

PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 508.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Mother and Sister Accused Of the Murder of Minnie Tucker and Held for Trial.

Portraits of the Prisoners and Scenes at the Court— Interviews with the Prisoners and a Personal De- scription of Them and the Head of the Household.

The close of the preliminary examination in the Carleton County murder trial and the commitment of the prisoners, Mrs. Mary Tucker and her daughter, Mrs. Annie Canovan, for trial at the Circuit Court for the murder of Minnie Tucker ends the first chapter of a story with which Progress readers all over the province are familiar.

It is not necessary to repeat details as it will be remembered that during the last week in January the startling news came from the district of South Johnville which is about forty miles from Woodstock, that a woman, Minnie Tucker had died suddenly and various suspicious circumstances pointed to her sister, Mrs. Canovan, as having compassed her death, through poisoning. So strongly, indeed, did everything tend in that direction, that the coroner's jury brought in a verdict charging her with murdering her sister, by administering strychnine to her. She was known to have threatened her sister's life upon different occasions and a physician residing in the district recognized her as having purchased a quantity of the death dealing drug from him a few days before, though she positively denied having done so.

Later on the mother of the prisoner was placed under arrest, her language regarding her dead daughter, and other circumstances seeming to fully warrant such a course.

The preliminary enquiry was held in Woodstock before police magistrate Dibble, Mr. Stephen B. Appleby representing the Crown and Mr. Wendell P. Jones the prisoners. Every part of Carleton County sent its delegation to the examination, which while it lasted engaged public attention to the almost utter exclusion of every other interest. Though there is a formidable array of circumstantial evidence against Annie Canovan there are many who still believe Minnie Tucker's death was brought about in an entirely different way. The idea of a suicide can scarcely be entertained, the girls approaching marriage precluding that theory; and though she was known to be in a delicate condition at the time of her death, she was scarcely the kind of woman to regard that in the light of an overwhelming disgrace from which death would be an easy escape. The theory of accidental poisoning could be more easily accepted. Whatever the cause of her death, the finger of suspicion points strongly towards Annie Canovan, the motive for her alleged crime, being found in jealousy of her sister and husband.

It was a motley crowd the prisoners faced last Monday afternoon, the closing day of the enquiry. There were old men, young men and boys from every walk in life, crowding the town hall of Woodstock, but the predominating element seemed to be drawn from the masses, brought thither by the unusual spectacle of two women suspected of having taken the life of a third—and that third a sister and daughter. Curiosity, always a strong factor in matters of this kind, was written everywhere, and perhaps Mary Tucker and her daughter found truer pity in the hearts of those who sat in legal judgment upon them, than in any other portion of the assemblage.

Mrs. Canovan is not what the pictures in the daily papers would lead one to suppose—a female tramp of the lowest order. She is certainly not that, and though she may be guilty of the crime with which she is charged, she looks anything but a murderer. As she sat in the court room it was almost impossible to form any impression of her appearance beyond the fact that she was about the average height, and rather slender. She had on a black dress that would hardly be called shabby on one in her circumstances, and a dark shawl loosely drawn around her. A heavy blue veil was twisted tightly over a fur cap, and tied under the chin. Throughout the enquiry she sat a pathetic figure, her hand-

kerchief pressed closely either to her lips or cheek. It was not to hide any emotion however, for it was difficult to tell what the prisoner felt. Her face was devoid of any expression save that of extreme sadness, and even when the most damning evidence, that of Mrs. Edmund Carroll, was being given, there was no change in the quiet countenance nor the faintest quiver of a facial muscle.

Mrs. Mary Tucker on the other hand was not indifferent to what was going on around her, and made whispered remarks occasionally to her daughter, which either were unnoticed, or acknowledged only by a slight nod. Of the two the mother is decidedly the harder looking, her general make up suggesting in a measure the woman of the city slums. Though thirty years younger than her husband who is seventy, she looks at least fifty-five years of age. Her swarthy weather-beaten face is no worse than hundreds of others seen daily, and save for a peculiarly sleepy expression around the eyes there is nothing unusual or vicious in it.

Under provocation or in anger she might incite another to a deed of the nature of the one in which she is supposed to be implicated, but she hardly seems capable of planning and carrying out such a crime deliberately.

She didn't harbor any resentment towards Mrs. Carroll, for when she latter finished her damning statements against Mrs. Canovan and taken her seat beside the prisoners, Mrs. Tucker kept up a whispered conversation with her. Mrs. Carroll later told Progress that one of the questions was whether she—Mrs. Carroll—believed her guilty, and on being told no, asked why the witness hadn't said so, or, it she wouldn't say so.

Progress had a talk with both prisoners upon two different occasions, and while Annie Canovan was peculiarly reticent, answering commonplace questions in monosyllables scarcely above her breath, the older woman needed little encourage-



MRS. TUCKER,
Mother of the Murdered Woman.

ment to discuss Minnie's death. Her tears were never far off at any time, and when asked if there was anything she wished to say to Progress she wept bitterly and answered, "I am so lonesome I don't know what to say; only you might say in your paper, that I had nothing to do with it. I didn't murder Minnie. I have always worked hard for my children and it is too bad to be accused of murdering one of them. I have been away working all fall and winter and I wish I had not gone home, so that I could not have been blamed for this. I suppose I said things that I should not, and talked too much at the beginning, and its only for that they have me here. I didn't mean any harm though." Mrs. Tucker didn't seem to be at all alarmed about Mrs. Canovan's serious predicament neither did she show any sign of feeling for her dead child. Her one

reiterated statement was "I had nothing to do with it."

The accompanying pictures of the women were taken at E. M. Campbell's studio on Tuesday morning just before they were



MRS. ANNIE CANOVAN,
Sister of the Murdered Woman.

committed for trial. Mrs. Canovan was not particularly anxious to be photographed until Sheriff Balloch produced a newspaper containing an alleged picture of her. She looked at the awful caricature handed her and that settled it. With the glimmer of a smile on her pale face she looked up and said "I don't think I look like that. I'll have a picture taken if you wish it sheriff."

A touching incident of the closing days of the enquiry was the examination of Mrs. Tucker. The poor old fellow who is tottering on the brink of the grave is as honest and simple minded as a child. He answered all questions in a sincere, straightforward manner that made as deep an impression upon the listeners as his forlorn condition called forth the most intense sympathy. At the close of his evidence he took a seat between his wife and daughter, and it was noticed that he never once looked towards the latter, though he spoke several times to his wife, in an undertone.

Mr. Tucker is seventy years of age, has lived in Johnville about twenty-four years, and was never in Woodstock until brought there last week. His story as he told it to Progress was sad in the extreme. His tears flowed freely as he talked of the dead girl and his wife, of whose innocence he is convinced. Indeed the latter's incarceration is his deepest trouble.

"My poor old woman is innocent" said he, "she was a good wife to me, and always waited on me kindly and when I had a pain or ache, she wouldn't let me do a thing, but would go out and 'belt away' at the wood herself, and could use the axe as good as any man. I believe Annie is the cause of all this destruction with me. Minnie was better in every way. She was hot tempered like myself, but was over it in a minute, and was a good girl to me. Annie was deeper and quieter; she don't mind her sister's death a bit and is as case hardened as a dog."

"What do you think Minnie meant by 'Oh cursed be the day?' asked the old man with a wistful glance at his two auditors, Deputy Sheriff Foster and Progress representative. "I can't make it out at all, though I suppose she had her own reasons for saying it. The poor girl, she had to be murdered, and then, worst of all cut up. I've been through some hard scenes in my life, but I'm too old to come to this. All I blame my old woman for is speaking too quick. Her tongue is too fast. I've often heard her say when Minnie was bothering her 'I wish to God you were dead, then we'd have some peace' but she never meant any harm by it. Any one might say it you know," said the old man with an air of sturdy devotion that was most pathetic. Mr. Tucker said he never was in a hotel before, and had never seen the inside of a lookup. He said he had no relatives within "millions of miles" most of them being in Pennsylvania and New Zealand, and gave a rather funny explanation of his change from the English to the Catholic church. "I could always read, and see things for myself" said he, "and besides all the people out there are Catholics, and we thought we might as well join the church too. I always went to church when I could, but the children never went anywhere much."

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

WAS A MAN AMONG MEN.

I. CHIPMAN OLIVE PASSES SOMEWHAT SUDDENLY AWAY.

Ill But a Short Time, His Death Causes Painful Surprise to His Friends—Much Esteemed by all who Possessed His Acquaintance and Friendship.

"Chip" Olive is dead." This was the startling news that spread about the city Tuesday morning. Men heard it on their way to business but it seemed so incredible that the big, strong man who had walked the streets but a few days before, was no more, that they sought to confirm the statement. They found that it was too true and turned sadly away to business and affairs that would divert their attention from the depressing fact that another whole souled, generous man had "crossed the bar."

Mr. Olive was a customs broker and the business sign of "I Chipman Olive" was well known to all who frequented



I. CHIPMAN OLIVE.

(From a Portrait Taken Several Years Ago.) Prince William street. His familiar figure could be seen at almost any hour of the day passing between his office and the customs house with quick and resolute step. Like all of his family he was of great stature and size—almost a giant among men. As he walked along he was noticeable from this very fact but men who knew him—and he was not a hard man to know—appreciated him for his largeness of heart, his genial greeting and obliging ways.

Truly he may be said to have had no enemy. His was a forgiving nature and the memory of an injury could not remain with him long. Rarely has Progress seen men so moved as they have been this week by the loss of such a friend. Strong men who have known the deceased from childhood had no power over their feelings and broke down when they spoke of him. Others related his kindly deeds, and surely they were many. One, a man of almost middle age, told how Mr. Olive had got him his first job and literally started him in the line of business which he is now following. Another, a younger merchant, told what difficulty he had in the custom house until the willing hand and kindly advice of the deceased broker came to his assistance. How many could tell stories similar to this! But the writer remembers another instance of Chipman Olive's kindness and friendship to a fellow man, who was in deep distress and in danger of his liberty. Day after day he visited him—it must have been at great inconvenience to himself—and strove to relieve the monotony of his confinement. He remained by him until he was released and thus gave another instance of that kindly nature that did not consider trouble when he could be of assistance to a man he had known.

Mr. Olive was a social man. He enjoyed the society of his friends either at home or elsewhere. He was an old member of the XX club—an organization of citizens who sought diversion from business one afternoon a month in the summer season, on the rifle range near the city. There, the sunny side of the big man showed itself the brightest. With ready wit and repartee he helped all to enjoy themselves at all times.

Mr. Olive may be said to have had splendid prospects of many years of life. He was in excellent health, but in need of an operation which is not infrequent. He had it performed without fear of the result, by Dr. William Christie. Inflammation set in however and on Tuesday day ensued. He was just 50 years of age and for twenty

of that time was in the brokerage business. Before that he was in the hardware business with his brother William H. His wife survives him and one son, Harold, who has been in the employ of William Parks but who will now take up the business his father conducted so long and so well.

SCENES IN THE COURT ROOM.

One or Two Laughable Incidents of the Tucker Murder Trial.

The Tucker Canovan examination at Woodstock this week, was not without its funny happenings and amusing incidents, and notwithstanding the serious nature of the case the motley assembly was ever on the lookout for whatever had a tendency to provoke a laugh. The plain unvarnished way in which some of the witnesses, big with importance, told their various stories, and the great disposition to garrulousness, caused even the most dignified of the spectators to smile. Though every effort was made to suppress all levity, and once Police Magistrate Dibble threatened to find a way to stop all undue merriment, it would crop up for a moment occasionally and as quickly subside.

When Mr. Vicars, one of the witnesses, was being examined he was asked regarding a quarrel of which he was supposed to know something. "What was the exact language, Mr. Vicars?" asked Examiner Appleby in his quiet, courteous way.

"The exact language," echoed the old man with a twinkle in his eye, "Oh I don't think you would like to hear that."

"Yes, we would," insisted the lawyer, "try now and tell just what you remember." "What I remember," said Mr. Vicars with a still broader smile, "If I told half I remember of the bad things they said the whole court would run away." The matter was not pressed.

Official reporter Fry was one of the busiest men of the week and when he wasn't on duty in the court the click of his type writing machine made music in his room at the hotel, or with his well known desire to oblige, he was imparting information to newspaper reporters.

The gallant official was made the subject of a little joke on Monday afternoon which furnished amusement for the crowd and caused the modest stenographer to blush furiously.

Mrs. Carroll was giving her evidence and as she spoke in rather a low tone Mr. Fry suggested that she speak a little louder.

"Look towards Mr. Fry while you are speaking, Mrs. Carroll, please," said Mr. Appleby. "He's more of a lady's man than I, and, besides, is much better looking."

The stenographer instantly became the cynosure of all eyes and his embarrassment was not lessened any when the witness promptly turned an admiring gaze on him with a hearty "Yes, I will then."

The town hall at Woodstock is used by the Salvation Army for its meetings and the room where the examination was held has its walls covered with Scripture texts, mottoes such as "No Cross, no Crown" "Come Unto Me," etc. By a strange coincidence the prisoners were not far from "Where Will You Spend Eternity" stood out in large colored letters.

After the court had been adjourned and the crowd was leaving the room a middle aged man of decidedly rustic appearance stood in front of the motto and slowly read it over several times. "Well that's a funny question to be askin' now, said he; 'they might have waited till after the trial enny way.'"

Captain Farris With His Friends.

Captain John Farris is going to the Klondike as a captain in Col. Domville's expedition and a few of his friends recognizing the fact gave him a send off at an oyster supper in the Cafe Royal one evening this week. There were speeches and songs, wit and anecdote and the party had a very pleasant time. One of the guests introduced a new song to the tune of "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." It was patriotic enough to bring forth round after round of applause. The words are worth noting.

We do not want to fight, but by jingo if we do,
We've got the ship, we've got the men, we've got the money too.
We've beat the Bear before and we'll beat the Bear again,
But Russia shall not take Fort Arthur.

Captain Farris was presented with a locknet and all kind words and wishes that good friendship could dictate. He leaves for the far west as soon as he can complete his arrangements.

WILL LABOR COST LESS.

ANOTHER LABORER'S SOCIETY MAY MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

In the Charges Paid by Steamers and Sailing Vessels—Will There be a Conflict on Account of This Rival Organization—The Causes for Its Formation.

The most recent excitement in labor circles is the formation of a Ship Laborer's Society in opposition to the Ship Laborers' Union. There have been no special developments as yet from the formation of the society but there promise to be such. The Ship Laborers' Union has between 500 and 600 men. The new organization has about 250 members from all portions of the city but chiefly from the North End and Carleton. At present they are devoting themselves to the work of organization and the mustering of their strength for the time of battle which may come at any time.

They intend to make a bid for the work on the vessels and there is a provision in the by-laws of both societies which must necessarily bring them into conflict. This is the provision of the union that only union men may be employed on vessels of over 300 tons and of the society that only society men may be employed on vessels of over 300 tons. The remedy of the two societies is to strike if members of the opposition society are employed on such vessels with them. Of course the two bodies might be employed on different vessels but suppose a case where there was so much doing in harbor, as there was at one time last summer, to require all the ship laborers in the city to the number of 700 or more to be at work—the union might take advantage of such an occasion to strike and their pretext would be higher wages, perhaps not higher wages for themselves but against the employing of any men at lower wages, for the Ship Laborers Society have passed a resolution offering to work for less wages than that demanded by the Union. The union gets \$4.00 per nine hour day on steamers in summer and the society will work for 30 cents or \$2.70 for the nine hour day, a cut of 10 per cent.

It is said that the society has a prospect of having the loading of a steamer that will come here shortly and that a stevedore contractor has promised them the work when the time comes. This then may precipitate the conflict. If not the organizations will rest on their oars and the Society will devote itself to fostering and increasing its strength until the spring and the vessels come to load lumber. If the present stevedores will not take them up they will have stevedore contractors of their own to put in their tenders to McKay, Messrs Thomson, Scofield and the other ship brokers based on the employment of society men at the cut rate of wages. These will be able to tender lower than the contractors employing union men and as the society would have a sufficient number of men to make the contractors feel secure the society men will likely get their share of the work.

The effect may be that the Union will have to reduce their rate of wages in order to keep their quota of what is going. This would be very beneficial for the port for it is well known that the high rate of ship laborers wages in vogue here has driven quite a proportion of the shipping up the bay where men can be got to stow lumber for \$1.50 a day instead of \$4.00.

The reason why the society was formed was because they felt that they did not get a fair show in the distribution of the work. There were members of the Union belonging in the North End who had been members for years and who did not get a week's work in the course of the whole year, although the ostensible purpose of the union is to give out the work by turn and give every member a fair share. Furthermore about forty men had applied for membership in the Union last fall and were refused admittance. All these men have joined the Society as well as the North end men who were members of the Union but who were overlooked. Religious reasons have considerable to do with the formation of the Society which is a virtual protest in support of their claim that the Union is run by one sect.

One important feature of the Society's claim to consideration, that they are working in the interests of the port, is their system of hour labor. The Union works only by the day, half day and quarter day and if they work two hours they get pay for a quarter of the day. Furthermore they will only start work at 7 and 9.30, a. m. and 1 p. m. and if a vessel comes in after one o'clock she has to lie idle until the following morning. The society offers to go to work at any hour or half hour of the day which will certainly facilitate things.

They profess to be working in the in-

terests of the port and by so doing in the interests of themselves for if the port charges can be reduced in this way more shipping might be attracted here and more work created for the laborers.

They claim that their men are just as efficient as the union men and that a contractor should be perfectly safe in employing them. Of course the whole matter hinges on the contractors and time alone will tell what will be the outcome of the war of rates between the two unions.

The following are the officers of the society.

President—Harry Sellen.
Vice-president—Wm. White.
Recording secretary—Nelson Parlee.
Treasurer—George McHarg.

Permanently Cured.

A STORY TOLD BY A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Attacked With La Grippe which Left Him Weak and Worn Out—Kidney Trouble Added in Complications and the sufferer Was Discouraged.

From the Journal, Summerside P. E. I.

One of the best known men around Bedouque and vicinity is Mr. Alfred Schurman, who has lately removed to North Carleton. Mr. Schurman was born in Bedouque about seventy years ago. Some twenty five years ago he was sworn in as a justice of the peace, and about twenty one years ago he was appointed clerk of the county court, in both of which offices he has given every satisfaction. Mr. Schurman was also a farmer on the large scale and like most men engaged in that occupation led a busy life, being compelled to attend strictly to business, but less than a year ago he retired from farming and now he lives in a cosy cottage in North Carleton. Before his retirement work such as only a man engaged in that occupation knows anything about, claimed his attention. His increasing years made the burden heavier and the spring work of 1898 wore him completely out. This is what he tells about it, and how he was cured.

In the spring of 1898 the constant toil and drudgery connected with the work of farming wore me out completely, and the break down was the more complete because the results were coupled with the bad effects left by an attack of la grippe. One of the attacks of la grippe was a nasty cough, another was the complete loss of appetite. My spirits were greatly depressed and I felt that I had lived out my days. I always felt cold, and consequently the stove and I were great friends, but the cold affected me especially my feet and caused me great annoyance. Added to this complication was a serious kidney trouble which threatened to prove the worst enemy of all. I was unable to do any work, had no ambition and less strength, and was not a bit the better of all the doctor's medicine I had taken. It was my wife who advised me at last to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought six boxes and began taking them. My hope revived because a change for the better was soon taking place, and before they were done I was cured. The six bottles brought back my appetite, strength and ambition, in short, all that I had lost in the way of strength and health. The next spring however my health again gave way and I immediately began using the Pink Pills again and I am happy to say that they effected that time a permanent cure and to-day I am well and hearty as if I were only forty. I strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who are suffering as I was.

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FAMOUS OLD PEOPLE.

Three Aged men who Have Helped to Make World's History.

Among the world's oldest men known to fame three have preeminence in Europe. These are Mr. Gladstone, Pope Leo XIII. and Prince Bismarck.

Mr. Gladstone has lived to a greater age than any other English statesman who has been prime minister during the last two hundred years; and at eighty-eight his mental powers are unimpaired, although his sight has nearly failed him, and he is deaf. The pope at eighty-seven has remarkable health and vigor, and shows few of the infirmities of age. Prince Bismarck at eighty-two suffers as much from lack of occupation as from bodily weakness.

The oldest European artist is Thomas Sidney Cooper, who is now in his ninety-fifth year. He has been at work with pencil and brush over seventy years, and his paintings are still exhibited in London.

The oldest man of letters in Europe is James Martineau, who was born in 1805, and was preaching and writing religious essays more than seventy years ago. John Ruskin is generally regarded as the veter-

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an of English literature, but infirm as he is and unable to answer letters or to read books, he is fourteen years younger than Doctor Martineau.

Verdi is the oldest composer at eighty-four. The Italian cardinals ordinarily live to greater age than English bishops, but there is one prelate in the Anglican communion, the Bishop of Liverpool, who is eighty-two. The English peerage is long lived, the Earl of Mansfield being near to the top of the list at ninety-one, and having a large group of octogenarians around him.

