenance of his friend.

Sir Gerald had lost so much flesh, that he looked absolutely emaciated; he was ghastly pale, and his eyes glowed like fire from out of their hollow caverns.

Thrilling with sympathy, and wholly forgetting, in that moment, the unhappy estrangement which had risen between them, Morewood took his hand and grasped it with a strong, yet tender pressure.

"Vere," he said, huskily, "I wish I could tell you how grieved I am—how grieved for you."

"I knew you would be," said Sir Gerald, with unnatural calmness.

"It touched me a good bit, Gerald," went on Morewood, still holding his hand, "to know that, in the first moment of your bereavement, you thought of sending for your old friend."

"Yes, I wanted to see you," said Sir Gerald, in that curious tone of unnatural calmness. "I'm glad you've come. You are the only being on earth to whom I can fully unbend my mind. It does me good to even feel the grasp of your hand. Perhaps it will be the last time you will ever touch my hand in friendship, Morewood. When you know all, it's likely enough you'll cease to be my friend."

"Never!" said Morewood, warmly.

A suspicion crossed his mind that his great loss had affected Sir Gerald's brain.

The London doctor had declared there was no tint of insanity about him; but, surely, such an overwhelming shock might be expected to affect the soundest mind.

One thing seemed certain, and Morewood rejoiced at it.

Sir Gerald had quite put away that unreasoning jealousy of him which had possessed him before he left England.

That cloud, at any rate, was gone, and their intercourse might be free and frank, as it had been in the dear old times.

Sir Gerald had said: "When you know all, it's likely enough you'll cease to be my friend," and Morewood thought—

"He means to confess to me all about his foolish jealousy. Poor fellow! he little knows me if he thinks I could resent that now."

There was silence for a moment or two, then Sir Gerald said, in a dull, sombre tone—

"You would like to see her, Morewood—for the last time? She has lost none of her beauty. Nay, I think she looks even lovelier in death than she did in life."

"If you are sure it will not be too painful for you—"

Sir Gerald smiled—a strangely wan and bitter smile.

"Painful!" he repeated. "There is no new pain for me. I have sounded the deepest depths of human agony. There is nothing more for me to suffer than I suffer now. Come!"

And he led the way upstairs.

The death-chamber was a very large one.

Its window opened to the west, and rays of the setting sun pierced through the shrouding curtains, as Morewood and Sir Gerald entered.

On the bed lay the coffin, and, within it, all that was mortal of the beautiful Lady Vere.

Beautiful indeed!

Sir Gerald was right when he said she looked even lovelier in death than she had done in life.

She lay like one asleep, her snowy lids drooping softly over her eyes, the long lashes resting lightly on her cheeks.

Her lips still tinged with color, wore that happy smile which one sees not unfrequently on the faces of the dead, and her golden hair gently shaded her brow.

Her hands were folded meekly above her breast.

Flowers—all of purest white—covered her almost from head to foot.

Morewood, with difficulty, repressed his emotion as he gazed.

At such a moment he could not but remember how near he had been to giving his whole heart's love to this beautiful creature.

And how unflinchingly she had turned to him as a friend.

Sir Gerald stood at the foot of the bed, his head bowed above his hands.

The silence lasted so long that it became oppressive.

Breaking it, with an effort, Morewood said—

"Come, Gerald."

And, very gently, he put out his hand, as though to lead him away.

Sir Gerald raised his head, and looked at him with a wildly haggard look.

"Stop!" he said. "You must not go. I have something to say to you, and I can only say it here."

He paused, pressed his hand to his brow, like one in deep mental agony, then suddenly stretched out his hand, and pointed to the coffin.

"Morewood, do you know who it is that is lying there?"

Convinced now that his mind was unhinged, Morewood answered, in a voice of gentle soothing—

"Yes, Gerald, I know only too well. It is your poor wife."

"My wife! yes; but do you know who it was I married? Morewood, listen, and do not think me mad; for, what I tell you is the truth, as surely as there is a God in Heaven. You remember Madeline Winter?"

"Well, it is she who is lying there!"

More than ever convinced that his friend had lost his senses, Morewood, laid his hand gently, yet firmly, on his arm, and attempted to lead him from the room.

"Vere, try to calm yourself," he said kindly.

"The shock has unnerved you, and no wonder; but try not to dwell upon it more than you can possibly help. Try—"

Sir Gerald stopped him with a look so stern, so terribly earnest, that he all but quailed beneath it.

