

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 608.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 27 1900

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## A Talk With the Mayor.

Progress representative had a chat with Mayor Sears about the Indian relief on Thursday and the facts that his worship gave shows that much arduous work has been done, the expenditures made with great care and the accounts of the receipts and disbursement have been carefully kept.

The mayor is chairman and treasurer of the fund but he has always made it a point not to make any important payments without consulting either the alderman or the clergyman to whose church he or she belongs.

The city grant of \$2500 has all been expended except a few dollars but a considerable portion of the sum given by the British bank and the citizens still remain in the Bank of B. N. A. The sum is about \$1500. Now how to distribute this with fairness to all parties is a difficult matter in the opinion of the mayor. He has offered relief in all cases wherever the same has been recommended by a north end clergyman or an alderman who has inquired into the circumstances, but he says that there are many applicants who do not need relief but who think they have the same right to a share in the funds as their neighbors. For example, a man who had \$1500 insurance on his property was far more pressing for his share of relief than a neighbor who had not a cent on his small house and furniture—who was too poor to pay the premiums and was poor to poverty after he had lost his all. Yet the insured man kept pressing his claim until, finally, the committee gave him \$25 to replace her clothes.

Some of the ministers have helped the mayor out by giving him all the information they had and telling him and the committee who they had assisted by the churches would not do this and the committee was at a loss what to do because they knew hundreds of dollars had been subscribed for the members.

One minister who has given all the aid possible to the committee said at Christmas that some of those barred out needed a stance and he made so good a case that he got \$150 to spend as he thought best. He turned in the account next week and the same has been attached to the check stub showing just how the money was applied.

The mayor says he is at a loss how to dispose of the rest of the fund, but thinks he will hand it over to a small committee of north end citizens who will dispose of it as the occasion arises. The accounts of the fund so far as it has been spent will be made up as soon as possible and submitted.

### That Sleigh Drive Fracas.

A man who refused to give his name, but who he claims was the person "meant" in an item published in last week's issue of this paper headed "Wanted to Show His Science," called at Progress office Wednesday and wished that some sort of an explanation be made of the fracas in the car sheds Thursday morning after the conductors and motormen's sleigh drive. The man says he was the person who fought with the motormen alleged to have been so brutally treated and claims that both out at Newcomb's and coming in in the sleigh he was struck by the other fellow, but took no notice of the blows for peace sake. He most particularly asserts that his treatment of the injured motorman was provoked, although those who were "in at the finish" have their own opinions as to the fairness of the big fellow's fighting tactics. At any rate one man less is working on the street railway service and the whole service is down good and hard on that one man.

### Happy Idea That Did Not Win.

The Neptune Rowing Club carnival on Wednesday night in the old Victoria was a success as it always has been. The attendance was splendid and costumes many and in the main original. The promoters of the carnival had announced the judges beforehand a course which was subjected to criticism which did not less in when the awards were given. A good majority of the spectators were much pleased with illustration of the happy phrase. "The Home Guards, four young ladies, graceful skaters, were happily costumed in the British colors wearing a small Union Jack

forage cap. Each carried a small Canadian flag. On the top of each staff was the motto, The Home Guards. The idea was clever and appropriate and was admirably carried out, the four young ladies skating in line perfect alignment keeping time to the music and otherwise bearing themselves as model guard should.

Poor old battered Ladyship could not have been better represented than she was and the phrase placard carried "im engaged to Buller" was at once suggestive and mirth provoking.

Manager Armstrong deserves a lot of credit for the management of his work, the splendid music provided by his own band and the comfortable quarters enjoyed by his patrons.

### Stampeding Theatre Goers.

St. John people get the credit of being most appreciative of any good thing in the line of theatricals or opera, but there is certainly one thing they have yet to learn and that is to be polite enough to keep their seats in the Opera House until the drop of the curtain in the last act. It is noisy ill-mannered jumping to the feet and preparing to leave, while the supposed last lines are being spoken by the players has been particularly indulged in during the last few weeks and especially last week. The Valentine Company is undoubtedly the finest seen in St. John for many years and their audiences are growing larger each week, but to have their work marred at the last moment by an almost general rush for the door, as if the roof were about to cave in, has been a source of much discouragement and annoyance to them, although these dramatic ladies and gentlemen have refrained from making any announcement to that effect. Friday night week ago the anticurtain stampede was so annoying that the players had to stop speaking and frequently individual members of the company had to suspend talking their "lines" to let some badly bred boys, or perhaps older ones, have their little linguistic fling in the seats overhead. In Halifax the audience sits the performance contentedly out and then loyally rises to the music of the National Anthem, only preparing to leave when the last notes of it are sounded, but here in equally loyal St. John, the thoughtless class dominate and everything is spoiled before the show is over. There are lots of street cars running, even after a late performance, the Fairview busses are bound to wait, and the ferry does not leave till nearly 11.30, so there is no good reason why such an annoying disturbance should be so invariably made. Surely the Opera House management can remedy this long standing defect! A notice such as the "No Smoking" placards would bring it about, even if the measure is somewhat heroic.

### Judge Tuck Knows Them Both.

During the progress of a little legal squabble, Clarke vs. Miller, in the Circuit Court on Tuesday last the opposing counsel, Hon. C. N. Skinner, city Recorder, and Hon. Wm. Pugsley, M. P. P., indulged, as legal gentlemen often do, in a passage of words not exactly up to the gospel standard of brotherly love. Hon. Pugsley accused Hon. Skinner of having very suddenly and for convenience sake changed his mind. Chief Justice Tuck from his bench ruled that Mr. Skinner had a perfect right to do so if he had so desired, whereupon the honorable M. P. P. hotly suggested that it was not the first time the Recorder had seen fit to do so. This fired Mr. Skinner, but before he had time to answer the dash of sarcasm His Honor observed that as far as the "changing of minds" was concerned there were a pair of them and they had better shake hands on it. Needless to say the sacred silence of the chamber of judgement was considerably shattered.

### Told What He Thought of Them.

One evening last week the congregation of the most influential Presbyterian church in the city met to elect officials for the ensuing year, but they did not escape the wrath of one of their most prominent brethren whose name was not down for any of the church offices so liberally distributed. This was an unusual thing too, for the staunch member in question had enjoyed honorable, but uncommemorative positions as

the Kirk's official list for many a twelve month as well as some of the chief positions of respect in the denomination provincially, including that of Moderator of the St. John Presbytery. No wonder that he was ruffled at this seeming show of thoughtlessness, nor did he mince words with his church-going brethren and sisters in letting them know it. Boldly he spoke forth his mind and good wholesome Scotch comment was it. The dissatisfied member seemed to keenly appreciate the lack of appreciation of his past devoted services and his words told it clearly.

### "Just Like New York."

A stranger arriving in St. John by rail way and leaving the depot any of these evenings would at first be led almost to think that he had struck New York. Instead of modest little St. John for lo! before his uplifted gaze towers the gigantic grain elevator with its hundreds of

electrically lighted windows, growing smaller toward the top, and volumes of smoke pouring from the skyscraping chimney in the rear. It has only been a short time since the monster granary has had its lighting apparatus in running order, and nowadays as soon as it grows dusk the tell ones are pressed and for miles around the big building shines out a thing of beauty. To those not used to such sights the effect is imposing; in fact characteristic of the great American metropolis, with its whole blocks of towering structures aglow.

## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—Illustrations and articles on this page.
- PAGE 2.—To Reduce Pauperism—Mr. E. A. Smith's able plea before the Women's Council last evening in behalf of the Associated Charities movement.
- PAGE 3.—The Chinese of St. John. This paper read by Mrs. J. N. Goldie before the Ladies Association of the Natural History Society Monday last. Mrs. Goldie is Superintendent of the local Chinese mission.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial—Wind up the relief and aid fund—What the mayor of the future will be—Current comment—Poetry—Kipling on "Bob."
- PAGE 5.—Society in the city—A ray ball in Frederickton by John M. Wileys.
- PAGE 6.—Society from Halifax and Nova Scotia. Personal notes from many towns and cities.
- PAGE 8.—St. Stephen correspondence and stories of Jerry Simpson the New Brunswicker who was a Kansas congressman so long a time.
- PAGE 7.—Sussex correspondence and from many places in New Brunswick.
- PAGE 9.—The Turnbull Hospital.—A full description and history of the Home for Incurables which opens in April next.
- PAGE 10.—The Weather's Freaks. Excesses gets at the inside facts in the weather clerk's office and finds out more about this remarkably easy winter.
- PAGE 10 and 11.—A new story—The Secret of a Picture—In two instalments—This is the first instalment.
- PAGE 11.—Bright talk from clergymen suitable for Sunday Reading.
- PAGE 12.—Henry M. Stanley describes the opportunities for exploring that still remain in the world. A most interesting article.
- PAGE 13.—What is being done in the world of fashion. Notes of women's doings and work.
- PAGE 14.—Famous British Reverses. Battles England has lost and the results.
- PAGE 15.—Short story and births marriages and deaths.

## They Want Damages.

It will not surprise many of those who were present at the fire which destroyed the tannery of Messrs Peters, to learn that the firm is not satisfied that the most was done that should have been done on that occasion to protect their property from destruction.

The comment of the immense crowd there was not complimentary to the water supply, and yet it was not understood why there should have been any scarcity at that part of the city. Later in the evening there was an abundance of water but that was after the engine had turned on to supply from another part of the city.

It appears that Messrs. Peters learned after the destruction of their tannery that

owners were not notified then Messrs. Peters have a good claim.

### A Bewildered Chinaman.

A Chinaman boarded a Paradise Row car at the transfer junction late the other night, but his extremely limited knowledge of the Anglo Saxon tongue procured for him a tour of the branch electric line and return, all for the one fare. With a continuous smile on his face and an occasional attempt at peering out the thickly frosted windows he sat contentedly in the trolley vehicle; not making any move to get out as the various "washee shops" were passed in turn. When the conductor questioned him as to his destination he mumbled a mixup of sounds, far worse than a Boer military command. Consequently the Celestial was carried as far as the head of King street and then the motorman hit upon a clever idea. He invited the knight of the tub and flatiron into his caboose and as each Chinese laundry was passed stopped the car and presented it to his pigtail companion for identification. At last the right place was found on Brussels street near Haymarket Square and with the most gracious of Oriental bows and scrapings the "heaten" stepped overboard and into his abode, just as an elderly-looking Chinaman peered out the laundry door anxiously enquiring as to the whereabouts of his uncited charge at that unseemly hour of the day. At least, that is what the car passengers thought he was saying although none of them would swear to it.

### But She Kept on Washing.

There was a slight fire the other day at noon in the kitchen of the Tremont House on Charlotte street, and the crowd followed the firemen in the alleyway to the rear of the hotel, surrounding the back entrance and peered in the ground floor windows. Well there was nothing very new about this, but the indefatigable efforts of a washerwoman in the kitchen to get her washing finished was a source of much amusement to the crowd. Despite the presence of the rubber coated fireman and the horrible hose, she rubbed away on the washboard without lifting her head and as unconcerned as if she was all alone, and nothing of an exciting nature was going on at all. All the rest of the hotel help was in a panic. It may have been that this nery mistress of the soap and washboard saw the golden opportunity afforded to advertise herself as a hustler, or maybe she was turning out some linen for that day's dinner table at a steam laundry gait, who knows? At any rate her laboratorial exercise under such peculiar circumstances made many smile.

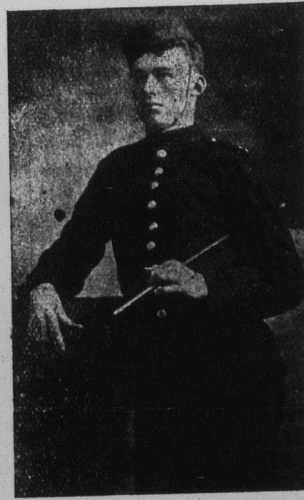
### A Mysterious Cable.

A good story is being told of a cable that came to a shipping concern from their London agents announcing the capture of Spion's Kop. The cable read "Spion's Kop Captured." Now the clerks of this concern are busy people and, all intent upon freights, charters etc. they thought this was a code cable, the same as many they are constantly receiving. So out came the code books but no meaning could be made out of the words. The head of the firm was consulted, then his brother, but the meaning was no clearer. At last another gentleman connected with the office dropped in and learning what was the difficulty read the cable.

"Can't you read English?" he said with a laugh, "Buller has captured Spion's Kop." The joke was too good to keep and it was out almost as soon as the news was sent to the bulletins of the evening papers.

### An Advertising Without Charge.

Mr. Bell, and his black sheep, who were in town last week, were the subject of a conversation by a couple of young ladies in Yarmouth. Mr. Bell tells the story of the conversation to the Yarmouth Times as follows: "He was standing near the Royal Opera House and overheard a couple of young ladies conversing. One asked the other, 'Have you seen the black sheep?' 'Which one?' replied her companion. 'The Times says that Mr. Bell, whose complexion is very swarthy,' 'was greatly amused at the jokes at his expense.' The same remark was made by a couple in Annapolis, but the meaning was of a different nature than what the Times suggests.—Annapolis Spectator.



BERT FINNAMORE.

of Frederickton, aged 21, makes a model type of a soldier. He was for several years a 1st. battalion redcoat and also with the Artillery. He went away with the Newcastle Contingent for South Africa.

about it that they even offered to share in the expense of the suit.

However the matter has not reached that stage and it may not. Those who claim to know something of such things say that the city does not guarantee to protect property from fire and that a claim for damages is absurd. On the other hand it is said if the supply of water that has been on the street was withdrawn or lessened and property

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Repaired, Dressed 17 Waterloo.

# Our Chinese Citizens.

By Mrs. J. N. Golding, Superintendent of Chinese Missions of Brussels Street Church.

On Monday afternoon last before the Ladies Association of the Natural History Society Mrs. J. N. Golding read the following paper, a number of Chinese citizens being present and taking part in the proceedings by singing, reading and conversing in English and exhibiting Oriental curios.

**Paper.**  
Mythology rather than history must be credited with the earlier chronicles of the Chinese, whose actual record goes back two thousand four hundred years previous to the Christian era, containing an account of the great flood, which many suppose to be identical with the deluge of the Pentateuch.

Such knowledge as we can procure pertaining to this vast empire is exceedingly interesting. Its magnificent rivers, principal lakes, grand canal, and world famous wall called Wan li Chang by the Chinese, meaning myriad mile wall, which was built by the first emperor under the Tan dynasty, two thousand two hundred years before Christ, as a protection against the Tartar tribes.

The Chinese belong to that species of humanity distinguished by a Mongolian conformation of the head and face, a tawny parchment colored skin, black hair straight and coarse, thin beard, oblique eyes and high cheek bones. The average height is about that of Europeans, their muscular power is not as great.

The women are disproportionately small, have a broad upper face, low nose and linear eyes.

As to their general character there is a difference of opinion. One writer asserts that they are destitute of religious feeling and belief, skeptical and indifferent to anything that concerns the moral side of manhood. Another admits that these charges are true of the masses in China just as they are true of the English, French and Americans. But as amongst these there is a large amount of generosity and right feeling, so he maintains there is among the Chinese a similar right feeling.

As regards valour their annals record deeds akin to the courage of antiquity. They have no fear of death, commit suicide as the solution of a difficulty, endure severe torture with a passive fortitude, are unworshipful, desire domestic order, are sober industrious practical unimaginative, literary and deeply imbued with mercantile spirit.

The worship of ancestors is a remarkable and prominent feature in their social life and is dictated by the principle of filial piety, which forms the basis of Chinese society. The rich have in their houses a sanctuary dedicated to their forefathers. Tablets representing the deceased persons and inscribed with their names are carefully preserved. At stated periods prostrations and ceremonies are performed before them according to the Book of Rites. They all worship from time to time at the graves of their parents.

The Chinese marry at an early age, the parents choose the wife for their son. Betrothals are often made in infancy to be consummated when the boy is sixteen and the girl twelve or fourteen. Marriage is considered purely a family institution. Its whole aim is its enlargement and is only happy and prosperous as it is becoming more numerous.

The Chinese have three forms of religious belief, Confucianism, Tavisim and Buddahism, the latter being introduced from India.

The first Chinese immigration to America was in 1786. They came in greater numbers after the discovery of gold in California in 1848. In 1862 the legislature of California congratulated the state upon the coming of the Chinese laborers at that time numbering about 30,000. But a year later there was a reversal of opinion. Governor Stanford's message in '62 containing the first official utterances against the Chinese, urging the legislature to take action for the repression of Chinese immigration. In a very short time the question became one of national importance and hostilities toward the race assumed serious proportions. Rice war was threatened, special tax was imposed, such as the capitation tax, the landing tax, the queue ordinance and the cubic air law, were the legal means, so called for discouraging the Chinese in coming to America.

At present all Chinese are registered none are supposed to be admitted except merchants as a matter of fact however, many are coming in over the Canadian and Mexican borders. Nearly all the Chinese in New England and Canada are

from Canton, the first port open to foreigners and soon became a door of egress as well as ingress. The Cantonese are more enterprising than those in other parts.

The above is but a rough outline and incomplete of Chinese characteristics and customs. To particularize we must confine ourselves to the limits of the knowledge we have of the flowery kingdom representatives who form a portion of our citizenship. While we have business connections with them and upon various occasions are drawn quite closely to them yet no person seems to have gained much insight into their mode of living or religious belief. It is not an uncommon sight on the streets of our city to see the pigtailed Orientals flitting in and out, ever on some errand and seemingly never without an object for their hasty excursions. It cannot be said of the celestial that he is dilatory or other than industrious.

No doubt the vast empire of China has its quota of national vagabonds but those who

busy any as a prof our ful i T gen Chr this Sam Mill until to bi year the stric ness

was looked upon by the other city Chinamen as a patriarch, whose opinions carried great weight. He was accounted fairly rich. In the early part of 91. Little John Lee was with his suave smile and washing kit was the next to arrive in the city, registered his name on the tax payers list and went into the laundry business on Brussels street where he has since remained. John whose real name is Hum Wing, has during the interim visited his native land and returned. He is reputed as having laid up considerable of this world's goods

As the ten years passed Chinese laundries sprang up in almost every part of the city. Immigration from China direct to America became increasingly large and today we have about 25 celestials in our midst, all of whom are doing well and saving money. As I have already stated the public know little, generally speaking, of these peculiar citizens, save that of their way of conducting business. However it cannot be truthfully said that they are dishonest, impolite, intemperate or braisome. No Chinese names are found on police court books, which is a very potent argument in answer to the pessimist who cries down cosmopolitanism. especially with reference to the Chinese. Among the Mongolians here in our city today are youths of sixteen to twenty years of age. The majority between twenty and thirty, the remainder forty and upwards. Sam Wah was between 60 and 70 when he left town.

Outside of a few business differences they live harmoniously as a people, hold frequent social gatherings, chiefly at Sam Wah's establishment, now in charge of his son, Chee, again at Sing Lee's Main street, or John Lee's Brussels street. These are the pioneers in our city. At these social gatherings they sing, smoke their peculiar pipes and tobacco and play upon stringed and reed instruments, which to a Canadian audience would prove quite interesting but not so entertaining. Together they are a jolly philosophical lot, but individually can be noticed a distinctive trait of character, caste entering largely into the comparison. Some are particularly well mannered and exhibit no small degree of refinement.

Permit me just here to mention Chinese cookery, which in the use of made dishes resemble the French more than the English. Bird's nest soup, deer sinews, and ducks torques and sharks fins are among the delicacies. The latter the Chinamen tell us is a very rare dish and costs \$4.00 a pound. Our much despised house rat does not on any occasion grace the festive board of a Chinese household in St. John. Inquiry at the leading grocers and victuallers will disclose the fact that nothing but the very best will satisfy these foreign epicures.

A missionary in China writing home

says the Chinese are a puzzle to us and we are a puzzle to them. Their ways and ours are opposite, one or the other of us live in tosy turvydom. We blacken our shoes the Chinese whiten theirs, we shake each others hands the Chinaman meeting a friend shakes his own hands. The Chinese compass points to the south. Fractions are turned upside down as, thirds-two. Books begin at the back. The reading and writing is from the top to the bottom and from the right side to the left. The Chinese use tools precisely the opposite to ourselves. At a funeral a man laughs, at a wedding the bride wails in China. When a man comes in the house he takes off not his hat but his shoes.