Among European sovereigns the Queen of England, who is in her seventy-ninth year, is senior. Her memory is remarkably good. Her sight has fallen off so that she recognizes her friends with difficulty, but she bears the faintest word in ordinary conversation, and retains her old-time animation of manner.

Among all these worthies, who have attained to a green old age, Mr. Gladstone is perhaps the only one who has been incessant and immoderate in his mental occupations, and who has seemed willing at times to be imprudent and to neglect opportunities for relaxation and exercise, he is an exception to the rule that the secret of long life is moderation in all things.

A Heavy Soul.

A Methodist minister who has a keen sense of humor, and many good stories at his tongue's end, tells one of a prayer-meeting he attended during a revival in a Southern city.

He was standing near a colored man, who joined in the singing of stirring hymns with a fervor not at all lessened by the fact that he knew very few of the words and was unprovided with a book. The chorus of one hymn was:

My soul is heaven bound!
Glory, halcyon!
My soul is heaven bound!
Praise ye the Lord!

During the singing of the first verse and the chorus the colored man listened, turning his head from side to side. When the chorus recurred at the end of the second verse, he joined in it with great vigor, singing to the minister's amusement and confusion:

My soul weighs seven pounds!
Glory, halcyon!
My soul weighs seven pounds!
Praise ye the Lord!

The Origin of the Baconian Cipher.

'William,' said Bacon one day, 'I am short. Lend me an X'
'Oh, wisest, etc., of mankind,' replied Shakespeare, 'I will lend thee just 1. Thou canst add a cipher and make a 10 out of it.'

'I will!' muttered the other, vanquished, as he turned away, 'and I will afterward put that cipher in your works, old man!'

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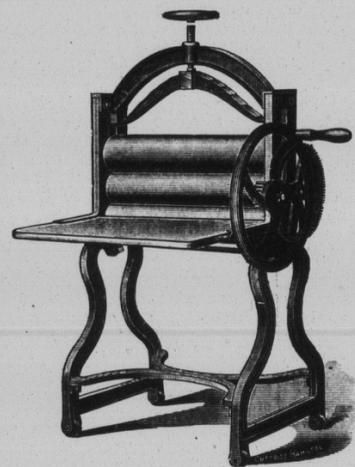
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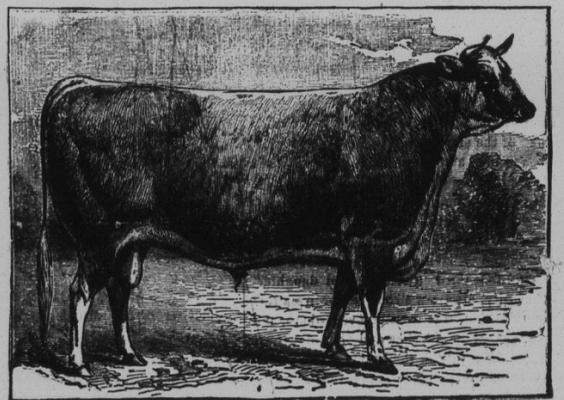
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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

It is pleasing to note that Mr. Fred. G. Spencer's project of bringing Williams and Clary to Maine is being met with much enthusiasm, and that the musical people of Bangor assure Mr. Spencer that no living singer might expect a better welcome in Bangor than Evans Williams. As the Bangor Commercial cleverly and quaintly puts it, "the singing of Nordica and Blauvelt at the festival brought forth shouts from the crowd, but Williams melted them to tears, singing right into the heart."

Williams sang in Boston last Monday in the secular oratorio "Arminius" and Philip Hale in the Boston Journal took occasion to remark that probably no living tenor could equal Williams in this work. The great tenor's appearances in Boston are becoming more frequent in Boston than monthly and his name is sufficient to attract thousands no matter what the price of admission. The musical people of St. John are already anticipating the great event of next month when Williams and Clary will be heard together, the combination of the two great singers being surely the strongest that could be produced in America. Such tireless workers as Mr. Spencer deserve the highest success and it is quite safe to predict such for him in the concerts he is promoting.

The following may be of interest in connection with the concerts to be given by the Vocal society in the Opera house on Tuesday and Wednesday next. Mr. Algernon Aspland a former pupil of the conductor of the Vocal society, Mr. W. Edgar Buck, has recently been engaged by the Del Corce grand Italian opera company to sing leading tenor roles with Signor Agostini; the company numbering forty members is playing in Seattle, Tacoma &c. on their way to Chicago, and may possibly give St. John a visit. Mr. Aspland was associated with



W. H. RIEGER.

Mr. Rieger who is to sing here next week, and is quite enthusiastic about his fine voice and highly artistic singing. Following is the programme for both concerts by the Vocal Society.

- Four-Part-Song—(S. A. T. B.)—Giro Pisanti St. John Vocal Society.
"El Dorado".....Giro Pisanti
Recitative and Aria from.....Bellini
"La Fanciulla del Telegioco".....Bellini
Four-Part-Song—(S. A. T. B.)—Henry Leslie St. John Vocal Society.
"The Pilgrims".....Henry Leslie
Piano Selection—Gluck-Beisecke
"Improvisata".....Gluck-Beisecke
Miss Holden and Mr. Newman H. Athoe.
Sacred Song—Odoardo Barri
"The Valley of Shadows".....Odoardo Barri
(With Violin Obligato by Mr. Bowden and Humming Accompaniment.)
Mr. W. Edgar Buck.
Old Madrigal—(S. A. T. B.).....
"Matona, Lovely Maiden".....
Orlando Lassus—A. D. 1520-1594.....
St. John Vocal Society.
a. "Einsamkeit".....Brahms
b. "Ständchen".....List
c. "The Sestina".....Schumann
d. "Asthore".....Trotter
Mr. Wm. H. Rieger.
Choral-Ballad—Eaton Fanning
"The Miller's Wooing".....Eaton Fanning
(With solos for Soprano and Basses.)
St. John Vocal Society.
Duo—(From "The Lily of Killarney")—"The Moon hath Risen over Lamp Cove".....Benedict
Mr. Wm. H. Rieger and Mr. W. Edgar Buck.
Four-Part-Song—(S. A. T. B.)—Burns-Elms
"Duncan Gray".....Burns-Elms
St. John Vocal Society.
WEDNESDAY FEB. 16th.
Choral-Ballad—Eaton Fanning
"The Miller's Wooing".....Eaton Fanning
St. John Vocal Society.
Recitative and Aria from.....Verdi
"La Masnadieri".....Verdi
Mr. Wm. H. Rieger.
Four-Part-Song—(S. A. T. B.)—Saint Saens
"Adieu".....Saint Saens
St. John Vocal Society.
Piano Selection—(Two pianos)—Gluck-Beisecke
"Improvisata".....Gluck-Beisecke
Miss Holden and Mr. Newman H. Athoe.
Recitative and Aria from.....Campana
a. "I Freglieri".....Campana
b. "Sylphide the Queen".....Bilse
Mr. W. Edgar Buck.

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- Six-Part-Chorus—(S. A. T. T. B. B.)—Goussod St. John Vocal Society.
"Come unto Him".....Goussod
a. "Du bist wie eine Blume".....List
b. "Carmen".....Laghi
c. "Resonance".....Wood
Mr. Wm. H. Rieger.
Chorus for Double Choir—(S. A. T. B.; S. A. T. B.)
"Uncle Tom's Cabin".....Schumann
St. John Vocal Society.
Duo—Longfellow-Baile
"Excelsior".....Longfellow-Baile
Mr. Wm. H. Rieger and Mr. W. Edgar Buck.
Four-Part-Song—Airo Pisanti
"El Dorado".....Airo Pisanti
St. John Vocal Society.

Tones and Undertones. Lida Clark is to sing in London music halls.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is to write the music for a new comic opera book by Finero.

Berlin is shortly to hear the 900th performance of Strauss's "Die Fledermaus."

Mme. Rejane, for a two months' tour through Russia, Austria and Germany received \$40,000.

It is said that De Wolf Hopper will appear in London next season. Rumor also declares that Sir Arthur Sullivan will write the music for the opera, in which Hopper is to appear.

Francis Leigh is to star in an opera by Oscar Hammerstein.

Maggie Cline made her appearance in vaudeville last week.

Jeff DeAngellis will star next season in a new opera by Stange and Edwards.

Theodore Thomas is to give six tenor orchestral concerts in New York on March 1, 9, 12, 14, 16 and 19. His soloists will be Nordica, Josef Hofmann, Pianon and Ysaya.

The next to last week of Damrosch's grand opera in New York will comprise "The Barber," "Siegfried" and "Goetterdammerung." Nordica will be both Bruennhilde.

One critic calls for an Ibsen who shall make a comic opera less conventional. A brave effort in this direction was an amateur work given the other day in New Orleans. One act was in this country, another in the planet Saturn and the third in hell.

The comic opera "Nita," the maiden effort of a young American author and composer, Legrand Howland, was performed for the first time at the Nouveau Theatre, in Paris, last week. Jane Marcy of the Opera Comique, sang the title role.

Mascagni has at last turned over to his publisher, Ricordi, the first and second acts of his "Iride." The third act, although ready, does not fully satisfy the composer himself, who will make little changes, but promises to deliver up the complete work within a few weeks. Ricordi has requested Verdi to listen to a piano recital of Mascagni's "Iride," and in view of his friendly relations with the Milan publisher, Verdi will hear the new work.

Hilda Clark, it is said, left the cast of "The Highwayman" because she would not follow the instructions of stage manager Max Freeman. Camille O'Arville has added to the brightness of the production.

Manager McCormick declares that the Broadway Theatre Opera Company will not be seen outside New York, except in New Haven and other adjacent cities.

Wilhelm Schmidt, who had been the stage manager of the Court Theatre in Weimar for many years, died the other day. He was the father of Mme. Tavarly.

The arrangement of Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," which Glen McDonough and Louis Shipman have made for Edward Sothorn, is named "The Head of the House."

The testimonial performance of "Die Meistersinger" in honor of Emil Fischer's fortieth anniversary as a singer, which will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday night of this week will be a fitting climax to that once noble basso, whose name is more closely linked with the history of Wagnerian opera in this country than that of any other. Since he came here in 1885 he has sung 839 times of which 471 have been in Wagner's operas. In his 40 years of stage life he has sung 161 different parts, singing in all 8455 times. He

made his first appearance on the stage in Graz, in 1875, where he sang in Boieldieu's "Johann of Paris," after three months' schooling which he got from his father and mother. He was then but 17 years old. He created the principal bass parts of the Ring operas in Dresden, where he was for a long time.

Tina di Lorenzo, the Italian actress, is scoring success after success in Russia just now. Her tour appears like a triumphal procession. At Moscow, at St. Petersburg and in the other cities of Russia she draws full houses nightly. After her Russian she will star through Germany, Austria, Roumania and Switzerland with her own company, including Signor Flavio Ando, at one time the leading man of Duse's company and favorably known throughout the United States since then.

Alice Nielson, the prima donna of the Bostonians, has been legally separated from her husband, Benjamin Neutwig, by Judge Henry, of the Circuit Court. The divorce was given to Neutwig on the cross bill which he filed against his wife's petition for divorce. He made no charges except desertion and gave as the reason for desertion that she wanted to go on the stage.

Puccini, the composer of "Boheme" and "Manon," is a passionate and untiring, but very unlucky huntsman. In all his hunting expeditions the only game he ever laid low was the cat of a neighbor, which may have disturbed his nightly sleep, and the projectile used in this instance was a heavy inkstand. Still he is interested enough in the noble pastime that he has composed a "Hymnus to Diana," for the special number of a sporting paper, the Neapolitan Santo Uberto.

A new opera by Tolano, "Phryne," has recently been given for the first time at the teatro Corso di Bologna, but failed to please the audience, although there is much deserving work in the new opera.

Cognetti's new opera, "Gaetano" was recently given for the first time at the Alfieri Theatre, in Florence. Much had been expected of the author, who has previously shown great talent, but the new play failed to create any interest.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"McSorley's Twins" has given up the ghost.

Corra Tanner will star in "Alone in London."

Margaret Mather will revive "A Winter's Tale."

John Kernell next season will star in "Three T's."

Clifford and Huth will star in "A High-Born Lady."

Richard Mansfield's new leading lady is Carrie L. Keeler.

William Gillette is making an English version of a French farce, but it is understood that he will take part in it.

Sir Henry Irving and George Bernard Shaw are to cross swords at the Playgoer's Club in London on Sunday next.

Eleonora Duse, when acting in Rome, received \$2,000 for every performance, which is more than she ever got in America.

Susie Kirwin discharged her understudy at Savannah because, it is alleged, Miss Poole received too much applause.

In the forthcoming revival of the "School for Scandal" at Daly's Theatre, N. Y., George Clark will play Joseph Surface.

Merri Osborne has replaced Ida Mulle in "The Normandy Wedding" (Papa Gou Gou). Dorothy Morton will probably join the company.

In "The Adventurer" the drama which Henry Guy Carleton wrote for James J. Corbett, the former prize-fighter enacts a devil-may-care hero, with kindly instincts and ready fists.

The cost of maintaining the Hofburg theatre of Vienna, which is paid out of the Emperor's private purse, grows greater every year. He has threatened to rent the theatre to a private manager unless its affairs improve.

Anna Held invited the Pittsburg reporters in to witness her milk bath. They found her immersed to her neck in the lactical fluid, but it was not so highly watered by the milkmen as to cause the

blushes to take possession of the face of the young men.—Washington Post. It was fortunate for Miss Held that none of the reporters dropped a live mouse in the milk.

John Drew is to produce Henry Arthur Jones "The Liars" next year. On his return to New York this season he will be seen again in H. V. Esmond's "One Summer's Day."

Miss Louisa Ross, a member of "A Milk White Flag" company and a daughter of Patti Ross, who died recently, fell into a furnace chute in the Savannah Theatre last week, breaking her right leg.

Mrs. Potter, who is said to be meeting with success at the Adelphi Theatre, in London, will be seen in "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Lady of Lyons."

Annie Russell will shortly appear in a new play, but she wants a vehicle that will keep her in New York an entire season. "My Esmeralda" reputation has kept me from playing any other kind of part. I should like to try a really dramatic role, Viola in "Twelfth Night" is my favorite role, and I should like to play Juliet."

"The Country Girl," which was revived at Daly's Theatre last week, was produced with Ada Rehan as Peggy in 1883. One critic says Miss Rehan has not played any role so well for years. Of Wycherly's play, he says: "Mr. Daly has more than whitewashed it; he has kalsomined it."

"Not long ago," says May Irwin, "my older boy asked me if he might bring a girl friend whom he met some months ago when he was at school at Sing Sing. That was the first I had heard about that interesting young person. I made a few inquiries and found that she was all right, so I secured a box for him and invited some of her friends for the same evening."

Henry Miller and his company got to Worcester in the big snow storm last week, but the baggage and scenery did not, and "Heartsease" was performed that night in modern costumes and with makeshift scenery. The audience was good-humored and indulgent. The bad weather played havoc with travelling companies throughout the whole sweep of wind and snow.

In one western instance a company footed it five miles over a hill, because the railway tunnel was choked, and reached a theatre in time to keep a \$500 assemblage.

Next season James K. Hackett will star in "The Tree of Knowledge." Mary Manning (Mrs. Hackett) was injured last Thursday while playing in "The Tree of Knowledge" at the New York Lyceum. Edward J. Morgan struck a hairpin so forcibly that it was driven into the actress' head. Miss Manning was overcome and the curtain was lowered.

Maurice Barrymore is to go to London, where he will be seen in "Secret Service" or in the "Heart of Maryland." This engagement will not only give Mr. Barrymore a chance to burnish up the reputation he made in London when he played there years ago with Modjeska and astonished the natives with his own play, "Najesda," but it will also give him a chance to be present at the wedding of his daughter, Edith, to young Lawrence Irving early in April.

"The Conquerors" will run at the Empire, New York, until Spring, when the company will be seen in a lighter play to finish out the few remaining weeks of the season.

Looking like a ghost of her former self Bettina Girard is daily seen around the New York theatrical agencies seeking an engagement.

W. S. Hart, formerly Modjeska's leading man, is starring in "The Man in The Iron Mask."

The Court of Appeals at Albany the other day dismissed, with costs, the appeal in the case of Charles O. Bassett, the tenor, against T. Henry French, the theatrical manager. Bassett was to have sung with Miss Lillian Russell, but Mr. French gave up her engagement and notified Bassett that he didn't need him. Bassett sued for a full season's pay and got judgment for \$3000. This amount was later reduced to \$300, and then both plaintiff and defendant appealed.

Duse will star in one of the Paris Theatres from May 12, until June 15, and will perform during the season of five weeks in "The Princess of Bagdad," La Femme de Claude" and other parts from her repertoire, including "Gisconda" the heroine of the new comedy by her countryman and favorite, d'Annunzio.

The Dreyfus-Esterhazy case turns out a regular gold mine for dramatic authors in quest of plots. The manager of the Theatre de la Republique, M. Al Lamonnier, alone has received 26 dramas, dealing with the Dreyfus case. One of these entitled "Retaliation," by the Paris journalist Sazie, is said to be a splendid play, merely from the theatrical point of view. As a matter of policy Manager Lam-



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omier had to refuse its acceptance for Paris, but it has been accepted by the Alhambra Theatre, at Brussels where it will be given shortly.

Sardon's new play, "Pamela," is to be produced in the Paris Vaudeville Theatre next Wednesday, with Mme. Rejane in the title role. The production will have seven tableaux, five acts and thirty speaking parts. PROGRESS has already outlined the plot. Jules Lemaitre has provided a play for Rejane in which she has necessarily refused to appear. Jane Harding may be seen in the role written for Rejane.

The author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," Edmond de Rostand, who has achieved remarkable success as a play writer, has decided to join the stage, and is taking lessons of M. Lebarry. Rostand is said to have remarkable talent, and has appeared under an assumed name in a small part of the "Mauvais Bergers," at the Renaissance Theatre.

At the Paris Gymnase Theatre a new comedy by Abel Hermant, "Transatlantiques," intended to satirize the Americans living in Paris fell through. The general rehearsal of "Catherine," the new play by Lavedan, has taken place at the Comedie Francaise, and great success is expected to attend the premiere.

Sudermann's one-act play, "Teja," was recently given in Italian by Zacconi at the Manzoni Theatre in Milan and made a great hit on account of the brilliant work of that actor.

Adelaide Hermann has been elected a member of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it being a well known fact that she has saved the lives of many suffering beasts. At one time she had twenty-four pet dogs at her home at Whitestone.

Lopez, one of Italy's best living playwrights, has written a play, called War. He had been thinking over this subject for more than six days. The characters are an officer, a wounded man, a lady, a peasant woman, and two children. In the play is against war. It fell under the public's displeasure long before the curtain fell.

A success—at last—is a little play by the Marquis Di Squillae. "For This Reason," it is called. It is only a dialogue. A judge is visited by a woman he once loved, comes to beseech him to give a sentence of "not guilty" to her husband—the Judge's former rival. The Magistrate, sees his opportunity to be revenged on both, but at last he yields to the woman's entreaties, and her husband is saved.

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Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 25 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), W. T. H. FENNETT, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped if the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 12th

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

AN EXHIBITION GRANT.

If we are to judge by the paragraph in the speech from the Governor at the opening of the legislature Thursday, St. John is likely to obtain at last some permanent recognition of the efforts of its exhibition association, to sustain and conduct an exhibition of a provincial character. In the words of the speech "the active and continued interest of a large portion of the progressive business element of St. John in a provincial exhibition has been brought to the notice of my government, and should the plans matured by the association in charge involve particular and substantial recognition of agricultural exhibits without lessening the usual display of the products of other industrial arts, a bill authorizing financial assistance on the part of the province will be submitted for your approval."

This is more encouraging than anything that has yet been promised to the association. Delegation after delegation has impressed the claim of the association year after year upon the government and varying transient success has been met with. Now something permanent is looked for. The request of the association is for an annual grant and \$5,000 is the sum named.

As a matter of fact the prize list of the association has been much greater than that and all of it—practically all—has gone to the farmers of the province. The agricultural industry has reaped the benefit and the city has been paying the bills. It is conceded that this cannot go on any longer. Citizens may be generous for a year and put their hands in their pockets to make up a deficiency but they cannot be expected to do it again and again. The government has very properly taken the matter into consideration and it will be a step in the interests of agriculture throughout the province if they make the grant asked for and provide for it by the necessary legislation.

If the exhibition does not succeed in getting a permanent grant it can hardly be expected that the men at the head of its affairs will continue any longer to bear the brunt of their conduct. They have, at much expense of time and labor, carried along the work of the exhibition for years and it is high time that their labors were made easier. The city and the citizen's generally have done much to help them—though perhaps not so much as they might have—but in so doing they were only helping themselves. Exhibitions are, no doubt, a great advantage to any community—in fact anything that tends to draw large crowds for any time to any place, may be considered a material benefit to the people but apart from this there are the educational advantages, the benefits of instruction and comparison which must be apparent to every thoughtful observer.