"Let me here no more of that," he said. "I have been thought mad too long, Heaven knows I have had enough to send me mad; but, for all that, I am as sane as you are. I tell you again, Morewood, calmly and solemnly, that the woman who lies there is that same woman you rescued from a hideous death. She was Madeline Winter, and I—Heaven help me!—I made her Lady Vere."

Morewood was filled with horror.

A subtle something in Sir Gerald's manner convinced him that he was not mad, and that he was speaking what he believed to be the truth.

But a thing so ghastly—so unspcakably horrible—could it be true?

No, no! Impossible!

This was what Morewood tried to say; but, even as he made the effort, an icy chill wrapped his heart, and he stood quite silent, stricken dumb with horror.

"It isn't an easy thing to believe—is it?" said Sir Gerald in a voice of moody bitterness. "When I first knew it, I thought I had gone mad. I thought only a distraught brain could have imagined such a thing of my beautiful Lillian—my pure, perfect wife!"

The mockery in his tone, as he spoke—the look on his face, as he gazed at the dead woman—were something unspcakably terrible.

Morewood shuddered as he saw and heard.

"Gerald, I can't believe it!" he exclaimed almost passionately. "What proof have you?"

"For Heaven's sake, tell me."

"Proof! Ay, you may well ask for that! I asked for it, too; ay, and had it given to me in plenty! But it is she, that beautiful sorceress—and he pointed towards the coffin—were still alive, she might so cajole and fool you, that you would tell her you cared nothing for my proofs. Likely

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enough you would say she was pure as the driven snow, and that my proofs were only the ravings of a madman."

Sir Gerald spoke without the slightest trace of excitement in either look or tone.

He seemed like a man who had borne the extremity of human woe, and was calm simply because he had nothing now to fear.

A conviction that the awful thing he said was true forced itself on John Morewood's mind.

"Gerald," he said, in a hoarse, agitated voice, "for Heaven's sake, give me some explanation of all this. Tell me just what it is that you mean."

For answer, Sir Gerald strode to the door, turned the key in the lock, and came back to the foot of the bed.

"No ear but yours must hear this," he said. "I need not ask you for any promise of secrecy. I know I may rely upon you."

"Of course you may."

"Well, then, listen, and prepare to hear the most horrible story that was ever poured into the ears of man."

He stood for one moment in silence, his hand pressed to his head, as though he were debating within himself how he should commence his story.

At last he spoke.

"Up to the day of my marriage, I believed, implicitly, that the woman I loved was the purest, the noblest, the most absolutely unselfish, as well as the most beautiful, or created beings. Some men might have been charged with the crime of murder; but I, as you know, was so often far from this, that, on her bare word, and in spite of overwhelming proof to the contrary, believed in the sisters' innocence. In this fool's paradise I lived until—my wedding night!"

Very sombre was Sir Gerald's voice as he spoke these words.

For a moment he let his eyes rest on the dead face in the coffin.

"That night—the beginning of it," he resumed, "was one of perfect happiness. I might have known that last—was not, and never could be, the lot of mortal man. Between ten and eleven, Lady Vere retired to her room. I put on my hat, and walked to the wood, which is just across the road from the Dower House, you remember?"

Morewood assented, with a movement of the head.

So breathlessly anxious was he to hear his friend's story, that he could scarcely command his voice.

"It was my intention," went on Sir Gerald, "to walk in the wood for a quarter-of-an-hour or so, and then return to the house; but, before I had gone very far, I heard something that sounded like a human groan, and, hurrying to the spot it seemed to come from, I found poor old Madge lying on the ground, where she had fallen, with her head resting against one of the seats. I saw, in a moment, she was dying!"

"Horror and aghast, as you may suppose, I yet retained presence of mind to do everything I could for her. I raised her in my arms, and would have tried to carry her to the Dower House, but she implored me not to do so, and I placed her on the seat."

"I can feel that the end has come," she said. "Let me die here. Don't move me. I might die on the way, and I need my every breath now. I want to tell you the truth about Madeline Winter before I die. It is she who fired this shot!" and she pointed to her breast.

"I was dumb with grief and horror, as you may believe; but imagine, if you can, what my feelings were when the old woman raised her hand feebly towards Heaven, and said—"

"Sir Gerald Vere, I am a dying woman, and you will surely believe me now. Tell me—tell me truly—whether you know who the woman is you made your wife this morning?"