It might be of interest to this audience to know of the origin of our mission. About four years ago a lady of our church who had spent several years in Sacramento California, where her husband was in charge of a large church suggested that we look after the Chinamen coming to our city from time to time, relating the effectual work among them in California. A few months later our Bible class teacher on his way to Sabbath school accompanied by our associate superintendent as he was approaching a laundry establishment quite near the church remarked to the superintendent what an inconsistent people we were. At this morning's service we gave an offering to Foreign missions while here are

particular attention paid him, the Chinese their business, just then is their lessons. They do not like to change teachers and are very much disappointed when their teacher is absent and will request of supt. that teacher comes next Sunday or get another teacher. They show their gratitude in different ways. At Xmas they remember their teachers with some useful or fancy gift always accompanied by a box of nuts and box or package of tea. They have tendered their teachers a supper twice on their new year, 1st of Feb, which were much enjoyed by all. When the Chinese sacred lily is in season they will start the bulbs growing nicely and then take them to the teacher so that she may have the bloom at Xmas tide in her home. The scholars are always scrupulously neat in appearance, a number of them wearing American dress. Our annual report showed 15 scholars enrolled with a corresponding number of teachers, average attendance 13 Ten pupils read well in Bible the remainder fairly well. Chinemen are very fond of music and anxious to learn our hymns. We think it helpful to sing the Gospel to them and with them they repeat the Lord's prayer in unison. The work is most fascinating one and encouraging as the pupils seem to understand in some ways about the God we worship.

Whether thoughtlessness is worse than ingratitude, or the same thing under a different name, is a problem that once engaged the mind of a prominent Cleveland man. Mayor Farley explains the circumstances to the Plain Dealer: "The first city directory of Cleveland appeared in 1837," said Mayor Farley, "and it was published by a stranger named Macabe or McCabe. It was largely a labor of love on the part of Clevelanders. McCabe got one man to write an introduction for him, another to do the historical part, a third to make a sort of legal appendix to his book,—all for the love of the work,—and my father was selected to do the financing. He went to see the printer, and guaranteed him his pay for the job. "Moreover, he assured McCabe's other creditors that the thing was all right, and is a general way he stood behind the enterprise, and became in a manner responsible for it. When the book came out, my father's name did not appear in it. "If I am not mistaken he made some remarks upon that occasion, but I can't recall his exact words."

Mr. Dukane—There is one thing to be said in Gen. Kitchener's favor. Mr. Gaswell—What is that? Mr. Dukane—A man with that name should have no difficulty in getting the range of the enemy.

# A Plea for Charity.

Mrs. E. A. Smith's Able Effort of Last Evening Before the Women's Council.

Mrs. E. A. Smith's able plea for the Associated Charities movement at the annual meeting of the Women's Council last evening will most certainly be fraught with the desired result, viz: a clearer conception on the part of the St. John public as to what this excellent organization has to do, and consequently the forcing home in the minds of all their duty with regard to the judicious and practical dispensation of aid to those in need, through the well equipped medium, the Associated Charities. In making her plea Mrs. Smith said the fact clearly demonstrated that the increase of pauperism is brought about by indiscriminate giving of outdoor relief and alms and we are all responsible for it, as it is much easier to give alms than to try and find out the circumstances that cause that need, or find out how those seeking aid can best be aided to become self supporting. She gave instances to convince her hearers that indiscriminate giving places a premium on deception.

All those who seek to improve the poor, ally and physically, cannot very well do it independently, they must for the sake of the poor, join hands and become a large organized body of pastors, charities, associations and individuals likewise. As a general association they consult one another and keep closely touch with all city charitable work, facilitating the solving of the problems to deal with the needy, how to provide employment and how to prevent the fastidiousness of imposture. The Associated Charities was inaugurated with this one aim. The work began in London, spread through Great Britain, has been taken up in the adjoining republics and is at present being nobly carried on not only in St. John, but in nearly all the big cities of our own Canada.

The Associated Charities knows no politics, it has no denominational divisions, nor does it limit itself to certain nationalities. Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Roman Catholic are alike treated by it, though when cases are brought up for investigation and aid they are handed over to members of the Association near to the suppliant religiously.

Mrs. Smith endeavored to make clear that the Associated Charities was not a relief society, in the generally accepted sense of the word. It does not directly dispense alms in any form but is a centre of inter-communication between the various churches and minor charities, an organized body to check the "overlapping" of benefits and to investigate thoroughly the cases of all applicants. These are referred to the Association by citizens and their wives for enquiry and after the Association investigates, a full report is given and aid is given accordingly through the persons who

first made reference to the case. Adequate relief is obtained in this way, work secured and the general welfare of the listed cases taken to heart. It also seems a desire with the Associated Charities people to inculcate habits of self dependence in their less fortunate fellow and sister residents, and to this end a list of those who desire work is kept and also a list of persons who want people to work for them—sort of an intelligence or employment bureau.

It is of course always a rule with the Associated Charities that investigation should precede the bestowment of charity in all but exceptional cases, believing that if the same amount of money given indiscriminately each year for alms were wisely distributed it would suffice to relieve all need. Following is a record of what the new organization has already done since June last.

Through various families and individuals eight needy households have been provisioned, coal, clothed and tickets supplied for passage to other parts where work was secured.

Ten found employment through the A. C. and very many have been visited and aided since winter, of which no statistics have been taken. The headquarters of the Kings Daughters building, Chipman's Hill is the centre of the work and here the resident Secretary, Mrs. Hall, personally supervises the investigation of the cases referred to the organization. It might be mentioned here that Mrs. Hall is undoubtedly the most active woman in charities in St. John, if not in New Brunswick. Her long acquaintance with the poorer classes has lent keenness to her perception and very few undeserving cases are imposed upon her.

Before closing her plea Mrs. Smith said the best charity was that which helped the needy to help themselves. Aid indiscriminately given pauperizes the recipient and does more harm than good. True charity must do five things: set upon the needy ledge gained by investigation, must relieve worthy need promptly, fittingly and tenderly, prevent unwise alms, to raise to independence every needy person where possible and to make sure that no children are growing up to be paupers.

Several extracts from an Upper Canadian Associated Charities pamphlet were read in support of the above plea, some of which were as follows:

"The time has come for every city and town to organize its charitable energies so as to prevent the increase of pauperism."  
"The simple, old-fashioned ways of charity will no longer work. In spite of all we do, the great fact stares us in the face, that pauperism is steadily gaining ground. More paupers each year; more money wanted, larger almshouses building or to be built."

"The Old Charity sees a woman begging, having in her arms a child with diseased eyes, distorted legs, festering sores; it gives profuse alms, and thereby puts a premium on disease, distorted children; and so such children are made to order by the thousands, while the Old Charity goes away, New Charity puts the child under treatment, and it sends the woman to jail, and removes all inducement for the production and exhibition of distorted children."

"The Old Charity sees on your streets a girl of tea begging; it gives, and thereby helps to make the child a confirmed beggar, presently a thief, and then a prostitute. The New Charity employs this Society to follow up the child, and finds the mother reading a novel by a good fire, and the father in quiet comfort, both sustained by the child's beggary."

# WILD WITH ECZEMA

One of Pittsburg's Most Estimable Business Men Certifies to the Wonderful Efficacy of Cuticura.

I was a sufferer for eight years from that most distressing of all diseases, Eczema. I tried some of the best physicians in the country, but they did me little good. The palms of my hands were covered, and would become inflamed; little white blisters at first would appear, then they would peel off, leaving a red, smooth surface which would burn like fire, and itch; well, there is no name for it. On the inside of the upper part of both my limbs, great red blotches, not unlike hives, would appear, and as soon as I became warm, the burning and itching would begin. Night after night I would lie awake all night and scratch and almost go wild. I got a box of CUTICURA Ointment, a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and gave them a thorough trial, and after a few applications I noticed the redness and inflammation disappear; before I had used one box there was not a sign of Eczema left. I can truthfully assert that \$2.00 worth of CUTICURA REMEDIES cured me.



J. D. PORTE, 428 4th Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

# CUTICURA THE SET

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Ointment, to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disgusting skin and scalp humours, rashes, the itching, and irritations, with loss of hair, especially of infants and children, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Sold throughout the world. FORTY DROPS AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Every Humour," free.

BAD COMPLEXIONS, pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, with itching, scaling, irritated scalps, prevented by CUTICURA MEDICINAL AND TOILET SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. Two soaps combined in one of one price.

# Musical

The concert in aid of the very successful... From a... performance of... pated.

The Soldier... concert the... programme with... tractions will... Byron Tap... musical prod... march, to the... gent. The M... Mr. Tapley is... Nellie Mel... Vienna was a... success in pri... tions.

Martin Si... sario, comm... Australia, re... William M... Paris where... appearance... Marietta... dorma of hal... lute want in... Reginald... are at work... Maid Maria... Puccini's... duced on J... ported to be... Victor O... last Thurs... director of... hard.

Massene... the first tim... few weeks... the leads... Myra M... plished oper... Florida las... regain her... Frank L... ful metrop... the next t... intermed... The Re... charming... audiences... city are to... Adele... Lambs, h... perform... Avenue t... her entire... Mauric... opera sin... needay... in New... Model... pose of... entertain... John... violins... few day... wide an... the best... Violins... es of I... soned I... instrum... Nicolai... use. C... most is...

Tod... entine... this ci... ance a... the in... merit... men a... was g... thoug... fully... L... We... B... U... st... cal... 73



PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

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

THE RELIEF AND AID FUND.

The city has decided to send a bill to the legislature to make a change in the fund of the Relief and Aid Society fund.

The immediate disposition of this fund is not an easy matter. For nearly a quarter of a century certain people have been assisted—and the public would be surprised in many cases if the names were given.

This is a somewhat extraordinary condition of affairs but it is the standard taken by a number of trustees of the fund. If it prevails, then St. John stands in a unique position so far as fire relief goes.

A very large number of people are of the opinion that the Relief and Aid Fund should be closed. How to do it without disappointing those who have been encouraged to expect aid from it is a matter for discussion.

MAYOR'S PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The Mayor of a great American city, Chicago, has given his opinion as to what a chief magistrate will be in the future. Of course he has the Chicago of the future in his mind but at the same time many of his remarks are applicable to the heads of every city.

The tendency of the times appears to be insistence that this Mayor of the coming years shall be not only politically sound and strong, but he must be morally pure, in private as well as public life.

he will and should have certain quasi-confidential offices in the municipality bestowed upon his friends and his supporters.

This is quite a large programme and if but a portion of it is carried out Mayor Harrison may be satisfied. The chief magistrates of New York and Chicago are men with tremendous influence and patronage and they require the qualifications noted above in a greater degree than the mayors of small cities.

We can say in St. John, perhaps, that our mayors have been fairly representative men but we have made the position such that it is not attractive to the best men in the community. In a sense it has been a stepping stone to other representative positions. Federal and provincial members of parliament have become acquainted with the people in the city council.

FRANCE'S EXPOSITION.

As the date of the opening of the Paris exposition approaches the interest in the wonderful fair increases. Paris is very much alive to the situation and is preparing for a great rush of visitors. The war in the Transvaal is the most serious check that the great event has had.

The future of the street car is discussed in a very pessimistic fashion by Mayor Carter H. Harrison in the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia. He says:—The street railway as known today, a thing of interfering rails, of dangerous overhead trolleys, of small cars and smaller stockholders, will pass in an oblivion it should have reached years ago.

It is said that New York is the only large city without alleys. The alley of to-day in the average large city is a disease breeder. It is a place used for the concealment or storage of waste matter with little care as to what municipal ordinances demand.

It was stated a few days ago by Director Wisely that St. John could furnish its own electric street lamps for \$65 a year. In this connection it is interesting to note that the 8000 street lamps in Chicago cost \$68.52 a year.

He Fainted in St. John.

It is safe to say two thirds of the people of St. John are familiar with the name of Sydney Chidley. They may not have known the man nor even seen him, but samples of his art, as left in this city will keep him fresh in the minds of all.

was 68 years old and an Englishman. Though educated for the legal profession his natural bent was for painting. When the St. John Opera House was being prepared for its grand opening Mr Chidley was busily engaged here painting the scenery.

THE CASE WAS DISMISSED.

A Naval Officer Who Gave His Reasons For Feeding a Boer.

The air brake inspector of the Intercolonial was inclined to back up the Boers ten days ago. He talked whenever he got a chance and those who know him will make up their minds that he must have done a good deal of it.

His name would indicate that he is of German or Dutch descent and it may be only natural that he should side with his ancestors but, on the other hand, he is an employe of the government and should have kept his mouth shut.

A naval man in Halifax was talking to him in one of the hotels in that city and listened to his Boer argument. He became very restless over the talk and opinions of the inspector but did not enter eagerly into the discussion until the Boer man began to deny religion and ridicule the idea that there was a God.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Kipling of Lord Roberts. [Lord Roberts, the late commander-in-chief of the British forces in India and now commander of England's army in South Africa, is familiarly and affectionately known as "Bobs" not only by "M. T. M. Atkins," the high private of the "thin red line," but even among his fellow-fliers.

There's a little red-faced man, Which is Bobs, Rides the tallest horse 'e can, Our Bobs.

It's a limber's slipped a trace, 'Ook to Bobs It's a marker's lost 'is place, Dress by Bobs.

For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat, An' a bugle in 'is throat, An' 'e will not play the goat Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink, Chaplain Bobs; But that keeps us enter Clink-chlan gango! 'E's a little down on drink, Chaplain Bobs?

So we will not complain Tho' 'e's water on the brain, If 'e leads us straight 'is gain— Blue-light Bobs.

If you stood 'im on 'is head, Father Bobs, You could spill a quart 'o' lead O'er Bobs.

'E's been 'is thirty years, An' an ass 'is souvenirs In the way of signs and spears— Do yer, Bobs?

What 'e does not know 'o' war, General Bobs; You can ast the shop next door— Can't they, Bobs? Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise; 'E's a terror for 'is size, An' 'e does not—advertis— Do yer, Bobs?

Now they've made a bloomin' Lord Gaius Bobs; Which was but 'is fair reward— Weren't it, Bobs? An' 'e'll wear a coronet Where 'is helmet used to set; But we know you won't forget— Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur— Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs! Pocket-Well 'on an' ards— Fighin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs! This ain't no 'bloomin' ode, But you're 'elped 'is soldier's load, An' for benefis bestowed, Bless yer, Bobs!

Are You An Absent-Minded B-gear? When you've shouted "Happy New Year," when you've done your swearing off, when you've finished up your 'is century bio. You will not see there's a fellow with a rasping sort of cough.

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

Poling Teeth In Old Times.

Some of the most interesting books in a great library are the quaint old volumes which have come down from earlier centuries. The Congressional Library at Washington, among thousands of such works, possesses one on surgery, which was translated into English and published in London, in 1649.

"For God is my witness, and all good men know that I have labored fifty years with all care and pain, in the illustration and amplification of chirurgery; and that I have so certainly touched the work where at I aimed, that antiquity may seem to have nothing wherein it may exceed us, beside the glory of invention; nor posterity anything left but a certain small hope to add something."

To the reader of to-day it will look as if posterity had added a great many very large things to the surgical attainments of this wise man. In the matter of pulling teeth, perhaps the best known of all surgical operations, the directions of Ambroise Pare are as follows:

"Therefore for the better plucking out a tooth the patient shall be placed in a low seat, bending back his head between the tooth drawer's legs; then the tooth drawer shall deeply scarify about the tooth, separating the gums therefrom with the instruments."

If the tooth is then loose, it may be shaken out; otherwise, various three pointed instruments are recommended for use. The learned author says that unless the tooth-drawer knows his business well, he is liable to force out three teeth at once, "oftentimes leaving that untouched which causes the pain."

Of the author's rules of surgery some remain good, while others would now be pronounced worthless. Here is a fair sample. "You shall comfort the patient with hope of recovery, even when there is danger of death."

An elderly woman the story goes, called at the City building a few days ago for some aid out of the contingent fund. When asked what her claims for any of the money were she exclaimed, "Shure me eldest boy went away with the first corinthians!"

Every point of view which affords an extended retrospect, makes plain the wonderful progress of civilization to which this century has contributed so much.

The United States member of the international Prison commission finds such a point of view in the penal laws which the states of the Union have enacted during the last few years. He imagines Draco and Solon, the great lawgivers of the Greeks, making a tour of our prisons and reformatories, and asking the various inmates what offences they had committed.

A man in a Virginia jail replies: "I killed a partridge on the second of February." A Massachusetts druggist says: "I sold cocaine without a doctor's prescription." In Tennessee a man is found to be serving a term of three years for killing fish with dynamite; a Wisconsin baker has had to pay a fine and spend six weeks in jail for sleeping three nights in his bakery; a New York man tampered with an automatic ballot machine; a California nurse neglected to report to a doctor that the baby's eyes were inflamed.

"I was convicted for watering a bicycle path," says an Ohio tree sprinkler. "I tapped a telegraph wire," states another; "and I sold kerosene that was not up to the fire test," declares a third.

If the old law givers were to extend their tour of investigation still farther, they might learn of men fined or imprisoned for dropping advertising matter in letter chutes; for gambling by means of "slot machines"; and for countless other offences the very means for committing which were unknown one hundred years ago.

Thus the statute books record the march of civilization, proclaiming the increased

richness of life, and suggesting opportunities and responsibilities unknown even to the preceding generation. Young men of today are apt to hear much about the growing fierceness of competition and the increasing difficulties of making a living; but the student of progress will not need to go far into the past to find an answer to the argument.

Left In Sleeping Cars.

The sleeping car is one of the conveniences of modern life. It permits commercial travellers and others, who have to go from city to city, to do their business by day and their travelling by night. Thus no time is lost; and to save time seems to be the great American idea.

But the sleeping car has some disadvantages, besides being for most people very uncomfortable. It is a great place in which to lose things. When the porter rouses the occupant of a berth who wants to get out at a way station in the early morning, the passenger, in his hurry and sleepiness, often leaves some article behind him. This is so common that the railroads have adopted a system for the collection and return of such property. The porters, the conductors, the strippers and the cleaners, each in turn search the cars and any articles tucked away in the berths, under seats or carpets, or behind steam-pipes, are taken to the nearest terminal station. If not called for promptly, they are forwarded to head quarters.

Near the Grand Central Station in New York is a lost-article bureau, into which things come from all points—from Seattle to Bangor. The list of articles on hand awaiting owners usually includes purses, jewelry, railroad tickets, wearing apparel and sleeping-gowns. Sets of false teeth are said to be quite commonly left in the cars, while on one occasion the porter found a wooden leg. An excited nursemaid once left a baby behind in the sleeper; the little fellow was well taken care of by the trainmen until restored to his parents.

Many things lost in the cars can never be found. Sometimes an absent-minded man will wear off the wrong overcoat, but will be so well satisfied with the exchange that he will say nothing about it, while the other man may be clamoring loudly, but in vain, for his own coat.

'Tight Money and Speculation'

The 'tight' money market, of which so much has been heard recently at Eastern financial centres, harmed speculators in stocks far more than it did men engaged in commerce. The explanation is simple. When money is in plentiful supply, men borrow it freely and buy stocks with it. Prices rise; profits are realized; more money is borrowed.

Then the rates for money go up; the banks call in the loans which they have made; there is a rush to turn stocks into money, and prices go down as rapidly as they rose. Those who lose the fictitious profits; and those who bought to late and had no profits to lose, imagine that a calamity has happened; but general business is not even seriously affected unless the depression in the stock-market is grave and long continued.

Much of this agitation arises from the widely extended practice of speculating on "margins." The man who buys shares on a margin does not really buy them at all. He does not own or expect to own them. He practically bets a certain sum per share that the stock will rise. The small payment which he makes on the shares is virtually a wager.

When a stock which sells for one hundred dollars a share advances ten dollars, the man who has really invested in it makes ten per cent on his investment by the rise in price; but the man who has put up a margin of ten dollars on it makes one hundred per cent, on his money. He has taken ten times as much risk as the other. On the other hand, if the price drops ten dollars, the real investor loses only ten per cent and has a solid value left while the speculator on margin has lost all that he risked.

So it comes to pass that the speculator on margins is the first to feel the squeeze of a 'tight' money market.

House keeping without Ugars' 50 pieces for 50c. is like trying to manage an army without rations. Don't try to housekeep without this laundry rates.

Ugars' Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning Works 28 to 34 Waterloo Street Phone 58.



FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

On Thursday afternoon, Lady Daly was "At Home" to the officers of the 2nd Canadian Contingent, and also to those whose names were on Government House visiting list, who were invited to meet the officers.

The news of the death of Capt. Hensby in South Africa last Saturday was received with much sorrow. He was a P. E. Islander and a young man only 31 years of age.

A large number of people assembled at the Presbyterian Church, Bedford on Monday afternoon to witness the marriage of color-sergeant Edmund Vaughan, of the 1st Bat. Leinster Regiment, Royal Canadian, to Miss Annie Russell, of St. John's Hill.

The church was tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags. As the bride party entered the church the choir sang, "The Voice that Breathed our Eden," and as the party left, the church Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played.

An interesting event took place in the church of St. Denis, at East Ship Harbor, on the 18th Jan., when Veronica C., daughter of Thos. Keating, P. M., was united in marriage to Mr. Wm. Tracey.

