

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 7th September, 1896, the Intercolonial Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou, and others.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express from Sussex, Express from Moncton, and others.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Christmas and New Year's HOLIDAYS.

Excursion tickets will be on sale as follows: To 7 stations and 4 others in the Atlantic Provinces...

ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

Further particulars of Ticket Agents. D. McNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent, Montreal.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 23rd Nov., 1896, the Steamer and Trains will run as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY. Leave St. John at 10 a.m., arrive Halifax at 10 a.m., arrive Digby at 1.00 p.m., arrive Annapolis at 4.00 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Leave Halifax at 8.30 a.m., arrive in Digby at 12.48 p.m., arrive in Digby at 1.08 p.m., arrive in Yarmouth at 3.56 p.m., arrive in Yarmouth at 4.00 p.m., arrive in Digby at 11.00 a.m., arrive in Halifax at 5.43 p.m., arrive in Annapolis at 1.00 p.m., arrive in Annapolis at 4.00 p.m., arrive in Digby at 8.00 p.m., arrive in Annapolis at 1.00 p.m., arrive in Annapolis at 4.00 p.m.

STEARNS.

1896 1896. The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

4 Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS

Boston and Yarmouth UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June the 30th one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston on every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Steamer "ALPHA"

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday afternoon. Returning, leave Yarmouth every Monday and Thursday, at 6 o'clock a.m. for St. John.

International S. S. Co.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ONE TRIP A WEEK

BOSTON.

THURSDAY

COMMENCING December 10th the Steamship ST. CROIX will leave St. John every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, standard time for Yarmouth, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston.

On Monday at 8 a.m. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. C. H. YARBOROUGH, Agent.

WEEKLY TRAMPS

THOSE GATHERERS AND HOW THEY WARED BY JOHN.

They were not officers of the poor, but they carried on a systematic course of begging, not only soliciting food but money as well. No class of citizens were exempted from the visits of the tramps.

There was no city fund for that purpose. A happy thought struck him so he sent them to the county jail as protectionists. They were kept in jail for several days and citizens were relieved of them.

This they did with a vengeance and for two or three days seemed as if an epidemic of hunger had struck the town. They did not even separate into different small bands and took up different streets and the town which they worked very systematically.

At last the band dwindled down by degrees. Some started away with the idea of walking to Montreal but more likely with the prospect of finding their way in box cars in a thoroughly up-to-date fashion.

Nothing more pleasing and attractive could meet a reader on the third page than the bland and innocent visage of James H. Slater, who with a photograph for the occasion, looks with a stern gaze upon those who are gazing upon his face.

After they had taken their departure enquiries were made as to the amount of cash they had collected. It could not be discovered as to whether, at the time of various enquiries, they were made. One of the men, however, who was seen at various places in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's, and other places, while they also received contributions from Acadia and Brimley, Ald. McArthur, Rev. J. M. Davenport, L. P. D. Tull, H. C. Tully, Dr. Deziel and others.

This list would no doubt yield them quite a sum and it is altogether probable that their time on the ocean journey to Montreal was well spent with collecting contributions from the coast of the Gulf.

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Help the Widow and Orphan.

The sudden death of Thomas Meakin, who left a wife and four small children, has caused that sympathy that good men have heard people at the house of the year, and many a substantial offering will find its way to the surviving wife and the little ones so quickly bereaved of their protector and supporter.

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A JUDGE'S LITTLE WHIMS

MR. JUSTICE WEAVER'S AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

There is likely to be a sharp friction between Mr. Justice Weaver and the Halifax municipal council at its approaching winter session next month. Or the trouble may be confined to the county court house committee, a body in which is vested the custody of the court house.

Mr. Justice Weaver gives extensive orders on behalf of the commission of which he is a member, without having consulted that body in any manner or form. He was appointed by the local government, or was years ago, by virtue of the statute which says that any two may be appointed by the government.

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HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

A CITY DAIRYMAN GIVES HIS BARBER A LITTLE SURPRISE.

At the moment of a pair of gloves which he had given to his barber, the dairyman was surprised to find that the gloves were not the pair he had given him.

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MR. WALKER TOOK THE RING

AND SOLD IT TO A JEWELER FOR THE SUM OF ONE DOLLAR.

HALIFAX, Dec. 21.—Michael Walker, who was arrested for the robbery of the hardware store, was found to have a ring on his finger.

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NEEDLE AGENT

A KING STREET BARBER'S LITTLE GIRL WITH A PRETTY DOLL.

In one of the larger stores here this week a pathetic little scene occurred that succeeded in touching the hearts of the proprietor of the firm and the assistant who made one little girl considerably happier.

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CURIOUS WAYS OF OWLS.

SOME OF THEM SEE AS WELL BY DAY AS THEY DO BY NIGHT.

It is regarded as a 'thouly sort of bird—Owls have a peculiar way of eating—They swallow bones and all—Fate of a Snow Owl—Other Matters.

'Any one who has tramped much through the woods,' said an observant Pennsylvania woodsman, 'knows how seldom it is that he sees an owl of any description, and also how equally rare it is to get a shot at a hawk, although many may be seen.'

'There are two good reasons why the everyday hunter seldom sees an owl while he tramps. One reason is that some owls cannot see by day, and therefore select hiding places which render their discovery next to impossible as a person passes casually through the woods. The other reason is that there are some owls that see by day as well as by night. These double-sighted birds discover the intruder long before he can possibly see them, and they lose no time in seeking places of greater safety. There are owls whose eyesight does not depend on darkness to be of use. The screech owl and the long eared owl are among the members of the family that are blinded, or partially blinded, by the light of day. Others, among them the hoop owl, the snow owl, the hawk owl, and the short eared owl, are sharp sighted both by day and by night. The short-eared owl is a great field mouse hunter in wheat or rye stubble. He is among the first of the family of winter owls that come down from the north to roost in this latitude.'

'Early in the season, quail hunters working in wheat stubble, especially in Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, are frequently surprised by the sight of a pair of big birds rising suddenly from the field and gliding away, a few feet above the stubble, as noiseless as ghosts and as swift as shadows. These are short-eared owls, hunting for field mice. One might scare up 300 of these owls at once, and they would make scarcely any more noise than so many butterflies. Ghostly silence in flight characterizes all species of owls.'

'Hawks fly noiselessly, too. These birds depend on stealth in seeking their prey. It won't do for them to have any rustle about their hunting. There is another peculiar thing about the short-eared owl. If the hunter finds them on a piece of stubble he will not find any other game birds there. The only way that I can explain that fact is that the owl knows instinctively that the game bird is liable to be hunted, and that consequently he can hunt his own mice more securely if he goes where the quail do not come. The short-eared owl is a favorite with collectors, its coat of cream color and brown feathers seeming especially to be admired.'

'The rarest of all owls are the hawk owl, the snow owl, and the long-eared owl. The hawk owl I never saw in Pennsylvania, but I have shot it in Eastern New York and in Connecticut. There is a little owl called the sawt, which is sometimes plentiful and sometimes scarce. These owls are blind as bats in the daytime, and when dawn approaches they roost in the first place that appeals to them. Consequently we often see them sitting on fence rails, window sills, gate posts, and house roofs, just as well as in the woods. It is no trick to knock them over with a stick at such times. There is a curious thing about the day-blind owls, and that is that they are all summer owls, and go south on the approach of cold weather.'

'Owls have a peculiar way of eating. They swallow their food bones and all. By some process the bones, fur, and feathers are all rolled up in small balls in the owl's stomach. When I was a boy I became aware of this, and it was great sport for me to search in the woods for trees under which I could discover these ejected balls. That was a sure indication that a rough-legged hawk or some species of owl made that tree its roosting place. Taking a long pole and fastening on one end a stout steel trap, I would bait the trap with a mouse or some other thing the birds were fond of, and then push the trap into the branches of the tree, and tie the pole fast. I seldom failed to find a hawk or an owl fast in the trap when I went to look after it. Once I captured a magnificent snowy owl in that way. He was uninjured except where the trap held his leg. After a great struggle—for a wounded owl is one of the worst customers to fool with—I tied his legs together, and his great wings down, and started proudly homeward with my prize. I carried with me an old single-barrelled gun. The time was in the fall, and on my way home I laid the owl on the ground while I stopped to gather hickory nuts. While thus engaged I discovered yellow-jackets going in and out a hole in the ground. I knew at once that the hole was the entrance to a nest of these lively insects. I took my gun and going close to the hole, fired into it and took to my heels. Looking back after I had run a safe distance, I saw the yellow-jackets swarming angrily out of their dismantled home. The sound of the gun had startled the owl, and he had fluttered about, bound as he was. That flutter was fatal to him. The savage yellow-jackets saw the movement and settled down on the helpless bird until his coat was as yellow as gold. Wherever the creatures could find a spot to sink a stinger they sank one and in spite of his

bonds the poor owl rolled and tumbled about in agony. I reloaded my gun and creeping behind a fallen tree until I was near enough almost to touch the owl with the end of the barrel, shot the big birds' head off, thus losing my great prize through my boyish mischief.'

SHOULDERING A PICK. What Would Happen if the Threat Were Carried out.

Whenever a discussion as to the failure of some unfortunate to make a decent living is in progress, there is usually heard the remark: 'I would rather take a pick, or shovel on my shoulder and go out to work.' There is a lofty and independent flavor about this sentiment that causes it to be received with approval. Without stopping to consider whether or not such a proceeding is practicable, the audience absorbs the idea as something eminently correct and worthy of admiration.

One thing in this connection is overlooked, and that is that neither the person who formulates the scheme nor the persons who have heard it uttered have ever tried the thing itself. A pick is not an article of scientific appearance, but should any inexperienced individual undertake the manipulation of one, he will make a number of discoveries. Five minutes of swinging a pick will make a pair of 20-pound dumbbells appear insignificant and the handling of them child's play.

Aside from the actual inability of one unaccustomed to handling the instrument to do any serious amount of work with it, there are after effects—sore hands, stiff joints, disabled muscles, and an unconquerable desire the next day to refrain from exertion. The shovel is worse than the pick. In the first burst of enthusiasm it can be operated somewhat longer, perhaps, without panting and getting short winded, but the next day there is the same feeling of forlornness, the same disabled hands, the same stiff joints, the same rigid muscles, and in addition a back which cannot be made to assume the perpendicular without great effort and some pain.

The theory of going out to work with pick or shovel is beautiful and high sounding, but the practical application is another affair altogether. Besides, there is an additional item which has eluded the observation of the would-be shovel or pick bearer. Work, even for experienced hands is not always to be found. There are hundreds, probably thousands, of men expert in the use of the shovel or pick, seeking work unavailingly. What chance would one who knows nothing about such work have to display his ignorance and incapacity? A manly and proper independence is a fine thing, but the shovel business should not be entered into lightly. It should be approached with caution and examined with intelligence. Only strong and able-bodied men should prance with the pick or shovel. Unless you are fit for hard work, shy at these implements. Picking and shoveling are honorable and necessary vocations, but as a means of demonstrating independence, unless accompanied by physical ability, they should be avoided. Make due study of the proposition, weigh the chances of success, and having fully mastered the situation—unless you are strong and healthy—don't try it. Let it alone.—Washington Post.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

In the Testimony of Frank S. Emerick of Alvinia, Ont.,—says South American Kidney Cure Saved His Life—It Relieves in Six Hours. 'For two years I was greatly troubled with kidney disease. I suffered intense pain, and frequently was unable to work. I doctored at intervals, but got little or no relief. I began to grow worse, and the pains were frequent and intense. About this time I saw South American Kidney Cure advertised as a speedy relief for all kidney troubles. I purchased a bottle, and it gave me wonderful relief in a few hours. I improved steadily, and after taking four bottles I am completely cured. I consider it worth its weight in gold, for it assuredly saved my life.'

QUEENS WHO SMOKED.

The Use of Cigarettes Extending Among Women all Over Europe. According to Les Annales the Empress of Austria smokes from thirty to forty cigarettes a day. The dowager Empress of Russia is a confirmed smoker, but confines her indulgence to her own private apartments, apparently in deference to the feelings of the young Czarina, who is opposed to the use of cigarettes, which has become prevalent among women in the best society in St. Petersburg.

The Queen of Roumania, the Queen Regent of Spain, Queen Amelia of Portugal, who in this respect follows the example of her mother, the wife of the Comte de Paris, and the Queen of Italy are all smokers.

'In France,' Les Annales continues, 'the association of men and women in all kinds of sports has been the cause of a greater degree of intimacy, and has brought us to accept the cigarette, whose use is extending among young women of the most exclusive circles. Even the most critical no longer protest when two royl lips send out a puff of smoke between a couple of games of tennis. Besides, our grandmothers loved tobacco. The Duchess of Chartres and the Duchess of Bourbon under Louis XIV. even went so far as to smoke pipes, yes,

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

pipes, my dear! And in the 'Letters of a Traveller' we read that George Sand always kept tobacco on hand for her own personal use.

'In all times Spanish women have smoked; and not only cigarettes, but cigars, Marbot in his 'Memoirs' tells us this without mincing matters. And they smoke in England and in the United States, although in the latter country it is only recently that women have begun to use tobacco. There was a story in Gil Blas not long ago to the effect that three young girls in Louisville, Ky., were seen smoking by a policeman and were arrested. The judge, although recognizing that the accused were not conforming to the proprieties, felt bound to release them because they were violating no law.'

WILL CARRY THE SCARS TO HER GRAVE.

Spent Thousands for Health, But Did Not Obtain This Greatest of All Blessings—Until She Used the Great South American Kidney Cure Suffered Intensely for 13 Years.

Mrs. E. Bravelly of Tottenham, Ont., states: 'I suffered almost continually for 13 years with rheumatism, the effects of which I will carry to my grave, and while the joints at my elbows and wrists are yet stiff I am entirely freed from pain in the use of South American Rheumatic Cure. It has indeed proved a wonderful cure in my case, I have spent thousands of dollars in doctors' bills and medicines without avail. Five bottles of this wonder-worker has cured all pain. I am better in health generally than I have been for ten years.'

EVOLUTION OF THE UMBRELLA.

From the Old-Time Whalebone Spreader to the Modern Boneless Steel.

Forty years or so ago umbrellas were made with stretchers or bows of whalebone. The bows were rather bulky in themselves, and they were apt to get a little permanent bend from long use so that they bulged when the umbrella was rolled up; making the big, baggy umbrella, familiar to middle-aged and older people, and occasionally still seen, though on the stage often than in real life.

With the introduction of petroleum oil into general use as an illuminating oil, and the consequent very general abandonment of the use of whale oil came the decline of the whaling industry. Fewer and fewer vessels went after whales, because there was less and less demand for the oil. Of course, the supply of whalebone decreased with the supply of oil, but the price did not, nor did the demand. There are still some uses for which whalebone is considered most desirable, and with constant demand and decreasing supply the price of whalebone steadily advanced, as it has continued to do. Whalebone soon became too costly to permit of its further use for umbrella spreaders, and substitutes for it were sought for this use, as there were for other uses in which whalebone had been employed. Steel was the substitute generally used in umbrella stretchers. At first a slender, round tempered steel rod. With these slender bows the umbrella could be more snugly rolled and the old baggy umbrella began to disappear, and the modern tight roller to take its place.

Then came umbrellas bows of light steel rolled in V. Shape, and then, in the quest for a still tighter roller, umbrella handles were made of metal. The first tubing handles were made of brass. Steel would have been cheaper, but there had then been discovered no satisfactory method of bracing steel tubes so as to give them umbrella handles. There is such a method now, however, and umbrella handles of steel tubing are now made in great numbers.

And nowadays many spreaders are made of steel, rolled channel-shaped. In cross section the spreader is shaped something like a capital letter E without a tongue, and the ribs of the umbrella—the steel rods that run from the sliding ferrule, or runner, as it is called, on the handle of the umbrella, by means of which the umbrella, is spread—are so attached and adjusted to the spreaders that they shut into the channels when the umbrella is closed.

Julie Simon's Modesty.

By his power of intellect and nobility of soul the late Jules Simon, the French statesman and philanthropist, raised himself to a high station, yet he remained to the close of his life a simple, modest man. This is what his friend, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, writes of him in the Review of Reviews:

Jules Simon was as modest as he was able. He had often expressed a wish that there might not be too much laudation around his tomb. He had often mentioned a desire to be told when death was approaching. A friend fulfilled this sad duty. The philosopher showed no signs of emotion or fright on hearing the terrible news. As he could speak no longer, he motioned for a pencil and a sheet of paper, and with a steady hand wrote his own epitaph: JULIES SIMON, 1814-1896. Dieu, Patrie, Liberté.

His name, the year of his birth and the year of his death and the beautiful motto that had commanded and ruled his whole life: God, Country, Liberty!

The medicinal properties of Hall's Hair Restorer to invigorate the scalp, remove dandruff, restore the hair and its color, surpass anything of the kind.

Good Words From Old Students!

[No. 6.] '... Your instruction thoroughly accustomed me to dress business habits and teaches how to do business in a business-like way.'—Fred C. McNeill, Accountant and Book-keeper for Messrs. J. S. Richmond & Co. 'One week's rest Xmas week. Then we are into the work again in January 4th for all we are worth.'

S. KERR & SON. Our catalog contains terms and lots of information. Send for it. S. KERR & SON. 541

FEDLER COMES TO GRIEF.

Made Himself a Nuisance as Usual and his Downfall was Deserved.

That unmitigated nuisance, the street pedler, is again at the door with his feather dusters, lead pencils, old clothes to buy and all that sort of thing. These street vendors in a great city are a crime against the peace of the whole community. The fundamental principle of our general and local political institutions is the greatest good to the greatest number. On that principle there is no justification whatever for allowing a few men the special privilege of disturbing quiet householders.

I noticed one of the gang with an armful of dusters at the door of my neighbor the other day, says the N. Y. Sun. He rang two or three times, but the servant had evidently seen him from below and declined to come up to the front door for him. From the seclusion of the next hall I could see his angry face and hear his muttered oaths. Finally he braced himself and gave a mighty pull, but the whole arrangement came out, bell pull, wire plate and all, and the young man went over, down the steps head first to the sidewalk, as if he had been hit with a club.

I never got so much satisfaction out of another's misfortune in the whole course of my life.

Remarkable Absence of Mind.

It is not an uncommon thing for one to devote himself to a foreign language so that he dreams in it, but cases are probably rare in which men have even for a moment forgotten that they spoke their own tongue. One such case is related.

It is said that Frederick Horner, an Englishman who spent his time in adapting plays from the French for the English stage, was dining once in an English hotel, when, after he had eaten, he was seized with a desire to smoke. He called the waiter and said to him: 'pout-on fumer ici?'

The man looked blank. 'I don't understand a word of French, sir' he said. Horner looked at the picture of despair. 'Then for pity's sake send me some one who does' he exclaimed.

HEART PAINS LEAVE IN A DAY.

Unable to Attend to Her Daily Duties—and a Great Sufferer from Heart Trouble—Induced to Try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and it Proved a Wonder Worker.

These are the words of Mrs. W. T. Rundle of Dundalk, Ont.: 'I was a great sufferer with severe pain in the region of my heart. For a time I was quite unable to attend to my household duties. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain immediately left me, and after the first day I have had no pain or trouble since.'

S. F.

A Scotch clergyman, named Fraser, claimed the title and estates of Lord Lovat. He tried, on the trial of the case, to establish his pedigree by producing an ancestral watch on which were engraved the letters S. F.

The claimant alleged that these letters were the initials of his ancestor, the notorious Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, beheaded in 1397 for supporting the Young Pretender. The letters, engraved under a regulator, were shown to stand for Slow, Fast, and the case was laughed out of court.

I DO NOT GET ALL.

The people who decide to take a course in a business school, but I get the more intelligent class. They get a complete and thorough course in three months, and drop into good positions. Write to me. S. G. SNELL, Truro, N.S.

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

WE CAN GIVE POSITIONS to persons of ability. Agents for the following: Farmers' Sons, Lawyers, Mechanics, Physicians, Teachers, Students, Married and Single Women, Widows. Positions are worth from \$400.00 to \$5,000.00 per annum. We have paid several of our canvassers \$50.00 weekly for years. Many have started poor and become rich—fill us. Particulars upon application. State salary expected. Write to me. T. H. LINGOTT, Manager, Box 270, Ont.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and energetic representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DAWSON, 25, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED! Our Wholesale Let signs made elegant signs for office and store windows; for beauty and durability they are unsurpassed. We are sole importers and agents of the original Letter since 1861. BARNARD BROS. AND LETTER WORKS, St. John, N. B.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, 'Your Place in Life,' free, to any who will. Rev. T. S. LINDSEY, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Outside and materials. Kodaks and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success. Free. Save time and money by consulting us. BARNARD BROS. SUPPLY CO., Masonic Building, St. John, N. B.

WANTED MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patent. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamps for patterns and particulars. BARNARD BROS. TORONTO, ONT.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our superior Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPF, Fortnightly Review, (E), 7 1/2 St. Paul, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent terms and lots of information. Send for it. S. KERR & SON. 541

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In Cases from \$2.50 to \$40 Per Set. Carvers in Pairs, from 75c to \$10. Desert Knives and Forks, Table Knives and Forks, Fish Cutters and Picks, Orange Peelers, Nut Crackers and Picks, Fruit Sets, Child's Sets, Oyster Ladles, Crumb Scoops, Knife Rests, Flasks, Toilet Sets, Combs, Hair Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Cloth Brushes, And numerous other articles in Sterling Silver and Plated Silver.

W. H. THORNE & CO. (Limited), MARKET SQUARE.

The Crown Roaster

For Roasting and Baking

A FEW FACTS TO RELATE

It roasts Meats Game and Poultry without basting; it bakes Bread, Biscuit and Puddings without any attention while in the oven.



A GOOD STOCK ON HAND PRICES BOTTOM.

EMERSON & FISHER.

P. S.—Remember we carry Ash Barrels, Ash Sifters, Coal Hods, Fire Irons, etc.

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Look Carefully Through 'Progress' Periodical Club List.

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN PRICE.

By Subscribing Through "Progress," Readers of Magazines and Popular Weeklies, Class Papers, Reviews, &c, can obtain the Two Periodicals at a Price that Speaks for Itself.

With much care PROGRESS has made up a club list of newspapers and periodicals which can be had at a greatly reduced price by those who subscribe in connection with this journal and through this office. While the inducement is primarily intended for new subscribers the same is open to present subscribers who will send us the name of a new subscriber, PROGRESS in that event being forwarded to the new subscriber and whatever periodical is chosen to the person sending the subscription.

Table with columns: NAME OF PERIODICAL, PUBL. PRICE, WITH PROGRESS, NAME OF PERIODICAL, PUBL. PRICE, WITH PROGRESS. Lists various magazines and their prices.