"I began to tell her that I knew Lillian was the sister of the reputed murderess, Madeline Winter, but that she herself was the sweetest, noblest, purest of beings."

"Merciful Heaven! what an intuition mind was! Never shall I forget the look of poor old Madge, as she cried: 'Did I not prophesy aright? Did I not say that, if she crossed his path, she would blight his life?'"

"Then she repeated: 'I am a dying woman, and, standing face to face with death, I tell you that it is Madeline Winter herself who is your wife!'"

"Gerald, are you sure it was not a dying woman's ravings?" said Morewood, anxiously. "Surely you have not believed such an awful thing on such testimony as that?"

"I myself can tell you Lillian had a sister. I have seen her more than once, and as far as I can remember I should say she was certainly the woman I rescued from the coffin that night. Lady Vere resembled her greatly in the eyes, but that was all. And then the ages! Consider! Madeline Winter would now have been thirty. Lillian, when she came to the court, was scarcely out of her teens!"

Sir Gerald gave an intensely bitter smile.

"I will tell you about that presently," he said. "Let it suffice now, that Madge gave me proof enough to convince any ordinary man, inasmuch as I was mad with love, was for a moment, convinced of it."

"Poor old soul!" she had little breath to spare; but her indomitable spirit gave her up. She told me what had passed between her and Lillian at the cottage, how Lillian had implored her to keep her secret and how, for answer, she had told her she was the enemy of all her race."

"The enemy of her race! Madge! exclaimed Morewood, in amazement.

"Yes. More than half-a-century ago the enmity had begun. Madeline's grandmother had taken Madge's lover from her and from that hour, she swore undying hatred to the race. When Lillian heard of this, she resolved upon her murder!"

CHAPTER LXX.

THE END OF SIR GERALD'S STORY.

Sir Gerald paused.

There was a dead silence in the room. Morewood was too horrified to speak.

The tale to which he was listening seemed so outrageous a one that he could not bring himself to believe it.

And yet, there was that in his friend's face which made his heart almost still with horror lest it should be true.

A minute or two of silence, and then Sir Gerald resumed, in the dull level tone in which he had spoken throughout—

"Yes, she—my wife, you understand, Morewood—resolved to murder the poor old woman who knew her secret. The taking of a life was to her, a mere nothing. She would have murdered either you or me with as little compunction as she would have killed a fly, had we stood in her way."

"Gerald, for God's sake stop!" exclaimed Morewood. "How can you say such horrible things? Above all, how can you say them here?"

And he pointed to the beautiful dead face inside the coffin.

Morewood, for eight months I have lived side by side with that woman. I have seen her inmost heart. I have learned for myself, how possible it is for one to have the face of an angel and the mind of a fiend. You, as yet, have not learned this, and, therefore, you are shocked and horrified to say that she—that beautiful angel-faced being—thought lightly of the crime of murder. But so it was; and again I tell you that when she found old Madge knew her secret, and was her enemy, she straightway resolved to take her life."

"You must understand that when Madge first asked me if I knew who it was I was marrying, I answered in such terms that the old woman believed Lillian had told me she was Madeline Winter."

"Afterwards, at the cottage, some word was said which showed Madge her mistake—showed her I simply believed she was the sister of the murderess not the murderess herself. When she knew that, she determined I should hear the truth. This, of course, was what she—and again he pointed to the dead woman in the coffin—was determined to prevent."

"She wrote a note, purporting to come from me, and sent it to Madge, asking her to be at a certain spot, in Upton Wood, as I wanted a secret interview with her, and preferred not to come to the cottage, where I was sure of being seen by some of the tenantry."

"Madge fell into the trap. She thought my suspicions were aroused and she was all eagerness to verify them. She went to Upton Wood at the time appointed—very early in the morning of my wedding-day. My bride met her there, and—think of it, Morewood!—shot her, and she imagined, through the heart."

"Believing her quite dead, she left her, and returned to the Court, and, a few hours later, I received her at the altar as my bride. Morewood, do you think mortal man has ever had stranger experiences than I?"

Again that intensely bitter smile crossed Sir Gerald's face.

Morewood, as he watched it, thought irresistibly of Cæsar's description of the smile of Cassius—

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort, As if he mock'd himself, and scorned his spirit, That could be moved to smile at anything."