GO SLOW, ALDERMEN.

And now some of the city fathers want to spend more money and install a police alarm system. It will only cost a few thousand dollars, say those who advocate it. Only a few thousands for this, only a few thousands for that means something in the end, gentlemen. St. John can get along without a police alarm system for the present. The city is not a disorderly one, and such a system is not a necessity. There are many things that are needed worse than that. More than that, the taxpayers will feel that their interests are better guarded if the city fathers go slow just now. Capital expenditure has been very heavy these past few years and pay day will come. Interest is increasing yearly and will increase until after the water works from Spruce Lake to the West side are renewed. Surely an undertaking of that importance is enough to have on hand at one time. Ar-

guments showing that the new system will mean a saving to the city should be carefully considered. They show greater gains on paper than they will be in reality and are always to the front when any new scheme is proposed.

The heroic death of District Chief EGAN of the Boston fire department and his men was the most appalling event of the week, Mr. EGAN was in St. John a couple of years ago and spent a fortnight here. He was well known to Chairman of Safety Mc.GOLDRICK and Chief KERK before this, and they undertook to show him the city and surroundings and of course did the honors thoroughly. He took a trip up river and he was charmed with St. John. In his recent trip to Boston Ald. Mc.GOLDRICK saw the dead hero and the latter had intended to pay St. John another visit, this season, but the path of duty led him to the grave.

Death has been busy in the ranks of our citizens this week and the names of I. CHIPMAN OLIVE and WILLIAM RAINNIE are no longer numbered among the living. Few men were better known in the community, none were better liked. Mr. OLIVE'S acquaintance with the merchants in this city was of that character so suitable to his cordial nature. He was esteemed and will be regretted by all who knew him. And those associated with Mr. RAINNIE in his arduous and responsible work on the railway say the kindest things of him. Those who knew him socially could not fail to esteem and respect him.

SORNES AT THE CARNIVAL.

Some of the Things Seen and Heard at the Polymorphian's Carnival.

The scene at the Victoria Rink on Wednesday night reminded one of the former days of ice sports when the popular old rink used to be filled with thousands at the carnivals, races and sports held there. The carnival was conceded on all sides to be most successful one and to have never been surpassed in the history of the rink. There were over 2000 people in the rink and there were about six hundred people in costumes and every one a good one. Being gotten up by the Polymorphian Club who are, of course, experts in costuming, its success in this respect was assured. All nations and all sorts and conditions of people were represented on the ice enjoying the intoxication of skimming around on the glare ice to the music of the band.

There was a steam syren three emitting fantastic sounds, a party of weather beaten life-boat men in oilskins with a fully equipped life boat; a party of Klondike gold seekers with their sled and outfit, an ostrich and various animals from the menagerie; a party of sorry looking emigrants regaling themselves with bologna; the three mu queeters of the bus direct from the Quartier Latin; sparkling beauties representing all nations. Spanish, Mexican, A'stian, Japanese and all the others; gay cavalier, crusaders, knights and couriers resurrected from the middle ages; young maiden beauties representing flowers, the seasons, professions, the fairy world and the ganzy butterflies; swarthy Indian girls and gypsies; a large contingent from the colored four hundred; athletic sun-burnt raiders and everything else.

There was a Viking in full warlike uniform and Father Time looking as though he had just stepped out of the pictures of him. Uncle Sam was burlesqued in thorough style, and the Yellow Kid was as Bowery like as could be.

A pilot was noticed wandering around aimlessly with a pair of snow shoes and a dark lantern. He was tramping out over Halifax harbor in the fog looking for the Lake Superior. He also had a pick axe to chop her out of the ice. Then there were the Frozen Harbor Hockey Suggers, otherwise known as the Crescents of Halifax, looking very badly scarred and adorned with all sorts of inscriptions.

It was a very merry occasion and the fun waxed warm. The clowns, the man with the dancing bear, the coin sports, the immigrants and others created lots of sport and when the Italian with the bear told his menagerie to "kiss-um that girl two times" there was great consternation among the frightened maidens.

There was music there beside the band, Sweet Rosie O'Grady, You Can't Play in our yard, Two Little Girls in Blue, Sally of our Alley, There'll Come a Time Some Day, The Only Pebble on the Beach and other popular melodies.

It was so interesting for the 1500 spectators that they remained the whole evening watching the sport while the skaters who were having so much fun that wet feet resulting from the abundance of water on the ice did not deter them from skating every ban l to the twelfth and last.

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In my linen line since I have been sending my laundry to you remarked a gentleman to us the other day, anybody will notice this if they patronize us. Ungar's Laundry & Dye works.

THESS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Cutter and "The Fly." (A Smuggler's run on the Bay (as told in Rhythmic Phrases.)

Oh! The cliffs are steep off Pokeshaw and steeper at Grand Anse And the reefs are sharp and treacherous off New Bandon.

For we led the custom officers a devil of a dance, Before we found a bloomin' place to land on.

We sighted the white cutter at dusk off Pabebiac, Just as we rounded Clifton lights, and murky was the sky.

But she didn't get a glimpse of us until we had to tack To escape a reef that crossed our bow and nearly wrecked the Fly.

She rounded the sea gull, and came flying down the wind, Nearly wing-a-ring, across the Bay to Clifton. While we struggled on a lee shore a landing place to find.

Thinking somewhere we might let the schooner drift on. But the rocks were sunk and sharp like the eye teeth of a shark.

And we had to lit her nose against the smother. It was touch and go, you bet, for our gallant little bark

But we got at last to windward of the cutter We raced along like mad, passed the ships on Bathurst bar,

And the cutter kept in shore toward Pettit Rocher, But she tacked off Church Point rocks and came outwa d like a star,

By the way they piled on sail they meant to rush her, We thought sure we were gone as she crossed us at Bell dune.

When we tried to make the mouth of Jacquet river. For again that Cutter white spread her wings out like a loon.

With every stitch of sail that they could give her. A puff of smoke went up from her bow just as she turned.

And a round shot passed our stern and ricocheted But the Fly held on her course, and the dashing waves we churned.

To her shot a signals now we gave no heed. By the way the wind was blowing now we hoped to make Carlisle,

On this tack we could outsail her and were feeling very gay,

So we stretched across to Quebec shore and nearly gained a mile.

When our flint jacks came flitting ring, and we found we'd broke a stay.

Our hearts were in our boots, as we bore off on the wind. While our gallant boys upon the boom all lay,

Though we lost a vantag; gained, yet fortune still was kind,

For our job was soon full drawing and we steered for Pierce Bay,

The night shades now were down, and no stars were in the sky,

But twinkling lights began to show on points all round the coast.

The cutter held on gamely, but as bravely sailed the Fly,

And the white waves curled around her sides, and from her bows were tossed.

In the shadows of the Quebec cliff we changed our course once more,

And South now west across the bay came tearing on the gale,

We thought to land at Pokeshaw yet, and get the stuff ashore,

Our men were posted on the cliffs and swore they would not fall,

But when we sighted Salmon Beach, we saw way down the bay,

The side lights of the Cutter flashing on the dark waves bright,

So inside of Clifton Bratwater we dodged and straight away,

Sunk our casks deep in the Basin, without noise or show of light.

Oh! the oaths that Naval officer and his Lieutenant swore.

When they boarded us at day-break, away off Point Marcel,

And found our tidy schooner, with some nets and nothing more.

The story of that chase by night is one they seldom tell.

Oh! the cliffs are steep off Pokeshaw and steeper at Grand Anse

And the reef is sharp and treacherous off New Bandon.

But the stuff was just as good, my boys, as ever came from France,

Although it never had the customs brand on, Eh, eh.

Alaska.

Six sleeps in a sleeper from Montreal.

And a moon or so from the end of the line.

And you stand at the foot of the great white wall—

That is white with the snows that fall, and fall,

Or the cedar dwarfed and the drooping pine

That grow at the feet of Alaska

Old and wrinkled and cold and gray,

With her white pall pulled over her stony breast;

Fronting and frigid and far away,

She has ever stood as she stands today.

In the desolate wastes of the wide Northwest—

Stands that hoary old woman—Alaska.

Unmolested for thousands of years,

Incised, remolded, and lone;

Her hard face glacial with frozen tears,

While over her shoulders and in her ears

The winds of the North Land sail and moan,

In the ears of old Mother Alaska.

A party of prospectors passed that way,

And they thought the old face had forgotten its brow.

And, pausing, they pulled her white robe away

And found her treasure: "Ah, 't'st que c'est ça?"

Said the French Canadian, kneeling down

At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

They told their story and men went wild,

And panted their chests and joined the race.

The old croon'nged her gold and smiled,

And the gold mad men of the world beguiled

With a promise of fortune in that far place,

At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

But O, the rivers are wide and deep,

And the north wind breathes with a killing breath;

And over the mountains so rough and steep

The old dread "aper shall come and reap;

For the little folks joined in

When grandma lost her glasses.

When grandma lost her glasses, why

We hunted low and hunted high,

An' I every cranny any size

Was peered into by youthful eyes,

For the little folks joined in

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A charming event was that given this week for the coming out of Miss Reby McAuliffe at her parents residence.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. J. Otty Sharp entertained a few of her lady friends at a drive whilst meet.

Wednesday evening's carnival in Victoria rink was a great success, eclipsing all other such events in this city for years.

The Misses Gladys and Annie Stammers of King street East gave a delightful party to their young friends from four to ten o'clock last Friday afternoon.

Mr. H. C. Tilley went to the capital this week to attend the funeral of Mrs. J. Darnley Harrison.

Miss Ella Payne is in Fredericton visiting her aunt Mrs. Charles Beckwith.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Perkins have been spending a few days in Fredericton lately.

Mrs. Lascelles returned home this week accompanied by Mrs. A. S. Murray.

Among the St. John young people who received invitations to the Junior Assembly ball in Fredericton this week were: Miss Gladys Campbell, Miss Gladys McLaughlin, Miss Ella Payne, Miss Toot Fairall, Miss Elsie Matthews, Miss Louise Beer, Miss Muriel Seelye, Miss Bertie Hegan, Miss Hazel Baloune, Miss Pauline Johnston, Miss Louise Chesley, Miss Lizzie Taylor, Miss Blossom Balrd, Miss Muriel Thomson, Miss Nellie Magee, Miss Nellie Furlan, Miss Mary McIntyre, Miss Alice Lochhart, Miss Louise Robertson, Mr. George Bell, Mr. M. Tins, Mr. A. Ralaine, Mr. Laace Campbell, Mr. J. W. Rodgers, Mr. Guy Bostwick, Mr. Teddy Allison, Mr. S. Taylor, Mr. Alford Clarke, Mr. Harry Godsoe, Mr. Harold Robinson, Mr. William Howard, Mr. E. Golding, Mr. Arthur Dick, Mr. Morris Furdie, Mr. Harry Rankins, Mr. Roy Skinner, Mr. Roy Thomson, Mrs. S. Fowles, Mr. B. Sturdee, Mr. F. Magee, Mr. Walter Harrison, Mr. Guy McLeod, Mr. Harry McCluskey, Mr. J. Weatherbee, Mr. C. Coleman, Mr. Roy Morrison, and Mr. N. H. Athoe.

Mr. Edward Gillespie, collector of customs and Miss Gillespie of Parrsboro spent a little while in the city this week on their way to the United States.

Mr. A. E. Olive of Moncton was called here this week by the death of Mr. I. Chip Olive, and remained till after the funeral which took place on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Thomas H. Gilbert of Gagetown has been in the city for a day or two.

Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander of Sherbrooke were in the city for a day or two this week.

Mr. George F. McIntyre of Charlottetown, spent a few days here this week.

Miss Annie Gregory came to St. John this week to spend a few days with her mother and enjoy a much needed rest.

Mr. Alexander Colman of St. Stephen spent a day or two here lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bonnell of Cliff street gave a very enjoyable party at their home on Thursday evening in honor of their sons Ed and Frank. About thirty young ladies and gentlemen were present and the evening was very pleasantly spent with games and dancing.

Those present were Misses Gusie White, Hattie Thompson, Essie White, the Misses Rusk, Mabel Cowan, Sadie Lawson, Babe Lawson, Miss Munroe, Miss Powers, Fredericks Powers, Olde Giding, Fanny B-nnell, Miss Finlay, Maggie Taylor.

Messrs. Fred White, Frank Hogan, Walter Taylor, J. Walker, Will Stopper, E. L. Colwell, Fred Cowan, Walter Golding, Len Bonnell, Walter Bonnell, E. L. Bonnell, Frank Bonnell, Richard Rowe, Charles Ramsey, Miss Mand Ritchie and Mr. Bob Ritchie superintended the amusements in a most pleasing manner.

The party broke up after an old-fashioned cotillon had been danced by those present in a body. A flashlight photograph of the party was another novel feature of the evening.

A Klondike sleigh drive and supper was held on Thursday evening by the sea captains of the North End which was most successful in every way.

The party drove out to Newcombs and on their return had supper at Capt. Samuel Cameron's, Main St. where the rest of the time was spent in games and dancing.

Those present were Capt. and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Thorton, Mr. and Mrs. L. Peters, Capt. and Mrs. McKel, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reynolds, Capt. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cameron, Misses Bessie Brown, Nellie Harper, Miss Coe, Annie Thompson, Susie McAlary, Ethel Watson, T. McLean, Florrie McKean, Mrs. Annie Ferris, Mrs. G. Flowers, Capt. Wagner, Capt. Bert Ferris, Mr. Chas. Hayes, Master Walter Dixon, Master Chester Whitaker, Mr. Wm. Whitaker, Mr. McDonald.

Committee, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cameron, Mrs. Annie Ferris.

Wednesday evening's carnival in Victoria rink was a great success, eclipsing all other such events in this city for years.

The Polymorphians were untiring in their efforts to insure its excellence, nor was their striving fruitless for a larger, jollier or more varied crowd of costumed skaters and more appreciative congregation of spectators never graced the circular enclosure.

The ice was a little damp growing more so as the evening wore on but to this fact in itself is due no little amount of the merriment caused by the numerous clowns and other grotesque creatures who by their frequent falls in the covering of water created the most mirth provoking scene.

As far as the array of costumes was concerned it is quite sufficient to say they were as a whole indescribable. Every idea worthy of representation was gotten up, in almost every instance with a decided touch of real art, taste or originality.

Of course there were some persons who went just for "the fun of it" and paid less attention to their outfit, some going in plain dominoes, enough disguise to conceal their identity only, but the majority of skaters took considerable pains and appeared in eye delighting get-ups.

The prize winners were, most original gentleman's costume, E. Likel's as Father Time, second prize given in lieu of statesman's prize, Vikings Edward Beurs, Jr., comic prize, Yellow Kid, A. S. Cook.

The judges decided to disregard comic combinations out. The most original ladies' costume went to Mrs. S. Thorne as a Butterfly, and the combination prize to the Heboat crew.

The judges were, most original gentlemen's character, Mayor Robertson and Aid. Daniel; combination, Hon. R. J. Ritchie and Edw. Sears; greatest living statesman, G. G. Ruel and John L. Carleton; comic character, Dr. T. Dyson Walker and E. LeHol Willis; ladies, Mrs. Chas. F. Harrison, Mrs. Geo. McAuliffe and Mrs. F. E. Sawyer.

Some other very well gotten up characters were Uncle Sam, impersonated by Jack McKelvey, the dancing bear; Frank Bonnell, and "Swisspey" the tramp. The ladies were all well gotten up and had lots of fun behind their domino masks.

Miss Jean Valance, Grandmother. Mrs. Uquhart, Lady Barrister. Miss Helen Reed, Queen of Spades. Miss Barker, England. Miss Katie Wested, America. Miss Amy Corbett, General. Miss Lena Root, Lady of the Snows. Miss Clara Lee, Summer. Miss Ethel Rubins, Fancy Dress. Miss Lizzie Clarke, Witch. Miss Emma Maxwell, Flower Girl. Miss Ella Thompson, Mermaid. Miss Annie Cripps, Snowstorm. Miss May Quinlan, Sun Flower. Miss A. McQuarrie, Troubadour. Miss Daisy Sears, Fairy Queen. Miss Bessie Carmichael, Nurse. Miss Grace Kemp, Nurse. Miss Frances Pender, College Student. Miss Matthews, Riding habit. Miss Mary Chisholm, Old-Fashioned School Girl. Miss Katie Bala, Sailor. Miss Laura Stevenson, Red Riding Hood. Miss E. Cunningham, Nurse. Miss Marion Smith, Peasant Girl. Miss Edna Robertson, Gypsy. Miss Margaret Belding, Victorian Nurse. Miss E. C. Mullin, Sweet Violets. Miss M. McAlister, Spanish Maid. Miss S. Holder, House Maid. Miss Horjans Heath, One of the Flying Squadron. Miss Daisy Clark, I don't want to play in your yard. Miss Alice Plummer, I don't want to play in your yard. Miss Pauline Brown, Swiss Peasant. Miss Eannio Jenkins, Firing Squadron. Miss Stevenson, Diamond Jubilee. Miss N. Crowley, Victorian Nurse. Mrs. A. E. Macaulay, Britannia. Miss Campbell, Gypsy Fortune Teller. Miss Plummer, Gypsy Lace Vendor. Miss D. Ellis Yawart, Japanese. Miss Mayne V. Rodgers, Sweet Rosie O'Grady. Miss Annie E. Rodgers, Egyptian Belle. Miss Edith McLeod, June Roses. Miss May Collins, Alsatian Girl. Miss Maggie McQuarrie, Spanish Dancer. Miss Lillie Wilkins, Alaskan. Miss Bagote N'bles, Turkish Girl. Miss Campbell, Fancy Dress Lillies. Miss McArthur, Fancy Dress Lillies. Miss McAndrew, Scotland; Taliste. Miss L. Conacher, England, Rose. Miss Kennedy, Ireland, Shamrock. Miss Addy F. Waring, D. J. Domino. Miss B. Waring, Queen of Diamonds. Miss Louise Chesley, Sailor. Miss E. Cunningham, Spanish Girl. Miss E. Sinclair, Spanish Girl. Miss T. MacDaid, Fin-de-Siecle. Miss E. Alchorn, Sailor Girl.

Misses R. L. Francis and E. M. Francis, Two Little Girls in Blue. Miss Maggie Lelacheur, French Fishbar Girl. Miss Marion Lelacheur, Butterflies in the Field. Mrs. S. Thorne, Butterfly. Miss Sadie Hutching, Cigarette Girl. Miss Mabel Corbett, Army. Miss V. McKie, Navy. Miss W. Shaw, Middy. Miss Floesie Almon, Nora. Miss Murphy, O. L. Lady. Miss Laura Wain, Night. Miss Bridges, Topsy. Miss Melaney, Topsy. Miss Jennie Miller, Shamrock. Misses Annie Nelson and Ida Logan, Country Cousins.

Miss Florrie McIntyre, Gypsy. Miss Sadie Lawson, Yachting Girl. Miss Mabel Cowan, Yachting Girl. Miss E. Youngblood, Soldier. Mrs. J. Taylor, Erin Go Braugh. Mrs. Annie Taylor, Fancy Dress. Mrs. Murray, Sister Mary. Mrs. Smith, Sister Alice.

Misses Jennie Belyea and Bell Ross, Impersonation, 'You can't Fly in Our Yard.' Miss Isabel Crandall, Girl of 1837. Miss Bartlett, Summer Girl. Miss Rose, Sally of the Alley. Miss Florence Belyea, Highland Girl. Miss Ethel Collins, Little B. Peep. Miss Mary Rogers, A. Briston. Mrs. Walter Fleming, Buttercup. Miss Edna Bates, A Chieftain's Daughter. Miss L. L. Higgins, Second Red in Polymorphian Ribbon.

Miss Alice M. Smealay, First Red in Polymorphian Ribbon. Miss Thora, Christmas. Miss Fannie Quinn, Snow. Miss Alice O'Keegan, Winter. Miss Margaret Shaw, St. John Glob, Feb. 9. Miss Clara Doce, Flower Girl. Miss Mary Cowan, Red and White Quilt. Miss Jennie McKeechale, Red Riding Hood. Mrs. W. E. Corbett, Summer Girl. Miss Blanche Wisely, Sailor Girl. Miss Mamie Kirpatrick, Outing Girl. Misses Ida Rubins and Nellie Dean, Two Little Girls in Blue.

Miss DeBary, Klondike Belle. Miss Lelia Armstrong, Rope Weaver. Miss E. E. Bourke, Lady of 1837. Winter Port Lighthouse Crew. GENTLEMEN. Bertram Waring, Raider. B. Fowler, U. S. Sam. H. Alfred, Robin Hood. R. Rowe, Red Paper of Hamlin. W. Van Wert, Captain. A. Jordan, Gentleman of Olden Times. C. Campbell, There'll Come a Time Some Day. T. Noble, Winter. A. Sancton, Red Bird. F. Wetmore and H. Case, 14th February Twins. E. Wetmore, Stag Town Dade. G. E. Crockett, Jaybird by. L. M. Harrison, Boy Black. J. and C. Hoyt, Victrola's Molasses. A. S. Cook, Yellow Kid. Geo. Hoyt and Robt. Morgan, Sailors. W. McDonald, Sailor. Frank Duff, Sailor. F. A. Hollis, Knight. B. Paddington, Scout.