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

"If any one present knows of any just cause or impediment, why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, let him now speak."



Thousands of happy maidens who have looked to marriage as the consummation of their earthly happiness, have found it a blight to the body, a martyrdom to the mind.

Women single or married will find invaluable advice in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Sent free on receipt of stamps to defray cost of custom and mailing only.

Miss Winnifred Bligh, was in nile green brocade with white silk all over lace gimpes and sleeves. Miss Taylor wore an effective gown of black and white.

Among those present were: Mrs. J. T. Halliday, Dr. and Mrs. Angroin, Miss Chase, Miss McKay, Miss McNaughton, Miss Schurman, Miss Bligh, Miss Crowe, Mrs. Yorston, Miss Nelson, Mrs. H. S. Sadie Logan, Mrs. Randall, Miss Page, Messrs. F. S. Yorston, S. L. Walker, H. W. Crowe, W. Crowe, A. Cowe, L. Sutherland, V. Stanfield, Dr. Stanfield, W. P. McKay, J. W. Murray, E. Conrad, Dr. Randall, B. Smith, F. W. McElhenry, F. Lilly, Toronto, F. Rowly, Halifax, G. Crowe, C. McKennell, G. A. Hall, W. King, F. Dickie, F. Deyrammond.

Among some Turonians in Halifax for the embarkation of last Saturday were Mrs. W. S. Muir, Miss Lawson, Mrs. H. P. Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Crowe and Mrs. D. B. Cummings. Pres.

WINDSOR. Miss Bessie McLatchy is visiting friends in Halifax.

was in town last Thursday on her way to Bermuda. Mrs. Herbert Phillips and her little daughter, Pauline, have arrived here from Boston to visit friends.

Mr. E. L. Cotton of the Examiner staff, Charlottetown, was in Halifax to see the second contingent of On Monday he came to Windsor to see his brother Walter at King's college, and starts for home again on Wednesday, 28th.

Among those who went to Halifax to see the Laureatians of were: Dr. Towhansend Mrs. Cecil Parsons, Mr. E. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Starrall, Miss Bessie Spencer, Mr. R. H. Howard, Messrs. B. L. Tucker, C. E. Day, Fred Monahan and V. G. McCurdy.

Mr. Bruce McKay is very seriously ill. Mr. Will Eaton is in town for a short time. Mrs. W. G. Lane and her son W. D. Lane went to Halifax on Thursday.

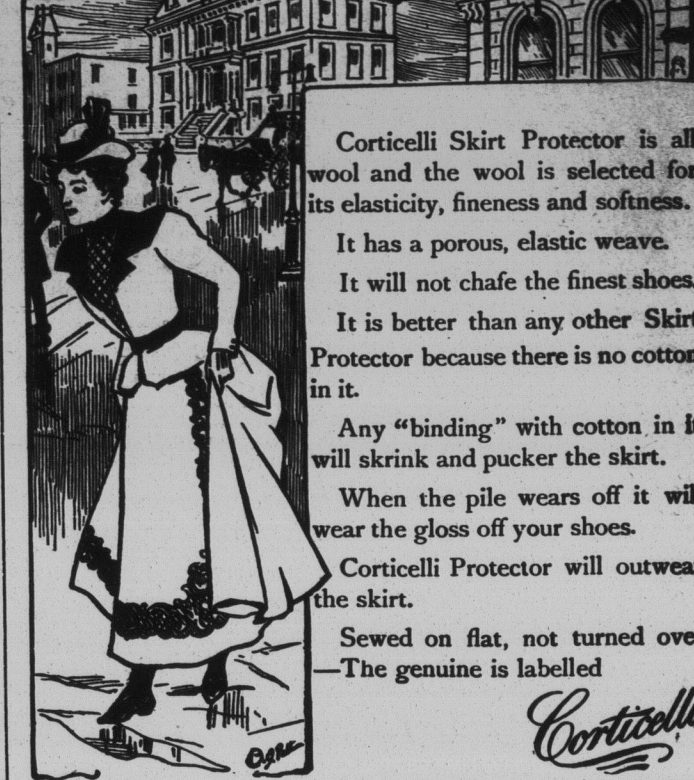
Mr. Fred Upham of Truro spent Sunday at Hotel Alpha. Mr. Ingles Craig spent part of last week here. Rev. Robert Johnston returned from Halifax on Saturday.

Mr. D. Shanley of Bridgetown, was a passenger on Tuesday's express to Yarmouth on a business trip. F. W. Pickles, wife and child, went to Halifax last week.

Miss Lillian Davis is visiting friends in Digby. Miss Josie Riley, is spending a few days in St. John.

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness? No; good pure tea, properly steeped will prevent a healthy person from sleeping on the contrary, a Tea like that sold in Tuley's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

SYDNEY, N. S. Mr. J. A. Greenlee, late of St. Peter's, C. B., has now charge of the Presbyterian church at Acadia Mines.



Corticelli Skirt Protector is all wool and the wool is selected for its elasticity, fineness and softness. It has a porous, elastic weave. It will not chafe the finest shoes. It is better than any other Skirt Protector because there is no cotton in it.



Hagan, Calton street, returned home on Monday. Rev. B. H. Thomas preached the sermon of dedication of the new baptist church on Sunday morning at Kempt.

Mr. John McCormick, of Macwahoc, returned home Wednesday, having attended the funeral of his father, which took place at Bridgetown on Friday last week.

Miss Bessie Crowe, of Annapolis, Miss J. S. McLeod, Mr. Campbell McLeod and son Roland, Lawrencetown, who have been guests of Mrs. H. W. Bowles, have returned to their homes.

Mr. John O. Turball, of the Light-house Road, representing the local agricultural society at the meeting of the Farmer's Association at New Glasgow, which took place this week.

Mr. A. C. McLatchy, of Grand Pre, received the notice last week that he had been appointed to the position of acting station agent at Grand Pre, and has proved himself a very obliging and satisfactory official.

WOLFVILLE, N. S. Mr. G. H. Pat'quia is visiting friends in Hantsport.

Advertisement for Adamson's Botanic Balm, describing its use for a tearing cold and its effectiveness in relieving symptoms like a dry burning of the tissues.

Advertisement for Perfection Tooth Powder, highlighting its benefits for dental hygiene and its availability for sale at all druggists.

Advertisement for Winsor & Newton's Oil Colors, Water Colors, and Canvases, listing various shades and products available.

Advertisement for Bouché Bar Oysters, mentioning a recent delivery of 10 barrels and the location of the supplier, J.D. Turner.

Advertisement for Bourbon, specifically 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky, available from Thos. L. Bourke.

Advertisement for Maypole Soap, a dyeing product, with contact information for A.P. Tippet & Co. in Montreal.

Advertisement for Puttner's Emulsion, a tonic and nutritive, emphasizing its effectiveness for nervous invalids and its palatable form.

Advertisement for Thos. L. Bourke, a general dealer in various goods, including oysters and bourbon, located in Toronto.

A Book for Women Written by a Woman. In Mrs. Richardson's latest book, "Women in Health and Disease," is a guide for the young girl, the wife and mother...

MONTREAL. [Progress is for sale in Montreal at Miss Hattie Tweed's bookstore and M. B. Jones' bookstore.] Jan. 21—Mr. B. E. Smith left Saturday on a trip to Halifax and Windsor.

WOODSTOCK. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Deane & Co.] JAN. 23—Mr. Richard Moxon, Masserville has been spending a few days with relatives and friends here.

GREENWICH. JAN. 23.—On Friday evening a large surprise party was given at the residence of Mr. Geo. Fowler at "Elmwood" and enjoyed a very pleasant evening in dancing and whist.

THINGS OF VALUE. There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea in one remedy. The list to which flesh and blood are very sensitive of various curatives being such that were the germ of other and differently seated diseases.

THE DIAMOND Collection of Songs. Over 600 songs and everyone a gem—words and music. This book is a veritable treasury of the world's popular songs.

Good Paper AND Good Ink. are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skilful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory.

New York Millionaires. Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest men in America have commenced life in a humble way.

ST. GEORGE. JAN 24.—A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. John Cribb had a very pleasant party on Monday evening in celebrating the tenth anniversary of their marriage.

Did it? Did your table silver, your silver-plated spoons, forks and knives shine on your Xmas and New Year's dinner? If they looked shabby replace them by new ones bearing this trade mark.

THE DIAMOND Collection of Songs. Over 600 songs and everyone a gem—words and music. This book is a veritable treasury of the world's popular songs.

Good Paper AND Good Ink. are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skilful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory.

New York Millionaires. Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest men in America have commenced life in a humble way.

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

QUEEN HOTEL. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the house, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for visitors and business men.

CAFÉ ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B. WM. CLARE, Proprietor.

Scribner's FOR 1900. J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYCKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERIC IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar. NOTABLE ART FEATURES, THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIXETO, HENRY MCCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

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

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electro Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

protector is all selected for its softness. finest shoes. any other Skirt there is no cotton. with cotton in it er the skirt. ears off it will ur shoes. r will outwear. ot turned over belled. ng Cold your throat and hacking cough ke a dry burning will receive relief by a dose of SON'S BALSAM soothing demul- parched and brane. ills to check the cough, and, pro- will permanently obstate one. ALL DRUGGISTS. e For Men. ickly cures sexual weakness, n, premature discharge, etc. to strength and vigor. Dr. Liding, Detroit, Mich. gladly of this wonderful remedy in an may cure himself at home. tion both Powder. at all Druggists. TS. & NEWTON'S COLORS. ER COLORS, ANVAS, etc., etc. nists, Colormen to Her Majesty d Family. AT ALL ART STORES. SON, - MONTREAL. e Agents for Canada. r Oysters. this day, 10 Barrels otouche Bar Oysters, of the Spring catch. 23 King Square. URNER. URBON. ON HAND d Belle of Anderson) Kentucky. L. BOURKE

ITCHING SKIN. In any Form, Whether Eczema, Salt Rheum or Piles Is Relieved at Once and Permanently Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. One of the strongest endorsements any remedy can have is its adoption by the medical profession as the standard treatment for the ills for which it is recommended. Such is the position of Dr. Chase's Ointment today. DOCTORS USE IT. Before the introduction of Dr. Chase's Ointment doctors admitted that they could not cure Eczema and Salt Rheum, and usually resorted to the surgical operation for piles. Now they use Dr. Chase's Ointment and know of no such thing as failure. Of course they don't always tell their patients what they are using, nor do they give the treatment in the original package; but nevertheless they continually order it from their offices for use in their practice and recognize it as the only absolute cure for piles and itching skin diseases. DOCTORS ENDORSE IT. Canadian doctors are no less enthusiastic than their American brethren in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but on account of the strict laws of the Dominion, do not care to have their names mentioned in public print. If you are in doubt regarding the wonderful virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment ask your family physician. He knows its record in the past and will endorse it in the strongest terms. Dr. C. M. Harlan, New York, writes: "No physician now refuses to acknowledge the claims of such remedies as Dr. Chase's Ointment which prove its virtue by curing where other means have failed. We know that Dr. Chase's Ointment meets all the requisitions of the highest standard of worth, and that it is held in high esteem wherever used, and consequently we endorse it to every reader." Dr. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of piles. 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmansons' Bays & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for throat and lung troubles, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Each 25 cts. at all dealers.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE)

party on Thursday afternoon, which was much enjoyed by those present.

Mrs. Hazen and Mrs. Barnside have in use invitations for a winter party for tomorrow evening.

Mrs. Luke Stewart went to St. John yesterday to attend the funeral of her late adopted daughter, Miss Annie Cunningham whose death occurred in New York on Saturday, from consumption.

The patriotic concert to be given in the Opera House on Monday evening next, promises to be an unqualified success, if the extensive preparations being made are an indication.

Mrs. Ketchum was one of the hostesses of the week, and on Saturday gave a luncheon at "Elm-croft," which covers were laid for fourteen.

Mr. Good, wife of Rev. Geo. Good is here from Innesfall, B. C., and is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. B. Atherton.

On Saturday Mrs. Ernest T. play gave a five o'clock tea to her Marysville friends, in honor of Mrs. A. P. Crockett of Dalhousie. The rooms were prettily decorated with ferns and palms. In the dining room, which was presided over by Mrs. Hatt who poured coffee, and Mrs. Cudlip who poured tea, the decorations were all in green and red. Miss Rowley, Miss Warner, Miss McConnell and Miss Day served the guests.

Mrs. Crockett has returned to her home in Dalhousie.

Miss McConnell and her friend Miss Warwick of St. John, left on Monday to resume their studies at M<sup>l</sup> Allison.

Mr. John Hatt and Mr. Tuttle who have been spending the holidays with Mr. Hatt's parents at Marysville, returned last week to Sackville.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. McNally of Queensbury left yesterday afternoon on a trip to New York.

Mrs. G. O. Fraser and Mrs. Dunbar have returned from Lower Mass., where they went to see Lieut. James Fraser who is ill of typhoid fever.

Miss Carrie McNally, daughter of Mr. Michael McNally, returned yesterday to Newport to resume her duties at the hospital there.

Rev. Dr. McLeod, Mr. R. L. Tibbitts, Miss Carrie Tibbitts and Mr. Henry McLeod, have returned from Halifax where they had gone to bid farewell, and God speed to our brave soldier lads who have marched proudly forth to help swell the ranks of "the thin red line."

The musical club had a very pleasant gathering last evening at the rectory when Rev. Canon and Mrs. Roberts made ideal hosts in their warm reception of their musical friends. In accordance with the spirit of the times the rooms were gaily decorated with flags and patriotic found many devotees.

A delicious supper was served at the finish of the programme which consisted of:

- 1 Song—"Joy come in the morning".....Lemont set to music by L. A. Wilford
- Mrs. Lemont.
- 2 Song—"You".....Robyn
- Mrs. Bessie Clowes.
- 3 Paper on Chopin.....Mrs. Risk
- 4. "But the Lord is mindful of his own" Mendelsohn
- Mrs. Britovwe.

- 5 Song—"Dresden China".....Molloy
- Mrs. J. Gray.
- Reading—"Ode to St. Cecilia".....Bryden
- Mrs. S. A. Macdonald.
- Vocal duet—"As push the heart".....Smart
- Miss Clowes and Miss Carman.
- Song—"Gray rocks and grayer sea".....
- words by professor C. G. D. Roberts
- Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety.

- Quartet—"Farewell to the forest".....
- Prof. G. Bristow.
- Song—"The bloom is on the rye".....Bishop
- Prof. G. Bristow.
- Song—"Juanita".....
- Mrs. Brannen.
- Song—"Farewell to the soldier".....
- Mrs. Lewont.

Mr. Allan Wilford was among the guests of the evening.

Miss Winnie Ewrett has returned home after a stay of several weeks in Boston.

Miss Gertrude Grevery is spending a few days at St. John.

The Misses Beverly entertained the choir of St. Paul's church at their home on Thursday evening.

Miss Lizzie Byrne has returned to Boston after a stay of several weeks with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt gave a well dinner on Thursday evening which was much enjoyed.

Miss Nell McDonald is visiting her cousin Miss South Wilby.

Mrs. C. G. Tabor has leased the residence of Mrs. Wesley Vanwart for a term of years and will remove from Lang Syne Cottage in the spring.

Mrs. G. Wainlow Miller gave a very pleasant tea on Monday afternoon and had the assistance of Miss Grace Winslow, Miss Daisy Winslow and the Misses Agnes and Lilla Tabor in serving the guests.

Mrs. E. Byron Winslow and Miss Crockett poured tea and coffee.

Mr. Douglas Black left today for Upper Canada College to resume his studies there.

The "Up-to-date" Whist Club met last evening

"Winter Finds Out What Summer Lays By."

Be it spring, summer, autumn or winter, someone in the family is "under the weather" from trouble originating in impure blood or low condition of the system.

All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

Bolls—"I was troubled with boils for months. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using a few bottles it restored me to perfect health." MRS. JESSIE TURNBULL, Cranbrook, Ont.

Could Not Sleep—"I did not have any appetite and could not sleep at night. Was so tired I could hardly walk. Read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, took four bottles and it restored me to perfect health." MISS JESSIE TURNBULL, Cranbrook, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

with Mrs. Barry when a pleasant time was spent. Miss Emma Crookshank, one of the guests of the evening, carried off the ladies first prize and Mr. Rodgers took gent's man's first.

Mrs. Sterling Brennan gave a very pleasant whist party on Thursday evening.

The Lang Syne Whist club met last week with Dr. and Mrs. Crockett, when after a hard contest, Mrs. Burns and Mrs. Chas. Hall were declared the winners. Those ladies playing off Mrs. Hall was successful and took first prize, Mrs. Burn's second. Miss Hilliard won gent's man's first for Mr. Allen and Dr. Bridges took second.

Mrs. Daisy Winslow entertained a party of her friends on Saturday evening at progressive Euchre table co. testing for the prizes. Mr. T. Carlton Allen captured the gentlemen's prize. Crockett.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[For games in for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. S. Wall, T. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treat's

JAN. 25.—Harvey Mitchell of Sussex spent Sunday in town and was the guest of Mrs. James Mitchell.

Miss Warner of St. John is the guest of Miss Noy Clarke.

Miss Agnes Alger has returned to St. Andrews. Miss Maude Green has returned to her home in St. Andrews.

Miss Maude McClelland of St. John has been the guest this week of Miss Vera Young.

Mrs. E. T. Lee and Miss Carrie Washburne are visiting Boston.

Mrs. E. H. Macnam of St. John and her two children are visiting Mrs. R. W. Grimmer.

Mrs. R. L. Sloggett of Houlton is spending a week in Boston.

Mrs. John F. Grant who has been suffering from a severe cold is now recovering.

Miss Daisy Hanson the popular young lady teacher of the King street school, chaperoned a party of young people to Upton Lodge last Saturday afternoon to enjoy snow shoeing and winter games.

John E. Alsar returned from Grand Manan on Monday.

Mrs. W. F. Boardman gave a childrens party on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her son Glenn, it being his sixth birthday.

The Harmony club enjoyed a delightful evening on Monday at the residence of Mrs. James Mitchell. The club expect to meet with Mrs. John F. Grant on the evening of February the 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hanson most pleasantly entertained the whist club at Mrs. Judson Clark's in Calais, Milltown, on Thursday evening of last week. The prizes were won by Mrs. C. F. Beard and A. Vesie and the second prize fell to Mrs. Walter Osborne and Frank Washburn. After the game a delicious supper was served. The club meets tomorrow evening with Mrs. Percy Gillmore.

Miss Edith Kinner has returned to her home in St. John.

Mrs. Hazen Grimmer returned from St. Andrews on Saturday last.

Dr. R. K. Ross is quite ill and confined to his residence.

Mrs. E. B. Todd entertained a party of friends with what at her home in Calais one evening last week. Rev. O. S. Newnam and Mrs. Newnam accompanied by Mrs. J. M. Deacon, left on Tuesday for Houlton where they will make a brief visit. Mrs. Deacon spends a few days in St. John.

Miss Brannard of Robinsonton was the guest of Mrs. B. Gillespie during the past week.

A telegram was received on Monday afternoon by Miss Mary Phillips containing the news of her appointment as one of the teachers of the model school in Fredericton.

Miss Beta Smith entertained a few friends on Saturday evening invited for the pleasure of Miss Edith Kinner of St. John, who has been making a brief visit with Miss Smith.

Mrs. M. A. McDonald has returned from Massachusetts and intends to do dress-making in St. Stephen. Her place of residence is at Thomas Toal's Dow street.

On Friday evening the Misses Mecomage entertained at their father's residence on Union street. From seven until ten o'clock was pleasantly spent in games, music and dancing, after which refreshments were served. The guests were Miss Hanson, the Misses Winifred Smith, Gertrude Bessey, Elsie Lawson, Florence Newnam, Kathleen McAllister, Alice Ryder, Lela McVay, Lena Robinson, Winifred Lindow, Mabel Hawthorne, Cella Clark, Pearl Murchie, and Master Earle Blythe, Hesen Monltz, Willie McElroy, Geo. Lindsay, Harold Vroom, Eddie LeWelle, Jerome Sullivan, Geo. Todd, Arthur Carson and Charlie Ryder.

Mrs. James Mowatt returned to St. Andrews on Saturday after a pleasant visit with Mrs. R. K. Ross.

Mrs. Enos D. Sawyer and Mrs. Florence Childs of Boston, were here last week attending the funeral services of the late Madams Duren.

Rev. C. G. McCully has arrived from Japan and was warmly welcomed by his friends and parishioners.

ST. ANDREWS.

JAN. 24.—F. H. Grimmer was in St. John this week on professional business.

Mr and Mrs W. R. Snow, have been in town lately. Mrs. Nathan Treadwell, we are pleased to state, is recovering from her recent severe illness.