"You will have judged," Sir Gerald resumed, after a slight pause, "that Madge, when left for dead, was only unconscious, the bullet had not pierced the heart. You, perhaps, remember that the circumstances which so greatly puzzled everybody, was the fact of her being found so far from home. The doctor was quite certain a woman of her age, could not have dragged herself very far after receiving such a wound."

"But he underrated Madge's wonderful constitution. As a matter of fact, the spot where the shot was fired was not more than two miles from the Court, scarcely so far, and she had, during the day, dragged herself self nearly to the other extremity of the wood. The thirst for vengeance inspired her. She wanted to crawl as far as the Dower House—to which she knew I was coming with my bride."

"This much the poor old soul told me before she drew her last breath. I will not attempt to describe my state of mind. I believe I looked and acted like a madman. If ever my brain might have been in danger of giving way, it was that night. But, I thank Heaven, I have kept my reason through it all."

"I went back to the Dower House, where my bride was awaiting me! First getting the servants out of the way, I went to her

chamber, and had her leave her bed, and dress and go out with me. What she thought, I know not—probably, that her crime was discovered, or that I had suddenly gone mad. But she obeyed me, and I got her outside the house, and dragged her to the spot where I had left the old woman's body. Then I set her down in front of it, and had her load upon her work."

Again Sir Gerald paused.

Again there was silence.

Morewood broke it.

"Vere," he said, "you cannot really believe that this is true. It must be a hallucination of your brain. Consider how long after this you loved and idolized your wife. Could you have so loved her, if you had believed she was a murderess?"

"Morewood, don't think I wonder at your incredulity. It is impossible for you to be half so incredulous as I was; for, in spite of the proofs Madge had given me, I was fooled once more—fooled so utterly and completely, that for weeks I humbled myself to the dust for having dared to so much as for one moment doubt the goodness of my angel bride!"

"Then you told her what it was you had suspected?"

"I told her everything."

"And what did she say?"

"Say! She clung to my arms, and looked up into my face, and wept—oh, how she wept!—to think that I, her husband, should have harboured a thought against her truth."

Sir Gerald's tone was one of derisive scorn—scorn of his own credulity.

"I don't want to dwell upon that," he added, almost fiercely. "It maddens me. Suffice it that she fooled me once again. She made it seem as clear as daylight to me that it was her half-sister, Madeline, who had worked all the misery and crime!"

"Even that was a blow to me, but it was as nothing compared to what I had been dreading. A man doesn't like his sister-in-law to commit a murder on his wedding day; but he prefers that to having it committed by his wife."

"And, surely, that was the truth, Gerald," said Morewood, anxiously. "I tell you again, Lady Vere had a sister, and I have seen her. It would be madness, on the bare testimony of a dying and perhaps delirious old woman, to believe such horrible charges against Lady Vere. Her very face disproves such charges. Did Nature ever give a wicked woman such a face as that?"

"In this case Nature did. Morewood, I have asked myself, thousands of times—as I looked on that serene brow and those lovely eyes—how it was a soul so black was suffered to disguise itself under so fair a form? And it was not her face only—it was her powers of assuming virtue which was so wonderful. I should say there has, perhaps, never been a more consummate actress in the world."

"For instance when I first asked her to marry me—yes, and many times afterwards—she seemed all unselfishness, as sweetly as purely disinterested as an angel. And yet I know, now, she had fully made up her mind to marry me; may had come to Vivian Court with that very purpose. In everything it was the same. She affected great simplicity of taste in matters of dress, and seemed literally devoid of any wish for splendour; but, in reality, she loved dress and jewels, and, for a time, sheajoled me into actually thinking it was to please me, and to gratify my pride in her, that she dressed so richly. I see it all now. Fool that I was, not to clearly long ago!"

"And when—Morewood spoke doubtfully, for he still thought his friend was laboring under a hallucination—and when did you finally alter your opinion of Lady Vere?"

"Early in the spring. Madly as I loved her, I could not but, at times, think of that awful tale Madge had told me. I should, scarcely have been a man if I had not. And thinking of this, and watching her closely, day and night, I sometimes thought I detected a something false in her character, which made my heart stand still with fear."

"In her sleep she would look troubled, as if her dreams were evil; and now and again she would murmur a word or two, such as a murderess might have uttered."

"Little by little a suspicion that old Madge's tale was true crept in upon my mind. Now you understand why I was moody and unlike myself in those days. Many a man would have gone mad. As it was people thought me mad, and I was content to let them think so. It accounted for many things for which I did not choose to give any other explanation."