L. Taylor and J. E. Walker, Haystack. C. G. Ross, Klondike Miner. Harold P. Higgins, Dade. McKee, Uncle Sam. F. S. Walker, Digs. A. L. McLean, Jew Pedler. H. Williams, S. H. Hussars. Robert S. Magee, Any Old Thing. Frank Bonnell, Bear. J. C. Featherstone, Fireman. Geo. Gordon, H. and L. Fireman. Chas. Stockton, Song Gang. Ned Sears, Viking. Walter Brag Indian Chief. Chalmers Duff, Clown. Joseph Morgan, Page. Roy Kingman, Sport. Wm. Dorman, Detective. Ray Waring, Sailor. W. T. Masters, Raider. Robert Forbes, Summer Boarder at Grand Lake. E. A. White, Royal Forester. Wm. Damery. C. Sharp, King Fisher. W. B. Liding, Domino. W. Leonard, Coming Man. Robert Gordon, Fireman. Sam Gregory, Clown. Harry Gregory, One of the Johnstons. L. Corey, One of the Johnstons. John Murphy, Star. Fred C. Leahy. Fred Bartos. Charles Bridges. William Hatfield. William Haggle. Arthur Woodley, Snowshoe Suit. Fred Murray, Raider. Master Frank T. Irvine, Old Woman that Lived in a Shoe. LeB. Sharp, Steam Siren. J. W. Crosby, Lord Fauntleroy. W. L. Danham, Highland Soldier. Charles McCannell, Sailor 1838. Alex. McCannell, Unanimo. J. Douglas McRobble, Beef Eater. Fred C. Collins, Little Boy Blue. H. Likely, Father Time, [1st prize]. Walter Bonnell, Dade. Arthur Berry, Hogan's Alley. R. Dove, Sergt. Indian Army. R. H. Ross, Snow Shoe Man. H. J. Mann, Hindoo. Louis Mowry, St. John Yacht Club. J. H. O'Ragan, Soap Advertisement. Ralph Etchbrook, Broken Down Sport. Lawrence McGrath, Clown. J. Rollings, Wounded Gunner. Samuel Maxwell, Tramp. Frank Day, Tramp. W. Barker, Lancer. F. Stoven, Lancer. J. E. Cameron, Uncle Sam. Fred E. Belyea, Liver. A. W. Murdoch, Robin Hood. F. Rowley, Coon. Three Musketeers of the Brush, From Tribby. W. G. McFarlane, Tally. W. A. Hillman, Laird. R. H. Golding, Little Billie. R. J. Cunningham, Commodore. Frederick Sinclair, Fancy Dress. G. Tapsley, Game Cock. W. Willis, William First. W. Garnet, Clown. B. W. Ferris, Grandpa. G. Farron, Jack of Hearts. J. Noel Boyd, Raider. A. K. Melick, Yellow Kid. J. Rodgers, Black Knight. Walter Jones Turk. (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest. THE Correct missing word for January was "INTELLIGENT" and the winners were: Miss Bertie Kismet, Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S. First Prize, \$15.00 Cash; John R. Pacey, East Kentown, Colchester Co., N. S. Second Prize, 1.00; Miss Annie Fishay, Yarmouth, N. S. Third Prize, 2.00. ALL INTELLIGENT HOUSEKEEPERS Should Use WELCOME SOAP. BUY WELCOME SOAP and Save the Wrappers. WATCH! OUR ADVERTISEMENT FOR Great Premium Offer Now being prepared, and which will be announced very shortly. This will be the greatest premium for users of Welcome Soap ever offered to the public. WELCOME SOAP CO. St. John, N. B.

A Cup of Comfort Pure—rich—fragrant—delicate Cocoa, from which the usual excess of Cocoa Butter has been removed by a process known only to the makers. Fry's Cocoa cheers, revives, exhilarates, strengthens,—truly it is "the cup of comfort." But withal it is very economical to use because Concentrated. There is much in little, in a small amount of it. Progressive grocers sell it. Fry's Cocoa.

The St. John Millinery College 85 Germain Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Offers a thorough, Practical, Scientific and Complete course of High grade work. LADIES DESIRING TO LEARN THE ART OF MILLINERY for a personal accomplishment or as a means of livelihood, will do well to call on, or address, for full particulars. Write for circular. THE ST. JOHN MILLINERY COLLEGE.

4 FT. 6 IN. WIDE, \$15.00 The Patent Felt Mattress is the most careful and sanitary mattress made. Better than the best hair. For full description see previous ads. in this paper or write us for catalogue and price list. The Felt Mattress has been adopted in the United States by the best homes, and the leading hotels and institutions. It is now manufactured for the first time in Canada, and we stake our reputation upon the mattress being exactly as represented. Your dealer will get you one if you show him this ad. If he refuse, write us his name, also giving the exact size of your bed (inside measure), and the mattress will be delivered at your door free of transportation charge. Go to the best dealer in your town. THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO. LTD. 200 GUY ST., MONTREAL. The Wholesale Bedding Emporium of Canada, MAN'FRS. OF DOWN QUILTS, KLONDIKE SLEEPING BAGS, FEATHER PILLOWS, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS, etc. Samples at Mr. W. A. Cookson's St. John.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines Interchangeable Parts. Large Bearings. Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST. When You Order..... PHEE ISLAND WINES BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. "Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility, Sickness is unsurpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROFESSOR LIEBIG. "Fury Tonic is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DRUITT. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SCOVIL Commission Merchants, 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES



RALIFAX NOTES.

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

C. S. DUFFREY, Brunswick street... BRUNSWICK STREET... CLIFFORD STREET... LANE & CO., George street... POWER'S DRUG STORE, Opp. I. C. B. Depot... CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot... G. J. KELLY, Dartmouth street... H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S. street... J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S. street... Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St.

It was rather quiet in society circles last week the "at home" given by Mrs. R. E. Harris, at her residence on Spring Garden road, was a very pleasant and cheery function.

A party of Artillery officers and ladies enjoyed the splendid tobogganing on Citadel hill Wednesday afternoon and evening. Tea was served at the R. A. quarters, after which tobogganing was resumed.

The friends of Major Apley-Smith and wife, Mrs. Kinnear, are pleased to see them here again. They arrived last week and will remain for some time.

Colonel Clancy and officers of the Leicester barracks held an "at home" at the Wellington barracks Saturday, 24th ult. afternoon and evening, for which a large number of invitations were issued.

After the tableaux to be given this month, Hon. Mrs. Montgomery-Moore and the Misses Colbourne will leave for England where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

The "at home" held by St. Andrew's lodge, A. F. & A. M., at Masonic hall last Friday evening, in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the lodge, was a great success, and the committee were showered with congratulations on their good work.

The refreshment table was east of the stage and Caterers Wright and McKay provided splendid fare.

An awning was erected over the sidewalk, from the curb to the entrance, and the hallway inside was flagged off in such a way as keep the cold air in the main entrance from cooling the dancing floor to any extent.

When this programme had been finished—and nearly all the numbers were encored—the floor was cleared and there was dancing until 1 a.m., the programme being as follows:

- Vocal solo.....Mr. Newman
Flute solo.....Mr. Kearney
Selections.....Orchestra
Vocal solo.....Mrs. Kearney
Cornet solo.....Mr. Covey
Vocal solo.....Mr. Miller
Vocal solo.....Mrs. Hagarty
Violin—Hungarian songs and dances.....Mr. Gillis
Vocal solo.....Mr. Max Well
Vocal solo.....Mr. Gillis
Quartette—Old Folks.....Orchestra

AMHERST.
[PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]
FEB 8—Mrs Helen Purdy went to Fredericton last week to visit Mrs. Ketchum.



FREE EXAMINATIONS

And Cut Prices continued for a short time longer.
Solid Gold Frames, \$2 85
Best Gold Filled Frames, 1 50
Gold Filled Frames, 1 00
Nickel Frames, 25
Alloy Frames, 25
Best Lenses, per pair, 1 00

We are permanently located here but our cut prices and free examinations will only last a short time. A regular graduate makes all test free for a short time longer.

OPEN TILL 9 O'CLOCK NIGHTS.
BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,
25 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

a large skating party, the ice was in excellent condition and after enjoying a few hours skating at the Aberdeen rink were entertained at Mrs. Dickey's home in a more substantial way.

Mrs. Curry "seven gables" gave an afternoon tea on Friday that was largely attended and on Monday afternoon she gave a small whist party needless to say when this hostess entertains pleasure is in store for her guests.

Mrs. Travis was the hostess of Friday evening to a large party of snowshoes married and single who tramped about six miles across the marsh returning to the house for refreshments it was a long jaunt but very jolly and Mr. and Mrs. Travis evening was a charming success.

A number of young folks tramped to Fort Laurance last evening to the home of Miss May Love where they had a very pleasant rest and tramped back to town about midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Moore are being congratulated on the arrival of a little son.

The present prospect looks as if we were to enjoy another of Prof. Storer's musical treats that are rather far apart but very excellent when we are favored. The Cantata "Ruth and Naomi" is his choice this time and under his guidance it is sure to be well put on as he has a large number of good voices to select from.

Miss Bessie Curry goes to Boston this week to make a lengthy visit to friends in city and suburbs. Miss Helen Park is visiting her friends in Halifax and will probably be absent for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Peabody who have resided in St. John for the past year have returned to Amherst.

TRURO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, & Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co.]
FEB. 9.—Mrs. Kaubach gave a very pleasant evening and an elaborate supper, at the rectory last Thursday to a large party of guests.

On Friday evening Mrs. Fred Prince gave a dance and supper after a snow shoe tramp, to quite a large party. The whole evening was a delightful one, and Mrs. Prince may justly flatter herself on its success.

There is an easy way to avoid, and a sure way to escape from, ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gives edge to the appetite, invigorates the liver, makes the digestion perfect and the blood pure.

"I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery too highly," writes Mrs. Mary A. Seay, of Andersonville, Buckingham Co., Va. "My friends gave me up as dying of consumption. I tried everything, but grew worse, until I became so weak I gave up all my housework. I tried four bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and have now no more need to take medicine of any kind. I recommend your medicines—the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets'—to my friends with a full belief in their efficiency."

When any member of the family is sick or hurt, look in Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, and there you will find the remedy. It used to cost \$1.50; now it's FREE. 1008 pages. Over 300 illustrations. Send it once, stamped, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for paper-covered copy. Cloth binding, 50 stamps.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph S. Eaton, Kentville, are visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Snook arrived home last Saturday afternoon from their bridal trip, and are domiciled, for the present, until their new house is ready for occupancy, at Mrs. J. J. Snook's, pleasant street, where the bride is receiving her friends this week, assisted by the Misses Snook, Miss Jessie McMullen and Miss Bigelow.

Mr. Arch. McCulloch, chaperoned a gay party of young people to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dunlop, Lower village, last Thursday evening, where they tripped the light fantastic, until well into the small hours.

Rev. G. R. and Mrs. Martel's from Mailands are in town guests at the Leaman's.

The Misses Bigelow entertained the whist club last night. Beside the club members there were quite a number of other guests.

Mrs. E. Phillips cards are out for next Thursday evening the seventeenth, at the Prince of Wales progressive whist.

Mr. C. R. Coleman returned yesterday from a visit of some weeks with home friends in Waterville King's Co.

R. G. Leckie Esq., and family are removing from "Scrivelys," to Mr. D. T. Hanson's new house on Duke street.

SACKVILLE.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]
FEB. 9.—Last week a party was given by Mrs. Powell in honor of Miss Poole of Charlottetown who has been visiting different friends in Sackville.

The young people appear to be doing a fair share of the entertaining lately. Thursday last Miss Daisy Estabrooks gave a novel and entirely delightful surprise to her friends in the shape of a driving party.

Friday evening Miss Mabel Dixon gave a children's party that was much enjoyed.

The teachers of the ladies college were gratified by receiving last Saturday tiny cards announcing that the Misses Borden would be "At Home" from 4 to 6 in "mothers parlour."

There were several gaieties Friday. Mrs. Edgar Dixon entertained a number of her friends and Mrs. Wood gave a small snow shoe party.

The sporting interests were divided between the curlers absent in Moncton and the hockey match between town and gown in the rink.

The Sackville hockey team with H. Woods as captain leave today to play Chatham, Fredericton, and Marysville and consists of Ed. Thompson, H. Henderson, Fred Ford, Fred Turner, Hillin Ford, Ray Ayer, and three extras, Arthur Wallace, Chas. Fawcett and Fred Scott.

Lady Tilley arrived at the ladies college by the C. P. Monday, with her niece Miss Howland from Toronto. Lady Tilley expects to resume her studies with Mr. Hammond.

Miss Annie Bulmer went Monday to Moncton for treatment for her ears and will be absent a fortnight or so.



Vapo-Cresolene

For Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it.

Monday evening the Esterprise Foundry too, gave a very well supported to their employees at the Intercollegiate hotel.

Mrs. Bedford Dixon entertained Mrs. Fraser, Miss Freeman and Mr. D. Pichard at dinner Thurs day.

Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Allison, Miss Webster and Miss Cook drove over the marsh to take tea with Mrs. W. C. Miller.

Feb 2—O Thursday evening a very enjoyable surprise party took place at the residence of Mrs. Balmer.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Walton entertained a large number of friends at tea.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Richards entertained a number of friends at tea there were present Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Zebulon Richards, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Pestman, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. S. Belyea, Mr. and Mrs. T. Whelpley, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richards.

The funeral of the late Mr. Abram Mabee took place at the Baptist church at Brown's Flat on Sunday and was very largely attended.

'Gentlemen' shrieked a medicine fakir on the streets of Abilene. 'I pledge you my honor that there is no whiskey in this medicine.' With which the crowd gazed on him reproachfully and melted away.

Any guarantee you want—even this we will do: We will pay \$100 reward for any case of colic, horse ail, curbs, splints, knotted cords, or similar trouble, that



Tuttle's Elixir

will not cure. It is the veterinary wonder of the age, and every stable should have a bottle always on hand. Locates lameness when applied by remaining moist on the part affected.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE, Sole Proprietor, 27 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.
PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, Agents for Canada.

Vapo-Cresolene advertisement with logo and text: For Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

Elegant Ribbons advertisement: Seems to be the most fitting phrase to apply to the New York RIBBONS now on display here.

Parisian advertisement: 163 Union St., ST. JOHN.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION advertisement: Has never been surpassed as a remedy for chronic Coughs, Colds, Consumption and other disorders of the lungs and chest.

CROCKETT'S CATARRH CURE advertisement: A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Tongues and Sounds advertisement: Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King Squares. J. D. TURNER.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock advertisement: TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Stock Still Complete advertisement: Our stock of cloth is well assorted in all the leading cloths in Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings for late Fall and Winter wear.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Programme is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. E. Wall, T. S. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treast's.)

Feb. 9.—This afternoon, the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Murchie was thronged with a large and brilliant company, to witness the marriage ceremony of their daughter, Miss Nellie Webster Murchie to Mr. Ralph Thomas Horton of Calais. The ceremony took place at three o'clock, and was performed by Rev. Mr. Marshall of the Methodist church. The bride who is a petite brunette, looked very lovely in a handsome bridal gown of rich cream colored satin, trimmed with pearl ornaments and duchesse lace. She wore a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms. The maid of honor was her cousin Miss Roberta Murchie, who looked very pretty in a dainty gown of white silk and gauze with trimmings of pale pink ribbon. The bridesmaids were radiant with happiness and were attended by her cousin Mr. Graham K. King of St. John. The house was magnificently decorated with flowers for the occasion, roses, carnations and hyacinths mingled their brightness and sweetness with the sombre hues of palms, ferns and a variety of foreign foliage. An arch was erected in the drawing room and adorned with Galley brand flowers, several hundreds being used in front of the arch, were two hearts made of pink and white flowers. Under this floral bow the bride and groom stood during the marriage ceremony. Directly after the ceremony and congratulations, luncheon was served. The floral decorations in the dining room were exquisite all being pink and white. The ladies who assisted in the dining room were Mrs. Charles W. Young, Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. F. A. Grimmer, Mrs. M. Murchie, Mrs. Waterbury and Misses Mia Josee, Whiter McAllister, Miss Simpson and Miss Ethel Waterbury. At five o'clock the bride changed her bridal gown for a handsome travelling costume of navy blue canvas cloth made in Russian style with a hat to match, and amid the good wishes and congratulations of their friends drove to the station and left in the C. P. R. for Quebec, where they will also visit Montreal, Ottawa and some American cities before they return. On their arrival home they will reside at the Swan homestead, with Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Swan the parents of the groom, until their own residence is ready for them to occupy. The wedding gifts were very valuable and numerous. The bride has an unusually wide circle of relatives and friends among whom she is very popular, and the groom is also a favorite, both in a business and social way among all who know him. The toilettes worn by the guests at the wedding were very handsome; Mrs. Murchie, mother of the bride, wore a stylish gown of rich black ottoman silk, trimmed with jet; Mrs. Swan, mother of the groom was attired in an elegant reception toilette of black and white brocade; Mrs. Frank Tucker of New Bedford, sister of the bride, wore a costume of black and yellow silk.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Melville Deacon are entertaining a party of relatives and friends at tea this evening.

The skating fancy dress carnival at the Curling rink last evening was a great success. There were a large number of skaters and the promenade and gallery were crowded with spectators. The first prize was awarded to Miss Eva Temple of Calais, as "Goddess of Liberty," the second prize to Mr. Purrington as "In His Chisel," and the third prize to Miss Bessie McVey as "Britannia."

Mrs. Mitchell, mother of the late Hon. James Mitchell, left this morning for her home. Mrs. Mitchell is a very elderly lady and has been here since last fall, and was with her son when he passed away.

A very prominent event which was made to take a social nature was the opening of the new hotel "The S. Croix Exchange" in Calais last Tuesday evening with a grand reception and ball. The hotel was adorned with light and festivity when at nine o'clock the guests were received in the parlor by the reception committee, who were Dr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Irwin, Hon. George A. Curran, and Mrs. Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trimble, Miss Jessie Whitlock, Mr. James T. Whitlock and Dr. J. Melville Deacon. Woodbury's orchestra was stationed in the office at the dining room door. At ten o'clock a lively march was played, and the dining hall doors were thrown open, and the guests were served a sumptuous dinner by the host Mr. Chapman, immediately afterwards dancing began, and not till a late hour did it cease. The toilettes worn by the ladies were very handsome and stylish. Mrs. Charles E. Swan was most splendidly attired in a reception gown of rich black satin, profusely trimmed with jet, she wore diamond ornaments.

Mrs. George Curran, handsome gown of garnet brocade satin.

Mrs. Clarence Trimble, white silk trimmed with white ostrich feathers.

Mrs. Lewis Dexter, rich white silk, trimmed with lace and ostrich feathers, diamonds.

Mrs. Percy Lord, yellow silk, with adornments of yellow roses.

Mrs. Irving Todd, black velvet, with corsage bouquet of carnations.

Mrs. F. Wood, white silk, trimmed with lace, pearl ornaments.

Miss Jessie Whitlock, handsome gown of black velvet, trimmed with cream duchesse lace.

Miss Mabel Murchie, white silk, with overdress of white organdy.

Miss Alice Graham, stylish gown of rich green silk, trimmed with flowers and chiffon.

Miss Joan Smith, (Windsor), pretty dress of heliotrope silk, trimmed with lace.

Miss Nellie Hill, white silk with trimmings of black velvet and white chiffon.

Miss Frances Lyell, white brocade silk.

Miss Minnie H. Stock, pretty dress of white silk trimmed with violets.

Miss Winter McAllister, white silk dress trimmed with lace.

Miss Mae Jones, pretty dress of white mail.

Miss May Simpson, white silk gown with overdress of white gauze.

Miss Bessie McVey, stylish gown of heliotrope silk with overdress of white organdy.

Miss Kerr, pretty white mail trimmed with pale pink ribbon.

Miss Mary Vose, pink silk trimmed with pink chiffon.

Miss Daisy Hanson, pale blue mail trimmed with valenciennes lace.

Miss Jordan, black and green brocade satin gown.

Miss Belle Woodcock, white organdy over white silk.

Miss Elliott, white silk with black velvet trimmings.

Miss Eaton, pretty gown of salmon pink silk trimmed with lace.

Miss Flora Cooke, black silk gown with trimmings of black chiffon and jet.

The Misses Berryman gave a supper and dance at Upton Lodge on Wednesday evening, which was a most jolly affair and thoroughly enjoyed by their young friends who were their guests.

Mrs. Henry B. Eaton has given invitations to a number of lady friends to enjoy a ball on Monday at her home tomorrow afternoon.

The Carrot News club meet at the residence of Captain and Mrs. McAllister on Tuesday evening.