Mr T. B. Wren was in St. John on Monday. Miss Assena Galbraith and Mr. Harry A. Hinds

of St. George, were married on Wednesday at Pleasanton by Rev. Andrew Boyd. The bride was prettily attired in a blue with liberty silk and blue velvet trimmings. Mr. and Mrs. Hinds will reside at St. George.

W. A. Robertson took Friday night's train for Boston.

Mr. George F. Hannah, ex councillor from St. Stephen came down to St. Andrews on Thursday to see how the councillors transacted business with him. Mr. Hannah has recently returned from Edmonton where he built a \$3,000 house for Mr. John Murchie. On the completion of the house Mr. Murchie turned it over to his son Frank, who looks after his Edmonton interests.

Mrs. John Prescott is now visiting relatives in the southern states.

Miss Louie Boardman of Tacoma has been visiting Mrs. John C. Taylor for a few days.

Miss Edith Deinstad has returned to Sackville to resume her studies at Young Alliston College.

Mrs. A. T. Clarke and Miss Bessie Clark, recently visited by Colonel and Mrs. Sumner of Lubec, leave this week for the south.

Mrs. Alice Graham gave a snowshoe tramp and a supper at her home one evening last week which was much enjoyed by all.

35 Cts. Dr. Doctor—Some people have spent fortunes seeking to repair the broods of disease which have had origin in the simplest of beginning—food fermentation and indigestion—a disordered stomach—the money's gone—the physician has failed to cure—but Dr. Von Stan's Pinespale Tablets have proved the little "specialists" in a thousand cases—and a box of 60 of them have made a cure—costs just 35 cents.

Helping the Cripple.

It was a pathetic procession of boys and girls that slowly wended its way through the hot furnaces that are called streets in other months than July and August. It was made up of the ragged, the starved, the asphyxiated, the outcasts, whom the Fresh Air Fund was providing with one ever-to-be-remembered day of cool breezes and plenty of food upon the city bay.

Each boy and girl had the coveted ticket clutched in his or her hand. Some of them were almost too weak to walk to the barge that meant to these parched lives a breath of heaven. In this pitiful procession was a cripple. He had bravely started in line with his stronger comrades. He had not enjoyed a restful sleep for nobody knows how many torrid nights; he had not eaten a full meal for nobody knows how many intolerable days. His eyes burned from weakness and the heat, and his legs almost refused action. But ahead was the barge. When on board that he would have a happy day upon the water. The children near him cried out in an ecstasy of anticipation. But the little cripple lagged behind. The torture of walking was too great for the child to bear, and he stumbled and fell. 'Hullo! Where's Ted?' cried a boy, looking round. 'Hurry up, Ted!'

Ted tried to smile. He was ready to cry from fear, least he could not go to the barge. Just then there ran out from the head of the procession a boy hardly bigger than the cripple, who said, simply, 'Never ye mind, Ted, I'll carry ye.' And the lad bent and took the cripple in his puny arms and staggering carried him several blocks. The load and the heat finally bent him down.

'Here, you, Jim! Drop him! I'll take him now!' shouted another lad, whose sympathies had at once been aroused. Like the first lad, he was no bigger than Ted, but he knew the little cripple, and had too kind a heart to have his little friend disappointed. The inhuman blocks seemed to grow longer and longer. The carriage and the barge seemed to recede to an impossible distance. But the boys passed the cripple bravely down the line. Wh'n one could no longer carry the burden from sheer exhaustion, another picked the lad up. The girls wished they could help, and said so with many a hearty word; and thus the procession moved on.

Is so happened that a gentleman saw the last boy totter and drop the cripple. He noticed also the look of despair upon the face of the disabled child, a look reflected in the faces of the children near him; for the boat was still some distance away, and the strength of the boys was spent.

The good Samaritan hesitated a moment; then with a smile he shouldered the helpless lad, and exclaiming, 'Come on, boys!' he carried him to the river's brink, and placed him tenderly under the awning upon the boat. The little beggars cheered him as he sat their comrade down, but it never occurred to them that their kindness had only been passed on to him. The man went his way, but his act lighted the whole day to the passer-by who saw it.

Queen's Rink

Conveniently situated on

Charlotte Street.

AN IDEAL RINK FOR A GOOD SKATE.

Perpetually Good Ice.

Tuesday and Thursday Evening also Saturday Afternoon, the Artillery Band is in attendance.

Hockey Matches on Friday Nights

SINGLE ADMISSION.



Quick Soap

SURPRISE Soap cleans clothes quickest and cleanest.

It's a harmless soap—it isn't a clothes eater. It won't injure the fabric of a cobweb.

No more scalding, boiling or hard rubbing. No more red, sore hands—no more streaked or yellow clothes—if you use SURPRISE.

A large cake that lasts a long time costs but 5 cents. Be sure you get the genuine.

Remember the name—"SURPRISE."

Stories of Jerry Simpson.

Amos J. Cummings is one of the most entertaining contributors to the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia. In a recent number he comments upon the absence of Jerry Simpson from the house of representatives at Washington and tells some of the good stories current about him. Jerry was supposed to hail from New Brunswick but from what section PROGRESS does not know. The anecdotes however, are interesting:

There were two stars in the last House that shine here no longer. These twin stars were J. Hamilton and Jerry Simpson. Lewis, like Jerry, first attracted attention by his attire. It was as neat and natty as anything ever worn by the Count d'Orsay. Jerry, on the contrary, was plainly dressed, wearing raiment that attracted no attention. He had been heralded as 'Sockless Jerry.' When he first appeared on the floor, a new York member, upon being introduced, stooped and drew up the leg of Jerry's trousers. He saw black silk socks with a drop stitch.

'Well, I'll be hanged!' exclaimed the New York man, 'how the world is given to lying.'

The intellectuality of these two gentlemen corresponded with their attire. Lewis was versatile, and gitted with a miraculous flow of language. In manner he was exquisite; he had all the self-consciousness characterizing Southern chivalry. This was natural, for he was born in Virginia, and is a graduate of its university. In polite sarcasm he was unrivaled, and in running debate a paragon. He apparently never forgot that he had received seventeen votes as the nominee for Vice-President in the Democratic National Convention of 1896. Jerry Simpson, on the contrary, though not so eloquent and demonstrative, was even more effective than Lewis. He was an old stager in politics. He had associated himself with nearly every political party that appeared after the war. There was no cross about Jerry. He had studied economic questions, and was an expert in tariff and all other legislation. Like Lewis, he was a constant attendant upon the sessions of the House, and an active participant in discussion. Of all the members of the last House, Jerry will probably be the one who will be missed the most. A few incidents will illustrate why.

In speaking on a motion to drop the appropriation for seeds for the farmers, Jerry said:

'It is the only benefit the farmer gets in the line of paternalism—the only thing that keeps him in touch with the Government.'

'Well, then,' shouted David B. Henderson, 'you must be a consoling link, Jerry!'

'Yes, sir,' Mr. Simpson replied. 'And I am a farmer who farms the farm, and not the farmer. Of course I can readily understand why gentlemen representing certain districts have no use for garden seeds. They live in localities where they have to dig their fishworms with dynamite and plant their peas with a shotgun.'

His happiness in retort was shown in a discussion over Civil Service Reform. Jerry took the Mugwump side of the question. He opened with an attack upon the opponents of the measure, calling Mr. Sulloway, of New Hampshire, 'Mr. Salavator, and indulged in a running debate with Lemuel E. Quigg. It involved the power of the Speaker. The matter rests entirely with the Speaker,' Jerry asserted. 'He is the whole thing, and he runs the House; therefore I take it for granted there will be no open vote on this question, and that these speeches are all for buncombe, to enable the boys to read them out to satisfy the voters at home.'

But, pursued Mr. Quigg, 'will the gentleman undertake to speak for the Speaker without having consulted the Speaker?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Jerry; 'why not? The speaker never consults me.' The retort created great laughter, in which Mr. Reed himself joined.

At times Jerry's sarcasm was intensely effective. In the discussion over the River and Harbor bill last February, Mr. White, of North Carolina, the only colored Representative in Congress, offered an amendment appropriating \$7750 for the improvements of Fishing Creek.

'Can I ask the gentleman a question?' said Jerry.

'Certainly,' was the reply.

'I want to inquire if the water on the bar is of sufficient depth for the fish to get over the bar without lightening?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. White. 'When the gentleman corals his cattle on the Kansas prairie, let him come down there and I will show him that it is.' But the amendment was rejected; Jerry's question had killed it.

There was an amusing discussion over the Indian Appropriation bill last year. Jerry took a drive at the Agricultural Department.

Why, said he, 'they lately sent experts to the slums of New York to ascertain the cost of living in the tenement houses. These experts brought out the fact that the poverty of these dwellers is due to their extravagance. They reported that in many instances they really bought beefsteak and butter, and a recommendation is made that they live on bananas, because, as is stated, there is in ten cents' worth of bananas more nutriment than in two pounds of beefsteak.'

This brought Governor Dingley to his feet.

'I think,' he said, 'that my friend from Kansas is making fun. I have observed that during his services in past Congresses he has dwelt upon the miseries of Kansas. Now he is dwelling on the miseries of New York. What is the matter with Kansas?'

'Kansas,' shouted Jerry, 'is now under Populist rule, and has no more miseries.'

'That is misery enough in itself,' scored David B. Henderson, and the chamber rang with merriment.

John W. Maddox of Georgia, was once replying to some strictures on the South made by Mr. Laddia, of Indiana. The gentleman is not careful with the facts,' said Mr. Maddox.

'He is economical of facts,' suggested Jerry.

The Sundry Civil bill reported in February, 1898, contained a provision for the appointment of nine commissioners, to the Paris Exposition. When it was read Jerry began to evince an inquiring disposition.

'Does not this provision for the nine commissioners,' he asked, really mean the appointment of nine millionaires to go over there and look after their special interests—the trades who have no general interest in the trade that other people are interested in—to go to Paris and get into the swim?'

This question aroused the indignation of Joseph H. Walker, of Massachusetts, a millionaire manufacturer. He denounced the insinuation, saying: 'We ought to legislate like men, and not like disgruntled boys.'

Jerry, in his reply, paid Mr. Walker a tribute for the way in which he had made his money.

'He has set a worthy example to those who as soon as they have stolen their millions have gone abroad,' added he, 'and have spent their time in frivolous dissipation in high-toned society in Europe.'

'Do I understand that the gentleman from Kansas would prefer to be a pauper rather than a millionaire?' asked Mr. Perkins, of Iowa.

'I would not object to being a millionaire at all,' Jerry replied, 'but I would not want to be a millionaire at the expense of those who toil. I have not the inclination to consume the substance of the people that I might become a millionaire.'

'And,' continued Mr. Perkins, 'if the gentleman were a millionaire, he would think there was some respectability to that class of our fellow-citizens?'

'I have no doubt that I might lend an air of respectability to that class,' Jerry responded. 'The gentleman from Iowa would no doubt recognize this long-talk want.'



Nicely Laundered.

In the domestic art of laundering, "Once well done is twice done." Because we give our work extra care, it lasts twice as long before needing to be laundered again.

Nothing is more trying than to have your fine linens spoiled in the wash. If they are to be laundered, let us do them for you.

American Laundry,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

GODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

The Hon

Dr. Silas Al

of the late Wal

its trustees told PROGRESS

Management o

to have twenty

cupants by Ap

number of wo

brick building

pleasant plot

between St.

The story of

humane act

dred thousand

wealth for the

able sufferers,

none of its app

people at large

ment was only

Marine Hoopi

devoted to the

suggested and

to the benefice

merchant.

For three m

refitting the w

heating appar

the contractor

been replaced

fashioned fire

ways, the car

workmen are

possible of the

building and

forts. The b

paired also, a

structure does

Mr. Turnbull

with great gr

as for years t

permanently i

people had be

bleamed with

realms' curr

beneficence o



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1900.

## WILL OPEN IN APRIL.

The Home for Incurables Being Speedily Fitted Out for Occupancy.

Dr. Silas Alward, solicitor to the estate of the late Wallace W. Turnbull and one of the trustees of the Home for Incurables told Progress this week that the Board of Management of the new hospital expected to have twenty beds in readiness for occupants by April first. At present a large number of workmen are refitting the big brick building, which is situated in that pleasant plot of land on Wentworth street, between St. James and Brittain streets. The story of the late Mr. Turnbull's humane act in donating one hundred thousand dollars of his hard-earned wealth for the benefit of St. John's incurable sufferers, is long since old, but loses none of its appreciation in the hearts of the people at large. The Dominion Government was only too willing to have the old Marine Hospital, which proved a failure, devoted to the good use Mr. Turnbull suggested and readily handed it over to the beneficence of the late Ward street merchant.

For three months plumbers have been refitting the water system, bath rooms and heating apparatus. Henry Dunbrack is the contractor. Old register grates have been replaced by large and cheerful old fashioned fire-places and in numerous ways, the carpenters, masons and other workmen are doing away with as much as possible of the hospital appearance of the building and adding more homelike comforts. The building's exterior is to be repaired also, although a handsomer public structure does not stand in St. John today.

Mr. Turnbull's bequest was received with great gratification by St. John people as for years the need of an asylum for permanently indigent and life long suffering people had been sorely felt. Families not blessed with an over abundance of the realm's currency will appreciate the beneficence of Mr. Turnbull when they find they have a bright and airy house for their loved ones to spend their remaining few weeks, months or years in peace and comfort with all the aids of modern science and that they will be freed from the heavy expense of maintaining them in humble circumstances.

There is hardly a St. John resident unacquainted with the situation of the Marine Hospital between St. James and Brittain streets, fronting on Wentworth street and with its large garden area occupying nearly a whole block. The fence enclosing the structure and its grounds has been torn down and within its bounds the greensward and foliage impresses upon the visitor the fact of the hospital's exceptionally pleasant situation. A Progress representative was shown through the big institution by Mrs. Barnes, wife of ex-superintendent Barnes, who with his family still occupy the superintendent's suite of rooms on the second floor.

From the outside the large brick structure presents a commanding position, a fitting companion for Wiggins Male Orphan Asylum in the very near vicinity. Its architecture is pleasing to the eye and exterior masonry substantial looking. A large staircase of stone leads to the main entrance where upon entering is a roomy hall with massive stairway leading from the centre of it. From this hall are approaches to the reception room, committee room, men's dining room, surgery with vault, medicine chests etc. In a rear hall, running crosswise in the building, are situated nurses' apartments and a big ward over 60 x 30 feet and ventilated in a very efficient manner. Fourteen large windows allow the room to be flooded with sunlight, and with repairs and renovation will be made an ideal apartment for the sick.

A large and many-roomed cellar contains two pantries, a refrigerator room, wash room, kitchen with big ranges etc. bath room, heating apparatus, and coal spaces for ninety tons. The heating apparatus after six years of disuse and ten years of constant working prior to the abolishing of the hospital, was no longer fit for work and was condemned, but new and modern furnaces have been put in. The ranges in the kitchen are also good for nothing but old iron.

On the second floor from the ground that the laying out of the rooms are about

the same as underneath, with the addition of linen room, morgue and some smaller apartments. The big ward on this floor however is even more pleasant than the one below, as the foliage of the trees with out clusters about the windows, quite re-

Four people were employed to conduct the institution as far as the sick were concerned but at no time were there more than twenty six patients in the wards, although there were accommodations for a great many more. After running ten years, until 1893 the marine retreat was closed as an economic move by the Conservative government and has been out of use and speedily going to ruin up to few months ago when the Turnbull trustees started repairing it for the new home.

Mr. Turnbull before he died, specially requested that the home be not named

## THIS REMARKABLE WINTER.

The Ups and Downs of the Mercury and the Exceptional Mildness.

"Just like spring," was the universal weather remark on Tuesday last, when only a few days before the populace was hurrying about the streets with hands to their ears and necks drawn as far down into their upturned collars as possible. Truly the

reports. However for the sake of being exact and statistical the following table of cold and heat, rain and snow since December 15 h last to Tuesday of this week is given and Progress readers may see for themselves what a queer winter we've had.

Date	Highest	Lowest	Rain or Snow
Dec. 15	47	26	.72 rain
Dec. 16	25	14	
Dec. 17	21	9	
Dec. 18	43	33	.11 snow
Dec. 19	48	34	.27 snow
Dec. 20	38	26	
Dec. 21	27	24	
Dec. 22	19	23	
Dec. 23	23	20	
Dec. 24	26	18	
Dec. 25	41	28	.14 rain
Dec. 26	30	26	
Dec. 27	24	14	
Dec. 28	25	18	6.30 snow
Dec. 29	26	19	8.1 snow
Dec. 30	18	11	
Dec. 31	19	8	3.34 snow
Jan. 1	11	6	1.04 snow
Jan. 2	10	11	2 snow
Jan. 3	11	6	
Jan. 4	13	2	
Jan. 5	27	9	
Jan. 6	24	19	snow
Jan. 7	29	12	
Jan. 8	29	9	.34 snow
Jan. 9	14	2	
Jan. 10	28	14	rain
Jan. 11	20	8	
Jan. 12	27	16	.62 rain and snow
Jan. 13	24	18	snow
Jan. 14	28	21	snow
Jan. 15	31	18	
Jan. 16	36	22	snow
Jan. 17	29	*1	
Jan. 18	34	*1	
Jan. 19	41	28	snow
Jan. 20	47	28	snow, rain
Jan. 21	47	13	.50 rain
Jan. 22	33	19	

Below Zero.  
Last winter the mercury shrunk as far as 6, 7, 8 and ten below zero during January and was more than half the time hovering just beneath or above the chilly cipher. The above readings are taken from the Waterworks instruments on Leinster street, which are more or less in a sheltered spot.

### Tempora Mutantur.

A recent letter extolling the new reforms in Cuba under American rule pays this regretful tribute to the past:

"But we have done away with many things that the Cubans love, which we think useless or wrong. The daily guard-mountings of the volunteers, (Spanish volunteers I mean), which used to take place with band and martial trappings, has been given up. We have forbidden people to appear on the streets in the useful undershirt? We require them now to wear the 'Boiled shirt,' which does duty now until the Health Board requires it to be re-boiled. The voice of the merry vender of lottery tickets is no longer heard in the land, and you no longer see and hear six feet of strapping humanity chanting, 'I have the grand prize, number ten thousand, and so on, and so on, won't you buy a piece?' The old gendarme police has been changed into a linen-suited Cuban all dignity and revolver, and, worst outrage of all against one's aesthetic taste, we have compelled the post-man to wear a 'white wing' helmet instead of the once universal panama."

### Couldn't Fool the Driver.

A clergyman, who made a study of antiquities, was riding on the outside of a coach in the West, when the driver said to him:

"I've had a coin giv' me to day 200 years old. Did you ever see a coin 200 years old?"

"Oh, yes; I have one myself 2,000 years old."

"Ah!" said the driver "have ye?" and spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destination the driver turned to the clergyman with an intensely self-satisfied air, and said:

"I told you as we druv' along that I had a coin 200 years old."

"Yes."

"And you said to me as you had one 2,000 years old."

"Yes, so I have."

"That's not true."

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean? Why, it's only 1900 now!"

Mr. Pokus—There's the only woman in this town whose affairs ain't gossiped about at the Sewin' Circle meetin'.

Mr. Citiman—How does she escape?

Mr. Pokus—By good management—at a alters gits there ahead of any of the rest of 'em.

"Ah, yes," he cried, "I'd willingly lay down my all for you if His foot flew up, and grabbing out, He sent her sprawling 'oo."



JOSEPH H. CHOATE,  
The United States' Ambassador to Great Britain.

freshing no doubt to a housed invalid. A full view of Courtney Bay and far into the Bay of Fundy is also offered from this upper apartment and the fresh air supply is constant and plentiful. At present a lot of old iron bedsteads with ruined mattresses are lying about it but these are soon to be hurried away to the junk shop.

The superintendent's living quarters, which are situated about the main staircase gallery and the second floor are furnished and in an excellent state of preservation. Views can be obtained of all parts of the city from the windows and it would be hard to find a home in the city equaling it in brightness and sunshine. Dumb waiters run from the cellar to the third story, but a hydraulic elevator has always been a necessity.

The third story is merely a gallery round about the staircase and directly under the 40 feet square glass dome—a spot indeed warranted to heighten the spirits of the least encouraged sick person. Doors from this gallery lead to the roof, on which are accommodations for patients. The view from this vantage point is unexcelled.