"But, at last, my suspicions became a certainty. You remember the night you slept at the court?"

Morewood looked assent.

"Was he likely ever to forget that night?"

Greatly he wondered what it was he was about to hear.

The day before that night, she had all but convinced me I wronged her by my suspicions. Never had she seemed so good so altogether incapable of evil. My love for her awoke as strong as ever. Sometimes I think she had hypnotic powers, and by means of them, could mould me to her will. But, however that might be, she had gained almost the old ascendancy over me, and I was ready to fall at her feet, and ask her to pardon me for having ever wronged her by so much as a single thought."

"This happy delusion lasted till we retired. But that night I bade an eternal adieu to happiness."

To be Continued.

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THE STAR OF THE BOG OF ANNEN.

Twilight was falling, and Michael O'Neil, behind his load of turf, was driving up the steep hill this side of the bog of Annen. Tired, after his hard day's work in the bog, Michael put his hand on the load, and, looking down on the ground, as the cart moved up the hill, held his whip over his right shoulder.

'Poor John,' he said to himself; 'so I'll never see you again!' He was thinking of his oldest son who, five years before, had left home for Australia, and last night came the news of his death. And Thomas, too, the youngest who had gone to America, the pet of his father and mother, but ungrateful, had taken the price of two fat bullocks that he sold at the fair, the day he left, and never returned even to say goodbye.

There was a time in his young days when Michael O'Neil drank hard. But he had changed, and not tasted spirits for twenty years, never, since the day he walked fifteen miles to Meate, to take the pledge from the hands of Father Maturer, had he drunk a drop of strong drink. So much of a dislike had Michael for a public house where drink was sold that he would not now, not for the world, have stopped the horse; even for a sod of turf, before the door of Martin Haney's. It is always good to break from a bad habit, but better not to fall into one, for a road once walked on is easy to tread again, especially if it was traversed at first when we were young.

And so with Michael O'Neil now. For a score of years he had not been tempted, but this night he had been feeling bad, and could he not go in and down his sorrow in at least one glass? As he thought of this he put his hand into his pocket for the money to buy the dram. But there was none there. He was walking up to the door while doing this, and was near the step when he found himself pulled from behind. Three dark figures of his coat made him look around, and he found that his horse and load of turf were gone. He had heard no noise, and it was all done in a moment.

drink merchant stepped up to it before getting the dram, only to find he could not lift it from where it was. 'What do ye mean?' he said, looking up with a frown, 'puttin' money on me counter that I can't take up from it?' 'It's good money,' answered Michael, at the same time turning his eyes to the coin and noticing that instead of the queen's head upon it was that of the fairy king.

'It's not it's counterfeit!' replied the man, with anger. 'Sure, that's not the queen's head at all, at all!' 'Well, it's all the money I have,' answered Michael.

'Well, then, you'll get no liquor here without ye bring the queen's coin!' All this time Michael was stepping back and he now heard the door open behind him, and knew it was the fairies telling him to get away.

He would have done so without the hint, for he saw that only his money was wanted where he was. As he turned around, the coin was lighting up the whole place, while 'Nobbs,' the fairy that drove the horse, was blowing out the lamps. At this he ran for his cart as quickly as he could, for something told him he could not be too quick; and jumping on the load of turf—the horse was already turned toward home—he dashed down the hill at an awful rate.

And he was none too soon; for he had hardly reached the corner, where lived Lord Darcy's gamekeeper, when there was an explosion behind that shook all Ireland. A bright light, and the same stars shooting back up into the heavens, showed out the hill behind, the public house of Martin Haney blown to atoms, and around it the fairies and fairy king were marching, the latter waving his sword, and shouting at Michael: 'Hurry home! hurry home!'

And so he did; and what was his surprise and joy to find his oldest son, whom he thought had died in Australia, back again and a rich man. But more than this, a letter from Thomas, in America, writing his sorrow for the wrong he had done his father.

It was always a mystery to the people around the bog of Annen what became of Martin Haney. The next morning, his shop all broken and wrecked as if by an earthquake, was seen on the hill; but that was all. But Michael O'Neil, although he said nothing, and had no desire again in his life to drink, while he remembered the good fairies, yet thinking something dark might have happened to Martin Haney, never forgot to pray for the poor man's soul.—New York Independent.