A "Benefit Party," arranged by Mrs. Frank A. Grimmer, and held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Maxwell at the Old Ridge, for the benefit of some worthy people who are unable to help themselves, who are neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, was one of the pleasantest and most successful of the kind ever enjoyed by St. Stephen people. Two large sleigh loads left here at four o'clock on their arrival, enjoyed some snow shoeing after a delicious supper was served and discussed, dancing and cards whiled away the hours until time to return to town, before leaving a collection was taken and a purse of forty five dollars was quickly made up, and with pounds of necessary things to fill the larder the guests departed homeward, leaving happy hearts behind them. Those who were on this happy party, were Mr. and Mrs. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Murchie, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Murchie, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McVey, Mr. and Mrs. A. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Lavinia Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. M. MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Bates, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gannon, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Grimmer, Mrs. Stuart, Miss Bessie Bixby, Messrs. J. E. Gannon, W. H. Edwards, Stuart McElbannon, and David Maxwell.

Mayor Clark arrived from Fredericton on Saturday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitney gave a "Preference Party" at their home on Saturday evening, for the entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Young of Halifax, who are guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young.

Mrs. Henry A. Eaton gave a drive whilst party of five tables at her residence on Friday evening. I hear it was an exceedingly pleasant affair.

Miss Mabel Clarke entertained a party of young friends very pleasantly on Saturday evening, at her home on Marks street.

Mrs. E. G. Vroom and Mr. Almon T. Ted gave a snow shoe tramp and winter picnic on Friday at Upton Lodge, for the pleasure of their daughters Misses Stretchen Vroom and Bertie Ted and their young friends of whom there were thirty five who were on this jolly outing. After supper was served at the Lodge, photographs of the party were taken in the moonlight about ten o'clock.

Mrs. R. W. Gorman's friends will regret to hear she is quite ill.

Mr. William Pickett of Rat Portage spent a few days in town recently, with his father Rev. Mr. Pickett, who is here in charge of Christ church parish during the absence of the rector Rev. O. S. Newham. During his stay he was the guest of Mrs. Carrie Smith.

Mrs. John Black entertained the Harmony club at a special rehearsal of their cantata one evening during the week.

A large party of ladies and gentlemen drove from Milltown to Oak Bay on Saturday afternoon to enjoy a clam chowder and supper at that place. Snow shoeing was the chief amusement on arrival and a jolly outing was enjoyed.

A Valentine party was the entertainment of the F. U. S. club provided by the hosts of the evening Mrs. Frederick Hartford last week. This week Mrs. George T. Murchie will entertain the club at her home on Washington street.

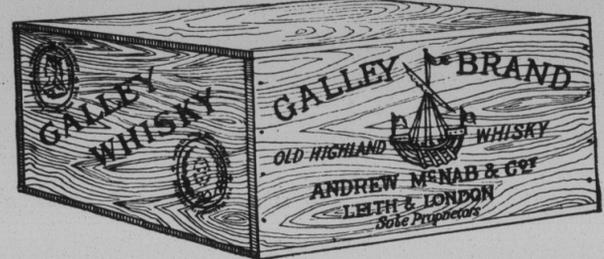
Mr. Charles T. Copeland of the English department at Harvard College is giving a series of most interesting lectures at Harvard which are open to the citizens of Cambridge and vicinity.

N. W. was received in Calais on Wednesday last of the death from scarlet fever of Kenneth Corey, the young son of Mr. Mary D. Corey of Mansfield Ohio.

Mr. Percy Newton, left on Friday afternoon for Boston on a business trip, while in the city he will be the guest of Mr. Merritt, a college class mate at the Quincey House. He will also take the opportunity of attending the Athletic meet, of the representative students of New England colleges, that takes place at the Mechanics Institute. Mr. Newton graduated at Amherst with high honors. Since the recent death of his father, Mr. Charles E. Swan, he has assumed the position of treasurer of the Red Beach Plaster Company, and will also represent at the firm in their extensive granite work business.

The Harmony Club met at the home of Miss Florence Sullivan on Monday evening. This club have been rehearsing the cantata, entitled "Belshazzar," and on Thursday evening will give it to the musical public in the Methodist vestry, for the benefit of the Public Library. There are also to be some other musical selections, and Mr. Bernard McAdam has also consented to assist to make the concert a success.

A CASE OF IMPORTANCE



DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND WILLIAM McINTYRE, St. John, N. B.

Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY

WILLIAM McINTYRE JOHN O'REGAN.

12 and 14 Water St 1 3 Union St.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE advertisement with text: "The Ideal Tonic." Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—results, improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, raised by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Traffic on the railroad between Trenton and Pekin has increased so much that a double track must be laid at once.

Another Triumph—Mr. Thomas S. Bull—Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to work or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Pills. I have also been subject to Quincey for over forty years but Eucalyptic Pills cured it, and it was a permanent cure in each case, as neither the Piles nor Quincey have troubled me since."

The largest room in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 120 feet in breadth.

Our own Gonna—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"; and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complete cure from two to three of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Sardines are now being packed in glass bottles, low wide-mouthed shape. They look much cleaner and they are far handier than the old-fashioned tins.

Parmentier's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, as great is the power of this medicine in curing the disease, the disease of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carwell, Carwell P. Q., Ont., writes: "I have used Parmentier's Pills and find them an excellent medicine," and one that will sell well."

The oldest city in the world is Nippur, the "Older Babel" of Babylon. It is said to have been laid 7000 years B.C.; the ruins have lately been unearthed.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmentier has given to the world the fruits of one of his researches in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmentier's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, multiply excite the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Heidelberg chemical students are compelled to take accident insurance policies ranging in cost from 2-1/2 cents for the onlookers to 75 cents for the experimenters.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten on the lungs, and you will find it difficult to carry on an untimely grave. In this country we have not changed and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can do it at a cost by using Hickle's A-1 Coughsive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

The British steamer Alton loaded for Europe at Toronto a few weeks ago 37,999 bushels of wheat, which at sixty pounds to the bushel, give a total of 11,399 short tons.

Advertisement for Goodrich Res Flex Single Tube Tires. The Connecting Link Between a satisfied rider and the road—is to have under them GOODRICH RES FLEX SINGLE TUBE TIRES. No need for worry or anxiety as accidents can be repaired instantly. You just inject solution on puncture and a RUBBER patch is formed on the INSIDE—Does not strike you as the only available method? Tires inflated and ride DON'T WALK. Send for Catalogue P. AMERICAN TIRE CO., Limited. 164 King St. West, Toronto.

Advertisement for Pocket Stoves. HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE Pocket Stoves THAT BURN THE SMOKELESS CARBONS? They burn for two hours. Can be carried in pocket or muff. A comfort when you go for a sleigh drive. Price with Carbons, \$1.00. W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, 35 King Street. Telephone 239.

Advertisement for The Dufferin Hotel. THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. E. MUIR WILLIS, Proprietor.

Advertisement for Belmont Hotel. BELMONT HOTEL ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern in provisions. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMP, Prop.

Advertisement for Queen Hotel. QUEEN HOTEL FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches to trains and boats.

Advertisement for Oysters. OYSTERS FISH AND GAME always on hand. In season.

Advertisement for Cafe Royal. CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Advertisement for Ladies Everywhere. LADIES EVERYWHERE... Admire the NEW COSTUME FABRICS for '97, made by the... Oxford Mfg. Co., Oxford, N. S.

Advertisement for Poultry. POULTRY. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

Advertisement for Choice Scotch Whiskey. CHOICE SCOTCH WHISKY. LANDING 31 Cases... Old Mull Liqueurs, 50 " Usher's Special Reserve, 100 " Scotch Whisky. Wholesale. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET T. O'LEARY, RETAIL DEALER IN CHOICE WINES and LIQUORS and Ales and Cigars. 16 DUKE STREET



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

- A. M. Frith, Archer.
- S. H. Sheard, Bound for Klondike.
- Thos. R. Ellis, "The Devil."
- Austin McLaughlin, Turk.
- F. J. Hornsby, Gentleman of the Elizabeth Era.
- E. H. U. qhart, Escaped from Sing Sing.
- A. G. Hardin, Knight of the 17th Century.
- H. P. Brand, Spanish Officer.
- Fred McDavit, Wandering Minstrel.
- John O'Neil, Minstre: Boy.
- Louis Monroe, Jameson Raider.
- E. C. Salama, Dumbo.
- Fred Edly, Turk.
- A. Burnside, Mexican.
- A. E. Shaw, Fancy Dress.
- H. A. Shaw, Jockey.
- F. L. McMahon, Clown.
- H. Peters and J. Walker, Cake Walkers.
- H. A. Vanwart, Baby.
- N. G. Hemerson, Raider.
- E. Jones, Sailor.
- "Frozen Harbor Hockey Sluggers."
- Thos. Pedell, Goal.
- H. Higgins, Point.
- D. McCarthy, Cover Point.
- W. Higgins, Centre (captain).
- D. Walker, Left Wing.
- D. Lynch, Right Wing.
- F. Pico, Rover.
- James E. McIntyre, Raider.
- J. E. Brewster, Best Ester.
- Owen G. Coll, Page.
- John McMarty, Dorian.
- Mounted File of Jubilee Contingent
- Charles Jackson.
- E. Jankis.
- James McKelvey.
- T. S. Wilkins.
- John Ross.
- G. D. Davidson, Court Dress 1640.
- Miles Gibbs.
- B. B. Byles, Only Pebble on the Beach.
- C. E. Marvin, Johnnie from the Country.
- F. E. Stephens, Calendar Flind.
- D. E. Erico, Red Cross Crusader.
- J. E. Walton, Red Cross Crusader.
- G. W. Stephens, A Gent of Color.
- F. Cronk, Little Willie of the Yacht.
- Carl's Dykeman, Jumbo.
- W. Gaskin, Algerine.
- Louie E. Flewelling (Hampton), Turk.
- J. P. Bradley, Loch Lomond Buter Milk.
- L. E. McKelvey, Uacle Sam (special mention).
- Gordon Cohoon, Klondike Gold Miner.
- F. M. Keye, A Baron.
- J. E. Harding, Dead Gamp, Still in the Ring.
- Loch Lomond Four Hundred.
- R. McAlister, William Nelson.
- John Ward.
- E. McLeisla.
- W. M. Pyne, Jameson.
- Fred P. Cameron, Cook.
- James McCormack, Cook.
- W. Corbett, City Policeman.
- J. Worden, Boot Black.
- I. E. Cornwall, Foot Ball Player.
- Charles H. Gibbon, Spanish Brigand.
- Thomas Lowe, Yellow Kid.
- Lewis Thorogood, Beef Ester.
- H. Quinn, Snowflake.
- Dan Marshall, Clown.
- Thomas Campbell, Fireman.
- D. J. Stratton, Spanish Court.
- A. McJelly, Robinhood.
- S. Rove, On the Way to the Klondike.
- W. C. Pine, Scout.
- Robert A. McHarr, Raider.
- James G. Harrison, Fisherman.
- Fred Elkin, Irish Guard.
- Charles Patterson, Dress suit.
- A. K. Mackarsay, Indian.
- A. B. Harvey and L. D. Short, Ladies of Quality.
- A. G. Howard, Good Night Sleep.
- H. C. Cochran, Halifax Pilot.
- F. S. Hearn, Spanish Student.
- H. Youngclaus, Miss Watkins.
- W. Louis Fitzpatrick, "Harriet our Lady of the Snows."
- G. H. A. McRobbie, Raider.
- David Mullin, "Mary Ann."
- J. B. Kiernan, Raider.
- G. F. Byles, The Only Pebble on the Beach.
- Master Bobby Wilkins, "Uacle Sam Protecting Alaska Furs."

FREDERICTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs. W. T. B. Kennedy and J. H. Hawthorne.)

Feb 9.—The opening of the Legislature at the important event of the season in the capital takes place tomorrow afternoon. The guards of honor will be under the command of Capt. Thacker of the R. R. C. I. and Capt. Nagh of the 6th, Fusiliers of Halifax. It will be composed of the R. R. C. I. and the attached men and will be headed by the band of the school.

Lieut. Governor McClelan is here and has apartments at the Queen for the session.

Capt. Macdonnell has been appointed A. D. C. to Lieut. Governor McClelan and Mr. B. B. Barker will act as private secretary to his honor.

Premier Emmerson is here and is domiciled at the Queen for the session.

Sergeant-at-arms Rutter is being congratulated upon the arrival in his home of a baby daughter.

The Junior Assembly club which is composed of the younger members of society, the buds, who are not yet out, gave their ball last evening in the Masonic hall and a most charming picture it was, never has the old masonic hall held a more animated assemblage, youth and beauty and pretty costumes commingled made a bright scene. For most of those present it was their first ball, and the happy anticipation depicted on the bright young faces gave an added lustre to the whole that was most charming in effect.

About forty couples were present and enjoyed the exhilarating dance to the delightful music of the Horse Shoe club orchestra, the programme contained fourteen dances and three supper extras. Ice cream and refreshments were served during the evening. Mr. F. S. Hilyard assisted the chaperons and acted as floor manager, the chaperons were Mrs. T. Carleton Allen, and Mrs. McClelan. Much credit is due the managing committee, President Frank Sedler, treasurer W. A. McCallan, and sec-

rotary S. H. Sterling for such a delightful and successful evening.

The invited guests were:

- Miss Helma Mullen,
- Miss Prudence Babbitt,
- Miss Carrie Tibbits,
- Miss Mabel Cathels,
- Miss Fannie F. Jmer,
- Miss Jean Neil,
- Miss Flossie Wilson,
- Miss Agnes Stanger,
- Miss Anna Vanwart,
- Miss E. He Sterling,
- Miss Nadie Sterling,
- Miss Nellie Whitehead,
- Miss Mary Queen,
- Miss Blanche Fraser,
- Miss Elsie Holden,
- Miss Carrie Murchie,
- Miss Clara Brown,
- Miss Elsie Hatt,
- Miss Gladys Campbell,
- Miss Edna Coburn,
- Miss Bessie Murray,
- Miss Daisy Winslow,
- Miss Carrie Winslow,
- Miss Gretchen Pasir,
- Miss Muriel Seely,
- Miss Bertie Hegan,
- Miss Hazel Barrie,
- Miss Louise Chesley,
- Miss Lizzie Taylor,
- Miss Muriel Thompson,
- Miss Nellie Parkins,
- Miss Alice Lockhart,
- Miss Christine White,
- Miss Helen Sinclair,
- Miss Nora Benson,
- Miss Roy Mithread,
- Miss Sophia Benson,
- Miss May Atkinson,
- Miss Florrie Clements,
- Miss Minnie Day,
- Miss Florrie Tapley,
- Miss Louise Tweedie,
- Miss Violet Sewell,
- Miss Edna Golding,
- Miss Alice McKenzie,
- Miss Edith Hilyard,
- Miss Margaret Johnston,
- Miss Kathleen Paatr,
- Miss Bessie Limerick,
- Miss Fannie Whitehead,
- Miss Charlotte Partridge,
- Miss Mabel O'dell,
- Miss Beatrice Brown,
- Miss Maud McKee,
- Miss Agnes Peters,
- Miss Queenie Edgecombe,
- Miss Gladys McLughlin,
- Miss Ella Payne,
- Miss Toot Falall,
- Miss Elsie Mathews,
- Miss Louise Beer,
- Miss Gertrude Penety,
- Miss Stella Sherman,
- Miss Fannie Richards,
- Miss Pauline Johnston,
- Miss Blossom Baird,
- Miss Nellie Magee,
- Miss May McIntyre,
- Miss Louise Robertson,
- Miss Grace Connell,
- Miss Muriel Russell,
- Miss Helen Blair,
- Miss Laura Snowball,
- Miss Anna Phinney,

- Mr. D. McNeil,
- Mr. Ernest Sewell,
- Mr. Le Roy Shaw,
- Mr. A. Limerick,
- Mr. C. Allen,
- Wm. Parker,
- W. Black,
- M. D. Coll,
- A. Tibbits,
- George Bailey,
- Willie Babbitt,
- Geo. McKee,
- M. Aitken,
- Fred Dever,
- Stanley Emmerson,
- Wilnot Lemont,
- Hamilton McKee,
- Lance Campbell,
- Gay Bowdler,
- S. Layton,
- Harry Godsoe,
- William Howard,
- Arthur Dick,
- Harry Rankine,
- Roy Thompson,
- B. Sturdee,
- Walter Harrison,
- Harry McClaskey,
- C. Coleman,
- N. H. Athoe,
- M. Titus,
- Wm. Benson,
- Winman Strang,
- Herbert Sinclair,
- Cecil Watson,
- Al. McLean,
- Lorne Fowler,

The young ladies toilettes were all exceedingly pretty.

Miss Carrie Winslow wore flowered organdie and white lace.

Miss Daisy Winslow white silk and pink ribbon.

Miss Gretchen Pasir, organdie muslin, lace and natural flowers.

Miss May Hilyard, mauve muslin and mauve satin ribbons.

Miss Anna Vanwart, blue silk.

Miss Etta Payne, white muslin, pink ribbons and pink carnations.

Miss Helen Mullen, cream cashmere and yellow flowers.

Miss Prudence Babbitt, pink cashmere, pink satin ribbon and natural flowers.

Miss Gladys Campbell, St. John, white muslin, lace and carnations.

Miss Carrie Tibbits, red cashmere and red chiffon.

Miss Cathels, pink dotted muslin, lace and flowers.

Miss Florrie Clements, ashes of roses cashmere, white chiffon and white moire sash.

Miss Fannie Palmer, white muslin, morie ribbons lace and natural flowers.

Miss Jean Neil, blue silk with blue chiffon and flowers.

Miss Estelle Sterling figured muslin and white lace.

Miss Margaret Johnston, blue china silk, white lace, white roses and carnations.

Miss Nellie Whitehead, white lace over blue silk.

Miss Elsie Hatt, flowered muslin, white lace and carnations.

Miss Agnes Stange; blue silk, and white lace.

Miss Charlotte Partridge, Pink veiling with pink satin ribbons.

Miss Maud McKee, figured muslin and mauve ribbon.

Miss Edna Coburn, dresden silk and pink chiffon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Perkins of St. John have been spending a few days at the capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Osman have arrived and are at the Queen for the session.

Miss Gladys Campbell of St. John is here the guest of her friend Miss Prudence Babbitt, she having come up to attend the ball given by the buds.

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After a delightful visit of several weeks spent among relatives here, Miss Casey returned to New York yesterday accompanied by her friend Miss McNanley, who will visit her friends for some time.

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Miss Anna Vanwart has cards of invitation out for a large dancing party for tomorrow evening.

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Many friends both in the city and Marysville were much shocked when it was learned on Sunday that Mrs. Alexander Gibson of Marysville had passed peacefully to rest at an early hour: that morning.

Mrs. Gibson was a most estimable lady and had many friends who will long regret the loss of a sincere friend. The funeral took place on Monday and was the largest ever seen in that town, a large number going up from the city by special train. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. To the bereaved husband and family is extended the sympathy of the community.

Dr. J. Darley Harrison arrived here on Monday afternoon from Edmondston, with the remains of his late wife and accompanied by his two children and their nurse. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon the interment being made in the Rural cemetery. Services were conducted at the house by the Rev. Mr. Teasdale and Rev. Dean Partridge. The casket was conveyed to the hearse by Messrs. Thomas Fowler, Dr. Fisher, A. H. F. Porter, Harry Chesant and W. Harrison, former friends of the deceased lady. Among the mourners were Dr. Harrison, Chancellor Harrison, Hon. F. P. Thompson, Prof. Dixon, Mr. Wm. Wilson, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. J. J. Weddall and Mr. E. Barbery of St. John. The students of the university walked in a body in the procession all in their college caps gowns. The floral tributes were very beautiful and included a wreath from the congregation of the church at Edmondston and also one from the choir of the same church. The L. A. S. Willnot band of this city sent a very beautiful closed book made of brown and green leaves with lines of white roses and lilies of the valley.

The Epworth League, a mailee cross.

The former Sunday school class of the deceased lady in this city sent a beautiful crescent, and the Sunday school class of her sister Miss Bessie Logan a wreath of carnations.

Dr. J. D. Harrison, cross.

Mr. Arthur Harrison, wreath.

Hospital Aid Society, Basket of flowers.

Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, bouquet.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Weddall, wreath.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Randolph, bouquet.

Miss Wholley, basket of flowers.

Cures Talk

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

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

It cures liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

MEDICINE BY MAIL.

SENT EVERYWHERE

Tortured Sufferer Listen!

NY-AS-SAN

Conquers all Skin Disease.

Wanted--The address of every sufferer in America

The Nyassan Medicine Co. Truro, N. S.

"Mention this paper when you write."

Miss Queenie Edgecombe, Organdie muslin and yellow satin ribbons.

Miss Bessie Murray, white dotted muslin over pink silk pink ribbons and flowers.

Miss Blanche Fraser, cream albretros, with pink ribbons.

Miss Fannie Richards, cream cashmere and cream lace.