In all the Marine Hospital contains twenty-four large apartments, not including the halls and basement rooms and is eminently fitted for a home for incurables. It belongs to the federal authorities and has necessitated considerable outlay for repairs and modernizing before it is ready to re-occupy as a home for the sick. The land on which it stands has been traditionally handed down from generation to generation as a sailor's reserve. In 1883 the late James Sullivan started work in erecting the hospital and in 1888 it was finished by Contractor Tilly. Jas. Doody did the plumbing. The total cost of the structure was \$65,000.

after him, simply, the St. John Home for Incurables. Applications for residence in the institution have been received by the Trustees ever since it was first known that Mr. Turnbull had made the endowment, and whenever its doors are thrown open, the available beds will no doubt be readily taken possession of. Dr. Alward states that several persons in and outside the city have signified their intention of presenting the home with beds and maintaining them.

### Best Exercise of A. I.

Walking, as a form of exercise, is growing in favor. Of all forms it gives perhaps the best results with the least interference with mental activity. Exercise that builds up large bunches of muscle, for which brain workers have no use, in time, largely wasted. And so the best and cheapest form of exercise, walking is coming into favor. And no one can beget off from it on any plea except physical laziness. With a cheerful habit of mind, cultivated in connection with walking, there is within every one's reach the best sort of exercise to keep the whole system in best condition.

### Some Hope For Him.

The other day two negro roustabouts were overheard talking. They met on the levee, after one had been absent from town for several weeks.

"Hello, Bill; how is yer?" said the first.

"Well," was the reply, "de doctors is give me up, but de police ain't."

Artist—My next picture at the Academy will be entitled 'Driven to Drink.'

His Friend—Ah, some powerful portrayal of a filled passion, I suppose?

Artist—Oh, no; it's a cab approaching a water trough.

mercury has been kept on the move. Raining in the morning, clearing up after supper, growing colder towards midnight and frosting the window panes before dawn. This seems to be the meteorological programme for the winter of 1899-1900, so far.

Old residents say give us back the winters of a generation or two ago with their ten-foot high snowbanks and cheery fire-places, and even the youths and maidens of the hour sigh for those joyous snowy months of only a few years back when "Mother Carey" seemed to "pluck her chickens" with more frequency and when her "chickens" seemed to have more "feathers" to pluck than they now apparently possess. What, with fog-enveloped streets in the depth of January, veritable spring like rainstorms, wheeled vehicles noising about and burdensome clothing, the winter now upon us is threatening St. John with the surrender of her right as a truly characteristic Canadian city.

Laying aside the question of general gratification at "steady" weather, the ill effects of the elements, spasms have been felt by more than one branch of trade and in a physical way by the people at large. Physicians report increased illness, more so than for many winters past. In fact perhaps the only fact in which real gratification can be taken is that the mild season has been a blessing to the poorly clad, the poorly fed and the poorly housed. Chair-tilly disposed persons will no doubt consider this and let it outweigh any slight inconvenience they might have experienced by the weather's pranks.

But not being out of the woods yet it is hardly judicious to start in crowing. January has yet a few days to spend and February and March have not handed in their

# The Secret of a Picture.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

## CHAPTER I

### FOUR LITTLE GIRLS.

'You think of nothing but pleasure, Eola.' And the speaker's tone held a stern severity. 'No, you cannot go skating to day; these covers for the drawing room must be finished before the dinner party. I told you so a week ago; but you—'

'Have worked hard, mamma; indeed I have. You have no idea how much work there is in these chintz covers, with their frills, and I do think Blanche and Julia might help a little. It is they who have the pleasure, I am sure, not I.'

'Eola, have you forgotten?'

Mrs. Caxton lowered her voice, but she made it very terrible.

Eola looked pitifully into the hard face and then her own soft, flower like one quivered a rash of tears blinded the sweet blue eyes; the girl clasped her hands in a way that told of extreme agitation.

'Oh! let me go away,' she faltered.

'Let me go and earn my own living somewhere, anywhere, anyhow. I do not want to be a burden upon you.'

'You do not wish to recompense me for the burden you have been,' Mrs. Caxton corrected severely; 'Blanche and Julia are corrected severely; Eola; show a little gratitude. If I were in your place I should think nothing too much to do in return for all I had received.' Then with a lofty condescension: 'You are making those covers fit very nicely; they must be all completed by the night of the party, and I think the room will look extremely well.'

Eola sighed, dried her pretty eyes and picked up her sewing.

It was a lovely day out of-door, crisp and bright, sunny and frosty.

The ice was just bearing well, it was in splendid condition, and the lake at Highfields, the Earl of Dartrey's place, would be crowded with happy, healthy, merry skaters.

Eola pictured it all; and she could skate so well, so much better than either Julia or Blanche, for she had learned to skim over the ice as a child in Canada, and her lithe slim figure was light and airy as a bird's, while the two elder Miss Caxtons were tailor made and stiff, awkward on skates, nervous and insecure.

Yet, all the same, Eola saw Blanche and Julia start for the lake, beautifully attired in blue cloth, with sable tics and muffs, the newest things in skates hanging on their arms, and a joyous anticipation brightening their somewhat common faces.

Eola heard Blanche say to Julia—

'My dear, he is sure to be there—most likely we shall get an introduction.'

Mrs. Caxton went out also, magnificent in brocade and sealin; and poor Eola, poor, little Cinderella—sat alone and stitched, until the needle seemed to prick her heart, it was all so dreary and so lonely.

It was not the sewing she minded, but, in this house, the sensitive, warm-hearted girl had no love nor sympathy.

At school she had had friends and happiness; but now Blanche and Julia seemed to think it their mission to snub her, and Mrs. Caxton was always hard upon her youngest daughter.

Eola only dimly remembered the father who used to pet her and be kind after a clumsy fashion.

He had died so many years ago.

'Miss Eola!—the cook put her head in at the door without ceremony—'Dawson has never sent that cream and I must have it for the blanc-mange. Would you just run and fetch it for me, miss?'

Cook tendered a jug in the most off-hand manner, but Eola took it, without resentment.

She was used to doing the errands of the household, and, just now, a breath of fresh air seemed good at any price.

'A blow will do you good,' said cook, in a friendly tone. 'You look pale shut up here, but la! you are making those covers nice.'

Eola spurred the stiff hard chintz with her foot, then she leaped, ran upstairs, put on a hat and jacket of sufficient shabbiness, and went down to the milk shop.

The air did her good, and yet, as she waited at the milk shop, she heard the ring of skates on the distant ice, and a pensive disappointment came over her.

She was only eighteen.

The tears blinded her as she ran home, and the end of it was, that she slipped upon a bit of ice just outside her own gate and fell, the jug breaking into pieces and the cream bathing her hands.

It seemed the last straw, and Eola—poor childish Eola!—dissolved into tears,

sitting huddled upon the hard ground in a pathetic heap.

'Oh, what a dreary world it is!' she sobbed.

'Poor little girl,' said a deep and a very delightful voice, but oh, the ignominy of it!—it was the voice of a man. 'Has the world used you so very ill? What is the matter? What can we do?'

Eola scrambled to her feet.

She had no dignity left, or her hair was all ruffled, her hat awry with her fall, her pretty eyes red, and her face wet with tears.

But she tried to conjure up an awful presence which should annihilate this most impudent stranger.

'Nothing!'

Briefly she answered him, in a lofty, yet withal, a quavering voice—

'But, my dear—my dear child, you are crying. Ah, I see; you fell, and the milk was spilled! Now tell me what I can do.'

'It was cream, and not milk, and a stranger can do nothing.'

She spoke in withering accents.

But still there was that tremor about the rosy lips, and her sweet little face looked forlorn.

'Cream! That makes it a thousand times worse. But you have no right to say that I can do nothing. You have no idea what a man of resources I am. For instance, if you will wait quietly here, I will engage to bring you as within five minutes much cream as you can possibly want.'

'You are a stranger,' cried Eola.

She knew not what else to say.

The dusk was falling all around them, and, though she looked up shyly into the face so far above her own—the audacious stranger was a very tall man—she could not see much of it.

What she did see looked very handsome, and the man was wearing a coat with a sable collar and cuffs.

These things made his presumption worse.

'I am afraid I am a stranger at present,' that musical voice said, regretfully; 'but there is no reason, that I can see, why I should continue to be one. You live in Stretton?'

'I live here—here,' said Eola, clutching the gate-post.

'Then I shall know exactly where to bring the cream. Go indoors it is so bitterly cold. But why are you not on the ice with all the rest of the world—the world of Stretton?'

'I—I—the tears were very near again—'I was not able to go today.'

'You had this cream on your mind? You will be on the lake tomorrow?'

'I—I am not sure. Was it possible that this distinguished stranger was seeking to make an appointment? Eola had heard of such things; she turned not now instead of cold, but the superb majesty with which she drew up her head and faced him was like nothing the stranger had ever seen before; it fascinated him. 'I beg you to remember that, if we should meet, sir, on ice or land—'

'I thought to grasp all possibilities.'

'Exactly, ice or land!—encouragingly.'

'We are entire strangers.'

'But not for always. You have no thought beyond the immediate present. I shall get an introduction. Do you see?'

He said bending down and smiling right into her eyes.

'I don't think that is very probable,' she replied, still stiffly; but there was a note in her voice very like hope.

'Oscar Cottage,' said the audacious stranger, making a note of the address; and then he bowed very low and went his way.

Eola had but just re-threaded her needle and pricked her finger, when cook put her head again within the door.

'Miss Eola, her is a gentleman—a real gentleman, if I ever see one—waiting to speak to you, and he has got the biggest can of cream—carrying it himself—that ever I did see.'

'Oh, this is intolerable!' cried Miss Eola Caxton.

She sprang up thimble, needle, and all and marched to the front door.

The hall gas was lit; and now her disfiguring hat was laid aside and her golden-brown hair was smoothed back—it always rippled a little willy-nilly—one saw what a sweetly pretty girl she was.

The stranger seemed to see it clearly.

'Take away that cream!' cried Eola, in ringing notes of command. 'Take it away I say, every drop!'

'La! miss,' from cook in back ground, 'I must have some. Miss Blanche will be that (urious if she don't get her blanc-mange. And it will be hard on you miss; you know that, in audible sotto voce.'

'Miss Blanche Caxton?' interrogatively put in the gentleman with the can.

'The same, sir,' from cook; and gets into a regular tantrum, she do, if she don't have just what she wants, and will scold Miss Eola here terri-ly.'

'Cook!' cried Eola, warningly, but no one heeded.

'Take the cream, cook,' said the man, handing it into her willing grasp. 'I really can't carry it any further. I was introduced to Miss Blanche on the ice this afternoon, so it is quite in order. And you—he bent towards Eola, and she saw his smile and its charm now as distinctly as he saw her lovely violet eyes and flower-like face—'you will come on the lake tomorrow, won't you?'

'It—it I can,' she faltered, in spite of herself.

He smiled again—bowed again with that courtly grace, like nothing she had ever seen or la'e; and yet it seemed to recall

sweet memories of long ago and then he went away.

Blanche and Julia Caxton returned from the ice in great spirits.

'Oh he is too charming!' Blanche said. 'That smile of his! and his bow—it is a dream of high-bred courtesy. And the way he talks—that satirical, clever, rather bewildering way—is not it fascinating?'

'And the way he looks at you when he speaks!' Julia said, with a simper, upon which Blanche looked at her sister rather sharply.

'Who is this Admirable Crichton?' Eola asked, with a faint interest.

She was stitching again.

'Lord Bellevue.' Such a dear he is staying at Highfields. He was the catch of the season in London last year. Everybody was after him, old and young.'

'And no one caught him,' Julia simpered again. 'He is coming to dine here on Thursday. You will have the chairs done Eola? And couldn't you alter the lace on my rose-colored silk, dear? I think black, instead of white, would be more becoming. He said today—another sinner—'how pretty pink and black were. If you could alter it for me, Eola, and get it nicely done—'

'No; I cannot,' Eola stood up in her desperation. 'I am going skating to-morrow, and I cannot do one thing beyond these covers.'

'My dear, if your sister wants her dress altered, you will, of course, be glad to do it,' Mrs. Caxton, with a voice as hard and smooth as steel, put in; and Eola, with a sudden memory, gulped down the sob in her throat and said nothing more.

## CHAPTER II

### ON THE ICE AND BENEATH IT.

How Eola hated the name of Lord Bellevue before the two Miss Caxtons went off, in their blue costumes to the ice on the following day!

She heard of nothing else.

When she was left alone, with the rose-colored silk and the yards of lace, black and white, and no fresh air to cure the headache which tears and overwork had given her, she thought of the knight of the cream, and wondered if he were looking for her upon the crowded lake, or if he had quite forgotten by now the little episode of yesterday.

Oh! of course, he had forgotten.

After a whole afternoon of sewing Eola's head grew so bad that the rose silk swam before her eyes.

She lifted them to the window, and a daring thought came to her.

Her mother and sisters would not be back until dinner-time.

'They were going to an 'At Home' from the lake.'

The daring idea suggested itself to Cinderella that she would run to the lake, and have a few turns on her skates before it became quite dark.

The idea carried her on its wings, and she reached the sheet of frozen water in breathless haste.

Oh delicious the clear, glassy expanse of ice looked beneath the very faint light of the stars which were all coming out!

But alas! no one seemed skating there now—Eola had met crowds coming away; the lake lay quiet and deserted.

The girl hesitated, then she ice lured her, and she saw one figure, tall and dark and spectral, gliding on the furthest part of the lake.

'It is quite safe,' said Eola, encouraging herself. 'Now I am here, I must have one turn.'

Her skates were Acme and went on with a touch; in a second she too, was a shadow, spectral figure gliding across the frozen water.

Oh, how delicious!

Her headache went as by a musician's touch; her spirits revived.

The exhilarating motion and the bracing air made her a new girl.

Swifter, faster, more daring, more graceful, more perfectly at home on the ice than any woman who had been there that day, pretty Eola flew on and on darting, circling, wheeling, flying.

Oh! life was worth living now.

She grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, and she entirely forgot her fellow skater.

She fancied, indeed, that he had retired from the ice, until, as she paused for breath after some most intricate figures out, she heard a voice at her elbow, a voice which made her heart beat more rapidly—

'You have come at last, and how beautifully you skate!'

# Points to Remember.

... IF YOU BUY...

## A Singer Sewing-Machine

YOU will receive careful instruction from a competent teacher at your home.

YOU get an up-to-date model, not some ancient type cheaply made to deceive the public. We make but one grade, acknowledged the world over as being the best; nothing poorer is good enough to carry our name and trade-mark.

YOU will be dealing with the leading sewing-machine manufacturers in the world, having an unequalled experience and an unrivaled reputation—the strongest guarantee of excellence. Singer machines are sold only by our employees; they cannot be obtained through dealers or department stores totally unable to render the service specified above, and whose guarantee is therefore worthless.

Factory in Montreal. Offices all over the Dominion. You can always find us.

DELIVERED AT YOUR DOOR FOR FREE TRIAL.

SOLD ON EASY PAYMENTS. OLD MACHINES EXCHANGED.

## The Singer Manufacturing Co.

She stood erect, a slim figure, in brown dress, jacket and hat; the shabbiness in this light was not perceptible, and the most costly clothes could not have made her face more lovely.

'Have you forgotten my words of yesterday?' she asked rather breathlessly.

'Not one of them.' He came nearer. I recollect every syllable you uttered.'

This was disconcerting, and his smile even more so.

But Eola rallied her forces.

'I have not the least idea who you are. You look quite respectable.'

He smiled again, and softly murmured—'Thanks!'

'But, you see, we have never been introduced, and I could not—oh, I could not possibly talk to you on a place like this without—without—oh, you must know you were so kind yesterday—don't you see that, if you will talk to me, I must go off the ice? I came thinking I should be quite alone; and oh! it is so delicious to get air after you have been sewing all day, and I love to skate so! Don't drive me away!'

pathetically.

'Drive you away!' he echoed. 'I have been waiting for you all day. Where did you learn to skate so wonderfully? You won't object to my watching you? And, if I maintain perfect silence, may I skate at your side?'

'I learned, as a child, in Canada,' she sighed.

Somehow, the ice and this man's presence brought back a rush of vague, sweet tantalizing memories, such as flooded her mind at times, and always made her present life seem harder.

'Canada!' he repeated; and then he said, abruptly: 'You are not in the least like your sisters. You are the youngest Miss Caxton, I believe?'

'Yes. No; I am not like Blanche or Julia. They are, indeed, quite different.'

'Quite different,' said the stranger, with emphasis. 'Miss Caxton, I know your name, and I have been introduced to both your sisters. Doesn't that reconcile your stern propriety to take one turn round the lake with me? Hands crossed, you know, we can fly.'

Eola's eyes sparkled.

'There could not be any harm in one turn; and after that, I will go straight off the ice,' she added.

Whereupon, she stretched out her small hands to his ready clasp, and, stroke for stroke, they glided in the very poetry of motion; surely the nearest approach to the motion of wings that human bodies can ever know.

Swift and light, and on, and on, and on—it was like a dream.

When, at length, they paused for breath Eola was flushed, and radiant, and sparkled, lovely as a dream, and her companion regarded her attentively.

'And now I must go,' said the girl, with decision. 'The exercise has cured my headache.'

'It has done me great good, too. I never saw anyone tamine skate as you do.'

He knelt down on the ice, and took off her skates.

'She had the prettiest little feet, albeit her boots laid something to be desired; then he said—'

'You will let me see you home?' and she replied—

'Certainly not!'

Whereupon they bowed and parted, and Eola sang to herself, as she tripped along the path by the side of the ice; but, ere she left the lake, she turned, to give one last look, and she saw her late companion striking out for a different part of the ice—a dark, deep water, beneath the trees—and, with a sudden gasp, the girl said—

'They broke the ice there last year to give air to the fish!'

She turned, and ran back along the bank.

'Don't go there!' she cried, as loudly as she could; but even in the moment her voice rang out, the tall figure reached the dark ice under the trees, and in the next he had disappeared.

Then came a shout, muffled and not repeated, from that place where one saw nothing.

Eola ran like the wind.

She had all her wits about her, and in an instant she remembered she had seen some planks, placed from the arbor in which people put on their skates to the ice to make a footway.

She ran thither and seizing one of the planks, began to drag it along the bank.

But, ah! it was heavy, and she could not drag it quickly, and each moment—each moment counted for so much.

She peered wildly everywhere, never stopping, but it was such indistinct light that, had anyone been there she might not have seen.

She cried 'Help, help!' but she had no breath.

She struggled forward with the heavy plank, and at last she reached the spot.

'Are you there?' she called but her voice could scarcely articulate.

Another shout, muffled and indistinct, answered her, and with a new store of strength—such strength as she really never knew she possessed—Eola lifted the plank and put one of its ends firmly on the bank the other end just reached to that hole in the ice, where she could see nothing but where she knew that a man was drowning, for the ice cracked and cracked with his struggles to keep himself from going under.

She had come only just in time.

She ran along the plank to cry out to him, and now her voice was quite loud and distinct—

'Catch! I told of the plank and draw yourself up. I will keep it steady,' and then she ran back and sat down upon the end which rested on the bank.

She acted as wisely and as coolly as if she did not care, and she sat with all her weight quietly on the plank, while she felt the struggle going on at its other end.

The man gripped the plank, and slowly—for his hands were numb—drew himself inch by inch out from the freezing water.

Once he got his shoulders free, the rest was easy.

But before that, Eola watched as in a nightmare, her heart beating wildly, her every nerve tingling, longing to go to his assistance, yet a kind of instinct keeping her motionless.

Had she removed her weight from the plank it would have tipped up under the weight upon its other end, and all her trouble would have been useless.

She scarcely realized that, but she felt and obeyed the saving instinct.

She saw the tall figure appear, and stand for a moment, with face upturned to the quiet sky, from out which myriads of stars were gleaming brilliantly now, and she felt that he was offering a prayer of thanksgiving for an escape from death.

She clasped her own hands, and bent her head over them, and then she heard the deep, musical voice, a little hoarse, speaking above her—

'How can I thank you?'

Eola sprang up briskly.

She was shivering, but it was not with cold, and her eyes were full of tears.

'Oh! don't stand there making pretty speeches. Your clothes are freezing on you. Go home and change them. Quick—quick!'

He did not pay the slightest attention to her imperious mandates.

'And you dragged this heavy plank here unaided, and you thought of it all in a moment's flash! And you acted calmly—sensitively, as very few men would have had the wit to do. And you are altogether, to me, a new experience of woman.'

She stamped her foot.

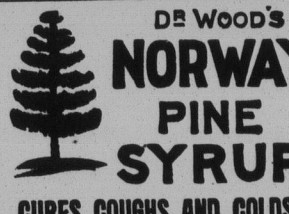
'You are freezing. You will be dead tomorrow if you make speeches now. Oh, I implore you to get home to bed! Run—run as fast as you can.'

'There is no hurry. I will move, certainly, for I am numb—that icy water—what a death! And I owe my life to you.'

He was walking at her side, and Eola, thinking that their ways must lie together until they left the Highfields estate, marched him on rapidly.