ENGLISH GIRLS GAMES. They Play Almost Everything Except Football and Leap Frog.

An attempt, very properly squashed, was made to introduce football as a game for women, says the London Mail. It was seen to be a most unlikely and impossible pastime for them and though a team of brawny ladies persevered in this course for a season or so through the country, laughter and derision were their main guerdons, and the rest of their sex held themselves severely aloof from following their example.

At the women's colleges and schools hockey is becoming more and more the favorite winter pastime. The Royal Holloway College team is famous, and plays in its own splendid field every afternoon this term and next. The students engage in games against the Oxford and Cambridge women's colleges, but they do not play golf at all. Neither do they boat seriously. The Thames is quite half an hour's walk from the college, and time is precious, so, though they hire when they want boats, there is not one now appearing to the college. But they swim in the glorious bath in their equally glorious grounds, and are ardent cyclists.

Many of the high school girls in London proceed to Neasden and other outlying fields near London for their hockey, possessing no facilities in town for such exercise. At aristocratic Girton—the first women's college established at either of the 'Varsities—they have golf links of their own, as well as a hockey field. They also indulge in a little mild cricket during the summer term and constantly meet Newham in open contest, or join with that abode of learning to meet the Oxford women's college at hockey matches.

At Somerville Hall, Oxford, there is a regular Summer term institution on Saturday afternoons of tennis and lemonade to which brother undergraduates of the 'sweet girls' are invited. Asphalt courts are played on vigorously during the winter at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, where there are also college boats, the vicinity of the river Cherwell rendering boating possible.

Golf and the new-fashioned game of croquet are regarded by damsels of seventeen as slow and trumpery. But when they arrive at years of discretion they admit that there is something in both, and that they are 'jolly difficult' to play well. Croquet does not flourish much, therefore, in scholastic realms, though its vogue has increased a hundredfold during the past summer in other circles.

Gymnasium work and dancing are both extremely popular among school girls, and college ones also. At Holloway college there is a superb floor in the galleries devoted to library purposes and here sometimes the students are permitted to trip to gayly.

Fencing is another exercise to which women are becoming more and more devoted but it does not seem to appeal to the women's colleges as yet. It is popular in art circles, for it has more than a flavor of Paris about it, and besides, is most advantageous to those whose occupations are sedentary. Literary women and journalists are keen on the foil, and there are also clubs in London where women may meet men in mimic combat sometimes.

Paris about it, and besides, is most advantageous to those whose occupations are sedentary. Literary women and journalists are keen on the foil, and there are also clubs in London where women may meet men in mimic combat sometimes.

Disowned. A certain young man is said to be chafing considerably because of a little episode that signalled his first day in the world of business. His father, the chairman of one of the leading insurance companies in the kingdom, had contrived to make a snug little berth in his office for his son, and the young fellow, nothing loth, accepted it immediately. It so happened that the insurance novice took his first dip into the great sea of worldly ambition on the very day during which a meeting of the directors of the well-known corporation was being held.

While the meeting was in progress the young hopeful was sent on an errand to the chairman, and bursting into the room where the magnates of the business world were assembled, he forthwith began, in the familiar parlance of home—

'The august chairman, with a look of absolute horror, turned to the messengers, and to the intense amusement of the others present, and to the everlasting chagrin of his offspring roared—'I'm not your father—at least in business hours!'

'Not now.' One of the door-keepers of a venerable old minister in the north has some amusing stories of people he has met. On one occasion a stylish young fellow endeavored to push his way into the sacred edifice with a huge St. Bernard at his heels. 'No dogs admitted, sir,' said the official at the door.

'Poo!' was the rejoinder. 'Where's the harm, I'd like to know? Rover won't worry the place.' 'Can't help it, sir. It's the rule. No dogs admitted.' 'You're getting mighty particular with the old show,' was the next remark. 'My dog's as intelligent as half the people who come here to walk round. Besides, you appear to forget that this building has been used as a stable before now. Cromwell, you know, crammed the place with horses and men. 'Quite so,' calmly replied the door-keeper. 'In that day it is very probable asses were also admitted—but not now, not now!'

And the young man gave up the attempt.