Miss Edna Golding flowered muslin and white lace and natural flowers.

Miss McKenzie, brown cloth with bodice of shot silk and white lace.

Miss Mary Gunter, cream with cream lace.

Miss Burkins, Black velvet with bodice of blue silk.

Mrs. T. Carleton Allen, brocade black silk with bodice decollete of black chiffon, gold ornaments, flowers, cream jingulis.

Mrs. McLean, black satin with ist, decollete, and pearls.

Miss Jeannette Beverly, Black lace, decollete, crimson roses and black chiffon.

Miss Grace Winslow, gave a very pleasant five o'clock tea on Thursday afternoon, in honor of her guest Miss Louise Perley of Andover. The guests numbering about forty were received by Mrs. Winslow, Miss Winslow, and Miss Perley. Mrs. Winslow received in a gown of green brocade silk. Miss Winslow had on a pretty costume of black brocade silk with corsage of pink silk, Mrs. W. E. Smith wore black satin, with corsage of pink striped silk and white chiffon, Miss Perley also wore black with bodice of striped pink silk and pink carnations. Miss Daisy Winslow and Miss Mabel O'Dell assisted in serving the guests with ices.

Mrs. E. Winslow Miller entertained the "Go-as-you-please" whist club on Thursday evening when Mrs. Bliss was the fortunate winner of the ladies prize.

Mr. H. C. Tilley of St. John was in town yesterday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. J. Darley Harrison.

Invitations are out for the conversaznie at the university for February seventeenth. The chaperons for the evening are Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Davidson.

Miss Edna Sulis is visiting her cousin Mrs. H. C. Creed.

Senator Wark, left for Ottawa on Monday to attend his parliamentary duties.

The Misses Block, Store street, gave a snowshoe party to a large number of their friends on Thursday evening last. After a tramp on the river which lasted for some hours, the party returned to the home of the Misses Block where supper was served.

Miss Ella Payne of St. John is here visiting her aunt, Mrs. Beckwith, Miss Payne came up to attend the ball given by the Junior Assembly last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Perkins of St. John have been spending a few days at the capital.

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Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, bouquet.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Weddall, wreath.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Randolph, bouquet.

Miss Wholley, basket of flowers.

The concert to have been given in the church hall this evening has been unavoidably postponed until Easter Tuesday.

MONKTON.

Progress is for sale in Monkton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Feb. 9.—The approach of Lent always has the effect of bringing on a rush of festivities and this year has been no exception; last week's party bristling with social entertainments while the present week bids fair to rival its predecessor in gaiety.

The second of the assembly Club dances which took place on Wednesday evening came first on the programme, and was if possible even a greater success than the first. Barker's orchestra provided ideal music, while the ladies provided an excellent supper, and the company dispersed punctually at the appointed hour, one o'clock—after singing the national anthem.

Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hewson, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Murray, Mrs. Newton Benedict of Washington D. C., Mr. T. W. Bell of St. John Mrs. John M. Lyons, Mrs. George McSweeney, Miss Theodora Chandler of Dorchester, Miss Theodora Morse of Amherst, Miss Elsie of Chatham, Miss Blanche Hamilton of Dorchester, Miss Randolph, Miss Georgia Cole, Miss Maggie Stronach, Miss Cooke, Miss Agnes McSweeney, Miss Mina McSweeney, Miss Peter, Miss Hamilton; Miss Nicholson, Miss Minnie Hunter, Miss Winnie Williams, Miss McCaughy, Miss F. field, and Miss White. Messrs. W. H. Watr, S. J. Pinkett, Judge Wells, E. A. Rhodes Amherst, J. McD. Cook, F. H. Blair, G. M. Curry, Amherst, R. Clark, A. J. Stevens, P. Knr, S. W. Palmer, A. D. Coster, Lionel Hamilton Dorchester, Walter Payzan, A. McLean, L. Robertson, B. E. Smith, A. E. Wilkinson, F. C. McCull, W. W. Bruce, F. C. Jones, E. P. Dickson, L. Dickson, A. McSweeney, R. E. Walker, W. A. Bishop, H. B. Bell, R. A. Borden, Hugh Hamilton, E. C. Cole W. Charter, Dr. Myers and F. J. Sweeney.

The gentlemen as before were slightly in excess of the ladies and the genus valdifer was an unknown quantity.

Mrs. W. O. Schwartz of Church street entertained a number of the younger members of society on Friday evening. The guests numbered between thirty and forty and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Mrs. W. H. Williams of Highfield street also entertained a number of her friends on Friday evening and as Mr. and Mrs. Williams are ideal hosts it is scarcely necessary to say that the evening was pleasantly spent.

Mrs. George McSweeney gave a very large and most enjoyable whist party on Monday evening at Hotel Brunswick over sixty guests being present. The tables fitted in numbers were grouped in the commodious drawing rooms which afford ample accommodation even for so large a number, and the fortunate prize winners were Mrs. W. J. Weldon and Mr. R. A. Borden.

Mrs. I. W. Binney of Church street has cards out for a large at home this afternoon.

Mrs. C. A. Murray of Alma street has a large whist party this evening and I understand that her cards are out for still another on Friday so we are well provided with amusements for this week.

Miss Alice Wetmore who has been spending a six weeks vacation with her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wetmore of Fleet street returned to Boston Saturday to continue her musical studies. Miss Wetmore has proved a decided acquisition in musical circles since her return lending valuable assistance at several musical entertainments, and her departure will be greatly regretted.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Osman of Hillsboro paid short visit to Monkton last week.

Two many Monkton friends of Mrs. A. J. Cresswell, formerly Miss Agnes Taylor, of this city were glad to see her in town again last week, and gave her a most cordial welcome to her old home. Mrs. Cresswell was accompanied by her little daughter, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Peters of Alma street during her stay.

Mr. Lyde Davidson and bride of Halifax spent a few days in town last week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Jarvis.

Mrs. H. G. C. Ketchum of Fredericton is visiting her sister Mrs. I. W. Binney of Church street.

Mrs. C. F. Hanington and Miss Tricie Hanington left town on Wednesday for Ottawa where they intend spending some weeks with Mrs. Hanington's father.

The many friends of Mrs. C. E. Northrup will be glad to hear that she is recovering from her recent severe illness.

Mrs. Norfolk left town on Saturday for Boston where she intends spending the next few weeks visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. DeWolf Cain of San Mateo, California, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lyons, Jr., the past two weeks, returned to Sussex last week, preparatory to taking their final departure for their distant home.

Miss Dawson of Charlottetown, at present a student at Mount Allison Ladies College, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Cole of Alma street.

Miss Maggie McLearn left town last week for Quebec, where she intends spending the remainder of the winter with friends. Miss McLearn is one of our brightest and most popular young ladies, and she will be greatly missed in society circles.

One of the annual events of the season, to which we have a long looking forward for some weeks, was the concert given in the Opera house last evening by Miss Bruce and Mr. F. H. Blair of this city assisted by Miss Beatrice Harrington the talented young English soprano who has won many laurels as a concert singer in London, England and who is now vocal instructor at Mount Allison Ladies College, Miss Alice Lillian Butcher of St. John and the Monkton Amateur orchestra. It is greatly to be regretted that so excellent an entertainment commanded such a small audience, but the fact that the C. P. R. train was three hours late, thereby delaying the hockey match between St. John and Monkton teams, which had been arranged for seven o'clock, especially on account of the concert thus causing the two attractions to clash, was no doubt largely responsible for the slim attendance. As it was however, the performers must have been largely consoled for the size of the audience by the warm appreciation shown, and the enthusiastic reception which greeted them.

The opening numbers by the orchestra were rendered with great spirit, and warmly received, after which the vocalist of the evening Miss Harrington made her appearance, and was given a most cordial welcome. This was Miss Harrington's first appearance before a Monkton audience, and she created a most favorable impression. In addition to a voice uniting great sweetness and expression with rare volume and compass, she possesses a very charming personality and she captured her audience at once. Her first number was the famous "Jewel song" from Faust, but decidedly the gem of the evening was her "Good Bye" which the singer rendered with great force, and dramatic power. Her lighter number "The Silver Ring" and "Love's Bargain" were most effectively given. Miss Alice Lillian Butcher of St. John, graduate of the Emerson School of oratory, also made her first appearance in

OPERA HOUSE Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings Feb. 15th and 16th.

ST. JOHN VOCAL SOCIETY CONCERT

80 Voices

in unaccompanied part Songs and Choruses conducted by W. Eoghan Buck.

Wm. R. Hickey, America's greatest lyric Tenor. All other instrumental and vocal selections.

Tickets now open at Opera House Box Office. — TICKETS 25 and 50 cents, to be had from the members, stores, and from Fred C. MacNeil, Hon. Sec. Treasurer.

Monkton, and she also made a prompt conquest of her audience. Miss Butcher is a very charming lady with a captivating stage presence, and her simple natural method of reciting, free from all stage mannerisms is most attractive. Her enunciation is singularly clear and distinct, and in her reading of the pathetic "Swan Song", she was at her very best.

Miss Jean Bruce is always a favorite with Monkton audiences being a most satisfactory and delightful refutation of the theory that a proper obtains scant honor in his own country, and her selections were enthusiastically received, in fact it is not too much to say that the audience could have had its way nearly every number on the programme would have been repeated. Mr. F. H. Blair delighted the music lovers in the audience with his artistic and brilliant rendering of a most difficult piano solo, Chopin's E minor Scherzo, the piece was full of melody, and the audience clamored for more but owing to the lateness of the hour had to be contented with a silent acknowledgement from the performer.

The programme was brought to a close by a selection from the Grand Duques, which was given by special request by the Amateur orchestra under the leadership of Professor Watts. Mr. Blair thanked those who had attended in a few courteous words, and the national anthem concluded a concert which was a success in every way except financial and I fear that the promoters would have little to repay them for all the time and trouble expended, beyond the gratitude of those who were enabled by their efforts to enjoy so excellent a concert.

DORCHESTER.

(Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.)

Feb. 9.—Mrs. George Swayze entertained a number of friends with progressive whist on Tuesday the 1st. Owing to the storm and the condition of the roads a number of people were unable to attend. The lady's prize was a tie between Mrs. George Swayze and Mrs. H. J. McGrath the gentleman's was won by Hon. A. D. Richard and G. B. Fowler. The gentleman's consolation prize was won by Mr. H. W. Masters and Mr. J. D. Brown. The prizes were awarded by cutting to Mrs. McGrath, Mr. Richard and Mr. Masters. After a delicious supper an hour's dancing was indulged in.

Mrs. Allan Chapman gives a progressive whist party this evening of which we will hear more anon.

Mrs. R. P. Foster returned from Sackville on Saturday.

Hon. H. R. Emmerson and Mrs. Emmerson left for Fredericton on Tuesday.

Mr. J. R. Campbell Mrs. Campbell and their little son Lloyd of St. John spent Sunday at the rectory.

We are glad to hear more favorable reports of Mr. J. B. Foster who has been confined to the house with a severe cold for the past two weeks. Last week Mr. Foster's cold took a serious turn and there was some danger of pneumonia, but he is now able to be up, though the doctor has not allowed him to go out.

Miss Blanche Hanington returned from Monkton on Thursday last.

Messrs. C. L. Hanington and George R. Payzant attended the dance given by the Monkton Assembly club on Wednesday last returning to Dorchester on Thursday.

Miss Constance Chandler spent a few days in Monkton last week.

ST. GEORGE.

Feb. 9.—The marriage of Miss Annie Maud Cox of Princeton Ns. to Mr. E. Copen of the St. George Dry Goods Co. took place at the residence of Mrs. M. Parks. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Fraser [presbyterian].

Mrs. [Dr.] Dick and Miss Dick are visiting Dr. Ick are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Gillmor St. Martin.

Mr. James O'Brien M. P. P. and Mrs. O'Brien left this week for Fredericton.

The Whist Club enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the home of the Misses Craig's on Wednesday evening. The club numbers twenty members; they meet on this Wednesday, evening with Mr. Hazen McGee.

The Dragonfly Club entertained their friends on Monday evening at their hall it being the first anniversary of their organization.

An address by Rev. Fr. Lavery, solos were given by Miss Southard, Mr. Charles Symon, Mr. Harry Fawley and Mr. McDonald. Gymnastics by members of the club. Miss McArdle accompanied. At the close of the programme which was highly appreciated by the large number present, light refreshments were served.

Miss Edith Baldwin is visiting St. Steph friends.

Mrs. Guy Clinch fell and hurt her knee quite seriously.

FARRBORO.

(Progress is for sale at Farrboro Book Store.)

Feb. 8.—Mrs. Charles McCabe entertained the Literary club last evening. The subject for the evening was "Latest Scientific Discoveries."

Mrs. Gullod's invitations are out for, a card party this evening.

Mrs. M. G. Atkinson of Truro with her two boys are guests of Mrs. Cutler.

The young people's whist club meet this evening at Mrs. J. G. Alkman's.

Mr. E. E. Mosher of the Commercial bank has gone to take charge of the agency at Berwick.

A moonlight drive down the shore was enjoyed on Monday evening by a party which included the Misses Howard Mrs. McDowell, Miss Upham, Miss Janet Cameron, Miss Harrison, Messrs. McDowell, Clarence Langille, Walter Howard, and George Upham.

A whist club for married people has lately been formed the first meeting at Mrs. Woodworth's last Thursday evening.

Mr. H. A. Hillcoat of Amherst is in town.

SO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

HOW THEY ARE TREATED

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE DOGS BOUND FOR THE YUKON.

How They are Looked After by the Monoton Agent of the S. P. C. A.—The Efforts made to Make Them More Comfortable on Their Long Journey.

MONCTON, Feb. 9.—The purchase or capture as the case may be of dogs still continues to be a leading industry of the maritime provinces, while in Newfoundland it has almost entirely superseded the cod-fishing trade, and we hear none of the heartrending accounts of destitution amongst the fishing population on the coast on account of the failure of the catch, which usually harrow our feelings during the winter season. Apparently so long as the catch of dogs continues good the welfare of both the fisherman and the farmer is assured, no matter how poor the crops that earth or ocean yield. Of course it is hard on the dogs, but then it was also hard on the codfish, and nature never was a respecter of persons, she shows great solicitude for the well-being of the race, but none at all for the individual, and if the latter is so ill advised as to offer any opposition to the existing state of affairs he merely gets ground to powder beneath the inexorable wheels of destiny. Probably the dog would express it differently but the result is the same as far as he is concerned, and he suffers accordingly by it.

In fact he is now almost as important an article of commerce in Newfoundland as he has always been in Flanders, and the rate of which he is being exported from the land of barren cliffs and codfish, would almost lead to the fear that unless it contains more dogs to the square yard than most countries Newfoundland is threatened with a dog famine in the near future. The thrifty native seems to have become intoxicated with the delicious joy of discovering that he has anything of marketable value besides his regular staples of seal oil and codfish, and he is hastening to dispose of it as soon as possible utterly regardless of the future. By and by the dog crop will be exhausted and the Newfoundlanders will find themselves in a dogless condition until the puppies who have escaped the general conscription on account of their extreme youth, have grown to dog's estate.

So great is the greed displayed by those having dogs to sell that they seem to lose their heads and see double, promising more merchandise than they can possibly supply. One dealer who had returned from a buying trip to Newfoundland, that out of some sixteen hundred dogs promised him there were but six hundred and fifty actually delivered, so the catch must be diminishing. These dogs ranged in price from three fifty, to five dollars.

Some nine hundred of these poor wayfarers have passed through Moncton, and at first beyond a brief paragraph in the local papers mentioning the rare fact of their arrival, there was little notice taken of them, and had not an article appeared in PROGRESS describing their wretched plight, and directing the attention of the S. P. C. A. to it, their sufferings might still have remained unmitigated. As it was the second consignment was met on its arrival at Moncton, by Mr. George B. Willett president of the society's local branch, and prompt measures taken for the comfort of the poor creatures. They had been bedded in sawdust which was of course damp and frozen, but owing to the exertions of the society five hundred pounds of good dry straw was ordered, and substituted for the sawdust. The condition of the wretched animals was such that some of the men who went to look at them were unable to endure the sight, after the first glance, but turned away with their curiosity more than gratified, and a decidedly unpleasant feeling in the region of their waistcoats. And small wonder it was, because there were dogs with their noses partly chewed off, dogs with their paws disabled, dogs with their ears mangled, and worst of all, dogs with one or both eyes out. These wounds had been caused by the fights which were a regular feature of feeding time, and it will be readily imagined that between the frost, and the constant renewal of hostilities they presented a most revolting appearance. Numbers of these dogs which were to prove of such invaluable service as draught animals in the Klondyke were obviously so old that they deserved a more merciful death, while others supposed to be able to do their full share of work, were so small that their weight

would not have exceeded thirty pounds at most, the average weight of a cocker spaniel in good condition. Of course it was impossible to rescue even the old and feeble dogs from the fate in store for them, but prompt measures were taken to improve their condition as much as possible. The S. P. C. A. is a power in the land, and Mr. Willett obtaining an order from the general manager of the I. C. R. who was most kind and courteous in rendering all the assistance possible, restraining those in charge of the dogs from proceeding on their journey until the society's demands had been complied with. The result was that the dogs were all muzzled, the fact that their owners were provided with a sufficient number of muzzles for them all, proving that they anticipated trouble of some kind, and were prepared to meet it.

Since the attention of the society has been called to the matter, Mr. Willett has spared no pains in looking after the interests of the dogs and though the last consignment passed through the city at midnight, he was on hand to inspect them, and found them in much better condition than any of the previous shipments. The dogs were accompanied by their owner, a man of the name of Cross, and travelled in a box car, one end of which was occupied by Cross himself, who seemed to be training for life in the Klondyke by sleeping in temperature of zero. The dogs seemed to be in fairly good condition, one section of the car was reserved for meat, and other food for them, and in each compartment there was a tub of water—frozen, of course—but still it was there. The dogs numbered a hundred and ninety, and as Cross assured Mr. Willett that he intended utilizing them himself on reaching the gold fields, he doubtless intends starting a dog ranch, and being independent of the imported article in future. He expects that each dog will cost him fifty-three dollars by the time he lands them at Klondyke, and if he can sell them at prices which will enable him to make a profit on so large an outlay, there must be more money in dogs than the most sanguine speculators have hitherto supposed.

SHERIDAN'S POKER GAME.

Senator Conkling and the Hero of Winchester Furnished the Fun.

'I was in the game one night during the winter of '79 when both Conkling and Sheridan were players, says a writer in the Washington Star. It was a four-handed game, and John Chamberlin was the other player. This game at Chamberlin's was always for a \$5 limit at first, with the understanding that along toward morning, after a couple of hours of warming up, anyone could suggest the removal of the limit if he wanted to. The way Conkling and Sheridan bluffed each other that night was a caution. Both men seemed to strike out luck altogether as an element in their good-natured play against each other, and as both of them caught fine hands occasionally, when engaged in this tug-of-war of bluffing neither of them could get an exact line on the other, and it was better than a play to study their faces at the show-downs. Conkling was having all the success during the latter part of the night, and it was fun to hear 'Little Phil' softly utter dark and woolly things under his breath when, time after time, Conkling would show a hand consisting of nothing at all after having scared Sheridan out, or produce a gorgeous set of fours or a full hand at such times as Sheridan, deciding that the Senator was bluffing, would call him.

'Bite him, Sheridan,' Chamberlin would say, amagedly, on these occasions, and Sheridan would tell Chamberlin to go to the dickens, and call for another deck of cards.

'We started the last round of jackpots with a new deck. Sheridan dealt the first mess himself, and after it had gone around and none of the three of us could open it, Sheridan opened it himself. Neither Chamberlin nor I had any right to stay on our hands, and so it was left between Sheridan and Conkling, who stayed. Conkling took three cards, and turned his little pair into threes. Sheridan dished himself out three cards, and bit his cigar hard when he saw his hand. He made a \$5 bet to draw Conkling out, and the Senator raised him \$25. It passed between them with these \$25 bets until there was nearly \$300 in the pot, both men scrutinizing each other pretty carefully at each bet.

'I don't know so much about you this time, said Conkling finally, 'and I think I'll just call you out safety.'

'Both laid their hands down at the same time. Conkling had three nines, and he looked at Sheridan strangely when he saw the color of Sheridan's three aces. Both Chamberlin and myself also saw what was wrong at the same instant, but we only smiled and let the two men have it out. Sheridan had a broad grin on his face and was just about to rake in the pot. Conkling was gazing at the little man of iron with a puzzled look in his eyes.

'Oh, I say, there, Phil, just wait a minute,' said he. 'Do you really think that pot belongs to you?'

'Belongs to me?' said Sheridan. 'Well, it does if the nose on my face belongs to me—' and again he reached over to hoe in the pot.

Conkling ran his hand through his hair and again stopped Sheridan with a gesture.

'I don't remember ever having seen that sort of thing before,' he said. 'Did you, Phil?'

'See what sort of thing before?' said Sheridan. 'What are you talking about, Conkling?'