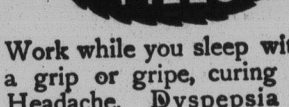
'Please don't keep repeating that, and pray—the blue eyes looked so frightened—don't tell anybody what has happened, because, you see, I have no business to be here at all, and, if it should get known—'

'That you have saved the life of a man to whom you have never been introduced,



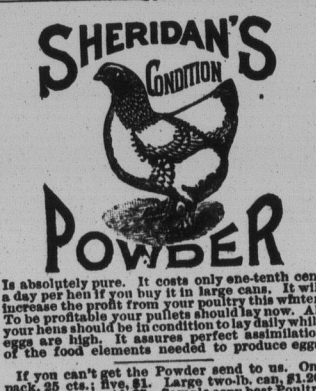
DR. WOOD'S  
**NORWAY  
PINE  
SYRUP.**  
CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Mrs. Alonzo H. Thurber, Freeport, N.E., says: 'I had a severe attack of Grippe and a bad cough, with great difficulty in breathing. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was completely cured.'



**LAXA-LIVER  
PILLS.**

Work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation, and make you feel better in the morning.



**SHERIDAN'S  
CONDITION  
POWDER**

Is absolutely pure. It costs only one-cent a day per hen if you buy it in large cans. It will increase the profit from your poultry this winter. To be profitable your pullets should lay now. All your hens should be in condition to lay daily while your eggs are high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce eggs.

If you can't get the Powder send us. One pack, 25 cts.; five, \$1. Large two-lb. can, \$1.20. Six cans, express, \$7.00. Sample copy best Poultry paper free. L. B. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.



**CANCER** And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 25-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Masco Medicines Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

**Sunday Reading**

Seek, Knock, Give.

"Seek and you shall find." Seek first.  
"Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Knock first.  
"Give and it shall be given unto you." Give first.

There is much seeking in this world. All are seeking something; selfish gratification the approbation of friends, costly apparel, fine dwellings, high places, riches, honor, fame, all striving, struggling, reaching out eager hands to have them filled with what ever they most desire.

What does Christ say? 'Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven! With what results? And all things else shall be added unto you.' Then this is all the seeking we need to do.

Having found Jesus and through him the Kingdom of Heaven, we have all needed things added. We are not to sit down idly, however, expecting every good thing to fall into our hands without doing our part. Having found the pearl which enriches us through all eternity, we are to follow Jesus, even though he lead us into hard work, and we have little earthly reward.

The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord.

And if the promised all things else prove to be no more of earthly comfort and ease than our Lord had, can we utter one complaint? May we not rather rejoice to be as our Lord? His time and strength were given to his life work regardless of worldly gain or ambition. He was content to have no place to lay his head, and our wants are innumerable. Let us try to measure the needs of life more by his standard, and count it our highest honor to live simply, so that we may have much time and strength to give to our Father's business.

Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven. We thus begin with the highest good, and all less weighty matters will be arranged for us in the good providence of God, so that if we have the Kingdom we have all things. Seek as Christ seeks, earnestly. Some of us expect the door to be always open wide into all kinds of temporal and spiritual blessings, and that all we have to do is to walk in and appropriate to ourselves whatever we please. But here again there is something for us to do before we are permitted to enter; a simple thing, but something. Jesus might have made the way of entrance into the highest good much more difficult for us, but he imposes upon us easy yokes and light burdens, that in bearing them may show our willingness to obey him, and to follow wherever he may lead us; and so he bids us knock at the door, and gives us the assurance that we shall be admitted through this open door into whatever is highest and best.

And even though it be an ever open door, we are to approach reverently, and not with too great familiarity. Jesus does not enter into our hearts rudely, without bidding; he knocks; and if he hears no welcoming voice, he turns away sadly, grieving at our great loss in not receiving him into our hearts, to come again and again with patience and sweetness, hoping to gain admittance at last.

Who will not do so simple a thing as knock, to be received as His guest, and to dwell in Him forever?

Who will not open the door of his heart to the Crucified One, that he may be to him the Abiding Christ?

It every one would say to him as he says to every one, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," how quickly would peace and good will to men reign on the earth, and the strongholds of Satan become the strongholds of the Lord!

Knock as Christ knocks—persistently. We are inclined to wait until much is given unto us, before we think of giving. Until so much is given to us that it requires no sacrifice or self-denial, and we do not in the least miss what we give. Jesus understood human nature too well not to see our selfishness and provide a remedy; and so he gave up the apparently unreasonable command to give even before we receive. But he no doubt meant, "Give what you have, and more shall be given unto you."

We are all born with some gifts and graces. We can give smiles, love, patience, forbearance, confidence, a pressure of the hand, a word of cheer, a 'come up hither.' And none of us are so poor that we cannot give money, even though it be but a few pennies, where money is needed. Whatever we have, however small it may be, we are to give continually, and the more we give the more we shall receive. This is not in agreement with any human calculation, but with the divine arrangement; and we all know by experience how beautiful is this arrangement; for we cannot live

**LANGUID**

children are sick children. Their inactivity and sober faces are not in keeping with robust childhood. They lack vitality and resistive power, and are very susceptible to colds and contagious diseases.

**Scott's Emulsion** brings new life to such children. It enriches the blood; it restores health and activity; it gives vigor and vitality to mind and body.

Scott & Bowman, Ltd., Sole Agents, Toronto.

wholly to ourselves without exhausting ourselves, and the only way to build ourselves up, is by giving ourselves away.

That which we receive is not always of the same kind as that we give, but often far better. The widow who gave the two mites may not have had her store of mites afterward increased, but how far more precious to her was the approbation of her Lord, and the lasting monument his words built to her memory. Let us not be deceived with the suggestion the evil one is always making to us, that we have nothing to give. Poor and meagre and dwarfed must his life be who cannot in some way make the world better and happier for his having lived in it. Let us give, then, of all we possess, as Christ gives, royally.—[From 'Here and There a Leaf.']

**Would Become a Slave.**

Many men in this country have sacrificed property, happiness, and even life itself in the struggle to make themselves or others freemen; but we know of but one man who, from the highest motives, ever sought to become a slave.

Abraham Bininger, a Swiss boy from Zurich, came with his parents to this country on the same brig that brought John Wesley. The father and mother of the lad died on the voyage and were buried at sea, and he stepped alone from the gangway on to a strange continent, where there was not a single familiar face.

This solitude of his childhood drove him close to the friend in whom religion had early taught him to trust. The orphaned condition of the gentle boy must have appealed strongly to the sympathy of Mr. Wesley, and it was probably the great preacher himself who took him from the ship to the Methodist orphan school in Georgia, where he was educated.

In his youth Bininger gave proof of singularly devout and tender feeling, and this character was intensified with added years. When he had grown to manhood, he asked to be sent to tell the story of the Cross to the negroes on the island of St. Thomas having heard of their great misery and degradation.

When he arrived at the island, he learned that it was against the law for any person but a slave to preach to the slaves. It was the policy of the planters to keep the blacks in ignorance and superstition.

Shortly after this the governor of St. Thomas received a letter signed Abraham Bininger, in which the writer begged urgently to become a slave for the rest of his life, promising to serve as a slave faithfully provided he could give his leisure time to preaching to his fellow-slaves. The governor sent the letter to the King of Denmark who was so touched by it that he sent an edict empowering Abraham Bininger to tell the story of the Messiah when and where he chose—to black or white, bond or free.

It is an easy, comfortable thing now to profess Christianity. There was a time when it brought persecution and contempt. The Christian then had a reward for his self-sacrifice which we have lost in our easy religious lives. Following the Divine Master in flowery paths is not a final proof of Christian worth. Thomas a Kempis felt this and prayed that he might be counted worthy to suffer something for Him—and sacrifices may be made upon altars as truly as under persecution and in the flames and agonies of the stake.

**Pointing a Sermon.**

There have been many famous divines by the name of Cartwright, but none of them ever stirred more sinners to repentance than the Rev. Peter Cartwright, who rode the circuit in the Northwest so faithfully for many years. The first time his work took him to Ohio the exhorter held a vast camp-meeting, and preached several times every day.

The effect of his sermons was evident to all, but Cartwright's standard was too

high to be easily satisfied. One afternoon, he fairly outdid himself in eloquence. His subject was the second coming of Christ. He pictured the world, running on in its iniquity till Gabriel should sound his trumpet and time should come to an end. He described the agony of the lost and the joy of the saved. As he spoke, his words grew in intensity and pathos, but just as he reached the climax, the loud blast of a trumpet rent the air.

Then there was a mighty sensation. Many fell upon their knees in terror, and began to repent and pray. Men groaned and women screamed, and the voice of the preacher was drowned in the uproar.

Finally the terror began to subside, and then the preacher beckoned to man high up in the boughs of a tree, who descended with a long tin horn in his hand. The congregation grew quiet, scarcely knowing what to think, but Cartwright, breaking forth in tones of fierce wrath, upbraided them.

"If a man with a tin horn up a tree," he cried in his stentorian voice, "can frighten you half out of your poor senses, how will you like it when Gabriel's trump shall sound the knell of the world, and discover you in your sin?"

The sermon produced a great effect, and when it was over hundreds came forward and publicly renounced their sins.

**A SOCIALIST'S "NEW ORIFERY."**

What the More Radical People Think of the World at This Stage.

'Twas the dawn of the twentieth century. Two thousand years of Christian civilization, ten thousand years of thralldom of persecution and misery. I sat in my cheerless attic in the heart of a great city, the fierce wintry blasts were howling without as if endeavoring to conquer the deafening noises created by the city's teeming, restless throng. My mental vision tried to pierce the gloom; it peered back through the vistas of the centuries; all was confusion, all was strife. There was starvation misery and death in the land. The trees were laden with rich fruits, the ground was teeming with golden corn and vegetables. Of meat and bread there was an abundance. A million granaries were full to overflowing. There were four billion dollars called money in circulation. It was called by the wise and learned men a medium of exchange, the possession of which enabled a human creature to purchase the necessities of life. Nations engaged in mortal combat for its possession, that was called progress. Governments were set up by the people and maintained at an enormous cost. Men were elected by the people to run the government who immediately raised immense armies to howl at and rob those who elected them. By degrees the money (which was the purchasing power) was grabbed up by a few men who lived in luxury, sensuality and crime. In order that he be enabled to live the horny handed sons of toil who produced all the wealth gave it away to some one who permitted him to work.

It never entered into his thinking apparatus to keep it himself, or, if he did think of it occasionally he said to his comrades in chains that thing was impossible. The very thought was repugnant to his generous religious nature, he was in bondage, he endured his misery like a stoic. Patiently he awaited the end of his tether in the comforting thought that he would be amply rewarded in the hereafter. In his youth he was taught that way and when he grew to manhood he was frightened at his shadow. Even in his giant strength he never thought he could burst his chains, he became a prey to superstition and fear, his taskmaster profited by his ignorance and even encouraged it. He bribed legislators for that purpose. The system became universal, it was considered a beautiful one and was called civilization. The capital, the instrument of production was in the hands of a few men. On one side I heard the gay and merry laughter of pampered autocrats revelling in luxury and pleasure rushing madly onward and downward to a doom of insanity. The cries and groans of a wretched rabble attracted my attention. They swarmed through the streets of the great city. They were haggard in appearance, their scanty apparel could not protect their shivering forms from the bitter wintry blast. They asserted that they were hungry. Some prayed aloud and some silently to heaven for assistance. Others cursed and swore at their dilemma. While still others heaped maledictions and vituperative wrath on the authorities whom they elected to office. They cried 'give us work, give us bread.' The pampered authorities winked at each other and laughed at the rabble.

A hundred thousand stores were filled with groceries, bread and meat while half that number were overflowing with intoxicating beverages. Five hundred million dollars were lying idle in the vaults of the great city. The noise and tumult became deafening. Some of the now thoughtful said that something was wrong with the machinery of government. To a few it began to dawn that socialism was the remedy but their generous and religious natures forbade them to touch a loaf of bread. In the height of the tumult and confusion a regiment of soldiers recruited from the ranks of the starving populace and armed with death-dealing weapons appeared on the scene. Some of the unfortunate attributed their wretched condition to the great standing armies of the land and proposed to annihilate them. Others with gaunt and sunken frames raised themselves up and declared they would endure some more misery rather than face a shower of bullets. Others advised the people to vote for socialism; they were called fools and should not be tolerated. A few stones and brick were thrown at the soldiers who charged on the crowd and in the scramble which followed some were trampled upon and crushed to death while others committed suicide by jumping into the river which was close by. They were merry times(?) The people indeed were truly generous, they could not be persuaded to own a dollar. They were very law abiding simple folk. The educated gentry were in the minority but they held the reins of government. Their gold and silver tongued lars and political writers flooded the land with trashy literature. They charmed the gullible and easily led with flowery but meaningless language. The working classes found themselves in the same condition that they were three thousand years ago. They are rushing madly to and fro not knowing where. They are in a state of stupor. They are ignorant, superstitious and in chains. The twentieth century is dawning on the horizon. Are we at the zenith of our civilization?



**"Seven days**

of wash-day"—so somebody has called house-cleaning—seven days of rasping hard work. This person didn't know anything about Pearlina.

House-cleaning with Pearlina doesn't mean the usual hard work.

Neither does washday. And what would ordinarily take seven days ought to be done in three.

Try Pearlina and see for yourself the saving in time and work and rubbing.



ful one and was called civilization. The capital, the instrument of production was in the hands of a few men. On one side I heard the gay and merry laughter of pampered autocrats revelling in luxury and pleasure rushing madly onward and downward to a doom of insanity. The cries and groans of a wretched rabble attracted my attention. They swarmed through the streets of the great city. They were haggard in appearance, their scanty apparel could not protect their shivering forms from the bitter wintry blast. They asserted that they were hungry. Some prayed aloud and some silently to heaven for assistance. Others cursed and swore at their dilemma. While still others heaped maledictions and vituperative wrath on the authorities whom they elected to office. They cried 'give us work, give us bread.' The pampered authorities winked at each other and laughed at the rabble.

A hundred thousand stores were filled with groceries, bread and meat while half that number were overflowing with intoxicating beverages. Five hundred million dollars were lying idle in the vaults of the great city. The noise and tumult became deafening. Some of the now thoughtful said that something was wrong with the machinery of government. To a few it began to dawn that socialism was the remedy but their generous and religious natures forbade them to touch a loaf of bread.

In the height of the tumult and confusion a regiment of soldiers recruited from the ranks of the starving populace and armed with death-dealing weapons appeared on the scene. Some of the unfortunate attributed their wretched condition to the great standing armies of the land and proposed to annihilate them. Others with gaunt and sunken frames raised themselves up and declared they would endure some more misery rather than face a shower of bullets. Others advised the people to vote for socialism; they were called fools and should not be tolerated. A few stones and brick were thrown at the soldiers who charged on the crowd and in the scramble which followed some were trampled upon and crushed to death while others committed suicide by jumping into the river which was close by. They were merry times(?) The people indeed were truly generous, they could not be persuaded to own a dollar. They were very law abiding simple folk. The educated gentry were in the minority but they held the reins of government. Their gold and silver tongued lars and political writers flooded the land with trashy literature. They charmed the gullible and easily led with flowery but meaningless language. The working classes found themselves in the same condition that they were three thousand years ago. They are rushing madly to and fro not knowing where. They are in a state of stupor. They are ignorant, superstitious and in chains. The twentieth century is dawning on the horizon. Are we at the zenith of our civilization?

**SIX WEEKS IN PAIN DUNGEON.**

A Confirmed Invalid From Acute Rheumatic Pain—South American Rheumatic Cure Gave Him His Liberty.

Geo. England, of Chatham, N. B., is a carpenter and ship-builder by trade. Through exposure to all kinds of weather he contracted a most acute form of rheumatism. His joints swelled and stiffened, and he was laid up in his bed for six weeks. After doctors had failed to relieve him he tried South American Rheumatic Cure, and to use his own words: "In 24 hours after I had commenced taking the remedy the pain all left me, the swelling subsided and to-day I am a cured man." Sold by E. C. Brown.

**The London Boy Messenger.**

A few months ago The Youth's Companion told the story of a messenger boy in London who showed so much intelligence and alertness in the errands given to him to do in that city that he was chosen to carry a message from England to the United States, and to bring back the answer.

The lad—he was only thirteen years old—won the respect and esteem of every one whom he met on his long, rapid journey, and crowds of American messenger boys surrounded him in every city through which he passed, interested in the trust placed in him, and in the notoriety it gave him. They were puzzled by the simplicity

of the boy; by his courtesy, even by the clean, soldierly little figure in its trim uniform. That a messenger boy should be sharp of wit and quick of foot, they knew; but perhaps it had not occurred to them that he should be neat in dress, sincere in speech, and as gentle in manner as any officer in the country's service.

When Jagers returned to London, he received an ovation which would have turned the heads of most boys. The Queen herself, who is quick to recognize merit in all her subjects, in a poor little messenger lad as in a victorious general, sent for him and praised him.

"I just tried to do my best," he said, perplexed by the applause given him. "It has pleased my mother very much."

In at least one American city which he visited, the messenger boys have formed a league for self-improvement. They purpose to keep their faces and hands clean, and their clothes neat; to be quick, truthful and courteous. A picture of Jagers in his uniform hangs in their room.

The lad who, to "please his mother," tried to be alert and polite while running errands in London, little guessed how far the little candle which he lighted would shed its beams.

**LEFT HIM TO DIE.**

Bright's Disease Pronounced Fast Hope by Physicians—South American Kidney Cure Is the Life Saver.

A traveller for a well known western manufacturing firm was so hale and hearty that the possibility of his contracting kidney trouble was farthest from his mind, but through constant exposure Bright's Disease, that most insidious of ailments laid hold on him. He doctored for months—physicians gave him but a short time to live. A friend who had derived great benefit from South American Kidney Cure recommended it to him. When he had taken seven bottles all signs of the disease had left him, and today he is as well as ever. Sold by E. C. Brown.

**A Claimed Distinction.**

The Portland (Me.) Advertiser says: "We do not claim to be the biggest printers and publishers in the world, but we do claim to have the biggest 'devil' in this country in our office. He is Robert Blanchard, of Hinsdale, N. H., and when he is in good trim weighs 406 pounds, but he is a little thin this summer, and now weighs 362 pounds. He is only nineteen years old and holds the medal for champion heavy-weight bicyclist, having gained considerable notoriety in this line."

**NATURE'S DIMPLES**

Disappear, and Beauty Fades Under the Shadow of Torturing Skin Troubles, But Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a Quick and Safe Healer.

The unceasing torment of an itching skin, which is the natural consequence and outcome of such skin diseases as tetter, salt rheum, ring worm, eczema, ulcers, blotches and other skin eruptions is allayed in an instant with one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment, and in a very few days the most stubborn cases give way to its magic healing power and leave the skin whole, perfect, clear and as soft as a baby's. It will cure pills in from three to five nights. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at the cheapest made. 30 cents for forty doses. Sold by E. C. Brown.

**Made Him Mad.**

A suburban resident of Delaware county is as mad as a March hare, and a signboard did it all. He was driving home one dark night last week, and when the way seemed so long he became uncertain whether or not he was on the right road. He stopped his team at a cross road, clambered out of the wagon, crawled up on a fence and struck a match to read the signboard which he could dimly see outlined. At the peril of his neck he deciphered the sign by the glare of the brimstone, and nearly toppled off the fence when he saw these words: "When in doubt go to Smith's for cod liver oil."

**THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL** will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are "all run down." Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Family History—Little Willie—Say, pa, did you ever have another wife beside ma? Pa—No, Willie. But why do you ask? Little Willie—The family record in the Bible says you married Anno Domini 1877.

THE EMPHATIC STATEMENT that The D. & L. Menthel Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate neuralgia and rheumatism is based upon facts. The D. & L. Plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

**Carpenters' Kidneys.**

Carpentering is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaimed, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses

**DOAN'S Kidney Pills**

now on the first sign of Backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit.

"I have had kidney and urinary troubles for more than three years with severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I could not sleep without great difficulty, and I had severe neuralgic pain in both temples. Seeing the advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. They have given me quick relief, removing the pain from the back and sides, and banishing the neuralgic pains from my head. The urinary difficulty is now entirely gone. I feel fresh and vigorous in the morning, and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CHARLES E. SZABO, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Ont.

ber.

ne

our home.

made to deceive world over as our name and

cturers in the reputation—the only by our partment stores guarantee is

always find us.

AL.

EXCHANGED.

g Co.

ing one of the along the bank. and she could not moment—each

rywhere, never indistinct light she might not

but she had no with the heavy head the spot. led but her voice

and indistinct, a new store of she really never lifted the plank only on the bank to that hole in

see nothing but n was drowning, cracked with his rom going under. in time. x to cry out to as quite loud and

nk and draw year-teady," and then n upon the end

as coolly as if sat with all her ank, while she felt its other end.

plank, and slowly benumbed—drew from the freezing ers tree, the rest

watched as in a eating wildly, her ging to go to his instinct keeping

weight from the ped up under the nd, and all her ueless. that, but she felt

appear, and stand upturned to the ch myriads of stars ly now, and she a prayer of thanks-um death.

hands, and bent then she heard a, little hoarse,

at it was met with full of tears. ere making pretty as are freezing on ange them. Quick

lightest attention tes. is heavy plank here ht of it all in a on acted calmly—en would have had n are altogether, to of woman."

"You will be dead to- peeches now. Oh, come to bed! Run—

I will move, ce—that icy water— owe my life to you." her side, and Gola, re must lie together fields estate, march-

repeating that, and ooked up frightened what has happened, ave no business to, if it should get

ved the life of a man ver been introduced, (MONTAGUE PAGE.)

And Tumors cured to stay cured, all sizes, no knife, plaster testimonials & 250-page book, 11, Market Street, Toronto, Ontario.

# Lands Yet Unexplored.

The latter half of the nineteenth century has been remarkable for the many geographical novelties that explorers have brought from Africa. In less than five decades this long neglected continent has been opened, converted into civilized States and protectorates, become thickly dotted with Christian missions and fairly prepared for civilized enterprise.

In the first decade—1850-60—we had the sources and course of the great Zambesi River, with its wonderful Victoria Falls made known to us. The Tanganika—the longest lake in Africa was also discovered.

During the second decade—1860-70—we obtained a rough outline of the Victoria Nyanza. The Nile was thence descended throughout its whole length. The Albert Nyanza, another feeder of the Nile was discovered, and soon after Lake Nyassa appeared to grace our maps.

The third decade—1870-80—was still more fruitful of results. We had first the sources of a new river of the first magnitude, and its lakes M'wou and Bangweolo revealed to us. A short time afterward this river was proved to be the Congo, by a descent along its entire course. Lakes Victoria and Tanganika were circumnavigated. An ascent of the snow mountain Kilimo Njaro was made; Kenia, another snow mountain of similar magnitude, was discovered; a better knowledge of the Lower Niger and its principal tributaries was gained, the Ogowai was explored; the gorilla haunts of Northern Gaboon were visited.

The fourth decade—1880-90—was still richer in results, and so great was the progress of exploration that all the civilized powers responded to a call for a general conference to decide the ownership of the territories discovered and to formulate certain rules and principles for future procedure. Out of this the Congo Free State came into existence, a free trade zone was delimited, the French Congo was defined and the limits of Portuguese the European powers commenced a scramble for African possessions which lasted for several years. German warships coasted round the continent and seized upon the Cameroons, the gold coast, Namaqua and Damara Land, and a large section of East Africa. French travellers distinguished themselves by annexations to the north of the Congo and the Western Sudan, until many countries hitherto unknown by name had been converted into a French colonial empire of unprecedented extent. Italy entered Abyssinia, established Erythraea and made the whole horn of Eastern Africa an Italian protectorate. Finally England became infected with the land hunger, and, though reluctant and protesting, extended British rule from the Cape to the Tanganika, absorbed a portion of East Africa and expanded her West Africa possessions.

This was also the period when South Africa advanced in popular esteem by leaps and bounds on account of its increasing outputs in diamonds and gold. The Congo disclosed its wealth of ivory, rubber and hard woods, and a forest which rivaled that of the Amazon in extent and possible productions. The Congo's tributaries were explored and new lakes were found. Almost every month something new and strange was told of its hydrography and topography. The Niger region became also prominent because of its human myriads, who were discovered to be past their savage state, and already developed into industrious barbarians. Nyassa Land, which in the sixties was deserted for its deadly record, took a new start, and became a land of promise for coffee planters.

In the present decade the scrambling for territory ceased and most of the governments have begun the development of their African possessions. They have ringed them with custom houses and garrisoned forts, and are jealously policing their frontiers. Regiments of natives have been drilled and uniformed, missions, schools and churches are flourishing, while every symptom of the slave trade, which was fast devastating the interior, even in the eighties, has disappeared. The enormous area of inner Africa, which only twenty-three years ago was only a blank, is now known to geographers and governments as the Ugandas and East African protectorates of Great Britain, German East Africa, Mozambique, Rhodesia, Angola, Congo Francaise, the Cameroons, Nigeria and southern Sudan, which are administered by their respective Governor-Generals and thousands of European officials.

It will thus be seen that geographical

novelties have already become scarce even from Darkest Africa. Geographical societies still hold their sessions, but their halls are no longer crowded with breathless audiences thrilled with stories of startling discoveries, and applauding the newest thing from the heart of mysterious Africa. It is now the period of railways and telegraphs and steamers. The Congo's broad waters are disturbed by hundreds of steamers—the Nyassa is rapidly becoming like a Swiss Lake with its many steam ferries—the Tanganika and Victoria Nyanza have already seen the pioneers of the steam fleets which will appear before the next century dawns. The Congo, the Uganda and other railway lines now in prospect make mystery and novelty almost impossible and narrow the field of the pioneer explorer.

And yet the first decades of the twentieth century may reveal to us astonishing things from Africa. While the world lasts we shall never quite exhaust the region. Even at this very moment there is a company being floated in London to utilize the discovery of a nitrous deposit dust found near the site of ancient Memphis. If any spot on earth may be called old surely that one may, but even after 6,000 years of human occupation it has rewarded the explorer.

Therefore, though Africa's main geographical features are fairly familiar to us, in its recesses are to be found many a secret yet. Nay I venture to say despite my preamble that the continent remains for most practical purposes as unknown to us, as when Victoria Nyanza and the Congo were undiscovered. The names of the mountains, towns, villages, settlements and tribes have been written on the blank spaces of the maps, but what of that? They are but the distinguishing terms of their respective localities and are useful for reference. This work has occupied twenty-five centuries, and the devotion of the countless explorers whose object was not to examine details, but to reach some objective—and who had no time or opportunity to do more than note the more prominent features along their routes. Thus English travellers and South Africa passed over the diamond fields and occupied farmsteads above the gold fields for scores of years without suspecting the immeasurable wealth beneath. Thus several travellers whose business it was to explore came within distance of Ruwenzori without suspecting that its snowy crown might be seen three miles above their heads.

The work of the old class of African explorers may be said to come to an end with the last year of the nineteenth century though their remain a few tasks yet incomplete. The twentieth century is destined to see, probably within the next decade or two, the topographic delineation of a large portion of the continent by geodetic triangulation. For the more the various States and protectorates ripen under the influence of their civilized governments the more will exact surveys be needed to settle conflicting international claims, as well as for the purpose of revenue and administration and the security of property inland. Good work of this kind has already been done to Somali Land, along the Anglo-German frontier in East Africa—between Nyassa and Tanganika, along the Anglo-Portuguese boundary line south of Zambesi—in Tunis, Algeria and Abyssinia. If this work is pushed we shall not have to wait many years for an accurate map of the continent.

Meantime, however, there are certain exploring tasks of an interesting character which might well invite young men of means and character. Those who are fond of alpine climbing, and aspire to do something worth doing, might take either of the snowy mountains Ruwenzori, Kenia, M'fumbiro and explore it thoroughly after the style of Hans Meyer who took Kilimo Njaro for his subject. There are peaks also in the Elgon cluster north of the Victoria Nyanza, over 14,000 feet high, which might well repay systematic investigation. It is not the tourist who runs up a mountain and starts for home to say that he has done it, that he wanted, but the intelligent explorer who undertakes to make his mountain his special study, and will give us a full and accurate monograph of these lofty heights which in the not distant future are destined to be often resorted to for the recuperation of the lowland toilers in the tropics.

British East Africa contains two sections about which we are very ignorant. One embraces all that region lying between the

Jub River and Lakes Stepanie and Rudolf. The other extends from Lake Rudolf to Fashoda on the other hand and southern Abyssinia on the other. A thorough knowledge of these two regions would throw light on the main routes taken by the ancient immigrants, from Abyssinia, and whose blood, blending with that of the primitive tribes south, has produced the Zulus. Two exploring expeditions, well conducted, would settle the sources of the Jub and the Sobat, define the northern reach of the Man plateau, and the southern limits of the spurs extending from the mountainous mass of Abyssinia. Between these, some interesting lakes ought to be found.

Another promising region extends between the Tanganika and Albert Edward lakes. A dozen explorers have touched the edge of this region, but one has crossed it. His intelligent observations have rather excited that allayed interest. We wish to know where is the separating line between the head of the River Basin and that of the Albert Edward. We are told of active volcanoes and clusters of mountain peaks of unusual height. A thorough investigation of this part would discover the southwestern sources of the Nile and the eastern sources of the Congo. The people inhabiting the region would be found to be among the most interesting of any in Africa. For unless we are much mistaken, they are relics of a great prehistoric migration cooped up in that peculiar recess formed by the Tanganika to the south, the mountain chains to the east and the great Congo forest to the west, while the war loving races marching to the south moved past them apparently unheeded and unheeding.

The next bit of real interest for the explorer is a strip barely 50 miles wide but 700 miles long lying between 28 degrees, 40 minutes east and 29 degrees, 30 east and between 4 degrees north and 8 degrees south. Earnest and systematic work in this part of the Congo Free State would settle many geographical questions, such as, the exact line of the great upheaval which occurred at the subsidence of the vast trough wherein lie Lakes Albert, Albert Edward, Kivu and Tanganika. From the western slopes of this long upland, which is believed to be now mainly forested, rise the head waters of the Welle-Mubangi, Arumwi, Chofu, Lowe, Lindi, Lira, Luama and other rivers. How far east does the forest extend along this line? How far west does the plain reach? In what part of this region should be located the centre of the seismic disturbance which made such a huge ardent? How many volcanoes are still in operation along the gigantic mole which has been piled west of the chain of lakes? Though several explorers have crossed this region their traverses are mere threads of travel and disclose but little of its character.

Nor must we forget the great lakes of Africa also offer tempting objects for intelligent research. We have no idea as yet of the nature of their beds, or of their depth, or of their fame, and their outlines have been but imperfectly sketched. Yet these lakes cover about 75,000 square miles of inner Africa. Moreover, it is really time that some explorer should come forward with the determination to ascertain the altitude of the Victoria Nyanza or Tanganika by the theodolite and spirit level, previous to making a trustworthy survey of these lakes.

The President of the Royal Geographical Society lately said that South America contained a larger unexplored area than Africa. Though the statement should not be taken too literally, it is certainly true that there are considerable areas awaiting exploration. West and north western

Brazil contain several parts as little known to the European world as the darkest parts of Africa. The debatable territory between Ecuador and southeastern Columbia, parts of Cuzco and La Paz in Bolivia; the Peruvian Andes, the upper Basin of the Pilcomayo and an extensive portion of Patagonia are regions of promise. A great part of the Andean Cordillera is completely unknown, both as to its topography and its geology.

The secrets of the plains of Argentina, of its renowned pampas, and of the Patagonian tableland are still waiting solution. The fauna of the Andean lakes is still a mystery. Those who are engaged in the study of the past history of mankind would find an ample harvest in those American mountains and finally those who should investigate the economic value of the physical conditions of that country would be well compensated for their labors of exploration there.

Of late since Col. Prjevalsky's explorations in mid Asia the world has been interested in the exploits of explorers like those of Youngblood, James Rockhill, Littledale and Sven Hedin, who have found something new even in that old continent. The twentieth century will not find Central Asia so difficult of access as it was during the nineteenth.

The Great Siberian railway will afford many a starting place for explorations to the South and the fifth part of the Asiatic continent which lies between Lake Baikal and the Himalaya range furnishes a very large field for them. Sven Hedin has made a brilliant record in traversing the heart of Asia, and it would be singular if his successful exploration should not stimulate others to emulate his hardihood and daring. Tibet has long withstood the attempts of travellers to penetrate it for a systematic survey. Our knowledge of the country though on the whole considerable has been gained furtively and by snatches or short rushes, resembling somewhat the manner in which Europeans during the early part of this century endeavored to reach the interior of Africa. Malaria and swags man opposed them everywhere just as the jealousy of the Chinese and superstitious ignorance of the Tibetans oppose modern travellers. Perseverance will conquer in the end—and both Tibet and China will have to yield. Arabia and Persia await the Wallins, Palgraves, Burtons and Doughtys of the future, wise and tactful travellers accomplished in the languages of Oman and Ajim, learned in Oriental history and saturated with Eastern lore. The mission of such will be to resurrect the dead past, delve among old ruins, revive the forgotten histories, and forecast the methods by which those venerable races may be brought into touch and communion with the busy world which abhors exclusiveness.

There are many tracts in Australia still unknown, but these may safely be left for the Australians, who have shown themselves peculiarly qualified in every way to solve all geographical questions affecting their interests.

Those of the twentieth century who may be inclined to explore the icy regions will have ample time to test their powers. The last half of the nineteenth century has been exceedingly indifferent to polar lands and seas, though we are not altogether without splendid examples of what we could have done had we been so inclined—Kane, Nares, Greely Peary, Nordenskiold, Wiggins Nansen and others, have done marvellously well, and the map shows clearly what territory we have gained from the once unknown North. Still a vast region remains. North of the 60th degree parallel of latitude lie Greenland, Baffin Land, Northern Canada and Alaska, which contain large blank patches. The last years of the century have witnessed a growing interest in the northern extremity of our globe, and we are yet in doubt as regards the fate of poor Andree and his companions. In 1900 we shall probably hear of the departure of an Antarctic expedition to explore that vast circumpolar area extending over 80 degrees of latitude which lies in the Southern Hemisphere.

In this necessarily brief sketch of the explorations yet to be accomplished by the bold spirits of the coming century, it must not be imagined that I have included all the tasks that must engage explorers. Hundreds upon hundreds will find ample work in correcting, revising and refining the hasty work performed by pioneers in Africa, America, Asia and Australia, until the highest point of accuracy and precision has been attained. There are signs that the world is getting impatient with sloven and inexact work, and expect superior merits in the explorers of the future. This is but natural, after being satiated with novelties, and another reason is perhaps that the increase in the number of geographical societies has been so great that the geographical public has become more letrated and fastidious in its tastes and requires the best that can be obtained. As the societies are so willing to coach intending explorers and prepare them for their tasks, I have no doubt that such men as they need will be forthcoming and as amply endowed with physical powers and mental fitness as any who ever ventured into the unknown.

—Henry M. Stanley.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

A pretty maid went out to shop;  
She travelled 'round about  
To all the stores, and wouldn't stop—  
She turned them inside out  
For samples bits of silk and lace;  
The clerks were almost dead;  
And wending homeward from the chaise,  
She brought a spoon of thread.

Father—History repeats itself.  
Son—It don't in our school. They make us kids do it.

'He who goes too often to the links soon finds himself bound in chains to the game,' says the golf philosopher knowingly.

Mrs. Blobs—Why do you call your new cook Misery?  
Mrs. Stobbs—Because she loves company.

'I don't blame her,' groaned the dying man, whose wife had shot him in the head. 'She mistook me for a marauder who might wake the baby.'

Lady—Why don't you go to work for a living?  
Tramp—Well, lady, I want to give everything else a fair trial first!

Pennoyer—Why do so many of these prize fighters call themselves 'the kid'?  
Frettiwit—I suppose it is because it's so hard to put a kid to sleep.

First M. D.—What a lot of things have been found in the verminifer appendix.  
Second M. D.—And look at the money that's been taken out of it!

'Was the play shocking?' asked one blasé theatre goer.  
'Not a bit,' answered the other. 'I went home before it was half over.'

'How do you feel?' asked the sympathetic friend.  
'Like a clock—very much run down,' replied the victim of the trolley accident.

'Let me see,' said the man at the desk, pausing with his pen in air, 'who was the author of Twice Told Tales?'  
'Chauncey Dapew wasn't it?' suggested the man at the other desk.

'Kentucky is one of the liveliest states in the union,' remarked the young man.  
'It is,' answered Col. Stillwell, 'beyond a doubt. When I was last there every man I met was running for office or running for his life.'

'Do you notice how the prisoner hangs on the warden's words?' asked one lawyer of another.  
'Yes, and I think he will hang on them still more decidedly not very far in the future.'

'Was over study called the star,  
The papers said, but when  
He under-study made a hit  
She got quite well again.

You talk about the man in war  
Who death and carnage faces,  
Think of the chap who stances flush past  
Against jack till on seas.

Mistress—I saw two policemen sitting in the kitchen with you last night, Bridget.  
Bridget—Well, ma'am, yez wouldn't hav an unmarried lady be sittin' with only wan policeman, would yez? The other wan was a chaperon.

Coldwater—My friends, I vote as I pray.  
Bibber (on the front seat)—Dacon, confeshun's good f'r the soul. Tell us now wather you vote early'n often, or wather you pray only once a year.

'Jones called up his first wife at the seance last night, and what do you think he said to her?' asked Smith.  
'Goodness knows,' said Brown.  
'He asked her if she would give his second wife her receipt for mince-meat.'

Meeks—Some always speaks well of everybody.  
Weeks—Merely a force of habit.  
Meeks—How so?  
Weeks—He's a marble cutter, and his specialty is cutting epitaphs on grave-stones.

Miss Freshleigh—Can you tell me, Mr. Sportleigh, if race horses are subject to any peculiar cutaneous disease?  
Mr. Sportleigh—Not that I know of. Why do you ask, Miss Freshleigh?  
Miss Freshleigh—Because I often read in the papers that so-and-so was scratched by its owner before the race.

'Cawn't imagine why the boss gets so furious when I wear a red vest,' drawled the young man who chalks market quotations on a blackboard.  
'You can't Eddie!' responded the clerk from upstairs. 'Well, you are slow. Don't you know bulls can't bear red? Work for a bear and wear anything you like.'

'I don't think the editor will sit on this joke,' said the funny man, as he laid down his pen.  
'Because of the point, I presume,' said the horse reporter.  
'No! but because it's a standing joke,' replied the man of humor, 'one of the crowded street car brand, you know.'

'Evidently you were overlooked in the account of the entertainment last night,' said the gossip.  
'Oh, no,' replied Mrs. Parvenu. 'I was mentioned.' Didn't you see the last line of the list of those present?'  
'Yes, I read 'and others.'

'That's me,' asserted Mrs. Parvenu proudly but ungrammatically.  
The lovers foresaw difficulties.  
'A chasm,' he exclaimed, 'yawns at our feet.'  
Vivian Briakit, the Chicago girl, had never looked more beautiful than she was looking tonight; but there was a good deal of horse sense about her for all that.  
'Perhaps it's because my feet are such a chestnut,' she suggested, with the utmost candor.

Frills of Fashion.

Women's main concern now is for her skirt. Waist fashions are so varied that she cannot well go astray except in the matter of sleeves.

With the skirt it is different. Your correspondent went into a tailoring establishment the other day and asked for a habit-skirt. 'Why do you not take the newest skirt?' asked she. 'The habit backs are going out.'

The 'popular' skirt will be one with a tight-fitting front and sides and a box plait of moderate size in the back, the box falling apart enough to be graceful and to relieve the back of its drawn look.

The skirt opens either at one side of the box plait or upon the left side of the front. The front opening is so much more popular than the rear opening the women are loath to disturb it.

Another style of skirt is simple and pretty. It has the box plait in the back, but the front and sides are arranged with the finest tucks running vertically from the belt downward.

A black serge trimmed with braid, arranged to a deep point in front, with the skirt plaited in the back and tucked from the waist to a point below the hips in front is quite fine enough for a street skirt for winter or early spring.

There is still another new skirt, that one being a variation of the box plait. It is called the Grecian fold skirt. The front and sides are fitted as tightly as possible, and the skirt is very long, quite covering the feet, after the fashion of the new street dress.

It is different from the conventional box plait. At the waist it is narrow, scarcely more than six inches wide, but below the waist it gradually flares until it is half a yard or more wide at the hem.

There are also draped skirts. These are intricate and hard to understand. Four large, pointed, shawl-like pieces are so arranged that they form tunics at the front and the sides and the back.

The sides are precisely like the front, the same long, sharp point gradually growing broader from the hem upward to the belt, is seen, and the back is a repetition of the sides and front.

Brown is coming violently into style and it is no wonder; for no color permits of so much license in treatment nor is presented in such a variety of shades.



Remedy for the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever.

shades, each so different from the others that it might belong to a different family. The bronze or greenish brown is the newest of all and the most effective.

The new skirt materials are properly described as 'novelty' goods. They have a groundwork of dark blue into which is woven all the tiny bits of color of the rainbow.

From an economical standpoint, it may be argued, that it is impossible to 'spot' such goods, as it is already thoroughly spotted.

Hats are so closely related to skirts that they must be mentioned together. The crown of the hat, if not of the skirt material, matches it in color and in trimming as closely as possible.

A hat with braided crown is worn with a braided skirt, and a hat with trimming of applique is worn with a skirt similarly decorated.

In the shape of hats there is a decided tendency towards the English walking shapes and its modifications, the Minerva, the Langtry, and the uncreased Fedora.

The muff is not small if it be a 'made' muff, and it is fashioned of material to match the hat. With muff and hat alike in color and material, and both of them matching the skirt in tone, the costume is complete as to the keynotes of harmony—color and material.

Children's clothes were never prettier than they are now, and never more varied in style, and yet there seems to be very little that is really new. A little variation in the detail of trimming, a slight difference in the shape of the collar which falls around the inevitable guimpe yoke, or some little diversity in the finish, is all that we can hope for until the spring models appear.

The skirts, after the manner of the grown up gowns, are dignified by plaits disposed in various ways. One of them shows side plaits beginning at either side of the front breadth and stitched down a little more than a third of the length of the skirt.

The skirts, after the manner of the grown up gowns, are dignified by plaits disposed in various ways. One of them shows side plaits beginning at either side of the front breadth and stitched down a little more than a third of the length of the skirt.

There are also draped skirts. These are intricate and hard to understand. Four large, pointed, shawl-like pieces are so arranged that they form tunics at the front and the sides and the back.

Brown is coming violently into style and it is no wonder; for no color permits of so much license in treatment nor is presented in such a variety of shades.

are made with guimpe and sleeves of fine white lawn. China and tiffeta silk are very much used for this purpose, and nothing can be much more desirable than the veillings. Taz silk stockings, embroidered with some little flower in the color of the gown, and worn with suede shoes to match, are very pretty with the dancing gown.

Plain clothes are very popular in the children's department of materials, especially for afternoon gowns for girls just in their teens, and one model in mind has a tunic overdress falling over a skirt; plaited around the hem. The edge of the tunic is cut in broad, shallow scalloped and finished with tiny stitched bands of cloth overlapping each other, each band being a little lighter shade of the same color.

Velveteens and corduroys are favorite materials for children's costumes, especially for boys suits, and the browns and grays are the most serviceable colors.

The most attractive department in the leading shops just at present is that which displays the cotton dress materials. Embroidered swiss is on the top wave, perhaps, as there is a new variety called mohair swiss. It has a different weave from that of last season, or a different thread rather, which gives it a more wiry texture.

Panne is in full vogue now both for waists and entire gowns, and it is reported that Worth of Paris is making a gathered skirt of panne with a band of fur around the hem for the only trimming.

Very elaborate knickerbockers of satin are worn by some women as a substitute for petticoats.

Among the new French veillings is a very becoming fine white mesh, with small dots of black chenille or velvet.

Buttons in wedgewood designs on green, blue and brown are a fashionable feature of this department.

Blouses of white satin embroidered with steel are one of the novelties, and the satin is slashed up from the waist line to show a wide corselet belt of satin covered with rows of stitching.

Charming bows worn on evening gowns at one side of the neck are made of double faced soft satin ribbon in three different pastel colors—green, pink and mauve for example.

What stupid people there must be in the east! Three months ago, seeing in the announcement of new books received at the Smith Centre (Kan.) library "David Harum" listed under "R. Kipling's works" the Gazette printed this paragraph: "Culture is rapidly pushing westward."

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER "The Universal Perfume." For the Handkerchief Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pfl Cochis, Pennyroyal, &c.

paper for not knowing who wrote 'David Harum' Letters became tiresome, so the Gazette answered one man—a librarian in Chicago—telling the librarian that Kipling really did write 'David Harum' under an assumed name, but that the Gazette thought Kipling's 'Fourteen Weeks in Physics' and his 'Elementary Trigonometry' were vastly better books.

The letter written to the Chicago man was plainly burlesque, but he could not see it, so he took the letter to the Chicago Post. It was printed, and now letters and telegrams are coming to this office asking if Kipling really did write 'David Harum.'

Great heavens! Can't the people east of the Missouri river see a joke unless it is labelled? If We Wanted to Lie We could say there is no case of advanced consumption that Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm will not cure. The truth is it cures coughs and thus prevents consumption.

The present campaign in South Africa is practically the first opportunity the British military authorities have had of putting the cyclist corps to a real test. The cyclist corps attached to the Durban Light Infantry recently covered a route of ninety miles in one day, for the purpose of obtaining information of the Boers forces, doing some skirmishing on the way.

outbreak of war, who rode from Pretoria to Ladysmith on his wheel, passing several detachments of cavalry on the way.

The Tenderfoot was Game. He was a tenderfoot, and they took him for a greenhorn. Every new arrival in camp, they told him, had to give the others some puzzle question.

After a brief silence the youth asked, 'How is it that when a chipmunk makes a hole there is no dirt at the mouth of the hole?' The foreman replied, 'Ah, ha, I guess you have asked a question that you cannot answer yourself.'

'Oh, no,' said the youth, 'I can answer it!' 'Well, then,' said the foreman, 'how is it?' 'Why,' said the youth, 'the chipmunk begins at the bottom to dig his hole.'

'Begins at the bottom; how does he get there to begin?' asked the foreman. 'That is a question of your own asking,' said the youth.

No dye is sold in more shades, or finer ones, than Magnetic Dyes. Price 10 cents for any color. A Promising Pupil. A little girl who had just entered school, lately jubilantly announced to her father that she did better than all the girls above her in the arithmetic class and went to the top.

'That was smart of you,' said he, encouragingly. 'How was it?' 'Well, you see, Miss Maggie asked the girl at the top how much was 8 and 5, and she didn't know and said 12; then the next girl said 9, and the next one said 11, and the next 14. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me, and I said 13, and Miss Maggie told me to go up top. Course it was 13.'

'That was nice,' said the father. 'I didn't think you could add so well. How did you know it was 13?' 'Why, I guessed it! Nobody said 13.'

Prison visitor—Is there anything that you think might be improved here? Prisoner (formerly labor leader)—Well, yes; the hours here are too long for one thing.—Philadelphia Record. The Young Man—What objections have you to my calling at your home? The Father—None at all. But I thought you might ultimately become tired of not being admitted.

TO THE DEAF—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Famous British Reverses.

After the defeats in South Africa many of the English newspapers, including the London Times, said it was the most serious setback since the mutiny in India.

We never know how much history we have forgotten till some disturbance brings out the details bearing upon great events.

In December, 1880, the South African Republic was proclaimed, with Kruger as President, Joubert Commandant General, Jorissen Attorney General, and Bok acting State Secretary.

Many interesting parallels have been drawn between the American Revolution and the present contest of the South African Republic.

MOST MIRACULOUS HEART CURES.

Mrs. Thos. Cooke, of Kingston, After Suffering Intensest Pain and Distress of the Heart for Seven Years---Is Cured Almost Miraculously by

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart---A Remedy Which Saves Lives Everyday that Have Been Proclaimed

By Physicians Beyond Human Aid---It is a Powerful, Harmless Heart Specific and Can Work Wonders in Half-an-Hour.

Kingston, April 26, 1899.---Mr. Thos. Cooke, 260 Johnston street, Kingston, tells this wonderful story of his sickness from heart disease, and what he considers

more troops than she sent to America during the seven years of the conflict, for in that time the number of British troops and hirelings who crossed the Atlantic was only about 112,000 soldiers and 22,000 seamen.

Many of us have forgotten that the war against the American Colonies was so unpopular that King George could not raise enough troops in his own country, and had to hire men from the Continent.

In some respects there is a better parallel in the War of 1812. Great Britain sent three armies under three Generals to the different sections of the country, and they were defeated even more disastrously than the first armies in South Africa.

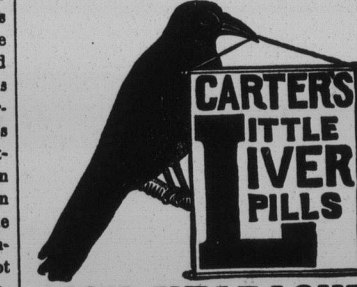
Since the American Revolution England has not been fighting all the time, but she has been in trouble most of the time.

In the beginning of the forties there was trouble in Afghanistan. 'Disaster after disaster occurred, not without misconduct.'

his almost miraculous recovery by the aid of that good angel of modern medical science---Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

not a success. Then began the retreat. It was in the high altitudes, and the winter was one of the severest ever known.

Often the sayings of a General become more familiar to the great public than the details of his victories or his defeats.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating.

Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

slightest exertion or excitement. I tried many remedies recommended to me, and consulted best physicians on my ailments, and nobody gave me any hope of permanent recovery.

You can readily verify this or any other testimony of the curative powers of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, for the commendations for it comes spontaneously and unelicited, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are given out of the "fulness of

toppling like buildings in a cyclone, and themselves shaking and shivering in the midst of ruin.

It may be several months before we shall know exactly the official figures of the various battles that were fought, but we do know that the three divisions of the English fighting forces were each defeated in turn.

Immediately the true size of the war was appreciated. The London Times, which is never given to sensation and always speaks conservatively for England, declared: 'We are fighting not merely for supremacy in South Africa, but our position as a great Power.'

Parties wishing to enter the printing office at this season should be governed by the following rules: Advance to the inner door and give three distinct raps or kick the door down.

the heart" in being snatched from the snare of so distressing an ailment as heart disease in any form.

If modern medical science has given to the world a remedy---a cure---that thousands have used and have tested the curative powers of after having suffered for years, and had been pronounced hopeless case---if, as a last resort, even it has proved such a boon, what an amount of suffering would be spared if when the slightest uneasiness of the heart is experienced Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart were used!

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves cold in the head in ten minutes---it will cure the most acute and disgusting forms of Catarrh, no matter how long standing.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment acts like magic on Itching, Irritating Skin Troubles, such as Eczema, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, and will cure Piles in from 3 to 5 nights---35 cts.

Dr. Agnew's little pills for Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness---20 cts for 40 doses. Sold by E. C. Brown.

years you are owing for the paper. He will admit you. You will advance to the centre of the room and address the editor with following counter-sign: Extend the right hand about two feet from the body, with the thumb and fingers extended, the thumb and index finger clasping a \$10 bill, which drops into the extended hand of the editor, at the same time saying: 'Were you looking for me?'

Mr. Robert F. Gray, of 256 Clarence street, London, Ont., says: 'I believe Catarrh-o-zone will produce a positive cure for Catarrh. After using it a few times relief was an assured fact.'

A shy young man who was enamored of a maiden fair, entreated his papa to put in a good word for him. The papa, being a widower and a gay old bird, was 'nothing loth.'

DON'T RUN CHANCES by taking whiskey or brandy to settle the stomach or stop a chill. Pain-Killer in hot water sweetened will do you more good.

'Methinks, doctor,' quoth Boswell, at the end of a merry drinking bout, 'that it's up to you to settle the score.'

'The English,' he said thoughtfully, 'are too much for a man with a spear, they're too much for a man with a bow and arrow and they're too much for a man with an old fashioned musket, but they seem to experience difficulty when they go up against anything in the rifled-Boer line.'

THOUSANDS OF CANADIANS can vouch for the efficacy of that peerless cough remedy, Pny-Pectoral. It cures a cold very quickly. 25c. of all druggists.

'Our new cook is a treasure.' 'Does she make choice dishes?' 'No; but she can drop a tin pan so it sounds exactly as if she were breaking our best out glass bowl.'

Perf

Do not try health. If you a medicine k Williams' Pink periment' Th ands of people, find health. S

Do not take Williams' Pink Pills one to use a substitute or six boxes for \$1.00.

Dr. F. M. terms of Dr. W. Previous to using extreme nervous would fatigue me than I do at present and there are more

would go hard with social circles of St. That ring of ass 'It is amazing to me these things are 'My life is really gravely. 'And for death---that was real

'My arms, and n are quite well, th feely easy.' 'She felt that he v an intempest she seemed to her that

'Easy!' 'He repeated he drawn breath. 'She wrenched at 'How you could 'You have poor always do things in 'It one is a herc in his voice now, i outside of the Hig

'Here we part,' decided voice. 'We do nothing compassion, with Well, what of that me to let you go After what you-- Oh! pray don't are too silly.' 'They can't be more than you c heroine, when an development.'

'Probably you but I am sure yo particularly irrita loftily. 'The man bowe He seemed to l usual condition; did not affect him exercise certainly to of his blood. 'I have no wish contritely; but y jolly of speech in are.'

To that she he they walked on i farther. 'It is a beauti served Bols, at: ner. 'It is a night I I live. Yes; it I compassion said, Her heart beat Of course he which he got un drowned; but strangely. 'You were ver part of the lake that they would where.'

'I am so ver said, gently. 'Eola laughed. 'Oh! well, rheumatism, as be, I hope your time.' 'It will it--- I have no right 'You must ge peration. 'Yes down there, at were to see me 'Are they so Well, I cannot He took her them adoringly He raised th them passiona trembled, he a defiance--- 'You cannot puny, you kn thing to come Those eyes They were

Perfect Health can be yours.

Do not try experiments with your health. If you are not well use only a medicine known to cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an experiment. They have cured thousands of people, who had tried common medicines and failed to find health. Some of the cured are in your own neighborhood.



Mr. F. Mission, Deless, Man., writes: "I can speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a medicine for rebuilding the system. Previous to using the pills I was suffering from headaches, loss of appetite and extreme nervousness, which left me in a very weak condition. The least work would fatigue me. I can now say, however, that I never felt better in my life than I do at present, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Similar sufferers—there are many—will find it to their great advantage to use these pills."

Do not take anything that does not bear the full name of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." It is an experiment and a hazardous one to use a substitute. Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

Continued from tenth page. would go hard with you, I fear, in the social circles of Stretton. That ring of amusement angered Eola. "It is amusing to you"—stiffly—"but to me these things are real!"

"My life is real—to me," he said, gravely. "And for some moments I faced death—that was real also."

There was a pause, and Eola walked still faster, until she was checked by finding her hands suddenly seized and held. "Did you hurt yourself—your dear little hands with that heavy plank? Have you sprained your arm, or your wrist, or anything?"

"My arms, and my wrists, and my hands are quite well, thank you. It was perfectly easy."

"She felt that he was regarding her with an intensity she could not face, and it seemed to her that her cheeks were burning."

"Easy!" He repeated her word with a deep-drawn breath. She wrenched away her hands. "How you could do it I cannot imagine."

"You have poor imagination. One can always do things in an emergency."

"There was something beyond admiration in his voice now, but they had reached the outside of the Highfields boundary."

"He repeated her word with a deep-drawn breath. She wrenched away her hands. "How you could do it I cannot imagine."

"You have poor imagination. One can always do things in an emergency."

"There was something beyond admiration in his voice now, but they had reached the outside of the Highfields boundary."

"He repeated her word with a deep-drawn breath. She wrenched away her hands. "How you could do it I cannot imagine."

"You have poor imagination. One can always do things in an emergency."

"There was something beyond admiration in his voice now, but they had reached the outside of the Highfields boundary."

"He repeated her word with a deep-drawn breath. She wrenched away her hands. "How you could do it I cannot imagine."

"You have poor imagination. One can always do things in an emergency."

"There was something beyond admiration in his voice now, but they had reached the outside of the Highfields boundary."

Luckily, there was a shed at the side of the road, just where she was caught in the storm, and she saved herself and her flowers by rushing into it.

"There was no break in the clouds; their leaden intensity increased as the deluge descended. It might rain for hours, and between here and Stretton, Eola would be drenched to the skin."

"That would not matter to anyone save herself; but the fragile flowers she carried would be destroyed."

"She had no means of protecting them, and their loss would let loose the visit of Mrs. Caxton's and her daughters' wrath. Eola peered anxiously for any sign of vehicle which might take pity on her."

"A footman sprang to the ground, spoke to the occupant of the brougham, and ran across to Eola."

"His lordship begs that you will let him drive you home, miss."

"His lordship?" gasped Eola, inwardly, but she skipped over the flooded road, and into the carriage, whose door the servant held open, her flowers making her bold.

"If you should happen to be going to Stretton," she said, in her low, sweet voice, "it would indeed be kind if you would drive me there."

"The brougham had but one occupant, an elderly gentleman of very aristocratic appearance, a handsome old man, albeit stern and melancholy of look, whom Eola recognized in awe as Lord Dartery himself—he had seen him at some public meeting."

"The Caxtons had very lately come to Stretton, and this was the first time since their arrival there that Lord Dartery had occupied Highfields."

"But what ailed his lordship? He sat upright in the carriage, gazing at the girl he had himself invited to enter as if he saw a specter, and he was all pale and trembling."

"You are ill, I fear," Eola said, with her quick sympathy and sweet manner, bending towards him.

"Not at all, thank you," Lord Dartery had a courteous, but a very stiff manner. "I hope I was in time to save you from getting wet. Now, where may I have the pleasure of driving you? Stretton, I think you said?"

Seal Brand Coffee IS PICKED PURITY

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

less time than you could have walked from where I met you."

Eola left the carriage, and went into the house. A strange unreal feeling was upon her.

The vague sweet dreams of long ago seemed to come over her, and her mother and sisters were forgotten.

CROSS QUESTIONED.

M. B. Connick Relates His Experience With Bright's Disease and Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered With that Dread Malady for Fifteen Years—Treated by Five Different Doctors—Literally Rescued from Death by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

MIDDLETON, P. E. I., Jan 22.—Mr. M. B. Connick, the well known blacksmith of this place, known all over the Island as the man whom Dodd's Kidney Pills saved from death as by a miracle, has often been interviewed regarding his case as is ever ready to supply the facts.

"I had been a victim to kidney trouble for fifteen years before I took Dodd's Kidney Pills," said Mr. Connick in a recent conversation.

"Did you know it was Bright's Disease, Mr. Connick?"

"Not at first I didn't, but when I found that I was started, I can tell you. In those days you know, Bright's Disease was incurable. I went to five different doctors. They would do no good. Finally my wife and I went together to one who told us rights out there was no use taking my money. I could not be cured. I felt that it was all over."

"How did you come to take Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

"Well, one day a customer and I were talking of the death of a neighbor, and my customer said he was quite sure if he had taken Dodd's Kidney Pills he would have been cured. That set me thinking. For the last six years I had been forced to hire a man to do my work. Well, I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and before I had finished the third box I was at work again. I can shoe a horse as well today as ever I could in my life."

"Do you mean to say that three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured you of Bright's Disease of fifteen years' standing?"

edges, some bending eagerly forward peering over the shoulders of those who were in front of them. A couple of candle ends stuck in bottles afforded the illumination. And by this dim light I saw cords up stacks and stacks of bills, regula bundles and bales of them. It was like looking into a United States Treasury vault. The sight made me blink with wonder.

"I'll raise you \$300,000."

"That was the next thing I heard. It was said as nonchalantly as though it were a question of five cent chips. And the players did not look like Croesus either. You have heard about Sherman's bummers. Well, these were Sherman's bummers and they looked it. Of course that game then was just a little bit irregular, but I could not bear to break it up. I got interested in it. I felt as though I would like to see the limit reached, hear somebody called, and just for curiosity know who it was who raked in the million or so dollars that probably would be in the pot when that interesting event occurred. I did not have to wait long. I have forgotten just the amount that changed hand but it was somewhere up around a million. The winner took up an armful of bills and swept them over in a heap by his side."

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, Bill," he said. "I'll put up the bull million again a plug of tobacco and play you three straight games of euchre—best two out of three and leave the evens and eights in the deck."

"Well gentlemen," continued the General with his dry little laugh, "it is no need to tell you that I had begun to get a little light on the situation before this liberal proposition was made. I remembered that we had just raided a town where we had come upon a ton or so of red money, and that the boys had had the fancy to cart away several hundred weight of it. They had lots of fun with that money, and I am indebted to it for having had the pleasure of looking on at probably the biggest poker game played in the United States. I did not break up the little tea party. Poor fellows! Lord knows they had been through enough hard times to enable them to a little fun."

In 111 Languages. The National Advertiser gives the following facts (?) without any indication of their source: The most recent and carefully collected statistics show that no fewer than 5,400 newspapers make their appearance daily in the world. These are published in sixty-six languages, while forty-five other languages are employed in the production of other papers that are published semi-weekly, bi-weekly, semi monthly, monthly, and at other odd times, making a total of 111 separate languages in which in which the newspaper press of the world is at present issued.

A CARD

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to return the money on a ten-cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 187 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hobbs, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Fines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

PALE PEOPLE

Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart.

If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.

As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, vitalizing, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxy, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold.

There is weakness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When those suffering from this or watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure. Every dose acts on the heart itself, causing it to beat strong, steady and regular.

Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of tiredness and lassitude.

They see clearly visible—dark and