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It Didn't Work. A Georgia (U. S. A.) paper tells how a magistrate tried with poor success to imitate the judgment of Solomon. He was perplexed by the claims of two women for a baby, each contending that she was the mother of it. The judge remembered Solomon, and drawing a bowie knife from his boot, declared he would give half to each. The women were shocked, but had no doubt of the authority and purpose of the judge to make the proposed compromise. 'Don't do that,' they both of them screamed in unison; 'you can keep it yourself.'

A: Do you know that poor fellow who asked me for a penny? B: 'No; who is it?' A: 'He is the man who wrote 'The Battle Life, and How to Win It.'

DIED. Tabernash, Nov. 27, David Gay, 75. St. John, Dec. 7, John J. White, 32. Halifax, Dec. 2, Philip J. Howe, 22. South Bay, Dec. 10, George M. L., 62. Chatham, Dec. 7, Joseph McIntyre, 21. Two Islands, Nov. 17, Alex. Wasson, 73. Pictou, Nov. 19, John A. McDonald, 27. San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 10, Elijah Lord. York, Nov. 20, Ingram B. Hersey, 49. Port Medford, Nov. 29, Edward Coburn, 82. Salem, Mass., Nov. 24, Mrs. Jane Colburn. Bel Creek, Nov. 23, Margie A. Fraser, 18. Billtown, Nov. 16, Eldred E. Rockwell, 46. Margaree, Nov. 23, Leuchlin McDonald, 24. Farrboro, Nov. 29, Mrs. Perry Winters, 89. Middle Sticks, Nov. 29, Mrs. Wm. Teasdale. Cape Island, Dec. 5, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Israel A. Smith to Edith W. Smith. Centreville, Cape Island, Nov. 12, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Howard Newell to Nettie Renshagen. Chatham, Dec. 5, by Rev. D. Henderson assisted by Rev. J. M. Allen Thomas H. Feisler to Isabella J. Leson.

PRESIDENT-SUSPENDER. PATENTED. THE LATEST FAD.

BORN.

Truro, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. A. B. Cox a daughter. Truro, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. A. G. Phinney, a son. Tatamagouche, Nov. 26, to the wife of Dr. Bosch, a son. Windsor, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. Fred Lavers, a son. Sackville, Nov. 30, to the wife of Mr. J. R. Ayer, a son. Wisnwas, Dec. 5, to the wife of Mr. A. J. Watts, a son. Freeport, Nov. 28, to the wife of Mr. Jas. Outhouse a son. Farrboro, Nov. 25, to the wife of Capt. S. T. Salter a son. Ferris, Dec. 4, to the wife of Rev. W. H. Green, a daughter. Springhill, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. H. Green, a daughter. Moncton, Dec. 5, to the wife of Mr. Ellis Sears, a daughter. Amherst, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. Peter Moran, a daughter. Truro, Dec. 5, to the wife of Mr. E. Gourley, a daughter. Hantsport, Nov. 27, to the wife of Mr. Falsifer, a daughter. Falmouth, Dec. 5, to the wife of Mr. Canavan, a daughter. Truro, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. Edward Bruce, a daughter. Truro, Dec. 9, to the wife of Mr. W. B. Simmons, a daughter. Springhill, Nov. 23, to the wife of Mr. Robert Hall, a daughter. Dorchester, Dec. 4, to the wife of Mr. James Friel, a daughter. Windsor, Nov. 25, to the wife of Mr. Fred Cochran, a daughter.

Windsor, Nov. 23, to the wife of Mr. Albert Rogers a daughter. Windsor, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. J. W. Lawson, a daughter. Lower Selma, Nov. 7, to the wife of Mr. A. M. Anderson, a son. Windsor, Dec. 25, to the wife of Mr. Dudley Beaman a son. Aylesford, Nov. 25, to the wife of Mr. Norman I. Bowley, a son. Great Yarmouth, Nov. 25, to the wife of Mr. Jas. M. Spencer, a son. Springhill, Nov. 27, to the wife of Mr. James Pettigrew a daughter. Colchester, Nov. 27, to the wife of Mr. Thomas Higgins, a daughter. Lower Selma, Nov. 5, to the wife of Mr. E. M. Anthony a daughter. South Uxbridge, Nov. 25, to the wife of Mr. Herbert Euter, a daughter. Upper Selma, Nov. 7, to the wife of Mr. William Sterling a daughter. Annapolis Royal, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. H. M. Bradford, a daughter. Lawrence Station, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. Arthur M. Taylor, a daughter. Chatham, Nov. 19, to the wife of Mr. Chambers, twin-daughters.

MARRIED.

Boston, Nov. 24, Fred W. Schultz to Alice M. Splice. Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 28, Leon Donnette to Amy C. Trevel. Lynde, Nov. 23, Winifred E. Steeves to Annie L. Thigley. Fitchburg, Mass., Nov. 23, Elvin H. Hauber to Ella F. Mosher. Jolene, Dec. 7, by Rev. D. Chapman, Ansel H. Oulton to Evelyn Oulton. Lowell, Mass., Dec. 3, by Rev. Dr. Chambers, S. W. Conrad to A. M. Reid. Oxford, Nov. 25, by Rev. C. Monroe, Fred Van-Busbirk to Mabel Stewart. Fredericton, Dec. 5, by Rev. G. B. Payson, Frank R. Smith to Lizzie Quisley. Truro, Nov. 29, by Rev. Mr. Goggin, D. J. McFarlane to Florence McKinnon. Richmond, Nov. 30, by Rev. A. W. Teed, Osborn L. Tomes to Camilla M. Geste. Pictou, Nov. 16, by Rev. L. E. Duchesneau, Charles Amiro to Annie Amiro. Nelson, N. B., Nov. 30, by Rev. D. Mackintosh, A. L. Van Vye to Maggie H. McLeod. Shag Harbour, Nov. 29, by Rev. Wm. Halliday, Richard Smith to Carrie Sears. Waltham, Sept. 9, by Rev. F. B. Grant, Hiram B. MacDonald to Adeline F. Harris. Nelson, N. B., Nov. 30, by Rev. D. Mackintosh, George E. Rogers to Catherine D. Duffy. Newelltown, Cape Island, Dec. 5, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Israel A. Smith to Edith W. Smith. Centreville, Cape Island, Nov. 12, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Howard Newell to Nettie Renshagen. Chatham, Dec. 5, by Rev. D. Henderson assisted by Rev. J. M. Allen Thomas H. Feisler to Isabella J. Leson.

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STEAMERS. MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO.'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, West's Point), November 18th, 24th, and December 2nd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, FINE L. NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 24th, 30th, and December 6th, 12th, and 19th, and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with rail through traffic arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address,

R. H. FLEMING, Agent. New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 6-11 Broadway, New York City.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Lvs. St. John at 7:15 a. m., ar. Digby 10:00 a. m. Lvs. Digby at 1:00 p. m., ar. St. John, 5:45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lvs. Halifax 6:30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12:30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 1:00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 5:35 p. m. Lvs. Halifax 8:00 a. m., ar. St. John, Tuesday and Friday. Lvs. Digby 12:50 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 5:00 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 6:00 a. m., ar. Digby 11:45 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11:45 a. m., ar. Halifax 5:45 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 8:30 a. m., ar. St. John, Monday and Thursday. Lvs. Digby 10:30 a. m., ar. Halifax 3:32 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 7:30 a. m., ar. Digby 6:50 a. m. Lvs. Digby 8:30 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

Fullan Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bussness express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince George,

BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Thursday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4:00 p. m. Unusually fast service on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrsboro. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 1 from the Parlor car steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and 12:00 Pictou..... 12:00 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 16:30 Express for Sussex..... 18:40 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 22:10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10:00 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:10 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal Express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8:30 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 16:00 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 18:25 Accommodation from Moncton..... 22:40 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

Christmas Holiday Excursion Tickets.

On sale to Pupils and Teachers in Schools and Colleges on surrender of proper certificate from Principal between stations in Canada, East of Fort Arthur, December 16th to 21st, good for return passage until January 31st. To Commercial Travellers on presentation of their Certificate in territory as above, December 16th, to 26th, good for return passage until January 31st, and to the Public, between all stations on line East of Fort Arthur, December 21st, to January 2nd, good for return until January 15th.

all at One Way First Class Fare for the Round Trip.

Further particulars of Ticket Agents, C. E. E. USSHER, A. H. NORMAN, Genl. Pass. Agent. Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent Montreal. St. John, N. B.

BUY Coleman's Salt

THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

HALIFAX scene was and Lock recently. man and his party. If to record a but such an in question about the party who if. The m an employe he has a wife North street has been neg than one. up in his be We'd be the hours. His about him ke women, but a sion that her man. The st ever, and th that everything to wate husband went went out as his "little foot know." She s out horse who by any troub he had did so with good Near the cor