For reply, Conkling put one finger upon one of Sheridan's aces, and then pointed to another one of the aces.

'I never saw a jockpot won with three aces, two of which happened to be aces of diamonds,' said Conkling smiling.

'Sheridan looked at his hand, lying face up on the table before him, and his face became fiery red. The consternation on his countenance was really funny.

'Why, said he, after a minute, 'blamed if I don't believe I'm nothing better than an involuntary swindler. That other ace, you see, is a club. I opened the pot on a pair of red aces, and they were of course, these aces of diamonds. Chamberlin, turning to the amused boniface, 'turn me out of doors as a fraud and a short card player will you?'

'And have the army fire a volley over the ruins of my house?' replied Chamberlin. 'Hardly. Anyhow, I'd rather see you and Conkling engage in a rough and tumble fight over the thing. Go ahead, the pair of you. We'll see fair play, turning to me.'

'Of course, the extra ace of diamonds had slipped into the deck accidentally before it left the manufacturer's hands, but Sheridan, when he had in a measure recovered from the surprise of the revelation made a humorous pretension that he had known the whole thing all along, and convulsed the three of us by feelingly appealing to Conkling to refrain from exposing him to the world, for the sake of his family and all that sort of thing. The hand being foul the pot was, of course, divided.'

BRUIN'S REVENGE.

How a Grizzly Bear Punished a Man Who Persisted in Striking Him up.

The town of Medicine Hat, in Assiniboia on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, had in 1894 an attraction in the shape of a captive grizzly bear. He was a hungry-looking brute, about the size of an ordinary cow, and was chained to a post in the centre of a strong log pen. The pen stood beside the tracks, about 200 feet from the station, and a recent rainstorm had made a veritable mudhole of it.

The bear was an object of lively interest and curiosity to the townspeople, but more particularly to passengers of trains which stopped at Medicine Hat to change engines.

One day early in August the east-bound overland pulled in, and in a few minutes the occupants of several coaches were viewing the grizzly, who was shuffling around his quarters, looking very innocent and unconcerned. His paws and shaggy gray coat were covered with mud, and bruin was not a thing of beauty, still he appeared contented, and seemed to enjoy being on exhibition.

Now, a miscellaneous crowd of men has, as a rule, at least one individual in it belonging to the class known as 'smart Alecks.' This gathering was no exception and the afore-mentioned person soon manifested himself. He began by grunting at the bear, and followed that by throwing sticks and small stones at him. Falling to excite him by these means he resorted to others. Fixing a handkerchief on a stick he daunted it in bruin's face and tickled him on the nose with it, then poked him in the ribs; but, save an occasional growl, the bear did not seem to mind his tormentor. One or two gentlemen now advised the funny man to desist, suggesting that his bearship's patience probably had limits. Ignoring the friendly warning, the fellow waved bolder, and, coming close up to the pen, thrust an arm in between the logs. Then the long suffering bear saw his opportunity and improved it. Suddenly and with startling swiftness he reared on his hind legs until he loomed high above the astonished man, and then,

with a deep growl of anger, he struck fiercely at his persecutor. For a breathless second the man stood before the power of motion; then, with a scream of fright, he tried to draw back, but too late. The enormous bear caught his arm in a glancing fashion, shredding his coat and shirt sleeves, and scoring several ugly scratches in the flesh, while an avalanche of mud and filth descended on his reckless head fairly obliterating his features and thickly covering the whole upper part of his person. The bears' revenge was complete. Swift and sudden shaken nerves and ruined clothes the smart man made his way to the train, while some unfeeling men in the crowd laughed outright, and the grizzly lay down with what resembled a sigh of relief.

THE TARTARIAN LAMB.

A Strange Plant That Closely Resembles an Animal.

Among the strange stories to be found in the narratives of early travelers, few are stranger than that of the vegetable lamb of Tartary. This story, as believed by reading public, and even by the naturalists of two centuries ago, is so marvellous, and so obviously absurd, that we wonder how the most credulous could have believed it to be true.

The story is that, in an elevated and cultivated soil plant of great extent west of the river Volga, there may be found a creature half animal half-plant, to which the natives give the name of barometz, meaning 'little lamb.' To obtain it, the Tartars sow in the ground seed like that of a melon, from which, in due time, rises the strange plant having the figure of a lamb, with the feet, the hoofs, the ears, and the whole head except the horns of that animal distinctly formed. It grows on a stalk about three feet in height, being, according to one version, rooted to the ground by its four feet, while another account raises the whole lamb, feet and all, from the ground on a single stem, on which he is able to turn, and also to bow itself downwards to the herbs on which it feeds. It lives as long as there is grass or herbage around it, but when it has consumed all within its reach, it dies, and withers away. Its skin is covered with a very white down, as fine as silk, and is greatly prized by the Tartars, who pull it off and wear it as a cover for the head. Inside it is comprised of flesh and bones, and when wounded it gives out a liquid resembling blood. Wolves are said to be the only animals that will eat it, and they are very fond of it.

Specimens of some remarkable production were looked upon as the rarest treasures in the collections of the curious in days gone by. Two different specimens have been described in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and a third has its portrait given in an engraving in Darwin's 'Flower Garden,' and his history told in the florid verse of that work.

The 'lamb' is a natural production, greatly helped in the particulars in which it most resembles that creature by the ingenuity of the natives. The body is a portion of the creeping stem of a species of fern which generally grows as erect as a tree. The stem is densely covered with beautiful, jointed silky hairs, of a rich golden color. On the surface next to the ground a few roots are given off, while the leaves—or fronds, as they are called in ferns—spring from the upper surface. The fronds reach a height of 12 or 14 feet,

and have a long bare stalk before the leaf is spread out—The Tartar takes a suitable part of this creeping stem for a body, deprives it of the roots, and of all the leaf stalks except four, which are intended for the legs, two short ones for the ears, and a stump for the tail, and then, turning it upside down trims the stem, and so produces this marvel of the early explorers. The fern, known to botanists as the cibotium barometz, is a native of Eastern Asia; it has been introduced into our conservatories where it flourishes, producing after a few years' growth, good specimens of the 'lamb.'

The silky hairs of this fern form a favorite remedy among the Chinese for checking the flow of blood by applying them to a wound, in the same way as felt or cobwebs are used by some people in this country. The more fibrous and elastic hairs of several species of the same group, natives of the Sandwich Islands, are largely exported from these islands to California and Australia for stuffing cushions and for similar purposes.—Philadelphia Times.

KEEPS BOARDERS IN WASHINGTON.

A Woman in That Business Knows How to Take Care of Herself in Court.

The woman was on the stand, and she was a very nice-mannered, respectable woman, who kept a cheap boarding house, and it was the desire of one of her guests to be dishonest that had brought her to the court to make him pay his board.

'How old did you say you were, madam?' inquired the lawyer, with no reason on earth, for an elderly landlady is no more anxious to lose a board bill than a young one.

'I did not say, sir,' she responded, flushing to the roots of her hair.

'Will you be kind enough to say, madam?'

'It's none of your business.'

'Objection sustained,' smiled the Court.

'Um,' said the lawyer, rubbing his chin, 'how much did you say, the amount was the defendant owed you?'

'Twenty-five dollars.'

'And for how long was that?'

'Five weeks.'

'That's five dollars a week, isn't it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Five weeks at five dollars a week is twenty-five dollars, I believe you said?'

'Yes, sir.'

The witness was patient, but her temper was not improved under the strain.

'Isn't that an extravagant price to pay for board in that locality, madam?' inquired the attorney, severely.

'He didn't pay it, sir,' answered the woman, beginning to turn.

The lawyer gave a little start of surprise then became indignant at the very thought of a witness talking like that.

'Don't be factious on the witness stand, madam,' he said, assuming a tone of warning. 'This is a serious matter, madam. I have asked if your prices were not exorbitant and you have seen fit to answer lightly madam. Now, madam, I ask you in all earnestness if you mean to tell this court that your prices are moderate, and that if I should come to your house to board you would charge me \$5 a week? Answer directly, madam,' and the attorney sat back in his chair and assumed an impartial manner.

The witness was not at all abashed.

'No, sir,' she said simply. 'I would—'

'I thought not,' interrupted the attorney, rubbing his hands.

'No, sir,' continued the witness, 'I would not charge you at all. I would make you pay in advance.'

Then the Court forgot its dignity and everybody laughed except the attorney.

THE MAN WHO LIVED.

He should have been dead.

But he wasn't, because

'There's nothing succeeds like success.' There is no withstanding the living argument of the man who should be dead, who isn't dead, but who would be dead, but for a preserving medicine. That's about the way it was with Editor Lawrence, of the Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio. He was afflicted with one of those colds that have, thousands of times over, culminated in consumption, when not promptly cured. In this condition he met a friend, a consumptive, whom he had not expected to see alive. The consumptive friend recommended Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the editor's cold, on the ground that it had 'helped him wonderfully.' It helped the editor just as wonderfully, giving 'almost instant relief.' But read his letter:

'About two months ago, I was afflicted with a bad cold, and, meeting a friend, he advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which, he claimed, had helped him wonderfully. As he was a consumptive, whom I had not expected to see alive for several years, I concluded there must be merit in this preparation. I accordingly bought a couple of bottles, one of which I keep on my desk all the time. This is certainly the best remedy for a cold I ever used. It gives almost instant relief, and the J. C. Ayer Co. are to be congratulated on possessing

the formula for such a very valuable remedy.'—W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor, The Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio.

To preserve health prepare for sickness. Keep a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral handy, on the desk, in the office, on the shelf or in the closet at home, and you will have at hand a remedy that is capable at any time of saving you suffering, money, and even life. There is no milder and more prolific of evil results as a neglected cold. There is no medicine so promptly effective in curing a cold and absolutely eradicating its effects, as Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Every traveler should carry it. Every household should keep it. It cures every variety of cough, and all forms of lung and throat trouble. Asthma, bronchitis, croup, and whooping cough, are promptly cured by it, and it has in many cases overcome pulmonary diseases in aggravated forms, when all other remedies failed to help and physicians gave no hope of cure. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor, who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ruth's Legacy.

When Rodney Dare came home from the war without his strong right arm Ruth Trevor's friends wondered if she would marry him. 'Of course she will,' said the friend who knew her best. 'Why shouldn't she? He's the same Rodney Dare now that he was when she promised to marry him, isn't he? 'Yes, but there's a difference,' was the reply. 'Then he had another arm to fight the battle of life with. Now—well, I suppose it won't make any difference with Ruth. She always was peculiar.'

'I suppose you haven't changed your mind about matters and things?' said Aunt Martha one day, the week before Ruth went home. 'Not in the least,' replied Ruth. 'You're a foolish girl,' said Aunt Martha. 'Maybe, but I think not,' responded Ruth. When she got home she told Rodney all about Aunt Martha's plans. 'Do you think I was foolish?' she asked, smiling into his face. 'I think you're a noble, true hearted little woman,' he answered, and kissed her. 'I hope you'll never regret giving up your share of your aunt's fortune for a man with but one arm to protect you with. I feel unworthy of such a sacrifice.'

A NURSE'S STORY.

Tells how she was cured of Heart and Nerve Troubles. The onerous duties that fall to the lot of a nurse, the worry, care, loss of sleep, irregularity of meals soon tell on the nervous system and undermine the health. Mrs. H. L. Menzies, a professional nurse living at the Corner of Wellington and King Streets, Brantford, Ont., states her case as follows: 'For the past three years I have suffered from weakness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The least excitement would make my heart flutter, and at night I even found it difficult to sleep. After I got Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I experienced great relief, and on continuing their use the improvement has been marked until now all the old symptoms are gone and I am completely cured.'

way about it. By and by I began to believe that you were right and I was wrong. I calculated from the head, you from the heart, and the heart is to be trusted most in such matters. I think I admire you for your honesty to your womanhood and your loyalty to your one-armed lover. You did just right, my dear niece—just right—and to prove to you that I bear you no ill-will for not falling in with an old woman's foolish plans. I shall have half my property bequeathed to you at once, so that, at any time after my death, which I have reason to believe may happen at any time and suddenly, all there will be for you will be to take possession. God bless you, dear Ruth, and make you very happy with the man you have chosen. He ought to be proud of so loyal-hearted a wife as you will make him. Sometimes I think kindly of the woman who never got this happiness out of life, and make this legacy bring you more enjoyment than it has ever brought me. 'Dear aunt Martha!' said Ruth, softly, with tears rolling swiftly down her cheeks. 'I wish she could know how much I thank her for her legacy—and her letter. Do you know, Rodney, I'm not sure but I valued that most?'

Interesting Notes for the Ladies.

Success in Dyeing Means Pleasure and Profit. Beware of crude and worthless imitations of Diamond Dyes. See that your dealer gives you the "Diamond" when you ask for them. Diamond Dyes have a world wide reputation; their work is of the highest order, and their success is deserved. There are forty-eight colors in the Diamond Dyes for dyeing wool and cotton goods; each dye is perfectly true to color, and as reliable as pure gold. Diamond Dyes color anything any color. They are last to soap, washing and sun, surpass all others in brilliancy. Diamond Dyes are the strongest dyes made, hence the cheapest; one package is equal to three of any other make. Never be deceived by the false claims of imitations of Diamond Dyes. If your merchant asks you to accept another make of dye, be sure he is after large profits, and never think of your comfort and success. Book of directions and sample card of forty-eight colors sent free to any address by Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

AN AUCTION FOR WIVES.

Under the Greenwood Tree in the Colonial Days of Virginia. From the earliest settlement of the colonies there has always been a defect in the distribution of women in this country. It is a historical fact that while one section has always suffered from an embarrassment of riches another has pined in a needless privation. At the outset of American colonization the wilderness was hungry for men to till it, and thousands of the idle laborers of London and Bristol poured in to the new Eldorado. Robert Beverly, in his 'History of Virginia,' published in 1705 and 1722, says: 'Those that went over to that country first were chiefly single men, who had not the incumbency of wives and children in England; and if they had, they did not expose them to the fatigue and hazard of so long a voyage, until they saw how it should fare with themselves. From hence it came to pass that when they were settled there and in a comfortable way of subsisting a family, they grew sensible of the misfortune of wanting wives, and such as had left wives in England sent for them, but the single men were put to their shifts. Under the difficulty they had no hopes but that the plenty in which they lived might invite modest women of small fortunes to go thither from England. However, they would not receive any but such as could carry sufficient certificate of their modesty and good behavior. Those, if they were but moderately qualified in all other respects, might depend upon marrying well in those days without any fortune. Nay, the first planters were so far from expecting money with a woman that 'twas a common thing for them to buy a deserving wife that carried good testimonials of her character, at the price of £100, and make themselves believe they had a bargain. In one year Sir Edwin provided a passage for 1261 new emigrants. Among these were ninety agreeable young women, poor but respectable, to furnish wives to the colonists. This new commodity was transported at the expense of the colony, and sold to the young planters, and the following year another consignment was made of sixty maids of virtuous education, young, handsome and well recommended. A wife in the first lot sold for 100 pounds of tobacco, but as the value of the new article became known in the market the price rose, and a wife would bring 150 pounds of tobacco. A debt for a wife was of a higher dignity than other debts, and to be paid first. In a letter still in existence, dated London, August 21, 1621, and directed to a

Tired? Oh, No. This soap SURPRISE greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

worthy colonist of that settlement, the writer says: We send you in the ship one widow and eleven maids for wives for the people of Virginia. There hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations. In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives. But the writer of this epistle had little reason to fear that any of the 'maidens faire' would be left over. The archives of Virginia prove that these first cargoes of young ladies were put up at auction beneath the green trees of Jamestown, where probably the most anxious and interested crowd of auction habitués ever known in the history of the world were gathered, and sold for 120 pounds of leaf tobacco each, and it was ordered that this debt should have precedence of all others. The solitary 'one widow' went along with the others, for they could not be particular in those days. The good minister of the colony no doubt had a busy time that day. He did not mention any tears, nor did the bridegrooms think of tendering any. All was joy and gladness.—Buffalo, N. Y. News.

MILLIONS OF MICE.

A Clergyman's Unpleasant Encounter with an Army of Rodents. An incident which came under my own personal observation is not without interest,' writes Ernest Ingersoll in the New York Evening Post. 'While I was waiting for a train at a small station on a branch line of the Southwestern railway, a clergyman, with very long hair and beard, who was walking up and down the platform, stopped for a moment and raised the end of a canvas which served as a cover for a large quantity of wheat which was waiting shipment. In an instant a mass of mice sprang at him, and his beard, hair and cloak were literally alive with them. To brush them off was a matter of some time and when my fellow traveller at length thought himself free, he was dimayed to find a mouse in each of his trousers pockets. The cause of these pestiferous irruptions of mice seem substantially the same in all cases. The destruction of natural enemies such as wildcats, hawks, owls, snakes, etc., allows the little rodents, naturally exceedingly prolific, to multiply unduly. Then comes a very favorable winter, as the unusual season of 1892 '3 in Russia, when all conditions are favorable for their life and increase, and a vast and sudden augmentation of their numbers follow. There is then not enough food in the woods, and they spread to neighboring clearings and cultivated lands. It, as happened in 1893 in Russia, they find everywhere an extraordinary amount of stacked and stored grain, new generations rapidly follow, thrive upon the ready food, and an enormous and apparently sudden increase occurs, which overflowing, spread in all directions. Their disappearance after a season or two is no more mysterious, when studied. Mechanical means of repression are of little use, and one of the peculiarities of the Russian plague was that the dogs and cats would not help the farmers by eating the pests. All rodents, infested with parasites, in'ernal and external, and these increase and flourish most when the animals are most numerous and gregarious. The consequence is that, aided by epidemic diseases, the parasites soon conquer and destroy all but a few of the strongest, and the hordes literally die out. It is said that after the Nova Scotia episode related above, winrows of them were to be seen on the sea and river beaches, where the mice had rushed in and drowned; and elsewhere the air was sometimes tainted with the mass of tiny corpses in the field. In Russia, however, a great deal was done to expediate this result by feeding them bacillic cultures producing a typhoid disease fatal to the mice. Immense numbers were no doubt killed by this means. At any rate the mice were not sufficiently numerous to be troublesome during 1894, and since then have disappeared. Children like it and it likes them; Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure.

The Grim Reaper

WAS WAITING TO RECEIVE A BURDENED VICTIM OF KIDNEY DISEASE. Paine's Celery Compound. Saves A Life After Fifteen Years of Terrible Agony. ONE OF THE GREATEST VICTORIES OVER DISEASE EVER RECORDED. Mr Kevill Says: 'Your Compound Banished All My Aches and Pains.'

NO CASE TOO COMPLICATED FOR THE GREAT MEDICINE.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., DEAR SIR:—For the past fifteen years I have been troubled with diseased kidneys. I am engaged in the manufacture of cheese, and am obliged to work more or less in a stooping posture. At times I found it almost impossible to work owing to severe pains across my kidneys. Often, after working in a stooping position for a time, I would find it very difficult to straighten up at once, and could only do so after repeated efforts. Of late years, while laboring under these severe attacks, I became very nervous, and continually had tired, worn out feelings. My rest at night seemed to do me no good, and I always felt tired out in the morning. I had been taking various medicines and was getting worse all the time. At last I decided to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial. I procured a bottle and took it according to directions, and found its effect wonderful. Before I had used the first bottle I began to improve; after I had used the second bottle I felt as well as ever I did in my life. It had banished all aches and pains, my nervousness was all gone, and the tired and worn out feelings were banished. I can go to bed now and sleep well, and rise in the morning rested and refreshed. I have recommended Paine's Celery Compound to my friends who were suffering from the same troubles as I had, and all have been greatly benefited. Knowing what it has done, I can cheerfully recommend it to any person suffering from kidney disease. Yours truly, C. F. KEVILL, Dunsford, Ont. Also, Poor Drummond.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

THE MOST PROMPT, Pleasant and Perfect Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases. The healing anti-consumptive virtues of the Norway Pine are combined in this medicine with Wild Cherry and other pectoral Herbs and Balsams to make a true specific for all forms of disease originating from colds. Price - 25c. and 50c.

LOVE LEVELS ALL.

'Is this the ferry?' The speaker was a tall, fair girl, whose pale statuesque beauty was accentuated by her mourning dress and black hat, and her inquiry was addressed to a handsome broad-shouldered young fellow in flannels who was fastening a boat up to the steps. As the young man did not reply, the girl repeated her question. 'Can you tell me, please, if this is the ferry?' Then he looked hastily around, and as there was nobody else in sight, he seemed to come to the conclusion that he was the one to whom the lady was speaking. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'I did not know that you were addressing me. This is Twickenham ferry.'

half seriously. 'Remember that Homer was a slave, Burns a plowman, and your favorite Pope, only the son of a linen draper.' 'Ah! but genius levels all things,' replied Geraldine with a smile. 'There is something else which levels all things,' observed the young boatman. 'What is that?' 'Love,' answered Jack. 'That glorious feeling which is the true philosopher's stone, which glides the road of life, no matter how rough it may be; makes a dry crust with the object of one's affection more acceptable than a feast without her; and which sweeps away all distinctions of rank, as the running water washes away the dull earth and leaves the grains of gold exposed.'