RS... in Cases from \$2.50 to \$40 Per Set. Carvers in Pairs, from 75c to \$10. Desert Knives and Forks, Fish Knives and Forks, Fish Bones, Game Sets, Fruit Sets, Nut Cracks and Picks, Orange Peelers, Child's Sets, Oyster Ladles, Crumb Scoops, Knife Rests, Flasks, Toilet Sets, Combs, Hair Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Cloth Brushes, And numerous other articles in Sterling Silver and Plated Silver.

& CO. (Limited), SQUARE. Roaster... Roasting and Baking. K ON HAND. & FISHER. Barrels, Ash Sifters, Coal Hods.

of Reading. through 'Progress' Club List. IONS IN PRICE.

"Progress," Readers of Weeklies, Class Papers, obtain the Two Periodicals for itself.

Table with columns: NAME OF PERIODICAL, Price, With Progress. Lists various magazines like Globe, Modern Magazine, Golden Days, Good Housekeeping, Good News, Good Words, Harper's Bazar, Harper's Magazine, Harper's Young People, Herald, Household, Home Review, Home Journal, Journal of Education, Judge, Judge's Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Life, Lippincott's Mag., Little's Living Age, Little Folks, Little Men and Women, Live Stock Journal, Longman's Mag., McClure's Mag., Miller's Guide, Munsey's Magazine, New England Mag., New York Weekly, N. chie Magazine, North Am. Review, Our Little Ones and the Nursery, Fall Mail Mag., Peterson's Mag., Popular Science Monthly, Public Opinion, Puck, Puck's Library, Quarterly Review, Scotchman, Scottish American, Success, Strand Magazine, Sun, Sunday School Times, Sunny Hour, Youth, Youth and Farm, Witness, World, Young Ladies' Journal, Young's Companion.

Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. Last Sunday evening the choir of the Queen Square Methodist church provided the congregation with a musical treat of rare excellence. The choir was assisted by an orchestra and other friends, and the effect was really fine. The quartette of the choir has never done better work than they did on that occasion. Mrs. Gregory was in fine voice and sang admirably, and Mr. Cole in a very superior manner gave his solo 'Oro Pro Nobis.' At this church tomorrow evening other specially prepared music for the Christmas season will be given. The programme was given in this department last week.

Prof. Byron C. Tapley, of this city has composed not a few pieces vocal and instrumental and he is still producing. The latest composition this gentleman has given to the public is an instrumental piece—'Royal March and Two Step,' which is very bright, spirited and taking, and for the reason of its intrinsic merit as well as for the nationality of the composer ought to receive very general acceptance in this city and province. It is published by the S. Brainerd & Sons Co., of Chicago and is copyrighted in London, England, where it is also on sale with Wickin's & Co., 41 South street.

Much pleasure is had in making note of a chamber concert given by the Boston Quintette club at the Conservatory of music at O. San, N. Y., of which Prof. Jaroslav de Zelenka is director. Mr. de Zelenka will be remembered, among local musicians at least, as having passed his vacation in this city last summer, and as having given evidence of his skill as a pianist at the White testimonial concert in Mechanics Institute. Miss Margaret Horton a pupil of Professor de Zelenka, sang at the Institute and sang on the occasion of the Ocean concert as well. At this latter concert Miss Horton's solos were 'In June' by Browne and 'Ever True' by Shelly, the latter having a violin obligate by Signor Quintano, first violinist of the Quintette. Among the members of this quintette by the way, appears the name of Thomas Ryan a name not unfamiliar to local music lovers who remember the Mendelssohn quintette of some years ago.

Tones and Under-ones. Calve has returned to America and is rejoicing in the fact that she has lost several pounds in avoidipous during her absence. She has been developing much interest in agriculture during the summer. Olivette, with Miss Clara Lane in the title role was the opera sung at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, last week, and splendid productions are said to have been given. For this week, Sir Julius Benedict's romantic opera 'The Lily of Killarney,' has been sung at this house. Next week 'The Bohemian Girl' will be revived.

'A clever artist and a very beautiful woman' is Madame Calve's remark about Madame Emma Eames. Madame Teresa Carreno has recently had successful appearances in Moscow and St. Petersburg. She has been invited by the Royal Music society of Madrid to appear as soloist in three concerts there but was obliged to decline because of her American engagements. Madame Carreno spent Christmas in Berlin with her four children and sailed for New York to-day. Madame Emma Eames appeared as Marguerite in 'Faust' in Philadelphia last Wednesday evening.

Sousa's band will give the first concert for this season on New Year's day in the Academy of music, Philadelphia. In Vienna on the 31st, January next a concert will be given in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Schubert. It is rumored that Madame Calve has signed a contract for next season at the Opera Comique in Paris where in all probability she will originate the title role in Massenet's 'Sapho.'

Rosenthal is reported to be slowly recovering from his attack of typhoid fever. He will spend the winter in Southern California. All contracts for concerts up to the middle of February at least have been cancelled as his physician has ordered absolute rest. Carl Hair the Bohemian violinist, gave a short recital for the students of the New England conservatory of music, Boston, one day last week.

Madame Lillian Nordica has signed a contract for an operatic concert tour, extending from New York to San Francisco and return. The tour begins on Monday next. The contract provides that Madame Nordica shall appear four times each week. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker sang in the 'Messiah' at the Free Baptist church, on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, last Sunday evening. The choir of the church was augmented for the occasion. Rehearsals for the Cadets new play 'Simple Simon' are well under way in Boston.

Yvette Guilbert, is described by Harriet Hubbard Ayer in a recent number of 'The World,' as a 'paradox worthy of the degrading class of the fa-la-Sicco. A young woman, tall, of exquisite figure, with a bust and throat of which I have never seen the

equal in beauty of outline and delicacy of skin texture.' Yvette is now in her twenty ninth year and she detests 'Johnnies.' Sarasate has a red Stradivarius for which he says, he has just refused an offer of \$80,000 made by an American collector. He has several times before refused other offers by this same party. Miss Nellie Bergen, the new prima donna of Dewolf Hopper's company is credited with possessing a wonderfully clear and powerful voice. It is said that her top notes in the grand march number in the finale of the second act of 'El Capitano,' as well as in the chorus 'The Gates of Tempeza' are rendered with the greatest ease, and are distinctly heard above the combined efforts of principals, chorus, orchestra and brass band. She is the daughter of John Brennan, who is a sergeant of the Brooklyn Police Force, and she has been on the stage for only two years past.

At the Opera house this week the Isham Lytell company has been giving 'My Friend from India' a very enjoyable comedy not long ago imported into the United States, and 'A Dark Secret,' a tank' play of somewhat more mature age. Both of these plays are new to St. John. The latter piece was put on Thursday evening and has been continued until this evening exclusive. There is only opportunity this week to briefly notice the first named play with respect to it to summarize the effect by saying that it is most mirth provoking, this condition being intensified by the work of Mr. Lytell, who is a well known comedian, in the role of Erastus Underholt, trying to get into 'Society' and by George Mack who personates a theological barber, and who against his will is much lionized. It is a farce comedy and is intended as a hit at society fads. By the way a young lady member of the company has been introduced to the theatre goers here in a somewhat cheap way. They are told in advance of the lady's appearance that she is the heroine of two romantic stories—Now this is a matter of the lady's own—it does not concern the public in any special way—although it is highly probable some of the 'chappies' and those who lounge in the theatre lobbies to see the actresses come out after the performance, may be impressed by the narrative. For the average theatre goer it is much more to the purpose to know whether or no the lady is a good actress. In the first place she does not give much evidence of extra skill—perhaps because there is little chance for her, in the piece. At all events this romantic episode business is rather a 'jky' kind of business for a practical city like St. John.

On Christmas day at the Mechanics Institute, and continuing for a week, appears Mr. J. E. Brennan a singing and dancing comedian, and Miss Eva Westcott, at the head of a company which will give a number of different plays during their stay. Both Mr. Brennan and Miss Westcott are well known here, especially as having been members of Miss Ethel Tucker's Company. Of Miss Westcott's work some one has written as follows: 'She is a delicious little body—half sunshine, penetrating like a random ray the cobwebbed, musty covers of life—and half music, dancing like a strain of merry concord across the sighing breeze of the dull old world.' My! O! my! Aint that beautiful!

And now it is said that Olga Nethersole is not coming to America next season. The week closing this evening is the last production of 'Sue' at the Boston Museum, and Joseph Haworth, of that company having recovered from his recent illness, will shortly start west to his Modjeska. Ibsen has selected the realistic title 'John Gabriel Borkman' for his new play. It will be published in five languages at once, Norwegian, English, French, German and Russian.

Captain Macready, the youngest son of the famous tragedian, after winning the Tel-el-Kebir clasp for gallantry in the Egyptian campaign, is also acquiring fame as an amateur actor at Aberdeen. Sarah Bernhardt will shortly have a glorification in Paris. It will begin with a breakfast after which she will perform at the Renaissance theatre in an act of 'Phedre' and other selections from her repertoire. Francois Coppes, Jose de Heredia, Catulle Mendres and other poets will recite verses composed in her honor. The poems, together with a hymn addressed to her by Armand Silvestre, will be printed in a book adorned with pictures by Benjamin Constant, Carolus Duran, Clairin Gervex, Koehogrosc and other artists, and Boty, the engraver, has made a medal with her head for the occasion. Whether the commemoration is for her silver or golden jubilee is not stated. Her first appearance on the stage was thirty four years ago.

Maurice Barrymore's play 'Roaring Dick & Co.' is constructed from episodes in Bosant and Rice's novel 'Ready Money Martiney.' Wilson Barrett's play 'The Sign of the Cross' follows 'Sue' at the Boston museum.

John Drew comes with 'Rosemary' to the Hollis theatre, Boston, on the 4th prox. Miss Mand Adams, who plays the title role in this play, is pronounced by Alan Dale, the dramatic critic, as 'the cleverest actress on the English speaking stage.'

Isabelle Urquhart, formerly a special favorite actress in the United States and who has been in Europe for some time is now in Boston Her husband is 'handsome Guy Standing' of the 'Sue' company and who has made a decided hit in the role of Jan Wynd in that play.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew are doing a new comedy sketch called 'A Model Young Man' at Keith's theatre, Boston. They appeared in a company in this city a few seasons ago.

Jessie Wood, dramatic critic for 'The World' writing of the piece called 'The Girl from Paris' says it is a play of tolerably bright surface on which an eruption of songs and dances springs forth feverishly. It is a violent attack of specialties of Miss Clara Lipman who plays the title role she says 'she cannot do the two things required of her. She can neither sing nor dance Her acting is rather pretty, but not half as pretty as she herself.'

WRECKED. Mrs. Harkey, the wife of Captain Harkey, well-known Lake Captain of Owen Sound, Ont., tells how La Grippe Left Her, and how Other Doctors Gave up Hope, and Her Family and Friends Despaired of Her Recovery—The Great South American Nerveine was the Season which Directed Her Into the Good Health Harbour.

FOLIOE FORCE OF JAPAN.

Duties of the Patrolmen—The Length of Their Hair Regulated. The police force of Japan is a large and well-organized department constructed on the French model. In Tokio, the ancient Yoddo, which is the capital and seat of government, the earliest force of 'watchmen' was organized by 'Kawadzui' (the first Chief of Police in Japan) on his return from Europe nearly a quarter of a century ago but the police force was established on its present footing twenty one years ago. It has now a strength of 3,474 (281 chief inspectors and subinspectors and 3,253 constables or Junsa). The Fire Department is also under police control. For a slender remuneration a large amount of service is expected, says the Sunday at Home. The ordinary city policeman is on duty every other day for twenty-four hours. Eight of these hours he must stand in front of one of the li te boxes, or kobancho, of which there are 338 in the City of Tokio. For eight hours he must patrol a certain district, returning to his kobancho, and during the remaining eight he may sit or lie on a bench within the inner room of the kobancho, ready to be called upon at any moment if required. Six policemen are attached to each box three by day and three by night, so that while one is resting a second is on the fixed point in front of the box, and a third is patrolling.

On his off-duty days the policeman is partially employed in making inquiries, serving summonses, filling in census papers or carrying out one or other of the forty-two separate and distinct duties which he has to look after. For a policeman in Japan is supposed to know a little of everything

and take a paternal interest in every boy's air. He must repeat to his superior officer all the rumors and gossip of his district, give account of meetings of every kind, religious and political, and keep an eye on all newspapers printed or sold. He must tabulate the people of his district into three classes, A, B, C, and make a correct census and report upon them several times a year. He must report the condition of all streets, bridges, embankments, drains, cemeteries, etc., give notice of accidents, nuisances, diseases, deaths; keep a watch over the quality of all milk, meat and vegetables sold, and report on lost children, doubtful characters, gambling, drinking saloons, pawnshops, markets, fairs, weights and measures, funerals, festivals, runaways, physicians and midwives, foreigners and their passports, and all kinds of theatrical performances and gatherings of the people.

A Japanese policeman seldom has much difficulty in making an arrest. He is invested with all the majesty of the law, and to the Japanese law is supreme. It is almost amusing to see him holding a solemn court in the street to settle some dispute between the inhabitants. The surrounding crowd shows no disposition to ridicule and banter, which is so trying to the temper of the ordinary London 'Bobby.'

With the utmost gravity he examines the parties interested, notes down the information given, and finally pronounces his decision, which is generally obeyed without question. This absolutism strikes the foreigner all the more because the policemen are usually youthful in appearance and small in figure. Five feet two inches is the standard height and 21 is the medium age for entrance into the force. Every policeman receives minute instructions as to his department, the position of his hands when standing, sitting, etc., and the length of his hair, which must not be more than 2 inches in front nor 7 1/2 inches of an inch on the neck.

The police are of the most pure recruited from the old Samurai, the feudal class of

"77" Knocks out GRIP

COLDS, COUGHS, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT

THE SYMPTOMS OF LA GRIPPE and a COLD are so similar that the skilled physician is oftentimes baffled. Your safety lies in 'Seventy Seven,' it cures both Grip and Colds; relieving the mind of uncertainty, which, in itself, goes a long way towards a cure.

Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual of Diseases at your Druggists or mailed Free. Small bottles of pleasant pellets, fit your vest pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for \$1. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & Olive Sts., New York.

Francis Wilson shows his print in the book. According to an expert in such matters, the lines indicate a nature truly humorous. There is nothing exactly positive about them, though nothing indicating weakness is revealed. But the lines are far from regular and are such as are naturally looked for in a person who constantly develops a versatile wit and droll conception of the incidents of life.

The Hon. Daniel Lecomte, the secretary of war, has impressed his thumb upon one page of the book, and his print is strong and full of character. It typifies candor, well mixed with deliberation and discretion and a jovial appreciation of the good things of this world.

In the play of 'Pudd'nhead Wilson' a murderer is detected by his thumb print, upon which means of positive identification the hero of the piece is an enthusiast. This has been suggested by a scientist as the best and most certain way of identifying criminals and upheld as far more simple and direct than the Bertillon system now in general use throughout this country. Constant experiment has demonstrated that the marks on the thumb never change from infancy to old age. These marks are impossible of imitation, because they are too complicated in design and it is impossible to destroy the marks on the thumb except by amputation. The use of the thumb print in connection with signatures is already being advocated in eastern states.

Mr. J. Heron is an enthusiast on the subject of the thumb print and its possibilities and importance in business transactions. Such is his earnestness that he has become known among other theatrical business men as a sort of crank. An advance agent, speaking of his enthusiasm recently, remarked: 'Jefferson has got the thumb print idea bad. Have you heard the latest about him?'

'No,' replied a friend. 'What is it?'

'Why,' was the reply, 'every time he gets a room in a new hotel he examines the electric button to see whether a man or woman pushed it last.'—Baltimore Sun.

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured For Thirty-Five Cents. Dr. Agnew's Ointment Relieves in one day and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blisters, and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 25 cents.

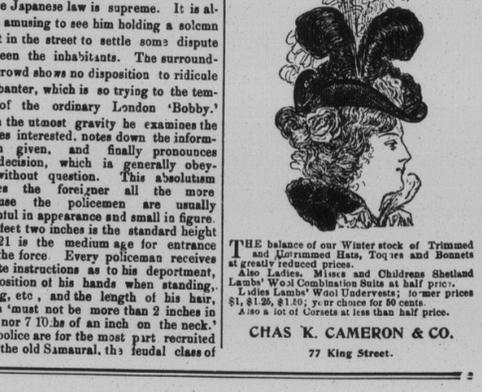
\$1,625 IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH FOR Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS

The First of these Monthly Competitions will commence January 1st, 1897, and will be continued each month. As Follows: 1st Prize, \$100 Steam Bicycle, \$1,000 25 Second " \$25 Gold Watch, 625 Bicycles and Watches given each month, 1,625 Total given during year 1897, \$19,500

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM. Competitions to save many "Sunlights" will be held in each month. The first of these Monthly Competitions will commence January 1st, 1897, and will be continued each month. As Follows: 1st Prize, \$100 Steam Bicycle, \$1,000 25 Second " \$25 Gold Watch, 625 Bicycles and Watches given each month, 1,625 Total given during year 1897, \$19,500

At Eighty Years of Age One Box of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cures a Case of Fifty Years' Stomach—It Relieves Colic and Catarrh in Thirty Minutes. George Lewis of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely, and it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to all suffering from this malady."

GREAT BARGAINS IN Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery. THE balance of our Winter stock of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets at greatly reduced prices. Also Ladies' Mitts and Children's Shetland Lamb's Wool Combination Suits at half price. Ladies' Lamb's Wool Undervests; to wear prices \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50; your choice for 50 cents. A lot of 100 Corsets at less than half price.



CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King Street.

Three Wise Men

I. In Ottawa, - At 180 Bell-street, Lives Mr. Charles Mow. His kidneys were He had diabetes, Hot flashes, Pain in the back, Dizzy headache, Could not turn in bed. Doctors failed To cure or relieve. Urinary troubles Would not yield. Took Doan's Pills. They cured him. He feels fine. Back to work. More than that, Urinary trouble All gone. To make it More certain still He swears it's true. John E. O'Meara, Commissioner, Certifies it. Enough said.

II. Right here In Toronto There lives, Happy now, Mr. R. P. Watkins, Barber, 173 Bay-street. Bright's disease Troubled him. Ankles swollen, Pain in the back, Urine dark red, Had to get up 9 or 10 times Every night. Lost his sleep, And became A total wreck. Doan's Kidney Pills Saved him. Palpitation gone. Dizziness gone. Works all day. Don't get tired. Says he would Have to quit work But for the cure Made by Doan's Pills.

III. My daughter Polly, Says Mr. Wm. Brown, St. Mary's Oat. Had kidney troubles. Had to stay home From school. Could not sleep. Mother was alarmed. Polly got worse. Her sister Sarah Recommended Doan's Kidney Pills She knew How good they were Because they Cured her. Polly took them And got better, And better, Till fully cured. Now She eats well, She sleeps well, And has not Lost a day At school Since taking Doan's Pills Mr. Brown is County constable, And swears to these Solemn facts.

Backache means Kidney Ache—relief means Doan's Kidney Pills. Urinary Trouble comes from Kidney trouble; easily cured with Doan's Pills. All Kidney Ills are an easy prey to Doan's Kidney Pills, All Druggists, T. MILBURN & CO., 50 Cents Per Box. Toronto.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it will be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

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The circulation of this paper is over 15,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Atlantic Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to Edward S. Carter, Publisher.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 26

Before PROGRESS appears again before its numerous readers, 1896 shall have given place to 1897, and another year with its lights and shadows will be numbered with the things of the past. To its patrons in all parts of the globe PROGRESS extends the compliments of the season, and best wishes for a happy, prosperous New Year.

CHURCH ENTERTAINMENTS.

In this age of competition and rivalry there are hundreds, it might be said, of sects, all struggling for existence and resorting to all sorts of schemes, all sorts of shows and all sorts of devices to pay expenses and to draw people to their services. And these schemes, shows and devices are sinking to a lower level every year. From the highest of the church social to the sensational sermon they have descended to such shocking and degrading scenes as are described by R. V. Wm. Bayard Hale in the December Forum. He says: 'A review of the entertainments of the past year affords evidence that with dangerous rapidity church entertainments are taking the nature of improper exhibitions. Ordinary but foxy no longer draws. The more tempting attractions of the forbidden, the more spicy morsels of the variety theatre, are demanded and being supplied. Here I would not be misunderstood. Healthy amusement, honest fun, is for human enjoyment. God has filled the world with good things, and we ought to use them. Good natured nonsense is refreshing. Beautiful faces and graceful dances are joys in which we are wise to take pleasure. That there is a frank, though restrained, life of the senses possible, as an attendant upon the highest spirituality, I believe to be the teaching of the sacraments ordained by Christ. Overquiescence is not a necessary characteristic of earnest morality. Let us be human; let us be hearty; let us be, as we were made, men and women; but, in Heaven's name, let us insist that when people appear in or for the benefit of churches they shall keep on their proper clothes! The theatre and the music hall, properly conducted, are not establishments upon which the church has any way to wage. But the church is not a system of theatres and music halls. It is a divine institution, with a definite, particular and sacred office, distinct from that of all human agencies whatsoever. It is to teach the sacredness of life by standing for the essentially sacred side of life.'

Mr. Hale then proceeds to enumerate several 'tempting attractions of the forbidden' which have been employed to replenish church tills during the year now closing. He cites two in particular as having 'soiled the Alpine heights of deathless shame.' Both were known as Triby messages and were conducted as follows: The young ladies of the church displayed their feet behind a curtain to a height described as 'tantalizing.' Men in front of the curtain view what is displayed of one female after another and then bid for the privilege of taking her to supper. The writer also describes New women socials and mock marriages that were resorted to in some churches; but perhaps the most ridiculous, not to use a harsher word, of all was a form of entertainment given in Michigan and which was known as the 'Berber's Sunday Evening.' Mr. Hale describes it in the following manner: 'Scissors, hair dyes, cups, soaps, brushes and combs, mirrors and washes, tastefully arranged on the walls and platform, with festoons of towels and rosettes of brilliantine, and bay rum bottles, gave a homelike appearance to the church; sitting in a barber's chair, the pastor gathered inspiration for his lecture, and then, rising, he pressed home in the choicest terms of the tonsorial profession the lesson of the 'razor and the strop.'

What a horrible travesty of religion and what a prostitution of religious worship! And yet such is the decline in reverence for things sacred that perhaps those taking part in the performance regarded it as the exhibition of a cheerful and entertaining party. And doubtless it collected a congregation, and added to the coffers of the church. But it religion pure and undefiled

is to be preserved such exhibitions as the foregoing must be frowned down. Fortunately, occurrences of the kind mentioned are almost wholly unknown in Canada. Even the old time 'kissing games' have become extinct, except perhaps in rural parishes. There is much that savors of the sensational, however, and various methods are employed to attract a large congregation. A new minister in the pulpit; a special sermon by the clergyman, a new anthem by the choir, or a strange singer taking part in the services, are all advertised just as faithfully almost as are the special attractions in a dramatic performance, the only difference being that the dramatic advertising is usually paid for, while the church usually wants it for nothing.

These, however, are only mild forms of sensationalism just as the fish pond, the old time grab bag, and guessing the name of a doll, or the number of seeds in an apple or an orange, are mild forms of gambling, both are games of chance, and if betting on the result of a race or a game is wrong, then the others must be wrong also. The difference in the amounts excited, or wagered do not affect the moral aspect of the affair. It would seem far better to close church doors and thereby preserve some sense of reverence and decorum in a community than to keep them open by means that bring discredit upon the very name of religion.

FRESH OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

"Cause He Doesn't Care To."
Yes, they all are coming home,
And they say it's "jolly,"
Every one is married now,
Even little Polly.
And I keep on saying "all,"
For I just can't bear to
Think of one who doesn't come
Cause he doesn't care to.
He has never told me so;
Reasons? Yes, a plenty!
But one reason has more weight,
To my mind, than twenty,
And I somehow feel as if
I should like to hear
If his reason did not fit
Quite so long a meter.
All the others come, and bring
T. tags for me and father;
Lily's things—because they know
We would so much rather.
But he sends a hamper up
Of flowers and trinkets and under,
Things that make me cry so much
That they make me wonder.
There's the turkey in the coop;
He can hardly rooster.
He's so fat—and those two ducks,
They can't walk, they hobble!
And the mink meat turned out well;
And will not be plenty.
And the coffee good and big,
For we'll sit down twenty.
How he used to prance about
When he saw me coming!
Seems to me I see him now;
Greatly I'm in his honor.
Brings him right before my eyes;
I'd wouldn't dare to
Say to father, "He don't come
Cause he doesn't care to."
Father doesn't seem to think
"Johnny always told the truth;
"By should we meet him here?"
But he's no longer his heart.
Yes, I'm sure it's there too—
But he's not his coming home.
"Cause he doesn't care to."
Sonny boy—your world is full,
But there's not an other
Like you in her heart of hearts
Like your poor old mother.
Come before that you come, when
I'll be you can't bear to
Think of how "old didn't come
Cause you didn't care to."
—Margaret Vandegriff.

An "Onlucky" Case.

I'm just about the onlucky cuss,
I reckon that you kin find;
I'm not to be found in every thing,
As 't'ris git left in his hand.
Whenever there's anything good on hand
I'm the one to be on my way,
An' I esch on to s'f'z it in,
It eschly sues away.
If I esch on to a picnic crowd,
I'm elected to carry the grub;
I'm certain to sit in a chair,
The ants wander up my trouser legs
An' esch about in a chair;
I esch on to the picnic,
An' when I am sick the hill night.
If a band is playin' up the street,
I esch on to sit in the seat.
The parade'll stop an' the music cease
Just as they git to me,
The dog will run away,
An' the folks will look at them,
An' nothin' 'll git to me.
Well, mebbe it ain't all so; but then,
A good lot of it is true;
Sometimes I esch on to a vacation mad,
An', again, it'll make me blue.
I esch on to the who's up next,
But nothin' 'll bad any more,
An' nothin' they fetch'll worry me,
For I esch on to all before me.
I esch on to be kinder pointed out
By the bonny singer of fate;
I esch on to be kinder pointed out,
Er else I have to wait.
I suppose some day I'll have to die,
But I esch on to sit in the seat.
For some time 'll happen to keep me here
'Up to the jug jug jug.

What were the books that you used to read?
I esch on to the who's up next,
But nothin' 'll bad any more,
An' nothin' they fetch'll worry me,
For I esch on to all before me.
I esch on to be kinder pointed out
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At this season of the year when the majority of bath rooms are not warm enough to be comfortable, or safe to use, many people do not bathe as often as they would like to, hence so many are subject to colds and rheumatism. This may account for the popularity of the Hot Air and Vapor Bath Cabinet, which gives a luxurious cleansing bath without the use of water, save a pint or so which is used for vaporizing. One great advantage of the Cabinet bath is, that it can be taken, in any room, without the carrying and slopping of water. As a remedial agent the hot air baths stand preeminent, and possess an immense range of applicability. Their proper use forms the basis of the successful treatment of many phases of disease, which bears the testimony of the highest medical authority. Rheumatism in all its forms is a specialty, for the successful treatment of which these baths have acquired an extensive reputation. The Tree has been spoken of by more than one of our local physicians, as a public benefactor for introducing these baths to the public, and he is so well satisfied with his new business that he has secured more territory and will appoint sub-agents in Ontario and Quebec at once. As a household gift the Quaker Bath Cabinet would be acceptable, highly appreciated by all and a real blessing to any rheumatic person. The address is 13 Wellington Row.

A Good Fellow Gone West.

The departure of any popular young man is felt even in such a community as this and St. John cannot afford to lose bright, active, energetic young men such as T. E. G. Armstrong who was enthusiastic in whatever organization he entered into; no matter whether it was a fishing club or an artillery corps. In the wisdom of his superior office (in a business sense) he has been promoted and has gone to Brantford, Ontario, where when the people get acquainted with him he will be as popular as in his native place.

They Looked Like New.

Was the remark of a person that tried our laundry for the first time worth, that "reck head you put on was fine, I've got a new shirt now. The work was white only at Ugan Laundry and Dye Works."

MUSIC AT MOUNT ALLISON.

Many of the Young Ladies Secure a Decided Musical Success.

SACKVILLE DEC. 22.—The close of the first term at Mount Allison Conservatory was marked on Friday evening last by a Pupils' Recital of more than usual merit, in which all the departments made an excellent showing.

The most noteworthy feature of the evening was the rendering of Chopin's Fantasia in F minor for piano, by Miss Laura Newman of Moncton. This piece occupied a distinctly higher level than the rest of the program, and shone out like a diamond set in the midst of pearls. Her technicality, as far as it goes, is solid; her touch is absolutely sure; she has a nice sense of tonal values, and her crescendos and decrescendos were a delight; and she displayed a conscious mastery in treatment, rarely found in so young a player.

Moncton had two other representatives, both violin students, Miss Jean Bruce and Miss Pollie Bendict. The latter is a daughter of the American Consul (who was present in the audience), and comes honestly by her musical talent from both sides of the house.

Miss Bruce played Bach's famous air for the G string in such a way as could only be done by one of real musical temperament. She excels in this kind of music, but one might venture to suggest to her teacher that at her public appearances these delicate and soulful strains should occasionally give place to something of a livelier nature, where her natural vivacity might sparkle rather than glow.

The only other violin soloist was Miss Dorothy Webb, who played a sentimental waltz by Moszkowski, and Paderewski's popular, minut Miss Webb shows a steady improvement in volume and sweetness of tone, as well as in mastery of technical details. Her second number might rather have been called a duet for piano and violin its success being largely due to her sister, Miss Florence Webb who on this occasion as on many others has proved herself a very efficient pianist and accompanist. The violin ensemble class opened the recital with three pieces in the varying styles of Handel, Schubert and Bach.

Other piano numbers that might be singled out were Reineck's ballads by Miss Grace Sherwood of Sussex, and for remarkable technical display, two Liszt arrangements. The Violin Fantezia by Miss Edith Archibald, and the March from Tannhauser by Mr. Archie Crossman. The propriety of giving such pieces as these to young students is open to question. Liszt wrote them to display his virtuosity, and however valuable they may be as studies, it seems as if the same end could be more readily attained by the giving of regular études, and more time be left for the study of pieces with a larger percentage of true musical worth. Mr. Crossman failed in the sine qua non of good march playing, a strongly marked rhythmic swing, but deserves great praise for his dazzling octave work.

The vocal department had six names on the program. Of these special mention should be made of Miss Jennie Hamilton of Pictou and Miss Nan Thompson of Fredericton. Miss Hamilton is the possessor of a beautiful voice, and gave evidence of good training by her execution of "The Swallow" by Dell Aqua. Miss Thompson's conspicuous faults in tone-production are fast disappearing and a really fine voice is displaying itself.

The evening's entertainment with a capitally rendered oratorio play by the pupils of the elocution department. Miss Hamilton won new laurels by her clever impersonation of Aunt Susan Jones, an old lady from the country. Miss Lizzie Ogden was the good girl, Miss Emily Willis the bad girl, Miss Alice Harrison the bad girl's bad mother, and Miss Lulu Ford the bad girl's bad young man. Virtue triumphed gloriously, and once more the moral power of the drama was vindicated. Perhaps Crossley and Hunter who begins their love message to the people of Sackville on the 24th of February next, will make a role of this, and will moderate their customary denunciations of the stage.

German Street Baptist Church.

Owing to the pastor preaching the dedication sermon in new Main St. Baptist church, there will be no preaching service in the morning, but in the evening the pastor will occupy the pulpit again, preaching a sermon bearing on the Birth of Christ; and that the choir in addition to the regular hymns will render special Xmas music, v. z., Glory to God most High, by A. F. Lord, And there were Shepherds, in G. by Harrison Millard, O Holy Night, by Adams, solo by Mr. Titus, While the Stars are Gleaming Bright, by A. W. Newcomb.

Large Block of Granite.

Recently a block of granite weighing 1217 tons was used as the pedestal of the equestrian Statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, having been transported four miles by land over a railway and thirteen miles in a caisson by water. The railway consisted of two lines of timber-furrows which grooves were placed spheres of hard brass about six inches in diameter. On these spheres the frame with its load was easily moved by sixty men, working at the capstans with double-purchase blocks. Another large block, measuring 35x16x14 feet, was a few months since taken out at the Craigmoor quarries, near Dalkeith, Scotland. Its weight was estimated at 850 tons.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

GODCHILD OF AN EMPRESS.

The Pathetic Story of Little Drouschka Pickens.

The Lone Star State gave to the country some of the most famous as well as most beautiful women of ante-bellum days. Among the number was Louise Holcomb, whose name is associated with all that is most beautiful and charming in southern womanhood, and which gleams brightly through a halo of sweet, pathetic romance.

In 1856 she became the wife of the historic Col. Pickens, then representing South Carolina in congress, and who, in March, 1867, was appointed by President Buchanan as minister to the court of St. Petersburg, where he and his lovely young wife soon became universal favorites with the great czar and the empress. In 1868 their first and only child was born in the czar's own palace of Romancoff, which his majesty had graciously placed at their disposal.

The empress, who was devotedly attached to the young mother, claimed the right to act as godmother, and conferred upon her protegee the unique name Drouschka, signifying in Russian, "Little Darling."

On the accession of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency Col. Pickens was elected governor of South Carolina. He immediately resigned his diplomatic position, and returned to the United States. His departure cast a gloom over the gay Russian court, and the little fairy godchild of an empress was laden with costly presents by the diplomats, nobility and members of the imperial circle. Among these presents was a miniature of the old czar, framed in gold, which he himself hung around the child's neck. The czar never forgot his little protegee, and to the day of his tragic death, each recurring anniversary of her birth, brought from over the sea some costly souvenir of his regard.

Col. Pickens was inaugurated governor of South Carolina, and Mr. Lincoln president of the United States. Then followed the secession of the southern states, the formation of the provisional government of the confederate states at Montgomery, Ala., the leaving of armies and dread preparations of war. In the course of events it was deemed necessary to reduce Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, while Gen. Beauregard was in full command at Columbia, the capital, inviting him to visit the historic city that he might witness the inception of hostilities. The wife and baby daughter accompanied the governor, who after the inspection of the batteries and gunboats with the commandant, were assured that all formalities had been completed and all was in readiness. Gen. Beauregard took the lovely tot in his arms, and placing a lighted match between the baby fingers, instructed her where to touch the fuse—and it was little Drouschka the god child of an empress, who fired the first shot that signaled the civil war and deluged a nation in blood.

Another most remarkable tragedy occurred in which Little Drouschka was an innocent participator, and which filled the entire south with horror. At the marriage ceremony of her half-sister, a daughter of her father by a former marriage, the child stood beside the bride, her little hands filled with flowers to be presented when the mystical words should pronounce the nuptial benediction. Before the minister touched the bride and her fiancé. A cruel shot fired from a federal man-of-war, then bombarding the doomed city, came crashing through the consecrated walls, striking the white-robed bride full in the chest and scattering her warm life blood over the horrified husband, and whose hand lovingly held hers, and the father and little sister were standing near. The incident is one of those four years of devastation and horror.

Gov. Pickens died just about the close of the war, and Little Drouschka as she grew to queasily womanhood was adopted as the "Child of South Carolina," and was as well known throughout the south as her illustrious father. She married a Dr. Dugas, of Augusta, Ga., but died at Edgewood the ancestral home of her father, and was there buried in the family burial ground.

Perhaps no woman of the south was ever so universally loved. Born amid all the splendor of the Russian court, the child inherited from both her brilliant father and her beautiful mother those qualities of heart and mind that won her the love of all with whom she came in contact. The burial services of this remarkable child are perhaps without a parallel in southern history. The pallbearers were selected from among the former slaves of her father, some of whom had borne him to his last resting place a score of years before. The impressive scene was emphasized when Mrs. Pickens, the courtly, beautiful mother stepped to the head of the white velvet casket, and facing the faithful servants, thanked them for the loyalty that had kept them at her side throughout the dreadful scenes enacted during and after the close of the war, adding that she wished them to con-

THE SOUTHERN GIRL.

An Attempt to Analyze a Woman, Superior to Analysis.

The southern girl is many-sided. She is mettlesome and sentimental, practical and fanciful by turns, apt to dance divinely and to flirt, and to be not over careful nor over industrious, but she never forgets to say her prayers, and she has unshaken faith in Uranian.

In man she believes implicitly. She may not believe all the rapturous things he says to her, but she credits him with generous impulses, thinks him capable of all the higher emotions, and values him as a comrade, an admirer, and a repository for her confidences. If he tumbles out of the niche where she has put him, she wonders, but she will forgive the case as an exception and to set him up again, after due scolding and punishment. She has unbounded confidence in his ability for smoothing over rough places for her and removing any obstacles that may rise in her path. Men are always good to women, she thinks, her father is; and so is her brother and her cousin Jim.

The southern girl enjoys with all her heart. She likes music and motion and life and color, and plenty of nice people about her saying pleasant things. She likes all this, but she is a redoubtable mercenary. Reared usually among simple surroundings, the greed for money has not entered into her soul. It is possible for her to have attained her twentieth year and never have dined or supped outside of a private house in her life. She likes the person who places her dependent of his extrinsic surroundings, and at any time will slight the attentions of a "good match" to devote herself to the man whose walk step suits her and who has power of entertaining.

She is ingenious and tactful, with all her dawning ways and languid airs. She can turn her last season's ball dress upside down and inside out, and make it look almost as good as new, and she can darn the parlor curtains almost as well as grandmother could, and change the furniture round so that the shabby spots will be in the shade. She can arrange a dish of fruit to resemble a poem, make an evening bonnet out of next to nothing, and, last, but not least, she can rattle off nonsense with an infectious delight that makes her the life of whatever company she is in.

The southern girl or woman born in the murky atmosphere of the late sixties, imperfectly educated, debarred from advantages which her parents craved for her, will give the stranger an impression of culture which perhaps a critical examination would not bear out.

Courageous as she is in an emergency, however, in her effort to accommodate the family needs to the family traditions, the southern girl often is whimsical in her notion of facing facts. A southern woman who has lived long in the north recently went to a young dressmaker in a southern city. An attractive looking-girl with dimples and wonderful dark eyes came forward to greet her.

"Yes, I do sewing," she said, "but I want to see you right about something. I was at the window just now and heard you ask if this was where Miss B. the dressmaker lived. I knew you must be a stranger, because everybody here knows us and would know that I was no ordinary dressmaker."

"Of course the visitor offered to withdraw and expressed regret at her apparent intrusion, explaining that she must have misunderstood the direction she had received."

"Oh, no; there is no misunderstanding," she was told. "I shall be glad to do your work, and will try to please you, but I can't bear to be mistaken for a dressmaker."

The girl made this gown in question, and made it artistically. The southern girl is a paradox, with her capacity for unselfishness and absurdity with her pride and scorn of petty meanness and her serious striving after the economical. She will buy flowers for the table even if the larder is empty, and if she gets a windfall in the form of a legacy, she will put half of it in a marble cross for the church and the other half in some jewel for personal adornment, even through new curtains and carpets and whole every-day gowns as a crying need in the household.

The New woman finds little encouragement in the south. She sends out her piping notes to the northern suffrage societies and offers petitions to the state assemblies, but the popular voice is against her, and sometimes it comes out that the woman's suffrage associations of the south, so much talked about, have membership only sufficient to furnish the necessary officers.—New York Sun.

She Said, and I.

"Why, Mrs. Parvons, this is unmistakably an old master," said the enthusiastic caller.

"That's just what I told John. I had it back to have it repaired and a new frame put on."

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Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Baking Powder

TELE PURE

...tinue their devotion and protection to their desolate mistresses and to the little ones whose mother they all then mourned.

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The southern girl enjoys with all her heart. She likes music and motion and life and color, and plenty of nice people about her saying pleasant things. She likes all this, but she is so d'posed to be content with the simple surroundings, the greed for money has not entered into her soul. It is possible for her to have attained her twentieth year and never have dined or supped outside of a private house in her life. She likes the person who places her independent of his extrinsic surroundings, and at any time will slight the attentions of a "good match" to devote herself to the man whose waltz step suits her and who has power of entertaining.

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A Song of "Welcome."



Lives of cleanly folks remind us
That by using WELCOME right,
Monday afternoons will find us,
With our washings snowy white.

Let us then be up and buying
WELCOME at the grocery store,
With WELCOME send the dirt a-flying,
Leav'n to use them more and more.

The biggest little thing in the world—A cake of "WELCOME" Soap.

TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED.

WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

METEOR

(PATENTED)

Corded Velvet Skirt Protector

The newest thing in Europe—neat, lasting, stylish, and easily put on.

All Ladies wear "Meteor"
All Dressmakers use "Meteor"

Drapers, wholesale and retail, sell "Meteor." GOLD AND BLUE LABEL

For sale by MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

OUR BRANDS: DEW CANTAWA, SWISS CANTAWA, JAMILLA, S. ANTOINETTE (Registered), CHARENT.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

MARCH 12TH, 1896.

E. G. SCOVILL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past few years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.

Yours, JAMES H. DART, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

T. and W. Merchants, 61 Union Street, St. John, Telephone 555, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

A Pure White Soap.

Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes. It leaves the skin soft, smooth and healthy.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.



Progress for New York City
Boston Herald
Harpers
Scribner
Century
Doubleday
Cosmo

Give me Progress

Mr. L. Laderking of Montreal is staying in the city.

Mr. George Robertson is spending the Christmas holidays with his parents in Montreal.

Hon. T. Dunn left yesterday on a trip to Cincinnati.

Mr. H. H. McLean returned the first of the week from a trip to New York.

Capt. T. E. G. Armstrong of the B. N. A. bank here has been transferred to Brantford, Ont., and left for his new post on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. John Short is in Richibucto visiting his son Mr. W. W. Short.

Lady Tilly is spending the holidays with her mother Mrs. Chipman of St. Stephen.

Rev. Fred Sprague was in the city for a few hours Wednesday on his way home to St. Stephen from Mt. Allison.

Hon. H. R. Emerson was in the city for a few hours this week.

Mr. Alex Dick was here this week on his way home from Rosland, B. C. to spend Christmas with relatives in Springhill, N. S.

Mr. and Miss Smith of Salisbury are staying with city relatives over the holidays.

Mrs. Wm. Barnes of Hampton spent Wednesday here.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McNeil who spent their honeymoon here went to their future home in Sussex on Wednesday.

Mrs. George Bala came down from Hampton for a few hours shopping on Tuesday.

Mr. Fraser Gregory spent Christmas at his home in Fredericton.

Dr. and Mrs. Barbara of Fredericton are spending a short time with the latter's father, Dr. Foster McFarlane.

Mrs. Lee Babbitt of Fredericton is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents.

Mrs. George Foster returned her friends at 178 Princess street on Wednesday and Thursday of next week.

Mrs. Eleanor Woods of Newfoundland who has been a guest of Mrs. H. J. Olive of Carleton left Wednesday for a visit to friends in St. Stephen.

Mrs. H. P. Howie of Sacramento, Cal., who has been visiting relatives in Boston was in the city this week on her way to visit Nova Scotia relatives, after which she will return to California.

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Mrs. James Dever returned Thursday from a visit to New York and Montreal relatives.

Miss Marie Furlong is home from the Sacred Heart Convent, Mount Pleasant, for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Kate Britain left this week to spend the winter in Boston.

Mr. A. G. Blair and Mrs. Louis Blair are spending the holiday season with their parents in Ottawa.

Miss Mary Jacobs has returned from "Edgell," Windsor for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. J. E. Wilson returned the first of the week from a trip to Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. James Wishart of St. Martins were here for a short time this week.

Mr. G. DeVeber of Gagetown and Mr. W. D. Gillies of Kentville were here the first of the week.

Mrs. McLean of Harvey station was in the city for a day or two this week.

Mr. Hayward Stetson of Bangor was in the city for a short time lately.

Mr. S. K. Foster of Montreal was among the city's visitors this week.

Mr. A. M. Rogers of the same city was also here for a part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Mulhall of Liverpool, N. B., spent several days in town lately.

Messrs. J. A. and F. G. Chidder of Campbell were in the city on Tuesday.

Miss Katherine Rober was here for a few hours recently on her way to Halifax where her company opens a theatre to be inaugurated on Christmas day.

Mr. W. F. Ferguson of Boston spent part of this week in the city.

The following are home from the University of New Brunswick for the holidays: Messrs. Duncan Arnold, Lewis Barker, Stanley Emerson, and Percy Smith.

Mr. W. G. Pullen of Montreal is in the city for a few days.

Mr. Waldo Skinner returned from McGill last week to spend the holidays with his relatives.

Messrs. E. C. Crowell and Thomas McMurray of Yarmouth were here the first of the week.

Mr. F. M. Thomas of Halifax spent Monday in the city.

Captain A. L. Festina of Greenwich spent part of the week here.

Capt. A. J. Delay of Granville Ferry was here the greater part of the week.

Mr. W. H. Reading of Yarmouth is visiting St. John.

Mr. J. D. Porter, M. P. P., of Andover is staying in St. John.

Mr. J. C. Redmond of Glasgow, Scotland, is visiting St. John for a week or two.

Mr. J. E. Hamill of Boston spent part of this week here.

Mr. W. D. Black of Truro was among the city visitors this week.

Mr. D. H. S. Bostwick of Montreal was in the city for a few days lately.

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Mr. Frank Reynolds is home from McGill for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. A. E. Fox of New York is in the city.

Dr. J. R. Inch and Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Winstow of Fredericton were here on Tuesday.

Mr. J. L. Thomas is home from New York for a brief holiday.

Mr. E. J. Sheldon of St. John, N.B., is spending a holiday in the city.

Miss Ethel Emerson came down from Dorchester on Tuesday on a little shopping expedition.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Smith of Toronto spent Tuesday and Wednesday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Campbell of Apolauque were in St. John the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hetherington who were married at the bride's home in Hartland on Monday afternoon were here the same day en route to their future home in Chatham.

Mr. G. W. Blufford of New York is visiting St. John.

Miss Lizzie Clifford of New York has been spending a few days here this week.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen have bought season tickets for the Singer rink and propose to enjoy themselves in the healthful exercise of skating during the coming season. Ladies' hockey matches were quite the rage last winter and the spectators are that they will be quite as popular this year.

Mr. F. C. Bailey of Fall River was in the city for a short time lately.

Chorus Recitation, Omo, Spital, Perforated Discs, 17 Waterloo.

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You are getting the best value for your money.

Tetley's TEAS

"FROM ANCIENT INDIA TO SWEET CEYLON."

The Tariff Commission..

have made up their minds

to one thing, and that is that whatever changes may be made in the tariff, no change will be made in the Militia order which says that all Infantry Overcoats worn by the Volunteers shall be Rigby-Proofed in future, thus

The Government has declared

in favor of Protection...

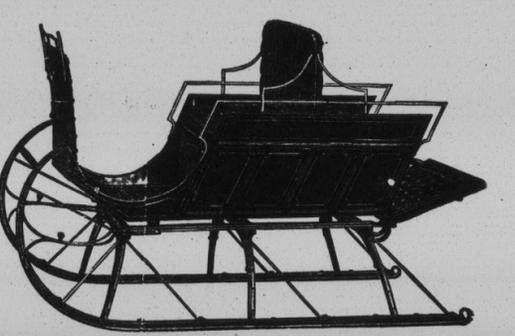
for our volunteers against Rain, Sleet, and Inclement Weather.

The Rigby Process can be applied to any cloth, making it waterproof and still allowing it to remain porous. It will keep out the wet, but admits the air, and cannot be told by its appearance from unproofed goods.

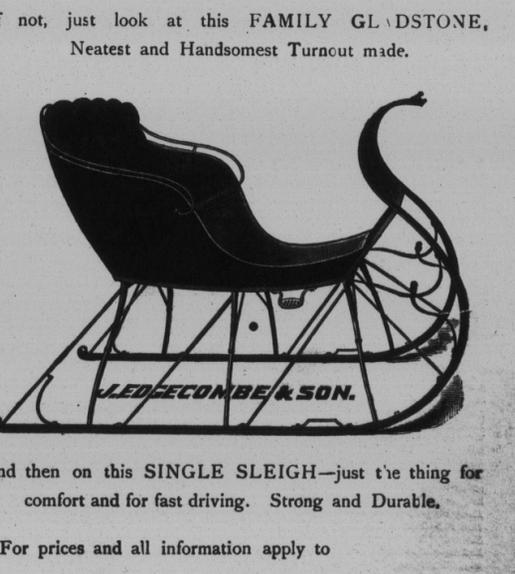
Merry Sleigh Bells

Winter is here and we are waiting for the snow.

HAVE YOU GOT A NICE SLEIGH?



If not, just look at this FAMILY GLADSTONE, Neatest and Handsomest Turnout made.



And then on this SINGLE SLEIGH—just the thing for comfort and for fast driving. Strong and Durable.

For prices and all information apply to

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS.

Fredericton, N. B.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and offices.

C. S. DEPRETTAS, Brunswick street; LANE & CORNELL, George street; CANADA NEWS CO., Cop. L. C. Depot; J. G. KELLS, Dartmouth street; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

Beyond a few teas there is not much to talk about in social circles. The Berkshire Reel, set the r hand out to Frog lake one afternoon the city and their kindness was much appreciated by the skaters.

There are wars and rumors of wars about the rink and its arrangements. So far as I can learn there are a band of carping critics who disapprove of the previous arrangements, and would like things so managed as to suit themselves.

The marriage of Lieut. Brush and Miss Farrell will take place early next February.

The ring of wedding bells is in the air. Capt. Marsh, R. A., arrived last Saturday and went to meet his bride, Miss Norton-Taylor.

Mr. J. L. Jamieson an bride arrived home from their wedding last Friday.

The "Aberdeen hospital" bazaar on Friday afternoon and evening was one of the successful events of the season.

Miss Jessie W. Fraser, Miss MacKenzie and Mr. J. Ed. MacDonald went to Scotland, Thursday evening to take part in a concert there.

Excursions are out for a "birthday party" to be given by the ladies of the Methodist church on the 28th Dec.

Dec. 22—A very brilliant leap year dance was given in the club rooms on Thursday evening of last week and at which the chaperones received the guests in the reception room.

Miss Joseph Fuller, yellow and black. Miss Hemphreys looked well in cream cashmere and lace.

Miss Crossdale, pink cashmere, trimmings of ribbon and children.

USE Baby's Own Soap

and you'll know why we recommend it

BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection

of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest

Carriages

PRICE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS,

222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Saves temper, time, trouble, expense. The high quality of Obelisk Flour saves all this. It is as sure in its bread making satisfaction as a flour can be; you don't have to experiment with it to get the best results.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

I WAS CURED OF Rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. ANDREW KING, HALIFAX.

I WAS CURED OF acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. S. BILLING, MARKHAM, ONT.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Night Calls at a Drug Store

are not pleasant calls, but should you require a druggist any hour of the night, my NIGHT DISPENSER can be found at 6 Germain Street, REMEMBER THE STORE, ALLAN'S PHARMACY, 35 King Street

Miss Black, a very pretty dress of cream cashmere and black velvet and smilax.

Miss Jones, black lace. Mrs. J. Murray a very pretty dress of white silk and lace.

Mrs. J. Hargrave a handsome dress of white silk and lace. Mrs. Foster, black satin.

Mrs. J. Heffernan, black silk. Mrs. R. B. Murray, black silk and lace. Miss Alloway, shot silk.

Miss Ducle Alloway pale green cashmere. Mrs. A. Lowry, black and black chaille. Mrs. B. Parsons, gray silk.

Mrs. Heffernan, black lace, scarlet carnation. Miss Spencer, white muslin, trimmings of blue. Miss L. Hargrave, gray silk.

Miss M. Hargrave, cream cashmere. Miss McLeod, cream cashmere. Miss Fuller, a very pretty dress of roses silk.

Mrs. J. Gould, pale green costume. Miss Dick, cream costume and lace. Miss Toob, white lawn, trimmings of scarlet.

Miss Somerville left for her home in Truro on Friday to spend the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Anderson left on Wednesday for her home in Halifax to spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Crossdale is the guest of Mrs. Byers. Mr. and Mrs. Foster accompanied by Master Archie, left for Amherst on Thursday to spend the holiday.

On New Year's evening the association are going to have a basket social in their rooms. The young people will be provided with baskets and the association will provide the gentlemen who are to be the buyers.

The event of last week was the Band concert given in the Opera house on Wednesday evening. Their new instructor, Mr. B. Mead, has certainly proved that he is capable of holding such a responsible position as the different numbers by the band were all so finely executed.

Miss Florence Hewson and Miss Helen Gilles who have been at school at Mt. Allison are home for the holidays.

Miss Beaman of Muncie has been the guest of Mr. Alex. Christie, Spring street.

Miss Alice MacKinnon is home from Malabar where she has been teaching and Mr. Morris MacKinnon from Dalhousie to spend Christmas with their parents Mr. and Mrs. A. MacKinnon, Lape lane street.

Mrs. C. O'borne Tupper left last week for Montreal to spend the winter.

Mr. Hal Parry is home from Dalhousie to spend the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. James Parry, Victoria street.

Mr. James M. Currie left on Saturday for Montreal where he will make a short visit.

Miss Mable Pugsley came on Thursday from Edgell to spend Christmas with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pugsley.

Mr. C. T. Hiltner, Mr. Robert Pugsley returned home last week from a short trip to Quebec.

Mr. Victor Curry has returned from Rothesay for the holidays.

Mr. Howard Moffat has returned from St. John where he has been at business college.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Christie were at home on Monday evening to a number of their married friends, being the twenty fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. A. Brown entertained a few of the young friends of Miss Beattie Scitcliffe one evening last week at her rooms at the Terrace.

There are several small parties to begin during the holidays by a number of our well known young ladies, so that socially speaking Amherst will be somewhat gay than late, when everyone has been more than busy with preparations for Xmas.

The rink is to be opened on Xmas with full band in attendance so that will greatly please a large number of our society people.

Miss Molly Dickey is home from Edgell for the holidays and is staying with her parents Mr. James Dickey and Mrs. Dickey, Grove cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Black of Sackville have been staying in Amherst, Spring street.

The pupils of the Amherst Academy gave a grand school concert in the assembly hall on Friday evening. The hall was literally packed with the parents and friends of the children, and the teachers and choir were well congratulated on giving such a successful concert.

"Strongest and Best." - Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S. & L., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

Miss Kate McLatchy of Grand Pre was in Windsor over Sunday, visiting at "Chitoo."

Mr. Arthur McLatchy of Grand Pre was in town on Monday.

Mr. D. Sloan of New Glasgow is spending the holidays at his home in Windsor.

Miss Dorothy Smith of Mt. Allison Ladies college Sackville is home for Xmas.

Mrs. Geldert and Mrs. Bath spent a day or two in Halifax last week.

Mrs. Fairbanks who has been visiting her mother Mrs. Wilson returned to Skerbrooke on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Shaw are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a small daughter at their home.

Dec. 15—Mrs. Bath spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Geo. D. Geldert, on her way to New York where she takes a position as nurse in St. Luke's hospital.

Mrs. Geldert of Halifax has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Dimock.

Mrs. Newcombe of Grafton, Kings Co., spent some days lately with her sister, Mrs. G. D. Geldert.

Mr. George Paulin of the Collegiate school is spending the holidays in Halifax.

Mr. George Masters of Kenville was in town recently.

Mr. C. W. Dimock was in Halifax last week. Miss Alice Lawson spent a few days with friend in Halifax lately.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Russell were in Halifax last week.

Mr. Arthur Sutherland lately of the Peoples' bank of Halifax at Wolfville has gone to Middleton where he has accepted a position in a branch of the Commercial bank there.

Mr. Gilbert Troop of Halifax spent Sunday at "Claremont."

Mrs. F. A. Shand and Miss Ethel Shand were in Halifax this week.

Mr. John W. Blanchard of Blanchard and Co. was in Antigonish last week.

Hon. H. E. Goswage was in Halifax last week. Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith of Bridgetown were in town over Sunday with Mrs. Geo. Geldert.

Mr. H. W. Sangster is in Halifax this week. Mr. C. E. W. Dodwell of Halifax was in town last week.

Mr. Lawson spent Tuesday in Halifax. Mr. J. W. Smith left last week for a trip to Boston.

Miss Hattie Jackson who has been with her sister Mrs. Walsh, left on Tuesday evening last week for Halifax, en route to Boston where she will visit friends.



supported by Dr. J. R. McDonald of Westville. The ceremony, conducted by Rev. Donald McDonald assisted by Rev. Harrold Balfour Baird was reasonably short and very pretty.

The bride standing beneath the symbolic bell of flowers amid the colored lights looked charming. Her many friends had not forgotten her as was apparent by the great number of very pretty presents from them received by her.

After the ceremony a sumptuous supper on a table laid under a canopy of white and red was served to the assembled guests. The happy couple took the early boat for an extended trip through the United States and Canada.

Dr. J. R. McDonald of Westville, gave an able lecture on temperance to a large and dense in the Baptist church on Saturday evening. Dr. McLeod preached in the free Baptist church on the following Sunday.

Mrs. and Miss Smith are spending the holiday season with friends in St. John.

The Misses Maggie and Josie Gaynor and Edith McKee spent Monday in Moncton.

Mr. J. Irving of Amherst spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bulmer.

Master Ned McCarthy of Moncton is visiting his grandfather, Mr. J. Walton.

Miss Lizzie Parkin is home spending her holidays.

Master Frank McMurray was at Ellsboro attending a concert on Monday.

The community is shocked to hear of the death of Lily oldest daughter of Mr. John Sharpe. Much sympathy is extended to the family.

Miss Hattie Moore is home from Pictou, spending her holidays.

Master Gordon and Mr. Gray Sutherland of Anlo, are spending their vacation with Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bulmer.

Mr. P. Ward of Ellsboro is in the village today. Mrs. W. Currier visited Moncton on Monday.

Miss Margaret E. Zolman of Moncton is visiting her sister Mrs. L. A. Wright.

Mr. John Gillis is home spending a few days with his family.

Dec. 21—The marriage of Miss Laura Watson, daughter of Mr. Geo. Watson, and Mr. L. E. Hetherington B. A. of Chatham, was celebrated in church on Monday afternoon at one o'clock. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Warden.

The public school examination was held on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Allen Edout is to be congratulated on the creditable way in which the various classes acquitted themselves. A very interesting programme was gone through, in which Miss Rita Thistle, Miss J. J. MacMillan, Edna Benson, Dannie Kennedy took part.

"My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 34 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. Finally a week ago, I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and this first application showed the curative effect of the remedy. We have used only one-sixth of the box, but the change is very marked. The eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured." (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON, 115 Anne St., Toronto.

Sold by all dealers, or on receipt of price, 60c. Address, EDMONDSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH

PLEASANT AND HARMLESS TO USE. ZEPESIA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

Dr. H. B. NASE DENTIST

86 King Street, St. John, N. B.

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COME and SEE OUR STOCK.

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Always keep a full line of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry.

Solid Silver and Silver-Plated Goods, Cocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Canes, Umbrellas.

It will pay you to see our goods before making your purchase. Will give you a good bargain in Gold or Silver Watches. Do not forget the place 41 KING STREET.

J. D. TURNER, Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues.

RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 Lamb's Tongues. At 10 and 20 King Square.

WINES. Arriving ex "Escalona"

"The Nicest" in quarter cask and Octives. For sale low. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

Skating Costume

Seasonable Garments of every description to order.

ARTISTIC DRESS-MAKING

Ladies' Tailoring.

KEEFE, COSTUME AND LADIES' TAILOR, KING STREET, ST. JOHN.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH PLEASANT AND HARMLESS TO USE

Dr. H. B. NASE DENTIST, 86 King Street, St. John, N. B.

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Solid Silver and Silver-Plated Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Canes, Umbrellas.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 Lamb's Tongues.

J. D. TURNER. WINE'S. Arriving ex "Escalona".

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Thomas, and at the bookstores of S. W. and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Truett's.

Dec. 23.—It is really wonderful how quickly Christmas comes upon us. Christmas with its grandeur, and its many and varied appointments, its blessings and its joys, and last but certainly not least, its presents.

Everybody is so intent upon preparations for Christmas day, that no heed has been given to society; indeed I have not heard of any social doings at all this week.

Charles church, and Trinity church are already adorned with green and are radiant for Christmas Day, much time and preparation has been given to the music for the Christmas services which will be held in the morning.

Two handsome books called "Souvenir of Calais and St. Stephen" containing pictures of all points of interest in the two towns, and many of their finest residences and churches are offered for sale in the book stores.

Mr. J. Wesley Grant of Boston arrived here on Monday to spend the Christmas season with his relatives.

FREDERICTON.

Mr. George Fyazant has taken rooms at the Windsor for the winter.

Dec. 23.—Now that the Christmas season is at hand we have the prospect of plenty of guests in social life. Invitations have been issued for a ball at "Promper" the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Randolph for Tuesday evening Dec. 30th.

Mr. F. S. Hylard has sent out invitations for a ball to be given in honor of the debut of her daughter Miss Edith Hylard for Thursday evening Dec. 31st, and still another "coming out" party is to be given by Mrs. Clinton Tabor in honor of her two daughters, the Misses Agnes and Lilla Tabor who have just returned from boarding school.

Miss Annie Plimley is home from school for the holidays, but returns to Backville for another term.

Mr. W. C. H. Groomer visited Fredericton professionally this week.

Dec. 23.—The usual number of Christmas visitors are already beginning to gather in town to spend their Christmas holidays, and many familiar faces are seen once more.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Monoc Bookstore by W. G. Strickland and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Dec. 23.—The usual number of Christmas visitors are already beginning to gather in town to spend their Christmas holidays, and many familiar faces are seen once more.

Miss Sallie Benedict is at home from Mount Allison Ladies college to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Benedict of Harris Avenue.

Mr. Frank Holstead of St. John is spending a few days in town, visiting his mother, Mrs. Elliott of Bedford Street.

Miss Ethel Sumner is at home from the girls school at Backville for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. A. D. Yexxa of Fredericton is in town called by the serious illness of Mr. S. C. Wilbur.

RICHMOND.

Progress is for sale in Richmond by Theodore P. Franks.

Dec. 22.—Mrs. Wm. Lawson went to New York on Thursday last.

Miss Maud Grierson arrived home from Dorchester on Saturday to spend the holidays.

Mr. John Short of St. John is in town guest of his son Mr. W. W. Short.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Loggie of Chatham spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Plimley.

Mr. W. Draper of Dalhousie is in town this week. Quite an enthusiastic public temperance meeting was held last Wednesday evening, headed by speeches given by the resident ministers and other prominent citizens.

SPECIAL VALUES IN

Electric Seal Capes

Estimates given on Special Garments in Fashionable Furs. Fur Garments remodelled at mode cost.

DUNLAP, COOKE & Co TAILORS AND FURRIERS, AMHERST, N. S.

TRADE MARK

DR. JAEGER'S Sanitary Woolen Underwear. The only Hygienic System of Clothing for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children.

DEPOT, 63 KING STREET W., TORONTO.

MILLINERY, Dress Making.

DR. 23.—Miss Vye of Chatham Junction has been visiting Mr. John Beattie.

Mrs. J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT MONCTON, N. B.

Beef, LAMB, MUTTON, VEAL, Ham, Bacon and Lard, Turkeys, Chickens and Fowls, Vegetables.

THOMAS DEAN 13 and 14 City Market.

The Sun. The first of American Newspapers. CHAS A DANA, Editor.

Ladies Listen... If you have FUR CAPES that need REPAIRING, REMODELING, or the Latest Style, or transformed into any other article of wear, I can do the work for you at a reasonable price.

MRS. J. A. HUGHES, 76 George Street, MONCTON.

SPENCER'S Private Dancing. My Academy will be open on THURSDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING, Oct. 29.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

THE Royal Gazette Print, (under the former Queen's Printer), all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price.

Transacts all business usual to Trust Companies, including that of the executors or trustees, or as agents of same, management of estates, collection of rents and interest, negotiation of mortgage loans financial agency, etc.

Municipal and other debenture for sale, yielding from 3 1/2 to 5 per cent. interest.

Money received for investment in the General Trust Fund, at four per cent. interest, withdrawable on demand.

THE GREAT TWINS

AND K. D. C. PILLS. Believe and Cure The Great Twin Ills INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION.

Write for samples, testimonials and guarantee. K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited, New York, N. Y.

YOUR COUGH, LIKE A DOG'S BARK, IS A SIGN THAT THERE IS SOMETHING FOREIGN AROUND WHICH SHOULDN'T BE THERE.

You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention?" Don't neglect your cough.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in 50c. and \$1.00 sizes.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)
Agnes and George Clarke; singing trio, Mr. Salomon and friends; duet, The Misses Blizford; violin, Mr. James Calvia, piano solo, Miss Mc-

WOODSTOCK.

Procession for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Lons & Co.
The annual session of Carleton county's teachers institute met in Graham's opera house on Thursday and Friday of last week. A public meeting was held on Thursday evening and was largely attended. A lecture by Prof. Stockley of the U. N. E. was the chief feature of the programme. A solo by Miss Munro, a duet by Mrs. B. E. Holjoke, and Mrs. L. E. Young. Some remarks by Chas. Superintendent Inch made up an interesting entertainment. Inspector Meagher filed the position of chairman in a pleasing and graceful manner. Miss L. Smith returned from Newport R. I. on Saturday on a brief holiday. Miss Katie Brown returned from Newport for a few weeks' stay. Mrs. Walter Fisher is spending the Christmas holidays in Woodstock. Miss Alice Ball is spending the holidays with her sister Mrs. Willard Carr. G. H. Harrison left on Friday for his home to spend the holidays. Hugh W. Peppers left on Saturday for his home in St. Marys to spend the vacation. The marriage of Miss Beattie Good one of Woodstock's popular young lady teachers and Mr. Charles Comber took place on Wednesday afternoon in the Baptist church Jacksonville. The church was prettily decorated with greenery and blooming plants. The bride was unattended and wore a stylish and most becoming travelling costume of green. Mr. and Mrs. Comber left by P. E. Express for Boston followed by the best wishes of hosts of friends. Mr. Geoffrey Stead of the C. and W. railway left for St. John to spend the Christmas vacation. Mr. F. Lawlor of W. and C. railway left Wednesday for St. John for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Whitte left Tuesday for Hamilton to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Flewelling. Mrs. W. W. W. left for St. John. Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Kirkpatrick spent Christmas at Fredericton. Mr. John Munro is spending a few days in Woodstock the guest of his mother Mrs. David Munro. Arthur Day returned from Wolfville for holidays. Sablon Carr is home from Mount Allison for vacation. Jack Dibble returned from Rothesay for Christmas holidays. Mr. Thomas Hunter left on Wednesday to spend the holiday in Hazelton. Mr. F. B. Meagher left on Wednesday for St. Stephen to spend a few weeks. Miss Elizabeth Jordan returned home for Christmas. ELAINE.

MISERY IN A MANSION.

Straggled Husband and Wife Living Unhappily in Luxury.
On one of the north side avenues stands a fine old-fashioned mansion, says the Chronicle. It is as old as a north side house can possibly be, for it was built soon after the great fire. The house is a double one, three stories in height and has many cheerful white lace curtained windows. To the passersby the old mansion looked like the abode of good cheer and happiness. But to those acquainted with its occupants it has quite the contrary appearance. True, the owner of the mansion is rich, very rich in the material sense—but poor—poor, far, than many a dweller in some wretched tenement-house. For the master and the mistress have been estranged for many a long year: and are only husband and wife in name. He occupies one part of the house, the other, and they might as well live in different spheres for all the company they are to each other. They have horses and carriages galore, but are never seen to drive or ride together. Last June, when the students from the universities and colleges flocked home to see their parents, the couple came home also. But this brought no change to the gloomy life the two old people led. For one son was always seen with the mother, and the other who seemed to be the younger one, alone accompanied the father in his walks and drives. On pleasant days in the summer the old lady could often be seen sitting on the piazza, but when the husband came home he would bow formally and then pass into the house. One day the neighbors saw a black and white crane on the door, and the news soon spread that the younger son was dead. Everyone supposed that this great affliction would heal the breach between them, but although individual tears were shed by each it was observed that no word of sympathy was expressed by one to the other. What dreadful act had she or he committed against the other to warrant such unnatural behavior? It is a mystery which cannot be solved by any number of gossiping neighbors. Must Be An Astrologer. Ignorant people think that an astronomer is also an astrologer. Sir John Herchel once received a letter asking him to cast the writer's horoscope. Another letter-writer requested the distinguished astronomer to consult the stars and answer these two questions: 'Shall I marry?' and 'Have I seen her?' Maria Mitchell records in her journal that on an Atlantic steamer an Irishwoman, learning that she was an astronomer, asked her what she could tell. Miss Mitchell answered that she could tell when the moon would rise, when the sun would rise, and when it would be an eclipse of the moon or of the sun. 'Oh!' exclaimed the disappointed woman in a tone which plainly said, 'Is that all?' She expected to have her fortune told. Once in a town not far from Boston, during a very mild winter, a lad, driving a team, called out to Miss Mitchell on the street, saying, 'I want to ask you a question, Miss Mitchell!' She stopped. He asked, 'Shall we lose our ice crop this winter?' Another evidence of a musician's appreciation of the excellence of the 'Pratte' piano is shown in the order for one received from Paris France. It was picked out for a Parisian musician and is now on the way to France.

THE MUSIC CURE IN FAVOR.

Music for Invalids—Dances of Wagner, Verdi and Gounod.

After the water cure we now have the music cure, and the French and German papers are devoting some attention to it. It is seriously prescribed as a cure for nervous diseases, and it is claimed that it can remove some maladies in the space of a few weeks. It is also averred that a musical hospital is about to be established in Munich, where the patients will be regularly dosed at proper intervals with instrumental and vocal music.

The idea that music can cure diseases of the body is by no means novel. Everybody admits that singing possesses almost a magical power. It was by incantations, accompanied by the strangest instrument, that the sorcerers of antiquity prepared their charms and their evil doings. By playing the harp David soothed the sadness of Saul.

The belief that singing cures not only the ills of the mind, but also the maladies of the body, has been perpetuated till the present time. At the end of the eighteenth century Prince-Bishop Pignatelli, the patroness of all talents, and particularly musical talent, became ill. She was visited by the Chevalier Rial, the celebrated singer, who happened to be in Paris at that time. No sooner had he come into her presence than she begged him to sing an air to her. The singer consented, and chose a piece by Hasse, called "The Saxon." While he was singing the fever of the Princess ceased completely. Her medical attendant, who was present, said to her, pointing to the artist: "There, madam, is your real doctor." The Journal de Paris of the 15th of April, 1788, from which this story is taken, adds that the princess was completely cured after a few visits from the Chevalier Rial.

According to the Journal Encyclopedique, 1776. Dr. Daval cured a woman 60 years of age who was stricken with paralysis, by making her sing Christmas hymns. Of course, no one can guarantee the truth of these statements, but it is beyond a doubt, for all that, that singing has an extraordinary influence over a great many people. This is proved by the daily experience that everybody is able to verify with facility.

It is by singing that men engaged in heavy work lighten their burdens. The song of a nurse soothes the pain of the child, calms its impatience, and often communicates to it a gaiety which is clearly attested by smiles. Homer and Plutarch tell us that the ancients had a habit of singing at the end of each meal, in order to dissipate, or at least reduce the effects of wine. According to Gallien, singing has the effect of calming the furies of intoxication.

Why go back so far? At no time was the power of singing more clearly demonstrated in all its grandeur and eloquence than during the French Revolution. Men dangerously wounded performed acts of heroism while singing the "Marseillaise," and such to-day is the power of certain songs upon men of the most healthy minds that every time liberty is proscribed the songs are forbidden.

Music, therefore, has an incontestable influence upon the human organism. But is this influence great enough to turn it, in certain cases, into a cure? That is precisely what the experiments to be tried at Munich will tell us in a few years. An alienist doctor, on being consulted on a subject, showed less skepticism than was expected from him. In the hospital of La Salpetriere, for example, it was remarked that the concerts given by the Lyonnais brothers had a most beneficial effect upon certain subjects. Who, therefore, can foresee the results that may be obtained by a skillful multiplication of musical performances? 'Now,' concluded the doctor, 'in regard to mental maladies we must never be either too skeptical or too affirmative. Remember the aphorism of Montaigne: 'A grain only separates reason from madness.' Who can say that a musical zephyr may not be powerful enough to blow away the grain and allow reason to dissipate insanity?' HEROISM IN MINES.

HEROISM IN MINES.

Instances Where Men Have Risked Their Lives to Save Others.
Never was there a mining disaster of any magnitude without several instances of individual gallantry in saving boys alone, says a writer in an English paper. As a colliery manager said the other day, 'there may be a score of cases of that kind after a single accident and nobody be any the wiser.' 'A boy told me once,' he proceeded, 'that after an explosion one of the men who was with him brought him along a considerable distance in the workings. At last they met the afterdamp. The boy was so terrified, so anxious to get out, that he wanted to rush through and make his way to the shaft. If he had gone on he certainly would have dropped, but the man would not let him. He stopped him by force, and though the lad bit and fought like a little demon he stuck to him and held him near to the ground, so that they could breathe. How do you think he claimed the boy at last? Sang comic songs to him! Well, they had to keep where they were for about five hours, and then, when the air had got better, the man started off and brought the youngster out safely, though once he was nearly suffocated by the afterdamp. Now, there's a case that nobody would have heard of probably if the lad hadn't happened to have told me about it.' As an instance of heroism in this direction that is known, however, I recall a story I

heard near the bank of the Hyde-pit after the explosion in 1889. You know that the slightest delay in firing for the shaft may mean death. In the neighborhood of Boston some few years ago, one man out of a party of colliers stopped behind for a minute or so to look after his son, a boy of 14, who was working close by. The two men, but alas! they perished there together, and were found clasped in each other's arms. And paternal devotion as thus manifested has cost many a brave fellow his life.

'Well, on the occasion referred to a man named Haslam brought from the workings, or met as he was scurrying along for the pit mouth, a youth about 16, and throughout the terrible journey he stuck to the lad with the most terrible determination. Twice the boy stumbled and fell, but the noble collier dragged him to his feet and urged him to push on with all speed. Other mishaps befell them, yet also, I rejoice to say, gained the surface alive and comparatively well.'

ALL SHOES GO FOR WOMEN.

A Variety That Will Permit old Foot Wear to be Worn Out.

Women will have to change their old shoes this winter, at least so far as the fashions are concerned. There is the most convenient variety in the footwear shown now. You will find a little of everything in the window, picadillys and round toes and square toes and N. W. York toes; spring heels and Louis XV. heels, laces and buttons; calfskin and French kid. Everything goes.

There seems to be a little preference in certain directions, however. The majority of winter shoes have pointed toes, but not of the sharpest variety. They are not pretty. They have the air of having started out to be a round toe and of having suddenly concluded to be pointed. This causes an awkwardness of outline which, however, may be compensated by an increase of comfort. Tan shoes are still very much in evidence in the windows, but women do not seem to take kindly to them for autumn and winter wear. Calfskin is the favorite material for heavy shoes. In dress shoes a good many cloth tops are shown, and one Fifth avenue firm displays high dress shoes with steel bed embroidery on the toes. Slippers are of all materials, apparently, and they all have bows on them. These bows are, in many cases, of satin ribbon to match the gown. Sometimes they are merely butterflies of satin, spangled with gold and silver. The pins and buckles used with these bows are of clear and colored rhinestones, cut steel, gold and silver.

Riding boots have broad, plain tops, and the wrinkles that formerly characterized them. Bicycle boots are now a regular feature of stock as they once were unknown. They are shown in the same styles which prevailed during the summer, with the addition of a heavier one in calf.—New York Sun.

TRAPPING TURKEYS.

One of the methods by which wild turkeys are taken by native hunters, as described in 'Hunting and Fishing in Florida,' by Mr. C. B. Cory, Curator of the Department of Ornithology in the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, certainly does little credit to the intelligence of the turkeys.

A place is found where turkeys are numerous. Corn is scattered about, and it is that eaten, more corn is placed there the next day. The birds are fed in this manner for a week or two, until they become accustomed to going there for food. Then small logs are laid, forming a small square box about six or eight inches in height; possibly two logs on each side, one above the other. Inside is placed the corn, and the turkeys enter it readily, as the obstruction is not sufficient to excite their fears.

The next night another log is added, raising the box a little, perhaps a foot or so, and this process goes on until the small logs form a cone-shaped box, narrowing at the top, leaving an opening perhaps a foot or eighteen inches wide, by which they can enter at the top.

Corn is placed in the box, and a few kernels leading to it, as usual, and the turkeys, mounting the last log, drop in and eat the corn. And now they are caught. The opening is so narrow that, although a turkey can easily jump down through it with closed wings it cannot jump out again with its wings spread.

THE LACKED TACT.

'What's the secret of Miss Newby's failure on the lecture platform?' Every time she got together an audience of women she told them how much good it did her to use the plain and common people. Then they vanished with a snort.

SOLDIERS UNSEARH MOSAIC.

A Roman Portrait of Virgil Composing the Eclogues Discovered in Tunisia.
Since the French have established themselves in Tunisia, Sousse has been a strategic point, in the vicinity of which is a camp for the Fourth Sharpshooters' Regiment. During the Roman times, on that same spot was an important city by the name of Hadrumetum, the capital of the Byzacene. There antique remains have often been met with.

Among the more interesting is a mosaic pavement lately brought to light by the soldiers while engaged in the building of a road. This mosaic is about 9 feet square, and its subject is 'Virgil Writing the Eclogues.' The poet is seen full face, draped in a blue-bordered toga and seated in a chair, his feet resting on a stool. He holds on his knee a roll of papyrus half folded, on which is written this verse from his poem: 'Musa, mihi causas memora quo numine laeso quide.'

His right hand is resting on his breast, his head is erect, his eyes have a look of inspiration, and he is listening to Clio and Melpomene, who stand back of him as if they were dictating his verses. This mosaic is flawless in execution, and with the ex-

THE SIBERIAN RAILROAD.

Its Progress and Prospects—The Question of the Asiatic Terminus.

Five and a half years have now elapsed since the first stroke was given to the construction of Russia's great Siberian railroad, the longest on the globe. That the energy with which it has been prosecuted does not lessen may be known from the recent statement that 70,000 men were at work upon it. French loans are available for its continuation, while it is surmised that a recent arrangement between Russia and China may have given the former the privilege of striking through Manchuria and seeking an open water terminus, possibly in the neighborhood of Port Arthur.

There is some reason, however, to suppose that a terminus in any case may be arranged at Vladivostok, for, to begin with, that is Russia's own port, the southern most in Siberia, and it is a question whether Russia will reject the absolute control of the eastern terminus, and of a long stretch in the interior, which she now possesses, for a mere right of way and of occupation granted by China, which for one reason or another might at some time be revoked. If within a few years Russia should be able to annex Manchuria, the case would be different, but she cannot fail to see the advantages of having her great railroad withdrawn from the dangers of destruction by an enemy.

Of course, a great object in changing the terminus from Vladivostok to some part of the Gulf of Pechili would be that of avoiding the former's ice-bound harbor. But it is said to have been found recently quite practicable to break channels through the ice, and the winter embargo seems less formidable than of old. Again, the original plan for following the valley of the Amoor has caused the construction already of a part of the road in the Ussuri district for the purpose of connecting with the trunk road as it moves eastward. Perhaps it may turn out, however, that Russia will pursue a double plan, first in giving to the Vladivostok region the enormous benefits that would result from becoming the eastern terminus of the great railroad, including the development of her empire there, and then in securing also a Korean or Chinese outlet, so as to procure the additional and vast commercial advantages of drawing to her line Chinese and Japanese trade.

The whole length of the Siberian Railroad is estimated at 4,700 miles, assuming the terminus to be Vladivostok, and it is said that the through travel by rail and river will be established four years hence. At a recent date, however, the road was open to the Osi River, nearly 900 miles east of the Ural Mountains, and it has been said that during the present winter it will be open as far, even, as the Yenisei, the great river which, rising among the Altai Mountains in the Chinese empire, flows clear across Siberia to the Arctic Ocean. The chief city on the Yenisei is Krasnoyarsk, which is on the line of the railroad, and the present intermediate object of ambition.

Beyond Krasnoyarsk are several widely diverging upper branches of the Yenisei, which will mark successive stages of progress; while Lake Baikal, a very large sheet of water, is a point of great prominence. All the region east of the Yenisei is mountainous, and construction there correspondingly slow and expensive. The carrying of the road through Manchuria to Vladivostok, apart from any question of a terminus at some other and more southerly port, would itself be a great shortening of distance, and would justify the alleged agreement with China. The road will run around the southern extremity of Lake Baikal, which is very deep and it will be seen that the route thence through Manchuria would be much shorter. But, on the other hand, there is the value of the road in building up all the region which it traverses. Great stories are told of the gathering of population and the founding of towns along the line, recalling some of our Western experiences. Russia will naturally want as many of these advantages as possible for herself.

Indeed, the changes to be wrought by this railroad, with the opening of the agricultural, timber, and mineral regions, cannot yet be fully computed. The road at first will have but a single track, but the arrangements are such that a second can be laid.

THE BIRLETTAN RAILROAD.

Its Progress and Prospects—The Question of the Asiatic Terminus.

Every gang ever arrested had at Least One Female Member.
Women have a weakness for counterfeiting. The first person ever executed for that crime was a woman. She was an English woman, named Barbara Spencer, and was put to death in 1721 for making false shillings. She was strangled and burned at the stake. Curiously enough, her accomplices were acquitted. Nancy Kidd was one of the most remarkable female counterfeiters ever known in this country. She belonged to a family of noted forgers. She carried on her nefarious trade for more than thirty years in Chicago, and was arrested there many times. On one of these occasions a lot of fibre paper was discovered on her person. The Government officials were completely at a loss to know how she had obtained this. Finally she confessed that a chemical solution had been used to wash the faces of the notes and make them perfectly clean. Thus she was in the habit of taking bills and changing them into large denominations. The Government authorities released her in return for this valuable information and for telling them what the solution was. However they had her shadowed by detectives, and finally caught her with \$17,000 worth of counterfeit money in a box. She was found guilty upon seven different indictments for counterfeiting, and was sentenced to eight years in State prison, where she finally died. One of the cleverest tricks ever played on Uncle Sam was invented by a woman who lived in Philadelphia. Her plan was to take \$10 and \$20 gold pieces, and with a small drill worked by steam power, to bore out the insides and then refill them with some base metal, being very careful that they should weigh exactly the right amount when she had finished. This she accomplished by drilling through the milled edge of the coin, and then, after filling the hole, covered it with a little of the extracted gold. In this way she made \$7.50 on every eagle and about \$16. on every double eagle. The officials of the secret service say that this is the safest device ever invented for cheating the Treasury. Counterfeiting is very apt to run in families. This, of course, is natural, as a father brings up his son or daughter to follow his profession. Women who would otherwise be good are often led into this sort of crime by marrying men who carry it on as a business. But sometimes it works the other way. Women teach their husbands how to make false money. This is what happened when Ben Boyd married Mary Ackerman of Indiana. Her father was one of the most successful counterfeiters of his day, and his daughter had a thorough acquaintance with the art. Mrs. Boyd carefully taught her husband all the secrets of the trade, and he became one of the most famous forgers of the age. They carried on the business with such a high degree of skill that they were not captured for years, and when at last the secret service Hawks had run them down, not a single counterfeit plate, note, or coin was found in their possession. When their house was searched \$8,000 in good money was found. This small amount was all the money they had accumulated during all their years of crime. Of course the officers could not touch it. Afterward sufficient evidence was secured to convict them and they were sent to prison. They both claimed to be converted while in State prison, and after their release settled in Chicago, where they apparently lived an honest life. A case that annoyed the secret service very much was that of a woman who employed a clever doctress. She went to a large shop and selected a valuable shawl. To pay for this she handed the clerk a United States Treasury note for \$1000. He took the money and disappeared, not returning for several minutes. When he came back she asked him why he had kept her waiting, and he confessed that he had taken the bill to a bank near by to be sure that it was good. She pretended to be angry and said that she would not buy the shawl on any account, and walked out of the shop. A little later in the day she returned and said that as she could not find any other shawl that suited her as well in the other shops, she had decided to take it in spite of the insult offered her. She gave him the \$1,000 bill, and getting the shawl and the change, left the shop. The owner in the shawl afterward discovered that the note he finally accepted was a counterfeit. The first bill had been good, but on her return she gave him the false one, which was a wonderfully clever imitation. The secret service was much agitated about this and several others of the thousand-dollar bills which turned up, but they have since captured the plates. Practically every gang of counterfeiters ever arrested has had woman associates. In office of the secret service in Washington there is a large frame, four feet square, filled with the photographs of women who

ception of a few blue spots, all made of marble. The number of shades is limited, but the artist has managed to bestow upon his subject a great broadness of expanse and a charming brilliancy, by a skillful combination of colors. This ancient work of art seems to corroborate the opinion expressed by a critic that the verse above quoted was the first of the Eclogues, that the preceding ones being of more modern interpolation.—N. Y. Sun.

THE GOLDEN THROAT.

Bell-like Tones Not Always a Gift of Nature, But May be Acquired.
The power of the highest interpretation of music in song is vouchsafed to but few favored mortals, and is not to be acquired by any amount of endeavor, if the true 'golden throat' with finely adjusted choroidal vocal cords is lacking. A voice of sweet and mellow quality in speaking, however, is not always a gracious gift of nature, but is a possible attainment to persons of the most ordinary musical capacity. A prima donna spends scarcely more time practicing her scales than an ambitious actress devotes to the cultivation of a ringing, bell-like intonation to her sentences; for public speakers and people of the theatrical profession understand the value of the vibrant tones—the 'thrilling, solemn, proud, pathetic voice,' whose echoes linger long in the memory of the enthralled listener. Among well-bred people's low voices are the rule—low, but not always musical; a tendency to falsetto marking any effort beyond ordinary conversation, which is simply an evidence of the lack of proper training, or of a failure to practice those primary principles of elocution that are a part of the briefest common school education.

WOMEN COUNTERFEITERS.

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PILL-ANTHROPY

Or philtrophy to give you good health for 10 cents—the cost of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills.

Sure, safe, quick and pleasant to act. No pain, no griping. 10c. a vial. For Sick Headache, for distress after eating, for Biliousness, for coated Tongue, for Constipation. They work wonderful cures. All druggists have them. 40 in a vial, 10c.

T. O'LEARY,

Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars. 16 DUKE STREET.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

will be found to be of great benefit to delicate females who are suffering from General Debility, Anaemia, and all diseases of their sex. It improves the digestion, purifies the blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that waxy, languid and worn out feeling.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FOR Christmas Presents

Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Collar and Handkerchief Boxes, Glove and Cuff Boxes. Also a fine assortment of Xmas Perfumes, at CROCKETTS DRUG STORE, 162 Princess Street.

QUAKER FOLDING HOT AIR and VAPOR BATH CABINET

business luxury, efficaciousness, sanitary and remedial effect equal in degree to the famous Turkish Baths, in the privacy of your own bedroom, without water supply or bath fixtures, at small cost. Restores perfect cleanliness. Cures colds, rheumatism, etc., and obesity. A delightful substitute for muscular exertion. Healthy skin and beautiful complexion assured. Needed by all laborers. Send stamp for descriptive circular and testimonials to E. M. TERRY, General Agent, 15 Wellington Row, St. John, N. B. Local Agents Wanted.

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Scrofula

Makes life misery to thousands of people. It manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scrofula is a man is wholly free from it, in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier. Thousands of voluntary testimonials tell of suffering from scrofula, often inherited and most tenacious, in every possible form, positively, perfectly and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 25 cts. Large size, 50 cts. Sold by all druggists, or by post to E. C. Hood & Co., 21, New York Hill, London, E. C.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1896.

REMOVE TEMPTATION.

EXPERT ADVICE TO DECREASE THE CRIME OF KLEPTOMANIA.

Criminologist Joins in a Request to Merchants—Strange Fantasies of Persons Addicted to the Habit—Valuable Articles Ignored and More Trifles Purloined.

The leading criminologist of the world, the members of the congress of criminal anthropology, have just united in a request or resolution to the great department stores of Europe and the United States to cease tempting the kleptomaniac.

These gentlemen hold that the marts of fashion and necessity offer opportunity for the cultivation of an affliction that impels to crime and leads to prison.

Thefts in the large stores both here and abroad have become a matter of real concern, owing to the tremendous increase in their number, the variety of objects stolen, and the quality, or rather position, of the victims of criminal disease.

It is these facts that have led to the concerted movement that is about to be inaugurated to attempt to decrease the prevalence of this crime that is considered a disease.

It is held by these men that the modern store with its tempting display, embracing in many instances a vast variety of articles, is a constant obstacle to the cure of the kleptomaniac.

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In discussing kleptomania, Dr. Lacassagne says that "without doubt the conditions of our epoch permit us to observe in many cases this sort of theft."

Dr. Lacassagne, in making this statement, agrees with the most noted man of the United States who have discussed the subject. Experts on insanity when questioned say that there is no doubt that many persons who steal and are termed kleptomaniacs are in reality on the verge of a plunge into lunacy.

There are, it is declared, a large class of women thieves whose mental condition is such that they have not the slightest idea what they are doing when they steal.

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bric-a-brac upon the floor and wonders why in the world it is punished.

It is for exactly this class of women that the criminologists have decided to petition the stores not to tempt. And this is what they say to justify their request:

The great stores are veritable provocateurs of special theft. They constitute a real danger for feeble sickly persons. A great many women who would not steal elsewhere here find themselves fascinated and overwhelmed with the desire to appropriate small articles within their reach.

It is a temptation that is truly diabolic, for the chances of detection are minimized at certain hours during the day when the stores are crowded, and each clerk has many customers, waiting to be served, these meanwhile handling the goods that lie upon the counters.

The best method of preventing these women from becoming thieves would be, it seems, to station at each counter an officer of the law, not in ordinary dress like the rest of the customers, but in a uniform as conspicuous and noticeable as possible.

The kleptomaniac steal only in the great stores, in which places the surroundings are all of provocative theft. The articles of merchandise are so arranged as to excite the covetousness of the visitor; for the customer, merchants know well, must be fascinated and her desire is excited by the lavish display of rich goods.

No one realizes the truth of these statements more than the men whose duty it is to apprehend the persons who are guilty of just the sort of theft to which the French savant refers.

So this prison room was accidentally made into a grand concert hall—grand from the point of view of musical effectiveness, though diminutive in the matter of seating capacity, for it will hold not more than 100 people.

Excepting the organist, when they entered that prison their knowledge of music was of the vaguest sort. They may have known in a general way that they possessed good voices, and undoubtedly they enjoyed the rendition of popular songs at the cheap variety theaters.

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knowledge that they are committing wrong."

Proprietors of large stores, questioned regarding the matter, admit that the allegations made by the criminologist are to a large extent true. They say in defense, however, that as they display their goods so do they sell them. The question then is, is the fact that there are hundreds of people who steal, though morally irresponsible, of sufficient force to induce the business men to change their methods?

CONVICT SINGING CLUB.

Sweet Strains Rise Within a State Prison Walls.

Among the convicts in a certain well-known prison in the United States are two young white men and six young negroes. They are up for offenses ranging from murder to the stealing of \$100.

The little musical communions are held in an assembly hall perhaps 50 feet long by 25 feet wide, with a great high ceiling and walls of solid concrete, broken by but the single means of egress.

The moral of all the foregoing is the value of concentration of mind. As the singers stood up it could be readily seen that not a good heart was among them.

Excepting the organist, when they entered that prison their knowledge of music was of the vaguest sort. They may have known in a general way that they possessed good voices, and undoubtedly they enjoyed the rendition of popular songs at the cheap variety theaters.

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MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. TAKE this medium of presenting the Compliments of the Season to their numerous customers throughout Canada, and desire to gratefully acknowledge the liberal support and patronage extended to them during the year 1896, now drawing to a close, wishing all A Merry Christmas and Happy and Prosperous New Year.

miss with musical tendencies could never dream of doing, because her thoughts radiate away from her lessons in as many different directions as do the beams from the sun.—R. D. Wagstaff.

What poker is to the American card player, pinocle is to the German, although, perhaps, the game could be better compared to whist, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

There are pinocle players in Chicago for whom the game has so deep a fascination that they spend all their time playing it. Usually a party of two or four will play together with regularity for long periods.

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He was quickly informed of the cause. He glanced at the hands, and, knowing a little about poker himself, appreciated the cause of the trouble. He smiled broadly: "I kinks mine!" he said, "dot you hold of the pinocle pack already yet?"

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have either made or passed false money. Mer. almost always employ their wives or daughters for the purpose of 'showing' their counterfeits.—Washington Post.

THE GOLDEN THROAT. Bell-like Voice Not Always a Gift of Nature, But May be Acquired.

The power of the highest interpretation of music in song is vouchsafed to but few favored mortals, and is not to be acquired by any amount of endeavor, if the true 'golden throat' with finely adjusted choroid vocalles be lacking.

Lessons under a teacher are not an absolute necessity to the woman who would secure the grace of clear, sweet accents. Deep breathing and chest expansion are the first steps toward the desired end, and a systematic course of throat strengthening combined with enough discernment to decide between a nasal twang and pure tone, is about all that is needed to achieve a fair degree of success.

An excellent method of strengthening the throat is gargling with cold salt water in the morning, bathing it at the same time, first with very hot and then with very cold water. It thus gets a slight shock, and is braced up and permanently benefited.

PILL-ANTHROPY. Or philanthropy to give you good health for 10 cents—the cost of Dr. Agaw's Liver Pills.

Sure, safe, quick and pleasant to act. No pain, no griping. 10c. a vial.

For Sick Headache, for distress after eating, for Biliousness, for coated Tongue, for Constipation. They work wonderful cures. A druggist has them. 40 in a vial, 10c.

T. O'LEARY, Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars, 10 DUKE STREET.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION will be found to be of great benefit to delicate females who are suffering from General Debility, Anæmia, and all diseases of their sex.

will be found to be of great benefit to delicate females who are suffering from General Debility, Anæmia, and all diseases of their sex. It improves the digestion, purifies the blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that weary, languid and worn out feeling.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. FOR Christmas Presents Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Collar and Cuff Boxes.

Also a fine assortment of Xmas Perfumes, at CROCKETTS DRUG STORE, 162 Princess Street.

MAKER FOLDING HOT AIR and VAPOR BATH CABINET—Combines luxury, efficiency, economy, sanitary and remedial effect equal in degree to the famous Turkish Baths, in the privacy of your own bedroom, without water supply or bath fixture, at small cost. Ensures perfect cleanliness. Cures colds, rheumatism, etc., and obesity. A delightful substitute for mineral exhalations. Healthy skin and beautiful complexion assured. Needed by all. Ask for it to E. M. TREE, General Agent, 15 Wellington Row, St. John, N. B.

Rich women with criminal tendencies, Dr. Lacassagne says, after yielding to the first few impulses to steal, become decided thieves and utterly incapable of resisting temptation. He mentions one such woman who purchased goods to the amount of \$25 in a Paris store. Passing out of the establishment she stole a sponge valued at four cents. On another occasion the same woman bought and paid for more than \$100 worth of goods, and then stole a 15-cent pocketbook, which she afterwards said she wished to present to her mother.

There are, it is declared, a large class of women thieves whose mental condition is such that they have not the slightest idea what they are doing when they steal. Such is the condition of their brains that the moral sense, so far as property is concerned, seems to have entirely disappeared, and in its place is such turpitude that it makes one almost shudder to think of it. Totally irresponsible and ignorant, from a moral standpoint, although of bright mind and fine personal presence, they are, the criminologists hold, as innocent as a baby who snatches at the tablecloth, being down the

FREE SAMPLE COPY OF HOME STUDY. An Elementary Journal for Students of Geography, History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, and other branches of Science and Literature. Send stamp for descriptive circular and testimonials to E. M. TREE, General Agent, 15 Wellington Row, St. John, N. B. Local Agents Wanted.

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Ticklish Things. Coughs are ticklish things. Nowhere does the extravagant saying: "I was tickled to death," come nearer being true, than in the case of a severe cough. Do you know the feeling? The tickling in the throat, that you writhe under and fight against, until at last you break out in a paroxysm of coughing? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rest? You can do so by using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sunday Reading.

Our Lost. They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed through the shadows of death to the sunshine above.

What is a nicer relish than these same little white onions pickled? Peel the onions and put them in a strong brine for thirty-six hours; then drain them and let them lie in cold water over night.

TONY'S TEMPTATION.

A whole dollar of his very own! This was something new for Tony Rockwell. It had come to him on his birthday, and still burned in his pocket, six weeks afterward, waiting for Christmas.

It wanted but two days to Christmas. It was four o'clock of the afternoon, with snowflakes in the air, and slippery steps and crossings. Tony Rockwell, brimful of prospective Christmas joy, stood on the front steps of the bakery, waiting for Ben Holcomb, who was buying buns for supper.

By four o'clock Tony was looking out of the side window, wishing it was night, and he could go to bed and cry. In the morning it would be Christmas; and he had not told his mother; he couldn't.

What a time he had untying those strings! But at last the paper was off and the box opened. Behold! here were the very Christmas gifts he had planned—fine handkerchiefs, booklet, paper-cutter and all.

But his Christmas dollar! How could he give it up? The day after to-morrow would be Christmas, and to-morrow morning Mason Earle was to go with him to buy the Christmas gifts.

Life's Little Days. One secret of sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for us.

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Railroad Lanterns. All About an Important Adjunct of Transportation Business. Few people who see a railroad trainman passing through a coach with a lantern on his arm give any thought to the large number of these lanterns that are used in a year or the amount of money that it costs a big railroad to supply the train hands with lanterns.

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TRY SATINS.

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

have been run through these holes. It is also firmly soldered together the ends of the circular wire guards, which before were only fastened together with a tin clasp. While the frames are being put together in another department the oil cups for holding the oil are being made. These cups fit up into the tin ring, to which the upright guards were soldered, and are made from a single piece or circular disk of tin by the drawing process, two operations being required to draw the cup to the proper size.

Nothing 'merely happens so.' Always keep that fact before you can see it. Whatsoever comes to pass has an adequate cause right behind it. I don't say this as though it were a new discovery. Not a bit. It is the bottom principal of all knowledge. But we are apt to forget it—that's the point; we forget it, and so have a lot of trouble there's no need to have.

Other roads charge their men for the first lantern issued to them, and when such lantern becomes unfit for further use it can be exchanged for a new one; but if the lantern is lost, the brakeman is obliged to pay for another one, as it is assumed that the loss was due to carelessness on his part.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

What is Said by Old Residents About the Current Story. The talk about the successful transmission of Niagara power to Buffalo, twenty-two miles from the great cataract, has resurrected the story of the 'time Niagara Falls ran dry.' It is now going the rounds of the press, and the winter depicts with remarkable detail the appearance of the falls and bed of the river above and below the falls, and relates many wonderful incidents in connection. He says: 'Where from the remotest ages and until a few hours before my visit had rolled and tumbled those awful rapids, there were now to be seen only great masses of rock and boulders, between which trickled little threads of water, none of them larger than a tiny woodland trout stream.'

The Power of Electricity. By this agency Nervine is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nervine is a wonderful remedy pleasant to even the youngest child, yet so powerfully far-reaching in its work, that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic.

Young Again.

Do You Wish to Avoid the Infirmities of Old Age?

Paine's Celery Compound An Invigorator and Life-Giver for the Old.

Old people seem to grow weaker as the months go by. They are troubled with constipation, flatulence, drowsiness, rheumatism, indigestion and neuralgia. They have had one or more of these troubles for years. Their diseases are truly all of nervous origin.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1760. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

SE PRIZE AP. BEST FOREVER DAY SAVES MONEY

of sugar. Place the pan over the fire and let the onions cook a few moments, turning the onions over in the liquid stock so each part will be coated with a rich, glossy covering. Place them around on the meat dish.

An Experienced Man. A foreigner of German extraction who had been in this country only a few months and could speak but little English, entered one of the big State street stores the other day, inquired for the manager, said that he was dead broke and wanted a chance to go on the road as a salesman for the firm.

an Do. Printing \$1.10 per M up 1.25 1.35 1.10 1.50

John, N. B. Printing!

WOMAN and HER WORK.

The opal, that long despised stone, which nearly everyone admired, even while they looked askance at it on account of the evil properties it was supposed to possess, has been making pitiful efforts to win its way into public favor for the past ten years. But except in the case of a few strong minded people who loved to show that they despised such silly superstitions, it has not made much headway; and just as its admirers were thinking of giving up the struggle and leaving it to its fate some unexplained freak of fashion has launched it upon the full tide of popularity almost in a moment.

I don't imagine the opal has undergone any change of nature during the past year; it is probably just as unlucky as it ever was; emblem of hope and misfortune it was, and will continue to be, but those who are versed in such matters say that the last characteristic is subservient to the first, and while the exquisite stone burrs with the clear ray flame which is its greatest beauty, it can bring nothing but good luck to its owner. It is only on the approach of sickness or misfortune that the ruby light pales, and a livid green tint washes the opal of some coming sorrow. It is this curious property which is said to have given the opal its sad character, and now that the little misunderstanding has been explained the opal will doubtless enjoy a double share of favor.

Strange to say it has been almost invaluable for the past twenty years, and during that time anyone who was brave enough, or eccentric enough to buy an opal, could get one at a great bargain, almost a third of its original value.

I read a curious story the other day, about this depreciation in the value of one of the most beautiful of precious stones and it is said to be the true explanation of the fall of the opal.

Nearly twenty five years ago, a Belgian jeweler finding that the demand for opals in Brussels far exceeded the supply, and scenting a large profit in securing a monopoly of the trade, sent one of his clerks to London, where the gems were known to be very plentiful and presumably cheap, to lay in a stock. On arriving, the agent was surprised to find that though opals were to be found there in great quantities, they were by no means cheap, being by far the most popular jewel in the English bazaar. He must have been a clever fellow and a man of resource, for instead of returning to his employer and reporting the price too high, he bethought him of a much better plan, which was to spread a story that opals brought bad luck to anyone who purchased, or wore them, and that in Germany and Belgium they were regarded with great disfavor, being looked upon as a talisman of evil.

The wily young man succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, and in the course of two months the highly valued gems were as carefully avoided as they had been eagerly sought and the price declined so rapidly that they were soon selling in London for less than half their previous value.

Needless to say the innocent young Belgian had remained in town waiting for this result of his little scheme, and he hastened to buy up all that were to be obtained, rush back to Brussels, and give his firm an opportunity of placing them on the market before the evil name he had given the gems had time to cross the English Channel and reach the continent.

Of course the firm reaped an enormous profit, and I hope they gave their shrewd clerk a decent percentage, but whether they did or not, the mischief he had started was not easily rectified. The story of the ill fortune which pursued the wearer of an opal, spread far and wide, and the popularity of the opal was doomed.

The story sounds plausible enough, and would account for the jeweler's restoration to favor, provided it has only recently been unearthed, only unfortunately for its authenticity I am afraid the belief in the opal's evil influence existed for centuries before that Belgian jeweler, or his wide awake clerk ever saw the light, and like the supposition concerning peacock's feathers, it had its origin in historical fact.

Whatever the cause, I am heartily glad that the fickle goddess of fashion once more smiles on the lovely gem. I love an opal, and never grow weary of watching its changing tints, and the curious flames that seem to glow and leap in its heart. But for all that I would not either wear, or possess one for anything, tradition may be vague in its way, but it usually has a pretty good authority for what it says, could we only trace it sufficiently far back, and this much I know of my own experience—that I never knew anyone who wore an opal to be very fortunate and I have known one or two people who got through the world as well and as pleasantly as the common race of humanity up the time that they came into possession of an opal, after which misfortune of every kind from the death of friends, to the loss of their own health, wealth and happiness seemed to dog their footsteps. It may have been a mere coincidence of course, but somehow I have not the least desire to attract coincidences of that kind in my direction—hence, no opals shall shine in my dress, if I can help it.

I have had a communication from a lady friend on the subject of the bodice which hook under the left arm as near the back shoulder! It will be remembered by the careful student of these pages, that I touched lightly on that same theme last week, and made a brief reference to my own sufferings in that direction? But my friend has had the hardihood to inform me that I don't know anything about it. I thought I did, though I had not told the half of my sufferings before! When a woman has spent half an hour clatching wildly at her shoulder and the left side of her spinal column, in a vain effort to undress herself and go to bed, and then has to desist, with flushed face, and perspiring brow, settling down with what patience she can summon to wait till someone—anyone, comes in, to release her from the tyranny of her clothes, and has to sit up until twelve o'clock before help arrives—she is apt to think she does know a little about that particular kind of dress. But my friend maintains that I should have consulted her before venturing to touch upon such a topic since no one, who has not gone to Boston by herself arrayed in such a gown, knows the first thing about it.

I am not going to drag that girl's sufferings before the eyes of an unsympathetic public so I will draw a veil over the greater part of her story, but her description of her coy efforts to ingratiate herself with the colored porter of the pullman car in which she made her journey, and the modest and decorous advances she made to him before she felt sufficiently well acquainted to ask his assistance into and out of her gown, would draw tears from a heart of stone.

"What in the world did you wear such a dress for?" I said.

"What did you say about yours last week?" she asked with spirit. "You said it was the best fitting dress you had. Well that was just the reason I wore mine!"

Oh Woman in your hours of ease, The latest fashion's sure to please—

No matter how uncomfortable it may be. "Let us all, O my friends," as Mr. Chadband would say, take warning by these experiences, and if we must have our dresses made to fashion in such an outlandish manner see to it that the dressmaker uses buttons instead of hooks, then procure a long handled button hook, and you will find that you can fasten your gown with comparative ease.

The very latest fad in card cases is to have them made to contain the visiting cards. This would certainly give the woman of fashion great scope in the matter of variety, as far as her card cases are concerned, and at first sight the new fashion would seem too expensive ever to become very general. In reality, however, though there is some little trouble there, it really economy in the new fancy, since the card cases can be easily made at home.

A pretty example seen recently was of black and white satin to match the dress of the same. To make it a strip of black satin seven inches long and five wide was used. To each of the four corners a triangular bit of white satin was stitched, just as one sees corners of filigree silver on a black leather card case. The case was not stiffened with cardboard, but felt soft like a photograph case. A layer of cotton batting sprinkled with powderedorris root being tacked to the reverse side, and a lining of white satin silk added. Two other strips of black satin five, by three inches wide, were then taken, two corners of each decorated with white satin tips, and similarly lined; there were laid lining side in, upon each end of the long piece, making the inside pockets for holding the cards. They were firmly oversewed all around, and a black and white silk cord was neatly sewed round all the edges, inside and out.

Of course such a piece of work would require extreme neatness, but when finished it well repaid the care lavished upon it, and was a very charming card case, dainty, unique and serviceable, if the satin used was of a good quality.

Any material could be utilized for a card case and if something more substantial was desired it might be lined either with stiff canvas, or cardboard.

This is the Christmas season and, of course, with Christmas comes candy. And with the wish for candy comes the desire to make it for oneself. For who is there who does not prefer home-made candy to any other, no matter how expensive. And candy making is such easy work, too—when you know how. There are two ways of making cream candy. One is to mix pulverized sugar with white of egg, and water; and the other is to boil the granulated sugar. The first is a little easier and it has this advantage that you can make a great variety of candy without any fire. But once they're boiled 'fondant' and you will not go back to the other.

Here is the way to make 'genuine French cream.' Put on your sugar in a granite or bright tin pan in the proportion of 2 lbs sugar, 2 cups of hot water, and 1 dessert

spoonful vinegar. Stir until the sugar is well melted then put over the fire where it will not boil quickly. Do not stir it after it is on the fire. Stirring or jarring the pan while it is boiling is apt to make it turn sugary. Let it boil until a little dropped in cold water will form a very soft ball, then turn out on a slightly buttered platter to cool. When cold beat up with a wooden spoon or mix with your hands. First it will be stiff and sticky, and you think with horror that you will never get your hands free from it again. Then it will get very white and so soft that it will drop heavily through your fingers, then before you know it it will change again and you will have a lump of dough, about the consistency of soft putty. In this you have the 'fondant' or foundation of the most expensive French candies. If you are not ready to work it up now pack it in a bowl, cover it closely with buttered or waxed paper and set it aside. It will keep creamy for weeks. If you should get it a little too hard don't think it is ruined. Break it down with a rolling pin or potato pounder and work it up with a little water to the right consistency.

Now, for making your creams. First butter some large sheets of brown paper to lay the candies on as they are made; next gather on your table bottles of your favorite flavors, one of cochineal, a half-pound package of Baker's chocolate, an assortment of shelled nuts, some figs cut in strips and some dates with the stones neatly removed through a lengthwise cut.

Now, your best artistic taste will come into play. Divide your 'fondant' into as many parts as you wish to use flavors. On each piece drop a few drops of one flavor and work it thoroughly. Be very careful not to have your candies flavored too strongly. A few cents worth of oil of wintergreen and oil of peppermint will last you a year. Five cents worth of cochineal will last you longer still. A drop or two will make your 'fondant' a delicate pink, or a little burnt sugar will make it a pale yellow.

Into another portion of the 'fondant' work some desiccated cocoanut. Then either roll it into balls or press it out into a flat sheet and cut it into diamonds or squares. Or on this layer of cocoanut cream spread another of vanilla cream colored a faint pink, and on this another layer of cream and chocolate mixed. Let this set for a few hours and then cut up in small diamonds or squares.

When you are almost done you will have a number of scraps left; ragged edges of cream and broken bits of nuts. Throw your nuts together, chop them coarsely, mix them with your cream, and what chocolate is left, and roll into balls, or cut into pieces as you wish. Every one who tastes these will be sure to ask you for the recipe.

So much for the elaborate kinds. Here a something very easy. Put on some more sugar and water and vinegar just as if you were going to make French cream; boil till it forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water, boil it just the least bit harder than for 'fondant', pull it till it reaches the second stage described in making the 'fondant', that is, till it is white and much softer than when you started; then pull it out long and about the width of three fingers and lay it on buttered paper. If you make this at night it will be quite crisp by morning and may be broken up as you choose.

A candy that many prefer to almost any other is made in just the same way as the above cream bar, except that brown sugar is used instead of white and a piece of butter added. It is just butter scotch pulled before it gets cold. If you want different flavors pour your candy out to cool on as many different plates and put one flavor on each.

Now, a capacity for dainty handling will stand you in good stead. With light fingers roll your 'fondant' into little balls and cakes and cones. On some press a half walnut, on others an almond, on others a strip of fig or raisin. Make little rolls and with them fill your dates letting the cream peep out at the side and ends. There is almost no end to the varieties that can be made. For chocolate creams roll up some little balls and set them away to harden a little on the outside. Then dip them in chocolate melted in a bowl over the tea kettle. Some like the pure unsweetened chocolate (the writer has never found any to work well but Baker's) but some prefer to melt over the tea kettle some of the 'fondant' and some of the chocolate together. Whichever way you do, dip the cream balls into the mixture, and drop them on buttered paper to harden.

And now one word about pulling. Almost every one will tell you to put butter on your fingers. Do nothing of the sort. There is not the slightest need of it; in fact, it will spoil your candy. But one thing above all others bear in mind. Handle it only with the tips of your fingers. The object of the pulling is to make the candy porous by filling it with air. Squeezing it up in the hot hand as so many do gives you only a solid, disagreeable sticky mass as different from the porous, light, crisp candy you should have as night is from day. And by all means have a 'can'ty hook.' Some use a big meat hook, such as you see in butchers' stalls; others merely drive in some convenient door frame a six or eight inch spike. This lessens the labor of pulling quite one-half. Candy pulled over this, too, will be much better as it comes less in contact with the hand.

Take this List with You
When Looking for Christmas Presents



Ladies Fine Slippers,
Fine Waterproof Overshoes,
Mens Patent Shoes,
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Warm Skating Boots,
Mens Fancy Slippers,
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most every one will tell you to put butter on your fingers. Do nothing of the sort. There is not the slightest need of it; in fact, it will spoil your candy. But one thing above all others bear in mind. Handle it only with the tips of your fingers. The object of the pulling is to make the candy porous by filling it with air. Squeezing it up in the hot hand as so many do gives you only a solid, disagreeable sticky mass as different from the porous, light, crisp candy you should have as night is from day. And by all means have a 'can'ty hook.' Some use a big meat hook, such as you see in butchers' stalls; others merely drive in some convenient door frame a six or eight inch spike. This lessens the labor of pulling quite one-half. Candy pulled over this, too, will be much better as it comes less in contact with the hand.

A PAIR OF DREAMS.
In Both Instances the Opposite Interpretation was Accepted.

It is a strange story; but perhaps the less strange because there is not a thread of fiction in the entire fabric, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. I am thus positive, because I am Marcia Clomas and telling only what happened to myself.

I did not need the evidence of a mirror to convince me that I was handsome. Friends and strangers told me so till I was weary of it, even as the mono-ony of a song bird may make one weary. That I was young had affirmation in the thick family Bible with its brass clasps and well-thumbed leaves. That I was not dull was attested in a diploma from Vassar, a knowledge of French that did not puzzle Frenchmen, music that musicians liked to hear and a literary ability that never brought back more than one out of four of my contributions. In social life I had the rare luck of success without envy, save as those who are less fortunate long to join those who are more so.

But one quick word of fate changed this life of sunshine and brightness. Father failed, and when millionaires fail it seems as though one never could fathom the depths of disaster. To me the one great tragedy of the wreck was the impoverishment of Charley. Of course it is necessary to explain that I mean Charley Truman, for the familiarity of our set does not extend to the reading public. Charley was ruined with his eyes open, but to me that only meant that there was suspense as well as actual suffering without the buoyant influence of hope. He had insisted upon coming to the help of my father though the great risk incurred was made plain as day.

How like physical torture this was to me can be inferred when it is known that Charley and I were engaged. It was not a matter of expediency, but an old-fashioned love match. He made light of the calamity in which we were all involved. But to me it was the saddest reality that could have come into my life. That may account for all that follows, but I have thought over it

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much more than any one else will do, and am inclined to doubt. My one thought was to restore the fortune that Charley had so generously sacrificed. I invented a score of quixotic schemes, but had good sense to abandon them because they were quixotic. But I can only plead the perversion of human nature in admitting that I adopted what seemed the most quixotic of them all.

I dreamed that I went to Monte Carlo with a mint of money and lost it all. I only read of the place, but it was spread out before me as a vivid picture. I saw the esplanade, the cafes, the clean asphalt pavements, the palm trees, the grass plots, the arcade, the Hotel Metropole, the haggard faces of those who wander up the hillside to disappear forever among the foliage, the false cheerfulness of the electric lights, the bright red and black of the tables, even the many colored metal disc over which the ball of fate danced and skipped as though it brought nothing but happiness into the world. No less graphic were the details of my losing. But later bet was swept into the omnivorous maw of the great gambling Mecca, and the mechanical movement of the insatiable rake seemed to harrow my vitals.

If I had any superstition it was the result of heredity. No old nurse or foolish companion ever sought to impress me with the mysteries that cloud reason until it seeks explanation in the supernatural. I do not even recall ever hearing that dreams go by contraries. Yet I had not thought over that dream for a day before I had an unalterable desire to visit Monte Carlo for the purpose of restoring what my fiancé had lost. I would not apply to him or to my father. This was not because of their impaired fortune, but because I could not defend the resolve I had. It was the family physician to whom I went for funds and who was willing to respond without asking any questions that would have embarrassed me. He went farther and assumed the professional responsibility of sending me abroad, though he could never explain why he thus compromised his conscience.

When I reached what seems to me one of hell's principalities, I felt as one going into battle. All my surroundings were familiar. I passed through the glittering attractions as though they had been a part of my whole life. I could not have delayed to scan the daily papers or avail myself of the fine stationary that suggested a duty to those left behind. The lever of the gambler was upon me, and yet I knew nothing of gambling. Entering the fatal rooms, I passed the trente-et-quarante table. It might be surer, but it was slower, and I had read as much. My fight was to be a Waterloo, with the role of Napoleon assigned to the bank.

After confidently seating myself I played with an abandon to astonish even the stoical feeders of the tiger. I had no system. No color, no number, no combination was tried as the result of any previous thought or suggestion. I was an intonation with eyes, placing my money as the divinity scatters the scented blossoms. When a goodly heap of gold was in front of me an old Prussian officer made an elaborate apology for addressing the handsome young American, but he had seen so many give back a fortune after winning it. The devilish fascination of the game was the chief dependence of its backers. Aside from chances in their favor, infatuation was their chief reliance. Would

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LUCK IN MINING.

Two Blasts that Showed a Miner Where He Made His Mistake.

"One man cannot see as far into the ground as another," said John Pritchard of Aspen yesterday, "and there isn't a little bit of truth in the saying that he can when applied to mining operations. Thousands of instances might be brought forward to prove my position, and I learned the lesson very early in my mining career. The Tom Boy story is an illustration of this. Everybody thought J. Ernest Waters was wild to spend so much money on it, and yet it is today being negotiated for \$2,500,000, after paying more than \$500,000 in dividends in less than two years.

"I was down in the San Juan country in 1881, and had a claim over on Sultan Mountain, which I called the Jessie. It was a promising crevice, and I worked at it faithfully until I had expended nearly \$500, mainly for grub and powder, living alone in my cabin and frequently working fifteen hours a day. Then I sent home and father sent me \$300 more, which I used up. By that time I had been at work nearly two years, and I had driven my tunnel in about 200 feet, every inch of it with my own hands. Then I became discouraged, as I knew father had a mortgage on the old place and couldn't afford to help me any more. I got credit for \$100 and kept work, driving the tunnel fifty feet further, and then I felt that I was at the end of my rope.

"One day as I was gathering up my tools to quit, a nicely dressed man sauntered up to the tunnel and began to look around. He asked to see the tunnel, which was mostly in solid rock without timbering, and after he had closely examined both walls, asked me if I wanted to sell. I feigned indifference, and after calculating 250 feet of tunneling at \$10 a foot, answered that I might sell it for \$100,000. "Well, what's your price?" he asked. "Twenty-five hundred dollars," I replied, with my heart in my mouth. "Come down to town and get your money," was the answer, and that night I slept with \$2,500 under my pillow, in clean sheets for the first time in two years. Next morning the purchaser asked me to help him put in a couple of shots and the point he examined the wall and selected a tunnel about 100 feet from the mouth. "Let's drill a couple of holes here," he said. The minute he laid hold of the sledge I saw he was a miner, and in a short time we had two beautiful holes in the rock. When the shots went off I could hardly restrain myself from rushing into the tunnel at once, and when the smoke cleared away I was the first on the spot. And there lay a body of ore exposed which was afterwards found to be three feet thick, and ran over \$100 to the ton. I had left the vein, and the superior knowledge of my purchase had enabled him to detect the point of departure.

"I stayed around there a week, by which time he had taken out enough ore to pay for the cost of the mine, and then I went home and paid off the mortgage on the farm, and I've got the farm yet, though I am still mining. More than \$30,000 was taken out of that hole, and then the vein was lost and has never been found since." —Denver Republican.

Some Whims of Fashion.

Mauve and brown are one of the popular contrasts in millinery.

Blouse waists of velvet or velveteen, with a narrow metal belt, are the correct bodice for skating costume.

Watches have gradually diminished in size until now the very latest bit of enamel, set round with diamonds, is no larger than a man's snuff ring.

One secret of success in dress is to find out the colors which are most becoming and never wander away from these, no matter what the fashion is.

Manogony-colored hair is the latest fad, and the transition period between dark brown and this coveted shade of red is very interesting to the keen observer.

Satin ribbon two inches wide, plaited on the inside of the skirt at the bottom, is the balayage which fashion favors just at present; it is more durable than the pinked silk ruffle.

Muff chains of gold with diamonds set at intervals, so that they are open on both sides, are one of the novelties in jewelry. Ray's, saffron, a emerald, and amethyst are also distributed in the same manner.

Fine book muslin in all the pretty little tints is used for evening waists for young girls, and is made over cheap silk or satin, trimmed with lace and ribbons, and worn with light-colored or black silk skirts.

The fashionable silks this season have more effects, and more with silver or gold threads running through them are very effective. Tinselled fabrics of all sorts abound in the shops, but they require very careful blending with other materials to make them becoming.

Sleeves in evening gowns are very short butterfly puffs or draped puff caught with a bow of satin ribbon or a bunch of flowers, and there is no fashionable medium between this and the long sleeve, which means that the elbow sleeve has had its day.

Many of the new toques have a high, small crown, but the real Parisian toque is cut away so much at the middle of the back that there are two sharp points fitting down on the hair at either side, while flowers and white feathers are very conspicuous in the trimming.

A Substitute, Walter—"Sorry, sir, but we have no more quail on toast already."

Customer—"That's to bad. Well, have you anything else that is just as good?"

Walter—"Ach, ja! Besser! Ve hat tripp, vienerwurst, giga' feet, frankfurter and cabbage and sauerkraut." —Chicago Times-Herald.

"Odorama," is used by refined people everywhere, yet its price, 25 cents brings it within the reach of all.

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Causes fully half the sickness in this world. It retards the digestion, too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. See All Druggists. Prepared by G. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sassaaparilla.

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STRENGTH TRYING MACHINES.

The Most Dangerous Tests are Those Made on Blocks of Stone.

One of the most interesting places in the city of Boston is one of a mechanical turn of mind is the engineering building of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and especially that part of it where the tests of the strength of different materials are made. The testing plant is one of the best of its kind in the country, and the test of the strength of about anything, from twice iron columns can be made. It is not generally known, but it is a fact that it was at this plant that the first tests of large beams, columns, etc., for buildings were made, and as a result of the discoveries which were made by these tests, the building laws all over the world were changed.

The most interesting discoveries were made with regard to the strength of wooden beams. Previous to these tests the strength of beams had been figured by testing small pieces of the same kind of wood and then calculating the strength of the beam from the strength shown by these small sections. In making these calculations the small pieces which were tested were taken perfectly clear and free of knots, and allowance was made for the weakening of the beams by the imperfections in them. As a result of the tests made at the institute on entire beams it was shown that this allowance was not nearly large enough, and that for some time beams had been figured on to carry loads which would bring them dangerously near their breaking point.

The most imposing figure in the testing plant at present is the big machine which is used for crushing and tensile tests. The machine is an Emery patent and is on just the same principle as the one at the Watertown arsenal, although it is not so powerful, the latter being the biggest in the world. The institute's machine has a strength of only 300,000 pounds, but this is enough for any tests which are made there, and, in fact, for the large majority of the tests that are made at the arsenal. This machine will crush a great iron column together endwise in its powerful grasp or will pull it apart as a confectioner pulls molasses candy.

More spectacular than such tests as these are those made on wood beams, when the great timbers, after resisting to their utmost, bend upward and then break with a tremendous rending crash. The most dangerous tests are those made on blocks of stone, granite especially. A block of granite will resist almost to its breaking point without giving any sign, and when it goes it goes with a report like a small cannon, and is reduced almost to powder. The small fragments fly with tremendous velocity, and it is necessary in making a test of this kind to cover the object with thick layers of cloth, to prevent the wounding of the students.

Over in the corner of the basement is the torsion machine, one of the most interesting in the whole plant. It is powerful enough to twist a three inch bar of the finest wrought steel an unlimited number of times. It is surprising the extent to which a bar of good material will twist before breaking. There are at the institute some bars of Norway iron which have been twisted round and round twenty times in a length of six feet, and the pitch is as even as though it had been cut with a machine. Domestic iron, on the contrary, will stand hardly any twist without breaking. The means by which the twist is measured is remarkably interesting. Two telescopes are mounted on the bar before the twisting process is begun, and these are sighted on a graduated scale on the wall across on the other side of the shop and by this means the slightest movement of the bar can be read with the greatest distinctness. It seems almost incredible, but it is possible for a man to take hold of the bar when it has been clamped into the machine, and by twisting it with one hand to produce a movement which is discernible on the scale on the wall.—Boston Transcript.

ONE NOT EASILY MOVED.

True Story of What Was Needed to Get a Move on Mr. Blank.

A pretty girl living near New York is affected with a large number of would-be beaux, but has no use for any of them. For one, in particular, she had less than no use.

He showed up one evening in a bicycle suit, and while he sat in the parlor with the pretty girl, the pretty girl's little trother sewed the bicycle cap firmly down to the corner of the hall table and then dumped all the oil from the caller's bicycle lamp. But Mr. Blank never murmured while he picked the stitches from his cap as he said good night, and walked the two miles and a half home without a complaint.

Of course, the pretty girl thought that Mr. Blank would never show up again and gave little brother half a dozen bear hugs as a reward for bounding him. But ten days later Mr. Blank appeared again as if nothing had happened; this time in evening dress, with a silk hat. It was an awful hot night, but little brother was on deck just the same, and a thin slice of limburger cheese went under the lining of that hat before the evening was over.

Mr. Blank did not depart until 11:30 that evening, but nothing was ever heard of the cheese. This time the pretty girl and little brother made bets at odds of 16 to 1 that Mr. Blank would never call again. But Mr. Blank did call again and with a smile on his innocent round face. At about 9:30 little brother strolled into the parlor and walking up to the clock pushed the hands around a couple of hours ahead and strolled out again, silently. Mr. Blank went early that evening and has not been back since.—New York Sun.

OUR ENEMY STOLE IN

What has happened to you? Simply this: the cold has settled on your kidneys. They are overcharged with blood and inflamed. Instead of passing the waste matter out of the body they are damming it up in the blood. Every minute, yes, every heart beat adds to the poison in you. Normal action of the kidneys will purify the blood. Nothing else will.



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Free information how to grow hair upon bald heads. Stop falling hair and restore scalp. Address: Mableton Rd., Bayswater, Dept. C.B. Box 77, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DOES GOLD GROW?

Some Veteran Miners Who Pretend to Believe That It Does.

They were all weather beaten trail blazers who had led the march of civilization into the mountains, and as they toasted their shins by the big stove in Lou Pickett's hotel bar at Malrose their conversation wandered from the recent election and the departed glories of other days to the latest discoveries in science. John Helehan had just finished reading from a mining journal about Prof. Emmons's discovery of the method of transmitting silver into gold. "I think Emmons is a humbug," said old Judge Longly, a California Argonaut. "The old alchemists, you know, tried that, but they might as well of tried to make an apple seed. Nature holds the germ and all the scientists who imitate her can do is to quicken its growth."

"I've heard tall of gold growing," remarked Will Robbins. "So have I, said the Judge 'but you have never seen it grow, have you? I don't believe all the yarns these experts spin, anyhow."

"Boys," spoke up John Treason, "perhaps I have got some queer old notions stowed away under this diggin' hat of mine, but for thirty years, man and boy I've been a prospector, and I've been doin' some thinking. And I tell you now that I believe gold does grow. Twenty years ago I struck the Locust and sank a shaft. It was silver ore, and after diggin' for a while I gave it up in disgust. Then I wandered over to the other side of the range and located the Banner, a copper mine now in the possession of Anaconda Co. I moaned around for a while, and eight years ago I went back to my old love, the Locust. Hang me if I could believe my eyes, boys, when I found the prettiest ledge was as pretty as a picture, and I kept right on diggin' in that hole ever since. It was to me that in the place where the water struck it it grew richer. I run in three tunnels at the bottom, but found the gold was not ripe, so I just closed up the tunnel and let them rest for a few years."

"Blame me if I don't think the Banner Indians with it is a funny formation for that part of the country. It is a formation that borders on the Melrose valley and the stratified gneiss formation that runs from that point to the base of Red Mountain. Thirty years ago Hank discovered that there were globules of silver in the sand and located, but there wasn't enough mineral to pay and he abandoned it. Ten years ago he went back to the old mine and began turning over the sand. He began to find chunks of gold instead of silver. He has a good thing of it now. He mines like the Mexicans used to mine years ago. He cuts stairs in the sand and takes the sand up in a candle box and sorts it over. Now all he has got to do when he wants to make a stake is to go down to the sand pile and wiggle a crow-bar around for a few minutes when up comes a piece of shining gold. Several capitalists have attempted to get hold of the mine, and one of Heinzel's agents made him a good offer for it, but Hank won't sell, for he is sure he has a fortune if the gold keeps on growing."—Butte Inter-Mountain.

INVENTOR OF THE FERRIS WHEEL.

Incidents in the Early Life of the Late George W. G. Ferris. The early life of George W. G. Ferris the famous inventor of the Ferris wheel, who died at Pittsburg, is full of interesting incidents. When a boy his father's family removed to Riverside, Cal., from Galeburg, Ill., where the young genius worked on a farm, went to school, and devoted his spare time to outdoor sports, both field and athletics.

Finishing his academic course, young Ferris was sent to the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., where he graduated in 1873 at the age of twenty. When George Ferris presented himself at Troy for matriculation, he was made the butt of much ridicule on account of his shabby clothes. On his second day there one of the older students began to call him 'ha-seed.' Ferris sought to escape the laughing crowd of students, but they followed him, and the leader of the 'gang' continued his jibes unrelentingly, to the amusement of the other boys. Ferris was worked up to a white heat, and finally attacked the leader, a boy much larger and stronger, and whipped him in less than five minutes. As it happened the vanquished student was the bully of the school, and after this incident young Ferris was a hero among the boys there and became a favorite, not only in the institute, but also in the town of Troy.

While at the institute he became a great athlete. One of his feats was the throwing of a baseball 181 yards and some feet, pushing closely the record of John Hatfield, of the Brooklyn professional team, who threw a ball 155 yards and some feet in 1872, a record which is yet unbroken, while that of Ferris is the amateur record to this day. His reputation as a ball player at school in Troy brought him numerous big offers from the New York and other baseball clubs. But he never played the game after leaving school.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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Never known to fail to give relief.—Mr. H. B. Boucher, Fern G. Stags, Lanarkshire. "I find it invaluable for bad coughs and colds."—Mrs. Eason, London Road, Glasgow. STOPS COLD. CURES COUGH. Sold everywhere. Price 5c. Sole Wholesale Agents for Canada: EVANS & SONS, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto.

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Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe.

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Table with columns for destinations (e.g., Welsford, Hampton, intermediate points) and rates. Includes a list of express rates for various routes.

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Shadow

BY Author of "The Red Land" COPYRIGHT CHAPTER XXIII.

For many weeks much of even the door I felt certain all the sorrow and Lloyd had come knows my hopes to bright as I could be. The excitement new position, while all his reconciliation far as I could see concentered the nervous system, of that tormented cheer. He had only a happy affair to me. "I have forgiven you," I have been lying leniently on the Gordon, think of she had! Think of her in the hands mailing tocs. "I should be content as regards my regards life in Ella."

"I thought different," "Oh Gordon," she said, she told me. Again I thought of that for this earnest. Jack had been loved his still—looked a bold and some, too; just the heart of an impenitent leave the stamp of him in the habit of the eyes, and in the and judging from ing in the draw judgment were not was Jack one of the low men ever whole career. "Ella loves me could not tell a lie. I repeated and over again Raven's Nest, he shadow lanes, in early autumn night. My misgiving and she would not do these very words so." She was a purpose. I could not. But what was willing to take matter, and tried sell this. "She is hand is. Women position. Ella had me he had settled on her future temptation asked myself, is keep up correspondence with a mere adventur like more likely that him to drop out have the courage by giving him m. As I have said and poor. He was besides, but the and I had seen pensive eyes, w attempt at black power to ruin her husband the love—love—love devil though he and die sooner head.

"I tried for a belief that thing as I have deser years of Jacoby, happier far than question that was Jack a man man be loved the very death. I remain in m can always thin little mill toba was more obed possessed, and she would stop at one word of seldom had to be allowed. But I had only whether I was the reins to the ing my hands I chose, which "Stop a mi "Well look at think."

The tresser then, for this stretched east was already shadows; but ingered still a light, shading through the gr eyes. Those awful so dark bar of orange. But the lig cloud had turn from gray to my cogitations hint the ma. And here come to: I stone unrumo norant. I sh him, if I could to myself, I friend. "And now I study and bris wiles. Mean But I was a good count, and the mean

Shadowed for Life,

A SOLDIER'S STORY,
BY GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N.

Author of "The Rose of Allandale," "For Money or For Love," "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer,'" "Our Friend the Dog," etc., etc.,
COPYRIGHTED, 1895, BY GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N.

CHAPTER XXIII.—I BECOME A TEC IN EARNEST.

For many weeks I was too busy to think much of even the villain Jack, at whose door I felt certain I was justified in laying all the sorrow and misery my friend, Major Lloyd had come through. And heaven knows my hopes for his future were not bright as I could have wished them to be. The excitement inseparable from his new position, while it was new, but above all his reconciliation with his wife had, as far as I could see at present, completely counteracted the effects of the shock to his nervous system, caused by the discovery of that long check.

He had only once mentioned the unhappy affair to me. "I have forgiven my dear wife, Gord," he said. "I have been right, I think, in looking leniently on the whole affair. My God, Gordon, think of the terrible position she had! Think of all that must have suffered in the hands of those fiendish, black-mailing tecs!"

"Besides," he added, "Ella is very innocent as regards money matters and as regards life in general. Poor, innocent Ella!"

I thought differently, but I said nothing. "Oh, Gordon," said my friend, "Ella loves me, she told me so, she could not tell a lie. Again I thought differently, but my heart bled for this earnest, simple-minded soldier. Jack had been Ella's first love. She loved him still—this is how I argued—he looked a bold and resolute man, and handsome, too; just the one to captivate the heart of an impressionable young girl, and leave the stamp thereon for life. But I had been in the habit of reading the character in the eyes, and in the movements of the body, and judging from all I had seen that evening in the drawing-room, if my skill and judgment were not very much at fault then was Jack one of the most daringly unscrupulous men ever I had studied during my whole career."

"Ella loves me," she told me so. She could not tell a lie!"

I repeated these words to myself over and over again as I rode away from the Raven's Nest, home towards the tree-shaded lanes, in the gathering gloom of an early autumn night.

My misgivings concerning Ella's sincerity and her future behaviour centred in those very words "loves me" and "told me so." She was deceiving him, with a purpose. I could not doubt this for a moment. But what was that purpose? I was willing to take the simplest view of the matter, and tried first to reason with myself thus, "She is wealthy now, or her husband is. Women love money and they love position. Ella has both. And Jocelyn told me he had settled a good allowance on her money on her marriage. This being the case, I asked myself, it is likely that she will keep up correspondence or court intimacy with a mere adventurer—a poverty-stricken adventurer like Jack. Would it not be more likely that she would gradually allow him to drop out of her life. She may even have the courage to out the Gordon king by giving him money to take him abroad."

For months to come, therefore, I should not look upon myself as an author, a journalist, or even a medical man, except in so far as these professions might aid my purpose. I would be a tec in the truest sense of the word.

Joss called on me one day, and seemed unusually happy and jolly. "Gordon," he said, "I am going at last." "Going?" I queried. "Whither, mon ami, you don't look like a dying man." "Dying he naged, Gordon, who talks of dying? I am going straight away though to Bonnie Scotland to Knockieburn, my boy. My estate, you know. And Ella is going with me, and dear little Mary. The child is wild over it. I have already ordered my kilt and sgian dubh, whatever that is. I already feel the Scotch blood leaping in every vein. Oh, we shall have a high old time of it, never fear."

"Well, I wish you joy, Joss." "Wish me joy? But, my good fellow and friend, you are coming with me to share the joy. And don't imagine for a single moment you can get out of it." "I consider for a moment. Then—" "See here, Joss," I said, holding up a bundle of unfinished manuscript, "as soon as I complete this I'll follow on. Perhaps in a week, or fortnight at the longest." And so it was arranged.

Jocelyn went away, telling me quietly just before he started that I was to ride over to the Raven's Nest just as often as I could spare the time, and see that things were moving straight.

Two days after Jocelyn left, I wired to his butler, "Coming over to dine tonight." I do not wish the servants to imagine I had desire to take them unawares or play the spy.

I rode over early, because I wanted to have a look at the garden. And to the garden I went first.

Mrs. Lloyd's maid, Lena, was there, uttering a bouquet for the table. I was glad to see her, and we soon got chatting. A sailor generally gets on well with a pretty girl. "Don't you think," I said, "it was just real mean, Lena, of Mrs. Lloyd not to take you to Scotland, my dear. Why the Scotch laddies would have gone off their heads over so pretty a girl as you." "It isn't the first nasty thing missus has done to me. But I mean to give warning I do, and that, too, right soon."

"Now, Lena, you go and watch. Come back to my room in an hour."

I confess that as I stole away along the dark passage towards Mrs. Lloyd's boudoir, I felt as burglars must feel, when they are still but juniors in their profession. I was not at all sure of my powers of reasoning to convince me that I was not committing a heinous sin. But the face of poor Jocelyn, so loving and trusting, rose up before me, as I stood there in the boudoir keys in hand; and I thought too of that interview between him and Jack in the drawing-room. Then I no longer hesitated, but I went.

Yet my heart would keep palpitating, and the slightest noise outside made me start and listen. There always are strange mysterious noises about old houses, but as at another time, and under other circumstances I question if I should have heard them.

Yes, there stood Ella's writing-desk. It was a huge one, a strong one, with a peculiar lock. "It did not appear to me, however," I said to myself, "at once, however I sank into a chair, and once again I thought the whole matter over. I was hoping against hope that there might be some way out of my difficulty. Some other way of finding this man, other than that to which I was about to resort. I could find none."

I hesitated no longer. I opened the desk. I drew the lamp nearer, so that its light might shine upon the contents of the box. It was a large one, a strong one, with a peculiar lock. The box was not open, but I found it open. I sank into a chair, and once again I thought the whole matter over. I was hoping against hope that there might be some way out of my difficulty. Some other way of finding this man, other than that to which I was about to resort. I could find none."

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This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

poor, and there seemed for us no hope. But in an evil hour he who is now your husband met you and proposed to you marriage. Over and over again you told me you preferred poverty, a garret, and a crust with true love, to wealth and union with a man you despised. I saw, or thought I saw, things in different light. I was working then as a humble apprentice in a chemist's shop in E—, and I fear I was too often under the influence of the baneful drug, opium. It spread a glamour over me, and through it I saw life in probably its most unattractive form. I advised you to marry Lloyd, and all unwilling, you consented. How easy, I thought, it would be to get up a case against the man, and to divorce him. In Italy, in France, in America, by the help of private detectives, such things are done every day or week end. I advised you to whether from Ella's eyes or Jack's I could not tell. I think they were Ella's tears.

"Things would have gone well, things were ripe for a divorce, when—O, the irony of fate—there came the business of our bank, and put us in your husband's power instead of leaving him in ours. Divorce is now out of the question, unless I can secure that cheque and thus destroy all evidence of that society would consider a crime. That Gordon, I have reason to believe, carries it constantly on his person. So might 'twixt your home and his I may wrench it from him, even if I wrench his windpipe out with it."

"Thank you, Jack," I said to myself, smiling. "Forewarned is forearmed. There was a good deal more in the letter than this message that I need not quote. Then I continued, as follows: "We have often wished him in a better world. Ella mind. Neither you nor I would dream of the assassin's knife. No, no. Well, divorce would have left you free, and with enough to live on. We could not help wondering how a lady so clever and discriminating as Ella should have risked keeping these letters at all, even in a husband's character well. He was the soul of honor, and had she even left the box unlocked, I question whether he would have opened it."

"This," I said to myself, "all proves how great is the love the husband for that anarchist and villain. She could not prevail upon herself to destroy or burn a single letter or paper that his hands had touched. How great a thing is a woman's love, and yet how terrible a force it may become if wrongly directed!"

I seated myself by the table with the letters—the more recent ones before me. I carefully scanned them, and conformed them one by one.

Like the others they were typed. Like the others they were written in Italian, but much to my annoyance, and to the regret of my friends, they were written in French. I was in the same position as before, and without a clue to the whereabouts of the man I wished to run to earth.

Every epithet was couched in more or less degrading terms than another, so to speak, and I was about to put back the letters and relock the desk, when it occurred to me to examine it further. There might be a secret recess I had not yet found.

I felt sure I could trust this girl. All I wanted her to do was to watch her mistress, and if the anarchist came to see her, to endeavor to be present at the interview.

She had a slight knowledge—very slight perhaps—of Italian, because when in good humor her mistress often talked to her in that beautiful tongue. She would be able therefore to find out something, though not much.

But all throughout the night my sleep was disturbed by horrid dreams, and more than once I awoke gasping for breath, and uttering those terrible words: "Murdered by microbes."

CHAPTER XXV.—"I AM GOING TO READ THIS LETTER TO MY WIFE."

But events were now about to take place that I had not reckoned on. A day or two after my terrible discovery at the Raven's Nest I took the last night train to Perth, and was next day at my friend's Highland home at Knockieburn.

He is ill in bed. I hardly needed a medical eye, or an eye so experienced as mine to tell that his following closely the directions for dyeing, illness was caused by the abuse of

But, indeed, he did not deny it. "I seem, Gord," he moaned, his poor inflamed eyes rolling from side to side of the chair, "to have lost all control over myself. I never felt as I feel now. I believe that if

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Two Instances of Many where They Effected Cures.

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Gratitude Compels them to Testify to the Curative Value of Dodd's Kidney Pills—The Greatest Discovery of the 19th Century.

Smith's Falls, Ont., Dec. 2.—This village can produce evidence indisputable that the disease most feared by men and women are curable. Two well-known citizens gratefully testify to the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have been cured. No kidney disease is so far advanced or so severe that these Pills will not effect a cure. Bright's disease disappears, diabetes is conquered, gout subsides, calculi are dissolved, weak backs are made strong, rheumatism vanishes, through the agency of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Thousands of Canadians who have suffered from some form or other of kidney complaint, today enjoy perfect health—thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the cure. They cure backache, weak, bearing-down sensations of women, rheumatic pains wherever located. They cure Bright's disease. They cure diabetes. They cure them for all time. They have cured others. They will cure you.

Don't take our word for it, if you don't wish to. Inquire of those who have been cured. Let those who have tried Dodd's Kidney Pills speak in their behalf. For example, read this statement from a well-known citizen of a town in Eastern Ontario:—

ALMONTE, Ont., Dec. 2.—Harry Grace, of this town, has been troubled with lumbago for over a year. Doctors could give him no relief. He is now cured. He says:—"I heard of the wonderful cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I thought I would try them. I have tried one box, and I must say they have cured me. I have no objection to allowing you to publish this, as you see fit, so it may help others." HARRY GRACE, Ottawa St.,

SOME HUMOROUS INCIDENTS THAT ARE THE RESULT OF HIS OVERSTIGHT.

No newspaper worker has to contend against greater obstacles than does the proofreader, and when everything is taken into consideration the average excellence of his work is little less than marvellous. His errors of omission may easily be pardoned. Whenever the type calls a lovely young bride a "bird" the offense may be lightly overlooked, since the meaning is not entirely obscured. But the proofreader's errors of commission belong in a different category. Whenever he attempts to straighten out the tangled meaning of something he doesn't understand, the result often is something to make the judicious grieve.

At the conclusion of the Li Hung Chang festivities in New York, and just before the distinguished Celestial left for China by the Canadian route, I wrote a paragraph, saying: "Before Li Hung Chang goes back to China he ought to see the United States." It came out in cold type: "Li Hung Chang is visiting the United States before going back to China." Simultaneously I found on my desk a note from the proofreader. It said: "You'll have to keep a little closer. That Chinnan has been in New York a week. Don't you read the papers?"

W. W. Naughton, the San Francisco sporting writer, once included in his sporting notes for the Examiner an item saying that "the young salmon are beginning to run." It appeared in print: "The young salmon are beginning to swim."

When Mr. Naughton asked for an explanation the proofreader cheerfully remarked: "That's all right, Billy. You had that mixed up with your turf stuff, but I straightened it out for you."

"But why didn't you let it go as I wrote it?" persisted Naughton. "I couldn't," was the reply. "Who ever heard of a fish running?"—Chicago Times Herald.

Blind For The Household. Browned flour is almost as necessary to keep on hand in the store closet as white flour. To brown flour put a thick layer of flour into a baking pan and place it in a hot oven. Watch it and stir with a spoon until the flour is well browned all through. When it becomes cold put it into empty preserve jars cover them closely. It will then be ready to use in making gravies and sauces or whatever it is needed for.

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Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territory and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Lines (Mail Steamers).

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods taken and promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch.

Invitations required for goods from Canada, United States, and Vice versa.

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A NOVEL DINNER

Did you get all the things down to the forks, Amos?

Amos Beeman started uneasily. The beans on the broad blade of his steel knife, unconsciously arrested in their ascent, spilled over into his plate.

'Why, yes, I reckon so. 'Thy—' I reckon so,' he answered, as he calculated to fetch them all, sure, this time. There was just a handful of them. I counted them off on my fingers so's not to miss anything.

He held up one of his big, hairy hands regarded it speculatively. The second finger was not there, and the vacant place in the row suggested a possible difficulty.

Amos looked at Mrs. Arethus across the castor-bottle. Her round face bore a look of patient resignation. She stirred her tea and took a sip.

'You got the wrong hand again, Amos,' she said, mildly. 'There're five things.

'You don't tell, 'Thy! Well, then, I skipped one certain. Aint that too big? It was a mighty unfortunate dispensation that chopped off that finger, and I reckon I'm going to get into scrapes on account of it till the end of time. I can never seem to recollect to count things on 'olber hand.'

'Your recollecting machinery always was just a little in need of oiling, you know, Amos,' Mrs. Arethus remarked, quietly.

Amos fortified himself with several mouthfuls of beans and visibly brightened. 'But I got the prunes, 'Thy, that you were specially hankering for—'

'You're out under the wagon seat. But Si Walker said they hadn't any stoned leas ones—hadn't ever had any, nor ever heard of them. I told him I guessed you made a mistake. You on the right you saw them advertised in the weekly.'

Arethus Beeman suddenly began to laugh. 'The word of back her chair a little way to give herself more room.'

'Amos Azariah Beeman, if you aint the entertainingest man I ever saw!' she gasped, between the convulsions of her ample figure. 'You do best all! What do you 'pose Si Walker thinks of my prunes after prunes without stones in them?'

Amos smiled weakly in sympathy. 'Well, I thought it was a little queerish myself, 'Thy, but I tried to suit you.'

'I've never made my Thanksgiving plum puddings with prunes in them yet, Mrs. Arethus cautioned. 'I've been accustomed to raisins—'

'Oh! Why, yes. Mrs. Arethus moved up to the table again and ladled out a generous saucerful of boiled rice, piling it high with sugar. 'Have some more tea, Amos, do,' she urged, fervently. 'You've no need to fret over the prunes. They'll do for sauce and I guess I can stone a few raisins.'

'I'll help you, 'Thy—I don't forget it.' His good-natured face looked quite contented. The constant habit of recollecting machinery and his absent-mindedness were sources of unfeigned mortification to him. Fortunately for his wife, they possessed a certain power, and that was the power of largely overlooking her trials on account of them. Moreover, Mrs. Arethus was very fond of Amos.

She went about her dishwashing after dinner with the remnants of the large will lurking in her pleasant gray eyes and radiating little wrinkles from her corners.

'I don't know what Amos'll be doing next,' she said aloud to herself. 'He does about the way he goes on! When was that—day before yesterday?—no, day before that—he came in right after dinner with the milk-pail full of milk. He looked real depressed and put out. Amos set great store by that last cow. 'Thy, he said, said he, 'I'm dreading afraid she's drying up! Just you look at that for a mess of milk, will you? And I had hard work to get that! I was considerably taken back till it came over me how it was. 'Well, Amos, I said, 'I don't know's I blame her much. I don't know's any well-regulated cow would want to be milked at high noon. And Amos gave one look at the clock and another one at me, and then set down on the sofa and looked at a crack in the floor. He said afterward he guessed 'twas because we had sponge-cake for dinner, and it reminded him of supper.'

Mrs. Arethus wiped the plates cautiously and put them away. 'Amos is the entertainingest man!' she said.

It was her habit to talk to herself over her work. 'It let her out,' she said, when she could not find the heart to banter Amos. And not for worlds would Mrs. Arethus Beeman have talked over his shortcomings with the neighbors. So she made a confidante of herself, and had many a hearty laugh, and perhaps also a few as dry as figs, over Amos's latest 'ways' as she moved about among her pens and dishes.

To-day, however, there was too much to do to stop long to laugh. There were the rains to stone and the currants to sort for the big plum-pudding. Thanksgiving was only four days away, and Mrs. Arethus's orderly soul allowed no hurrying and hurrying at the last minute. Her puddings were always ready at least two days ahead of time, and tasted all the better for it, too. 'I'll put in an extra handful of plums for the little Emmie and the Dimples. They're master hands for plums, both of them. Children mostly are, I reckon.'

For Eben's folks were coming over to Thanksgiving this year for the first time for several seasons. They had only moved back to Forks Village within the year.

'I declare, I forgot to ask Amos if he called and invited them! I'm afraid he didn't,' Mrs. Arethus exclaimed, dripping a plum-pudding over the water-cup preparatory to its stoning. She wiped her fingers on her apron and hurried to the door.

'Amos! Amos! Amos!' she called. 'Here I be, 'Thy! Here I be! What-wanted? You came back faintly from the grain house beyond the shed. Mrs. Arethus raised her voice to quivering shrillness. 'Did you stop at Eben's and ask the m over for Thanksgiving?'

Amos grizzled bread appeared in the doorway. 'I did, 'Thy, sure.' Mrs. Arethus breathed a sigh of relief and went back to her plums. There had been a good deal of doubt in her mind. 'Well, that's all right,' she said, contentedly. 'And of course they'll come, bless their hearts, big and little and in-between! They shall have the best meal I can cook for them! But I do hope Amos said things straight, just as I told him, so's not to have any misunderstanding. He's

a master man for mixing things, Amos, in.' Then she added hastily, as she usually did to her self-communings about Amos, 'But I like him.'

He came in presently, rubbing his hands together. 'It's growing cold,' he remarked, 'and looks like snow, too. We'll have sledding for Thanksgiving after all, I guess, 'Thy. There, I'll take hold and help you with the raisins.'

'What did Eben's folks say?' 'Eben's folks? Oh, yes; now what was it Emmeline said? He ran his fingers through his hair thoughtfully. 'Oh! Emmeline didn't say anything, that was it. She said she'd be there, that was it. I saw Eben, and he said—'

'Eben said—'

IT IS THE FACT, Think as You Please

It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proved by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every kind of inflammation and you have conquered the disease in each case. Inflammation is manifested outwardly by redness, swelling and heat; inwardly by congestion of the blood vessels, and growth of un-sound tissue, causing pain, fever, etc.

Internal inflammation accounts for such ailments as, scales, cuts, stings, burns, sprains, fractures, etc., and is the chief danger therefrom. Internal inflammation frequently causes outward swellings, as instances familiar to all mention pleurisy, tooth-ache, stiff joints and rheumatism. Yet the great majority of internal inflammations make no outside show, for which reason they are often more dangerous than the external forms.

Inflammation of the nervous system embraces the brain, spine, bones and muscles. The breathing organs have many forms of inflammation; such as colds, coughs, pleurisy, bronchitis, etc. The organs of digestion have a multitude of inflammatory troubles. The vital organs form one complete plan mutually dependent; therefore inflammation anywhere is felt throughout the system. Family physician, originated JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, in order to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation. It is today the Universal Household Remedy.

Send us at once your name and address, and we will send you free our New Illustrated Book, "TREATISE ON DYSPEPSIA," caused by inflammation. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

make it all up to our children Christmas. The dinner was a grand success. The few little townships bobbed ecstatically over five heaped-up plates that were emptied and filled again astonishingly often. In a world of Thanksgiving dinners, there could scarcely have been one more thoroughly appreciated and eaten up! And Mrs. Arethus exclaimed more than once under her breath, 'It was the Lord's doing!'

But one mystery was never cleared up. Mrs. Arethus failed ever to discover the fate of her chicken-pie. It had vanished from Amos's memory as completely as from the bottom of the old red pung.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Youth's Companion.

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DELETED IN MONTREAL

Never before in the history of the Wells & Richardson Co., manufacturers of the celebrated Diamond Dyes, have they been so completely deluged and weighed down with matter as at the present time. Thousands of letters order are crowding in from all parts of the Dominion for the great popular Ten Cent Combination that was advertised a short time ago. The avalanche of letters is so vast that a largely increased staff of hands is necessary to attend to it.

The enterprising Diamond Dye firm have been obliged to hold over for a few days some thousands of orders before filling them.

This fact should discourage no one, as there will be no disappointments; every order received will be well and truly filled, as steps have been taken to double the staff of hands. Photo and Excelsior Rhythmic A. B. C. Book Illustrated.

For the benefit of those who have not seen or heard of the advertised Combination offer, it is here repeated: First—One "Excelsior Rhythmic A. B. C. Book, Illustrated"; no two large letters of the alphabet are of the same color.

Second—One full size rich Cabinet Photo of the "Three Future Kings of England." Every loyal Canadian should have it.

Third—One package of "Diamond Dye Ink Powder," for making sixteen ounces of best black writing ink.

The whole Combination worth 65 cents, to any address for ten cents.

Send small silver coins, or the proper amount in one, two or three cent stamps. Stamps of larger denomination will not be received.

See your letters securely, and be fore mailing be sure you put on full postage, good stamps. If full postage is not prepaid, letters will not be accepted.

Address Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

"Odoroma," synonymous with perfect teeth, breath and rosy gums. Drug-gists—25 cents.

"BORN."

Truro, Dec. 18, to the wife of T. R. Prince, a son.

Brookfield, Dec. 10, to the wife of Laurence Gault, a son.

Brookfield, Dec. 10, to the wife of James Duthie, a son.

Halifax, Dec. 11, to the wife of Mr. Donoghue, a son.

Halifax, Dec. 11, to the wife of Robert Purdy, a son.

Berwick, Dec. 15, to the wife of H. C. Masters, a daughter.

Brookfield, Dec. 10, to the wife of H. D. Zupper, a daughter.

Barrington, Nov. 27, to the wife of Howard Hitchens, a daughter.

Moncton, Dec. 15, to the wife of Emerson Steadman, a daughter.

Halifax, Dec. 15, to the wife of Charles W. Layton, a daughter.

Shes Harbour, Dec. 12, to the wife of Loran Carmichael, a daughter.

Halifax, Dec. 1, to the wife of Charles Campbell, a daughter.

Newport, N. S. Dec. 9, to the wife of James A. Belmont, a son.

Conversville, Mass., Nov. 16, to the wife of Frank B. McKensie, a son.

Cape Breton, N. S., Dec. 8, to the wife of Norman O'Driscoll, a daughter.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Truro, Dec. 8, by Rev. A. L. Goggin, William I. Watson to Missie Brown.

St. John, Dec. 15, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, Benjamin R. Miles to Agnes Smith.

Windsor, Dec. 10, by Rev. Henry Dickie, William Brown to Jennie Dunsally.

Perth, N. B. Dec. 1, by Rev. S. J. Perry, William B. Cox to Roxey E. White.

Newton, N. B. Dec. 1, by Rev. David Long, E. G. Innes to Miss McCready.

Kentville, Dec. 5, by Rev. S. Stevens, Joshua P. Baileys to William Fish.

Graywood, Dec. 3, by Rev. H. Dow, Cybelce Knox to William Parker.

St. John, Dec. 17, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, George Hood to Isabella M. Ewers.

New Canada, Dec. 7, by Rev. W. D. Crandall, Joseph Harty to Jessie Jack.

Atkinson, Dec. 3, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Edwin H. Bisset to Edith M. Best.

Pawtucket, N. I., by Rev. J. W. Woolsey, John Archibald to Isabel Crockett.

Kentville, Dec. 5, by Rev. H. A. Porter, David Kinsman to Elizabeth Collins.

St. John, Dec. 16, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, George E. Roberts to Alberta Berry.

Billoway, Dec. 9, by Rev. M. F. Freeman, Alton F. E. Mack to Elizabeth Morris.

Boston, Dec. 10, by Rev. A. E. McCallan, Daniel C. Walker to Katie Matheson.

Dartmouth, Dec. 16, by Rev. S. B. Kepton, James Holloway to Blanche Latham.

Bay View, Dec. 10, by Rev. W. S. Whittier, John J. Fowell to Christie A. Currie.

Potter, Dec. 9, by Rev. A. Falconer, James W. Murdoch to Jennie L. Murdoch.

Boston, Nov. 18, by Rev. C. L. Goodale, Charles F. Stoddard to Annie L. Anderson.

Hopewell, Dec. 16, by Rev. Wm. McNobol, Edward Fraser to Anne Dumas.

Earleton, Dec. 10, by Rev. T. Sedgewick, Thomas McLean to Christine Subitane.

Springfield, Dec. 8, by Rev. D. B. Bayley, John M. Northrup to Maria H. Spragg.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 7th September, 1896, the Intercolonial Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Parvash, Pictou and Halifax.....2.00 Express for Halifax.....2.00 Express for St. John.....16.00 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00 Suburban Express for Robb's.....18.00

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at stations at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from St. John.....2.00 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Sunday excepted).....10.00 Express from Montreal (daily).....10.00 Express from Halifax.....16.00 Express from Robb's, Pictou and Campbellton.....17.00 Suburban Express from Robb's.....18.00 Accommodation from Montreal.....20.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotives, and those between Halifax and Montreal via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are of the Standard Time.

D. FORTINGHAM, General Manager.

Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 3rd September, 1896.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Christmas and New Year's HOLIDAYS.

EXCURSION TICKETS will be on sale as follows: To Teachers and children in Schools and Colleges on presentation of authorized Certificates from Principals, from Dec. 11 to 24; good for return to the place of issue, on presentation of their Certificates, on Dec. 18 and 19; and to the Public from Dec. 25 to Jan. 1, inclusive, all to be good for return until Jan. 7, '97, at

ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

Further particulars of Ticket Agents.

D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Gen. Traffic Mgr., Montreal, Que., Pas. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after 23rd Nov., 1896, the Steamer and Trains of this Railway will run as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, LVE. ST. J. at 8.00 a.m., arr. Digby 11.00 a.m. LVE. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. St. John 4.00 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted)

LVE. Halifax 6.20 a.m., arr. Digby 12.45 p.m. LVE. Digby 1.00 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.15 p.m. LVE. Yarmouth 3.50 a.m., arr. Digby 10.45 a.m. LVE. Digby 11.00 a.m., arr. St. John 4.00 p.m. LVE. Annapolis 7.00 a.m., arr. Digby 3.30 p.m. LVE. Digby 3.50 p.m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

Fullman palace parlor Buffet Cars run daily (Sunday excepted) as far as Express trains. Stations and Parlor Cars seats can be obtained on application to City Agent.

For Close connections with trains at Digby, Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, from the Express on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

STEAMBOATS.

1896 1896

The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED),

For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route Between Nova Scotia and the United States. The quickest time, 12 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4 Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS

Boston and Yarmouth UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June the 30th one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway, all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Victoria's Coach line, and steamers for South Shore Forts on Friday morning.

ST. MARY CITY OF ST. JOHN.

Will leave Yarmouth every Friday morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning Monday evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on Wednesday evening.

Steamer "ALPHA."