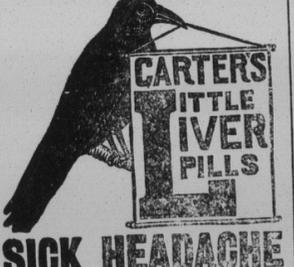
'I have come to ask you to finish what you were saying to me when your aunt interrupted our conversation,' replied Jack. 'Oh! but isn't it rash of you?' said the poor girl, half inclined to cry. 'Suppose anyone should recognize you? I should never forgive myself if you get into trouble through me. Do go away, Jack.'

That Hour of Dread. A woman, whose letter I am about to lay before you, says that in an illness some years ago she would occasionally wake in the night with a feeling of suffocation. The writer has, in his life, had perhaps five experiences of that most alarming and appalling thing, so imaginable. The time is apt to be in the dark hours of the morning, and the gasp for breath, often springing from bed in excitement and fear. He seems to himself to be sinking into an invisible pit, and fancies his last moments are come. There is generally no pain, the horror of the situation being wholly mental. The sensation is that of a person who feels the water cover his face for the last time as (the struggle over) he sinks beneath the surface of the sea.

One day a book was left at my house in which I read of a case like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. My nerves were steadier and the pain at my heart less severe. I continued to take it and gained strength every day. For I could eat well and was free from pain. Soon I was able to go about as usual. 'Since that time if anything ails me a few doses sets me right. In February, 1891, my little girl, Eva, had an attack of measles, followed by inflammation of the lungs and we feared we should lose her. She was at death's door. Two doctors attended her, but she got no better. I then gave her Mother Seigel's Syrup, and she was soon as strong and well as ever. I firmly believe that but for this remedy she would now be in her grave. You can publish this statement as you like, and refer anyone to me. (Signed) (Mrs.) Jane Davis, 23, Keene Street, High Street, Lewes, January 21st, 1897.'

Now let us try to get to the bottom of those mysterious and frightful sinking spells. Bad and dangerous as they are, the explanation is simple. Her blood was full of poison from the rotting food in her stomach, for her real and only disease was dyspepsia. Some of these paralyzing and deadly things have weakened the nerves which move the lungs and heart, thus causing those spells in which life's brief candle flickered to extinction. The reason why they came on near morning was that the body is always weakest and lowest at that hour. And they are—remember now!—only one of the many forms wherein dyspepsia produces local ailments and threatens life. It is ever a thief, a deceiver, a poisoner, a murderer.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.



SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

MONSIEUR URITY, FLAVOR, CONVENIENCE AND ECONOMY ARE COMBINED IN MONSIEUR Indo-Ceylon Tea Selected from the best gardens in the World, packed in lead and the weight is guaranteed, 25, 30, 40, 50, and 60 cts. per lb. Black and mixed. Try it.

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ON SECRET SERVICE.

Yes, sir; I have carried the Barnborough mail for 30 years, seldom missing a day.

You see that house over yonder—that pretty white cottage with the lilac trees in front? Well, I was witness to a romance which was enacted there a couple of years ago—just as romantic as any novel that I ever heard of.

A widow, Mrs. Wilson, lived there—a refined, genteel old lady—and her daughter Miss Bessie. She taught the Barnborough Church school—a hard, dreary life that must be.

Every morning when she came down the gravel walk to the gate, on her way to school, she was almost certain to see me and she would wait until I came and bid me good morning so sweetly, and ask carelessly if there were any letters for them. But they seldom received any.

One evening I saw Miss Bessie walking with a gentleman. His name was John Keen, and he occupied some position in connection with the general postoffice police inquiry department.

And I was glad when I found that he often went down at night from his lodgings—which were a mile or so on the way to the London and Brighton station—to the cottage, for I had somehow grown strangely interested in the Wilsons.

One day I heard that John Keen had been selected by the heads of the service to go to Ireland to fully investigate some irregularities which had occurred in the post offices in the Ulster district. I was glad of it, for I felt sure he would get to the bottom of the matter.

I did not see Miss Bessie for a whole week after that; but one morning there she was, standing at the gate, waiting my approach, her face pale and anxious.

"Any letters?" she cried eagerly, as soon as she had said "Good morning."

I knew that there was, for I had noticed a large square envelope addressed to her in a bold, handsome hand, with the postmark "Londonderry."

After that I used to bring her a letter with that same postmark every week; and she always looked so contented and happy that when, at last, one morning I drew near the Wilson's gate and saw the slim, neatly-dressed figure awaiting me I hesitated to approach, for I knew that I had no letter for her.

There was no letter for the next day, or the next, and so on for days and days. Miss Bessie was always at her post, but she grew so thin and pale that I hardly knew her, and I would just shake my head and hurry by, and so she realized that there was no hope.

One day, as I was passing the cottage, I saw a messenger boy from the telegraph office standing at the gate. Then Miss Bessie ran quickly down the walk, and just as I came up she seized the brown envelope and tore it open.

Then she tottered a step forward and fell to the ground like one dead. I could not help seeing the telegram; it was like all such messages—brief and to the point. They know how to stab the poor heart through. This was the message:

"John Keen was drowned three days ago in Lough Foyle."

I rang the bell and her mother came out. Miss Bessie was restored to consciousness, and, pale as a ghost, walked into the house leaning on her mother's arm, but you could see that all the light had gone out of her life.

Mrs. Wilson wrote at once to the man who had sent the telegram, requesting particulars, and soon received a reply stating that Mr. Keen had been missing for some time, was last seen in a boat on the lough, and finally a body had been washed up near Coleraine, so mutilated as not to admit of identification, but in the pocket a card had been found bearing a name which looked like "J. Keen," but was almost obliterated by the water.

One day I found in my bag a large business-looking letter addressed to Mrs. Wilson, and soon they told me the good news which it contained. A relative had died leaving them some \$2000, and I think that I was as glad as they were, for they seemed like old friends to me.

Not long after Mrs. Wilson had decided to give up the cottage, and take Miss Bessie to Brighton for a time, hoping to restore her health, which was falling rapidly. An impulse prompted me to ask for their seaside address.

One day, a month after, as I was passing the cottage—it was still unoccupied—I saw a man standing at the gate, and as I drew nearer my heart gave a great bound, and then stood still, for dead or alive, it was John Keen!

"But—but," I stammered out, "are you really alive?"

He looked at me as though he thought me an escaped lunatic. So then I began and told him everything, just as I have told it to you, sir. His face was quite white when my story was finished.

"Mr. Jarvis," he said, "let me tell you I was sent away on a delicate mission, and it was necessary that my movements should be guarded and investigations secretly conducted. And then I wrote to Bessie, explaining the situation and telling her that she must not be surprised or troubled if she did not hear from me for a week, as I had promised to communicate my movements to no one."

"Two months afterward I returned from the expedition—successful, too—and I learned that the wagon with the mail bags from the country town from which I had last written had been attacked, the driver killed, the mail robbed of all valuables and the letters scattered to the four winds of heaven."

"But, thank heaven, it was all a mistake,

and here I am, safe and sound. Prosperous, too, for the postmaster general has recompensed me handsomely for my successful services, and with my increased salary I am free to marry as soon as the little woman is ready."

The wedding took place in good style not long afterward, for John would not hear of being separated from Bessie again, and—what do you think—I was the first to kiss the bride.

NOTHING CURIOUS ABOUT THEM.

A Curiously Seeker who Made an Unexpected Discovery.

When a man is peculiarly quick to see a possible advantage, and uses his clear-sightedness solely for his own benefit, other men are apt to be afraid of him. That was how it was with Ralph Bernal, a print connoisseur. He was so quick to see a valuable thing, and appropriate it before anybody else realized its worth, that dealers got frightened when he entered their shops.

"What do you want for that?" he one day asked, as his eye fell on a certain sheet in a portfolio of old prints. It was a good copy of Hogarth's "Midnight Modern Conversation."

"Three guineas," was the reply. "I'll take it," said the connoisseur.

"Shall I send it to you, Mr. Bernal?"

"No," replied his customer, quickly. "I will carry it home myself."

And he was not quite at ease until it was in his hand. At this first glance he had seen that modern was spelled modern. The addition of that "d" made all the difference in the value. It proved that he had fallen upon the rarest of the Hogarth impressions, and for this proof the British Museum had to pay eighty-one pounds.

It was no wonder that dealers felt uneasy when he appeared. But on one occasion he proved himself too sharp.

He entered the shop of a well known printer, and found the shopkeeper's wife in charge. As he came in he noticed that she had been industriously darning when her inquisitive customer entered the shop.

"What have you got there, Mrs. Town?" he asked. "Let me see it."

"Oh no, sir, it is nothing you would care about," she replied.

"Come, come," said Bernal, "I know it is something good."

Whereupon the blushing lady displayed to the eager eyes of the virtuoso a pair of her husband's old socks, which she had been industriously darning when her inquisitive customer entered the shop.

ANOTHER OLD TIME ANECDOTE.

Victoria's Wedding Ring Made by Man Living in Philadelphia.

The man who made Queen Victoria's wedding ring is still living in Philadelphia to-day.

"Ja'ja!" he nods when questioned about it. "I made it. I learned the trade in Germany."

He learned it well, too, and his hand has not yet lost its cunning, for he fills many orders from the large jewellers firms in this city.

"But how did it happen that the commission was given to you?"

The old German took off his spectacles, and with an effort called up the details of the event.

"I went over from Germany to England, he answered, "to a shop in London to work. So! It was a big place. One day the word came to make the Queen's wedding ring. I had the specialty; I made all such rings; and so they gave it to me to do. That is all."

The wedding ring that signalized Victoria's alliance with Prince Albert was one of the many instances of the Queen's preference for richness and simplicity. It was quite plain and more solid than is usual in ordinary wedding rings.

During the marriage ceremony Prince Albert wore it on his own finger, and taking it off at the proper moment passed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, His Grace handed it back to the Prince, who placed it on his bride's finger. Thousands of eyes saw the gold band pass between the two royal personages, and at the same moment the cannon fired a royal salute, and all London knew that Victoria was married.

A pretty incident is related of the return to Buckingham Palace. The Queen left the cathedral unglowed, and whether by accident or design, Prince Albert inclosed Her Majesty's hand in his own in such a way as to display the wedding ring to the best advantage. There were twenty miles of people who saw that wedding ring as Victoria drove back to Buckingham Palace. And yet, the German who made it mentions the fact as an unimportant incident of his life, and lives on contentedly in a little Philadelphia store.—Philadelphia Press.

Not a Coward.

Nervous excitement is responsible for much that might pass for cowardice. The author of 'A Cuban Expedition' speaks of

DON'T TOUCH.

Don't touch a cancer with a knife. The knife is deadly. A cure has been discovered that needs no knife or plaster. Full particulars 6c. stamps.

STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

MARRIED.

Truro, Jan. 6, by Pastor Adams, David H. Dickson to Emma Whipple.

Truro, Jan, by Rev. J. A. Rogers, Harry B. Snook to Bessie L. McMullen.

one dreadful day, when he and his comrades sat in a wet ditch and waited, concealed, while the Spandards were so near that escape seemed almost impossible. The discomfort of our predicament—up to the middle in mud and water, with the rain pouring down on us—was at the moment unfeared, in our excitement and eagerness in watching the enemy. Little Joe Storey, who was next to me, was trembling all over. Suddenly he grasped my arm and whispered:

"Oh, what shall I do? I must scream or fire off my rifle! I can't help it."

I, too, felt that he would do either the one or the other, and I whispered back the first thing that occurred to me.

"Storey," I said, "if you make the least noise, I'll stab you to death!"

Then I told him to keep his eyes closed and try to think of something else, until he heard the first shot fired. After that he might shoot as loudly as he like. I put one arm about his neck and drew him close to me.

There, trembling, he rested like a quiet child. Presently his excitement wore off, and he became used to the situation; and he was heartily ashamed of his breakdown. But Storey was not a coward. He was a gallant little soul in action, and only his tortured nerves were responsible for this temporary revolt.

Mrs. Dominis in Washington.

Over at the Ebbitt House in Washington is the disposed Queen, Liliuokalani, and her suite. There is a pitiful attempt at keeping up royal state with this pocket-book. Queen Lil no longer has any State revenues to fall back upon, but she cannot bring herself to live after the manner of plain Mrs. Dominis. She has the suite occupied by President McKinley at the time of his inauguration, and most of the time she spends in her own apartments in solitary splendor. At times she comes to dinner in the public dining room and sits at the head of one of the long tables, surrounded by her dusky court.

On these occasions the members of her retinue rise solemnly as she enters the door and remain standing until she has taken her seat. When she has dined they rise again and keep their feet till her flowing silk skirts disappear through the door. Once in a while she lingers in the parlor after dinner and the guests of the hotel have a chance at royalty in full view. The lady in waiting stands submissively back of her mistress's chair and never addresses the Queen unless she is first spoken to. Usually the evening passes without a word on either side and then the retinue takes its way to royal apartments.

DIED.

Halifax, Feb. 2, John Grant 70.

St. John, Feb. 8, I. Chip Olive 50.

Shelburne, Jan. 26, George Jones.

Halifax, Feb. 1, Chas. W. McGinn.

Truro, Feb. 2, Maggie, 70.

Boston, Jan. 21, Mrs. Alfred Brush.

Truro, Jan. 28, Maggie Brown 19.

Newellton, Jan. 31, Frank Smith 40.

Halifax, Jan. 31, Basil Booneville, 59.

Halifax, Jan. 17, Annie G. Lohans 23.

Pictou, Jan. 29, Duncan McDonald 90.

St. John, Feb. 2, Frederick Fraser 85.

Five Islands, Jan. 23, Hattie Wadman.

Campbellton, Feb. 7, Wm. B. Rennie 71.

Chicago, Feb. 8, Peter J. Ekanley 53.

Marysville, N. B., Allan H. White 85.

Fredericton, Jan. 31, Henry Mackey 60.

Milton, Jan. 27, Mrs. Jane Williams 68.

Five Islands, Jan. 17, Mrs. F. L. Jenks.

Halifax, Dec. 29, Alexander J. Taylor 70.

Bay du Vin, Feb. 3, John G. Williston 47.

Milton, Q. C. Jan. 23, James Berryman 72.

Brigwater, Jan. 30, Clara A. Farrell 85.

Milford, N. B., Feb. 1, Thomas Stewart 73.

Lower Economy, Jan. 29, Mrs. McCabe 83.

Brookfield, Jan. 29, Thomas A. Brenton 65.

South Branch, Kent Co., William Walker 77.

Galtriech, Jan. 24, Alexander J. McKenzie 59.

Shelburne, Eleanor, wife of John M. Watson.

Knowlesville, Jan. 22, Joseph Whitehouse 81.

Kingston, King's Co., Jan. 15, Amanda Eri 14.

Dartmouth Feb. 4, Howard, son of Job Carter 21.

Halifax, Feb. 8, Mina, wife of H. W. Cameron 58.

Malden, Feb. 7, Henrietta, wife of R. A. Saunders.

Moncton Feb. 6, Wm. D. son of Donald McDonald.

Milton, Jan. 27, Hattie, widow of A. J. Ritchie 59.

Liverpool, Jan. 26, Charity, wife of Capt. Rafuse 38.

Hortonville, N. B., Jan. 25, Pharez Constantine 73.

West Quoddy, Halifax Co., Jan. 31, Annie Hartling.

Lower Burton, Elizabeth, wife of John McCain 63.

Halifax, Feb. 4, Infant daughter of John Fitzgerald.

Lunenburg, Jan. 29, Maggie, wife of Joseph Cook 40.

Ashmont, Mass., Feb. 6, Oscar, son of John Keith 24.

Humphrey's Mills, Feb. 1, Jack son of John Seaman 72.

St. John, Feb. 3, Edward L. son of E. L. Rising 11 days.

Halifax, Feb. 6, Charlotte, widow of James Goreham 72.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 1, Louise, wife of Rev. S. C. Welles.

Truro, Feb. 1, Gladys I. daughter of J. H. Tremaine 5.

Harmon, Feb. 2, Clesie A. daughter of George Crowell.

Woodstock N. B., Jan. 23, Eliza, wife of Peter Garter 75.

Boston, Jan. 28, Laura L. daughter of Henry A. Leverman.

Florescenville, N. B., Jan. 13, Susan M. widow of Jacob Bell.

Halifax, Jan. 29, James R. son of James Griswold 11 months.

Westfield, Feb. 8, Mary A. widow of the late James Williams 85.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 13, Linnie Davison wife of S. J. Lank.

Edmonton, N. W. T., Jan. 28, Jennie, wife of Dr. J. Darley Harrison 29.

Truro, Jan. 27, Betie, daughter of Dr. J. W. and Mrs. Angwin 10 months.

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COD LIVER OIL EMULSION

Combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda and Manganese

Render it the most effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rheaks, or any wasting disease where a food as well as a medicine is required.

No Emulsion so pleasant to take.

"I was troubled a long time with pain in my lungs, until at last we had to get the doctor. He ordered me to take Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion pronouncing my disease Bronchitis. After taking of this splendid Emulsion for a short time I was completely cured."

HENRIETTA V. NICKERSON, Lower Wood's Harbor, N.S.

Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle at all dealers.

Debat, Jan. 28, by Rev. Elias Blackford, Gordon S. Seal to Eva Framming.

New Brunswick, Jan. 28, by Rev. John A. Becker, Miss Minnie A. McLean to Sam Nyles.

Truro, Jan. 24, by Rev. A. W. Currie, Jeremiah White to May E. Huribert.

Moncton, Feb. 2, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, James Harvey to Allen Mitchell.

Smith's Cove, Jan. 21, by Rev. T. J. Eaton, B. H. Wooding to Carrie Bryant.

Lunenburg, Jan. 27, by Rev. Benj. Hills, Harriet E. Zinck to Cyrus W. Parks.

Halifax, Feb. 2, by Rev. Father Daly, David F. Nolan to Jessie M. Hawboldt.

Lunenburg, Jan. 8, by Rev. Benj. Hills, Selina Tanser, to J. Adair McDonald.

Upper Kent, Jan. 17, by Rev. S. B. Hillock, Geo. McPhail to Margaret M. Miller.

Grand Etang, Jan. 25, by Rev. T. Richard, Isidore C. Chaisson to Irene Desvieux.

Fris's Head, Jan. 25, by Rev. T. Fleet, Arsene LeBlanc to Miss Sophia Parrier.

Liverpool, Jan. 27, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Mr. Augustus Hardy to Miss May Fader.

Truro, Jan. 28, by Rev. J. A. Rodgers, L. Clyde Davidson to Nellie M. McMullen.

Shelburne, Jan. 4, by Rev. T. Howland White, Amos H. Noble to Leona Hinson.

Parabro, Jan. 18, by Rev. James Sharp, H. E. Midden to Jan. 30, by Rev. F. E. Bishop, Mr. William Martin to Miss Lila Price.

Fredericton, Jan. 26, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, David J. McIntyre to Ada McDonald.

Westville, Jan. 27, by Rev. J. W. Bolton, Mr. Colin C. Thompson to Miss Ethel Bligny.

Boston, Jan. 19, by Rev. J. A. Paley, Murdoch Sutherland to Miss Catherine McLean.

Campbellton, Jan. 19, by Rev. Charles Hall Perry, John Connor to Martha E. Jones.

Yarmouth, Jan. 12, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Miss Odessie M. Foy to David T. Nickerson.

Lakeville, Jan. 12, by Rev. A. G. Downey, Mr. John V. Whitney to Miss Maggie O. Bell.

Avondale, Jan. 8, by Rev. A. G. Downey, Mr. John A. Drake to Miss Delia M. Cameron.

Upper Roseway, Jan. 27, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Alfred Ford to Miss May Odessa Collins.

Fredericton, Jan. 24, by Rev. John A. Robertson, Fenwick W. Fride to Miss Lillie A. Alexander.

CHEAPEST, QUICKEST AND BEST

ROUTE TO THE

KLONDIKE, YUKON TERRITORY.

Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer will leave Vancouver B. C. for Alaska points, February 16th, 22nd; March 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th; April 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th.

Tourist Sleeping Cars

for the accommodation of Second Class Pacific Coast Passengers, leave Montreal every Wednesday after Feb. 15th, and Thursday at 2.00 p. m. Berth accommodating two, Montreal to Revelstoke etc., \$7.00 Montreal to Vancouver etc., \$8.00. Write for Pamphlets etc. via "British Columbia" "Klondike and Yukon Gold Fields," "Vancouver City's guide to the Land of Gold." Tourist Cars etc., and all other particulars regarding trip, rates of fare etc., to A. H. NOYMAN, A. Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00

Express for Sussex.....13.10

Express for Quebec, Montreal.....16.25

Express for St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30

Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30

Express from Moncton (daily).....10.80

Express from Halifax.....16.00

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....18.3

Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager; Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

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Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

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RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.

Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr